

# MOUTHY BITCH

By  
Dennis Bush

# MOUTHY BITCH

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## MOUTHY BITCH

*Dennis Bush would like to offer special thanks to Kelsey Torstveit for being an astonishing, incomparable muse, and extraordinary talent. Additionally, Dennis is grateful to Jane C. Walsh for her fierce work on the Las Vegas and Hollywood productions and for her incredible support of his work.*

*Thanks to the actors who inspire him, the directors and producers who bring his work from the page to production, the publishers who support and represent his work with such enthusiasm, and Martin W. Scott for everything else.*

## MOUTHY BITCH

*Mouthy Bitch* had its World Premiere production at the Cincinnati Fringe Festival, sponsored by the Know Theater, in May and June, 2015, with direction by Ryan Amador, featuring the following cast:

Kate Carden.....Kelsey Torstveit

Reel Good Girl Productions presented a production of *Mouthy Bitch*, at the Las Vegas Fringe Festival in 2016, with direction by Jane C. Walsh, stage management by Bree Cardenas, costume design by Randy Hendrickson, sound design by John McClain, and production assistance by Thaisa Monteiro, featuring the following cast:

Kate Carden..... Asia Lynn Pitts

A subsequent production of *Mouthy Bitch* was presented by Reel Good Girl Productions at the Hollywood Fringe Festival in 2016, with direction by Jane C. Walsh, stage management by Bree Cardenas, costume design by Randy Hendrickson, sound design by John McClain, and production assistance by Thaisa Monteiro, featuring the following cast:

Kate Carden..... Asia Lynn Pitts

## MOUTHY BITCH

CAST: 1 Woman

**KATE CARDEN** late 20's; making a name for herself on the motivational speaking circuit; focuses on the relationship dynamic between women and men, and her controversial methods and strategies to help women achieve what they want and need.

**TIME:** Now.

**PLACE:** A hotel ballroom or a similar large-size meeting room where the audience has gathered to attend a relationship dynamics seminar. The stage is bare, except for a chair or stool and a small table with a glass and pitcher of water.

## MOUTHY BITCH

# MOUTHY BITCH

*KATE stands downstage center, feet shoulder-width apart. She wears a dark-colored business suit, with tailored jacket and pencil skirt. Under the jacket, a jewel-toned bra provides a small pop of color. Her posture is exemplary. Her shoes are stylish with a high heel, yet simple and conservative. She is a business woman and shouldn't, in any way, suggest anyone for whom sex is a priority or an occupation. At rise, a mischievous smile crosses her lips.*

**KATE.** There's something about his pubic hair... the way it peeks over the top of my panties when he wears them. It's like the little curly hairs are saying, "Hello, we're playing hide-and-seek in your panties." (*A thought quickly crosses her mind; clarifying*) He didn't just put on a pair of my panties without my permission. Let's not have any misunderstanding about that. I didn't come home early one day and find him prancing around in my underwear. Absolutely not. It happened in a perfectly civilized way. We were in the early stages of foreplay, on a Sunday morning about two years ago. He was licking his way down my stomach and, when he got to my panties, he said, "Let's try something unusual – something a little kinky." I'm not one to stifle another person's creative exploration. I'm not a prude. So, I said, "Okay," without knowing what he was planning to do. I'm a person who *trusts*. I think if you trust a person enough to let him go down on you, you should trust him enough to have reasonable parameters for what's unusual and a little kinky. He slid my panties down my legs and, before he put them on, he sniffed them. I was a little taken aback by the sniff, but I chalked that up to the concern that every woman has about how clean and fresh they are down there. (*Heading off any assumptions*) I am clean and fresh – down there and everywhere. But it was still disconcerting to see him sniff my panties with such zeal. That really is the only word to describe it: Zeal. And then he put on the panties and did a little model-on-a-runway spin in front of the full-length mirror in my bedroom. I've worn a pair of his

## MOUTHY BITCH

boxers to bed, once or twice, so having him wear my panties didn't seem to be too deviant.

