



Bittersweet Symphony
MC Radiance

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SONNY: (superjaded) Guess it's gonna be one of those evenings. AMANDA just landed tonight's itinerary on me... See the shadow play? Up on the ceiling, from the trees by the streetlamp? That creepy glow that's creeping in through my curtains... But can't hang around here too long tonight, cuz AMANDA has The Plan. As usual. Dragging me out on The Town, again. Back through all those aromas that she worships. The toasted bagels from that bakery down on Broadway. Then in and out of all of her favorite antique clothing stores, one after the other.

AMANDA: Like this one!

SONNY: (on a stepladder in the back of the store) She's at it again. Fondling every piece of fabric in the shop. But I did promise. Window shopping and daydreaming. She's leaning over each glass case. Eyes getting wide and drunk off all that sparkle in there. Ooo, the glitter. Ooo those rhinestones, those black opals, those garnets. All that silver and gold and status bullshit.

AMANDA: (winks at SONNY) I better stop drooling. Sonny's pretty patient with me, can't imagine why. I just get greedy sometimes, can't help it. But he's smart to zip it. Cuz my tongue? It's like my mind. Real sharp. I can bring any man to tears. He he he! I can leave 'em limping for weeks. Watch out for AMANDA. Look in these eyes. Notice anything? See the icebergs? (Looking in the jewelry case) They say I sparkle all pretty in the sunlight, but the dangerous parts lurk just below the surface. Fear my revenge, manchildren!

SONNY: (Aside) Snap her out of it and let's hit the road already. (To AMANDA) Hey babe. Let me look in those pretty wild eyes. All blooming like blue irises. Actually, more like the eyes of a husky tonight.

AMANDA: Grrrr!

SONNY: (Aside) She's actually having a good time for a change. (Pause.) I gotta be super careful all the time with her. I wanna cut loose and just pick her up and swing her around the mast? Can't! Can't have me a rough toast among pirates, cuz she suddenly acts all delicate and breakable...

AMANDA: (Aside) I know what he's thinking.

SONNY

But tonight? Okay so far, fingers crossed. Life's easy when she's rough. That rough, easy rider attitude: that's when she grabs my soul like a biker chick should. That's when I'm stupid in love for her! Damn her.

AMANDA

(To SONNY) I can feel your hunger, SONNY. Yep, you, I am talking about you while I'm slinking up on ya. Pin you up against this here gown rack, baby. (They kiss.) My lips fit nice around yours too. Can I interest you in some crack?

SONNY: (Embarrassed) I ain't going to laugh.

AMANDA: I mean ass-crack, of course... (Silence.) Mmm, there's something about... your taste, SONNY. You smell kind of smokey.

SONNY: Thank you. I guess.

AMANDA: Drifty too. How come your gaze always wanders away from me, how come you float off? Is there something you ain't telling me? You seeing some other chick, some smoker you like to poker?

SONNY: Nah, I'm just thinking of stuff to do with you tonight.

AMANDA: Aw, that's sweet. Sweet moments! Your hair been getting all mussed up by the breeze... ya big sexy thug.

SONNY: Um, what do you think you doing, baby?

AMANDA: I'm just warming up my thighs, between your legs, between these prom gowns, that's all... Are my boobies putting too much pressure on ya? Because if you only knew what your leather jacket is doing to me.

SONNY: You ARE the queen of breasts alright. (AMANDA squeals.) Let's do something different. (Aside) Inside Steve's Ice Cream, I surprise her, pick her up and throw her over my shoulder, hey! just for fun. Through the front door jangling, we march out, right into a New York City mist. Who's squirming now, bitch?

AMANDA: (laughing) Put me down motherfucker! I'll kill you!

SONNY: Yeah, we cause quite a scene all the way down to the late-night Jewish deli.

AMANDA: I hate to admit it. But I just LOVE all the attention we get. (to the CROWD) Go about your business, people, move along. It's okay: he's my man! This is just how we are. (After SONNY puts her down, aside) But maybe I'm a pretender. A faker. Faking that I'm in love with him. (She looks at SONNY) SONNY's okay. He wouldn't even know the difference though! Men... (Aside) When he musses up my makeup on the subway stairs, I act all bent out of shape... but am I? Who knows for sure? I really should have been an actress.

