

A C Cup

*Technical Note: Lighting and freezing is used while three scenes are being carried out at once. Characters must freeze once their section of the scene is finished and wait for movement until the resuming of their parts. Depending on the lighting available, the lights are only to be on the characters in action.*

*(Lights on upstage. RAVEN and ELLE lie head to head on operating tables on center stage, hospital robes and caps on their bodies. Raven is a visibly slender black girl from beneath her robe. She has an angular face. Elle is a woman in her thirties—average looking. A hospital curtain, which bisects center stage, is between their beds. Hospital sounds such as heart monitors and ringing phones are gently heard. Down Stage left, LEAM sits on a reclining chair, a TV in front of him. He is youthful and attractive. He idly flips through channels. Downs stage right, MARY, an aging Hispanic woman though still in her twenties, looks haggard and exhausted and stands behind her husband, who sits in a reclining chair in a dress shirt that hangs over his dress pants. She stares at him angrily as he flips through channels on the television in front of him.)*

ELLE: *(To audience.)* I never thought that I would be doing this.

RAVEN: *(To audience.)* I can't believe I'm actually gettin'--

ELLE: Implants.

RAVEN: Implants.

MARY: *(To husband.)* What is this?

*(She pulls a magazine out from behind her back, a woman with extremely large and exposed breasts upon the cover. Her husband does not acknowledge her.)*

LEAM: *(To audience.)* I would never think that I would be here in this apartment.

ELLE: But here I am.

RAVEN: The day has come baby. I guess I always knew it would. Cinderella's gettin' all dolled up fo' the ball. I wonder if that fah-iner doorman will notice.

ELLE: At least it won't be noticeable, or at least, I certainly hope not. The women at the country club would...well, they all have Botox. I don't see why I can't have a little alterations here and there. Just a cup size. *(Embarrassed.)* What? Don't look at me like that. It's to save a marriage.

LEAM: I feel like I'm some Victorian bride isolated from the world in here. I'm an actor in Washington DC, dammit. I followed my boyfriend here so he could go to Georgetown...and I just sit here in this rat hole apartment, going to a couple of acting classes that don't even resemble what I had in California. There are times when I think...I don't. I love him, I really do, but...I don't know what this is.

MARY: *(Pressing the playboy to her husband's face.)* What is this? In my house?

*(Carl stares awkwardly at the magazine for a moment.)*

CARL: It's not your business. It's just a magazine.

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MARY: Just sitting in the bathroom? On the floor? Are you a teenage boy?

LEAM: Is that bad that I'm living with the boy I've been with since I was a teenager? I mean, it wasn't official until after high school, he didn't want people to know...and still doesn't.

RAVEN: I've been waiting for this day since I was a teen...the day when I got tits. It was always a dream of mine.

ELLE: (*Laughing.*) This seems like a dream. It's something that I just...wouldn't do. But, like I said, it's to save a marriage. I think...I think that it can spice up the relationship, avoid a divorce. C cups could help my children grow up with two parents.

RAVEN: Actually, I wanted tits since I was a little kid. My momma would always feel so awkward when I would try on her bawls. She never said much 'cept to never let my daddy see that.

MARY: Did you think about the children seeing this?

CARL: They're two and three.

MARY: That's old enough to let the devil in. Carl, you told me you wouldn't have this...stuff here.

CARL: (*Shrugging.*) Well...forget what I said...a man can have that in his house. My father used to have them sitting on the coffee table.

MARY: (*Angered.*) Oh, so now you want to be like you're father?

(*At this Carl stirs and Mary backs away.*)

I've told you not to look at this perversion in my house. I told you to keep your eyes away from this filth...or at least mine. (*Her voice is rising as she becomes slightly hysterical.*) I told you, Carl, I told you that I wouldn't put up with any of your—

CARL: You don't tell me!

LEAM: I know, it's horrible that I still can't tell my high school friends who I've been in a relationship with for the past four years, but...it's worth it.

(*He is silent, flipping through channels then pauses.*)

(*With fast speech.*) No it's not. I hate it here. Something needs to change.

ELLE: We all change our appearance. We need to look a certain way. Have a certain image. That's all that this is. It's just an image change for the bedroom. It's nothing that I will be flaunting. It's just...it's like a man dressing in a suit.

LEAM: I hate it here. I walk out of my building and all I see is a sea of fucking suits and briefcases. I can practically smell the pretentiousness and corruption...the smell of decaying democracy. This seems like the place where everything goes to die: ideas, liberty, peace...

ELLE: I just don't want our marriage to die.

RAVEN: My daddy 'bout died when he saw me the first time in a brawl. He said "boy I don't want to see no faggotty-ass shit in my house."

MARY: This is my house...I will tell you something in my house, Carl. Your child brought this to me today. Billy. What do you think you put in his head? Huh? He's too young to be seeing--

CARL: Stop over reacting. He's too young to think anything of it. Just a couple of years

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ago you were feeding him from your boob.

LEAM: A couple of years ago, I wouldn't have even thought that I would be here. I thought...I thought I wouldn't even be with him. Far too independent to follow.

Far too independent to be the twenty two year old confined to his lovers plans.

MARY: (*Light in volume, yet intensely saddened and disturbed.*) Do you love me Carl?

CARL: Why do you have to go and ask questions like that?

MARY: If you loved me, you would do what I asked.

CARL: (*Trying to keep his ground.*) I don't have to do anything that you ask. This is my house. Mine.

MARY: I take care of this house!

CARL: What would you have to take care of if it wasn't for me?

MARY: I cook and clean and...

