

SING SING IS FOR LOVERS

SOLA

I dunno.
Maybe I shouldn't have shot him.
But he was getting on my nerves.
He never knew when to shut up.
Had this sadistic little way of noticing
that he was starting to get to me?
Then he'd dig deeper,
work his way under my skin--
No--he'd bore, bore his way into my brain.
A virus. A worm.
A giant burrowing nightcrawler
slithering its way down,
deep down in my head,
till he found a spot so raw,
so naked, so sore
I had no choice but to lash out.
Hit him back.
If only with words,
sharpened, poisonous words.
Then he'd let this tiny little--
thinnest little--
sliver of a smirk
ooze across his lips,
flicker through his eyes.
He-- he played his sick little game
over and over,
taunting me,
knowing I had no place left to go.
When you got nothing, you got--
An old song.
So this one time--I lost it.
Just ... lost it.
I wasn't gonna watch myself drown,
sink to the bottom of his pool of disdain.
He scarfed a handful of party mix
as he turned away from the game.
Squinting through those beady little eyes,
he thought he was so fuckin funny as he said,
for what musta been
the three-hundredth time,

OTHER

"You know, butches are from Mars
and femmes are from Venus.
I guess that means you
must be from Uranus."

SOLA

Then he guzzled another can of beer,
swilling its way through his gullet--
so self-satisfied with his wit.
Enough is enough.
I reached over,
picked up his service revolver,
finger caressing the trigger,
looked him in the eye--
"Ha! The Fuck! Ha!"
Squeezed.
Shot his nuts off.
It was thrilling.
Not the kick of deadly heat
the gun ejaculating its bullets into him.
But before that--
just before--
in the moment,
that one flickering instant
as he looked at me--
frozen--
lost in utter incomprehension.
The moment passed
confusion gave way to terror
as I pumped him full of lead.

OTHER

(Screams in pain)

SOLA

The trial wasn't much fun.
They don't let you get away with
shooting cops--
not in this town--
not in any town.
Even if they're your paramour.
My lawyer and I got along okay.
Public defender,
black lesbian.

She didn't expect much sympathy
 out of the system,
 and of course she was right.
 She used a strategy that argued
 I was acting in self-defense.
 Virtually a battered woman
 subjected to psychological torture,
 dominated by a
 control freak, disciplinarian, rogue cop.
 Blah, blah, blah.
 But the prosecution
 kept yammering and yammering
 about me not being a woman.
 I was a man, they said,
 a man in a man's body.
 "Not trapped at all,
 except by my own perversity."
 I had my own strategies
 for the courtroom.

OTHER

Counsel, please instruct your client
 to refrain from batting his eyes
 at the court.

SOLA

I argued that inducing ennui in a relationship
 was a slow motion form of homicide.
 As such
 it should be a capital offense.
 I wasn't in my right mind
 couldn't think clearly
 because of the torpor,
 the corrosive boredom.
 They didn't buy it.
 They sent me up the river.
 I arrived at Sing Sing
 cloaked in a little bit of cachet.
 After all,
 I did castrate a cop.
 My lawyer tried to get them
 to send me to
 a correctional facility for women.
 But they said I'd have to have the operation
 before they'd consider the issue of
 locking me up with women.

Instead, I got dumped in a cell
 with Rufus.
 He didn't go in much for cachet.
 And didn't really stand on ceremony.

OTHER

On your knees, Bitch!

SOLA

The thing about relationships
 in the slammer?
 You know where you stand--
 or kneel.
 Roles have a definite definition.
 Though they can be deficient
 in the niceties, the little grace notes
 that can feather a nest
 with kindness.
 Stuck together in a cell
 you work things out.
 Rufus and me had a rule
 never go to bed
 when we were mad at each other.
 Which led to quite a few
 sleepless nights.

OTHER

I saw you making eyes
 at that guy in the shower!
 I ever catch you two again
 I'll kill the both of youse.
 Ain't no one gonna get you
 in here but me! Got it?

SOLA

There is something gratifying
 in the evidence of one's desirability.
 Knowing someone wants you enough
 he'll wring your neck
 like a plumped-up chicken
 before he'll let someone else
 feel the softness and warmth--
 explore your mysterious pleasure parts,
 the contours of your squirming flesh.
 But, like anything else, it gets tired.

OTHER

Get over here, Bitch!
 Booty call.

