

## **One of Pectonela's mornings**

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Studio interior at a block of flats. Pectonela, Gianina and Claudia (three transsexuals) are waking up. It is morning. They get down to work. Claudia is arranging herself in the mirror. She disappears. The water flashes on the toilet. Gianina is making coffee. She is going to serve it in cups without handles, with cracked saucers. Into the studio, three mattresses. Clothes placed on the floor.

Pectonela (with feminine features) will tell a story. The other two will work during the play.

Pectonela (to Claudia and Gianina): Hello. How are you? Fine. What are you doing there? Sitting? Ok. How are the boys or girls, or boys. Transsexuals. How are you this morning. Fine. (to Gianina) How is mister? (thinking) Honestly, I miss this, I miss every morning. Of this ritual. Follows the smell of the street. The feeling. The enthusiasm. Pectonela I am called, I am Lucian Marin from Zalau. I have come here to an aunt. (to Gianina) Introduce yourself, mate. Fine. I see you don't talk. Then you get angry that no one lets you talk. On eleventh of April I was born. In the year one thousand nine hundred ninety-three. I have lived in Zalau. I have come here to an aunt. I work in the street, on sex. Yes, sex. Yes, Pectonela:

more woman than man, more psychic, it comes from the head, more like a disorder. Now is here, Claudia (shows her) just like me but she got herself silicone boobs and also ovaries. Is something else. I go with her in the street, on sex, yes, sex. Yes is something else. Claudia is something else. What can you do here. In the morning, yes. We sleep here because the morning comes. And in the morning, yes!

Last night I was, a little, broken at my nose. The client said I killed his dog. That's how he called his penis. I killed it. (silence). I put on my makeup. Today is Thursday. I look after an old man on Lacrimioarele street. I change my clothes there. I put on my makeup. I keep my bag at his place. Is stealing. Nowadays (shows to Claudia) anything can be taken. (shows a stain on the neck) Here he sucked me. The old man. Last week. He's jealous. Last Thursday. I have been staying with him for a week. He told me he is an alcoholic. He asked me to go with him to England. Better staying with Gianina and Claudia at the studio than in England with an alcoholic.

Claudia (shows to Claudia) has silicone boobs, ovaries, tights, bras. A beautiful summer arrangement. The winter one is different.

In Zalau I was taken as garbage. After I gave my body and soul...especially body...as to be sincere.

I brought pleasure to the anonymous from Zalau for half an hour. I did something good in my life. I brought understanding in every bed. In the street you cannot sell this thing. You are

garbage, that is how they told me in Zalau. I was drained, drained, of how much penis I was swallowing.

Fucking stupid, they called me in Zalau. One I fucked him. Only one guy. I fucked him as I pleased. He fucked me when he wanted, when I was in the mood. Strong, man. Intelligent, man. Fair, man.

In the morning there is silence here. I talk. I cannot stay and do not talk. I eat a crust of bread. I eat a pretzel. I drink coffee. In the morning. If someone takes me somewhere, I know how to dance.

God was angry with us. All the time. Very angry. He was kind too. God is displeased of us. But what can we do. If God is displeased why is he allowing us here. Why did he allow me to be in Zalau. We are the same as all people. We have souls.

At fourteen years old, in May, two thousand and four, I left for Paris.

My mother, my father and I. My father was driving. I had short hair. Like a boy. I felt all the way as a morning. Different landscapes. Highways. Till Bill's garage. That's how they called that place in Paris. Someone called Boldor asked us to go stealing. They were many from Zalau. In Paris there were the CDs. You took them from that big stores. You sold them by hundreds, by thousands and you were making a lot of money. Their money rocked. Was nothing like ours. I was working with my father. And with my mother. We had that black bag. Large. You could stuff in it five hundred CDs. We picked them from the shelves. Put them in the bag. Filled it up.

My father took it outside. It was the kind of bag that blocked the alarms from the stores. We stayed more than a year to that garage. I walked a lot. My father was smart. Everyone from Zalau was stealing CDs. It wasn't worth it anymore. We passed to bottles. Jack's and Ballantines. My father bought himself a women bath suit. Closed the zipper all the way to the neck. He cracked it to the chest. Approximately where women have the boobs. Then I saw his penis. He undressed himself in front of us. He drew on his blue bath suit. He drew on his large suit. We brought up the bottle from the shelves. Flat. Beautiful. My father stiffed them into the bath suit. Approximately twenty- one on a shift. We made three shifts a day.

