

Sad Girls Club

By

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Sad Girls Club

(A girl – Jamie - stands CS, she looks nervous. She steps forward, clears her throat, hesitates for a moment and begins to talk, addressing the audience)

Jamie: I think I've always been a sad girl. Truthfully. I'm not trying to make you feel sorry for me...or saying it for your sympathy.... or empathy...or any of the things you think you're supposed to feel or told to feel to make you say the things you think you're supposed to say to make a sad person feel better. And this is not a clever writing device or technique to make you feel like you have a bond with the central character. They reveal something sad or hard to admit about themselves that you can identify with as an audience member and therefore feel like you have a connection with said character, and therefore go home and tell your friends and family how relatable a play it was...I mean thinking about it, that would be great if you did go home and tell your friends and family how relatable a play it was, but no. That's not why I'm saying this. I just think it's important to know. That I've always been a sad girl. Not in a depressed way either, not saying that being depressed is a bad thing...it's just that's not what this is. I'm a sad girl, but I'm also a really happy girl. Like in a when I'm happy, I'm happy way. When I'm sad, I cry way. I also cry when I'm happy...and when I'm tired...and when I'm hungry...and when I'm stressed...and relieved...and moved by a song...or a Christmas advert...or when I think about the possibility of my Dad getting sick...or when I realise I'm falling in love again.... what I'm trying to say is I'm not afraid to cry. I'm not afraid to feel sad. I'm not afraid to be sad. And that's why I've always been a sad girl. And I think that's why people got sick of me crying...when I just needed to cry. Why people got sick of me being sad when I just needed to be sad for a while. I didn't hide it. When people asked me how I was, I didn't lie. I told them the truth. But people don't want the truth...the truth makes them uncomfortable. The truth is too truthful, I guess. They get bored of the truth. And they don't tell you to fuck off or shut up or to just please stop crying for the love of god please stop crying! No...its subtle. When they ask you how you are and you tell them, they change the subject or you make a joke at your own sadness and they roll their eyes or you mention in passing that thing that broke your heart as a reference point for something else and you can see them making a mental note of how many times your mentioning it! And so, you shut up. Shut it off. Bottle it up. Build a wall. Don't want to annoy anyone do we. Don't want to ruin anyone's day with your sadness getting all over it. And you answer their 'how are you' with 'I'm fine'. No honestly, I'm fine. I'm good. I'm fine, honestly. Honestly, I'm good. I'm fine. I'm fine. I'm fine. Fine. Fine. FINE! and before you know it that bottle cap has come bursting off the bottle, there's fizzy juice exploding everywhere, staining the carpet, and you're behind Aimee's garage hysterically crying and you've ruined the new year's party...again. And that's when you realise that it's okay that people don't want to see you upset. It's not their problems to deal with. Not their shit. It's yours. Your shit. And if no one wants to hear your shit anymore or see you cry anymore and you just can't bottle it up anymore and you're sick and tired of embarrassing yourself constantly because you're constantly the sad crying girl at every gathering or party or family dinner and you're sick of people pointing out your sad eyes when you say your "Fine", because you have no wall to put up. Your heart is on your sleeve and that's it and you're sick of saying your "Fine!" Well there's only really one solution really isn't there...welcome to Sad Girl's Club.

(Three girls appear on stage behind Jamie. They are setting up the scene, bringing on chairs, balloons, banners etc)

Jamie: Ladies. Gentlemen. And all those beautiful beings in-between. Welcome to Sad Girls Club. The first rule of sad girls club is to-

All: Talk about Sad Girls club.

Jamie: The second rule of sad girl's club is to-

All: *really* talk about Sad Girls Club.

Jamie: Talk about anything that makes you feel sad. Big or small. If it makes you sad. Talk. Laugh. Cry. Laugh more. And the Third, most important rule of sad girl's club is...Lets have some fun being sad

(beat)

(The girls all look at each other with a menacing grin)

(Beyoncé's "Formation" starts to play. In a very choreographed way, the girls get in formation. Continuing to set up the scene. Lights change. The scene reveals what can only be described as a sad looking party. Balloons, streamers and a huge pink banner that reads "SAD GIRLS CLUB" are half heartedly put up around the room. A table with drinks and crisps sits in the corner. There are six chairs sitting in a semi-circle. Three of the girls are sitting there awkwardly. Waiting for something.)

Kelly: Well this is shite.

Jamie: It's not shite.

Kelly: It most definitely is shite.

Jamie: You don't know that yet!

Ally: Does seem a bit shite.

Kelly: Yeah, look no one's coming.

Ally: Yeah, it was a lovely idea...a bit of a weird idea but a lovely idea.

Kelly: Honestly, I just don't think people got it.

Ally: And putting it out on Facebook like that-

Kelly: Aye, if we weren't pals-

Ally: I know what I would be thinking-

Kelly: that lassies batshit?

Ally: No!...well-

Kelly: Come on let's just go to the pub

Ally: There's a large glass of Rose with your name on it!

Jamie: Wrap it! The both of you! I will not be brought down to your negative level with all your negativity with you two being negative!

Kelly: Say negative again.

Jamie: We are doing this. I don't care if a million people show up or just one! I've put this out into the universe and the universe will provide.

(Beat)

Jamie: Universe is a bit shite though...

Cora: **(offstage)** Hello?

(the girls scramble. They are in a small scared huddle DS)

Jamie: Oh my god! What do we do?

Kelly: Looks like the universe has provided!

Jamie: Aw fuck! I never thought anyone would actually show up!

Ally: What!

Jamie: Maybe if we don't move, she won't see us.

Ally: She's not a fucking dinosaur!

Kelly: But that would liven this party up a bit.

(Cora has wandered into the room)

Cora: Hello?

Jamie: Fuck.

Kelly: A Big fuck off T-rex walking in the room, no one would expect that would they!

Ally: You're not helping.

Jamie: Fuck.

Kelly: I'm just saying.

Ally: Well don't.

Jamie: Fuck.

Kelly: You know what, I really don't enjoy your tone.

Ally: Well I really don't enjoy your face.

Jamie: Fuck.

Cora: Hello.

Jamie: Fuck.

Cora: You know I can see you guys right?

Jamie/Kelly/Ally: **(whispered)** FUUUUUUUCK.

Jamie: Hello!

Ally: Hi.

Kelly: You alright.

Jamie: **(remembering something)** Oh shit!

(she nudges Kelly and Ally)

Kelly: No, I'm not doing it.

Ally: You promised.

Kelly: but-

(Kelly huffs and stands in line next to Jamie and Ally. Jamie brings out a pitch pipe she has in her pocket)

Jamie/Kelly/Ally: ***(singing)*** Hello and welcome, to Sad Girls Club. Your sad and we know that's tough. Your sad. Let's talk!

(The girls hold their final position, jazz hands waving. Cora just stares at them)

Cora: Hello ***(waves jazz hands)*** ...I'm Cora by the way.

Kelly: Kelly.

Ally: Ally

Jamie: Jamie

(silence)

Jamie: So welcome!

Cora: Thanks.

Ally: So, what brings you here?