SONNY: Movies. Drinks. Sidewalks, endless sidewalks. Face-sucking, more drinks. Watching the homeless guys fight. It don't always feel real in this insane city.

NARRATOR: Our biker couple rove around like a couple of hungry mutts. They go exploring the evening like it was a junkyard full of skeletons. Every now and then they capture a great moment. They examine it together, and they chew on it until it becomes a private little standup comedy riff for the rest of the night.

SONNY: She's like a bitch in heat. Ain't that right, AMANDA? (She howls)

NARRATOR: SONNY slams his Visa down at one register counter after another, trying to pacify her. AMANDA just barks at the moon.

AMANDA: (To SONNY, with a bad southern accent) I do declare, your honor, that I have the right to corner my lover in any store, in any attic, in any church, in any office. (Loud) Anywhere can be my whorehouse!! Everywhere is my playpen! People should be free! Right SONNY? Hey, don't you love that side of me... The drama queen?

SONNY: I guess.

AMANDA: (bad southern accent) I'm real good at catching you off-balance, ain't I? But you can never be too sure when my good mood is going to evaporate, now can you? (regular voice) Aw, what do you care. All my exhibitionism. You better never take this bitch for granted, though. I'll never be just water off your back, SONNY. You'll remember this one.

SONNY: It's true. You keep me guessing, AMANDA. About stuff I don't want to have to guess about. (Getting steamed) And now that you bring it up. Do you have to stay in contact with every single motherfucker who ever got your digits? I mean, you know how I hate it when other guys are staring at my girl. Like you're Vanna White, and the Wheel of Fortune phrase for today is "come and get it boys".

AMANDA: This is what you wanted, remember? Why you became a hog rider in the first place. Freedom.

SONNY: (Pause.) I think "SEX" around here is just a Band-Aid.

AMANDA: Not just a Band-Aid, SONNY, you're my life preserver! (Aside) Strippers don't always age well, ya know. Times have been rough on me these last three years... But I'm a full on woman. And real heinas shouldn't need no steinking life preservers!! Then again-I guess I'd already be sunk in deep quicksand without SONNY.

SONNY: There's gotta be other ways to keep you happy, AMANDA. Ways that don't cost me the shirt off my back.

AMANDA: What ever. [Silence.] Get yourself a nice cheap girl. Maybe you should leave me. Alone. [Silence.] Taxi!

SONNY: Taxi? Whaddya mean 'Taxi!' We gotta split the cab home, I cain't afford no solo cab!

AMANDA: Fine. Get in. Just don't talk to me.

NARRATOR: There's that deserted, cool and misty feeling in the air. That kind of sadness you can only feel when speeding down the midnight streets of Manhattan. The last stores are emptied out. But for AMANDA and SONNY, the full moon is rising. They're bursting, they're ready to cry out. For... mercy, perhaps?

[The yellow cab deposits them on the curb outside her midtown brownstone. AMANDA springs like a gazelle up the stairs to the doors of the lobby. She rushes in, bounces up a few more risers and turns around. With a premeditated look, she sits down on the marble. She begins to hitch up the folds of her ankle length skirt.]

AMANDA: All the way up. Up these long, smooth legs.

SONNY: Up, up and away!

AMANDA: Guess what, baby? There's something I have been planning to do for you all week. Now pay attention, class. One foot up on each banister so you can see. And all you can see now is a couple of blond pubes and pink pink pink. He he he.

SONNY: What the- Hey, come on. Cut it out.

AMANDA: You know what? That uncomfortable stare? That one you're wearing right there? I get off on that. Squirm, motherfucker, squirm! (AMANDA starts masturbating for him.) And you better not tell me you're pooped out, stud muffin. I got more plans for you. Upstairs.

SONNY: What the fuck do you think you are you doing, AMANDA? (He nervously glances around.) This ain't the strip club, girl. This is a public hallway, girl.

AMANDA: Oh no! (Imitating a sports announcer) She's taken the lead! She's taken the lead, yes, and she is unbuttoning her shirt with one hand, and yes she's speeding for the goal line with her other hand all sweaty and slipping around the steering wheel. Around the curves and she's drawing faster little circles inside her panties and going for the gold! (Pause. Exasperated) Come on! Play along, dammit SONNY! (Stare-

down. New strategy, all slow and sexy) Behind the folds of black lace, guess what I am doing? I'll tell you what I am doing. No I ain't racing. I got a finger on each lip. For you, I'm just gonnan pull myself wi-i-i-ide open! Like the Atlantic ocean. That's what I'm doing, SONNY. Wanna get wet? (Pause. Exasperated) Come on! What the fuck are you doing, biting your nails and waiting for Christmas? Dive in already.

