

assert myself. You don't assert yourself and people shit all over you. I don't wanna be hard, but if that's how you gotta be, I'm gonna do it. Gonna be a hammer and everybody else is nails in a world of wood! Are you hearin' me? You listen to me what I'm sayin' for I am very uptight for I am extremely nervous a lot 'cause I am worried over my life.

Al: You got every right to be.

→ **Chrissy:** Listen to me what I'm sayin'! On a subway today, I was sitting there and I was thinkin' so hard I was lost in thought—I was lost in it—and then all of a sudden I saw I was doin' funny things with my hands, making funny signs in the air with my hands and this person next to me was lookin' at me and I looked at them, sittin' there, and I just says, "I'm goin' crazy." It just come outa me like I was sayin' it was rainin'—"I'm goin' crazy" and she didn't say "No." She didn't. She just looks away and moves real quick a couple seats down the aisle. *(She moves at him now, attacking, cornering him back on the bed.)* So I wanna relax, Big Al, I want you to pour me a drink. I want you to give me a rubdown. I want you to ball me real good for a change—if you could manage that—so I get off—so I get off good for a change instead a givin' you blow jobs all the time, which I don't mind for variety, but as a steady diet, it brings to mind the lyrics from that old and much loved song—"I knew this dance was gonna be a drag," and which—by the way—you could get a whole lot readier and no doubt better off some faggot if that is your need. **AM I MAKIN' MYSELF CLEAR, BIG AL?** *(She is all but ripping his clothes off him, and he pulls away, shoving her off, as he paces away.)*

Al: I mean, ain't it somethin'? So I spend the day in that goddamn truck gettin' my kidneys bounced around in my ribs like they're fuckin' pool balls, so I finally get home and there's this