Kelly: cutting yourself? Can't stop crying? Sexuality crisis? Cat die?

Ally/Jamie: KELLY!

Kelly: What! I'm just cutting to the chase!

Cora: Honestly, I'm not really sure why I'm here...

Jamie: Okay...well there doesn't really need to be a reason really. I – We created Sad Girls Club as a safe space for sad girls to come and really talk about their emotions and feelings without feeling judged by the outside world. Here it's okay to be sad. It can even be fun to be sad!

Kelly: Awww cut the crap Jamie!

Jamie: What?

Kelly: Cut all the Oprah bullshit.

Jamie: how dare you take Oprah's name in vein!

Ally: Yeah, just be honest with her!

Kelly: All the mental health mumbo jumbo is overwhelming

Ally: and I mean she is the only one here!

Kelly: Yeah what's the difference!

Ally: It might even help!

Cora: Look I think I might just go...

(She starts to head out the door)

Jamie: No, no please stay!

(Cora turns on her heels to Jamie)

Cora: Look I'm not joining your cult! I won't give you my bank details! I won't cut my hair and I will not drink the cool aid! I Just can't do it again!.... Why do I always fall for this shit!

Ally: I think you got the wrong end of the stick here.

Jamie: Yeah, we're not a cult! We're- ***(searching for the right words)***

Ally: We're... ***(also searching for the words)***

Kelly: We're drunks!

Cora: What?...Is this like an AA meeting or something? Have I walked into the wrong room? I need to start paying attention to where I'm going more-

Jamie: What Kelly is trying to say is.... Meet the original members of The Sad Girls Club...and the original members of The Sad Girls Club usually meet in a bar-

Ally: Or pub-

Kelly: Sometimes a club-

Jamie: Or my living room-

Ally: Or after hours at Kelly's work

Kelly: Wherever we can drink wine to be honest-

Ally: Or gin

Jamie: Beer

Ally: Far too much beer.

Jamie: and we vent-

Ally: And we laugh-

Jamie: And we cry...a lot-

Kelly: Far too much crying

Ally: And its sorta fun

Kelly: And then Jamie had to take it one step to far!

Jamie: I said I was sorry!

Kelly: No what you said was "It was an accident", "I can't remember doing it" and "oh come on it will be fun"

Jamie: And it will be!

Ally: Oh! And don't forget! "I've already paid the deposit for the room"

Cora: Wait, what did you do?

Jamie: Well...I did this.

Cora: Did what?

Jamie: This.

Cora: This?

Jamie: Yes. This! Look picture it, we are all sad and angry and hurt and drunk and crying and did I mention drunk? And we are leaving the pub one night and I realise that the only reason we like meeting up to be sad and angry and hurt and drunk is because we can't do it anywhere else or with anyone else. All the closest people to us are.... for lack of a better word, bored of it. Bored of us. And I all of a sudden had this brain wave. Zap! Honestly it felt like I had been struck by lightning. It can't just be us can it? There must be other women out there like this? Other women like us. Who are sick of pretending not to be sad about something big or small or tiny. And who wants to sit in a fucking self-help group and cry about it with strangers or work through it in a healthy way, not me. What we are doing is fun in a weird way and why can't we do it with other girls who feel the same way, ya know? And I get the house and all these thoughts are bursting out of me and I can't keep it in. It's like word vomit so I film it. And I post it. The speech going through my head over and over again. I film it and I post it on Facebook. A call to arms for anyone who feels the same way...and I guess you answered it...

Cora: I guess I did.

Jamie: and I'm glad you did! already paid for the hour...and its non-refundable so-

Ally: So...welcome. To the "not a self-help group" group

Kelly: You want a drink?

Cora: God I thought you would never ask.

(They pour some drinks. There is silence)

Jamie: What does your sadness look like?

Ally: What?

Kelly: Oh, fuck off!

Jamie: What?!

Ally: I thought you were gonna cut the Oprah stuff.

Jamie: Can we seriously stop bad mouthing Oprah!

Kelly: It's such an arsey question though-

Jamie: I wasn't saying it to be arsey. It's from-

Cora: It's from Vagina Monologues.... your referencing "The Vagina Monologues" right? What does your vagina dress like? Does it wear a hat etc...?

Jamie: ...yeah, I am. ***(Turns to the other girls)*** I like her. Can we keep her?

Kelly: Still sounds arsey. And I thought we were done trying to make this a self-help group. Can we just make this three people-

Cora: Four-

Kelly: -having a drink? Please.

Jamie: It's not! And I am! And fine!

(Silence. They drink their drinks. Ally is thinking long and hard about something. No one notices.)

Ally: The Babadook.

Jamie: What?

Ally: The Babadook.

Cora: What?

Ally: The-

Kelly: Do not say that one more time!

Ally: Big top hat. Long trench coat. Knocks three times. That's what my sadness looks like.

(Silence)

Kelly: It's a bit obvious though, isn't it?

Ally: What?!

Jamie: Yeah, it's a bit stereotypical.

Ally: How?

Kelly: "Aw my sadness looks like a big scary thing, that literally is an amalgamation of all your fears and anxieties."

Cora: She does have a point. It's not very original.

Jamie: Yeah, if anything that's what the writer of the Babadook's sadness looks like, not yours.

Ally: You can't just tell me what my sadness looks like!

Kelly: Well, we just did.

Ally: Right, well what does your sadness look like then?

(they all think for a minute)

Kelly: Birds.

Ally: Birds?

Kelly: Aye. But like... loads of them.

Jamie: Loads of them?

Cora: A flock?

Kelly: Yeah! A flock! That's the word! A flock of birds.

(they all look at her)

Kelly: Think about it! Like flocks of birds can sit all chill up on buildings or telephone poles and then the next minute their all moving as one, in one big swarm coming to get you like in that Hitchcock film.

Ally: No.

Kelly: what?

Ally: That's not fair.

Kelly: Not fair?

Ally: Yeah! Not fair! If I'm not allowed to reference horror films then you're not allowed either!

Kelly: "The Birds" is not just a horror film. It's. A. Classic.

Ally: Well I don't care. It's not allowed. Its vetoed

Kelly: Vetoed?

Ally: Yes Vetoed. -

Cora: I think mine is me...but that version of me at the end of the night...that crying me...crying, drunk me...crying, drunk me with make up running down my face that someone has had to put in a taxi with a portion of chips cheese and gravy. ***(sighs)***

Jamie/Kelly/Ally: Aw yeah....

Cora: She not a very nice person.

Kelly: Aw she's a total bitch.

Ally: Yeah, I hate her.

Cora: She says nasty things. Reminds me of not nice things. Sad things. She makes you-

Kelly: Sad ***(she smirks)***

Ally: Exhausted.

Jamie: Scared.

Kelly: Angry.

Cora: Oh fuck. She's so angry!

Jamie: To be fair, she has a lot to be angry about.

Ally: like work.

Jamie: and having to move out.

Kelly: and feeling stuck.

Cora: and not being listened to.

Ally: and not being noticed.

Jamie: and moving back home.

Kelly: and my mum.

All: AW MY MUM!

