

So.

I watched my pussy for two hours and seventy-five minutes

which is the duration of the documentary times three  
and then Charles came home from work.

And Charles said: Betty, it's late, why are you still up.  
Let's go to bed.

And I said: Charles, I was at rehearsal, I'm in a play,  
and I'm doing homework.

And Charles said: That's nice. I like movies better.

And then he fell asleep.

And then I lay awake.

All night.

Me and my pussy together.

*(Beat. A deep breath.)*

And then I wrote an erotic story.

I wrote it in my head first

for a long time

and then somewhere around three a.m.

I got up and I wrote it on paper

and then it was still happening inside me so

I started reading it out loud

I was reading it and reading it and

Charles woke up and said: Are you talking in your sleep

and I said: I am reading an erotic story I wrote, Charles

and Charles said: It's a little late, Betty,

and then he went back to sleep.

And here is my erotic story.

*(BETTY 2 recites her erotic story:)*

This is an erotic story about a lion.

It takes its lion cock and puts it in things

like dust bowls and small holes and ant-hills.

Its lion cock is like a handgun or a drill or a Swiss Army  
Knife

because it's all-purpose.

This is also a story about the lions who don't have sex.

They are constantly waiting for rain, and their ribs  
show.

They are the kinds of lions who go looking for discounts  
in places where there are no good discounts. They are  
the lions who believe the late-night infomercials, and  
they are the lions who leave the TV on so they don't feel  
alone, and they are the lions who look at themselves  
in the mirror and say: ugly ugly lion, and they are  
the lions who are afraid of themselves, and they are  
the lions who wake up one day and say: I FUCKING  
HATE ALL OF THIS, and they are the lions who will  
someday star in a play.

This is a story about all of the lions.

*(A long, deep breath.)*

I hate all of this, Charles. And I'm starring in a play.