

CHAPTER ONE OF SCORPIO

Good versus Teeth

I've been such a silly stupid good girl.

Oi.

I can't remember why I chose to be so silly stupid good today.

I woke up. I made sure the trash threw itself out. I made coffee. I stretched. I smoked. I turned on the radio. I turned it on with my big toe and I sang.

Then I burned

toast

just to have something to

Crack

with my

TEETH

Black coffee

in

white porcelain cups

like

me.

But

No. No. No. No. No, Scorpy.

Scorpy be good tonight. Stay silly stupid good tonight. Being bad is bad.

"Pisces," I say to my own surprise, and turning to the girl, "Pisces, if you keep crying like that you'll never stop."

She plugs herself for a moment. Our silence hangs on invisible eaves until:

"I know, Scorpio!" she screams, "That's why!"

"Well if you know and continue, then you deserve your pain and I have no sympathy."

I turn back to the window. The sun is turning gold in its attempt to fall away. The sun is a miracle that falls away. I've tried being such a silly stupid good girl because everything always falls away.

And so

TEETH

But

No. No. No. No. No, Scorpy.

Scorpy be good tonight. Stay silly stupid good tonight. Being bad is bad.

But

Oi.

when Scorpy gets bad
it feels

so good.
So bad. So good.
But
No. No. No. No. No, Scorpy.
Because
then
Scorpy's heart
eats her
Scorpy's heart
has

TEETH

Made
toast
crack it with my

"It might rain!" I yell above the noise of Pisces, "The sunset. It's wet like that. Oh I like a wet sunset. The mood. It fits a cap on things. I like caps."

I run my fingers through my hair.

Oi.

I like hair. Mine pulls so well

un
like

"Cancer!"

I stand up. I need to stretch. I need to smoke.

"Cancer, get Pisces to stop crying. She's a siren for Zod's sakes. I can't take it."

Cancer crosses the room and pushes me into a sitting position.

"You could be less tense, darling," she says, "We are at a wedding."

"Are you really saying that to me?"

"Hush, chicken," she says, "Pisces cries because she needs it. You cry because you don't know what you need."

"Am I crying? I'm not crying."

"Not right now, no."

She starts to massage my back and

Oi.

Oivey.

Cancer becomes uncomfortable and goes back to Pisces. I turn back to the sun but the sun is going back to wherever it goes back to. The sun is a miracle that goes back.

So go back, Scorpy.

Go

baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaad

So

bad.

But

No. No. No. No. No, Scorpy.

Scorpy stay good tonight.

Then

Scorpy can smile into

dry
pillows. Not

bite
them.

TEETH
Bitey-
bite

them

No.

Just a ickle

bit

No. No. No. No. No.

But being good is so hard. It's so boring. Scorpy just wants to have fun like she likes having fun.

No. No. No. No, Scorpy!

Please stay good tonight!

Bad brings the

TEETH

But

TEETH

Stops the bad.

Oi.

Somebody CRACK

me!

I wave my hand for Cancer but she doesn't come. She's leaving with Pisces. They're leaving through the door. She's leaving like the sun is leaving. Leaving like they all leave. Everything leaves.

And so

Silence

drip

drops

from the

tick

tocks

I run my fingers along the
waaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaalls.

Prick.

“Waiter?” I say, drawing my fingers to my lips, “Waiter, where’s the coffin? Bring the coffin. And the scream, please. We’ve finished eating and it’s late.”

Scorpy needs toast.

“And I’m tired, waiter.”

Scorpy doesn’t have toast.

“I’m so so tired, waiter.”

Doesn’t have black coffee.

“Oi, waiter.”

No white porcelain cups

just

“TEETH.”