

Juliana Monologue:

Now. For those of you who were only accepted to med school here on St. Thomas, this is called a chromosome. (To us.) It's a scientist joke, every doctor is required to laugh at it, and everybody does, except for, again, the girl in the yellow bikini, and though I should leave well enough alone, before I realize it I'm sharpening my claws on her again, I say ... (Into mic.) ... now I'm going to make this next part quick so everyone please sit up. Except you, String Bikini, it looks like all you need to work on today is somebody's diction. (To us.) This gets a laugh too. But the girl... reddens. Why do I say it. Why do I say things like this. Why do I see something young and beautiful and want to just scratch it and scratch it until none of it is left. And yet the girl, maybe stubbornly ... doesn't leave. My trickle of regret turns into a flood.