

“DRUNK GIRL”

A series of short plays, monologues and sketches about rape and rape culture.

by Josefina Lopez

LINE UP (NOT IN ORDER):

“LIFE IS NOT A FAIRY TALE” - Short Play

“STICK-HER” - Sketch

“I WANT YOU” - Burlesque Routine with Monologue

“A REAL MAN” - Monologue

“ASKING FOR IT” - Sketch

“ALEX - THE SELF-DEFENSE INSTRUCTOR” - Monologue

“UNLUCKY MAN” - Monologue

“STAND UP FOR WOMEN” - Short Play

“LOLITA CORAZON” - Monologue - (2 person scene)

“RED FLAG GAME SHOW” - Sketch

“CAN FINALLY LAUGH ABOUT IT” - Monologue

“A SECOND CHANCE” - Sketch

“DEVIL INSIDE HER” - Sketch

“DRUNK GIRL” - Monologue by Libette Garcia

“PINK SCARS” Short play by Rocio Diaz

“YES, LET’S HAVE SEX” - FINALE - DANCE/SONG NUMBER

“LIFE IS NOT A FAIRY TALE”

Lights fade in on a GIRL, 18, in a camisole. She puts on lipstick in front of the mirror. Her Mexican MOTHER, late 30s, enters holding a present in a box.

MOTHER

Happy 18th birthday M’ija.

GIRL

Gracias Mama!

MOTHER

Open it.

The GIRL opens the box. Inside is a beautiful light pink lace dress.

GIRL

How beautiful!!! Oh, so nice and fancy.

MOTHER

It’s such a pretty, feminine, and delicate dress like you.

GIRL

I love it. I’m going to wear it to the dance...

The GIRL quickly puts it on.

MOTHER

M’ija do not go to the dance tonight. I have a bad feeling about it.

GIRL

But I’m 18 now and I can take care of myself.

MOTHER

I trust you, but I don’t trust the men at the dance. When they start drinking alcohol they do bad things; they turn into something else.

GIRL

But I won’t drink I’m not even 21.

MOTHER

M'ija, let me tell you a story. There once was a girl from a little pueblo who snuck out of her house and went to the dance. She didn't listen to her parents urging her not to go and then when she got to the dance she saw a handsome gentleman in a white suit.

Lights fade and we are now at the dance.
YOUNG WOMAN enters looking beautiful like Cinderella entering the palace. She walks in and sees a HANDSOME MAN in a white suit. They lock eyes and he walks over to her.

HANDSOME MAN

May I have this dance?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes.

They dance. There are other couples dancing.

HANDSOME MAN

I am the luckiest man here because I get to dance with the most beautiful girl at the dance.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm not the most beautiful girl at the dance, but thank you for that compliment.

HANDSOME MAN

Well, it's not a compliment. It's the truth... Why is it that you are here by yourself? I can't believe you don't have a boyfriend who brought you here.

YOUNG WOMAN

(whispering)

I had to sneak out of the house to come to the dance. My parents don't know I'm here. They don't even let me have a boyfriend.

HANDSOME MAN

That's so unfair... But lucky for me I have you all to myself.

Lights transition to show the passage of time.
Lights come back on and there no more couples on the dance floor.

HANDSOME MAN

Are you thirsty?

YOUNG WOMAN

Yes, I am. We've been dancing all night and I'm very thirsty.

HANDSOME MAN

Let me get you a drink.

They walk over to the bar. He hands her a drink. She drinks it and immediately she loses her balance.

HANDSOME MAN

(pretending to care)

Are you all right?

YOUNG WOMAN

I feel like I'm falling asleep... What did you give me to drink?

HANDSOME MAN

Just soda... and Spanish fly.

She practically goes limp and he drags her. She grumbles and tries to fight. She falls to the floor and grabs his foot so he can't take her. She accidentally pulls off his boot and reveals a chicken claw for a leg. She screams in horror. He gives out a thunderous laugh that chills the bone.

Lights fade out.

Lights fade in to the present.

MOTHER

She danced all night with a handsome man who turned out to be the devil. Her parents never saw her again and all people could say was that the devil took her.

GIRL

(dismissive)

Mama, por favor, no exagere! Please don't exaggerate...

MOTHER

NO, I'm not exaggerating... Don't go to the dance because you'll dance with the devil!

GIRL

Mama, por favor. How am I supposed to take you seriously with that old wives tale from your rancho. You're so old fashioned!

MOTHER

Okay, you want to know what really happens at dances? Men get you drunk and then they have their way with you.

GIRL

No, they won't.

MOTHER

Yes, they will.

GIRL

No, they won't.

MOTHER

Yes, they do!

GIRL

You just want to scare me so I never leave the house and stay with you forever! You want to make me afraid so you can control me. Well I'm a woman now! And I'm going to the dance!

MOTHER

How do you think you were conceived?

GIRL

Me? What do you mean?

MOTHER

I snuck out of my parents house to go to the dance. I was dressed so beautifully I felt like Cinderella at the ball. I saw a gorgeous man who looked like a Prince. I danced with him. He convinced me I was beautiful and then he gave me something to drink and I got drunk. He might have put something in my drink, I don't remember. I can't remember much. I was so drunk he pretended to be a gentleman and told everyone he was taking me home and putting me to bed so I could recover. Instead he took me to some bushes in a park. All I can remember is that he went from being a handsome gentleman to a yucky, creepy man, who had sex with me even though I kept saying, "No!" He might as well have been the devil, because he kept telling me I was a dirty bad girl for sneaking out of my parents house without them knowing and that I deserved him sticking his thing in every part of me like I was an object. When I would try to fight he laughed so loud like thunder bolts hitting at my pride and dignity. I felt so ashamed that night

that I never went back home. How could I with all the blood and bruises he inflicted on me? I was so ashamed I snuck out of my parents house without their permission. I didn't want my parents to see me and tell me I deserved it for not listening to them; I couldn't live with myself if they were to say that. So I never went home.

GIRL

(realizing)

So that awful man is my father?

The GIRL sits down. The shock is too much. She looks down unable to utter a word.

MOTHER

Yes... I never wanted to tell you, but I knew I had to tell you... But how do I tell you such a thing?

The GIRL cries. Her MOTHER puts her arm around her.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry it came out out this way. I want you to be safe and I wanted you to know I was not just being an over-bearing mother...

GIRL

Is that why you left Mexico?

MOTHER

I couldn't get an abortion in Mexico so I knew I couldn't continue living in the rancho were my parents lived because they would be shamed into forcing me to marry a man I did not love... So I came to the U.S. thinking I was going to get an abortion and start a new life... But when I got here I couldn't get the abortion. I just knew that if I did it I would never be able to forgive myself... That I would spend the rest of my life regretting it and hating myself. So I kept you and I was finally able to love you so much that all that hate I had for myself and that beast was transformed into love. He didn't win. He didn't ruin my life. He took away my right to say "No" to him but I took my power back by making a difficult choice that taught me that dignity is something no one can take away from you.

GIRL

Now I understand why you protected me so much.

MOTHER

Yes. I never want what happened to me to happen to you... You're 18 now. You're an adult and a woman... I've tried to prevent you from making difficult decisions, but I know it's up to you to decide and make your own mistakes...

(PAUSE)

GIRL

Mama, I appreciate all you have done... But yes, now I am a woman and I have to take care of me. You did all you could...

MOTHER

Yes, it's your life now...

BEAT

GIRL

Mama, I really want to go to the dance... I am going to the dance.

MOTHER

Pues I can't stop you... But what if a man offers you a drink? Can you not accept drinks from anyone? Or can you at least ask him to drink from your drink first before you drink it? And you pretend you are drinking the drink until you are certain it's having no effect on him.

GIRL

I could... But look, I bought this special nail polish that detects chemicals in date rape drugs and I've already put it on. When a man offers me a drink I can stick my finger inside and stir it... If the nail polish turns black it means it's been contaminated so I won't drink it and I'll kick the guy in the balls or kick him to the curve....

MOTHER

M'ija, that's pretty clever.

GIRL

Pues I'm a clever girl because you raised me right.

Lights fade out.

“STICK-HER”

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Do you like going out on Girls Night out with your girlfriend, but later that night you regret it? Watch how this smart Girlfriend handles this late night situation.

Lights fade in on a party with TWO GIRLS dancing. GIRL 2 is about to drink another beer when GIRL 1 stops her.

GIRL 1

Hey, you shouldn't have another one... Hey, you said you would be responsible and besides you're my ride, remember?

GIRL 2

You can drive us home.

GIRL 1

But I'm ready to go home.

GIRL 2

I'm not. I'm going to party all night.

GIRL 1

But you're drinking too much and you told me you weren't going to make a fool of yourself like last time and have me look after you—

GIRL 2

Chilax! You're ruining my fun!

GIRL 1 grabs a GUY's hand and goes off to dance with him.

