

WELCOME!!

We're so delighted you're thinking about auditioning for *The Vagina Monologues* 2016! It is a fantastic experience, and we hope to have you join us on this adventure.

On the day of the audition, please arrive at the beginning of the audition period to sign up for a time slot. Auditions are Thursday from 4-7 or Friday from 1-4 in Sunderland basement.

As you go through these 9 monologues, pick the one that calls to you the most. You don't need to memorize it, but make sure you're comfortable with it. If none of these monologues appeal to you, feel free to find another monologue to read at the audition.

The first monologue here was written by Jiya Pandya '17. We're hoping to incorporate more student-written original monologues in this year's production. If you are interested in writing your own monologue, please come to auditions with an idea you'd like to explore, in addition to the monologue you'll be reading from the ones below. *Please do not audition with Jiya's monologue*

**We hope you're as excited as we are.
Good luck, and, most importantly, have fun!**

**If you have any questions, please contact:
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The Period Monologue: by Jiya Pandya

It was ten days after my twelfth birthday, the first time I asked my mother about vaginas. There we were, my mother and I, sitting at a table in a large Italian restaurant. As I watched her sipping her tomato soup quietly, I popped the question. I was scared. So was she. Her spoon froze mid-air, individual soup drops suspended in mid-action. Her eyes widened; fear, embarrassment and surprise radiating out of her.

"What did you just say?"

"I asked you about vaginas, Mama."

"Where did you hear that word, sweetie?"

I couldn't figure out why that mattered. I didn't remember where I heard the word for the first time. It had just kind of seeped into my vocabulary. People on TV were always talking about them. So were people in books. So were the girls in my 6th grade classroom, as they discovered its mysterious, powerful presence. Stories would float around me in the air, in dining halls and dance rehearsals, gym

classes and math tests. Stories about light purple pajamas with giant red stains that looked like aged diarrhea. Stories about "momma diapers" and bonding rituals. A girl once told me that, by virtue of her having a new vagina, her mother took her to the woods, where they burned sage and drank from a waterfall and danced naked to celebrate her evolution. I wanted to evolve. I would hear whispers of "Mine bled like crazy today" around me. I wanted to know what was bleeding. I wanted to know about vaginas. I felt like I had been denied inclusion into some elite club; denied access to a secret code. I needed to belong to this vagina club. I just needed to.

"Mama. What happens to vaginas?"

My mother cleared her throat, looked up, looked down, looked side to side and then hesitantly looked at me. Then, taking a deep breath, she began.

"One day," she told me, "you'll wake up to blood. Down *there*. That's when you'll have become a woman. Your vagina will finally have woken up and grown up and you'll be a woman."

This was exciting news. Sure my mother didn't seem like she was going to dance naked with me in the woods, but at least the vagina club wasn't exclusive. I could get in on it. It would take a little blood, but how bad could it be? I couldn't wait to be a woman.

Then came the day I got my first period. I was at my best friend's house. As I paraded around the house in my new ultra absorbent jumbo-maxi pad, my best friend's older brother asked me why I was walking like I had just been circumcised. For once, he didn't faze me. I called up my father, excited to tell him that his little girl had finally become a woman. He was at court, as usual, and he didn't pick up the first seven times. When he finally did pick up, he was pissed off. My dad is scary when he is pissed off, and he greeted me with a frustrated, "What do you want?"

"I wanted to tell you something. I just got my first period," I declared happily into the phone. There was a moment of silence. A long pause. After what seemed like an entire minute, I heard:
"Fuck"

My twelve year old self couldn't process this panic. That little red spot made me super happy. In fact, I was ecstatic.

The next day at school, I marched up to my friends at the lunch table and announced my maturation into womanhood, proud and loud. Nobody seemed excited for me. They didn't seem to understand that I had just joined *the* club. Instead, they nodded pityingly. One girl asked me concernedly, "you just got it?" Another acknowledged that getting her period had forced her to confront that she had to BE a woman; even if she wasn't fully sure what that meant or whether it was what she wanted yet. They told me more stories about the constant struggles of vaginahood; uterine cramps that hurt your very essence, PMS and lots of unnecessary crying, and the world's worst invention, tampons. All this news made me more than a little worried, and for once, I was sure that dancing naked under a waterfall with my mother wasn't the solution. Maybe my dad was right, maybe this was an "oh...fuck" moment. It was as if the Vagina club membership came with a set of terms and conditions that I had never hit the Agree button on. Was I ready for this?

