“Did you go to acting school?” Really lame attempts to get inside her bloodstream.

“Ha, Ha, honey, no not me. The studios took us right off the streets in those days. I didn’t know a thing. They had people who would work with us, but for the most part we just smiled and walked where they told us.”

“Who were your favorite actors?”

“Oh, dear, I don’t know. Ill tell you who I couldn’t stand was that Chuck Heston. He was the most boring son of a bitch I ever met. Just stood there looking like he had to go to the goddamn bathroom all the time. Ha, ha, ha.” She flips her head again, strokes her hair with her hand, and her eyes glaze with a devilish candor that is so fucking beautiful. It makes her look much younger. Our eyes lock and with the help of these strong ass, very tasty drinks, they linger a couple of beats longer than reality. Oh, fuck yeah, she has this lonely look about her and even though I am fucking sure I have nothing near anything to complete her life, or even repair any part of it,