

TR THREE

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TR THREE

Not everybody gets to grow up in good neighborhoods.

TIME AND PLACE

Present (post-Covid). United States or Canada. Summer afternoon.

Center stage is a car, or something adequately symbolizing one.



CHARACTER

JAMIE. Trans girl, mid 20s.

Who are we when ... our sexual organs are not those that our identity and soul require

– Talia C. Johnson, *Holy Love, Resilience*, 2017.

SCENE

JAMIE enters and sits on the car and talks into an iPhone.

JAMIE

We are what we are.
Waiting for Triple A.
Out on the East Bend of Nowhere. Emanon.
To change a flat tire.

I'm talking to you ... me actually, for posterity.
For the book I'm going to write someday.

Maybe I should have learned to change a tire myself,
but Dad always told me that lug nuts are impossible.
Too tight for any mortal without a cheater wrench.
Which I don't happen to have with me.
Sorry, Dad.

So, here I am, waiting for a tow truck, talking to the birds of my next chapter.
Look at me.
I never realized it, when I was a kid, how surreal it all can be,
when you're trans, like me, even out here.

I'm a mess.
My hips and shoulders hardly mesh with these tits.
My neck's too muscular.
Face it.
I'm a woman who can't match my sex.
I'm a woman with maleness lingering from before I had a thing to do about it.
I'm a woman continually told if I am, I'm wrong.
Continually told my identity's wrong.
I'm a woman continually told my sex is on pathologically backwards.
What's wrong with this world?

Some people claim I need to be cured.
Or put away somewhere.
A weird breed of sexual predator.
Me!

Who am I, really, when my love and soul are boiled down to the whispering?
Are genitals all that love is about?

JAMIE

Is that all a soul is?
Genitals?
The genitals we're born with?
Who am I, really, when they want me to be a man?
And I won't.
Because I'm lovesick, longing to be the woman I am.

Who am I, really, that falling in love is always a stroke of pain?
That my organs came from the wrong counter?
That I must feel miserable every time I look at myself in the mirror?
Knowing I will never be truly pretty.
Like cis women are.
Never be truly feminine.
Never feminine enough.
Knowing I can never be woman enough.

Who am I, really, when I can never break free to be totally myself?
Never completely forget.
Never be free of my genitals.

Who am I, really, if I can never get to heaven in this body?
When they point at me as being an abomination in the eyes of God?
Well, I've got news for them.
I'm a child of God like everybody else.
And if they can't accept me as I am, they have a big surprise coming in the end.

Who am I really when I embrace myself?
When someone else does?
And loves it?
I tell you, love is more than genitals.
And every person is more than genitals.
Just as everybody is more than their sex,
I am more than my meds.
My estrogen.
Just as they are more than *their meds*.
More than their Crohn's or their tinnitus.

Who am I, really, when my soul says I am woman,
and my naked body rebukes the fact?

Who am I, really, when I have seen more sides of me than a Dalí painting?

JAMIE

Who am I, really, when I can't remember the first time I felt I was a girl?
Because I didn't know it was the first time.

Just a girl, waiting on a lonely road, for a tow truck.

Thanking God for Triple A.

And I'll tell you something:

This is probably the most space I've had to myself for this long a time,
in my life.

No wonder I'm talking up a storm like this to the birds.

Just a bluebird on my shoulder. Look at this! Look at this!

Everything is satisfactual.

For what does love mean, if this isn't love right in front of me?

What does peace mean, if this isn't peace?

Good God! Why do great days like this have expiration dates?

Why should Valentines and Christmas have expiration dates?

My name's Jamie, by the way. Just in case I die out here, and you don't know.

Goddammit.

Just so you know.

And that's not my deadname.

Just so you know.

Some things in life can't be fixed.

They can only be held....

Peace and love, to the universe.

END*

*** Recognition to *RESILIENCE* (edited, Amy Heart, Larissa Glasser, and Sugi Pyrrophyta, Heartspark Press, Olympia, Washington, 2017 – and in particular to Talia C. Johnson, *Holy Love*).**