

Scene Only

MOLLY: God rest her weary soul. But didn't they question you, claiming the extra allotments like that?

VIOLAT: I figured they would—so I liberated Addie's burlap, an' I kept my head down. I looked like any other Authorized Widow with a valid Circulation Pass!

MOLLY: But why couldn't you claim a quadruple allotment? Addie should've still had two cards, one for her and one for the miser.

VIOLAT: I guess she'd already eaten up her spouse's share...

MOLLY: Poor woman. (She bows her head in silent prayer.)

VIOLAT: In the end, the only thing greater than her appetite was her diarrhea. (She unwraps a piece of gum.) Here, let's give him a piece now. Where is he?

MOLLY: Hmmmm?

VIOLAT: Seansy! (She stares at Molly's apron.) And d' you want them to bury you in that?

MOLLY: (All a-fluster.) Oh. Oh my, yes. I forgot.

VIOLAT: (Shaking her head.) There's a light in the rocket, but there just isn't any war-head, is there dear?

Erotic Scenes in a Cheap Motel Room

Michael Hemmingson

Scene: a cheap motel room

Two Women

Shella (20-30) and Tina (20-30), lovers on the verge of splitting up

Shella has invited Tina to meet her at a cheap motel where she hoped to have a final fling before breaking it off for good.

SHELLA: I'm not in love with you anymore.

TINA: I don't believe that.

SHELLA: Let me put it another way: we can't meet like this anymore.

TINA: Don't tell me. You've decided you're not a dyke.

SHELLA: It's not that at all.

TINA: So why'd you want to come here?

SHELLA: Here?

TINA: This is a weird place, girl, but I like it. Are we gonna fuck, or are we gonna talk?

SHELLA: Listen.

TINA: Listen to what? You wanna hear about this dream I had last night?

SHELLA: Sure.

TINA: You'll like this dream. William Burroughs showed up at my door.

SHELLA: William Burroughs is dead.

TINA: So he's dead, I can dream about him. Shut up. So he's at my door—

SHELLA: Do you even know what he looks like?

TINA: Can you stop being so rude? I've seen pictures of him. I saw

him on a documentary once. He was wearing this drab old suit and a bright pair of Nikes.

SHELLA: He was at your door.

TINA: Yeah, he was at my door. I don't know why. Wait, I remember—I was going to perform some of his work as some kind of weird performance art piece—

SHELLA: In the nude.

TINA: —in the nude, yes, I was going to perform something he wrote and he wanted to talk to me about it. We started talking. I thought he was quite articulate and probably figured I was too young to take on his work. He proceeded to clean up my house. I don't know what prompted him, I didn't think my house was messy, but there he was—Burroughs, my maid. He made my bed neater than I ever could. He started to bake corn bread in the kitchen.

SHELLA: Corn bread, yum. I don't know when's the last time I've had corn bread, especially homemade corn bread, the kind my auntie used to make.

TINA: I went outside and spotted a woman I knew squatting on the ground, naked from the waist down. Something long, thin, shiny and black wiggled from her cunt, when it reached the ground, it split into a dozen little lizards that scattered all over the place. "Ooops," the woman said, and walked away. One lizard went under my house. I tried to coax him out. "Lizard," I said, "come out."

SHELLA: "No."

TINA: said the lizard. Inside my place, Burroughs was lying on the couch and watching TV. "You need a new TV," he was saying, "and I need a nap." I tasted the corn bread. It was good. The mailman showed up with a huge box, and inside the box was a time machine. I'd forgotten I ordered a time machine. I wanted to show it to Burroughs. He was sleeping. When he woke up, he said, "Hey, you," and I said, "Yes," and he said, "Oh, nothing."

(Pause.)

SHELLA: That's it?

TINA: Yeah.

SHELLA: That's all?

TINA: She wrote.

SHELLA: I was hoping for more.

TINA: So was I.

(Tina tries to make a move of affection—a touch, a kiss. Shella does not respond.)

TINA: Who did you meet? It's not like we have anything serious going. We just fuck. I like it. I thought you liked it.

SHELLA: I like it. I just don't want it anymore.

TINA: Maybe we need some excitement. Get a third girl—three-somes can be fun.

SHELLA: I want love.

TINA: I'm capable of love. I've been in love before, believe it or not. When I first saw you dance in the club, I thought: I could love that person. Hey, will you dance for me? I love it when you dance and sing at the same time, your naked bosoms bouncing around like happy balloons.

SHELLA: You are so weird.

TINA: That's why you like me so much. Can't I have just a kiss?

SHELLA: Sure. (A quick kiss.)

TINA: See, that wasn't so bad. You've been here before?

SHELLA: What?

TINA: This motel.

SHELLA: Yes.

TINA: The place oozes with slimy, dirty, fulfilling sex. Think of all the people who've been on this bed before. So—who was the lucky girl?

SHELLA: Who?

TINA: That you were here with before.

SHELLA: It was a man. Several times here.

TINA: Sometimes you can be so gross.

SHELLA: When?

TINA: Whenever. I don't mean just you. I mean all the wasted flesh. I just don't understand it.

SHELLA: Maybe we should go.

150 scenes for women

scenes for women 151