

ENTER, SLAMMING DOOR, CORONA IN HAND. APPROACH BAR. SLAM
DOWN UNOPENED BOTTLE. SURVEY ROOM.

Have you ever bottomed to a Femme Top?

OPEN BOTTLE

Ever listened for the sharp sound of your own flesh tearing beneath her nails?

PAUSE. LARGE SWIG OF BEER. BACK OF HAND ACROSS MOUTH. THE
NEXT AS A CHALLENGE.

I'm standing here right now to tell you that I have knelt at the altar of a sling back heel.

And once you get a taste, you'll want it again and more, like an egg sucking dog,

PAUSE. DRINK. CONFESSION.

like a baby crying out for the tit.

ELBOWS ON BAR, BEER IN ONE HAND.

Once you've given it up to that soft purr, the one that makes you want to get down on
your knees and lick something--

BOTTLE DOWN.

Once you've had that pointed, patent leather toe ground into your balls, the best you can
do is ache in your bed and remember Her voice.

TAKE OFF JACKET. CROSS FRONT OF STAGE.

There's a piece of you She carved out with a wicked little blade and ate, right there in
front of you. Her teeth are sharp and clean and even.

CLIMB STAIRS TO STAGE

And all you could think was how fucking amazing Her mouth was and how bad you
wanted Her to do that over and over and who gives a fuck if you run out of skin, because
all you want to do is watch Her eat.

All you want to do is feed Her.

LOOSEN TIE, AS THOUGH HEATED UP, SIT ON PLATFORM, STAGE LEFT

What you might be missing right now is the scent of Her perfume left on your face after
that first gentle slap.

ROLL ONE SLEEVE WITH PRECISION. THE NEXT CARELESSLY AND
INCOMPLETE

She taught you, pretty damn quick, that all your butch charms were going to get you
absolutely nowhere. Or at least, not to that particular place you expected her to beg you
to take her.

SUBTLE TURN. BEGINNING OF VULNERABILITY.

But She isn't going to be the one begging. Not tonight. Not ever.

SCRUB LOWER JAW, THEN THE FOLLOWING WHILE CROSSING STAGE

She runs one finger down the length of your jaw. The nails of her left hand are as sharp as
the claws of a large, wild cat,

SIT ASTRIDE FOLDING CHAIR, STAGE LEFT.

and maybe it 's your job to sharpen those nails, the ones that scratch your scalp and
mark your back, long red furrows you will wear for days.

PAUSE.

You learned to take pain like a man, maybe, a long time ago and in a way that toughened
your skin and firmed your knees.

PAUSE.

Remember the tit clamps? You can say it: *tit clamps*.

PAUSE. STAND. PEAK ANGER.

And when She put them on you, there was no getting around it.

KICK CHAIR

Tits.

PAUSE. STILL VERY ANGRY.

you wanted to rip the damn things off, say you'd had enough, you didn't go for these types of games.

PAUSE. QUIELTY-

But you did.

(WHILE WALKING STAGE RIGHT) You did want to crawl. Across shattered glass if She demanded it...

and you felt sweat run sticky down your sides...

SIT PLATFORM STAGE RIGHT

...and when She touched you there, where you never allow yourself to be touched...

LOOK TO AUDIENCE. SURRENDER.

...we don't have to talk about what else is sticky and fluid, do we?

PAUSE. DRINK FROM BEER LEFT EARLIER.

I remember Her lips, Her tongue, and the nip of teeth. I remember the sound of Her murmuring and my own breath raging. I remember when Her mouth became Her hand. Her hand reaching right straight up to my heart and squeezing. Hard.

LAST DRINK.

Maybe you believed that strength comes packaged in faded jeans and white tee shirts, and that power wears heavy solid boots.

SOFTTEST, REVERENTIAL DELIVERY

But She is silk whispering deadly secrets and a soft voice that never rises past the pitch of privilege and She is an iron fist in a velvet glove.

RISE. GATHER TIE INTO BACK POCKET, LEAVE THE BEER. LAST CHALLENGE TO AUDIENCE

But maybe you'd better not start thinking too much about fists and gloves

STEP OFF STAGE.

because even the hardest stone will crack under the correct amount of pressure, expertly applied.

COLLECT JACKET. SLOW EXIT