

SCENE 15

Lynne's Story

LYNNE. In the beginning, I remember the jewelry more than the clothes. When I met Ray, we were both married, and we worked at the same truck dealership, and he used to say that falling in love with me was like lettuce. Because when he was a kid he had colitis, and for a long time he wasn't allowed to eat any roughage, and he missed it a lot. When he finally was allowed to have it, his mother introduced it slowly, a little bit of lettuce at a time, and he described eating that first plate of lettuce almost like a religious experience, relishing the look, the smell, the sound and the taste. Like he was coming alive. So the first gift he gave me was a ring he had made that spelled LETTUCE. L-E-T-T-U-C-E. Still have it, it's a little bit tight. Anyway, even before we slept together he told me about how he was in trouble, he'd been arrested, he was probably going to jail, and then he told me all over again because he wanted to make sure he hadn't misled me. But all I could think about was how much I wanted to go to bed with him. And I wasn't shocked that he was going to jail because remember, I'm a Gorman. My family was always doing "things." My grandmother and my mother were arrested for making gin in the bathtub, my Auntie Bernice, who was a policewoman, was thrown off the Baltimore Police Abortion

Squad for arranging abortions, and my cousin Davey faked his own funeral to get out of his car payments.

So Ray and I, we fell in love and he left his wife, I left my husband, and Ray was sentenced to seven years, but thank God at a minimum security prison. I went up to visit him every weekend. Sometimes I wore a special pair of pants I had, loose-fitting brown cotton, and I made a hole in the crotch for easy access by Ray's finger. Obviously Ray didn't get much from this except the satisfaction of pleasing me, but he always wanted to show me that even in jail he could take better care of me than someone who was not in jail. And of course we wanted to hold on to freedom, put something over on the guards, get away with it, that was the best part. Because they were so horrible when they cleared you in, they frisked you, they went through your bag like they controlled you, which they did. Ray got out of prison after two and a half years, and I picked him up that day wearing a pair of knee-high caramel colored boots and a raincoat. Ray comes down and he looks at me and there was a grin from ear to ear because he knew I had nothing on underneath and the guards didn't know. (*Beat.*) And by the way, we just celebrated our twentieth wedding anniversary. I'm a state senator. Ray is a life coach. He coaches people on their life. If you lived where we live, you'd know us. But you wouldn't know the story.