Cora: And mansplaining.

Kelly: Manspreading.

Cora: And “was that good for you baby?”

All: No, it was not good for me!

Jamie: and having to be polite all the time.

Ally: and making yourself smaller.

Kelly: and unsolicited hugs

Ally: and opinions

Jamie: and dick pics

Cora: and the tampon tax.

Ally: And rape clauses.

Jamie: and abortion laws.

Ally: and Trump.

Kelly: And Brexit.

Cora: and fucking Boris Johnson!

All: Aw fuck Boris Johnson!

(Jamie has a light bulb moment. She smirks, turns her chair round the wrong way and finds something to use as a makeshift gavel. She bangs the back of the chair.)

Jamie: ***(Doing her best posh man impression)*** Order! Order! Welcome to the rich and powerful and white and men...club. As you can see from our top hats and moustaches ***(Kelly and Ally start to pretend they have hats and moustaches)*** we are all rich –

(The other girls laugh and join in the game, pretending to be posh English men. All except Cora. She looks confused)

Jamie/Ally/Kelly: Cheers!

Jamie: and powerful –

Jamie/Ally/Kelly: Cheers!

Jamie: and white-

Jamie/Ally/Kelly: Cheers!

Jamie: and most importantly men-

Jamie/Ally/Kelly: Cheer!

Jamie: And even more important, we are not stinky smelly, whiny, stupid, child baring, bleeding all the time girls! Yuck!

Jamie/Ally/Kelly: EW! Yuck! Babies! Blood! EW!

Jamie: Okay on to business, Baron Richasfuck-

(They all look at Cora, wanting here to join in the game. She hesitates.)

Cora: Yes sir?

Jamie: What is on the agenda for today?

Cora: Ah, yes of course sir! Well let's see.... oh! Well! The Women folk are kicking up a fuss again-

Jamie/Kelly/Ally: Oh, what for this time!? Again?! Etc.

Ally: I know right! Well this time, it's about their very fancy, shmancy and oh so luxurious t...ta....

Jamie: It's okay, Baron Rickasfuck...you can say it...we are all friends here.

Ally: ***(whispers as if bad word)*** tampons.

Jamie/Kelly/Cora: EW! Yuck! Disgusting!

Ally: - They are in an uproar about them being taxed

Jamie: Oh, for goodness sake change the record am I right boys!

Kelly: Yes! ***(standing)*** And I can easily say as a man who has never had to buy sanity products in my life *and* as someone who has never had to worry about money like ever.... that I really don't see what the issue is!

All: AGREED!

Ally: Silly isn't it!

Jamie: Almost as silly as that male birth control idea!

All: ***(looking scared)*** Oh no no! etc

Cora: I heard that if you take it your willy gets smaller!

All: oh no no! etc

Ally: Well I heard, that if you take it your willy falls off all together!

All: ***(mass panic)***

Jamie: Gentlemen, gentlemen please! We all know that this is preposterous

(they begin to calm down)

Jamie: because our willies are so massive that they could never fall off!

All: Yes! Of course! Etc

Cora: My willy would survive a nuclear holocaust!

Ally: My willy is made of steel!

Kelly: I'll put my willy in anything!

Jamie: Yes, we have heard about the allegations Minster No-means-yes.

(Laughing, they snap out of the scene)

Ally: You don't think that's actually what goes on do you?

Kelly: That is without doubt a hundred and ten percent exactly what happens. Fact.

Ally: Really?

Kelly: Yup!

Jamie: Stop winding her up!

Cora: Stop scaring her more like!

Kelly: Well it might as well be what happens

Ally: What you mean?

(Ally and Jamie groan, they have heard this rant too many times)

Kelly: Well...the whole things one big boys club. Look, whether your female or not all that matters is what private school your mum and dad could afford and what pals you make there. Because you can move in those same circles for the rest of your life. Never talking to anyone who doesn't own a fucking land rover. So, no wonder they don't care about me, or any other person in this room. They care about their pals. And what effects their pals. And what effects the bubble they live in. And we don't come close to popping that bubble. Everyone was outraged at Trump for hiring his pals to be in his cabinet...but I'm not sure why...Westminster has been doing it for fucking generations. It's called the fucking Tory party!

Jamie: You feel better?

Kelly: Yes, I do thank you.

Jamie: Good.

Cora: Great.

Ally: Amazing. Cause I hate politics!

Cora/Jamie/Kelly: What? Ally! Seriously? Come on!

Ally: You...You heard me!

Kelly: You don't hate politics

Jamie: You hate confrontation

Cora: You hate politics cause you don't like confrontation?

Ally: Well...all they do is argue

Jamie: ***(To Cora)*** She means politicians.

Ally: And then that makes them argue.

Kelly: **(To Cora)** She means people.

Ally: And then that just makes everyone sad, or mad, or hate each other and then that just makes me generally uncomfortable going outside in this political climate.

Jamie: I don't think anyone particularly likes it Al.

Cora: Here, for someone who says she doesn't like confrontation that was a particularly confrontational statement to make.

Ally: What?

Jamie: "I don't like politics". She's got a point.

Ally: Well-

Kelly: Aw better watch, look like your growing a backbone there!

Ally: Aw stop.... I've- I've just been trying something new right?

Jamie: New?

Ally: Yes. New.

Cora: Well what is it?

Ally: Okay...so... I recently found my primary 2 report cards.

Jamie: Aw of course!

Kelly: Makes complete sense Al!

Ally: No, no listen! It was randomly wedged between magazines and the 2013 Next catalogue in my mother's downstairs bathroom. I was sitting on the toilet when I found it, looking for some light reading as I hadn't brought my phone with me. I believe you should always have a book on your person, for emergency situations like this. You never know when your phone is going to die or if you're going to have some time to kill waiting on the train or in the hairdressers or waiting on your pal Jen, because let's be honest Jennifer is always late. So, it's better to be safe than sorry and not look like a weirdo loner sitting by themselves...or be on the toilet bored out of your mind reading the back of a shampoo bottle. But somehow, I hadn't followed my own rule. I had broken cardinal rule number 12, in The Ally McDougall guide of how to conduct your life. So, there I was about to browse through the autumn spring collections of 2013 when I saw it. A simple A4 piece of card folded in half, crumpled and coffee stained. Funny. What's this doing in my mother's downstairs toilet 20 years after it originated. So of course, I read it. Let me guess "Ally talks to much and distracts other students". That was a classic on all my report cards from start to finish. Or Ally forgot to do her homework *again*. Heard that one on repeat! Or Ally's time keeping needs to improve. That's technical my mum and dads' fault, as being on time is not a McDougall family trait. So, I start to read, ready for a laugh...and then...well then, I start to cry.

Cora: You started to cry?

