

My first time was in a parking lot.

A short play by Phoebe Wood

The Start

A young woman, Mira, lies centre stage. She is hitched up on her elbows. She is listening to Is That All There Is by Peggy Lee. She might hum a long, or nod her head from side to side.

*** It is the director's choice as to whether the piece is performed by one woman or two (someone playing the mother.)*

Mira: My first time was in a parking lot.

My first time was in the parking lot outside my school.

My school skirt had been rolled up twice for dramatic effect.

It probably helped with the whole getting laid thing.

It was four in the afternoon and I had to go back to school after because I had a detention for chewing gum.

Sweet.

Not that sweet.

He followed me back to the detention room.

He sat at the front.

The parking lot at my school was great because there was a shed that had this big metal roof that created this little dark spot where people would go and make out or touch each other or if you were a pervy loser, yourself.

When we were in year seven we had a game with the boys where we would run to the parking lot at break time, show each other our bits and then run back again and give detailed diagrams slash notes about how the boys willy looked.

And I imagine the boys did the same.

And then we would give feedback and they would rate our boobs out of ten and we would rate them too and sometimes you'd go home with a spring in your step and sometimes you'd go home and cry because you got a four for having *puffy nipples*.

It was summer.

What do they expect. Jeez.

Raunchy though?

For kids.

So I have a lot of memories in this parking lot.

And the loss of my virginity is one of them.

Fifteen.

And let me tell you, boy...

It

Really

Fucking

Hurt.

Sore?

Sore.

Cramps that lasted for three weeks. Had dreams I was being stabbed. Mum found me rolling around on my bedroom floor at:

3 AM in the morning.

She needed a wee.

“What’s wrong with you my darling?”

“Stomach cramps.”

“Period?”

“I’m not on my period.”

Then she winked at me and as she was leaving the room she said:

“Sometimes smaller is better.”

She can be very wise.

I went and sat in detention after I lost my virginity in the parking lot and I could feel the blood trickling down my leg and I could smell the blood that was drying on my tights.

I smiled to the world.

The sound of the sea side starts.

I like to go walking and me and mum live by the beach so I go walking around the sea most of the time.

And we really like the sea.

When I was young I hated the sea.

But now I like it and I like my mum so I end up at the beach with her on a regular basis.

“I’m not sure what to do about it all now.”

“What do you mean sweetheart?”

“I’m just not sure what to do with myself a lot of the time.”

“You mustn’t worry about stuff like that.”

“Well, I do.”

“Of course you’re going to be afraid.”

“That doesn’t help.”

“We always have to find something to be afraid of, otherwise we’re just robots.”

I think about what she says for a while. I take a long breath but it wasn’t as deep as I’d have liked because I’m finding it hard to breathe at the moment.

“What are you doing?” Mum is looking at me, concerned.

“Breathing mum.”

“Have you got a cold?”

“No.”

“Asthma?”

“Yeah probably.”

“Honey?”

“YES MUM! I’M TRYING TO THINK ABOUT YOU’RE THEORY WILL YOU LET ME THINK.”

“What theory?”

“You said something about robots.”

“Oh it wasn’t anything.”

Robots. Robots. Being afraid. Robots. Humans. Being afraid. Mum being wrong. Being afraid doesn’t make you more human. Robots. Fuck. I just lost that thought. That thought. What were we even talking about. It’s gone into the depths of one of the millions of and - FUCK! Wow. It’s like some sort of something just zapped it straight from me, I - I -

“I don’t think you’re right.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t think you’re right about your theory.”

“What do you think?”

“I can’t remember. Tell me what you said again?”

“I just said that humans need to feel afraid to make them human.”

“What were we talking about before then?”

“You said you didn’t know what to do with yourself.”

“I don’t think fear is mandatory to being human mum.”

“No, okay, you’re probably right.”

“MUM!”

“WHAT!?”

“You can’t just give up that easily.”

We both look out to the sea.

Very recently I had sex in that sea with someone who reminded me of the man I lost my virginity too.

I had slept with him because the idea of it had made me feel sick.

That big, hard sea.

He was shorter than me but he was very charming. There’s something to be said about a small man with charm. He was pale and had a weird growth on his toe but I obviously didn’t know at the time because he was wearing shoes and had one and half pairs of socks on. I know this because I picked up five from the shore when we got out.

It was so. Fucking. Cold.

What a stupid place to have sex.