SOLA

Baby, I was wondering.
 How would you feel about,
 you know,
 a little variation.
 You must be getting awful tired of me,
 same old, same old.
 I was thinking,
 maybe we could, you know,
 add a little spice.
 There's this new guy on third tier.
 You hear what I'm saying?

OTHER

Don't even go there.

SOLA

(Rufus had a way with words.)
 I was thinking the three of us
 We should get him before anyone else does.
 We could be your harem, Baby.
 Doesn't that sound like fun?
 I feel selfish having you all to my lonesome.
 Other people should
 know the pleasure I know.
 Get to feel the way you can make a body feel.

OTHER

Sure. We could do that.
 Then I'd have to kill the both of you.
 Because that is SO SICK!
 You are--you are--you are a depravity!
 A sick and psycho depravity!

SOLA

Well, he had me there.
 But then, I think depraved
 can take you a long way in this world.
 It restoreth the soul.
 Helps prevent relationships
 becoming infested
 with replicating bouts of ennui--

the dreaded ennui.
 Every once in a while
 you just gotta act like
 a couple of crazy kids.
 Spread those wings.
 Fly, Robin, fly.
 Even in prison.
 Especially in prison.
 Rufus said no.
 From his perspective
 he was sitting pretty.
 Getting some every night,
 no need to cruise the bars
 and a — you know -- trophy cellmate to boot.
 I wasn't going nowhere any time soon.
 I mean, even if there was no saffron sauce
 there was plenty of sausage.
 But some people just aren't cut out
 for long-term relationships.

(SOLA stabs RUFUS.)

OTHER

(Makes grunting, groaning, moaning sound, and collapses.)

SOLA

There's no way
 I was going to put up with--what?--
 another twenty-five drawn-out years of ennui.
 And -- Whoa!
 There it was again.
 That flicker in the eyes.
 Total incomprehension
 hanging in the air
 in that pristine space between us.
 A split-second
 uncontaminated by roles or rules or expectations.
 No past.
 Definitely no future.
 Rufus floundering in his aloneness
 as every assumption he had about me
 disintegrating.
 Like a raging torrent of dust.

OTHER

Fuck you, too!

SOLA

It was messy for awhile.
 The hole.
 Another trial.
 All the legal blah blah blah
 But Rufus was--you know--
 "inconsequential" enough
 that no one put up much of a fuss
 when I argued self-defense.
 This time, I did leave out the part
 about him inducing torpor.
 Eventually,
 I made my way to the third tier.
 Of course, the guy I had my eye on
 was already claimed by some other Rufus.
 But prisons hold the promise
 of every new spring.
 there's always a new crop
 to be cultivated.
 Some of us, I guess,
 are just the nurturing type.
 Eager to care for
 those tender new shoots.

OTHER

Back off, Bitch!

SOLA

I like a challenge.
 It gives me something to work towards.
 Adds form and narrative--
 structure to my life.
 "You're gonna need some friends in here, Baby.
 Someone's gotta watch your ass."
 That pretty, untarnished ass.
 Of course, he came around, Butch did.
 You know,
 names don't really convey
 all that much about a person.
 "Butch." Hunh!
 I plucked him like a peach blossom.
 A fragrant flower
 that could smother the stench

of all that had come,
 all that had gone,
 through seasons before.
 Juice flowed so sweet.
 The tenderness of the firm, ripe fruit
 softened me.
 He cradled my spirit,
 lifted me
 in a way
 I'd never been touched before.
 Together we wafted high,
 drifting away,
 released from the confines of our bodies,
 rising like a blended fragrance
 floating over those walls,
 that fortress of brick and barbed wire.
 We traveled high,
 tracing our own constellation
 lost in a velvet blackness,
 burning bright in our own firmament.
 We had stumbled onto something
 I never expected to find,
 Something I never knew to look for.
 We couldn't get enough.

OTHER

No!

SOLA

What?

OTHER

Not again!

SOLA

That pit.
 I had forgotten that tough pit,
 the hard seed
 at the core of the fruit.
 Impenetrable.
 Impregnable.
 Not Butch.
 He didn't forget.

OTHER

Listen when I tell you.

"No"!

SOLA

What are you talking about, Baby?
That's just not part of the deal.
I take care of you.
You take care of me.
Remember?

OTHER

No!
No. I don't remember.

(They grapple. BUTCH stabs SOLA.)

SOLA

I don't get it.

(Face to face, they stare in each other's eyes for a beat. SOLA collapses. A glimmer of a smile crosses BUTCH's mouth. Lights fade to dark.)

END