

ALL. Vogue. vogue. vogue. Vogue. Vogue.

SCENE 10

The Gang Sweater

NANCY. I felt so hot in my gang sweater. I was fifteen, and it was the first thing I'd had tailor-made for me — the only thing ever, now that I think about it. I'd joined this gang called The Latin Chantels. We were the *chicas* of The Latin Chancellors, the guys who hung out near the corner of 27th and Normal streets in Chicago. The sweater was hip-length and bad, black with royal blue trim around the collar and on the pockets. The best thing about it was the emblem, a big puffy rendition of some long-time-ago coat of arms that had been designed by Lemons, the War Lord of the Latin Chancellors. The emblem was sewed onto the sweater, near your heart. (*Beat.*) I wore my gang sweater with black stretch pants, the kind with the strap that goes under your feet. I knew I looked cool in that outfit. So cool that the first day I wore it, Lemons asked to walk me home. I could barely breathe. I was in heaven walking through the dark Chicago streets with Lemons at my side. I thrilled when he pulled me into a doorway and began kissing me. When he unbuttoned my sweater, I shuddered. When he put his hand under my blouse right under the emblem he had designed, I figured it was meant to be. Lemons never spoke to me after that day. He fell madly in love with Irma, the president of The Latin Capris. Their sweaters were black with purple trim. Cool. W