SONNY: (Aside) This chick is out of control and I'm getting a headache. But what's a red blooded male to do? She wields irresistible forces. (To AMANDA) Aw shit. You want me to unzip, okay I unzip. There. Big Jim and the Twins. Please make this a quick visit.

AMANDA: Little Miss Troublemaker! that's-a me! Gotta make sure Mr. Happy here gets some air. Hi there! I want him to see how horny Miss Troublemaker is. Can you see, honey, she's just drooling with anticipation?

SONNY: You're so dirty.

AMANDA: That's my middle finger flipping up inside me, y'all.

SONNY: (pause) I hope you're imagining that it's me in there and not some other fuckhead.

AMANDA: Maybe. Maybe not. Why should you care anyway? You're gonna be gettin' some real soon. (She flips him the bird with her wet finger.) You still paralyzed or what?

SONNY: Your mind games are gonna kill my hard-on, AMANDA.

AMANDA: My God, that vein in your neck! It's quivering, SONNY. You're not gonna have a cardiac arrest on me or nothing, right? Is it from the whiskey... or are you just getting old? I don't know, SONNY. Perhaps you're just not up for this plan I have in mind.

SONNY: Maybe not. Cuz you're just a sadist. And hey, is that the kind of chick I want sucking my dick? (Looking around) Anyone can see us. You know that, right? (shouts) Hello, Manhattan! (whispers) What the hell are we gonna do if someone walks in? It's hard to miss our little scene here, what with all these goddamn fluorescent lights shining up your twat.

AMANDA: Oh, come on, SONNY, SONNY, SONNY. You worry too much. Surrender to my plans and stop acting like such an old fart! Kiss me... (They kiss for a bit.) And again.

SONNY: That's a little better.

AMANDA: Now, more passionately. Whatcha shaking for? (coyly) Would it be cuz your cock is only inches from my pussy, SONNY?

SONNY: Something like that.

AMANDA: Are you spanking your little monkey? Good boy. Resourceful. Let me watch, please. You like if I pout a little? Does it bother you if I pant, daddy-O? (angry) I mean is that okay with you?

SONNY: You made your point, baby. Shhh. (Pause.) God, what a rack you got!

AMANDA: Hey, up here, I'm up here. (She points at her eyes.) That's quite the incredulous expression on your face. You are coming under my power! Now you are incapable of sailing away! Good. (He closes his eyes tight shut.) Why can't you just play along, man?

SONNY: What the fuck do you want from me?

AMANDA: Move closer, SONNY, let me kiss the tip of your cock a little. (laughs) I like to hear your noises, maybe get a reaction, like-

NARRATOR: Amanda suddenly screams! Then sticks her tongue out and goes running up three flights of stairs.

SONNY: What, what, what the fuck is it now, what?

NARRATOR: She's all flying skirts and Colin Mockery. SONNY remains stuck to the spot, like a clam stuck on the seafloor.

SONNY: (Aside) What the hell is her problem? Hello? Hello?? My freakin' fishing rod is just waving around here in the Bikini Bottom breeze!

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE: Oi! People in here are trying to sleep, you inconsiderate schmucks! SONNY? SONNY? Is that you, SONNY?

SONNY: Oh shit. The landlady.

NARRATOR: And the latch on the door behind SONNY clicks open.

SONNY: Double shit!

THE NARRATOR: He scrambles up the stairs, trying to stuff his member back into his skintight black leather pants. At the landing on AMANDA's floor, SONNY stops to reconsider... (pause) The wallpaper is peeling like an aging stripper, drearily, in ragged curls... (Pause). Overhead, the moths do a slow suicide dance with the light bulb. And SONNY has a revelation.

SONNY: She's just a comedian. And I'm just slowly spiraling in to my doom.

AMANDA: (Cracking her door open an inch) Nya Nya, we don't want any!... Oh, who are you? My, you're a cute one. (She opens the door) Wanna come in? I am the hotel chef, and I got something hot I want you to try. I just made a lovely stew. Out of your emotions! Ha! Get it? That was soooo fun down there, huh?

