



Summer In The City
by
Aimee Bea Ballinger

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Originally performed as part of STONE FRUIT CABARET PRESENTS: SPLIT *at*

The Fish Factory, Falmouth, 7 May 2016

MAN 1 and MAN 2 stand upstage centre with instruments. WOMAN 2, WOMAN 3 and WOMAN 4 (herein called WOMEN) stand around a microphone on a stand downstage right centre, while WOMAN 1 stands downstage left centre with a microphone on a stand, in a formation reminiscent of a 1960s girl band. MAN 1 and MAN 2 play an improvised drone, slow and repetitive. WOMEN stand with their heads down, still, feet slightly apart. They sing and move in response to WOMAN 1.

WOMAN 1: Summer in the city is hot and heavy. Seven stories up in the sky the sunlight burned black circles on the floor of the apartment so I had to keep moving around like an ant under a magnifying glass. I was holed up and sticky, sick of the smell of myself. I washed and pulled a dress down over my head. Stepping out of the building onto the street without considering my naked arms and legs I decided to walk through the park. When every breath tastes like a mouthful of melted tar, green gives the illusion of cleaner, cooler air. There are people in the park just like there are people everywhere in the city. People moving around in their bodies freely being bodies on a hot Tuesday afternoon in July. Up ahead of me are two guys sitting on a bench but I hardly notice them. The air warms and people all over the city head out to sit on benches in pairs. One of the guys stands up. Maybe he needs to stretch his legs, he's been sitting on the bench for a really long time because it's a hot Tuesday afternoon in July and he has nothing else to do but feel the sun on his skin. As I get closer he stands in my way, the bulk of his body blocking my path. He doesn't want to move so I stop and look up at him. He looks me up and down and I am suddenly very aware that the only thing standing between his stare and my naked body is a thin cotton dress. His mouth opens:

WOMEN: I wanna come on your face.

WOMAN 1: I run my hands over my crotch, a semi pushing against my well-worn jeans. Holding a cigarette in my front teeth like James Dean I slowly unzip my fly revealing a pink, twitching eight-inch cock. I look him straight in the eye, taking a long drag on my cigarette before flicking it into the grass. "How about I come on *your* face?" He drops to his knees and takes me in his mouth. I slide into the back of his throat. A single tear runs down his cheek.

WOMEN: I wanna come on your face.

WOMAN 1: I fold my arms over my soft squashy tits, shopping bags rustling and raise an eyebrow. Soft thighs rub together under my long skirt as I walk away. I don't need his shit today. "Why are you like this?" I say without turning around. I hear him spit on the ground. "I'm your fucking mother," I yell back. "Is this how you treat ALL WOMEN? Have some RESPECT." The sharp sound of knuckles cracking on the back of a bench, he cries out in pain.

WOMEN: I wanna come on your face.

WOMAN 1: My biceps twinge. "What did you say?" I ask pushing my face up to his. He leans in with a shit-eating grin, close enough that we could make out. "I want to come on your face." I take a step back to roll my sleeves. His eyeballs bulge at the sight of my arms. I pound his face like meat, which is hard at first but doesn't take long to tenderize and think about getting this dress dry-cleaned. He howls like an abandoned baby so I stop and let him fall bloody to the floor. With the back of my bruised hand I wipe the spatters of his blood from my cheeks.

WOMEN: I wanna come on your face.

WOMAN 1: I grab his chin hard squeezing his lips into a page three pout with his cheeks bunched up around them. "Fuck you" I say, working a giant phlegm ball in my mouth. He squirms. "Fuck you, cunt." I launch the slippery yellow gob into his face.

WOMEN: I wanna come on your face.

WOMAN 1: "Ok" I say, kneeling on the path in front of him. "Really?" He's embarrassed but too proud to go back on his word. Squinting into the sun I tilt my head up to show that I am deadly serious. He loosens his belt and shuffles his jeans around his hips. Checking behind to make sure nobody is laughing at his pale pimpled ass he pulls out his cock and holds it in my line of vision so I can't help but stare. It's small and wrinkled hiding in its foreskin like a frightened animal. People start to stir. I can tell he's really tense now because he doesn't drop his shoulders or throw his head back like all the other men I've let wank over me. I try to make eye contact with him to see if it will help him get hard but he's trying not to look at me. Mothers with their hands cupped over their wiggling children's eyes are staring at us, jaws swinging like trapdoors. It takes about four and a half minutes of lip chewing and tugging for him to get something resembling an erection. Sweat beads leaving greasy trails down his cheeks. A group of teenagers are filming us on their phones,

their mouths giant Os. I think they're laughing hard but I can't hear anything over the ringing in my ears. Maybe I'm losing a frequency, which is something that happens as you get older. As his hips find their rhythm the purple tip of his cock pushes closer to my face. He looks like he's in immense pain. Eyes bore into our bodies. Mine still, his jerking and twitching like he's having a fit. "...O...hh...h ff...u...ck..." It slips down my right cheek over my jaw line and drops, blood-warm like insides fallen out onto my collarbone. I get up as he doubles onto the ground. My knees bejeweled with loose gravel. Keeping his eyes down he offers his arm. I use his limp sleeve to wipe the come from my face. Cheering, everybody wants to shake my hand or take my picture but I'm already over it. Stepping over the crying man I carry on through the park.