Lights fade out and fade in to show time passing and how GIRL 2 is now so drunk she's dancing by herself. Her straps are to her sides and she's practically taking her clothes off. TWO GUYS circle her like sharks waiting to take her home.

GIRL 1

I've had enough and I'm not the baby sitter!

GIRL 1 takes out a large sticker from her small purse. She opens it up and it is visible because in large red letters it says: WARNING: I am drunk and I can't give consent – if you have sex with me it will be constituted as RAPE.

GIRL 1 walks up to GIRL 2.

GIRL 1

UBER's picking me up and I am going home. Thanks for a wonderful time.... Not!

GIRL 1 hugs GIRL 2 and puts the sticker on GIRL 1's back without her being aware.

GIRL 1 leaves the party. GIRL 2 dances nasty and goes up to one of the guys. GUY 1 turns her around and sees the sticker and decides to step back. He pulls away from her, but she moves toward him. He finally gets away from her and exits.

GUY 2 walks up to her and grabs her butt. He pulls off the sticker and crumbles it up because that won't stop him. He grinds her and spansks her. When he turns her around GIRL 1 walks back into the party and puts another sticker on GIRL 2 which states: I HAVE HERPES!!!!

GUY 2 reads the sticker and walks away from GIRL 2.

GIRL 2 discovers she's dancing by herself and no one is around her.

GIRL 1 returns to the party, she couldn't leave without her.

GIRL 2

Hey, where are all the guys?

GIRL 1

The party is over. Let's go home.

GIRL 2

OK.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

For only \$9.99 you can get the complete set of stickers for those sticky situations.

He shows us the stickers and they all read crazy things like:
I'm drunk and I am looking for a father figure for my 5
kids. – I have the ebola virus, etc.

Lights fade out.

“I WANT YOU”

Lights fade in on a boudoir style set. A SEXY WOMAN
in lingerie and a boa performs a seductive burlesque dance.
Lights fade out... She takes off her wig and her heels and her
make up and all the accessories as she completes her short
monologue.

NINA

Did you like that? Notice how seductive I am. Are you turned on? Did I do a good job of turning
you on?

By now NINA has completely taken off her burlesque
costume and is in her plain underwear. She puts on a silky
robe.

NINA

Good. I started doing burlesque many years ago... You see when I was a little girl, 10, a man told
me I seduced him and that's why he did it... I grew up believing that it was my fault. I spent
years thinking I seduced him.... I was just a little girl.... When I dance burlesque I take my
power back and at the end of the dance I tell myself I am innocent. I didn't know how to seduce
men until I became an adult woman in charge of my sexuality.... You have to know what sex is,
you have to want sex, and you have to give consent with your actions and words to seduce
anybody. You also have a right to change your mind even if you did initiate a seduction. When
I'm on stage I am elevated so men know, this is all pretend. I don't mind if you go home and
masturbate and think about me, but this line on stage tells men, “Hey, I'm in charge here. I want
to seduce you, but I don't want sex.” Women love to feel sexy, but we don't necessarily want
sex.

Lights fade out.

“A REAL MAN”

Lights fade in on a NACHO, 30s, confident,
looks like a professor, in spotlight.

NACHO

How many of you men think about getting raped? Raise your hand if you do. Nobody says anything. Nobody raises a hand. All the men sitting in the bleachers are completely silent. I keep asking for a few minutes making the men uncomfortable on purpose until finally a wise crack comes out and a guy yells out, “Only if I were to go to prison.” I conduct hundreds of rape awareness seminars and it always goes like this. Then I look to the women all sitting together in the bleachers. I purposely separate the men from the women so I can make my point. “Ladies, do you think about rape? Raise your hands if you do.” All the women raise their hands. Then I turn to the men and say, “That gentlemen is what it means to be a woman and not to be free... Men think that now that women have “equality” in this country that they are free... But they are never free from violence and rape.” Gentlemen - violence against women is not a woman’s problem - it’s our problem. But it’s a conversation we refuse to have. We burden the women with our problem because as men we are entitled to ignore it. Real men stand up for women. The word “Machismo” is not about men having power over women, but being true men who protect women and children. That is what a real macho is... I was not a real man until I decided to stand up for women... I didn’t realize I was not being a man for many years... I used to be a louse, a leach, a real loser who benefitted from stringing women along and taking advantage of their kindness. It wasn’t until my girlfriend kicked me out and I was on the street that it hit me. I felt like a loser because when I was a little boy I watched my father beat my mother countless times in front of me. I felt so helpless because I couldn’t stop him. I was only four years old the first time I saw him do it and I tried to stop him. He slapped me so hard that the next time he beat up my mother I was too afraid to stand up for her again and stop him. I learned that I couldn’t stand up for my mother, that I couldn’t stand up for a woman, and I forgot that I learned that... Before the age of 7 when horrible things happen to us we can forget them, it’s the way the mind helps us survive. We forget the event, but not the lesson. It goes into our unconscious minds and it becomes automatic. Men don’t stand up for women because a lot of us learned early on that we were not man enough to do it. And when we cried for it we might have even taken a beating for crying and we got the message that only women are weak because they are the only ones allowed to cry. Men don’t stand up for women, because some of us feel so weak inside, like we failed our mothers and therefore we will always fail women. We don’t want to stand up for women because some of us are afraid to discover that we are not men. And as a man we can’t possibly be with the feeling of helplessness, because men can’t be helpless or ask for help... Men are afraid to stand up for women and intervene when men are waiting for a drunk girl to be so drunk so that they can rape her because then those men can challenge his masculinity and make him confront himself as to whether they are real men. They will call him a pussy and if he’s not a confident man who knows he’s a man - he will back down. A real man

might say - “Yeah, I’m a pussy. I am what I eat... Gentlemen, this young lady needs to go home so she doesn’t get raped. I’m sure her father would want any of us gentlemen here to be a real man and protect her.” I challenge you men to be real machos; real men.

Lights fade out.

“ASKING FOR IT”

Lights fade in on TWO GUYS on the corner dressed in low hanging pants and backwards caps. A WOMAN passes by and they say disrespectful sexist things like: “Smile”, “I’ll do you right now.” “Suck my cock.”, etc.

A GUY in a black hoodie walks behind a woman who gets harassed and observes them. He approaches them and hangs out.

GUY IN HOODIE

Why do you talk to women like that?

GUY 1

I mean look at them. Look at the way they are dressed in those stripper shoes.

GUY IN HOODIE

Are they dressed too sexy?

GUY 2

I mean look at them; they all dress like whores who could work at a strip club. They’re practically asking for it.

GUY IN HOODIE

Yeah, kinda like the way you guys are dressed and the police think they have the right to racially profile you and stop you and harass you for no reason.

GUY 2

YEAH!

GUY IN HOODIE

Yeah, it's almost as if your low hanging pants, your backwards caps and "wife beater" shirts make cops think that you're saying, "Come on; beat me."

GUY 1

YEAH!!

GUY IN HOODIE

It's like you're asking to be arrested and killed dressed the way you are.

GUY 1 & GUY 2

Wait a minute... You're saying that the way we're dressed gives police officers the right to beat us and kill us?

GUY IN HOODIE

Does it?

GUYS

Hell no!!

A WOMAN dressed in a very sexy dress passes by and the THUGS are about to say something nasty and then they stop themselves. They say something nice instead.

GUY 1

Nice dress. You remind me of my sister.

GUY 2

You have a nice frown. Thank you for being a woman.

GUY 1

We're going to shut up now.

The GUY IN HOODIE walks away.

The GUYS look at each other.

GUYS 1 & 2

Who was that hooded man?

Lights fade out.

“ALEX - THE SELF-DEFENSE INSTRUCTOR”

Lights fade in at the Hollenbeck Police Station. ALEX, 30s, a tough-looking Latina, wearing jeans, cowboy boots with steel heels, and a sleeveless blouse that shows off her tattoos. She could easily be mistaken for a “butch” lesbian, but she’s not. Her core is very feminine, her exterior is very masculine. She sits in handcuffs trying to explain her side of the story. She is frustrated and tries to control her anger. Three POLICE OFFICERS listen to ALEX.

ALEX

I can’t believe you’re really going to book me, officer. I did it out of self-defense. I thought he was going to attack me so I attacked him before he tried it. How was I supposed to know he wasn’t going to attack me? So what that he claims he wasn’t going to attack me. Of course! What’s he going to say? “Yeah I was going to attack her, rape her, and leave her for dead, but she hit me in the balls before I had a chance to throw her on the floor and punch her face”? I’m innocent! Why would I attack a man for no reason? *(She knows she’s not convincing anybody.)* Okay, let me explain...But first, take these handcuffs off of me. I’m gonna need to demonstrate what I did...

POLICEWOMAN #1

(muttering)

Fuckin’ dyke...

ALEX

I’m not a lesbian and what has that got to do with it?

One POLICEWOMAN removes the handcuffs from her. One POLICEWOMAN gestures with her hand to ask if she was drinking.