Ally: I know weird right! Me a grown ass woman, sitting on the toilet, crying reading my Primary 2 report card but let me explain! It wasn't that it was sad or bad or anything it was...well...it was that well, that somehow my primary 2 report card from twenty years ago pretty much summed up the

way I am as a person now. That somehow Miss Lister from Mount Vernon primary School, saw me coming a mile off, had my card marked from day one, hit the nail on the head. Whoever came up with that phrase “people change” obviously have never met me! I am somehow the exact same person now that I was at five. “Ally responds well to positive reinforcement”, “Ally thrives in a positive environment”, “She feels overwhelmed with new tasks unless you tell her she is performing well”, “She lacks confidence in herself”, “Ally is good at making friends, but find it hard to negotiate those friendships”, “ She does not respond well to constructive criticism, unless done in a ‘two star, and a wish’ style of teaching” I mean come on it makes so much sense! **(looks around looking for people to agree, they don't understand)**

Kelly: What's two stars and a wish?

Ally: You know what two stars and wish is?

Kelly: Not a clue

Jamie: It's like a compliment sandwich.

Kelly: Is that supposed to help me here?

Cora: Like a teacher's way of telling you a bad thing but in a good way.

Jamie: Like you are good at this and this, but you could be better at this, type thing.

Kelly: Aww I get it. Like I like your top, and your make up is nice but I wish you would be less of a bitch.

Cora: Exactly!

Jamie: Exactly?!

Ally: but you get my point, right? Somehow this teacher knows me better than I know myself. As an adult I still have the same neurotic insecure tendencies I did when I was five! I crumble under pressure; I cannot take any form of criticism without some form of cushioning. Not because I think I'm perfect but because, maybe I think the opposite. I'm just waiting to get it wrong, or for someone to tell me I'm getting it wrong. And. I. Am. A. Complete. People. Pleaser! And I hate it. “Finds it hard to negotiate those friendships”?! If I had trouble at five, then imagine what I'm like at twenty-four, with Adult. Female. Relationships. No offence ladies, but those are terrifying so no wonder I feel like I can't say no to any of you! And I hate saying no to people because I hate people being mad at me because I hate confrontation because I'm so bad at it. Awful. I just cry. Even if I'm not upset. I cry. I get flustered and fall over my words and make an arse of myself. Even if I know I'm in the right! It's Ridiculous! So what usually happens is, I say yes to everything when I actually want to say no, just to avoid the possibility that someone might possibly be mad at me and then I end up doing a bunch of things I don't want to do, with a bunch of people I don't want to see and I end up feeling stretched so thin, trying to keep everyone else happy and I feel like I'm constantly just holding my breath and the pain in my chest is getting worse and worse and sharper and sharper until I feel like passing out and all of this is going to just continue and continue until I receive the sweet relief of death.

Cora: Jesus.

Jamie: Yeah. Got dark fast there.

Cora: **(panting)** I'm a door mat. People walk all over me because they know they can. And I want all those people to like me. I'm anxious. I over think everything. I'm as much of a hot mess now as I was

when I was five. And it needs to stop. I can't just keep pleasing everyone in a desperate attempt to be liked. I can't do it anymore because I'm tired. It's exhausting, its-

(Kelly smirks to the other girls.)

Kelly: Oh! By the way Ally, see while I remember can you still give me a lift to the airport next week? I think we should be there for like three in morning. That cool?

Ally: Yeah of course, that's cool.... wait.

Jamie: Ally see while I've got you, can you cover my shift on Saturday?

Ally: Emmm.... well

Cora: Wait, I need a really big favour can you-

Ally: I would but-

Cora: Can you watch my cats-

Jamie: Let's go out dancing-

Kelly: Tickets are only £50, you in? -

Cora: Could you give me a hand on-?

Jamie: You're not leaving early are you-

Kelly: You not staying for a drink-

Jamie: Could you pick up that package for me-

Ally: (as if its word vomit) No! No I will not give you a lift to the airport, I will not do you a favour, I will not watch your cats, no I can't I'm skint, yes I am cutting out early, and no I'm tired and want to go home and no, I will definitely not pick up your Topshop package for you, for you to get me to take it back two days later when you find out its too small. And yes, none of these requests are that big of an ask, not in the slightest but I am a grown up and I reserve the right to say no, when I want and where I want...because grown-ups are allowed to do that....so there. Oh god.... that was...orgasmic.

Cora: The power of "No".

Jamie: It's a beautiful thing once you discover it.

Kelly: Ah yes! The art of not giving a fuck!

Cora: Is that Aristotle?

Jamie: No no, Socrates?

Kelly: Actually, it was Immanuel "Can't"

Cora: Ah I see what you did there old sport!

Ally: Is this how you guys feel all the time? Cause its great!

Kelly: Are you kidding me?

Ally: What?

Jamie: It's not that easy!

Ally: Are you serious?

Cora: What?

Ally: What happened to "The Power of no"? "The art of not giving a fuck" and that whole little drill you put me through!

Jamie: Well I mean we know we can say no. Doesn't mean the guilt and the anxiety goes away!

Cora: Yeah so you still end up doing stupid things that you don't want to do.

Jamie: Or feel like you have to do.

Kelly: Or things that you need to do-

Cora: to keep everyone happy-

Jamie: And usually the only person that isn't kept happy is you.

Ally: Like what?

Jamie: aw I don't know, covering shifts.... or birthday parties.... or

Kelly: Going on hen dos!

Jamie: Aye but Kelly, that will be fun though.

Kelly: will it?

Jamie: I mean most likely yes.

Kelly: will. It.

Jamie: I am ninety nine point nine percent sure. Yes.

Cora: Wait. What's the issue?

Kelly: There isn't an issue.

Ally: There's quite obviously an issue.

Kelly: Nope no issue.

Jamie: it's just a hen do.

Kelly: I know.

Jamie: It's your sisters hen do.

Kelly: I know.

Jamie: It's your sisters hen do in Marbella.

Kelly: Yes. I know.

Ally: Then what's the problem then?

Kelly: Its-

Jamie: Kelly, for god sake it will be fun!

Kelly: I know it's-

Jamie: You really need to stop over thinking things, you know. Just get your stuff packed and go make some memories. I get that you and your sister don't always get on but come on you can't miss her hen do, and who know you might enjoy it and-

Kelly: I'm skint! Okay?!

Jamie: what?

Kelly: I'm too skint.

Jamie: Well we are always skint, I'm sure your mum will lend you some-

Kelly: I am not asking my mother! And it's not just that its-

Jamie: Well what then?

Cora: Yeah, I'm completely lost.

Kelly: I mean when you think about it...aren't we all a bit lost.

Ally: Kelly, just tell us.

Kelly: You'll say it's stupid.

Jamie: We will not.

Kelly: Will too.

Ally: Will not

Kelly: Will too

Jamie/Ally/Cora: Aw come on/just tell us/we will understand etc

Kelly: I'm not on the cusp right!

Jamie: What?

Kelly: I'm not on the cusp!

Cora: **(looks to Ally)** is this another one of the patented Sad Girls Club things that I don't get?

Kelly: The cusp...The cusp! You know what the cusp is!

Ally: Not a clue, I think she's had aneurism – Kelly, **(speaking slowly)** sweetie we don't know what you mean?

Kelly: I'm skint and I'm not even on the fucking cusp. I'm on the cusp of the fucking cusp. And I don't even know how to get on the fucking cusp in the first place-

Jamie: Stop saying fucking cusp!