SONNY: Oh yeah. Fun.

AMANDA: You're funny... Hey, do that little pig thing you do.

SONNY: What?

AMANDA: That little piggie thing you do.

SONNY: Little pig, little pig, let me in... Not by the hair of my chinny chinny chin.

AMANDA: Yay!! Now do that little miss Piggy dance thing that you do.

SONNY: You can never let me taste just one flavor at a time, can you?

AMANDA: I love complexity. The spice of life, Complexity!

SONNY: No. AMANDA, what you adore is drama and confusion!

AMANDA: And all their neighbors, too: Double-entendre. Suspense. Anticipation. Self-Adoration.

SONNY: Fuck you AMANDA! You're just a big tease who who who sleeps around!

AMANDA: I believe 'Coy' is the word you were seeking, and don't you forget it, mother-fucker.

SONNY: You wear me down, Ms. Coy.

AMANDA: I sure hope not. I need a real man who's gonna last, SONNY. I have needs too! Someone who's gonna explode for me! Explode with passion and... and ferocity! So if you want to continue to be my hero, I'd suggest you toughen up. (She rudely slams the bedroom door in his face...) Hai-ya!!! (Sound of a whip cracking offstage.)

SONNY: (Stunned pause.) Ah no, Not the whip game. Not tonight. I can't take much more tonight. I've had it. (At the door) Open up AMANDA! I swear I'll kick this in like Vin Diesel, like Axl Rose, like... (The door opens. In her face) Let me tell you something, AMANDA, you STOP jerking me around! (She laughs.) You laugh? At me!?!

NARRATOR: Without thinking, SONNY bitch-slaps that look right off AMANDA's face... He knows; he knows he shouldn't have done that. He feels penitent right away.

AMANDA: (nursing the slap on her face) I suppose you think you'll get away with this...?

SONNY: Look, I'm so sorry. I am 1000% sorry. I just... I didn't immediately see that you'd... slipped out of all your clothes already.

AMANDA: Yup. Just waiting for my SONNY to take me to bed. (Pause.) How could you?

SONNY: Sorry. Really, I- I-

AMANDA: Lucky you. Now you're stuck with an aging stripper who's got a ripe hand mark all over her cheek!

NARRATOR: AMANDA is a master of Tae-Kwon-Do.

AMANDA: Haiiiiiiya! (AMANDA seizes SONNY's hand, throws him 180, half nelsons him.) I have the kind of body you had better notice the moment it's naked. If you know what's good for you.

SONNY: (huffing) I won't hit you again, I promise.

AMANDA: Don't tell me you're sorry, tough guy, here on my living room floor. Stand up for yourself! Huh? Are you a man or a mouse?

SONNY: (huffing) I already apologized.

AMANDA: Look at you. Not too old to catch your breath? (Pause.) Oh. My. God! Now, THAT's funny.

SONNY: What's funny?

AMANDA: Your cock.

SONNY: Don't you ever say my cock is funny.

AMANDA: But it is! (Pause.) Look at it! Its head has popped out of your pants again, like a little prairie dog. It's so cute, what a riot!

SONNY: AMANDA, just shut-

AMANDA: I can't resist.

[AMANDA sucks him, until he gets hard.]

AMANDA: I think I'll whip out this riot-gear condom and bag my prey!

SONNY: That blowjob felt so good, baby.

AMANDA: And now my pussy wants to swoop down on your cock, like a giant hawk. My claws will be clamping deep into your hips.

NARRATOR: Her muff is poised in mid air, like a raptor. Or maybe more like a hovering nuclear reactor... Ted, does this have the potential for a world class detonation or what?

AMANDA: So, you like my pussy?

SONNY: Your muff-lips are superfreaky, baby. Nice and pink and swollen. Like a juicy steak. Just aching for a good tenderizing.

AMANDA: (sulking) That's gross, SONNY. You know I don't eat meat.

SONNY: Gross? (Pause.) Oh great. (Silence.) You're gonna let one little word turn you off?

AMANDA: I love to hate you, SONNY: that kinda turns me on! Although it kinda turns me off, too.

SONNY: Yeah, but you've still got half a smile. So I must be half forgiven.

AMANDA: Let's stop talking about the bitchslap.

SONNY: No more smack. I promise.