ALEX

No, I wasn’t drinking. Oh, yeah, I did. I drank a “7-Up,” and, yeah, I know I’m not supposed to be walking by myself at night. I’m a self-defense instructor, I teach these things... Yeah, I’m not joking. I got harassed so much by men. I got tired of their threatening remarks so I took a self-defense class. I got so good at it I decided to teach it... Yeah, I’m angry, wouldn’t you be if men constantly grabbed at your breasts? You’re walking down the street and some man just slips his hand in and grabs your breasts and when you cuss him out he laughs...I can see you wouldn’t

understand...I'm not saying you're flat-chested, I just think the police uniform makes you look it...I'm not a lesbian, and I haven't been looking at your breasts...

ALEX stands up with her hands at her waist with her breasts sticking up.

ALEX

You know I wasn't always like this...Really...When I was young I was flat-chested, (Aside)...too. I wasn't that young, about eleven, twelve. I remember I was a real tomboy back then...

Lights fade a little and ALEX reminisces and becomes the 12-year-old she used to be.

ALEX

One day, I remember I was waiting in line to borrow a football and this guy ahead of me turned around, checked me out, and said out loud so that all the other boys could hear him, "Hey, flat-chested!" I knew he was talking to me but I ignored him. He knew I heard him and he got closer and stared at my chest...He was right. I was flat. (She sits.)

So that day, I remember sitting on the toilet staring at my chest. "It's hopeless!" I thought. "I'm one of the few girls in sixth grade who still doesn't have **chichis**"...After getting tired of looking at my ugly, tiny, minuscule, nipples, I got up and went to my older sisters' drawers and started looking for a bra. I got the smallest I could find and I put it on, but it was still too big. I stuffed some toilet paper in both cups and it felt so good to have breasts. I raced my hands up and down my new breasts, enjoying the pleasure they gave me. But I stopped because I knew God was watching...So I took off the bra and sat back on the toilet...

She looks up to God, then she slowly gets on her knees.

ALEX

And it occurred to me that if God was watching, God would also be listening. I closed my eyes and I prayed. "Dear God, please give me breasts. I will be a good human being...I will do your will, I will be an honest person, I will be good."

We hear holy music and ALEX slowly stands up from her praying position and raises her arms to God then lowers them as though they were wings and finally points to her breasts. The older ALEX is now back.

ALEX

...I believe there is a God. I got breasts quickly after that. So the next time I saw that guy, he didn't even recognize me...I love having big breasts. I'm not saying I'm a better woman for

having them, I just think they're a beautiful part of me... Sometimes my sisters and girlfriends make fun of me because of their size, I don't mind. I love my breasts. They are my connection with God. Thank you, God, for making me a woman!... I used to have boyfriends who were atheists. But I made believers out of them. Or at least I think so, because they used to say, "Oh, my God, they're so big!" I would tell them, when you touch them, let them be your reminders that there is a God... I wonder if God is a woman?... So when men just walk by and grab my breasts like it's their right, in my eyes they're committing a sin against God! They are taking away my connection with God. They are desecrating my nipples—I mean temples. Because this body belongs to me!!! The last time a jerk grabbed my breast I felt so helpless. I cried for an hour when I got home. Then the next day I went to my first self-defense class... Soon after I was teaching my own self-defense class...

Lights fade in completely. ALEX is standing erect and strong, teaching her own class.

ALEX

In order to not be a victim, you have to stop acting like one! Lift your heads high, walk with confidence. Defending yourself is only a matter of using your five weapons. Your hands, fingers, knees, legs, and your voice against his five vulnerable parts. His eyes, nose, throat, groin, and knee. It only takes forty pounds of pressure to dislocate a knee. Not every woman here will be attacked, but one out of three women will be raped within her lifetime. When it comes to defending yourself, any woman can... The first thing we will learn is your basic hand release...

She demonstrates by holding one of her hands at the wrist with the other.

ALEX

When a man has grabbed you by the wrists... First of all, never let a stranger invade your personal space. Your personal space is the space at arms' length around you... So if you're being pulled by the wrists, don't pull. Just make a fist and twist against his thumb because it is the weakest part of the hand and the hand will release. Then you run and yell "fire." Don't yell "rape" because people might not come. Yell "fire" as loud as you can or if you're in L.A. you can also try yelling earthquake. People will come look only when it concerns them... So everybody get up and let's do it!

Lights fade a little. ALEX is no longer the self-assured and confident instructor.

ALEX

But even with all the knowledge and training I still got raped... I didn't know that I had gotten raped until I read a magazine article that said that when a man has sex with a woman when she is not conscious, it is rape. I wasn't drunk, I was just falling asleep. I was so tired. I wanted to spend the night in bed with him just talking and then he was on top of me. I couldn't yell "fire," I

couldn't kick or fight back. He kept wanting it and I just submitted. It was so casual that when I woke up I just thought it was unpleasant...

She shakes her head and becomes the tough woman that she is.

ALEX

So I don't let any man get into my personal space. That man should have known better following a woman at night and asking for the time! That's just plain stupid!...No, I'm not saying he was "asking for it." I just think *some* men have to be sympathetic and aware of the fear they provoke in women. All the rest already know and they laugh when they see it in us...So that's it. That's my confession. Are you gonna let me go?

She waits, anticipating resistance. Then their response surprises her.

POLICEWOMAN #2

You can go.

ALEX

I can go?! I can go! I'd knew you'd understand...

POLICEWOMAN #3

He dropped the charges.

ALEX

He dropped the charges? Oh, I'm glad...

POLICEWOMAN #3

But you gotta apologize...

ALEX

I have to apologize?! Apologize? Apologize!...Do I legally have to?...
(Sarcastically.) Oh, I should, after all *I* attacked *him*...Oh, no, I'm very grateful to him!

ALEX feels like punching something or somebody. She finally controls herself and makes a deal with herself.

ALEX

Sure, I'll apologize...I just want to get the hell out of here! Man, either way, we lose!...Where is he?!

ALEX marches out angrily, but contained.

Lights fade out.

“UNLUCKY”

Spotlight on JOHN, 30s, a prison inmate. It is not obvious at first that he is speaking from a jail cell. As he begins his monologue on the other side of the stage we see silhouettes of a man and a woman dancing and enacting what he is saying. At some point the scene is not what is being described in the monologue. It becomes violent and it is clear this is a case of rape.

JOHN

She was wearing a smoking hot red dress and looked so ready for me to make love to her. We were on the dance floor and she wanted me. I could tell by the way she moved and looked at me that she really wanted to make love to me. I felt like the luckiest guy at the party because I was going to get lucky that night. Her hips moved in a way that told me without a doubt she really wanted me. We went back to my place and we made crazy passionate love. She liked it hard and I gave it to her hard just the way she wanted it. In the morning when I woke up she was gone. I thought she liked me - didn't even leave me her number. I was so shocked how women can lie and turn things around. She was probably cheating on her boyfriend with me and then she felt bad about being a big ol ho with me and now the police show up telling me I've been accused of rape. Rape? She wanted me! We were having such a great time. I've never drunk so much and laughed so hard in my life. But she calls it rape. Yeah, it might have been a one night stand, but nobody was screaming and fighting. She kept telling me harder and harder and she never once said "No"... 1 man out of 100 gets prosecuted for rape....and I was the unlucky man who got caught and sent to jail....and punished for "misinterpreting the situation." That's not fair. I know I didn't rape her because never once did she say "No." I know the difference... because when I got raped it was ugly and violent and there was blood and bruises. I had just arrived in prison and while I was sleeping he got on top of me. I shouted "No" so hard until the guy raping me put his giant hand and smothered me. I couldn't breathe. So I stopped shouting so I could save my air and breathe. I wish I could have been drunk out of my mind so that I could never remember what happened to me. I get nightmares every night and I can't sleep knowing it might happen again. I don't want to be somebody's bitch in here. Not again. No, I can't take it... I'll kill the next guy

who tries to rape me. I thought I was in prison, but I didn't know getting raped is the worst kind of prison.

Lights fade out.

“STAND UP FOR WOMEN”

Lights fade in on a classroom.

On a Chalkboard are the words: WOMEN'S STUDIES - The Fall of the Sacred Feminine:
Required reading : The Chalice and the Blade.
A FEMALE PROFESSOR reads from a book.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Approximalely 6000 B.C. Women were worshipped as Goddessess and there was peace and harmony in those civilizations that worshipped a female deity. Property would be inherited through the female lineage. The overthrow of the sacred feminine by men happened around 2600 years ago and women were subjugated and rape became the way women were controlled. By controlling women's sexuality men could also control their fertility and therefore ensure that all property would now stay in the male lineage and a man could be assured that all the children were his. Marriage was never intended as an act of love between a man and a woman - it was intended as a way to control property and women who were thus considered a man's property. Therefore Rape did not become a crime in the U.S. until a white man could establish that a black man who raped his wife had damaged his property and therefore had committed a crime. (To her students:) What do you think about what I just read?

The STUDENTS remain quiet. No one wants to say anything. Finally one girl just says it out loud.