Kelly: But I'm not on the cusp-

Cora: Its doesn't sound like a word anymore. English please.

Kelly: (**takes a big breath**) I've been listening to that funny all female feminist podcast, right?

Ally: right?

Kelly: And let's be honest the only reason I've been listening to it is because other cool funny female feminists told me to listen to it.

Jamie: right?

Kelly: And you know how much I want to be a cool funny female feminist?

Ally: well you're at least one of those things.

Kelly: And as much as I love all the funny feminist content and the funny feminist views there's one comment that I can't get out of my head.

Cora: and what's that?

Kelly: Well the head funny feminist Deborah Frances White was talking about her career in passing, and just so happened to mention that she was on the cusp of being famous and has been on this metaphorical cusp for years and that she realised that there are many layers to the metaphorical cusp and it sometimes seems never ending and you end up in metaphorical turf wars with other comedians about your place and or layer on this metaphorical cusp, and that it was exhausting and I felt exhausted just thinking about it and then I realised...I'm not even on the cusp...or a cusp. I'm not even on the metaphorical level one of the metaphorical many levelled cusp.

Ally: okay...

Kelly: I'm on the cusp of the cusp.

Jamie: Well...

Kelly: I'm on the cusp of the cusp. The cusp of the cusp of life! I would give my right fucking arm to be on the cusp. I can see everyone having a little party on the edges of the cusp. And I'm fucking exhausting myself trying to get there. Because I go from working a kids party in the morning to a shift in the restaurant and then from there I go to uni or to the library to try and write my own stuff or we are trying get our shit together and after doing all that work I end up skintier than I started out. Like honestly think about it, if we actually got paid for the man hours, we put into our lives we would be millionaires!

Ally: Millionaires is a bit much.

Kelly: You know what I mean though! By some miracle I've ended up with more writing work in the last month than I have ever had in my life but you end up making less money than you would in your shitty waitressing job in those writing jobs *or* you make no money cause you're so desperate for people to hire you as a professional writer that you do a bunch of work for free! and then you realise that you would have a lot more money if you did a normal job or even just your shitty waitressing job and then you realise that life would be so much easier if you just chucked it. Chucked trying. Chucked writing. Chucked being a fucking idiot because your exhausted and your skint and can't afford a fucking 4 day holiday in fucking Marbella for your only sisters fucking hen do, where you should be having the fucking time of your life drinking fucking Pina Colodas by the fucking pool but you can't because all you can think about is the fact that you're not on the fucking cusp, that you're on the cusp of the cusp, and that your constantly feel like you're just keeping your head above fucking water and one wrong move and your fucking drowning (**does panting noises**)

(There is silence in the room. No one has a witty remark, or the answer to the question)

Jamie: Yeah...that is pretty shit.

Ally/Cora: Yeah it is/oh god yeah etc.

Kelly: Are you guys serious right now?

Jamie: What?

Kelly: No words of encouragement? No, "things will get better"? No Oprah bullshits?

Jamie: Seriously Kelly you've been warned several times now.

Kelly: Seriously though! I've just spilled my guts to my best friends in the whole word – and whatsherface ***(she points to Cora, without looking at her)*** –

Cora: Cora.

Kelly: and Cora! And that's all the advice you've got for me! "Yeah that is pretty shit"?

Ally: I think it's referred to as moral support.

Kelly: Well its shit! I came here for fucking answers!

Jamie: Shit!?! You didn't even want to come here! ***(laughing)***

Kelly: Aye... well... I thought while I was here, I might as well get something out of it.

(silence)

Jamie: I fucking knew it!

Cora: Jesus Jamie!

Kelly: Knew what?

Ally: yeah, knew what?

Jamie: I knew you weren't just here cause your flat was getting fumigated and you needed to leave the premises for 24-48 hours!

Cora: You actually believed that?

Kelly: I mean it is actually getting-

Jamie: You wanted to be here!

Kelly: eh-

Jamie: You put on this "I'm-Kelly-and-I'm-too-cool-for everything-act"-

Kelly: I mean I am pretty cool-

Jamie: But you actually chose to be here, you actually chose to support this. To support me. To support...Oprah. ***(Jamie is ecstatic)***

Kelly: You'll never prove it in a court of law!

Jamie: Aw come here you!

(Jamie runs over to Kelly and aggressively hugs her. Kelly is less than thrilled about this)

Kelly: What are you doing?

Jamie: It's called affection.

Kelly: Well I do not enjoy it.

Ally: Aw you guys. ***(Ally joins in)***

Jamie: Cora get in here!

Cora: Nah you're alright.

Ally: Aw come on! It feels just like being supported by your friends and peers.

Cora: I just don't... know you guys that well-

Jamie: Honestly you need to try this. We should bottle this shit.

Ally: We could make a fortune.

Cora: fuck it! ***(she joins the hug)***

Ally: Not too bad right?

Cora: Not too bad at all.

Kelly: Jesus Christ.

(The hug breaks up)

Jamie: ***(To Kelly)*** Now was that so hard?

Kelly: I guess not...I just hate "talking" ***(she shivers)***

Cora: I don't think anyone likes it- ***(she laughs)***

Ally: Well-

Cora: ***(Still laughing)*** And let's be honest, we aren't actually ever gonna talk about what we are *really* sad about because that's too hard

Jamie: It's a bit easier when you're with your pals though...

Cora: ***(Light heartedly)*** Yeah but we aren't proper pals. Aye, I don't count that's a given. But I've only just met you guys, but I don't think you guys count either-

Jamie: Excuse me?

Cora: look I'm sorry, I'm not saying this as a dig or anything. I just say it like I see it-

Kelly: and how to you see it exactly?

Cora: Well you are all using each other...but none of you notice because it benefits the other one.

Ally: I think I'm starting to pin-point the reason you have no female friends

Kelly: That is *the* smartest thing you've said all day!

Cora: See I shouldn't have said anything, I wasn't trying to upset anyone. Just trying to be honest. I just find it interesting.

Jamie: Interesting?

Cora: Yeah, I find users interesting-

Kelly/Ally/Jamie: Users?!

Cora: Shit. No. That's not what I meant! I mean I find it interesting, like the concept. Like for example if two people are using each other for different gain but both opposite parties are happy with the outcome and no one is unhappy or upset does that cancel out the using? Userness? I'm not sure of the vernacular for it as of yet.

Ally: and that's what you think of us?

Cora: Well...yes.

Kelly: Hmmm **(Kelly ponders this for a moment)** You know what concept I find really interesting? Scratching your fucking eyes out!

(Kelly lunges for Cora. Ally and Jamie hold her back. The whole thing is comical. Could be choreographed scrap)

Cora: I didn't say it was a bad thing, though did I?!

Kelly: Aw I'm sorry. Did I take you, a complete stranger, calling us "users" the wrong way?

Jamie: I mean it does have some pretty negative connotations...

Ally: Not to mention, it suggests some bad things about us.

