

A shift. MOLLY is alone in her room again.

MOLLY

I love those scenes in novels where  
the main character finally realizes she's beautiful  
and she like spends this incredible moment in front of a mirror naked and touches her body all over  
and then she's like self-actualized.

I wish I could do that.

I wish I didn't care

I wish I was like those girls on blogs who are like

F\*\*\* yeah I'm fat, what?

I'm gorgeous and confident and and I'm gonna yell on the internet  
about how clothes companies should make me bright clothes  
with horizontal stripes!

I'm at war with myself.

Part of me is all Indian all

EAT MORE SQUASH AND CORN AND BEANS HONOR YOUR ANCESTORS

and then instead I go and guzzle a liter of coke

and it tastes like heaven and choices and carbonated empowerment!

I am an independent young lady!

Don't tell me what to eat, dead great-gramma!

But at the same exact time I feel like those Chongo brothers

from that incredible potter whatshisface Diego Romero—

From that exhibit out at the museum by the community college?

he's got these traditional pots, right, but

instead of the traditional decorations there's these pictures

of people who are like wasted

drinking out in the desert on top of their ancestor's graves and and

and I'm ashamed.

And then I'm ashamed of being ashamed.

And then I'm ashamed of being ashamed of being ashamed!

God, I wish my pottery was half as cool as that but noooooo my dad's all

“Do what Mrs. Ortiz teaches you

Learn the old way.”

And she says I have to start simple and traditional

but what does that even mean?

Cochiti pottery is all famous for making storyteller dolls which are like  
modern inventions

specifically to sell to White people and make fun of them, which is hilarious

So what does traditional even mean? Squash and beans or frybread and beer?

Mmmm frybread...

It's a layer around me, hugging me always

like I'm a turtle and I carry this

fat-home with me and I can pull my head in anytime I want

MOLLY cont.

and here I am, safe inside.

I think child psychology says I'm sposed to get that safe sense from my mom,  
the lady who cared so much about me  
that she named me after a f\*\*\*ing American Girl doll  
that she thought looked cute in a store window the week before I was born  
so screw child psychology!  
But I keep seeing her body in my head  
hearing her Mexican voice talking through my mouth, feeling her Mexican blood say  
you don't really belong here, not like the others,  
this isn't really *your* land, it's not really *your* clay, you're not a hundred percent—  
walking my eyes over her big huge curves  
like the rain walks over the desert from far away  
and I don't want  
I don't want to look like her—

A shift. A few days later, RACHEL is lying on MARIA's bed in her pajamas. MARIA comes in with a carton of sorbet and two spoons. MARIA eats; RACHEL continues to stare at the ceiling. It's one of those sleepovers where it's gotten so late you can talk about anything with impunity.

MARIA

You want any?

RACHEL

Maybe in a bit, my stomach hurts.

MARIA

Thanks for bringing it.

RACHEL

No problem! I love lemon sorbet, but everyone in my house hates it, so any excuse, you know.

MARIA

It's the fancy kind, too—thanks.

MARIA eats. RACHEL plays with her hair.

RACHEL

Where's your mom?

MARIA

She's at work.

Still? It's pretty late.

RACHEL

Yeah, well.

MARIA

What's she do?

RACHEL

She's a home hospice nurse. She like takes care of rich people so they could die at home.

MARIA

Whoa.

RACHEL

We have all these cards their families send her all "You're a saint!" "You're a angel!"

MARIA

I mean, that's kinda heavy.

RACHEL

I know huh.

MARIA

Is she ever like, sad about it?

RACHEL

It's a job.

MARIA

Sure, but

RACHEL

I dunno probably

MARIA

I'd maybe be sad.

RACHEL

She works overnight a lot.

MARIA

I like never get sad, it's my superpower.  
Once, I broke my arm, and I didn't even cry then.  
I wonder if I'd be sad, though, if—

RACHEL

If you were my mom, or if you were me?

MARIA

No, I mean

RACHEL

Me too.

MARIA

If you were

RACHEL

If I had to sit with dying people all day.

MARIA

Yeah.

RACHEL

and I mean also, she takes amazing care of all these old people, but like, like what about—

MARIA

What about you?

RACHEL

Not everybody's mom can be all helicopter like your

MARIA

That's not what I—

RACHEL

Whatever, somebody has to do it.

MARIA

Sit with dead people? Or helicopter? Because I totally think nobody has to

RACHEL

Dying people.

MARIA

I guess.

RACHEL

She's really strong.

MARIA

I bet. To watch people die over and over and over and

RACHEL

MARIA

She can like lift up a fat incontinent old guy and

RACHEL

Gross.

MARIA

Somebody has to.

RACHEL

I guess.