*Striding left, then, right, she takes more active control of her space.*

We all get caught up in that idea – of what is and what isn't deviant. We look for ways to shame people who do things that are out of the norm. The problem with that is, what people believe is the norm, isn't the norm at all. That's why I do these seminars... these *opportunities* to talk about surviving and thriving in a world that wants women to follow the rules established and enforced by men. *(Scanning the audience)* I see more men than usual, tonight. We'll see if that turns out to be a good thing or not – for you and for us. Look around, ladies. Locate the man nearest to your seat. Are you close enough to grab his package and claim it for your own. *(With a knowing smile)* I bet that made some of your balls shrink up, didn't it, gentlemen? You don't have to nod or verbalize any kind of affirmative response. We'll just keep it between us. Like a secret. So, just relax. Open your legs as wide as you do when you're feeling totally comfortable and in control. I've had men tell me that they sit that way so their balls can breathe, or because their package is so massive that keeping their legs any closer together is unbearably uncomfortable. What an ordeal that must be. If that's the case for you, gentlemen, you have our sympathy. *(To a man in the audience)* Women are less focused on the size of your equipment than you are. You should know that. We'll *talk* about it – the size of your dick and balls – with our friends and co-workers, but we don't *obsess* about it. And we don't value you any less if you're just average. Jeremy is just slightly bigger than average. Anything longer or thicker and it would look bizarre in my panties. And it would seem threatening just hanging there, when he gets out of the shower and everything is dangling all ding-dong-extra-long from the exposure to hot water. *(Clarifying)* Jeremy is my boyfriend – the one with the slightly-bigger-than-average penis and the pubic hair that plays hide-and-seek in my panties. His real name is Jeremiah, but I only call him that when he's been bad. There's something a little too Biblical about Jeremiah, so I prefer Jeremy... Or Puppy. *(She crosses upstage to her chair.)* This is the

## MOUTHY BITCH

point in the presentation when I would normally show a picture of him. I'd project it on the screen that the organizers had arranged for me to have. But, somehow, they forgot the screen *and* the projector, this time. And, besides, at the seminar I did last weekend, I showed a picture of Jeremy wearing one of my Victoria Secret thongs, and some woman – some *mouthy bitch* – shouted, "Shave his hairy ass crack!" As if it was her place to point out that he has a hairy ass crack or that I – or anyone else – should shave his ass crack so that it would be acceptable to her. (*Even more incensed*) As if it was in any way appropriate for her to shout out anything at all! So, even if I did have a projector and screen, I don't think I'd show you a picture of Jeremy. One mouthy bitch can spoil it for everyone else.

*She stands up, moving toward a section of the audience.*

Calling someone a mouthy bitch isn't sexist. And it isn't a description that should cause anyone to blush. I'm not about to censor myself to keep from offending anyone. My candor shouldn't be a surprise to you – unless you were dragged here by a friend, in hopes of improving your awareness of male-female interpersonal relationship dynamics. Women who pretend to be mortified by profanity or sexual references need to get the fuck over themselves. It's that kind of antiquated thinking that's responsible for centuries of dysfunction. And hairy ass cracks – *Yes*, back to hairy ass cracks – are a reality. An honest-to-the-deity-of-your-choice reality. So, we should be able to talk about them. We should be able to *look* at them. We should be able to *appreciate* them without some goddamn mouthy bitch trying to shame us into shaving or silence. Or both. And I, for one, am fond of a hairy ass crack. There's something appealing – something inherently masculine – about it. Every man I've had a relationship with has had a hairy ass crack. And that's not something you can find out in advance. People don't back into a room with their asscheeks spread, showing you their ass crack, on the first date. At least not the people I've dated. Even my first boyfriend, when I was seventeen, had a hairy ass crack. He was a swimmer – a *competitive* swimmer – and he shaved his chest, legs and armpits. He even shaved



## MOUTHY BITCH

his pubic hair, which I thought was peculiar. But his ass crack stayed hairy. My appreciation of hairy ass cracks may have started because it's the only body hair Jonah had. If he'd had a hairy chest, I might have developed a fondness for hairy chests. We'll never know. My point is that, just because something doesn't appeal to your sense of aesthetics or sexual arousal doesn't mean you should be a mouthy bitch about what other people like or find attractive.

*She takes a sip of water, then wipes the corners of her mouth with her index finger, before continuing.*

Jonah was a sweet guy. Every woman's first boyfriend should be a sweet guy. Especially if the losing of your virginity is involved. Which, in my case, it wasn't... Not exactly... Not technically. But also, in a way, actually, yes.

