

saw I couldn't believe that stuff she was doin'. I mean, rubbin' herself between her legs and pretendin' to lick her fingers then. That's disgustin'. And all the girls doin' different stuff; and not together or to the music even, the men all just lookin' at 'em. And she coulda been a great dancer, too — this one girl. I could see she coulda, but she was just doin' this shit. And she was so pretty. What was she doin'? Dancin's gotta have prettiness in it.

~~SUSAN. (sipping the coffee) You shoulda spit in her~~

CHRISSY. ~~Yeh, she didn't have any else.~~ You want more coffee? I got more.

SUSAN. (pushing the coffee away) No.

CHRISSY. See, I just gotta tell you somethin'. (Rising abruptly, she begins to pace.) See, I just been more nervous than I think I oughta from the time Al left. So I been figurin' there's somethin' wrong with me in my mind maybe the way I always got no luck and I oughta get it straightened out so I can get on with my career in my dancin' and have some luck. See, and Eric was talkin' always about this underplace is in us from his therapy. So I been thinkin' maybe the way my Uncles Billy and Michael beat me sometimes is down there — or my father with a belt, he says, but I don't remember it — but that's all just wounds of the body is my point, and they heal unlike those of the spirit which is where the underplace is, I would guess. You know about this?

SUSAN. Some.

CHRISSY. Ain't it somethin'? This stuff down there talkin' to us about what we should do, we think it's us, but it's it — we don't know what we're doin'. So I been thin-

BEGIN

kin' and thinkin' and maybe the bad stuff done to me is the way my momma made me nearly a abortion.

SUSAN. What?

CHRISSY. See, my momma didn't wanna have me as a baby.

SUSAN. Whaddaya mean?

CHRISSY. It's true, I know it is.

SUSAN. You couldn't possibly know that.

CHRISSY. She tole me. She had two others before I was even there, and then she tried one on me but it didn't work.

SUSAN. She told you she didn't wanna have you?

CHRISSY. One afternoon. We were very poor. We were very, very poor. So I'm thinkin' about mental therapy, Susan. You think I should or I shouldn't?

SUSAN. You thinkin' about individual or group? It can be good sometimes, as long as you go to a woman's group or an individual woman therapist; but go to a woman.

CHRISSY. Oh, I couldn't do that.

SUSAN. It's best, believe me. I was with this woman's group for six months or so and I found out a lot. Or all I needed. After just a little I was able to say what I needed. You go to a man therapist, you'll get the meaning of the word — "ther-a-pist." The Rapist. (And she laughs a little.) Yeh, I was doin' this crossword puzzle — all of a sudden, I saw — that's what it was. The Rapist. Exactly what he'll do to your mind. I'm so much freer now, Chrissy, believe me.

CHRISSY. That's what I want. I'm very sensitive to everything. I mean, inside right now, I don't believe you really think my coffee I made is good, you're just sayin' it. I mean, whata you think a me, Susan? Like if you was to

point me out on the street and describe me to somebody who don't know me at all, what would you say?

SUSAN. Well, I — Whata you mean?

CHRISSEY. (*leaping to her feet*) See! See! I could do it about you in a second. It would be so damn easy about you. You're so proud and capable. Leo's are exactly what you are. But I'm a Libra — my sign is scales and balance. I'm supposed to be dedicated to justice and harmony. I'm supposed to be a born mediator — I don't even know what's goin' on, for crissake. And on the other I'm whimsical an' moody an' sentimental. I got all the bad and none a the good, or maybe I got none a them. Would you say I got some? It's so depressin'.

SUSAN. You have a lovely gentleness about you, Chrissy.

CHRISSEY. Think a what I did to that poor soldier and he was so scared.

SUSAN. He was a jerk.

CHRISSEY. He just didn't know the rules. I'm speaking out for fairness like I gotta if I'm ever gonna be a Libra! (*CHRISSEY flops down beside SUSAN. SUSAN sits quietly, looking at CHRISSEY.*)

SUSAN. It's their pride, Chrissy; their goddamn pride. Each and every man in the world thinkin' he's got some special inner charm we all of us just been waitin' to have.