LEAM: I'm cooking, and cleaning. Isn't that sick. I'm like a suburban housewife. I wait for him to get home. I mean, I have friends around here. We meet up for our gay little chats—trust me, Washington runs off of homosexuality. Nothing would get done if a wife in kids were always in the way.

ELLE: It's for the kids really. And he doesn't even want it to be noticeable. His image consultant said it would look bad when he runs for office. Maybe if he was just a lawyer, but now he's making a transition into a politician. I'm so proud. I'm going to be the first lady of something. The First Lady...(She chuckles.)...with a boob job.

RAVEN: (*Sighing.*) Boobs.... not just boobs, but ones that could knock yo' eyes out. The hormones he had me on just wasn't workin'. They gotta be big. That's what he wants though. He picked the size. He's payin'...fo' everything: the shoes from Sacs, the imported dresses, my apartment. That's right, I'm a high-class hoe.

Elle: It's not like I'm a whore. It's not like I'm doing this to attract a man. It's for one man. Just one.

MARY: One time, can't you see what I do?

CARL: I always see what you do. Yur always around!

MARY: And you don't want me to be? Is that it? Puta madre!

CARL: Spanish?

MARY: Oh, I forgot. You won't let me talk in my native language. Why? Is that because it makes you feel stupid?

*(Carl hoists himself out of his seat, coming face to face with his wife. Mary steps back slightly, her moment of dominance shrinking. There is acute fear in her face as Carl grimaces at her).*

CARL: I'm stupid? I'm stupid? Who's the one who's worth something here? I supply for this family. I do something!

MARY: (*Shrieking, awkwardly afraid, yet bold.*) So do I! Don't you see that?

*(She holds the magazine in his face once more.)*

Is this all that you see? This? Do I need to have mountains on my chest to make

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you see me? Do I need to squat down and reveal my privates to make you notice?  
This is sick!

*(She rips the magazine. Carl slaps her. Mary runs offstage left, Carl following her).*

LEAM: It's sick, you know, this place. Everything is infested with this horrible need to be top dog. It doesn't matter what you do to get their: lie, cheat, steal, kill. And I'm here in the middle of it, following someone who I think is going to marry a woman. He wants to be a politician. He'll sell out. Get rid of me. He'll sell himself, buy a woman.

RAVEN: I never been so expensive befo' I had met him. He treated me like his Barby right outta the streets. He picked me up, dressed me down, dressed me up, put me up in a different neighborhood. Fo' a second, I felt like I was loved.

LEAM: I don't think he loves me.

MARY: *(Offstage.)* You don't love me!

ELLE: My husband really does love me, he just...gets distracted. He has a lot of pressure on him and there are women that just throw themselves at him. Really, I used to think affairs would bother me more but...he comes home with me. He takes family pictures with me. I go to his holiday parties. I'm his wife. I have his kids.

RAVEN: At first I thought he loved me, but then I found out he had a wife and kids. I knew....I knew befo' but den I seen 'em.

MARY: *(Offstage.)* You don't even see me!

RAVEN: He's just usin' me. But it's okay. I'm a hoe that don't gotta work streets. I'm a hoe that gets to go to New York to shop. Yeah, he can use me alllllll he wants. That's what men do.

MARY: You only use me!

LEAM: Sometimes I feel like he's just using me as a house ornament. I'm what he can come home to, be himself with. We fuck, we cuddle, and then he goes out into the real world, his world.

ELLE: I can't think of anything I want more in this world than to make this work. I'll do whatever it takes. I'll...try anything.

MARY: *(Offstage.)* You don't see anything I do. You don't see me. All that you see is boobs...and vaginas!

*(Another slap is heard).*

RAVEN: He don't want a vagina though. He wants me to keep *(Laughs a bit.)*...he calls him Little Willy. He likes Little Willy. I don't know what it is 'bout men with boys dat look like girls. Maybe they like it 'cause it's diffrint.

LEAM: I thought things would end up so differently in the future. I guess you just end up getting lost in the present.

RAVEN: This is my birthday present.

MARY: *(Offstage.)* What is today? Huh? What is it?

CARL: *(Offstage, sounding confused.)* Our anniversary?

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MARY: My birthday! Feliz cumpleaños Maria! Feliz cumpleaños!

CARL: (*Offstage.*) Shut the hell up with that Spanish. How was I supposed to remember what today was? I've been working overtime just so that we can celebrate the kids' birthdays!

ELLE: He's just busy with work. This will bring him home more. It doesn't make me less of a woman.

RAVEN: I've really always felt like a woman. I don't think that bigga lumps on my chest will make me feel anymo' like one...but I'm just givin' the man what he wants.

CARL: (*Offstage.*) What do you want?

ELLE: I just...I just want this to work.

LEAM: For once I want to go to his work, and kiss him. It's a simple fantasy, but, it's all that I ever think about sometimes. We ignore the faces of his coworkers and just...kiss. That's what I want. I want—

MARY: (*Walking onstage.*) I want appreciation!

*(She is holding a frying pan in her hands. Sausages sit on it.)*

I cooked on my birthday! For you! Well, guess what...

*(She dumps the sausages on the TV. Carl walks towards her.)*

CARL: WHAT THE HELL!

*( He comes very close to her. Mary screams and bashes him over the head with the frying pan instinctively. He collapses. She stands, astounded as she looks at his unconscious body).*

MARY: Shit...

RAVEN: At least now I can show a lil' tit.

ELLE: (*Sighs.*) Bigger by just a little bit.

LEAM: (*Pulling out a pack of cigarettes from his pocket.*) I know I need to quit.