

THE OH! SHOW: Old and Horny

Written and performed by Monica Palacios

The following scene has been excerpted from a longer performance piece in progress. Palacios says of this new work: "As I have gotten older, I have learned to love my flab. Yeah, I can see that line on a bumper sticker: 'Honk if you love your flab.' Our planet has become so obsessed with aging and body image. Living in Los Angeles, the city of the entertainment industry, has really made me look at how ridiculously thin women have become to be acceptable by showbiz standards. Hollywood continues to stress that older women should go off and dry up with the leaves. For Latinas, that would be with the tamale husks—I've had that done at a spa in Santa Monica. But you know ladies and lesbians, I am at a point in my life where I don't care. I need to be comfortable in my own skin—I just unhooked my bra. I am aging, I am horny, I clip coupons—and I am very proud of that. Guess what folks, we are sexual beings until we die, or until your partner removes the vibrator from your hands—whichever comes first.

This piece has been brewing in my head since 2004, and I have performed scenes from it here and there. I did this excerpt for a three-day event called Tongue to Tongue: Provoking Critical Dialogues among Queer Women of Color, which took place September 2007 at the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Center's 'The Village.'"

The audience is seated and looking at a black stage. The song "Fever" by Peggy Lee plays. The lights fade up to MONICA giving the audience a look that says: "Yeah, you know you want me." She stands center stage in a single spot. There's a black stool behind her. The music gets lower, and then fades into the background. It's late in the evening. We are inside Monica's apartment—her Girltrap. There's love in the air, you know, estrogen...

MONICA: I had a lovely night, Cuca. Why don't you stay? I'll make us some tea... Sleepytime... tea...

CUCA: Yes, I'd like that...

MONICA: Please, make yourself at home—lie on the couch!

CUCA: Only if you'll join me. (CUCA *sits down on the couch.*) Ahhhh...it feels good to sit and relax.

MONICA *joins CUCA on the couch.*

MONICA (*rubbing her neck*): Relax? I wish I could relax, but my neck has been bugging me all night.

CUCA: Here, let me rub it. (CUCA *rubs MONICA's breast.*)

MONICA: Oh yeah, that's good. Real good. Your hands...they're...hot.

CUCA: Oh really? I've never noticed that before. (CUCA *giggles like Betty Rubble.*)

MONICA: Hey Cuca, do you mind if I remove my...underwear?

CUCA: No. I mean, I...well if that's going to make you more comfortable...

MONICA: Yes, yes it will. (*Pause*) What do you think of when you hear the word *matronly*?

CUCA: Grandma...

MONICA: I think of an experienced, mature, sensuous woman waiting to unleash her fire inside, but first she has to inject herself with cortisone so her joints won't be inflamed the next day. Does that do anything for you, Cuca?

CUCA: Ummm...I still think of grandma.

MONICA: Huh...cute...grandma...Have you ever experienced eating a caramel apple dipped in nuts...freshly made so that the caramel is still warm? Where you can't help but weep because it's so fucking delicious. Has that ever happened to you, Cuca?

CUCA: No. I don't eat those kinds of things. Carbs.

MONICA: You don't...eat...those...kinds of things?! GET OUT! And take your bony ass with you. (*She shouts to CUCA as she's walking away.*) Cuz when I grab onto a lover, I want to feel her age, her passion, her sensuality—her lunch. I need to feel me some masa, Cuca! (*Monica pats her own gut.*) My middle-aged flab—is my sex organ! (*Pause*) Since you're out...go pick up my prescriptions at Costco! And get a jug of hair coloring too...Chestnut—by Nice 'N' Easy!

The intimate lighting transitions to a more general wash on stage. The song "Fever" fades out. MONICA speaks directly to the audience.

MONICA: And, just because I'm old and horny doesn't mean I have to accept whoever comes down my path. First of all, she has to be a good kisser. If she doesn't kiss me right—I cannot go any further. It's a turn-off. Once at a party—

Frank Sinatra's "Strangers in the Night" begins to play in the background.

I was flirting with this woman who was beautiful and sexy. We were stirring up some action over a setting of cheese fondue—yeah, it was a VIP event. "Mas queso caliente, schnookums?" Chicks dig it when you speak to them in Español. And I knew she wanted me because she kept asking if I had a...steady

job. Oh, yes, she was serious. We walked out to the patio. I took her cue. I barely placed my lips on hers.

The Sinatra song fades out.