CHRISSEY. They don't mean to hurt us.

SUSAN. Chrissy, is that what you believe?

CHRISSEY. It's true. I know it is. They just don't know how not to. (*And there is a silence as SUSAN reaches across the*

*table to touch CHRISSEY.*)

SUSAN. I want to make love to you, Chrissy.

CHRISSEY. Huh?

SUSAN. Didn't you hear me?

CHRISSEY. Huh?

SUSAN. Have you ever made love with a woman?

CHRISSEY. I'm gonna get a drink of water. (*She starts to rise, but SUSAN holds on.*)

SUSAN. They prize themselves so highly out there when we're dancing, thinking it's them making us move so fancy — and the fancier we move, the better they think they are. So they give gifts for special dances and then think they're the ones making you move in that beautiful way they know they could never make you move in bed. I take no gifts. They like to think of themselves as weapons entering flesh — making life or death. I think of them as a straw going into the sea and the sea, scarcely noticing, takes them in. I turn on their feeble minds from as far away as the moon.

CHRISSEY. Don't you like them? I thought you did.

SUSAN. I did. I do. I will again. But there are so many ways of making do.

CHRISSEY. But I ... want a relationship.

SUSAN. I could give you that.

CHRISSEY. But you're not a man, see?

SUSAN. No.

CHRISSEY. See?

SUSAN. I'm a person.

CHRISSEY. But what would I be? I don't know.

SUSAN. You would be a person, too; we would be two people.

CHRISSEY. But would I be a man person or a woman person?

SUSAN. You would be yourself.

CHRISSEY. But that's what I don't know what it is. I don't.

SUSAN. You make too much of it.

~~(With SUSAN'S line, a man, a janitor, enters with a broom, as if it is the last night, he starts to sweep. His presence, of course, kills the mood for CHRISSEY.)~~

CHRISSEY. I wanted you to help me, tell me, Susan!  
SUSAN. You've got to stop being afraid of everything!

CHRISSEY. I have! I stare down people on the subways all the time now. I don't care what they are or how big they are; I stare 'em down.

SUSAN. *(gathering up her things, some books, her purse)* I'm going. Got classes tomorrow.

CHRISSEY. I didn't wanna make you feel bad. *(SUSAN stops. She looks at CHRISSEY.)*

SUSAN. Chrissy, it's really very nice. It's like you do it to yourself, only it's a surprise.

CHRISSEY. Oh.

SUSAN. Yes.

CHRISSEY. Thank you for asking. And don't be mad at me, okay.

SUSAN. No.

~~(Voice, laughter, music as SALLY, MELISSA, VIKKI, and friends enter from the opposite side of the stage. They are dressed in street clothes and~~

~~(Sally is reading a magazine. The girls join SUSAN. "G-man, Susan, love's go. They all do a line or two about what and where they want to go to eat. The janitor exits now, if chairs have been used for the scene with SUSAN and CHRISSEY, he takes the chairs with him to the laundry.)~~

**END**

SUSAN. I'll see you at work.

~~(SUSAN hurries to join the girls, as CHRISSEY trails along, watching and waving as they depart, while behind her at the lower opposite corner, HAROLD has entered in the dark to sit, sharpening his sickle. The music fades to silence in which there is heard the grinding of the sickle on the whetstone.)~~

CHRISSEY. *(turning to look at HAROLD)* Hi, Pop.

HAROLD. Sharpening a sickle. Gonna sharpen the sickle, and then the mower; after that the hoe, the spade and the rake.

CHRISSEY. *(hurrying to sit down beside him)* Want a sip of my coffee? I've got it here — right here in my thermos; I've started carrying a thermos bottle of coffee around where I go, and offering it to people.

HAROLD. Don't mind if I do.

CHRISSEY. *(busily getting him the coffee)* It makes me feel that people like me. I work very hard at making the coffee good. The only problem is there's four ways to make it — I mean, black, or with sugar, or with cream, or with cream and sugar. I couldn't figure it for a little and so I thought of maybe switching to some other beverage and then I just decided the hell with it, I'd use cream only, and the black-and-sugar people would probably be able