

The Tory Who Came on My Face.

A a short one-woman play.

Notes on the text:

GIRL will be fully clothed the whole time. All sexual positions will be indicated through physicality, movement and staging.

An - alone on the page indicates a new location.

All dialogue in speech marks indicates the characters talking to each other. The rest is direct address to audience.

GIRL is on her hands and knees, thrusting forward and back.

GIRL I should have known this would happen the second he told me he was a tory.

Anyone big into austerity is never going to give generously.

Just don't think it's in their nature.

Oh for fucks -

Her head is 'pushed' down to to the floor, so her bum is poking in the air.

But in any case -

You know what I *do* find hard to believe?

Genuinely quite -

Tricky to believe. Is that... a lot of girls enjoy this.

This is their... position of choice.

The creme de la creme of sex.

A guy pounding you from behind, dripping sweat onto your back as you desperately try not to go hurtling straight off the end of the bed.

(It's happened before).

Upper body control has never been a strength of mine...

But what I really hate

what I really can't stand

is how my tits look. When I look down at them.

At this angle all....

Jiggling around like that. I mean I guess guys love it but...

I mean they can't even really see them from up there. What are they looking at, exactly? What's so great about this?

I'll never know.

But still, I'll stay here a bit longer.

Cheek squished into spunk stained sheets and -

Fuck. I've lost my earring... one earring is gone. Shi-

Okay it's got to be on the floor somewhere. Yes. I'll use this time productively. Just took for that silver hook, while he takes his sweet time....

She starts making moaning noises.

....

No, these are not moans of pleasure. This is motion sickness.

He's giving me actual motion sickness.

Okay, yep, need to find a way to smoothly insinuate a good flipping over....

She attempts to get up and change position.

'Er... can we... erm...? I just prefer it like... er... yeah okay-'

She lies down.

Yeah, alright, I'm vanilla as fuck. Sue me.

One of her legs is awkwardly lifted up into the air.

Not sure I'm loving this. He keeps...

smiling. But not like, a nice, sweet smile, like a...

sly, sadist-y sort of smile. Like a 'I'm going to fuck you, murder you and hide you in my closet' sort of smile.

A bit terrifying actually. Eery.

At first I thought it was charming... that smile. Like when he first bought me a pint and we sat in a pub garden and I laughed at his strict beard trimming routine.

Very straight teeth emerging from a precisely trimmed beard. I had imagined him trimming it every night before bed and found it incredibly cute...

But there are certain things you can tell by a third date.

And yes, by now I can safely say I hate it.

Can barely stand the sight of it.

That smile.

And now I have to fuck to it. Not like I can just... look away.

That would be rude.

Either way, there's really not much going on down there...

Surprise surprise.

But how did I let that smile lure me... here.

It's our third date. He's invited me round to his. Fine. Fair enough. Acceptable...

I mean... I had suggested the pub and then lets see, but I guess he was keen to get down to it... which involved picking me up in his powerhouse Ford Fiesta, offering me some cold chips followed by a sultry evening of smoking fags on his sofa. Mmm, sexy.

That's when he gives me that grin. That smile. That 'I'm going to lock you in my attic' eery slime ball smile. I notice it just before I feel his hand trying to act all casual on my thigh, whilst his other knocks back the cheap wine.

We have somehow ended up watching a biopic about Truman Kepote, the conflicted gay novelist and his agonising obsession with the murderer he based 'In Cold Blood' on.

So, you know, just a chilled night in.

Anyway, we're drinking this cheap wine and I'm trying not to eat too many of the crisps he bought us.

Sensations coriander and lime.

Damn.

At least he gets some things right...

And, I'm thinking: oh... go on, maybe I'll just have one m-

When I notice his fingers have moved further up. *Much* further up. I glance round and fuck-

Straight in there. No fucking around. Gentle neck peck to build it up? Nope, not for him, apparently. This is more...

Like a washing machine invading my mouth.

The type you keep trying to turn down. Put on a low spin, low heat, but it just keeps... malfunctioning and spurting out. All over your kitchen floor.

Is it so difficult to be a tiny bit receptive? Really too much to ask? Without me having to say 'no, I do not want you sucking and slobbering and slushing all around my -'

But every time I pull away he just pulls me closer - hands trailing up my back, pulling and unhooking -

And fuck.

I'm naked.

Really did not see that happening so quickly.

To be perfectly honest, the fanny flutters have barely even made an appearance yet, but there we go...

I look over to Capote crying in a prison cell, as the ripped threads of this sofa lodge themselves in my behind. So now I'm lying here, trying not to itch down there...