I was sleeping in the same room with my father and my mother. My mother had boobs and ovaries.

Owner stores came and talked to my father. Steal us shrimps, they said. Can you? They asked. How many? Said my father. How many you can. We were walking with bags through the big stores. We took bags and sank some blades like ladles. We let water to leak we filled the bags. Hundreds of kilograms of those shrimps. When the others passed to shrimps, my father was stealing coffee Carte noire. We bought some coffee bags and put them back to the shelves so that they didn't see we stole everything. "We need to steal using our brain, Lucian", said my father.

In Paris if you had documents the police took you. If you didn't have, they would leave you alone. When we got back

my father had taken another wife who couldn't stand me. I was looking like a woman.

Being so upset, one night, my mother drowned herself into brandy. My father didn't come to the funeral. His new wife didn't give him permission. That is how I remain without parents. That is how I chose a girl as a lover. Since then I have known that I will feel better from a naked man.

Here is fine. But is not as when you have your own house, your table, your bed where to sleep. Where you can bring someone. Here in this studio I get dressed. Since I was sixteen I was dressing like this from love. That lover was a nice girl from Jibou. I was like a neighborhood boy from Zalau. I had three pairs of trousers brought from France. A pair of trainers, adidas cotton socks and eight shirts. I sat near her. She was fifteen years. That night I had her in the park. On the leaves from the autumn. Short. Shorter than she expected. I wasn't too gifted. I splashed her quickly. She took my head and kissed me. Then she took my penis into her mouth. I didn't resist it. I was also scared. I was slow and sheepish. I finished into her mouth. Still quickly. I fetched my clothes. That relation lasted all that summer. From pity. She was lonely, they beat her at home, she was poor. She came to Zalau hitchhiking.

Gianina sleeps here (shows the mattress from the middle). Claudia, on the other side. Sometimes we had to be careful so the clients don't discover we have a penis.

Here we change clothes. The mattresses. The pillows. The sheets. We are clean. We stand in line for the shower. In order not to be dirty. A little crowded.

When I will have some money, I will buy a studio, not a man. Now we are staying here. We smoke. We don't have any money. We are ok. I don't diet. Nothing. I look so good from birth. I have fifty kilograms. My boobs are big enough. I could go till fifty-five kilograms. The old man wants to get me round boobs, plus two ovaries because the penis disturbs him when we have sex.

Every morning I think about how lucky women that come with us are. They don't have a penis. We have. Claudia had too. Know she is lucky. She doesn't have it anymore. Some men when they see my penis they glare. Then they give up.

I have relations on the Internet too. In the afternoon I go to my aunt. She has a computer. I open my e-mail. I have eight grades, feminine enough, I liked school, especially Biology and Anatomy. I was reading about sexual organs. I read all about them. I studied them until I met them in the street. Every town has its street. There you go to something sure. You have sex day and night. Dogs bark at us. Cops follow us. But is ok. We don't disturb anyone.

Opposite this studio is the chemist's. Next is the grocer's. We buy bread and ham. There is a bar we can go. In some other one they chase us. Hello, bread and ham, please. Sometimes we are served, other times they don't. Sometimes a woman says, get out of here because you drive our clients away.

I bought myself a molded skirt, short plus a pink blouse but for nothing.

Gianina has chest, face and body like men. She barely speaks.

A relation with someone starts hard. My old man made the first step. Then I made the second one. This is how you make a relation. This is what I know. That is how I learn.

If I had a car, a studio, I would come whenever I want, I would leave the same, I would bring my mate. I would choose. In order to stay more weeks with the one I go this morning, there will have to be a big amount of money, otherwise it is not the perfect match.

The reality is that we all beg, all our life we beg from each other. We say: Bye, bye, bye. And then we want to see again.

