

(WOMAN IN TEDDY DANCING., CONNECTED TO BOOM BOX BY HEADPHONES. SINGS OUT TO ROCK-N-ROLL WE CAN'T HEAR)

Blood...lust,death love sex, dust... Call it what you will. Slaughter of innocents, the battering of angels...darkness I've held a dozen ways... Forty versions of the same story.... Finally, only three things to write about. One story to tell. LOVE. SEX. DEATH....*(SIGH)* Once there was rock-n-roll. Seraphim, paraffin, burning of bridges coming up sevens. Sex, love, death. *(TAKES OFF HEADPHONES)* Three plots however you slice, three stories *(HAIRDRESSER ENTERS, THEY PLAY WITH VOLUME OF MUSIC UNTIL HE TURNS IT OFF COMPLETELY)* of course *(WALKS DOWNSTAGE)* There is however, also...the good haircut.... *(HAIRDRESSER PULLS HER OVER IN FRONT OF CHAIR)* I visit Bang Bang a beauty shop in the East Village, all the hairdressers at attention shooting straight from their blowdryers. " I can't afford a Bad Haircut," I announce, "Tomorrow I'm going to court to battle for my child's custody...I'm poor but I can't afford a bad Haircut. *(HAIRDRESSER SITS HER DOWN)* "My husband's entire action is based on a case of head lice that won't disappear. But the child in question, my daughter has been climbing all over Bang Bang for years and everyone's itching, pardon, itching to get their hands on her hair which is a lot nicer than mine. So the owner, whose own hair is emerald green on the unshaven side says, "Make her happy," and gives me to the new guy, Carlos. Carlos who looks Irish. And I remember what

my old boyfriend once said about the Irish...."You know how they are," he said, "drunk and emotional all the time, all the time with the feeling." And it sticks in my head going round and round defining it seems my ex-boyfriend more than the Irish or Carlos who is neither drunk nor emotional when he tells me "I know exactly what to do." I believe him... I know that he does. Imagine what they'd do to these guys....these gentle men if they could come dancing all the way with me into court. Imagine. Imagine me stretched thin in pantyhose up to my nose sinking in asphalt outside a suburban complex waiting for my daughter's release. Kidnapped to Florida held captive on lice...which I don't think she actually has. I am sure her dad must have carefully picked some from her scalp when she did, cultivated them in a petrie dish and kept them till now alive in a bell jar.... "Children in Tampa don't get head lice," the sheriff beside me finally says, "In Florida children do not get lice."...."The entire state?....Well, It's not a crime, I suppose." I answer like this because my own head is broiled..."In New York it's not even a misdemeanor. Imagine?"

Imagine....Imagine a sunny day without pantyhose. (*END TRANSFORMATION TO MIDDLE CLASS DRESS..WALK FORWARD...EXIT CARLOS*)

When I lived in Corfu, a Greek island with Orthodox traditions pagan Christianity, blood lust fucking a man named Pericles -- shot full of ideals - -higher concepts shot through I was delighted one morning when all these young lambs appeared...Baby lambs frolicking as far as the ropes around their red ribboned necks allowed, pulled short on brass knobs joyfully dancing in the flowers scented air lighting up the twisted olive trees with their bleating in unison. By the middle of April I was so used to them I hardly noticed or remembered the time they hadn't been there.

And then one evening a tremendous screaming and crashing came from outside my window. I was pulled to safety when I attempted to look into the courtyard.... "Don't worry, it's only the smashing of old crockery," he said, which for the pagan orthodox began Lent and the people cheered while I peered through a crack, the flying saucers above, Pericles below. Christ had risen...Oh, yeah... Next day the ropes hung empty, the bows limp on the door. Each father had slit the throat of an Easter Sacrifice. Each mother... mother serves lamb and the streets are red ribbons. Call it tradition.

Go ahead, hit me with your best. I'll do a Mia Farrow on you right here that'd make Woody cry...My ex-husband's lawyer is so huge he towers over me like Quasimodo without the hump or feeling stomping over my heart in Nazi boots slogging through the years of love....

"Lamby is scary Mommy. Lamby needs to take a bathtub. Lamby need a new eye.... Lamby has the chicken pops, the pops, Mama. Lamby is scary"

Lamby is the first present I ever gave to her dad, the Christmas before she was born so she's slept with the lamb since she was inside me and I held it close to my own round body. Around his neck long since gone Lamby has a Biblical verse about the meek or the weak something like that...Yeah, Lamby's leg is sewn on sideways. Well, I'm not perfect. Lamby is Fred Astaire, never takes a step without dancing, never skips a beat. Lamby is up for ransom in Florida, the "Lice Free State."

"Oh you're the best little girl in the whole wide baby world..."