FEMALE STUDENT #1

Men suck!

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Wait a minute. If we live in a patriarchy and we don't like it, why do we as women allow it to continue?

FEMALE STUDENT #2

Because of violence...

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Can you please elaborate?

FEMALE STUDENT #2

You just read that rape has always been used to control women. Well, things haven't changed. Men rape women, and they keep women afraid. They silence us.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Yes, but now we have laws that protect us from rape and prosecute men for their violence and women can speak up.

FEMALE STUDENT #3

Yeah, right. That's not the world we live in Professor Avila. My neighbor gets beaten up all the time and the police come and they don't do nothing. When they arrest the guy he goes to jail for like a day, but he keeps coming back and she keeps getting pregnant and having more kids and he gets so stressed out and beats her and she won't leave him. Nah, it's not just the men's fault, women are at fault too.

FEMALE #2

No, it's men who created patriarchy. Men benefit from it. Men say they love women, but they don't stand up for us. Because if men really loved women they would stand up for us and it wouldn't be a patriarchy!

MALE STUDENT

We do stand up for you. Some of us do stand up for you... But it's not that simple.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

Can you please illustrate that point for us? Give us an example so the women here can understand and we can make this discussion more well rounded.

He remains silent, embarrassed, unable to speak.

FEMALE PROFESSOR

I'm sorry I did not mean to put you on the spot and put you in a difficult position where you have to defend men. If you don't feel comfortable then you can - -

MALE STUDENT

It's just that.... No, no. I'll tell you... I work as a dish washer at night...

Lights fade in on MALE STUDENT wearing a dirty apron at a restaurant. TWO OTHER DISHWASHERS (MALE) take off their aprons and they exit.

Lights change to show that at the restaurant it is closing time.

RESTAURANT OWNER (V.O.)

It's closing time. Everybody go home.

After a long night of washing dishes he is tired and he takes off his apron. He picks up his back pack and exits restaurant.

Lights transition to show the outside of the restaurant.

A PRETTY GIRL who is drunk is outside crying. TWO DISHWASHERS come up to her.

DISHWASHER #1

Hey, pretty girl why are you crying?

DISHWASHER #2

You want us to keep you company?

She stumbles.

DRUNK GIRL

My boyfriend stood me up. I just found out on Facebook he was with this other girl - -

She cries uncontrollably.

One of the Dishwashers puts his arm around her.

DISHWASHER #1

That's okay, you can party with us.

They Dishwashers give looks to each other and they both place their arms around her and try to take her with them.

DRUNK GIRL

No, I'm not feeling well. I gotta go home.

DISHWASHER #2

Oh, we'll take you home.

They pull on her and she struggles with them.

DRUNK GIRL

I don't want to go home with you!

MALE STUDENT steps in.

MALE STUDENT

Leave her alone!

They stare at him not sure if he's serious. They pull on her again.

MALE STUDENT

Dejenla en paz! She doesn't want to go with you now leave her alone.

He walks up to them unafraid.
The situation is tense, but he doesn't back down.
They release her hand.
She walks away from them and gets behind him.

The DISHWASHERS say nothing and leave giving him dirty looks.

DRUNK GIRL

Thank you for doing that.

MALE STUDENT

Is someone coming for you? Do you need me to walk you home? Do you want me to call you a taxi, Uber, or someone - -

DRUNK GIRL

I already called my mother to pick me up. Look, here she comes...

She walks up to her MOTHER who hugs her. They exit.

He continues walking and then he is confronted by the TWO DISHWASHERS who stop him.

DISHWASHER #1

Who do you think you are?

DISHWASHER #2

You think you're a hero acting all chingon like you're not afraid of us.

He continues walking trying to ignore them. They walk up to him confrontational.

They gang up on him and beat him up. He falls to the floor squirming in pain.

DISHWASHER #1

Now you can cry like a bitch!

Lights fade out.

Lights fade in back in CLASSROOM.

MALE STUDENT

(sullen)

They broke my nose and my rib. I had to go to the hospital a few days and I lost my job...

FEMALE STUDENT #2

I got raped. I had two guys take advantage of me while I was drunk. I wished that there would have been a good man like you to stand up for me. On behalf of women like me I want to thank you for doing what you did.

She walks up to him and hugs him.

The FEMALE STUDENTS and FEMALE PROFESSOR applaud him.

Lights fade out.

“LOLITA CORAZON”

Lights fade in at a counter in the pharmacy section of Kmart. There is a little sign on the altar that reads: “PHARMACY.” There are two chairs next to each other facing the audience. One WOMAN goes behind the altar and becomes the PHARMACIST. One WOMAN sits at a chair in her corner. One WOMAN

enters: She is DOLORES CORAZON, a shy Latina wearing a plain pastel floral print. DOLORES walks up to the PHARMACY counter with a doctor's prescription and hands it to the PHARMACIST.

DOLORES

Here's my prescription...My name is Dolores Corazón.

LOLITA

Her real name is Lolita.

DOLORES

How long is it going to take?

PHARMACIST

Fifteen minutes.

DOLORES

Fifteen minutes?!

LOLITA (O.S)

Dang!

The PHARMACIST leaves. DOLORES picks a box of female condoms.

DOLORES/LOLITA

Female condoms?...Female condoms.

LOLITA "CHINGONA" CORAZON enters. She is flamboyant, a sexy Latina who is not afraid to express her opinions and doesn't need anybody's approval. She wears her hair high and loose. LOLITA snaps her fingers and DOLORES and the PHARMACIST freeze.

LOLITA.

Female condoms? Female Condoms! Tsss! The day I start wearing a female condom is the day the Equal Rights Amendment is passed; women are no longer raped and beaten up in this country; baby girls in China stop getting killed for being born female; brides in India stop being burned alive; women in Africa stop having their clitorises cut out; women in Brazil stop getting killed by jealous husbands who get away with it; and young women all over the world have

equal opportunity to get an education and get fed properly. 'Til then, shit! The least men can do is wear a condom, know what I mean, **prieta**?

She snaps her fingers and DOLORES and the PHARMACIST unfreeze.

DOLORES walks over to a chair and she and LOLITA sit simultaneously.

LOLITA

Sure you do, that little bruise on your face didn't come from no bump. So put down those female condoms and get *him* some! The cheap kind. The ones that make his **pito** itch... Besides you only get three in a box for three times the amount for men's condoms. And they look "*Uuugly*"... But why am I complaining, I don't even use condoms...

DOLORES looks around wondering if anybody else can hear LOLITA. LOLITA looks herself up and down realizing she looks like the biggest slut and should be using condoms.

LOLITA

I don't need to... I know you think I'm a slut, I know you do so don't deny it... You're probably looking at me thinking that of all people here in K-mart, I should be counting the minutes before these fat, "Fiesta"-colored condoms become the next "Blue Light Special," right?... No, that's okay, people call me a slut... Now, do I look like a slut to you? Of course I do, I work at it. But you can be one or just look like one, but I ain't one. I'm a **chingona**! I like that better. Matter of fact, I don't know what a **puta** is, I don't think I've ever met one... Oh, yeah, wait, yeah, once. This one stupid chick who was having sex for all the wrong reasons. She was trying to keep her boyfriend from leaving her. She had no respect for herself. I, on the other hand, respect myself and I do what I do for all the right reasons. For fun. And I don't use condoms, 'cause I don't need any. I'm what some men call a "tease." And it don't bother me. I know men look at me and they go in their minds, "Yo, I bet she's easy." They put on their macho airs and they give me their packaged crap about how sexy I look and how I remind them of their sisters. Their sisters! These losers can't even come up with original lines. And they also tell me how they saw me in their dream the night before and it was destiny that we met and shit like that. Then they rub up against me, and if they don't already have a hard-on I give them one when I look at them and smile. I give them that idiotic look they love and make them think they're so clever and funny, so funny that I'm wet all over. They think I'm easy but what they don't know is that I'm hard. Harder to break, harder to dominate, harder than their dicks.

LOLITA turns to DOLORES and gives her a serious look.

LOLITA

So, Prieta, let me ask you, why do you want to cheat on your boyfriend? Yeah, I know you do, so don't deny it. 'Cause otherwise you wouldn't be checking out the condoms if you were in a "happy monogamous relationship" like you claim to be... No, don't tell me, don't tell me... Your boyfriend promised you he would never raise a hand to you, he'd rather die than to do a thing like that again, right? But, **m'jita**, he will. So now you're seeking the comfort of a stranger to caress those wounds, huh? Yeah, I know I'm good, I still could be a psychoanalyst if I wanted to, you know? But, **m'jita**, when your boyfriend finds out, he's gonna kick your ass...

LOLITA waits for a response, then she enthusiastically proceeds to share her knowledge.

LOLITA

Okay, **pues!** You're gonna need some tips on how to be a slut.

LOLITA snaps her fingers and lights fade. They are now in a discotheque. LOLITA leans against the bar, acting "cool," enjoying the music.