*She takes a gulp of water, inhales, then, exhales slowly.*

Virginity is a tricky concept. It means different things to different people. We can talk physiologically and say that losing one's virginity requires that a penis or some similarly phallic object penetrates the vagina and ruptures the hymen. Or we can speak more broadly and say that a person's first sexual activity of any kind – consensual or not – is an unequivocal loss of one's virginity. Do blowjobs count? Some of you are asking yourself that question, right now. A blowjob would certainly fall under the heading of "sexual activity of any kind." So, using that broad definition, yes, blowjobs count. The fact that we look for wiggle room or ways to clarify the concept of virginity points directly to the hyper focus society places on virginity and how it separates the good people from the bad. Which is ludicrous. Because it discounts the critical element of virginity or the lack of it: Innocence. When my hymen was ruptured by my brother, when I was 14, I didn't feel any loss of innocence. I felt irritated. Both emotionally and vaginally. *(A quick beat)* My brother was 12 and big for his age. When puberty hit, he went from little boy to linebacker – seemingly overnight. And he was aggressive.

## MOUTHY BITCH

He liked to wrestle and used to jump me from behind, force me to the ground and sit on me. No one in my family thought it was abnormal behavior. They were amused by it. My father laughed so hard, when Noah jumped me in the family room, that he peed his pants. Sitting in his recliner, watching my little brother treat me like a dog with a chew toy, my father pissed himself so much that he made a puddle on the carpet. And then everybody laughed at *that*. Because, apparently, a puddle of piss on the floor is worthy of more attention than a bruised girl biting her lip so she wouldn't cry. Girls learn their value through the realities of their family. *I learned*. So, when Noah pinned me to the ground in our back yard and tied tent spikes to my hands and feet and pounded the spikes into the ground, I knew that my reality was about to change. And when he cut off my shorts and underpants with a pair of hedge clippers, I just closed my eyes and imagined that I wasn't in my body. Until I heard him spit and I opened my eyes to see our dog's rawhide bone in Noah's hand, with his spit dripping off it. And then he shoved the bone into my vagina. In and out and in and out. Hard. And he said, "I'm a bad dog." Then he kind of howled and I saw a big wet spot in his shorts and he grunted and collapsed on top of me. And I never told anyone, while I was growing up. Because, despite the reality of a rawhide-chafed vagina and busted hymen, no one would take my side. My dad would chalk it up to my vivid imagination. My mom would say that a 12-year-old boy wouldn't do nasty things to his sister, no matter how much his sister provoked him... So, it was my secret. Mine and Noah's, though the absence of guilt in his eyes was a sure sign that what he did was just another wet dream to him. (*A beat.*) I choose to believe that the essence of virginity is innocence. I didn't lose my innocence that afternoon in the backyard of my childhood home. If anything, I *gained* innocence. I learned all about innocence and guilt and victimization that day. And I've carried that knowledge with me. I wield it like a pair of hedge clippers, cutting through the overgrown bullshit that masquerades as reality.

*She unbuttons one of her suit jacket buttons, allowing her bra to be more visible.*

## MOUTHY BITCH

The concept of a woman wielding a weapon – or any kind of power – is difficult for men – and some women – to handle. Weapons are phallic for a reason. Guns, knives... remote controls. They're all just extensions of the penis. Luke – my boyfriend after Jonah – used to move his hand up and down on his video game controller like he was masturbating it – or himself. Luke was my boyfriend, during the first half of my freshmen year of college. He had a goatee. And a hairy ass crack. He was an art history major, with a very large and talented tongue. I wasn't lured away from Jonah by Luke's oral skills. Jonah's and my relationship ran its course in that way that relationships between 17-year-olds do. Jonah went into the Navy and I went to college. But this isn't about the chronology of my boyfriends. Chronology is a concept created by men to determine the speed with which women move from "Hello" to "Let's fuck." They judge their own prospects for the express-lane-to-fucking based on how quickly you got busy with your previous boyfriends, with the most recent one being the best indicator. It's like how a realtor will check the recent sales of comparable houses in your area, when you're thinking of putting yours on the market. Men are very time-focused. And they have different standards for acceptable timelines for sex. They all want a woman who'll have sex on the first date, but they won't think of you as relationship material if you do. "How many guys have you slept with?" Luke asked during our first pre-date texting conversation. "One," I answered. He wanted to see a picture of the guy – which meant that he was either very competitive or confused about his sexuality. I said I didn't have any photos of Jonah. Which was a lie. I have a gorgeous photo of him in a turquoise Speedo with his abs glistening in the sun. But I wasn't about to send that to Luke – before we'd even been out on a date – just so he could obsess about whether or not he was hotter and hung better than Jonah. We assume that seeing photos of our previous paramour will trigger the most powerful I-have-to-step-up-my-game impulses in the new boyfriend. But it doesn't and it won't. It becomes a distraction that they can't get past. (*Simply*) Which is why I got Luke a shock collar... For his testicles... There's something comfortingly clinical about saying "testicles" instead of "balls" where a shock collar is