AMANDA: NO smack. I require instead that you raise your prick to the vertical position and prepare for lift-off. You don't mind, do you baby? (Pause) Of course you don't. I am Werner Von Brain here. Look, a missile! I'm in charge, you know. You have no choice but to watch. Countdown as I sit down on your cock of doom.

SONNY: Ouch! It's a bit dry in there, baby.

AMANDA: Guess you don't know how to turn me on, do you?

NARRATOR: Within minutes, however, AMANDA's taut abdomen is bobbing smoothly up and down.

AMANDA: You feel so good inside me. I hate that. I don't think that anything should feel this good inside me.

SONNY: I'm lost without you, AMANDA.

AMANDA: Well I'm wrapped around your cock. So there, we're even.

SONNY: Damn, I could admire your booty all night, AMANDA. I'm so glad God made chicks who are so tight and athletic.

AMANDA: Shut up and put some backbone into it. Come on, fuck me baby!

NARRATOR: AMANDA's blond mane is tossing down her back like a pony.

SONNY: (Aside) I had this dream that she was a horserace jockey, bouncing along with that tight butt of hers, but instead of a crop she had the shrunken skull of a monkey on a stick. That was me..

AMANDA: YOU BE ON TOP NOW!

SONNY: Mm those tits! Like North and South hemispheres, hinged down the sternum, mmm-mmmm. Knows how to work her assets, that's for damned sure. BUT when all the guys at the club would watch her ASS and tits jigglin' all night, man I hated that.

AMANDA: You're in love with my titties of doom, ain't you SONNY?

SONNY: Yeah. Yeah! Yeah AMANDA, so sue me! Ain't nothing here to criticize, okay... (smirking) My other criticisms? They can wait until later.

AMANDA: I ain't waiting til later for nothing! oh my God I'm coming, SONNY! So goo-oo-ood

NARRATOR: First a wave, then a flood. Everything pulsing and convulsing! Everything quivering and shivering!

AMANDA: O-o-o-oo God! Hallelujah! (She climaxes. Eventually her breathing returns to normal. Silence. Starts to relax.)

SONNY: Wow! Them sounds you make when you get off? Like sounds I'd hear if I was tripping. Are you some kinda alien, like straight from outerspace, or an angel from heaven or what?

AMANDA: Shhhhhhhhhush. My cellphone. (She picks up and answers her cellphone.) Hi! Yeah, hang on a minute. (She covers the mouthpiece) SONNY? I want you to know: I just had the most heavenly rush! Aaaah! And my nipples are all hard again, just from the zippers on your jacket. I melted into you, you studly stud bucket. So. Do not ruin the poetry of my climax with trite commentary about aliens, okay? (Into mouthpiece) Hang on. (Covering the mouthpiece again) I wanna bite your neck. Come on, SONNY, I gotta mark my territory, baby. There! Not so awful, was it? Stay right here, like a good little puppy. Don't move an inch. I'll be right back. (Into cellphone) Hi-i-i-i! (She exits.)

SONNY: Bye! No problem. (Pause.) Who'd be calling at this hour anyway? (Wandering around) I don't know nothing about Art, but I know if a chick's got talent. Your unfinished canvasses? The ones propped up over there, against the chimney? Impressive stuff. (Aside) She's got something up her sleeve. Been acting funny all night. A little too comfortable in the driver's seat tonight. (Pause. He hears muffled talk from the next room.) What the hell? Cocktease better get her ass back in here real soon and finish what she started, or this day ain't going to end up too nice! (Long pause. Smiles) Her juice still on my wang! I'll just lie down and watch it evaporating. That should be exciting.

NARRATOR: Although SONNY is decked out in leather studs and boots, although he's got the mod hair, although he struts around Soho like an urban cowboy, the fact is that none of all his posing can stop him from feeling superficial and unattractive. Whereas AMANDA? All she ever had to do was get onstage in her birthday suit and pout... and she was nothing short of staggering! A standing ovation, incarnate.

SONNY: What a pity the bitch knew it, too... Hey, AMANDA!! Look at this. It's my leaning Tower of Pisa. It's fucking fallen over. Yo, I ain't finished out here! (Pause.) Hey, what are you writing a freakin' novel in there? (Sleepily) Yakking with one of her girlfriends. Bet she's got some cute girlfriends.