LOLITA

Okay, first thing, **Prieta**, make eye contact. Any guy you want, you can get. Look around. Pick one. Make eye contact. Stare a little longer than you should, then, turn away... You got him. Then the game begins. So have fun. Just don't touch... I usually don't pick up men. Unless I find one challenging enough, then maybe, maybe, I'll go with him to his apartment.

LOLITA snaps her fingers, lights change to an apartment setting. She does several seductive poses.

LOLITA

They kiss me and I let them play with my breasts. I whisper all the dirty things they want to hear. "**Ayy, Papi, como me gustas. Ayy, que grandototote estas, chulo.**" And if they're **gringos** they go crazy for this one, "**Eres mi rey.** You are my king. Can I have a bite of your big and meaty burrito? **Que rico, suave...;Sabroso!**" Then I get all hungry and want to leave to go buy some tacos, but I can't because they got me all wrapped up with their hands... Then when they get as hard as a brick and they're burning up inside, their pelvis' start trembling. My hand goes inside their pants. I barely touch it and they become little boys... And that's when the real acting begins.

LOLITA puts up her hand to her forehead very dramatically like an innocent virgin in distress.

LOLITA

“Oh, no, I can’t do this. I can’t. I’m a virgin!...I have to go home,” I tell them. They’re so hard and excited, their faces turn yellow. The misery of ending up with blue balls hits them and they beg me to stay. “I can’t. I shouldn’t be doing this,” I say with the voice of a total virgin. And they believe me and lower their expectations, ’cause they’re so horny by now they’ll settle for me pulling on their dicks. But I won’t even do that, ’cause I’m a *virgin*.

LOLITA laughs, indulging in the lie.

LOLITA

So I’m practically out the door and sure enough they’re so pissed-off at me by now they accuse me of being “a tease.” Then I stop and I look at them all sincere and shit. “I’m not a tease... Well, I can’t have sex with you, but what if... What if... What if you masturbated for me. Oh, I bet you look so beautiful when you come.” And the guys fall for it. Yeah! Yeah! They do! They’re so horny they settle for masturbating for me. So I watch. They make these faces. I imagine kinda like the faces they would be making as they were being born. They look like children screaming for their lives. They look so vulnerable, so delicate, like I could take them into my arms and crush the life out of them... Sometimes I touch their faces and hold them while they cum. I watch their faces and I get more excited than if I were to have sex with them.

She make facial expressions. She looks excited
but then she stops, frightened. She walks over to
DOLORES who is now sitting and stands behind her as
if whispering this story to her.

LOLITA

I remember the first time I had sex. I went with him to his apartment, I was so excited and scared. But when he stuck his hand in my panties and his finger entered me I told him, “Oh, no, I can’t do this. I can’t. I’m a virgin!” He kept pressing it in and he thought I was being a tease. He got on top of me, penetrated me, humped me. He made faces, like he enjoyed it even though I was screaming. I kept screaming because I felt like he was tearing me inside. With every scream and grimace I made, I got glimpses of his face. I couldn’t understand his look. How could he look like an angel, happy and peaceful, when he was hurting me?

DOLORES doesn’t want to hear anymore so she runs
away from LOLITA. Lights fade in. DOLORES and
LOLITA sit across from each other simultaneously.

LOLITA

Yeah, I know not all men are assholes. I actually met a “redeemable male” a few months ago...I hate to admit it, but I love him. Why do you think I’m checking out the condom section? He’s kinda nice, but I like him too much to seriously consider giving it up to him...No, not my virginity, some dickhead already took that...But I don’t think I’m ready yet. It’s tough to let a man see you lose control, and that’s just one thing I gotta have...

PHARMACIST

Dolores Corazón, your prescription is ready.

DOLORES/LOLITA.

That's me!

LOLITA

Good luck...I hope your boyfriend doesn't kick your ass, again.

LOLITA gets up and leaves. DOLORES looks for LOLITA but can't see her anymore.

PHARMACIST (V.O.).

Second call for Dolores Corazón.

DOLORES goes to the counter. LOLITA stands behind her. They both pick up the prescription simultaneously.

Lights fade out.

“RED FLAG GAME SHOW”

Lights fade in on PAPA, an older Latino man, and his 16 year old TEENAGE GIRL.

PAPA

Who was that boy?

TEENAGE GIRL

That was a friend.

PAPA

A boyfriend?

TEENAGE GIRL

No, but can he be my boyfriend?

PAPA

No, m'ija you can't date.

TEENAGE GIRL

Don't you trust me?

PAPA

Look, I was a teenage boy and I know what boys are thinking... Boys are just horny bastards and I have to protect you!

TEENAGE GIRL

But it's not fair I have to live in a box where you can protect me.

PAPA

M'ija I know it's not fair... Look, I got it. I'll let you date if you win at the RED FLAG GAME SHOW.

TEENAGE GIRL

What?

Lights brighten up.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Welcome to the RED FLAG GAME SHOW where Teenage girls have to think on their feet and decide if a man is being creepy, a stalker, a potential rapist, a Sociopath, or just a plain serial killer. Who's ready to play?

PAPA grabs his daughters hand and walks her over to the game show. TWO OTHER YOUNG GIRLS show up to compete against her.

A GAME SHOW HOST enters.

GAME SHOW HOST

Girls the first one to hit the buzzard and identify the man gets a point. Whomever gets the most points win. Are you ready?

They girls enthusiastically yell "Yes".

A MALE ACTOR shows up and performs a few lines.

MALE ACTOR #1

I tell you you're beautiful, I search through your Facebook page searching for your whereabouts, I take pictures of you everywhere. Who am I?

The TEENAGE GIRLS yell out their answer, but TEENAGE GIRL hits the buzzer first.

TEENAGE GIRL

You are a stalker!

GAME SHOW HOST

Correct! Next one.

Another MALE ACTOR shows up dressed like a teenager.

MALE ACTOR #2

I look at you at lunch time and when you run during gym. I print your photo and pretend to kiss you on my pillow and masturbate. Who am I?

Teenage Girl hits the buzzer

TEENAGE GIRL

You are creepy!

GAME SHOW HOST

Correct! Next one.

Another MALE ACTOR shows up dressed in a fancy grey trench coat.

MALE ACTOR #3

They call me Mr. Grey, I am charming, and know what to say to get you to come visit my apartment and step into my playroom where I will whip you and make you feel you are worthless. Who am I?

Teenage Girl hits the buzzer

TEENAGE GIRL

You are a Sociopath!

GAME SHOW HOST

Correct! Next one.

Another MALE ACTOR shows up dressed like a good looking well dressed guy.

MALE ACTOR #4

I compliment you and confess to you that I don't deserve such a hot girl like you. I want to take you partying someplace else, but every time you tell me no I just hear you telling me to "Try harder." I buy you lots of cocktails and tell you how cute and sexy you look drunk. Who am I?

Teenage Girl hits the buzzer

TEENAGE GIRL

You are a rapist!

GAME SHOW HOST

Correct! Next one.

Another MALE ACTOR shows up dressed in a pleasant outfit.

MALE ACTOR #5

I open the door for you. I pick you up at your parent's door. I walk on the outside of the street when I walk with you. I listen to you. Who am I?

The Teenager Girls look at one another not knowing who it is. They shrug when they give up.

GAME SHOW HOST

He's a gentleman!!! That was a trick question! Final round.

Another MALE ACTOR appears on stage with a cast in one arm and crutches in another, he looks perfectly beat up and harmless.

MALE ACTOR #6

I let you pet my puppy, I ask you for help carrying a heavy box, I invade your personal space, lower your guard, and you feel sorry for me. Who am I?

TEENAGE GIRL

You are a serial killer!

GUEST SHOW HOST

Correct! Congratulations! You are the winner!

BELLS and WHISTLES sound off. The Teenager Girl jumps up and down.

TEENAGE GIRL

I won! I won! (to father:) Now can I date?

PAPA

Yes...when you're 18!

Lights fade out.

“CAN FINALLY LAUGH ABOUT IT”

Spotlight appears on a standing mike.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Our next comedienne is Altagracia Montenegro. Give it up for this funny lady who tells it like it is. Don't hold back your applause. Show her some love!

A LATINA STAND UP COMEDIENNE comes on stage and grabs the mike.

The Audience APPLAUDS.