I decided not to talk about it. I decided not to mention it. I decided that this was a secret bonding experience I would have with myself, without stories from the outside. This was an experience that would bring me closer to me, and nobody could make me afraid of my new, adult vagina. Not my father, not my friends, not my best friend's older brother. Nobody. Four weeks later, after much soul searching, anxious waiting and vagina research, I was prepared. When my second period came, I was

ready. I was a warrior with a vagina and I was prepared to fight for it. My mama was right, I was a woman now, and being a woman came with responsibilities. Having a vagina was one of them. I was a grown up woman, and now, I had a grown up vagina.

1. Hair

You cannot love a vagina unless you love hair. Many people do not love hair. My first and only husband hated hair. He said it was cluttered and dirty. He made me shave my vagina. It looked puffy and exposed and like a little girl. This excited him. When he made love to me my vagina felt the way a beard must feel. It felt good to rub it and painful. Like scratching a mosquito bite. It felt like it was on fire. There were screaming red bumps. I refused to shave it again. Then my husband had an affair. When we went to marital therapy, he said he screwed around because I wouldn't please him sexually. I wouldn't shave my vagina. The therapist had a German accent and gasped (*Gasp.*) between sentences (*Gasp.*) to show her empathy. She asked me why I didn't want to please my husband. I told her I thought it was weird. I felt little when my hair was gone down there and I couldn't help talking in a baby voice and the skin got irritated and even calamine lotion wouldn't help it. She told me marriage was a compromise. I asked her if shaving my vagina would stop him from screwing around. I asked her if she had many cases like this before. She said that questions diluted the process. I needed to jump in. She was sure it was a good beginning.

This time, when we got home, *he* got to shave my vagina. It was like a therapy bonus prize. He clipped it a few times and there was a little blood in the bathtub. He didn't even notice it 'cause he was so happy shaving me. Then, later, when my husband was pressing against me, I could feel his spiky sharpness sticking into me, my naked puffy vagina. There was no protection. There was no fluff.

I realized then that hair is there for a reason — it's the leaf around the flower, the lawn around the house. You have to love hair in order to love the vagina. You can't pick the parts you want. And besides, my husband never stopped screwing around.

2. The Flood

Down there? I haven't been down there since 1953. No, it had nothing to do with Eisenhower. No, no, it's a cellar down there. It's very damp, clammy. You don't want to go down there. Trust me. You'd get sick. Suffocating. Very nauseating. The smell of the clamminess and the mildew and everything. Whew! Smells unbearable. Gets in your clothes.

I can't tell you this. I can't do this, talk about down there. You just know it's there. Like the cellar. There's rumbles down there sometimes. You can hear the pipes and things get caught there, little animals and things, and it gets wet, and sometimes people have to plug up the leaks. Otherwise the door stays closed. You forget about it. I mean, it's part of the house, but you don't see it or think

about it. It has to be there, though, 'cause every house needs a cellar otherwise the bedroom would be in the basement.

I don't have those dreams anymore. Not since they took away just about everything connected with down there. Moved out the uterus, the tubes, the whole works. The doctor thought he was being funny. He told me if you don't use it, you lose it. But really I found out it was cancer. Everything around it had to go. Who needs it anyway. Highly overrated. I've done other things. I love the dog shows. I sell antiques.

You ask me what would it wear? What kind of question is that? What would it wear? It would wear a big sign: CLOSED DUE TO FLOODING.

What would it say? I told you. It's not like that. It's not like a person who speaks. It stopped being a thing that talked a long time ago. It's a place. A place you don't go. It's closed up, under the house. It's down there.

You happy? You made me talk — you got it out of me. You got an old lady to talk about her down-there. You feel better now? (*She takes a moment.*) You know, actually, you're the first person I ever told about this, and I feel a little better.

3. The Vagina Workshop

And then the moment had arrived that I both dreaded and longed for. The woman who ran the workshop asked us to take out our hand mirrors again and to see if we could locate our clitoris. We were there, the group of us women, on our backs, on our mats, searching for our spots, our locus, our reason, and I don't know why but I started crying. Maybe it was sheer embarrassment. Maybe it was knowing that I had to give up the fantasy, the enormous life-consuming fantasy, that someone or something was going to do this for me — the fantasy that someone was coming to lead my life, to choose direction, to give me orgasms. I could feel the panic coming. The simultaneous terror and realization that I had avoided finding my clitoris, had rationalized it as mainstream and consumerist because I was, in fact, terrified that I did not *have* a clitoris, terrified that I was one of those constitutionally incapables, one of those frigid, dead, shut down, dry, apricot-tasting, bitter — oh my God. I lay there with my mirror looking for my spot, reaching with my fingers and all I could think about was the time when I was ten and lost my gold ring with the emeralds in a lake. How I kept diving over and over to the bottom of the lake, running my hands over stones and fish and bottle caps and slimy stuff, but never my ring. The panic I felt. I knew I'd be punished.