NARRATOR: The sandman draws near. SONNY's eyelids get heavy. He's overtired from the endless, complicated mindfucks. On a futon, he drifts out onto a sea. An ocean of floating paintings. Does he hear some timbers creaking? Does he see a young Asian pirate walking up, standing next to him? She's the girl who lives in AMANDA's building. With her shock of black and green dyed hair hanging loosely around her pretty face. Will he even notice her red lace-up bra? The hottie is eyeing SONNY's half a hard-on with a pupil's interest.

SONNY: Who are you? How did you get that lock open?

NARRATOR: SONNY hears a familiar voice deep inside his mind, whispering:

AMANDA: SONNY? Be nice now. I want you to meet Kim! She moved in across the hall last year. She is so sweet, the poor thing. She has been feeling terribly lonely recently. So, as a generous treat for her, I decided that you, SONNY, must do a Boy Scout deed for today. Listen carefully. What we both want you to do is to make love to Kim for awhile. Until she feels happy again, okay? Goddess only knows it's important to feel good, don't you think? You've still got some appetite left, big boy? That was the real reason why I left you "unfinished".

SONNY: (Gulps) You organized this? You're joking, right, AMANDA? (Pause.) Really? You did?

AMANDA: Actually, it was Kim's idea. My neighbor has noticed you leaving, and how happy I am when you leave. Said you were very cute, in fact. And I certainly agreed, SONNY!

SONNY: Is this gonna result in me getting murdered later? Cuz if it is, forget it. (Silence.) And what are you gonna do?

AMANDA: Oh I'm going to watch. (Silence.) See how it looks. Or pass gas. Whatever.

SONNY: You know you won't be able to handle it.

AMANDA: Don't ever tell me what I can and can't handle.

SONNY: What am I, a fucking guinea pig here? (Aside) Okay I am a guinea. And some have told me I'm a pig.

AMANDA: I'm gonna sit here and watch you get it on with the cute neighbor. Just to see how much you like it. See if you like her more than me.

SONNY: She's scrambling my little guinea pig brain. I'm so horny I can't stand it, but this is one of her tricks, I can feel it. Yeah, it could get real dangerous quick, the more that I THINK about it... Future blackmail...

NARRATOR: So softly the dream washes away. In its place? The ceiling of a mausoleum, the smell of acrylic paint, and an apartment floor. The poofy chair of AMANDA's living room. SONNY's erection has wilted in the silence. There is no Asian girl in a red bra except in some strangely recurring vision, the dream of a Selfish Sleeping Beauty always waiting her prince.

SONNY: (Sliding over to AMANDA's bedroom door) Knock knock. (Pause.) Dead quiet. (He pushes it ajar. Whispering) What the? Totally asleep. In fetal position! Goddamn you, I wasn't finished! (Pause. Grudgingly) If you weren't so freakin' beautiful, nobody would waste one minute on you, woman, no way! (Pause.) Now I am supposed to act like a man and tiptoe out the front door without slamming it. (He slams the door.)

AMANDA: (Quietly, from the bedroom) Bye SONNY bunny. (Silence. She sits up wide awake.) Finally, he's gone! (She gets on the cellphone again.)

NARRATOR: There were times when SONNY would fuck AMANDA as if he were probing for the truth. AMANDA's legs were usually welcoming, but her heart? Not so much. She'd cordoned off her heart. Little wonder he'd often storm off in a rage.

AMANDA: (into cellphone) Isn't it ironic, Josie? He ain't even begun to test all the sharp edges of my moods. But that's OK! Because I know how to get him off, how to make him enjoy life like no other chick can. Still. It's way past my beddie bye time, darling...

SONNY: (to himself) I can't seem to exit the lobby. What's wrong SONNY? I dunno. My body is all in an uproar still! Should I go for a long stroll? I should. Gotta brainstorm some new ideas for my show.

NARRATOR: SONNY's roving eyeball lights on some pink calligraphy, next to one of the mailbox/doorbells.

SONNY: What's this?

NARRATOR: The delicate writing spells out "Kim Shonen". And once again, everything that was about to sort itself out in SONNY's head dissolves into the Manhattan mist.

SONNY: What am I doing? My feet are going back upstairs. I don't know why they're doing that. My hand. It's put itself on Kim's doorknob, fancy that. Door's open, fancy that. Swanky place! Oh, it's another artists studio. And there she is. Kim. All awake, and everything.

NARRATOR: Will Kim scream at the intruder? Hold your breath.

