

The Monologue Project

Further up

Duration: 2 minutes

Gender: Female

Style: Comedy

Emotion: Bitterness, Jealousy, Pride, Love

Language: Dirty

The vagina gets everything.

The vagina is like that friend who begs you to come to a party with them and tells you how much fun you're going to have and is all girly with you getting ready in the bathroom, then shoulders past you as you arrive and leaves you alone in the corner.

The vagina gets all the fun.

The vagina has all the nerve endings and gets to bounce on top of the penises and tongues. You know what I get? The work. Everything I do is work stuff, everything she does is fun stuff.

But that's not the worst of it. I have the world's fucking worst view. You know what I see a few inches further up from the door? Most of the time, nothing. Then oh, look at that, a nice little lake. How pretty. I feel like I'm in the Bahamas on a nice beach holiday oh she's peeing. And on the previous note of the sex, not only do I get none of the fun, I get the nightmarish image of... well, let's put it this way: imagine you're a rabbit and a snake has chased you into a hole. You're backed right against the wall and fortunately it got wedged but it's all like:

Makes a gesture like her hand is trying to grab her own face over and over again but can't quite reach.

Then you know what's next?

Recoils from something hitting her face and wipes her eye.

And after that?

Beat.

Life. I get to grow a life inside me. For nine months, it's not about her anymore. It's all about me. Sure, the vagina might still get some empty pleasure, but I get the highest honour. The highest duty. I get the respect. I make the greatest gift any woman could ask for. I make a new life. Can you understand the gravity of that? A new *life*.

Beat.

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And then there's menopause. No matter what I do, no matter how hard I try, it's all over pink rover.

So yeah. Want to know how I sum all this up? "Dear Vagina. Fuck you. Love. Uterus."