Cora: It's not a bad thing! Look I'm doing it too! I felt lost and needed somewhere to go, to talk or... not to talk because as we have already established, talking its hard. We find it hard - Apart from you Jamie, your bursting at the seams - But I needed somewhere. Something. And I found this. I found you guys. Which is great and amazing and scary as fuck **(she looks at Kelly)** but.... therefore.... if you really think about it. I'm using you guys. I'm benefitting from you. Benefitting from your sadness. Because the whole reason you started this club was because you were sad. Which is shit. I get that but.... if you think about it some more...it's okay because me being here benefits you.

Jamie: Me?

Cora: You needed someone to show up today...you needed someone so that this could work. And therefore, you're getting something from me being sad because I wouldn't be here if I wasn't sad, ya know? And your using Kelly because sad people need other sad people which is okay because...well "sad people need other sad people". And Ally, it seems to me that you just needed to be a part of something. Which is okay because these guys needed someone. Jamie you became like one big super huge sadness magnet overnight. And with one flick of a switch you've magnetised a broken toaster, a on the fritz microwave and a manic-depressant blender. But that's okay! Because we are all getting something out of it! We are all benefitting from each other feeling shit. And if you *really* think about it. Isn't that what everyone in the whole world is doing, getting something from someone else. At least we are being honest about it! "You scratch my back and I'll scratch yours"? You give me something and I'll give you something and then everyone's happy! Do you see what I'm trying to say?

(Silence)

Ally: Am I the blender or the toaster?

(Silence)

Cora: Wasn't trying to hurt anyone's feelings...just an observation...

Jamie: yeah...I guess that's true.

Kelly: Aye, just need to accept that one.

Ally: Isn't that one of those steps?

Kelly: What's steps?

Ally: No, not steps (clicks fingers trying to find the words) ...what's it's called....awww....eemmm...stages! Yeah that's one of those stages!

Kelly: I have no clue what you're talking about-

Jamie: It's the five stages of grief.

Kelly: What?

Jamie: The five stages of grief according to American psychiatrist Elisabeth Kubler-Ross are – in chronological order: Denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance.

Kelly: Aw you don't believe all that crap do you.

Ally: I believe it.

Kelly: Of course, you do.

Ally: well what's that supposed to mean

Kelly: Well I just don't think it's that easy. Not everyone is the same. No one person deals with things the same way.

Jamie: See that's what I thought too! But the more I look at stuff past and present its making a lot of sense.

Cora: Wait. Look at what?

Kelly: Aw man, don't ask

Ally: It's a long story

Kelly: A very long story that I've heard about a thousand times

Jamie: Yeah you don't want to hear my drama

Cora: I think I do...I mean what's the point in being here otherwise?

Kelly: Are you sure?

Cora: I'm sure.

Ally: once she starts, she can't stop.

Cora: That's fine.

Kelly: Even if she wants to.

Cora: Okay.

Ally: It's like word vomit.

Cora: I'm fine with that.

Kelly: Honestly its-

Cora: Just tell me the fucking story!

Jamie: Okay...but you asked for it

(Snap Spotlight on Jamie, this is her moment. The story she hates to love to tell)

Jamie: He was a bouncer. I was a waitress. I worked nights. He worked later those nights. We spent our days together. It was perfect. It was meant to be. Any moment we weren't working, we would be sitting in this little corner of a costa coffee with each other. Him studying. Me writing or reading. How amazing that we were so comfortable with each other, so happy to just be with each other that we didn't even have to talk. Just be. Just be with each other. It was love. No. It was more than that. It felt like a truly cosmic event. It was fate.

Kelly: He fucking cheated on you!

Ally: Kelly!

Kelly: Well he did!

Jamie: Yeah, I was getting to that! Building to the big reveal. You just ruined my dramatic flow!

Kelly: He fucked you over. You had to move out and move back into your childhood bedroom at your mum and dads house. Oh, thee humanity. Oh, the humiliation.

Cora: Oh no. He didn't.

Jamie: Oh, he did. They say love blinds you. Nah. Love is like some sort of Russian military grade nerve gas that numbs you of all your senses and common sense and it stops you seeing those little red flags that pop up now and again and again and again and you can't hear the "is this too soon"'s and the "you two are quite young" and your best pal saying " I think he's a fucking wank".

Kelly: Well he was.

Ally: Aye we know that now!

Jamie: So long story short. I was heartbroken.

Ally: Heavy-hearted

Kelly: Grief-stricken

Ally: Inconsolable

Kelly: Crushed

Ally: Shattered

Kelly: A fucking mess

Ally: Not to mention her personal hygiene was-

Jamie: All right she gets it! But their right...I was – am- a mess...more than a mess. I was obsessed

Cora: Obsessed?

Jamie: Oh yeah. I couldn't stop thinking about it. Talking about it. Dreaming about it. Looking at his Facebook. His twitter. His Instagram. His Snapchat. Just for any form of normality, any form of answers. I felt so lost I think I was just clinging on to any form of my old life... so I was looking at the Snapchat map one day-

Cora: Wait. What's the Snapchat map?

Ally: The Snapchat map?

Cora: Yeah what is it?

Kelly: You must know what the Snapchat map is?

Cora: Not a clue.

Jamie: The Snapchat map is an intriguing little upgrade added to the already very popular app Snapchat. Made available to us mere mortals in July of 2011, and our lives have never been the same again.

Cora: That photo thing?

Kelly: Yeah, its app that is usually used for

Ally: Sending funny photos

Kelly: or sending nudes

Ally: or Snapchat streaks

Kelly: or seeing that all your pals are at the Hollywood bowling without you, and yes you had said that you hated bowling and you would rather stick pins in your eyes than having to go there for any social occasion - but the invitation would have been apicated!

Ally: You said you were over that!

Jamie: Anyway!... it now has this option that you can see where your fellow Snapchat friends are whenever they sign into Snapchat and...

Cora: Oh god!

Jamie: It's not as bad as you think! I didn't go stalk him or anything...although the thought did cross my mind once or twice – but I didn't...I was going crazy! I was crazy!... So occasionally I would just check it. Just to see where he was or what he was up to. Nothing bad. Until...

Cora: Until what?

Jamie: Until one night...when I was just a little bit bored and thought I might just glance at it and see that he was in the same three spots he always was.

Kelly: The gym.

Ally: Uni.

Kelly: Work.

Ally: Boring fucking bastard.

Jamie: And so, I look at it expecting to see this and.... I see that he's in a random place in the south side. What's he doing in the south side I ask. He doesn't know anyone in the south side. What the fuck is in the south side.

Kelly: The shed and then fuck all.

Jamie: And weirdly... I can see that...well I can see that my pal Robyn from college...it looks like she's in the same place as him so...I text her. "Hey pal! Long-time no speak! Look I know this is so fucking random but me and the bf have broken up cause he cheated on me LOL but we are trying to work it out and I can see on the Snapchat maps that it looks like you guys are together hahahah! Are you at a party or something? LOL know I sound mental LMAO HAHA LOL #mentalcase #crazybitch #mylifeisfallingapart"

(silence)

Cora: Well what did she say?

Jamie: She said she wasn't at a party. That she was in her house by herself.

Cora: Oh okay.