Naked.

Pulled up and yanked through and plonked down on these springs that dig in and in and we fumble and flip and now he's -

Holding my head so tightly. Tightly - but sincerely...

and we slow. He finally slows down. At last. Less of a washing machine... more of a slow tumble dryer... no....

actually, quite gentle really. Smooth lips, no suction and, yeah okay, maybe something *is* happening now...

She closes her eyes. Pause. Then, she grabs her hair.

Ooh. Hair grab. Okay. Rough, but sensual. Kind of... hot -

The hand grabbing her hair pushes her head down.

Wh -

She is 'pushed' again.

Surely -

Again.

Not.

He's pushing me down there. He's actually -

Again.

Fuck. *Pushing* me -

down -

Again. Her eyes snap open.

I didn't think people actually did this.

Thought this was just the kinda thing that happened in shit porn. Or like... the Peep Show.

But he's actually grabbing my head and pushing me down.

As if the thought wouldn't have crossed my mind.

Like I needed a reminder:

'My dick is down there, by the way, in case you hadn't noticed.'

And all I can think now is: this is a moment, yeah - this is one of those moments where *I* can make a difference. My words or my actions could change the way he touches and teaches and respects women. If I just come out and say:

'Nah, mate, that's not gunna win you any points here'

He'll realise how fucking -

She's pushed down again.

How fucking non-romantic and rude and generally offensive this is. I can alter his perspective. I am not a doll or a... sex robot.

And if I don't say something, or do something to revolt against this disgusting act, then I am basically failing feminists everywhere.

No, I'm failing women everywhere.

Sylvia Pankhurst will literally roll over in her -

She's pushed again.

Grave.

Okay, I'm doing it - yes.

Yep I'm gunna do it, next time he does it, yep I'm -

I'm going to -

She is pushed again.

Right. Now I have to do it.

FUCK.

Okay. Okay, really shouldn't be this difficult - okay okay okay okay okay -

He pushes down, she pulls away.

'Could you - er, just would you mind... not doing that?'

Blank face. Did he not hear me or...

'Okay.'

Okay! I've done it!! I said something! A small step for woman, a fucking gigantic leap for womankind.

Phew.

Pause. Slowly, her hand creeps back onto her head and applies pressure, until she eventually pushes herself completely to the floor.

Well, so much for that.

She picks up a banana, peels it and puts it in her mouth.

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You know, your average Brighton born girl going to a Uni who's marketing slogan practically states: 'social-justice warriors - welcome home', would probably smash their drink on the floor and peg it straight out the door the very moment the words -

(Him) 'Yeah, I would say I'm more centrist at the moment.'

Left his mouth. But I didn't. No. I didn't even when he said -

(Him) 'I mean, I did vote conservative in the last two elections, but lately I feel like I'm starting to see things from different perspectives...'

I took the high road. Gave him the benefit of the doubt. Wasn't going to go acting all high and mighty because I tweeted an article about free school meals six months ago... which I didn't even read. Besides, ones political views do not necessarily align with what kind of person they are...

So we talk. We discuss. I think. I drink. I have... fun. Yeah... he's sweet. And we have things in common like...

She thinks. Long pause.

Music! Music, we definitely have in common.

Well, he's semi-familiar with Chaka Khan, so I'm happy with that.

We check out this bar in the hipster part of town... everyone in here is wearing some new take on dungarees, holding old jam jars, most definitely discussing Karl Marx.

Fuck. There's no fooling these lot.

Thank God they are playing some old school disco tunes. I try to keep the conversation on that, when he tells me to 'wait here'... and I watch as he approaches the DJ...

He returns a second later saying -

(Him) 'He's not taking requests, apparently'

(Herself) 'Oh really? Just leave that to me.'

Me and DJs have a special bond, you see.

Next thing you know, the whole room is grooving to Chaka's soulful tunes. I take a sip of my drink and slip in next to him.

A little bit chuffed.

(Herself) 'Must have just liked my music better than yours.'

(Him) 'Well, of course he'll play your music. Doesn't mean he *likes* it. He's a guy. Any guy will do anything a pretty girl tells him to.'

A pause. Then, she smiles, flustered.

-

So, I decided I could let the Tory thing slide. However - I really should have known by date number two:

I see him waiting at the bar, and approach him with a cheeky...

(Herself) 'How you doin'?'

He turns around to me and says:

(Him) 'I'm, alright thanks... how are you?'

I am genuinely horrified.

'No... I was - don't you - you know, it's a... joey...?'