## MOUTHY BITCH

concerned. But, since I've pointed that out, I might as well just call a ball a ball. So, yes, I got him a shock collar for his balls... Now would be a really good time to have a projector and a screen that work, because I've got a diagram that shows how the little electrified ring was clipped around his scrotum – the part that hangs away from his body... Imagine one of those little ring-toss games. *(She demonstrates, using her hands)* Here are his balls. And here is the part of the scrotum that connects to his groin. And here is where the shock collar was wrapped and snapped... Luke's shock collar was a very basic version of the more advanced ones you can find now. But it served its purpose. I could zap his balls from as far as fifteen feet away. I'd see his eyes shift away from looking at me and I'd electrify his lowhangers with the push of a button. Sometimes, I zapped him when we were arguing and he disagreed with me, but more often it was just to keep him on task and focused on what was important. There wouldn't be any need for Adderall if we, as a society, would just embrace the idea of putting electrified scrotum rings on the balls of people who struggle with ADD. A shock collar strapped onto a man's scrotum can change his life. For the better.

*She takes off her suit jacket, hanging it on the back of her chair. In just her bra, skirt and heels, she continues her thought.*

Until that man figures out how to rewire the shock collar and disable the connection to the remote control... Luke was creative and horny. That's a powerful combination. He found a way to make the collar emit a continuous buzz – like a vibrator, with sharper pulses at regular intervals. And he wrapped the leather strap around the base of his penis and testicles, rather than just around his scrotum. So, instead of a device designed to improve his discipline and sharpen his focus, Luke had what amounted to a vibrating cock ring. He'd strap it on in the morning and stay in bed all day – skipping classes and meals. Any ambition he had fell by the wayside. He turned into a hedonistic slug, laying on his dorm room bed, zapping himself until he ejaculated, over and over, without having to masturbate. Luke was, if you'll pardon my vulgarity, a pig in shit. *(She begins to cry)* And, after a man has found a way to trigger a

## MOUTHY BITCH

steady stream of earth-shattering orgasms without having to do anything other than flipping a switch, there is no motivation for him to get off in a more active way. And that's sad. *(Trying to be articulate, through her sobs)* A man's loss of ambition – sexual or otherwise – is something to be mourned. *(Wiping away her tears)* But I wasn't about to be brought down by the shortcomings of a lazy college boy with an ejaculation addiction. So I moved on. There are plenty of hairy-ass-cracked fish in the ocean. Remember that.

*She strides to a section of the stage she's given short shrift and focuses her attention on the audience in that area.*

You have to remember *everything*. But those memories can only be the context for your forward movement. The lies that organized religion tries to sell us, about forgiving and forgetting, are just that: Lies. When somebody hurts you in some way, they're teaching you how to *not* get hurt that way, again. Be grateful that they've given you the opportunity to learn the lesson, but don't forgive them. And don't forget. Just put it in perspective – in the context of who you're becoming, and who you'll be.

*She takes a sip of water, then wipes the corners of her mouth with her index finger, before continuing.*

There were several boyfriends in the context of the rest of my freshmen and sophomore years of college. But that's all they were – context. Lessons, perspective and context. One note that could be helpful, though: If you choose to date a guy who wears eyeliner, clarify with him, in advance, if he cries either during or immediately after sex. If he does, move along – quickly – and save yourself the unpleasantness of fucking someone who'll end up looking like a tragic raccoon. *(Swiftly shifting her focus to another section of the audience)* And, yes, I said, “fucking” in the active sense, rather than “being fucked by.” The person who is doing the penetrating doesn't have exclusive right to being the fucker and the person being penetrated isn't the fuckee by default.