Every night I tell her, "The whole wide baby world."

"And what about Lamby?," she asks, "What about him?"

"The best little lamb in the whole wide Lamby world, oh, yes."

Seven thousand dollars in legal fees and the last thing I whisper to my lawyer before we enter court, "Free the lamb." "First thing we free the lamb," she tells the judge.

My daughter's birth almost killed me. Everyone panicked. The gurney flew down the hall. I screamed "Buddha, not without my Buddha," and when my ex-husband leaned down to stick the retrieved statue in the crook of my neck because my arms were all stuck up and hung with plastic, he whispered, "You are being punished for the life you've led." When I awoke he said he knew I'd never forgive him but he'd been all of a sudden afraid of me....Strapped down to a gurney?....Oozing love and afterbirth. *(PAUSE)*

Ribbons...just red ribbons when he smashed my face into a table. Red, my daughter's mouth...he hadn't hit her that hard, he said, and besides it was really about humiliation.

My ex looks like the man you buy a Toyota from, in fact he is the man who sells cars on TV but he is probably not anything like the poor guy who actually walks around the unweeded parking lot year after year selling false promises and hope looking small and mean. But who, I like to picture, joyfully brings his paycheck home to children without scars, irretrievably injured.

I pity my husband and go through man after man who leave because I do because my forgiveness is endless because I think I'm

supposed to give her a good father. I can't give her a good father. Father in Heaven forgive me I've tried and now she hates me for it. She tells me after every court ordered visitation...lies on the floor screaming, "You're a terrible mother." Father forgive me I could hate her then... Call it forgivable. Please.

"Don't appear hostile," my lawyer advises me, "whatever you do, don't appear hostile. " I've pulled my lips up dry as bone over my teeth, smiling pleasantly but not like a moron my lower teeth are biting at the bottom of my left eye and I have to struggle not to wink at the judge who'll think I'm a whore, charge me with solicitation an attempted bribe take me to his chambers where I'll do anything he orders lay down, bend over his desk over his lap crawl under his robe but it might not be that easy.

Who will protect us us? Daddy is gone. Who will protect us from Daddy? "Not the judge," says my lawyer, "He rules in the favor of men." In the favor of men? Bloodlust and haircuts, slaughter of innocence...Help us.

I've lost my panties and I've got one leg wrapped around his neck adjusting the rear view mirror with my big toe. Slipping his right hand off the gearshift, my newest, oh yes, I believe newest and truest is using three fingers to tell me the story of his life. We're floating upstate New York or somewhere someplace out of Manhattan driving his BMW up the Mass Pike....Later, we pull the baby out of the back seat wakening her just enough to give her the strength to whine until we give in or up and allow her to drag a flotsam and jetsam inflatable mattress exhausted and lay down, beached at the foot of my...our bed. "I'll make it up to him later," I think. But, he has other ideas flips me over hard and determined, "No

way," my brain shouts as I move into position. "No, I'd be crazy, crazy," my heart scolds, "Don't, can't, won't"...and then my body shrieks, "Watch me!" What a surprise. My body screams, "Do it, I don't care what you call it. Call it something wonderful. Call it sin. Call it a done deal." And he's in....God says, "Be brave. Be brave and give up the outside....There's no such thing as wrong not in this world if it's true."....Give up the outside and I'm coming electric and still. Still, I know it's all about outside not 'cause it's right but because they're afraid. I'm erotic. They're afraid. Is it a crime? I'm afraid....I'm afraid that I've told you all this....because...Did you know?....Everyone's a P.I. Private Investigator working for my ex? The postman, the clerk, my friend in disguise... My gynecologist. My gynecologist has joined his forces has had her speculum equipped with an infra-red eye. I can feel it snapping pictures of the evidence left behind, carved into the walls of my cervix...Steve loves Me, Joey loves me, Sam loves anything...pink. It's a crime. (*DANCE, MAKE SOUNDS*) Uh, uhh, uhhn. These noises uh, uhh, uhhhn are coming louder and sharper and we both stop kissing to listen as if they might be from some place other than...me. (*CLUTCHES THROAT*) I'm amazed, uh, uhh, uhhhn. "That's not from my body, it's from my heart," I say..."I know," he answers...(*MORE SOUNDS*) "Oh, my heart's on fire. If they take this kid from me I'm a dead person." I know, he says and it's love. Blood, sex, a flaming death.... Heart on fire. Three

"I'm not responsible for the person I am," she screams, "Mama, I'm just a little girl. Why doesn't everyone just leave me alone and let me stay in one place?"

Just three. Lamby, Baby... and Me. Help! We need an exorcism. "I feel like a dot on the side of a milk carton," she says. We need a shotgun. It's a crime what we need.... We need a judge to rules in the favor of children.