The woman who ran the workshop saw my insane scrambling, sweating and heavy breathing. She came over. I told her "It's gone. It's gone. I've lost my clitoris. I shouldn't have worn it swimming." The woman who ran the workshop laughed. She calmly stroked my forehead. She told me my clitoris was not something I could lose. It was me, she said, the essence of me. It was both the doorbell to my house and the house itself. I didn't have to *find* it. I had to *be* it.

My vagina is a shell, a tulip, and a destiny. I am arriving as I am beginning to leave. My vagina, my vagina, me.

4. Because He Liked to Look At It

Turned out that Bob loved vaginas. He was a connoisseur. He loved the way they felt, the way they tasted, the way they smelled, but most importantly he loved the way they looked. He had to look at them. The first time we had sex, he told me he had to see me.

"I'm right here," I said.

"No, you," he said. "I have to see you."

"Turn on the light," I said, thinking he was a weirdo and freaking out in the dark.

He turned on the light.

Then he said, "OK, I'm ready, ready to see you."

"Right here," I waved, "I'm right here."

Then he began to undress me.

"What are you doing Bob?" I said.

"I need to see you," he replied.

"No need," I said. "Just do it."

"I need to see what you look like," he said.

"But you've seen a red leather couch before," I said.

Bob continued. He would not stop. I wanted to throw up and die.

"This is awfully intimate," I said. "Can't you just do it."

"No," he said. "It's who you are. I need to look."

I held my breath. He looked and looked. He got breathy and his face changed. He didn't look ordinary anymore. He looked like a hungry beast.

"You're so beautiful," he said. "You're elegant and deep and innocent and wild."

"You saw that there?" I said.

It was like he read my palm.

"I saw that," he said, "and more, much much more."

He stayed looking for almost an hour as if he were studying a map, observing the moon, staring into my eyes, but it was my vagina. In the light I watched him looking at me and he was so genuinely excited, so peaceful and euphoric, I began to get wet and turned on. I began to see myself the way he saw me. I began to feel beautiful and delicious — like a great painting, or a waterfall. Bob wasn't afraid. He wasn't grossed out. I began to swell, began to feel proud. Began to love my vagina. And Bob, lost himself there, and I was there with him, in my vagina, and we were gone.

5. My Vagina Was My Village

My vagina was green, water soft pink fields, cow mooing sun resting sweet boyfriend touching lightly with soft piece of blonde straw.

My vagina was chatty, can't wait, so much, so much saying words talking, can't quit trying, can't quit saying, oh yes, oh yes.

My vagina singing all girl songs, all goat bell ringing songs, all wild autumn field songs, vagina songs, vagina home songs.

My vagina swimming river water, clean spilling water over sun-baked stones over stone clit, clit stones over and over.

My vagina. A live wet water village. My vagina my hometown.

My vagina a live wet water village.

They invaded it. Butchered it and burned it down.
I do not touch now.
Do not visit.
I live someplace else now.
I don't know where that is.

6. The Little Coochi Snorcher That Could

Memory: sixteen years old.

There's this gorgeous 24-year-old woman in our neighborhood and I stare at her all the time. One day she invites me into her car. She asks me if I like to kiss boys, and I tell her I do not like that. Then she says she wants to show me something, and she leans over and kisses me so softly on the lips with her lips and then puts her tongue in my mouth. Wow. She asks me if I want to come over to her house, and then she kisses me again and tells me to relax, to feel it, to let our tongues feel it. She asks my mama if I can spend the night and my mother's delighted that such a beautiful, successful woman has taken an interest in me. I'm scared and I can't wait. Her apartment's fantastic. She's got it hooked up. It's the seventies, the beads, the fluffy pillows, the mood lights. I decide right there that I want to be a secretary like her when I grow up. She makes a vodka for herself and then she asks what I want to drink. I say the same as she's drinking and she says she doesn't think my mama would like me drinking vodka. I say she probably wouldn't like me kissing girls either, and the pretty lady makes me a drink. Then she changes into this chocolate satin teddy. She's so beautiful. I always thought bulldaggers were ugly. I say "You look great," and she says "So do you." I say "But I only have this white cotton bra and underpants." Then she dresses me, slowly, in another satin teddy. It's lavender like the first soft days of spring. The alcohol has gone to my head and I'm loose and ready. There's a picture over her bed of a naked Black woman with a huge Afro. She gently and slowly lays me out on the bed and just our bodies rubbing makes me come. Then she does everything to me and my Coochi Snorcher that I always thought was nasty before, and wow. I'm so hot, so wild. She says, "Your vagina, untouched by man, smells so nice, so fresh, wish I could keep it that way forever." I get crazy wild and then the phone rings and of course it's my mama. I'm sure she knows; she catches me at everything. I'm breathing so heavy and I try to act normal when I get on the phone and she asks me, "What's wrong with you, have you been running?" I say "No, Mama, exercising." Then she tells the beautiful secretary to make sure I'm not around boys and the lady tells her, "Trust me, there's no boys around here." Afterwards the gorgeous lady teaches me everything about my Coochi Snorcher. She makes me play with myself in front of her and she teaches me all the different ways to give myself pleasure. She's very thorough. She tells me to always know how to give myself pleasure so I'll never need to rely on a man. In the morning I am worried that I've become a butch because I'm so in love with her. She laughs, but I never see her again. I realize later she was my surprising, unexpected and politically incorrect salvation. She transformed my sorry-ass Coochi Snorcher and raised it into a kind of heaven.