(Him) 'Joey... I don't think I know joey - '

(Herself) 'No, I meant, you know - friends?'

(Him) 'Friends... like, chums? Oooh, you mean friends the TV show? Yeah, I don't watch it.'

(Herself) 'You've never seen -'

(Him) 'No I've seen it, course I've seen it. I started watching it but I didn't really like it. Couldn't get into it.'

(Herself) 'Right.'

....

(Herself) '...So, what exactly do you watch?'

(Him) 'Do you know the Peep Show?'

-

Now, it's not that I *don't like* the Peep Show. I do.

"Men and ven" and all that shit.

Yeah. It's funny shit.

But when your life starts feeling like a rejected episode from the actual Peep Show - that's when I have a problem.

I'll give you the low down...

Back to our third date: he pushes me down there and I give into sucking his cock for what feels like 10 minutes before I mentally give up on life. So I stop, crook my head up to see him reaching into his draw for something.

Something shiny...

It's worth bearing in mind... it's the Sahara desert down there. I mean, Norwich is known as the driest city in the UK, but it's got to be reaching new levels. This Friends hating maniac hasn't even bothered placing as much as a little finger down there to even the score.

(Him) 'Do you wanna just, you know - go for it then?'

-

She is back in the 'sex' position. Her leg is being 'pushed' back into the air. She's breathing heavily.

So that's how I've ended up here. And I'm not gunna lie, it's kinda hurting, cos I'm pretty dry, and my legs up quite high and none of these angles are right.

Don't think they could even feel right if he *actually* tried.

Feeling like we've definitely been at this for a while now, so fuck it, I just come out and say it:

(Herself) 'Are you... close?'

(Him) 'To coming? No... are you?'

Seriously?

(Herself) 'No.'

Looks me dead in the eye and says:

(Him) 'Yeah, yeah - you are, aren't you.'

What. The. Fuck.

I needed to - no -

No.

(Herself) 'Right, listen, can we - yeah. I don't really want to... can we stop for a bit? I'm really not feeling... I'm not close, at all really, so I feel like you're really going to need to do something for me here because, if anything, it's kind of hurting in some places... some angles, so. Yeah...'

Yeah, yeah. Good. Okay. That's fine. He's okay with that. I feel okay, having said that. Yeah. Maybe this could...

And - finally - he's touching me. Down there. And it feels...

Mmm...

Yeah. Okay. Kind of nice but.... but by this point I just feel like... how do I feel? Weird. Like I don't want to. I don't want to come because it feels too... exposing? And I'm not even fussed about feeling good because I know he doesn't give a shit about making me feel good. So I just cut to the chase...

She picks up another banana and shoves it in her mouth. Starts eating. The following speech is muffled:

I mean, I probably *should* finish him off but -

Now he's moving me around -

She gets on her knees, body upright.

And he's standing up, shoving it straight -

Fucking -

In there like he's -

whacking down moles in that arcade game -

And I'm sucking...

trying to keep up but -

suddenly he -

She pulls the banana out.

Stops. Pulls away. Huh.

I lean back. Breath. Try to relax, take a break, after all that...

He looks down at me. Gives me this long... intense stare.

Smiles.

Grabs his dick and -

She is thrown backwards. The banana probably flies in the opposite direction. Pause.

It's everywhere.

All over my face.

My tits.

My hair.

Everywhere.

-

She is wiping her face and hair with bog roll.

Afterwards, our exchanges probably amount to a couple sentences. He... apologises.

(Him) 'Oh shit - sorry - did you not want me to do that?'

I laugh. A lot. Out of awkwardness, obviously... I do that a lot. But I don't say anything. I'm just... stunned.

Then he lies down and turns over. Nothing more for me then... I guess coming in my face is enough to round off the evening.

But even so, I'm still... curious.

(Herself) 'So, do you not enjoy, you know... going down on girls then?'

(Him) 'Hmm. I don't think any guys actually enjoy doing it. But they're happy to do it.'

Oh... yeah. Because I wake up every morning gagging to find the next dick to suck and then cum all over my -

(Herself) 'Right.'

Pause.

As I'm lying there, trying to get to sleep... I can't help thinking that this just happens to be someone who voted Tory in the last election. And it also just happens to be someone who doesn't have the first clue how to pleasure a woman. Or care.

Oh, and he doesn't like Friends.

Now, I'm not trying to say any of these things have any relation to one another.

Just a coincidence, I guess.

....

Least he had the courtesy to get me some bog roll to wipe it off.

END.