Then she quickly darted her long—thin—tongue—in and out of my mouth! (MONICA *mimes this spastic action.*) I pulled away, gave her this weird look, and excused myself. She was making me carsick! Perhaps this same lingual lashing on another part of my body.... Now that would have been acceptable. (MONICA *moves her eyebrows up and down, emphasizing “acceptable.”*) But she kissed me with her snake tongue! Eeeew! Stop poking me! (Pause) How many people—by show of hands...how many people like getting poked?

MONICA *looks out to audience to get a count of hands.*

How many people like doing the poking?

Again MONICA looks out to audience to get a count of hands.

I myself am a poker...Speaking of poking—how many people are involved in a lesbian love triangle? I can barely keep up with another person. Adding one more—I would go into a seizure... (MONICA *sings to the tune of “Fever.”*) You give me a seizure...when you touch my panza...Seizure!

Don't get me wrong, my libido is still very, very strong. I'm always in the mood. My choice of foreplay? Napping! Whatever you want done—just place it in front of me. I'll eventually get to it. You see, I gotta take those naps—I'm getting older. My bones are brittle. I can go from *ecstasy*, to emergency—like that! (*Snaps with right hand.*)

I'm reminded everyday that I am getting older. Last week I was at my hair stylist's salon. I hadn't seen her in a long time—she's so expensive; I have to take out a loan to see her. I'm in the chair and she was tossing my hair around like a Caesar salad and she asked: "Are you under a lot of stress?" That's not a good way to start off a conversation. Then she says: "Because your hair seems thinner." I shook my head and quietly said, "Oh." A few seconds later she tells me: "I know, let's put in a cellophane—that way it will make your hair shiny and get rid of the gray." She really bummed me out. So I...punched her pussy. Sometimes you have to do that.

I left there and went to Kiehl's bath and body shop and bought all of the anti-aging creams. You know, for the eyes, face, neck—skull. I keep them by my bed—on tap. I'm doing what I can, but I realize it's about inner beauty, eating right, and exercising. Not just for vanity but for good health. I've been getting my checkups.

How many people have had a mammogram?

MONICA *looks out to the audience to get a show of hands.*

How many—women?

Again, MONICA *looks out to the audience to get a show of hands.*

I don't know if you know this, but mammogram is Latin for "flat as a tortilla." Because that is exactly what happens.

Let me tell you about the appointment that I had last week. First, the technician started out by hoisting my breast onto a plate. (*As she says this,* MONICA *places her hands above and below her right breast, heaving it to the left*

as she springs forward.) Then she lowered another plate on top of that, and then she got the heck out of the way...like down the block.

Then, she pulled the handle down on the tortilla machine. (MONICA *pulls the handle down with her right hand.*) And...she was...smashing...my chi-chi. Not only was she smashing my chi-chi, but this tortilla machine, the pull of it was so intense, so painful, that the skin from my chest right here (MONICA *taps her chest area below her shoulder*) got pulled into it. (MONICA *gestures with her right hand as if pretending to be a plane in the air; fingers pointing forward, MONICA mimes her "chest skin" being pulled by the machine.*)

Then my shoulder got pulled into it. (MONICA *repeats the airplane gesture, miming her "shoulder" being violently pulled by the machine.*)

Then two seconds later—(*Screams loudly*) MY ASS is right here! (MONICA's *right hand with fingers spread out is over right shoulder as left hand is pointing over her shoulder to her ass. She has a frightened look as she stares at her own ass over her shoulder.*)

Oh my god, it's MY ASS!!!

Then she tells me—(MONICA *becomes the technician, standing straight and speaking in a perky voice*) "OK. Stand still. Don't move."

MONICA *pops back into her tortured position, crumbling to the ground, clutching her right breast.*

CAN'T MOVE...YOU'RE AH...YOU'RE CRUSHING MY CHI-CHI!
(MONICA *is on the floor pounding her right fist into the ground.*) QUIT IT...
QUIT IT...(MONICA *jumps up and composes herself.*)

That is no exaggeration. That—is a hate crime.

In the beginning, as this technician was adjusting my breast onto the plate, she tells me, “Your breasts are so full.” NOT ANYMORE! Tortillas dangling in the wind! (MONICA *turns sideways and dangles fingers lifelessly under breasts.*)

One very interesting component to this whole ordeal was that—she placed nipple tape on me. (MONICA *gestures as she describes the tape.*) It’s a very long, thin strip of tape, about two inches, and in the middle over my nipple, there was a tiny silver ball. And when she was finished, she RIPPED IT OFF! (*Stunned look of pain, then shifts to a smirk.*)

That part—I liked. I just stood there and said—

MONICA *happily sticks out chest to the right.*

Again...

Happily sticks out chest to the left.

Again...

Happily sticks out chest to the right.

Otra...