

## **PART ONE**

The BECHDEL Test,

Sorry. Sorry. So Sorry.

No,

Fuck you.

Fuck you all.

I'm sure that you all came here to watch a feminist piece of theatre a play that told you how to think, how to behave, how to act/be/see admire a strong independent woman that doesn't need a man, to talk about 'men' or quite frankly acknowledge their existence.

But sorry.

No actually.

I'm not sorry.

Because we say sorry too often don't we? Woman. she. her. girl. vagina. tits. any hole is a goal. Woman.

Sorry. Shit, fuck. No, I'm not sorry.

Any 'other' human being, that's not 'man' that doesn't identify as man. To be specific white middle class, middle age, middle page, average, doesn't have to try, doesn't recognise, doesn't see see me man.

You expect me to not talk about man, to pass this fucking test when you have let man and continue to let man define my existence?

You've got to be having a laugh haven't you?

So much of my worth is given by, defined by MAN.

Yet I am not angry at men I am angry at I.

Because I still crave/want/need man.

Who am I with out man?

Yet I do not want man.

It is really hard to talk about something other than a man when this world fucking revolves around them.

## **PART TWO: PERIOD STORY (Physical element to this monologue)**

So, I met this guy at work and he gave me a lift home and was like 'Do you wanna go for a drink?'

So we went for a drink. and we got really drunk. And he walked me back to mine

- (sarcastically) cute I know

We were stood out side my front door

and then he was like 'I don't want to leave'

and I was like well you have leave because I'm on my period. and he said 'No, it not because of 'that!'

So I was like OK!

So any way, we are in my room.. and we basically just end up having sex

and I'm like

shit I'm on my period

and he's like 'what...?'

so I say 'I'm on my period and I've got a tampon in'

So he pulls out and I go to check (demonstrates)

but I can't find my tampon string.

So I turn around, bum in the air, and he has to fish out my tampon for me.

He finds it- throws it on the floor.

And we just continue having sex.

**PART THREE -TEXT MESSAGE LOOP PEDAL (Performer reads out messages from her phone- it is clear these are text messages that she has been sent, she speaks them in to a mic on a loop pedal- the messages over lap, this continues for the duration of the performance)**

1. Fuck off you cunt
2. You can go to work as if it's nothing and I'll be at home curled in an anxious ball. A dirty through the roof after a fucking text message when you slept with someone and I still hugged you. You really hurt me, made me cry too!!! Hope you choke on something you horrible cunt!!
3. I fucking hate you  
Prick  
Couldn't even hug me when I needed it  
FUUCKKKK OFFFFF MATE
4. Fuck off  
You fucking love this drama It affects both of us and you can stop it  
But you won't  
And now you don't wanna  
Fuck you you piece of fuckingshit  
As if you're the only one who's hurting and hasn't hurt me
5. There's the text  
Choke on it  
I don't do anything wrong and now I'm anxious, I have to move out AGAIN  
the whole world can fuck off and die  
I fucking hate you  
Hope you're happy you get your own way every time.  
I'll never go through anyone's phone or make them show me shit I've no right to ask for  
Fuck off!  
cunt
6. I have to let Emma down now because there's no way I can learn her song  
I want to do bad things now  
I don't want to be here

**PART FOUR- POO STORY**

So I wake up naked  
The guy I'm seeing? has stayed over -makes a change  
I get out of bed, naked  
feeling really good, naked  
walking around my room, naked

nature calls  
head to the toilet, naked

I have a poo  
wipe my bum

- You see, when I was little my mum used to do this thing, where she'd wipe my bum and then wet the tissue under the tap and wipe again to make sure it was extra clean

so I decided, because you know -I might have sex again... to wet the tissue to make sure I'm extra clean

so I head back in to my room...naked  
walking around, naked  
feeling really good, naked  
and this guy says 'Marie?'  
and I'm like what?  
and he says 'actually never mind it's too embarrassing.'  
and I'm like no tell me!  
he says 'no it's embarrassing'  
so I'm thinking - A: He's going to tell me he loves me or B: he's done something embarrassing  
and I really want to hear it

I have a strop until he agrees to tell me

and he says  
'Marie I don't think you wiped your bum properly...'

what

'You didn't wipe your bum properly.'

I turn around, look in the mirror and the wet tissue has smeared poo all up the bottom of my back.

## **PART FIVE**

So I fell like I need to explain how I feel about men  
M.E.N

I'm now really pissed off that I am dedicating so much of my time to men.

Mostly it comes from the effects of one man and the lasting impression I now have about men as a species- because they are entirely different.

I think woMEN have evolved from men, I know that's not possible physically - or maybe it is who knows - all we'd have to do is chop off a trouser snake- I don't know if I can say that I don't know if it's PC. I mean no offence

to anyone

accept MEN of course

I hope you all cry your self to sleep when you finally realise you're what's wrong with the world, although you never will, you're far too stupid for that

Far too self entitled.

It's because of you a Narcissistic twat, a real narcissist- I don't use the term lightly. if I were to define him on the narcissist spectrum he'd be a covert narcissist- deeply insecure- although alas from all my googling and podcast listening I know that all narcissists are insecure- but he played up to his insecurities in order to not appear narcissistic.

He had layers of narcissistic insecurity. He was like a croissant. Layered, flakey and filled with artificial sweetness- addictive and not good for you. Sickly.

I'm over him- that narcissist. but I am not over what happened, what he did, to me. And yeah I get the whole stop making yourself a victim SAGA. But don't take that away from me. That's all I have.

The only way I can justify how long I stayed in that relationship. Used and abused. I've let that define who I am, during and since. I've let him define my existence. He is how I view the world. Men in particular - and I just can't change it. No matter how hard I try. I think you're all cheaters, good for nothing opportunists, and I just can't fathom ever having to be romantically involved with a man again... I can't comprehend someone loving me, for me, not wanting something from me, not looking to gain, to manipulate to judge or shame.

I envision having arguments in my head with men and winning (what I don't know) in some way shape of form. Dehumanising them and embarrassing them and showing the world how stupid they are and how stupid it is that they have been 'superior' for so long. 'white middle class male' - he's the worst. I snarl at the thought of him.

I'm not sorry. I am angry. I'm not even sorry that I'm angry. I even like to indulge in my anger. It's not rage, I know why I'm angry and I know who I'm angry at. I'm intimidated. sometimes. I laugh AT you and your patheticness some times.

But I wish you the best - I hope you find peace and happiness and don't hurt anyone else or even yourself in the process. And I hope I see MEN in a different light again.

Until then, I await bitterly, horny and alone.

I find the BECHDEL test really fucking difficult.