Jamie: And then she texts me saying the most terrifying thing a female with access to the internet can say.

Cora: What.

Jamie: *"Just give me a minute. "*

Cora: Just give me a minute?

Kelly/Ally/Jamie: Just give me a minute.

(they wait a minute, then we hear a phone bing)

Jamie: I open my phone and...I find everything I've needed and never wanted to see. Everything I needed to know and shouldn't have been told. Turns out Robyn knew that there was only one other girl our age who lived on her street. One quick look on Facebook and she could see that he and her were mutual friends. One quick message to Robyn's friend who was also friends with this anonymous girl meant that Robyn could look at her Facebook. And one quick screenshot of the anonymous girl's latest Facebook picture sent to me, at my request I might add... had me on my knees. A picture of him and her intitled "Me and my Love".

Cora: Oh shit. So, what did you do?

Jamie: Think I must have blanked out for a couple of minutes; cause the next thing I know I'm in a taxi to his flat with two empty suitcases to get all of my fucking stuff the fuck out of the fuckers fucking flat. And I've never packed so fast in my whole entire life. My mum would have been proud. I was like Marie fucking Kondo on a mission. "Does this mug shaped like Sully from Monster Inc's head bring me joy?". No cause I bought it for that ginger fucker! Bin! Don't get me wrong I did also bin some things of his that didn't give me joy either. Protein powder? Bin! All of his chicken and rice

meal prep? Bin! 60 inch flat screen? Bin! Would put his penis in there as well if I could, cause lets be honest I didn't get much joy from that either. And then I pushed over his clothes horse, closed the door behind me and put my key through the letter box. Done. I was done. I am done.

Cora: Good. I'm glad.

(silence)

Jamie: He text me after. One line. Five words. You. Need. To. Grow. Up.

Cora: He what?

Jamie: You. Need. To. Grow. Up. Can you believe that?

Cora: That's so shit-

Ally: I mean...she did ransack his flat-

Jamie: You need to grow up?! I need to grow up? He needs to grow up. *He* needs to grow up!?

Cora: Yeah of course-

Jamie: Do you know I was gonna try and fix it? He cheated on me. He lied to me. He ruined my life and I was gonna fix it?...cause that what we do right? They say men are fixers, builders, problem solvers. That's how their brains work. But I don't believe that fully. Because every woman I know is a fixer, a builder, a problem solver. When you're scared or overwhelmed or can't remember your blood type or can't figure out how to pay your council tax - you call your mum. Right? You don't leave a sinking ship. You plug the hole. You get to land, and you figure out how to get a new boat. And that's what I was gonna do. He told me he was depressed and that's why he did it. He told me he still loved me. He told me it was a blip. He told me it didn't matter what her name was. He told me he was going to go talk to someone. He told me he couldn't live with the lie on his conscious...and that's why he told me. He told me he wanted to be a better man for me. He told me he wished he met me in five years. When he could be the man, he wanted to be for me. He told me how hard this all was for him. How much he was going through. How much he hated himself. And I realised I was constantly hearing this high-pitched annoying noise in the background of everything he was telling me. For weeks of me trying to fix what he broke. I could hear it. In every text. Every conversation. This high-pitched noise, like I needed to put new batteries in my smoke alarm or something. EHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Over and over and over again. MEE! And then it clicked. I could hear it. When you slowed it down and really listened to it. MEE-MEEEE-ME-ME-ME-ME-ME-ME-ME-ME-ME. Me. That was all he was saying. "Me". That was all he cared about. Like a baby when they cry. Crying for their mum. Crying what about me? Why is no one looking at me? Look how sad and moody and tortured by my demons I am! Everyone has demons and it doesn't give you an excuse to act like a dick! He hurt me and I was feeling sorry for him. He had me feeling sorry for him. All while having another girlfriend. He wouldn't touch me...and he had another girlfriend. Had me thinking there was something wrong with me. He was getting everything he wanted and more. He never ran after me. He never begged me not to leave. Cause he never cared about me. Not really. Just himself.

(silence)

Kelly/Ally/Cora: What an absolute wank!

Cora: I mean.... talk about the five stages of grief...

Jamie: I know right. I think there's a lot more than five! And not necessary in that order.

Kelly: Yeah no one mentions the "batshit-manic-desperate" stage.

(Beat)

Jamie: Did I tell you he works outside my work?

Ally: What?

Jamie: He's working the door of the club next to my work.

Kelly: Jamie, you never told us-

Jamie: I haven't spoken to him, nor has he spoken to me. I walk past him every night to get home. And it feels like I see a ghost every time...I sometimes think "what if follows me home."

Ally: You could walk the other way-

Cora: No fuck that.

Ally: You can't be serious!

Jamie: I agree though! Fuck hiding! He's can't have that sort of power over me anymore. Fuck going the other way. Fuck being scared of him. And honestly fuck him for making me a stereotype. That poor little white girl whose biggest problem in her life is a boy. I feel like I'm failing the Bechdel test every fucking day of my life.

(silence)

Ally: I guess your right...

Kelly: Where do you go from there?

Cora: Well I guess you just take some time to reflect. To look at your life and rebuild. Use it as a fresh start. To become a healthy new, you.

(All the girls nod and agree in a small quite way)

Cora: Or you could just go on tinder

Jamie/Ally/Kelly: **(laughing)** Aw fuck tinder!

(Jamie is on tinder on her phone USR, as she swipes the girls USL act out being the men on tinder. If she swipes left-they go left. If she swipes right- they go right etc)

Ally: Hi I'm James, I'm twenty-four. I'm a Glasgow uni student and I'm really into underground music, music you've probably never heard of, but I will take a great amount of pleasure educating and talking down to you about it.

Jamie: Swipe left **(Ally goes left)**

Cora: I'm Callum, Gym is life. Everything else is second.

Jamie: Nope **(Cora goes left)**

Kelly: Names Ryan, here for a fun time not a long time. Hit me up if you get sarcasm

Jamie: Nah **(Kelly goes left)**

Ally: Hi there, I'm Cameron. I'm 25. I'm honestly here to make a connection with someone. Want to find someone I can have a laugh with, hang out with, and maybe even love...Add me on Snapchat Cameronhasamassivecoc-

Jamie: Jesus **(Ally goes left)**

Cora: Treat um mean, keep um-

Jamie: Ew **(Cora goes left)**

Kelly: Young dumb and full of cu-

Jamie: Gross **(Kelly goes left)**

Ally: Here a picture of dick you didn't ask for!

Jamie: SERIOUSLY! **(Ally goes left)**

Ally: Honestly, I love men. But men are dicks.

Jamie: Your preaching to the choir

Kelly: The congregation – you preach to the congregation

Jamie: Aw you know what I mean! I'm not catholic I don't know these things

Kelly: Sadly I am. A bad one. But a catholic none the less.

(they laugh)

Cora: See when I think about it though. Ever since I could remember I've always had boyfriends, or infatuations with men, men I have idolised, men I would throw myself in front of a bus for just to show them how much I fucking loved them and they needed to know that! Men I made myself look like an arse for, for fuck sake even all my pals are men! Why do you think I'm here? Couldn't talk to them about any of this could I!?

