

Gal Pals

Lyrics by Benny James

Music by Raiah Rofsky

We see MARIE, a young woman in her mid-20's in a tattoo parlor. In the rough and tough aesthetic of the parlor, Marie stands out with her bright clothing and nervous posture. She sits innocently in the tattoo chair as the TATTOO ARTIST sits next to her, getting equipment ready. DOVE, another woman in her mid-20's and covered with tattoos, sits in a waiting chair on the other end of the stage.

MARIE

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SOMEONE SO CLOSE, SO DEAR?
A FRIEND WHO SAYS "HAVE FUN! AND HAVE NO FEAR!"
NOTHING YOU COULDN'T SAY, NOTHING YOU COULDN'T DO.
YOU LOVE HER SO MUCH, YOU GET A MATCHING TATTOO?

WELL, THAT'S ME! MARIE! AND MY BEST FRIEND, DOVE.
WE'RE SO CLOSE, SOME MIGHT CALL IT LOVE.
ROOMMATES TOGETHER SINCE FRESHMAN YEAR,
A CONNECTION SO QUICK YOU MIGHT CALL IT QUEER.
WE LIVE TOGETHER NOW, ALWAYS REMINISCING,
LAUGHING, COOKING, AND SOMETIMES KISSING.
BUT TRUST ME, WE'RE FRIENDS, NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME WE SPEND,
TOGETHER, APART, IT'S NOT JUST SOME TREND.
WE'RE GAL PALS 'TIL THE VERY END!

SO WE GOT A PLACE IN N-Y-C!
AND I NEVER KNEW HOW HAPPY I'D BE.
WE HAVE TWO CATS, THEIR NAMES IF YOU INQUIRE,
ARE FROM OUR FAVORITE FILM: *PORTRAIT OF A LADY ON FIRE!*
WE SAVE MONEY EACH MONTH ON OUR WATER BILL
BY BATHING TOGETHER, LIKE ALL BEST FRIENDS WILL.
BUT JUST LIKE I SAID, THERE'S REALLY NOTHING MORE TO IT
THAN TWO GIRLS WHO ARE A PERFECT FIT.
WE'RE GAL PALS WITH SOME BENEFITS.

BUT THEN YOU SEE HER SMILE, AND IT'S LIKE A THOUSAND SHINING
STARS.

I'D WALK A HUNDRED MILES, 'CUZ SHE LOVES ALL MY SCARS.
I WISH THERE WERE A WORD, OR A SIMPLE PHRASE
TO DESCRIBE THIS WEIRD, FUNNY-FEELING HAZE
A WORD THAT REASSURES, A WORD THAT ASSERTS--
SON OF A BITCH THAT REALLY HURTS!

Pause. The tattoo artist gives Marie a look of "...You're joking, right, bitch? You seriously don't get it yet?" Marie nods thoughtfully.

OH WAIT, OH SHIT, I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE TRUTH SO CLEAR OR SO CLEAN
NO WAIT, YOU'RE RIGHT! I SEE THE LIGHTNING STRIKE!
THE WORD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR IS SIMPLY...*DYKE?* [*Shrug. The tattoo artist nods as well.*]

I WAKE UP EACH DAY IN DOVE'S LOVING EMBRACE.
SHE HOLDS ME CLOSE AND LOOKS RIGHT AT MY FACE.
SHE SAYS THE WORDS I'M TOO SCARED TO SAY:
MARIE, MY LOVE, YOU'RE SUPER FUCKING GAY.
AND I KNOW YOU'RE BOTH RIGHT, I KNOW IT'S TRUE
SO WITHOUT A SINGLE FEAR, LET'S FINISH THIS TATTOO!
I LOVE HER SO MUCH I WANNA JUST GET UP AND SHOUT
WHEN SHE LISTENS TO ME OR EATS ME OUT.
I SAY *DOVE, YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN'T CRY OR POUT.*
WE'RE CLOSER THAN GAL PALS WITHOUT A DOUBT.

[END.]