

From Migdalia Cruz's FUR

SCENE SEVEN

NENA enters CITRONA's room carrying a rabbit on a tray. CITRONA sings the Beatles' "*Yes It Is*" to her as SHE puts down the tray and moves it to the cage with her foot.

CITRONA

"Please don't wear red tonight, This is what I said tonight.
For red is the color that will make me blue, inspite of you, it's true,
Yes, it is, it's true, Yes, it is, it's true..."

(CITRONA grabs her ankle.)

Fine bones. The bones of a well-bred lady. A sweet high-born beauty. Ankles of ivory. An elephant would kill for your tusks, baby. Hey, hey, I know I got a bad skin condition, but the hair covers it right up. Touch it. My face is smooth for something covered in thick, black fur...Hey, hey, wanna hear a joke? What do you call a woman without an asshole? Single! I like that one a lot.

(NENA breaks away and runs out the door.)

Hey, I'm sorry...I'm sorry you're so beautiful...Tell Michael I approve.

(CITRONA sings the Beatles' "*Yes It Is*" to the animal SHE is tearing apart and eating. Her body gets soaked in its blood.)

"Please don't wear red tonight, This is what I said tonight.
For red is the color that will make me blue, inspite of you, it's true,
Yes, it is, it's true, Yes, it is, it's true..."

(SHE speaks in a rush.)

Look, I'm wet with you. It's too bad. It's too bad I don't have a cup. Then I could collect you and drink you. You know what? Then I'd drink you. I can only lick you now. And I don't like doing that, you know, because...You know, the hair thing. Listen, you were very tasty. I bet you're the tastiest thing ever. I bet you appreciate how I appreciate you.

(Long pause; as SHE continues to eat.)

I don't like the furry parts. The parts that still have fur. I mean, I do, the stuff right there next to it—that's the good stuff, but I'm too afraid to eat it. Because if I eat it I might find fur in my mouth. And I couldn't stand that. I would choke. I would choke and die.

I don't feel like dying anymore.

(Pause)

You know what this room needs? It needs a fan. Yeah, get air moving in here. Yeah, that would be good.

(Pause)

And a view. It's so hard not to be able to look straight up. Like most persons. Most persons can lie on their backs and look straight up and see something. See the sky.. I can't do that. All I see is concrete. But I don't know...You know what? It's getting prettier. I can change it. I can make it any color. I close my eyes and try to breathe and I can smell green or blue or pink. Pink's good because it's bubble gum smell and I don't get much of that. You know what's best? Bazookas. With that cartoon and the fortune. I liked that guy with the turtleneck. He was funny. I remember all my fortunes.

You know what? You know what's fun to do? When you get one of those fortunes— Now I overheard this once—you take the fortune and you add “in bed” to the end of it and it's kind of amazing because it always works. Like, “You will be complimented by your peers—in bed.” and “You will be a great success and make a lot of money—in bed.” and “You will find the answers to your questions—in bed.” and “You will receive a surprise visitor—in bed.” You know? See what I mean? See, see, see. See?

(Long silence; NENA enters. SHE sees that CITRONA is still eating and turns to leave. CITRONA grabs her arm with a bloody hand.)

Hey, hey, baby. Talk to me today. You gotta talk or I won't let go. And I'm strong.

(Lights cross to MICHAEL listening to them on the other side of the door.
HE listens in silence for a moment, then HE speaks.)

MICHAEL

There was a time when I could only imagine what two women did when they found themselves all alone, together. I imagined first that they would talk about men. They would yearn for men together. They would devise plans and systems on how to catch and confine men and how also to do it so carefully that the men would never know they were caught...All each man would know would be that he was in love with a beautiful girl.

That's what I imagined...

(Pause)

I thought they would talk about me....

(Lights fade. NENA jerks away from CITRONA and runs out the door MICHAEL hides behind. The Beatles' "*For No One*" plays softly as MICHAEL quietly enters the room. HE watches CITRONA fall asleep, then climbs above her cage and sleeps in the same position above her. Sand pours in through the window. Lights cross to the hallway.)