## MOUTHY BITCH

Depending on the style and mode of fucking, both people involved in the fucking *are fucking*. Unless – and this is another helpful note – the guy has a horrifically big dick. In that case, you can expect him to lay on his back and apply pressure to the base of his penis in an effort to keep it hard, while you're on top, trying to look sexy, as you sit on his semi-turgid, fleshy fence post. *(A quick beat)* That was a tad harsh. But honest. *(A truth-talking pronouncement)* Big-dicked men are lazy or entitled – and by entitled, I mean their mind-set. They think that, because they're bringing a big dick to the fucking, all they have to do is lay there.

*With narrowed eyes, she scans the audience.*

If there are any really big-dicked men in the audience – guys with truly gargantuan cocks – who *aren't* lazy, raise your hands... Ladies, take note. *(An afterthought; a challenge)* Of course, the proof is in the performance... Reuben was fond of saying that – usually with one hand on my shoulder or looking soulfully into my eyes. Or both. He was my boss – my *mentor* – during my internship junior year. I'd had jobs before, but the internship felt like a grown-up step toward a career. And Reuben was essential to that. Reuben was a man, not a college boy. He didn't wear underwear. Not ever. That was obvious. When he would walk toward me, I couldn't help but notice the movement of his package. The *bounce*. The *swing*. And he'd catch me looking. And he'd wink. Not a sleazy, creepy wink. It was playful...Cute. All of the interns wanted him. Guys and girls. We were captivated by his swagger... Hypnotized by his swing. And one night, as I was going around the revolving door twice, before exiting, as I liked to do, I found myself sharing a section of the revolving-door pie with Reuben. I felt his hand brush against my ass. And then his little finger intertwined with mine, like we were pinky-swearing. We stood on the sidewalk, not looking at each other, but touching... and breathing in the same rhythm. He started walking toward the bus and I followed – our pinkies were still linked together. Reuben didn't say anything and neither did I. As we got on the bus, he took off his suit jacket. Somehow, he was able to do it without

## MOUTHY BITCH

our pinkies losing their connection. It was like magic. Or, maybe, the moment that our pinkies disconnected long enough for him to take off his jacket was when I was thinking, “And, on top of his swagger and swing and his ability to look soulfully into my eyes and make me a little wet, just from the way he looks at me, *he takes public transportation!* He cares about the environment!” I also may have moaned. Or gasped. Or gasped *and* moaned.

*She snaps out of her reverie, quickly shifting her focus.*

And, yes, he was my boss... my direct supervisor... my internship mentor. But, before anybody turns into a mouthy bitch and yells, “Don’t shit where you eat,” let me be very clear that none of this took place at the office or in any room where food was consumed. Reuben reached out to me on the sidewalk *in front of* the office, not *in* the office. Boundaries were definitely in place. And an air of respect – *mutual* respect – was pervasive. Absolutely pervasive. He was more of a gentleman than any of the other guys I’d been with. He was older, yes, but also infinitely more mature and experienced. Also, there’s something very validating about sitting on a bus and watching the man you’re with pitch a tent in his pants with no underwear. And I liked seeing that other people were noticing his erection and knowing that I was responsible for it. When we got to his condo, he unlocked the door and motioned for me to go inside. I’m a person who trusts, so I went in. I heard the door close and lock and, when I turned around, Reuben was standing there, completely naked. He was like one of those quick-change artists, except that he didn’t change clothes, he was just *quick-naked*. He had a hairy chest and shaved balls. Later, when he turned around and bent over, I noticed his hairy ass crack. He also had pierced nipples. When I saw the metal rings, glinting in the moonlight that was coming through his living room window, I asked him if he was gay or bi. I wasn’t aware that straight men did the below-the-neck piercing thing. But they do. And Reuben liked to hook a chain to his nipple rings and have his guests tug on the chain. Hard. “There are many things I like my guests to do to me,” he said, with one of his playful winks. He referred to his sex