The name of Pectonela comes from the parrot merchant and other little creatures from Zalau. I passed on to him one night. Four years ago. I had Coco. I have found him in the park. Coco was a very bright colored parrot. Alone. It didn't have a mate and it was said. It was with me in my room. I took it to mister Iancsi's store. I have learned to shake my ass like women do. I used lipstick. I used makeup on my face. Mister Iancsi told me I had brought a female parrot. And he will give me a mate for it. "Otherwise it will dye of loneliness", he told me. I felt he was looking curious at my legs. I came closer and caught him by the penis. There was no one in the store. Any man stands still like a lamb if you grab him from the penis as I grabbed mister Iancsi. I unzipped his pants. He didn't say anything. He was more excited than all the lads from Zalau. I

felt when he filled my mouth. He shouted in that moment: “Yeah, Pectonela”. I liked that name and I stole it. I got the mate for Coco for free. Mister Iancsi chose it personally.

We had song in the room in the morning. Joy. They were the best mornings. Coco began to make eggs. I gave it pages from newspaper. It built itself nests in the cage. Coco died one morning. It wasn't sick. It suddenly died. I cried. I mourned. I set free the parrot received from mister Iancsi.

“It's not good to accept anything for free. That is why Coco died”. Gianina told me one morning.

After we drink coffee. We chat for half an hour. Then we enter into “arena”. Men come and cry. They tell us how they didn't fuck their wives for days. They whine. Those women with ovaries, with boobs are strange. That is why they come looking in the street. That is why we should be grateful to those women who let us a bread to eat. Claudia had one night a bank director. A pervert one. He told her that will come the second and the third day. If you have ovaries and boobs like Claudia has you are lucky. I also have that kind of men with college, with studies. But old men are more human. I like them more. They don't talk a lot. They do their thing. They pay. Thank you. And done. “Good bye!” “Bye, bye, bye!” And maybe will meet again.

I undressed one very quickly. He was staying the poor one like a leaf. He didn't know what to do. “Look, an honest man”, I said. He liked it. We established the alphabet of every meeting. He came with a cloak. If we could fuck he was



wearing a hat. If not, he still came. Only to see me. He was a freak. But I pleased him.

The man I fucked and talked about I cannot give the name.

I didn't know him personally at first. He was a cop. Later he told me he was a state official watching the area. I was already going to that building where I was living too. In Zalau. He was surely a powerful man, also sensitive. Sadly, he never told me his age, how and in what year he became a cop in the city. I wanted to fuck him and didn't have the chance, at first, I cried many nights in the little park near to our building. I was watching at his window. I knew the hour when he turned off the light and turned on the lamp. This man, whom I remember every morning, was the only one I favored. Some I took more...some more...more less, him nothing.

Until one night when he came drunk. I helped him open the door. I put him in bed. I watched him sleeping. When he woke up it was passed midnight. I had him then and many more after that. I told him I am Pectonela. He told me he knew. He is a cop. "I imagine that during the time you were in Paris it was harder for you from some points of view", he said.

"Of course" I answered.

"This man, meaning you, I think you must very calm and resistant", he said

"As you say", I answered

"Did you fight or steal from someone?" he asked.

“There are the filing cabinets”, I answered. He showed me. There were all the persons from the neighborhood.

“The filing cabinets cannot find the good ones from the bad ones”, he said.

“Always awake and vigilant”, I answered.

I lived again many beautiful mornings. As that time when Coco made its nests from newspapers.

One night I got out from that studio, passed through the little park to the apartment I was living. I felt a stirred breath in my back. A hand grabbed me by the neck. Another hand hit me on the left side of the face. I was raped. I didn't resist. Out of fear. Better this way than killed. That night I cried. I felt full of dirt. I was garbage. In the morning I talked to the cop. I told him. His look got dark. “You will go and disappear without trace, Pectonela”, that is how he told me. “And you will not appear from where you go”, he continued.

I understood him. He couldn't pass that night from the little park. I did. That is how I left Zalau. To come to my aunt here. To be friend with Gianina and Claudia. To have beautiful mornings again.

The coffee is ready. We stand and chat for half an hour. We drink each of us our morning coffee. Then we get into the “arena”.

(The three ones drink their coffee. Silence. Dark.)

**The End**