SONNY: Kim! Next door, SONNY, nice guy? You remember me, right? Me no prowler. See this puppy dog expression? Aw, that's nice, there's a big smile, Kim. You should do that more, it just lights up your pretty face, Kim.

NARRATOR: The attraction is mutual! It's now or never... Kim's shorts tumble down around her ankles. SONNY's lips descend upon hers. They tumble together into the couch and start heaving and sweating.

SONNY: Her lips on my cock, and soon it's sliding all down her throat!

KIM: He's devouring MY pussy with his mouth.

SONNY: M face wet from your soft noodle, forever. First taste of Cantonese honey, this lifetime ya know! Nice.

NARRATOR: Kim's legs begin to twitch with each flicker of his tongue across her labia.

KIM: Not just tongue now. I want more!

NARRATOR: She stands up and gets a good peek at his dick for the first time. She seems taken aback.

KIM: I hope it's no too big! I can't believe I was swallowing it!
Your girlfriend is very hot. I get hot thinking about her too.

NARRATOR: Now Kim moves like an athletic kitten, bounding down walls. Rapidly she guides him into her pussy. (They both climax almost immediately.)

SONNY: Wow! That's what happens when you think about my girlfriend? Or just you ain't had it in a long while? Damn.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, Kim pushes SONNY away! The pirate girl has taken her pleasure, and the goddess has no further use for him.

KIM: Leave! You walk the plank immediately!

NARRATOR: The vision crumbles. Vanishes. Disparu! It was just an illusion inside SONNY's day-dream.

SONNY: Oh God, gypped again! (Almost crying.) I must be losing my grip. Ok, I seem to be lighting a cigarette in the lobby of this god forsaken building. Gotta get out of Dodge, man. No more creaming over the hot chicks next door. No more, that's for sure.

NARRATOR: SONNY vaults down the stoop into an Arctic pre-morning blast. He shivers and pulls his scarf tight. He wanders northwards and passes Club 1018. Party hours are pretty much over. Further on, SONNY turns west. He goes to sit on the docks. Happy to sit on a rotten wooden slip by the river and stare at the reflected lights of New Jersey. Maybe to pray for some peace of mind. Soon it's sunrise.

SONNY: Motherfucker joggers! Annoying motherfuckin' happy couples walking around the Village. Guess your girlfriends didn't leave you out in the cold in the middle of the night, huh? It's so goodamn simple and easy for you. Fuck you all, you happy loving couples! Happiness is something you're supposed to bleed for! Gotta earn it! You don't just get handed it without paying the piper!

NARRATOR: We're sensing some hostility issues.

SONNY: Displaying your vulnerability in public, what are you people, nuts? You can't get away with that. You are just beggin for some miserable fuck... like me to show up and rip your happy lovin faces off ... (Silence.) Shit. I've gotta snap out of this.

NARRATOR: SONNY stops by a wrought iron fence. He wrestles his racing heart and his rampaging id. Suddenly he's flattened by a guard dog which pounces on him from behind! SONNY fights back. It's eventually a draw. Man and dog exhaust each other. At last they stare into each other's eyes. The dog suddenly whimpers and slinks away through a side gate, off toward the mansion behind the iron fencing.

SONNY: (shouting after it) That's right, husky dog. You scam. You know you don't want a piece of me. You're dead meat, ya wuss!

NARRATOR: But SONNY's emotional dam, pent up from this long, crazy year, abruptly caves in. He lies on the sidewalk, crying through the dawn rays of a West Village morning. A three man crew in a white Ford slows down. The driver beeps his horn as he passes SONNY. "Hey you!" The boys all hang their arms drunkenly out the car windows.

DRIVER: "Hey! Hey! What theemth to be the matter, thweetie? Huh? You want a great big blowjob or thomething like that ta make ya feel all perky again?"

NARRATOR: Ahead the car disappears around the corner, leaving dusty laughter in its wake.

SONNY: I don't care. I'm going to forget AMANDA. And KIM. I'm-a just concentrate. Get professional. Gotta get real serious about my future. Okay. Focus. Concentrate. I'm gonna make my way somehow.

NARRATOR: Footsteps echo behind him on the cobblestones. SONNY turns once and doesn't turn again.

SONNY: I know how this shadow plays ends. Three little piggies better watch out!

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FINIS.

* * * *

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