ALTAGRACIA

How you all doing? You are a good looking audience. My my, you all got dressed up looking so sexy. Look at you over there - yeah, you pretty boy. Wow, if you weren't so young looking I would come over and sit on your lap, but don't want nobody calling me a cougar cause I'm too young for that, know what I'm saying. Well, I'm from Puerto Rico - but I'm really Nuyorican, but I came to the west coats many years ago and now I just sound like a Mexican - except when I'm drunk I sound like a Chola - “I'll cut you man, I'll cut you!” - So don't know what to call myself - all I know is I have bad credit. Who here has bad credit? Raise your hands if you have bad credit and proud of it! (No one raises their hands.) Okay, I guess I'm the only honest person in this room. Come on, a bunch of Mexicans in the audience, and I'm the only one who has bad credit? Okay, any Puerto Ricans in the house? Because I knows my people got bad credit. You can't get off the island without ruining your credit. Unless of course you had a mami who saved money and helped you - She saved everything, right. Like not just plastic bags, but all the glass jars, containers, and even your umbilical chord. Thank God, she didn't save my hymen, because I got rid of that a long time ago. And don't get me started on my vagina because the Comedy store owners don't want me talking about my vagina. It's kinda like the rule as a female

comedienne - "Don't talk about your vagina because then you'll want to talk about your period and that's disgusting." Yeah, but I can do all the dick jokes I want if I'm a guy, because somehow dicks are not disgusting. You ever seen dicks? I mean really look at them? Like with a spotlight and all - I mean if they don't look like giant gerbils they look like burn victims - the ones that been circumcised - now why would God make the mistake of adding an extra layer of skin? How could God be so dumb as to add an extra layer of skin that folds back? Or is she? Now, don't nobody be calling me no penis foreskin activist because I'm not. 'Cause with or without skin Penises are not good looking... That's why when a woman has to go down there they call it a job. Yes, gentlemen - it's a job. A woman already has too many jobs - she don't need another one, but she's willing to do it if she loves you or needs a designer purse, or braces for her kids. Don't be calling us whores for that - I do a job for you, you do a job for me - in my book that's called equality, OK? Oh, and don't get me started on the size of man's penis. Gentlemen, I'm a lady, I won't measure your worth by the size of your penis... like you measure our worth by the size of our breasts and our waist. No, I have class. So if we're on a date and if you get me all caliente and I say, "Yeah, let's do it", and you surprise me with a little one that only requires two fingers to hold it, well, that's cool - it only means my job will be shorter and easier. It will just be a part time job. (BEAT) So what you guys want me to talk about. I have more important things to talk about than dicks.

Someone from the audience yells, "Bill Cosby!"

ALTAGRACIA

Bill Cosby? Really. You still want me to talk about that fool? Man, I was so tempted to talk about that man when it all blew up, but I'm a lady with class - so I kept my mouth shut. But hell, you want to talk about that, okay I can finally talk about it. Jay Leno said it best, "In Saudi Arabia you need two women to testify against a man in court, but in the U.S. you need 35." Yeah, why does it take like 35 women to testify against one famous, rich, funny man? Why can't men believe that women get raped. Yeah, maybe one out of a thousand women will lie about rape - but I bet you there are thousands of women who have been raped or sexually harassed and maybe one of a hundred will step forward and actually do something about it or speak up. Because being harassed and mistreated unfortunately goes with being a woman. If women were not mistreated every day of their lives since the time they were little girls I bet you that the minute they were mistreated they would go tell because getting abused would be so out of the ordinary... Anyway - sorry - I'm on my soapbox - this is not a college course - you came here tonight to laugh... Okay, back to Bill Cosby... You know it's so great that one of the greatest comediennes has now become a punch line... I don't think rape is funny, that's how come as a rule women comedienne's don't talk about it. But you know, I believe those women who came out against him from the very beginning and I'm so happy the truth is finally out. That New York Times article made history and her story because it's the first time men can't deny it. I believe any woman who says she got raped... Because I was raped. There I said it. Okay, but don't freak out audience, cause I'm starting to sense tension, and the owner of this comedy club is giving me dirty looks from a distance. Hey Mr. Owner - no worries - I can handle this... Look audience, don't worry about me. Yeah, I got raped, but I got lucky. Unlike most rape victims whose rapists

go free, I got to stab my rapist. Yeah, I offered to do a job for him - know what I mean - and when he was all enjoying it - I stabbed him in the balls. Yeah, I said it. What's the fool gonna do but run to the Emergency room. What's the fool gonna say to the police - "Yeah, some girl I raped the night before shanked me in the balls today!" Karma is a bitch baby! And Karma's my middle name!

OWNER (V.O.)

Altagracia, get off the stage! This is not appropriate comedy material.

ALTAGRACIA

Look, Mr. Comedy Owner, I know you're not supposed to talk about rape when you're a female stand up comedienne - funny how come male comediennes can joke about it without anybody threatening to rape them - and look I'm not condoning violence against your rapist, but damn, let a woman get something off her chest!!

OWNER (V.O.)

Get off the stage! Your time is up!

ALTAGRACIA

NO! Our time is now! If we can't talk about rape then when can we? I am standing up for the right to talk about rape. To even laugh about it if you healed that trauma - which I have. I can finally talk about it publicly and I can finally laugh about it.

OWNER (V.O.)

I'm going to shut off the mike if you don't get off by the count of 10!

ALTAGRACIA

(urgency)

Stand up if you've ever been raped!

(Actors from the Ensemble are in the audience and they stand up. A MALE ACTOR stands up.)

ALTAGRACIA

Yes, stand up! Do it! Show others you are not afraid anymore. You got raped? Yeah, okay guy, I believe you... Yeah, I do. I know how courageous you are, because only a real man would stand up for the truth. Okay, yes, let's applaud, all these people who are not afraid to admit it. Let's get them out of the dark and into the spotlight. Give them the spotlight! Because we no longer have to hide out in the dark like we did something wrong - -

The mike gets caught off. She bangs on the mike checking it, but it's dead.
Lights fade out.

“THE DEVIL INSIDE HER”

Three Women meet at a bar. They hug each other and get reacquainted and make small talk about their purses and outfits, etc. They sit at the bar and order drinks from BARTENDER.

RACHEL

Do you think Debbie is planning on coming and joining us?

JULIE

No, I don't think so. After the way she behaved last time, I don't think so.

ESTHER

What if she does?

JULIE

I'm prepared this time.

ESTHER/RACHEL

Us too...

JULIE

I want to have a good time and not have to take care of anybody, so if she comes I'm not taking care of her this time.

DEBBIE, sexy, party girl, enters the bar.

RACHEL

Speaking of the devil.

DEBBIE

Hey, Chicas! Love our Girls Night Out!

JULIE

I thought you weren't coming tonight.

DEBBIE

I got out of work earlier than I thought and I didn't want to miss hanging out with my girls.

RACHEL

After last time I didn't think you would ever step foot in a bar again.

ESTHER

I thought you were banned from this bar.

DEBBIE

Look ladies, I know I owe you an apology. I don't know what got into me last time. That wasn't me.

RACHEL

Yeah, you were pretty scary.

ESTHER

Maybe you shouldn't drink anymore. You ended up vomiting all over my leather jacket and practically ruined it.

BEAT

DEBBIE

Look, I'm sorry. it won't happen again, I promise. I'm going to order a soda and behave - ok?

RACHEL

Okay... As long as you don't drink alcohol you should be okay.

DEBBIE

Okay. Soda all night and you won't have to worry about me. Bartender - a 7Up with ice please. No, make it a Shirley Temple.

The GIRLS catch up.

Lights fade to show the passage of time.

Lights fade in on the women telling jokes and the GIRLS laughing.

JULIE

Why can't women make good carpenters?

GIRLS

We suck at using power tools./ Why?/Don't know.

JULIE

Because all our lives we've been told this is 12 inches.

She makes a gesture with her hand to show an average penis size - about 6 inches.

The GIRLS laugh. A GUY approaches DEBBIE at the bar.
He tries to make small talk and get her to look at him.

GUY

What are you drinking?

DEBBIE

A Shirley Temple.

GUY

What are you doing at the bar so late little girl? Shouldn't you be home in bed?

DEBBIE

Shouldn't you be home in my bed?

GUY

Wow, you're smooth.

DEBBIE

No, I'm actually pretty rough.

GUY

Can I buy you a drink?

DEBBIE

No, I'm good.

GUY

So do you come here often? I've never seen you around here?

DEBBIE

You know, I'm sober, so you have to come up with original lines, no more cliches please.

GUY

Ouch, you're a man eater-- I like that.

DEBBIE

(flirtatiously)

Well, while you figure out some better pick up lines I'm going to go use the ladies room.

DEBBIE exits.

BARTENDER

A martini and another Shirley Temple.

RACHEL turns around and stares at GUY.

RACHEL

Don't give her any alcohol. Don't do it.

The GIRLS shake their heads to show they're serious.

GUY

What, is she an alcoholic?

RACHEL

Worse.

GUY

What do you mean?

RACHEL

It's hard to explain and you won't believe me even if I did.

GUY

Aren't you being a little paranoid?

RACHEL

Trust me. You do not want to give her alcohol.

GUY

Chilax. She's a big girl, you don't have to baby sit her. Just turn around and mind your own business.

RACHEL

Okay, but don't say I didn't warn you.

The BARTENDER places a drink in front of DEBBIE's section of the bar. GUY pays. When no one is looking, and he makes sure of it, he takes out a tiny bottle of tequila and pours it into the Shirley Temple.

DEBBIE returns and sits right next to GUY. She sees the drink.

DEBBIE
For me?