Ally: Really?

Cora: Aw yeah. I think you are my first real girlfriends and let's be honest we are really more of formal acquaintances. Honestly though, in school everyone either thought I was a slut or gay because I just hung about with guys.

Jamie: I got that! The gay thing...not the slut thing. To the point where I was actually waiting on it. That lightbulb going off, but it never did. Coulda made my life a lot easier. Mum would have been fine with it, which is nice.

Kelly: seriously?

Jamie: What?

Ally: Kelly don't.

Jamie: No seriously what is it?

Kelly: You can't just say stuff like that- no I think that's the problem you actually can.

Jamie: I'm lost?

Kelly: Aw poor little straight girl thinks it would be easier if she was gay. That's easy for you to say.

Ally: That's not what she meant-

Jamie: Yeah, I didn't mean it that way. It was just a comical look at-

Kelly: Well that's what she said. Look I'm sorry that men are shit and you have not been treated right by the men that you constantly need validation off. And I'm sorry that these men are constantly letting you down and that you feel let down by these men and hurt and bruised and used. And I'm so sorry that Connor cheated on you and its broken you so –

Ally: don't-

Kelly: No, I had enough of the pity party! "Sad Girls Club"? No. Its "Jamie's feel sorry for me" club. You've done all of this (**waves to the room around her**) because a piece of shit boy cheated on you, broke up with you and broke your heart and that's shit. But if that's the worst thing that's ever happened to you then I think you have a pretty good life don't you think? -

Jamie: Don't you think I know that? And where else can I have the pity party? I can't do it outside of here-

Kelly: I can't go home because I don't know how my mum and dad will react. I know they know. And the fact that they are happy for me to go on lying. To them. To myself. To the whole fucking universes...well that just proves...that they won't be happy with the truth. My truth. So, its fucking great that your mum would have accepted you and it could have been easier blah blah blah blah-

Jamie: Kelly you never told me it was this bad!

Kelly: Well you never fucking asked did you! And you were – are so sad. Why do you think I am actually here? Why me and Al are actually here?

Ally: Kelly don't

Kelly: Yeah, we might have had a vent and it might have helped. That's a happy coincidence. We couldn't say no to this "Great idea" of yours! We are constantly trying to make sure one more bump or chip doesn't make you crumble. So, compared to that what did my shit matter?

Jamie: That's literally the point in being here though-

Kelly: Its not just you though. Its all of us. Talking about this and that. Its all well and good but there's is so much other stuff affecting young girls outside this white, straight, middle class narrative that the world has right now. Girls are getting raped or sexually harassed or married off or getting their rights stripped away from them. It's so easy to dilute the shit we deal with on a day to day basis to "That boy wont text me back" or "I can't quite get my life together" or "How funny and cute is that this pretty girl cant sort her shit out" or-

Jamie: You think I don't know that?! And I'm sorry that it doesn't compare to what you're going through right now or what the female race are going through

Kelly: That's not what I'm saying-

Ally: Guys this isn't a competition!

Jamie: Well at least I'm actually trying! Honestly Kelly I'm trying so hard and I'm exhausted for trying and exhausted at failing. And I'm not even trying to do that much. Ally call yourself a people pleaser.

Meet the biggest one! Hi, my name is Jamie, I'm twenty-five and I'm a people pleaser. I'm trying to keep work happy, my friends happy, my family happy, and put myself back together. That's it. And I can't. But at least I'm trying. What are you doing Kelly? Seriously though? Cause I need some help here.

(There is silence. No one knows what to say, or how to take back what they have said.)

Cora: have you ever cried on the train?

(They all pause and look at her. They had almost forgotten that Cora was there)

Cora: I was crying on the train the other day. I can't even remember what it was about, I think I was just feeling low...like I always do lately. I had just got off the phone to my mum when this woman came up to me. She was an older woman. But not that old. Maybe like fifties. Grey hair, and she asked

Ally: Excuse me is this seat taken love?

Cora: No. of course, take it. I had tears running down my face and this woman chose to sit next to me. I mean the train wasn't that busy. She could have sat anywhere but she chooses to sit next to me. To the crazy girl. Five minutes go by with me sniffing and whipping my eyes and she leans over the table-

(Ally stands up and joins the scene, she becomes the old lady that Cora is talking about)

Ally: You want a tissue hen?

Cora: Aw thank you.

Ally: I've always got tissues on me lately. Never know when your gonna need them do you?

Cora: Yeah, I guess not.

Ally: I've been needing them a lot these days. Came up for my nieces wedding. Aw it was so lovely. She was beautiful but of course she was, she's got one of those figures that she could wear a bin liner and look like a super model. Oh, and we had perfect weather for it, so we did. You know not too hot, not to cold. Didn't rain either which was a miracle, cause I said to our Jim – Jim's my brother. My nieces' father- aye I said to our Jim "An outdoor wedding! In April! Well you may as well invest in some anorak for all your guests cause we are gonna be wetter than a mermaid's purse" but low and behold I ate my words. And owed our Jim a tenner. And of course, he wouldn't forget that. The cheap bastard.... yeah, it's always handy to have a pack of tissues on you for a wedding. First one without my Tony. First anything without my Tony... he died...wasn't well for a long time...some would say it blessing.... But aye hen, was a bit of a mess at the wedding...happy tears of course, but he would have loved to be there...never caught out without a tissue now though. Learned my lesson ***(she laughs)***

Cora: I am so sorry to hear that...and here's me blubbering over something that's not even that important and -

Ally: Naw hen. You're sad about what you sad about. End of. Sad is sad....and compassion is compassion. Think people have forgotten that bit.

Cora: and then she sat the tissues in the middle of the table, pulled out a book from her bag and didn't say another word. This random woman who, any other day I probably would have ignored. I

would have been too busy. Or too tired. Or had my earphones in. This woman who has went through something, unimaginable to my mind. Heartbreak. Heartache. Pain. Loss. No pity in her sad. No pity in herself. She gave me the pass I never give myself. She gives us all the pass we never give ourselves. We are constantly making excuses. Excuses about how we feel. Excuses about our gender. Excuses about how we act. Or what we say, before we even said them. Constantly comparing ourselves to each other. Constantly competing with each. Putting ourselves down before someone else does. Sadness can blind you. Engulf you - but then on the other hand you feel guilty and pathetic for feeling this way. "Oh, I feel silly for being sad about what I'm sad about because she got sadder things to be sad about- the worlds got sadder things to be sad about". So, I get what Jamie was trying to say-

Jamie: Thank you! -

Cora: Even though it was a stupid roundabout way of saying it. I think I'm in love with women too. I love my mother. Love my sister. My niece. The few girl friends I have, I love fiercely. That women on the train. I don't even know her name and I love her for what she has given me. I love them immeasurably. These women fix what others have broken. They are gentle. They never lie. They never cheat. They love unconditionally. Never asking for anything in return. They have mended my spirit more times than I can count. So as much as I love men, I guess my heart belongs to these women.

(Projected facts and names of women changing the world)

Jamie: So same time next week?