

# TATTOO

female theatrical monologue

by

Afonso Nilson

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CHARACTERS: a tattooed woman

TIME: present

SETTING: tattoo artist atelier

## A WOMAN

Yes, I did it. I tattooed my husband's name on the buttocks. Not exactly on the buttocks, a little above, on the coccyx. There, everyone knows where it is. No, I don't know exactly why. At that time I thought it was a pretty cool demonstration of love. I thought that when catching me from behind, he would think that I really was his woman. Romualdo Ângelo. I thought it would not be fine to put surnames. It would seem a belt, I don't know, with all those Silva and Souza. It was better just the two given names. Romualdo Ângelo. In large letters, like a newspaper headline. Latter, when we were not together anymore, but I still had hope of returning to him, I thought that everyman who caught me from behind, when seen those two names full of tonic "a", Romualdo Ângelo, would know immediately: this woman has an owner. If it was like this so, huh? If it was enough to write the name of whom we love on the skin for the love never ending... It should be like that. That love lasted while the tattoos lasted. But it's not. And now every time I look in the mirror, on my back, I see how much I loved Romualdo Ângelo. Crazy, isn't it? We do such stupid think when we love. And the worst of it is to demonstrate our love. It should come in the love instruction manual, if there is any, and that for the product greater durability all the love demonstration should be in

moderation, in fact, with absolute moderation. That's what I think, at least. And every time I look my back I am more certain of that. It's not because the gifts money doesn't come back, the wait time doesn't come back, and the tattoos are forever, or almost. That's because in fact, let's face it, we don't value what we think we're not going to lose. When we keep hearing every day I love you, two things can happen: or we get bored of that shit, or we face it as something as usual as a good morning, how are you? It's serious. Where's the fun in being unconditionally loved? This only works with parents and children, and yet sometimes it's a shit. When you hear 'I love you' every day, you think that you can do anything and you'll be forgiven, because actually the person loves us so much that he can't live without you. It's not always true, not all people think like me, but speaking for me, it's exactly like this. I think about Romualdo. Every day eating me and seeing his name on my buttocks. Holding me by the buttocks, reading and re-reading, Romualdo Ângelo, Romualdo Ângelo, Romualdo Ângelo, this while breathing on my back, while reaching orgasm in me, murmuring his own name repeated and repeatedly, Romualdo Ângelo, Romualdo Ângelo, Romualdo Ângelo. This woman is mine; that is what he should think. And I really was. I considered I belonged to him. I wanted to be his at all costs. But what about him? The shit is that I

never knew if he wanted me for himself. People get sick of their toys. We can dream a lifetime with the expensive doll in the window and completely forget the ones we have in our shelves. Romualdo, for example. I don't think he's never said, with all the letters, in the face, eye to eye, that he loved me. And I begged for it sometimes. Say you love! Say you love me, please. For God's sake, say you love me, you bastard! And nothing. He just smiled. He changed the subject and said his feelings were clear. Your feelings! It was so hard to say I love you, you son of a bitch! And I grew weary trying to make that bastard express any type of affection. I didn't need much. And as he didn't give anything, or almost nothing, that almost nothing was worth a lot. Sometimes just a smile of satisfaction after fucking me was enough to fill me with joy. He loves me, I thought after he reached orgasm. And until now I don't know if he really loved me or if it was all in my head. And that's why until now I can't stop thinking about that son of a bitch. With the time I wasn't so crazy about him, but the fixation to make him loved me more and more made me beg for his love. I wonder if, instead of seeming cold as a rock when it came to feed my love, he said that he loved me every day, if I would continue loving him so much when we were together. I can't imagine an answer. How do I know how it could be? I have no perspective to know what would be my

reaction. Maybe if I had left him. Maybe I thought that after so much effort, so much struggle to get a minimal retribution to everything I did to show my affection, when he finally said: I love you; maybe I thought that nothing of that had been worth, that I had wasted my time, and that in fact, it was all a terrible mistake from me, and that in fact I hated him deeply. It could be, couldn't it? But how can I know. I am trapped by the doubt. That's why I say: all demonstration of love is a shit! Do you want to be loved? Never say that you love. Perfect lovers: two souls imprisoned in silence and in doubt. It is the only remedy for healthy love, not to show. If love was an animal, and if he was in a cage, it should have a pretty big plate: "Caution, dies while being fed". This is my experience. That's what I know. After Romualdo I had others. Several others that every time they caught me they read and re-read tirelessly the infamous phrase, Romualdo Ângelo, Romualdo Ângelo... And all of them sweet, they said I was exciting, some said that liked me, and one or another that loved me. No one has ever left me so in doubt as Romualdo. And maybe that's why I don't even remember their names. But Romualdo, who I never forgot, he got married, the son of a bitch. He married a shrew, who got as fat as a cow after the second son. And I know, because every woman that is worth her salt knows the lives of the men who abandoned her, and his wife beats him.

Romualdo, who I loved for being a real man, male and mysterious, who was never dominated, is beat by the woman. And he got as fat as a bull too. A bull ready for slaughter. (pause) My God, how fat that man is. He was so uppish, so proud, and today he looks like a ruminant, head down, grazing in the woman shade. I guarantee that he says every day for her: I love you, I love you... And she, I can bet on it, she always says that he sucks, that he is a disgusting fat, that he fucks bad, if they ever fuck, and that the worst thing she ever did in life was marrying him. He got fat, ugly, old before the time, tired, unhappy. No, I'm not happy about it. Just a little bit, come on, I'm no saint. But it's a sad thing. Sometimes I still think about saving him from that hell. I wish that one last time he could read his name written in by back. A tattoo just like him, faded, worn by time, wound, erased. I like to think that it was the tattoo aging that left him like this. That if he had stayed with me, and I had fed our love touching up the paint of those words on my skin, he would still be young and handsome, mysterious and without love to show. But that's not going to happen. Today I'm here to solve this. A huge black spot, like a storm cloud. That's what I want instead of those horrible words that made me suffer so much, and you so long tattooed on me. And I wanted so much to be loved, or deluded that I was beloved. Then, after reminiscing and

telling it to you as who confesses the horror and the failure of my demonstrations of love, I want that these two words, these two horrible words that have so marked my life and my body, for too long and uselessly, I want them covered by a cloud of oblivion, a black cloud, with lightning and some rain, for erasing this man of my life forever, and that name, that with ink and blood, I could never forget, Romualdo Ângelo. (*tattoo pen noise*).

## About the author

Afonso Nilson Barbosa de Souza was born in Joinville, Santa Catarina, Brazil, in 1977. He worked as a copywriter for advertising, photographer, orchestra musician, producer and cultural manager. As a play wright he has several pieces performed and published in books and periodicals.

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