I thought.

After I’d had sex there.

Our conversation in the seaside club went a little like this this -

“You look beautiful.”

“Charming. Thank you.”

“Do you not think that’s charming?”

“I just told you I did.”

“Woah. I can’t believe that worked.”

“What do you mean worked?”

“You haven’t walked away.”

“Agh! I’m close to. I’m here with my friends, I don’t know you, I don’t -”

“Alright, alright, I’m going, woops soz!”

“Did you just say soz?”

“IKR, BRB.”

Something about him made me feel very sick.

So I ran to the toilet and threw up.

Sick: Woah that came on fast.

Why are you talking to me? You can’t talk to me.

Sick: Where did I come from?

What?

Sick: I didn’t even have time to prepare.

Well that’s not my fault.

Sick: You haven’t even drunk that much?

Please stop talking to me.

I was really bemused by the fact that my sick had a mans voice.

And in the rush of it all I found short guy and, well, you know what happened after that.

That's just what we deserved.

Or what I did.

Sound of the seaside.

"Mummy."

"Yes?"

"I love you so much."

"And I love you a painful amount."

And then I thought the following sentence in my head but I thought it would really freak her out but then I also thought that it's only my mum and I don't care if I freak her out:

"Is it weird that sometimes I long to be back in your womb."

"Yes. A little bit."

"But really, I know I sound like I'm going crazy but really I really think it's the only place for me right now."

"You'd get bored in my womb."

"Mum! I don't think it would be like me, being me, being in your womb, it would just be a place where I can stay for a while and stop being a person, like I'd just be a baby again."

"You mean come home for a while?"

I looked at my mum and she smiled.

“Well I’d like that too.”

So I hopped on in.

THE WOMB

The song: Underwater boy by Virna Lindt plays.

Here in the womb I swim and shout
Here in the womb I’m in, I’m out.

I am warm in here,
There is nothing to fear,

We laugh and we play,
We chit and chatter all day.

Womb: Stay here with me, in your happy place
For this is the only place that you’re safe.

I lost my virginity in a parking lot.

I already told you about that.

I lost my virginity in a parking lot outside my school.

He had sex with me like he’d never touched another human in his life.

Sound of the seaside

Mum: “I got an email from your old school yesterday.”

Mira: "My school?"

Mum: "Yes."

Mira: "Why the hell did you get an email from my school?"

Mum: "About Michael."

Mira: "What about him?"

Mum: "He's not in prison anymore."

Mira: "Well where is he?"

Mum: "I don't know."

Mira: "Well surely they told you? Why did they tell you? Why didn't they tell me?."

Mum: "I think they thought it was a sensitive matter."

Mira: "So..."

Mum: "So they came to me first."

Mira: "Fuck that I'm an adult, fuck that."

Mum: "I know darling, I agree."

Mira: "That's really pissed me off."

Mum: "You should give them a ring?"

Mira: "No way."

Mum: "Find out all the information."

Mira: "Well they should have given you that in the email."

Mum: "I will forward it to you."

Mira: "Thank you."

Mum: "Are you going to be alright?"

Mira: "Yes, I'm fine."

Mum: "He won't be allowed anywhere near you."

Mira: "I'm not stupid mum."

(pause)

"That fucking school, It's a joke."

I went back to the seaside the next day.

On my own.

It was raining.

I saw three other people at the beach before I saw all the ambulances and red lifeguard men dotted around.

And a lady.

She was wearing black.

And a man.

He was wearing a blue fleece.

And it was all very colourful apart from the sky.

"You can't come down here." A man in red was talking to me but I walked past him.

He was the sort of man who you could walk past.

And then I watched.

Which is a very strange thing to do in hindsight.

“My baby, my baby” the lady screamed.

“My baby, my baby.” The man in the blue fleece whispered. I imagined.

The man was kneeling in the sand looking out at the sea.

The lady was gyrating.

Forward.

Backward.

Around and about.

In out, in out

Shake it all about.

Do the -

No.

That’s really not appropriate.

He followed me back to the detention room.

And sat behind his desk.

By the end of the detention the blood had dried the way I thought it would.

I smiled at him smiling at me.

Is that all there is?

Is that all there is?

If that’s all there is my friend, then let’s keep dancing.

Let’s bring out the booze and have a ball.

If

That’s

All

There

Is.

*Is that all there is by Peggy Lee starts.
Blackout.*

The end.