

From Migdalia Cruz's **FUR**

SCENE FOUR

It goes from day to night. CITRONA speaks from her cage, in the darkness.

CITRONA

People say you can't get used to some things—but you do. Like the smell of your own shit. You sit in it long enough and you want to feel it on your legs. You smear yourself. Because it keeps you warm. It's familiar. It's like your family. My shit and urine is my company. I check it all the time. I look for signs of life. I look for light. I sleep with my face toward the light. I keep track of myself. When I feel the light, I count my fingers. I count them out loud, because numbers are a comfort.

(Long pause; MICHAEL watches CITRONA from the basement window.)

You know what? Sounds get bigger when you're alone. Everything gets bigger. Everything is bigger than you. You know, I can hear the light coming in through that window up there. Before I can feel it. It sounds like the buzzing of a bee. It goes in and out at first. Buzz—nothing buzz—nothing. Then it's buzz—buzz—nothing. Then it's buzzbuzzbuzz—then it's a long screaming buzz. A “Zzzz” that fills me up. It comes between my legs and it stays there until night. And in the night I wait for it to start again.

(SHE listens in silence.)

I'm waiting now. But you know, it's not so bad to wait. In the dark. When It's dark nobody can see me. I'm not ugly in the dark. I can touch myself then. I can stand to let my fingers part myself and touch my crown. You know what? That's the only thing I touch. I don't touch my arms or shoulders. And never my face. I can't stand to sneeze or yawn or belch. Or any of those things that make you put your hand to your face. If my fingers get too close to my mouth I will have to bite them off.

(MICHAEL speaks from the window.)

MICHAEL

What do you want?

(Lights up revealing CITRONA fully for the first time.)

CITRONA

Something pink.

(Lights crossfade to No-space as the fan goes on.)