GUY
I ordered you another Shirley Temple.

DEBBIE
You're so sweet.

GUY
If that's how you like me.

DEBBIE
That's exactly how I like them!

She laughs and takes a drink. They continue to stare at each other and before you know it she is practically nibbling on his neck and flirting like crazy.

DEBBIE
Why don't we go back to my place?

GUY
Yeah, let's do that.... But wait. Finish your drink.

DEBBIE
Oh, yeah.

She takes a big swig. As she continues drinking her wild side shows and gets out of hand. What starts as sexy fun slowly brews into ugly, nasty, scary, creepy, mayham.

GIRLS
(whispering)
Oh, no./It's happening again./Let's get out of here.

The GIRLS gather their cash and pay their bill before all hell breaks loose.

She finally kisses his neck and pulls away. He YELLS at the top of his lungs! (Debbie's Demons are out!) DEBBIE acts like a demonically possessed woman – scary!!!

GUY

My ear! She bit off my ear!

DEBBIE has turned into a “SHE DEVIL” she spits out the ear.

DEBBIE

You’re not sweet at all! You’re salty, but I’ll eat you anyway...

He yells frightened.

DEBBIE (CONT’D)

(Deep manly voice)

I thought you liked Man-Eaters.

She charges after him and he runs scared.

RACHEL

Should we help him?

JULIE

No, I’m not taking care of it this time. Let’s go.

GUY runs up to the GIRLS and begs them for help impeding them from leaving.

ESTHER

Look pendejo, we told you not to give her alcohol!

RACHEL

I warned you!

GUY

I’m sorry. Help me! Please.

DEBBIE grabs him and is literally trying to eat him. He can’t fight her; she’s too strong. He is yelling for his life.

The GIRLS look at each other and collectively groan.

JULIE

Okay, but this is the last time we do this shit!

JULIE takes out a silver cross from her purse. The other two women pull out a rosary and the other one a bible and holy water.

JULIE throws the holy water at DEBBIE – a big old splash of water. DEBBIE stops eating trying to eat him. The women pray and scare DEBBIE with the bible...

JULIE

Demon I command you to go down and let Debbie come back.

DEBBIE sways and eventually goes back to being her “normal” self. The CHAOS stops.

The GUY calms down. Debbie comes back to consciousness and looks up at GUY.

DEBBIE

So are you ready to go home with me?

The GUY runs out of the bar.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

That was weird. Why do you think he ran out?

JULIE

You don't remember anything?

DEBBIE shakes her head.

ESTHER

He was probably just afraid of commitment.

The GIRLS laugh.

Lights fade out.

“SECOND CHANCE”

Lights fade in on a gymnasium.

MR. BLACK a male self defense instructor wearing athletic clothing carries a clipboard. SHY FEMALE STUDENT arrives and shyly walks up to Mr. Grey.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT

Hi Mr. Black. You wanted to speak to me about my grade?

MR. BLACK

Yes, you see you did not do very well on your self-defense final and I wanted to give you a second chance. Take a look at my clipboard. See your low score with all the self-defense routines you did not perform well.

He shows her the clipboard and invades her personal space and practically puts his arm around her to show her.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT

I thought I passed.

MR. BLACK

No, you didn't pass. You were unwilling to do the kicks and the maneuvers and screams. You simply are not assertive enough to fight off a rapist.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT

It's just that I don't feel comfortable doing it all the way and risking hurting anyone. I just don't feel comfortable shouting "Fire" and acting like a crazy woman to get people's attention. That's just not me.

MR. BLACK

I understand. That's why I want to give you the opportunity to retake your test.

He massages her shoulders.

MR. BLACK

You were probably just tense with so many people grunting and screaming. I figured if you and I were alone after school and it was quiet without anybody walking in and interrupting us you would do much better. So what do you say? Shall we try it?

She shrugs her shoulders in agreement.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT

I guess so.

MR. BLACK

Good. Just do your best and we'll take it from there. You ready?

She nods. He attacks her trying to strangle her. She can't fight him off. He finally releases his hands off of her but slides them down her chest fondling her breasts.

MR. BLACK

You see how you couldn't stop me? Now let's try another one. Ready?

He attacks her from the back and in the process of her unsuccessfully fighting back he squeezes her breasts.

MR. BLACK

If you can't defend yourself when a guy is behind you, you're practically already being dragged into his car. Let me show you another one. Ready?

He attacks her from the front and gets on top of her. She can't get him off.

MR. BLACK

Try getting me off of you. See, you can't. You can't stop me. You see how I have to give you a fail in my class... However, I do want to give you a second chance if you're willing to do me a favor.

He rubs against her in a creepy way.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT

(sheepishly)

Mr. Grey please get off of me.

MR. BLACK

You haven't told me if you will accept my offer to do me a favor.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT

(assertively)

Get off of me.

MR. BLACK

Stop fighting me and say yes you'll do me a favor and I'll get off of you.

SHY FEMALE STUDENT
(angrily)

I said, get off of me now!

MR. BLACK

Or what? What can you do to me?

She does a self defense maneuver and throws him off and kicks the shit out of him and beats him up with several self-defense moves.

MR. BLACK
(barely audible)

Great work. You passed the test.

She runs out screaming "FIRE!" like a crazy woman.

Lights fade out.

PINK SCARS

by Rocio Diaz

Lights Center Stage on AN OFFICE.

TWO WOMEN, GABBY, 29, a four year college student who recently found out about her past. LINDA, 22, a four year college, married, student who is ashamed of her past.

CHIO, 21, third year college student who is proud of her life, the good and the bad, happily enters the office.

CHIO

Hey are we going to eat or que? Some Pollo Loco? Oh que?!

GABBY

Yes, of course! It's just Linda and I were talking about our *novios*. *Los desgraciados!*

LINDA

Yeah!

CHIO

Uy uy uy ! chisme, chisme! I want some! I want some! Tell me, tell me. Were they cute? Spill the beans *mujer!*

LINDA

¿Y a ti quien te invito ?

(Chio reacts to her comment.)

LINDA

Just kidding!

(Linda laughs.)

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'm just messing with you.

GABBY

So, you were saying?

LINDA

Mi ex novio era un cholito, and... Well...

GABBY

¿Que pasa mujer?

LINDA

I know I shouldn't be ashamed, and I'm not but...

(Chio is able to read her silence.)

CHIO

I know amiga, it happened to me too. Tenia solamente seis añitos.

LINDA

¿Tu también?

CHIO

He-

GABBY

Yeah, same here. I was 9 years old at the time it happened.

LINDA

I was 16 years old.

CHIO

I had my pink dress *y mi peinado muy bonito*, (draws a heart over her head) *de corazonsito*.

GABBY

I had shorts and my yellow shirt on.

LINDA

I wore my blue jeans, my cute Hollister shirt and my hair was pulled to the side.

CHIO

I went *porque mamá me mando a un mandado*

GABBY

I thought it was just a dream.

LINDA

What really happened was that I had broken up with my recent boyfriend, until my ex-boyfriend hit me up. He wanted to kick it with me. He kept texting me funny things and I kept laughing, until one of his text messages read; “one day you will be mine.”(confused). Okay?

CHIO

Yo iba por los nopales. ¡Señora, Señora, Señora! ¿ No está?

GABBY

¡It wasn't a dream! *Mamá* was real.

LINDA

He asked me to meet him by the movie theatre so he can pick me up. He arrived, I opened the door and found out we weren't alone. His friend was coming along.

CHIO

I was this (*shows it with her two small fingers*) close from losing my innocence.

GABBY

I didn't accept it until I was 29 that it was real.

LINDA

They both planned it.

GABBY & LINDA

They raped me.

Lights out on Gabby and Linda.

CHIO

I went inside the house and asked for the *lady selling the nopales, y no estaba, but her hijo* was there.

GABBY

He... (Hesitates) was my brother. He took orders from *Mamá!* And he raped me and my six sisters.

LINDA

We had agreed to go to the park to just get high, until we passed the park. I said (scared whisper) "Where are we going?"

CHIO

He said "Hi are you looking for my mom?" I said, "Yes, is she not here?" He said "No", and asked me to get closer to him. So I stepped forward and...

GABBY

Mamá was supposed to take care of me but she didn't. She was a prostitute. She allowed it to happen to me! I hate her!

LINDA

We arrived at an abandoned house. They both got out of the car and started discussing. My heart started beating fast. I started to think of an escape but I couldn't find a way out. How was I supposed to make it out without getting killed?

CHIO

His hand slowly touched my sock, then my hamstring, and then my quadriceps. I was so scared. My heart started beating fast. I squeezed my eyes so tight. It just felt so weird and wrong. I couldn't take it anymore. So, I reacted and hit him where it would hurt him the most, his balls!

GABBY

After 9 years of my life as an orphan. My little brother and I, had to look for a way to survive and we sure weren't safe with her. So we ran away from home and crossed to "*El Otro Lado*" and met this stranger, this stranger became our dad.