7. Reclaiming Cunt

I call it cunt. I've reclaimed it, "cunt." I really like it. "Cunt." Listen to it. "Cunt." C C. Ca Ca. Cavern, cackle, clit, cute, come-closed c-closed inside, inside ca-then u-then cu-then curvy, inviting

sharkskin u-uniform, under, up, urge, ugh, ugh, u — then n then cun — snug letters fitting perfectly together — n — nest, now, nexus, nice, nice, always depth, always round in upper case, cun, cun-n a jagged wicked electrical pulse-n (*high pitched noise*) then soft n-warm n — cun, cun, then t — then sharp certain tangy t — texture, take, tent, tight, tantalizing, tensing, taste, tendrils, time, tactile, tell me, tell me “Cunt cunt,” say it, tell me “Cunt.” “Cunt.”

8. The Woman Who Loved to Make Vaginas Happy

When I was a little girl and I would see women in the movies making love, making strange orgasmic moaning noises, I used to laugh. I got strangely hysterical. I couldn't believe that big outrageous, ungoverned sounds like that came out of women.

I longed to moan. I practiced in front of my mirror, on a tape recorder, moaning in various keys, various tones. But always when I played it back, it sounded fake. It was fake. It wasn't rooted in anything sexual really, only in my desire to be sexual.

But then when I was ten I had to pee really badly once. On a car trip. It went on for almost an hour and when I finally got to pee in this dirty little gas station, it was so exciting, I moaned. I moaned as I peed. I couldn't believe it, me moaning in a Texaco station in the middle of Louisiana. I realized right then that moans are connected with not getting what you want right away, with putting things off. I realized moans were best when they caught you by surprise, they came out of this hidden mysterious part of you that was speaking its own language. I realized that moans were, in fact, that language.

I became a moaner. It made most men anxious. Frankly, it terrified them. I was loud and they couldn't concentrate on what they were doing. They'd lose focus. Then they'd lose everything. We couldn't make love in people's homes. The walls were too thin. I got a reputation in my building and people stared at me with contempt in the elevator. Men thought I was too intense, some called me insane.

I began to feel bad about moaning. I got quiet and polite. I made noise into a pillow. I learned to choke my moan, hold it back like a sneeze. I began to get headaches and stress-related disorders. I was becoming hopeless when I discovered women. I discovered that most women loved my moaning, but more importantly I discovered how deeply excited I got when other women moaned, when I was responsible for other women moaning.

9. I Was There In The Room

We forget the vagina — All of Us
what else would explain
our lack of awe, our lack of reverence.
I was there when the doctor
reached in with Alice in Wonderland spoons
and there as her vagina became a wide operatic mouth
singing with all its strength;

first the little head, then the gray flopping arm, then the fast swimming body, swimming quickly into our weeping arms.

I was there later when I just turned and faced her vagina.

I stood and let myself see her all spread, completely exposed
mutilated, swollen and torn,

bleeding all over the doctor's hands
who was calmly sewing her there.

I stood and her vagina suddenly
became a wide red pulsing heart.

The heart is capable of sacrifice.

So is the vagina.

The heart is able to forgive and repair.

It can change its shape to let us in.

It can expand to let us out.

So can the vagina.

It can ache for us and stretch for us, die for us
and bleed and bleed us into this difficult, wondrous world.

I was there in the room.

I remember.

