

**Third Confession: Amiga Gringa**  
**“In My Head I Got It Going On”**

AMIGA GRINGA.

In my head I got it going on.

The triple X rated movie:

Hester and Amiga get down and get dirty.

Chocolate and Vanilla get into the ugly.

We coulda done a sex show behind a curtain

Then make a movie and sell it

for 3 bucks a peek.

I had me some delicious schemes

to get her out of that hole she calls home.

Im doing well for myself

working my money maker

Do you have any idea how much cash I'll get for the fruit of my  
white womb?!

Grow it.

Birth it.

Sell it.

And why shouldnt I?

*(Rest.)*

Funny how a woman like Hester

driving her life all over the road

most often chooses to walk the straight and narrow.

Girl on girl action is a very lucrative business.

And someones gotta do something for her.

Im just trying to help her out.

And myself too, ok. They dont call it Capitalizm for nothing.

*(Rest.)*

She liked the idea of the sex

at least she acted like it.

Her looking at me with those eyes of hers

You looking like you want it, Hester

Shoot, Miga, she says thats just the way I look she says.

It took a little cajoling to get her to do it with me

For an invited audience.

For a dime a look.

Over at my place.

Every cent was profit and no overhead to speak of.

The guys in the neighborhood got their pleasure

and we was our own boss so we didnt have to pay no joke<sup>r</sup> off the top.

We slipped right into a very profitable situation

like sliding into warm water.

Her breasts her bottom

She let me touch her however I wanted

I let her ride my knees

She made sounds like an animal.

She put her hand between my legs.

One day some of the guys took advantage.

Ah, what do you expect in a society based on Capitalizm.

I tell you the plight of the worker these days —.

Still one day Im gonna get her to make the movie

Cause her and me we had the moves down

very sensual, very provocative, very scientific, very lucrative.

In my head I got it going on.

Go home. Put yr children to bed.  
HESTER. Maybe we could get something regular going again —  
REVEREND D. Go home. Go home.

HESTER.  
REVEREND D.

*(Rest.)*  
REVEREND D. Heres something. Its all I have.  
*(He offers her a crumpled bill which she takes. )*  
Next time you come by —. It would be better if you could come  
around to the *back*. My churchll be going up and —. If you want  
your money, it would be better if you come around to the back.  
HESTER. Yeah.  
*(She goes. He sits there, watching her leave.)*

**Fourth Confession: Reverend D.  
“Suffering Is An Enormous Turn-On”**

REVEREND D.  
Suffering is an enormous turn-on.  
*(Rest.)*  
She had four kids and she came to me asking me what to do.  
She had a look in her eye that invites liaisons  
Eyes that say red spandex.  
She had four children four fatherless children four fatherless  
mouths to feed  
fatherless mouths fatherless mouths.  
Add insult to injury was what I was thinking.  
There was a certain animal magnetism between us.  
And she threw herself at me  
Like a baseball in the minors  
fast but not deadly  
I coulda stepped aside but.  
God made her  
and her fatherless mouths.  
*(Rest.)*

I was lying in the never ending gutter of the street of the world.  
You can crawl along it forever and never crawl out  
praying for God to take my life  
You can take it God  
You can take my life back  
you can have it  
before I hurt myself somebody  
before I do a damage that I cannot undo  
before I do a crime that I can never pay for  
In the never ending blistering heat  
of the never ending gutter of the world  
my skin hot against the pavement  
but lying there I knew  
that I had never hurt anybody in my life.  
*(Rest.)*  
*(Rest.)*  
She was one of the multitude. She did not stand out.  
*(Rest.)*  
The intercourse was not memorable.  
And when she told me of her *predicament*  
I gave her enough money to take care of it.  
*(Rest.)*  
In all my days in the gutter I never hurt anyone.  
I never held hate for anyone.  
And now the hate I have for her  
and her hunger  
and the *hate* I have for her hunger.  
God made me.  
God pulled me up.  
Now God, through her, wants to drag me down  
and sit me at the table  
at the head of the table of her fatherless house.

*(Rest.)*

CHILLI. Honey?

HESTER. Huh?

CHILLI. Im —. I'm thinking this through. I'm thinking this all the way through. And I think — I think —.

*(Rest.)*

*(Rest.)*

I carried around this picture of you. Sad and lonely with our child on yr hip. Stuggling to make do. Stuggling against all odds. And triumphant. Triumphant against everything. Like — hell, like Jesus and Mary. And if they could do it so could my Hester. My dear Hester. Or so I thought.

*(Rest.)*

But I dont think so.

*(He takes her ring and her veil. He takes her dress. He packs up his basket.)*

*(Rest.)*

HESTER. Please.

CHILLI. Im sorry.

*(He looks at his watch, flipping it open and then snapping it shut. He leaves.)*

**Fifth Confession: Chilli**  
**“We Was Young”**

CHILLI.

We was young  
and we didnt think  
we didnt think that nothing we could do would hurt us  
nothing we did would come back to haunt us  
we was young and we knew all about gravity but gravity was a law  
that did not apply to those persons under the age of 18  
gravity was something that came later  
and we was young and we could  
float  
weightless  
I was her first

and zoom to the moon if we wanted and couldnt nothing stop us  
We would go

fast

and we were gonna live foiever

and any mistakes we would shake off

We were Death Defying

we were Hot Lunatics

careless as all get out

and she needed to keep it and I needed to leave town.

People get old that way.

*(Rest.)*

We didnt have a car and everything was pitched toward love in a car

and there was this car lot down from where we worked and

we were fearless

late nights go sneak in those rusted Buicks that hadnt moved in years

I would sit at the wheel and pretend to drive

and she would say she felt the wind in her face

surfing her hand out the window

Then we'd park

Without even moving

In the full light of the lot

Making love —

She was my first.

We was young.

Times change.

Sixth Confession: Hester, La Negrita "I  
Shoulda Had A Hundred-Thousand"

HESTER, LA NEGRITA.

Never shoulda had him.

Never shoulda had none of em.

Never was nothing but a pain to me:

*5 Mistakes!*

No, dont say that.

— nnnnnnnn —

Kids? Where you gone?

Never shoulda haddem.

Me walking around big as a house

Knocked up and Showing

and always by myself.

Men come near me oh yeah but then

love never sticks longer than a quick minute

wanna see something last forever watch water boil, you know.

I never shoulda haddem!

*(Rest.)*

*(She places her hand in the pool of Jabbers blood.)*

No:

I shoulda had a hundred

a hundred

I shoulda had a hundred-thousand

A hundred-thousand a whole *army* full I shoulda!

I shoulda.

One right after the other! Spitting em out with no years in  
between!

One after another:

Tail to head:

Spitting em out:

Bad mannered Bad mouthed Bad Bad *Bastards!*

A whole *army full* I shoulda!

I shoulda

— nnnnnnnn —

I shoulda

*(She sits there, crumpled, alone. The prison bars come down.)*