## MOUTHY BITCH

partners as guests. *(With a hint of awe)* He was so goddamn civilized. And don't think that sex was the only thing that Reuben and I did, together. Far from it. But the sexual exploration with him was a crucial step in my evolution... It was critical to the creation of the manifesto that inspired me to do these seminars. So, I'm not going to skip over important stages in my development, just because they involve some unexpected and unusual sexual experiences. *(A basic truth)* Unusual is only unusual until you do it enough times that it becomes usual. *(Another, even more important piece of information)* And it was mid-way through my inserting a billiard ball into Reuben's asshole that he verbalized what has become one of my essential mantras: "Embrace the unexpected." An hour or so later, when he shot the 8-ball out of his ass, and ejaculated onto my breasts like he was glazing a donut, he added the coda to the mantra: "Don't just be the exception to the rule. Be exceptional." And that's exactly what I want you to do... It's what this seminar is all about!

*She notices a look of confusion on some audience members' faces.*

I know some of you are concerned that I'm going to expect you to shove a billiard ball up your ass. *(A quick beat)* Some of you may be hoping for that. A few of you may be planning a stop at a pool hall on your way home, later tonight. But that's not what I mean. I want you all to do what I've done: Embrace the unexpected. It's a mind-set that's in direct contrast to what society encourages us to do: Avoid the unusual. And be afraid of the unexpected. But why take a passive approach to living, when you can be strong and bold and powerful, instead? *(Getting increasingly fervent)* The question *isn't* whether a *man* can handle being in a relationship with an *empowered woman*. The real issue is whether *we* can love and care about *ourselves*, when we choose power and fearlessness. *(Practically Pentecostal)* I say, YES! I say, living any other way is just hoisting up the white flag and surrendering to every negative, weak, victim impulse we've been taught is our birthright as women. Society says be a good girl, don't make waves, subjugate your desires to those of your sex partners and put everybody else's needs ahead of your



## MOUTHY BITCH

own! *(So evangelistic that it's a wonder she doesn't start bleeding from the stigmata)* Now, I'm going to be a mouthy bitch and say, "Hell, no! Fuck that noise!" *(She blots her face and cleavage with a handkerchief.)* And a simple question from Reuben was the next important step in my self-realization. "What do you want to do?" he inquired, as I pumped enough Elbow Grease lube into his ass to fry a chicken up there. I was prepared to put the 8-ball in the back pocket, so to speak, when he turned around, looked soulfully into my eyes and asked that incredibly generous question. Almost no one asks you that, if you're a woman or an exclusively passive gay man. They assume that *their* pleasure *is* your pleasure. But it's not and it's not only about pleasure. It's a matter of control – of giving it to someone else or taking it for yourself. I was so unprepared for the unexpected question, that I didn't know what to say. I felt compelled to testify that, "I want whatever you want," but I squelched the impulse. I blushed and mumbled, "Well, I like it when you go down on me and reach up and twist my nipples a little, at the same time." And that was true. But Reuben said, "Think outside your box. If you were in charge of our every interaction, starting now, what would you want to happen?" *(She returns to her chair.)* I was afraid that all the possibilities racing around in my head would trigger some kind of seizure, but I shook off that fear and organized my thoughts. I've done things that I've wanted to do: I've put shock collars on guys' balls. I've used handcuffs and whips and hot wax. I've crafted my own line of oatmeal and lavender soaps and I've run two half marathons – which equals a *whole* marathon. But in this situation – this life-changing moment with Reuben, I opted to be neither dominatrix nor Renaissance woman. I said, "I want you to go down on me and not stop till I get off. And don't rush it. And get yourself off *after* I've finished. And, after that, no cuddling... No spooning... Nothing except a shower and a smile.

*She takes a gulp of water, but doesn't wipe the corners of her mouth.*

After sex, I'm sweaty and sticky and not at all clean and fresh. And *you* smell like bleach and stale salt and vinegar potato chips, and your penis leaks like a garden hose that didn't get turned all the way off after

## MOUTHY BITCH

watering the lawn. Does that make me sound like a bitch?" I asked him that. I'm not asking *you*. I asked *Reuben*. (*Getting an increasingly manic edge*) But before he could answer, I thought, "No. It doesn't."

*She strides downstage, taking a feet-shoulder-width-apart stance, a cross between confident and confrontational.*

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