LINDA

Ellos ganaron. I just stood there strong like a soldier. My tears screamed for me. I just let it be. I allowed it to happen.

CHIO

He immediately reacted and his hands were no longer touching me. So I ran out the door as fast as I could and I arrived home crying to *mamá*. She asked, "*¿mija que te paso?*"

GABBY

He told my brother and me, "You will NEVER work in your life starting today because my only rule is for you to get educated!" (*beat*) I created my family.

LINDA

I went into a coma. They drove me back to the movies like nothing happened. I got home and went into my room and curled up and cried. I didn't want to tell no one, especially not my mother. And I did not dare for the next 5 years of my life.

CHIO

Mother told his *mamá* and *justicia* was made. (Prideful) She beat the bananas out of him and he sure wasn't going to hurt another girl ever again.

GABBY

I still miss not having the warmth of a mother. I just wanted a mother! It's still a nightmare in my head. (*Heavily breathing*) I'm having trouble breathing right now. (*Exhales*) But now, I've decided to erase my past, once and for all. (Looks and touches her arms) As for these pink scars they only made me stronger (*beat*) because I became my own hero. Super GABBY!

Chio comforts Gabby.

They Freeze.

LINDA

I finally told *mamá*, she blamed herself. She cried so much, *pero* it was for the best or she would be crying if they would have actually killed me. I had to speak up. (looks and touches her arm) And now, as for these pink scars I should have never been ashamed because I am alive. I live!

Gabby and Chio unfreeze.

Full lights on the three of the women as they embrace.

CHIO

Every time I kept telling myself that it was just a dream. How was I supposed to remember, it has been 15 years, but *mamá* reassured me it was real. She even reassured me that the boy that molested me was now put into a wheel chair for being “*un mal-hecho*”. I didn’t want anything bad to happen to him. I guess I didn’t have no control over that since he is in México and I’m in the U.S. (looks and touches her arm.) I remember now that I do have pink scars. Pink scars that I’m not ashamed of... and ladies we shouldn’t ever be ashamed because-

All

We survived!

Lights fade out.

“Drunk Girl”

by Libette Garcia

Lights fade in on a Meeting Hall.

A GROUP OF AA PARTICIPANTS enter holding a cake for LUCIA, 30s, who is having a birthday. The GROUP approaches her with the cake singing and clapping.

Group sings (V.O.)

Happy Birthday.....Happy Birthday to you! Keep coming back without a drink.”

LUCIA blows out a candle on top of a cake.

LUCIA

Hello, My name is Lucia and I am a grateful alcoholic. Thank you! Thank you for giving me my life back. I wasn't always grateful admitting that I was an alcoholic. Especially in the beginning of my recovery... I didn't understand why other people could drink with abandon without repercussions or just have one drink and I couldn't stop. Life wasn't fair in so many ways!... and drinking made me feel better about that. I resented God for not making life the way I wanted it to be: I didn't have the job I wanted, the guy I wanted or parents I wanted, and the abuse I experienced as a child was not fair!! I had a huge resentment towards God because if he was in charge of everything he was treating me like shit! When I was a kid I had a smile that would light up a room. Bright eyes and a joy that made me want to dance and perform shows for my mother and sister in our living room. In third grade I remember something happened that changed that. There was about a one hour gap from when my school let out and my sister's school let out. My mother asked if I could stay on the private bus that me and my classmates used to get to and from school until my sister was picked up. Then my sister and I could be left at home together so I could be "safe". As a single mother with little parental support she thought this was a good idea. One afternoon, though, while I waited on the bus alone until my sister's school let out, the bus driver forced me to perform oral sex on him. This sexual abuse was heartbreaking. This man was supposed to be taking care of me and yet he forced me to do something against my will. I felt ashamed, worthless, and violated. How could "God" let this sexual abuse happen? I was left alone, unable to defend myself from this pedophile. In that moment and thereafter

that bright light in my eyes and joyful spirit dimmed. In that moment I started to believe I was all alone and nobody *really* cared about me. This belief stayed with me until I got sober with the help of other recovering alcoholics. As a teenager I started drinking away any feelings of low self-esteem, sadness and disappointment. I used alcohol to self-medicate from the unresolved feelings of betrayal and abandonment. Until I got sober, I was the drunk girl at the party, stumbling around the room, slurring her words, I'd be flirting with your boyfriend when you weren't looking, I'd lose my purse and even if the host was showing me to the door I would weasel my way back in to the party to sneak a few more drinks in. And don't get me started on bars. At the height of my drinking I knew many of my local bartenders and not only did I score free drinks as a loyal customer but many nights I helped to lock up because I just couldn't leave my comfort. Alcohol became the only comfort I thought I could count on. After a while it took more alcohol to numb my feelings. This affected many areas in my life. My jobs were jeopardized, relationships were getting worst or fewer and my life was getting out of control. Around this time, I met this guy through a co-worker who I thought would be really hot if he wasn't such a drunken mess. I didn't realize it at first but it was like looking in a mirror. A few months went by and I saw him again but this time I saw this light in his eyes I hadn't seen before, there was a calm about him that wasn't there. He lit up the room with his spirit. What had changed him? I had to find out and without preaching or promoting it he shared that he had quit drinking and started to work this program to recover from his alcohol addiction. This piqued my

interest. I thought to myself that if it could work for him to bring that light back into his life and brighten his spirit, getting sober with other alcoholics like him might bring me back to that little girl who was a bright light and a shining smile that believed that she was loved and not alone. I didn't stop drinking right then but one night soon after, I was driving home drunk and in and out of a blackout from another night of partying and drinking with people I hardly new and barely cared about me but was somehow sadly familiar. I was too tired to keep driving, I was falling asleep at the wheel so I parked on the side of the road. The next morning I woke up to find myself parked about a half mile just before the winding cliff that led to my house. I

knew it was a miracle because I would've surely died the night before if I would've kept driving drunk like that. I had been saved. I looked around and my heart sank. I couldn't believe I was here again feeling alone and full of shame once the affects of alcohol wore off. I looked around where I had parked and I saw families and couples that seemed happy and looking to enjoy this beautiful sunny Sunday morning. They were heading to the beach with surfboards under their arms and picnics and I couldn't understand how they could be so happy and normal and seem to have it all figured out. I prayed with all my might to whatever was out there to help me stay away from that first drink that always led me to more shame and loneliness. A hangover, an embarrassing escapade, the company of strangers and sometimes even danger. I carefully drove home and stayed in bed till the next day when I knew there was a meeting at noon that the bright eyed hot guy in alcoholic recovery told me about. When I arrived I saw more people with light in their eyes and heard more stories of people finding a solution to their alcoholism. I heard hope in the stories of other drunk girls and guys about how they made it through another day without picking up a drink no matter what life presented. They became my friends and my mentors. Our bond of overcoming our alcoholism and trusting that we weren't alone no matter what had happened to us or what would happen to us became a gift and what I am most grateful for today. I started to take comfort in a power greater than myself which is partly manifested in the emotional support we get from each other. Without regret this path has led me here. From being abused as a child to becoming the drunk girl to becoming a sober woman. I light this candle again for all those whose lights have been dimmed and need to be reminded that "you are not alone"... Let your light shine.

Lights fade to black as candle remains lit.

“YES, LET’S HAVE SEX”

Lights fade in.

A POLITICIAN gets on a podium and gives a speech (which is all the BS in the media that shames women).

MALE POLITICIAN #1

Many women lie about being raped. Because when it's legitimate rape a vagina shuts down and won't allow a pregnancy to occur. Too many women change their minds about having a sexual experience and then blame the man. So many men's lives get ruined by women who cry foul.

A WOMAN walks in carrying a mattress.
The Politician continues talking saying all the nonsense in cyber space that shames women.

WOMAN WITH MATTRESS

Blah, blah, blah, blah.

ANOTHER WOMAN enters holding a metal garbage can.
POLITICIAN keeps talking like a puppet.

WOMAN WITH GARBAGE CAN

Blah, blah, blah, blah.

POLITICIAN keeps talking. Another WOMAN comes in holding a whistle.

WOMAN WITH A WHISTLE

Blah, blah, blah, blah.

MORE WOMEN enter.

WOMEN

Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah!!!

The Women bang the garbage can and blow the whistle and throw the mattress on the floor.

ANOTHER POLITICIAN pushes the other Politician away from the podium.

MALE POLITICIAN #2

California has passed a new law - SB967 - Yes, mean yes. A woman has to enthusiastically say yes to a man to make sure there is no misunderstanding. She need to say, "Yes, let's have sex."

WOMEN

Yes, let's have sex!

The Women and the Men perform a song called Yes, let's have sex! They do a dance with self-defense moves and they sing and dance on the mattress using the whistle and metal garbage can for a beat. When the song finishes the women say the following.

WOMEN

I own My body. I own My Mind. I own My Feelings. I own My Voice. I own My right to be a full human being and my right to live the life I choose free from rape and violence.

Lights fade out.

THE END