

# MOUTHY BITCH



a new play by

# DENNIS BUSH





MOUTHY BITCH

by Dennis Bush

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## Production History

*Mouthy Bitch* had its World Premiere production at the Cincinnati Fringe Festival, sponsored by the Know Theater, in May and June, 2015, starring Kelsey Torstveit as Kate Carden, with direction by Ryan Amador.

Reel Good Girl Productions presented a production of *Mouthy Bitch*, directed by Jane C. Walsh, at the Las Vegas Fringe Festival in 2016, with Asia Lynn Pitts as Kate Carden, stage management by Bree Cardenas, costume design by Randy Hendrickson, sound design by John McClain, and production assistance by Thaisa Monteiro.

A subsequent production of *Mouthy Bitch* was presented by Reel Good Girl Productions at the Hollywood Fringe Festival in 2016, with direction by Jane C. Walsh, Asia Lynn Pitts as Kate Carden, stage management by Bree Cardenas, costume design by Randy Hendrickson, sound design by John McClain, and production assistance by Thaisa Monteiro.

## Synopsis

Kate Carden knows that, sometimes, keeping your boyfriend in a dog crate is a perfectly logical thing to do. In an unfiltered, no-holds-barred seminar, the self-described interpersonal guru takes her audience on a hilarious and heartbreaking exploration of relationships and reality, seasoned with adult language and candid sexual references. It's everything you wanted to know about relationships but didn't have the balls to ask. But, just when Kate is on the verge of complete clarity, an unexpected discovery changes everything.

## About the playwright

Dennis Bush's award-winning plays have been performed in New York and throughout the United States, Canada, the United Kingdom, and elsewhere around the world. He has extensive credits as a writer, is a sought-after coach for professional writers and actors, and is a noted script and dialogue consultant in all areas of the entertainment industry, as well. He is a proud member of the Dramatists Guild of America.

## Character

### Kate Carden

late 20's; making a name for herself on the motivational speaking circuit; in her seminars, she focuses on the relationship dynamic between women and men, and her controversial methods and strategies to help women achieve what they want and need; pretty; speaks her mind, without filtering, especially when she teeters close to the edge of emotional instability

## Setting

*Mouthy Bitch* takes place in a hotel ballroom or a similar large-size meeting room where the audience has gathered to attend a relationship dynamics seminar presented by Kate Carden. The stage is bare, except for a chair or stool and a small table with a glass and pitcher of water.

## Run Time

65 minutes

*KATE stands downstage center, feet shoulder-width apart. She wears a dark-colored business suit, with tailored jacket and pencil skirt. Under the jacket, a jewel-toned bra provides a small pop of color. Her posture is exemplary. Her shoes are stylish with a high heel, yet simple and conservative. She is a business woman and shouldn't, in any way, suggest anyone for whom sex is a priority or an occupation.*

*At rise, a mischievous smile crosses KATE's lips.*

KATE

There's something about his pubic hair... the way it peeks over the top of my panties when he wears them. It's like the little curly hairs are saying, "Hello, we're playing hide-and-seek in your panties." *(A thought quickly crosses her mind; clarifying)* He didn't just put on a pair of my panties without my permission. Let's not have any misunderstanding about that. I didn't come home early one day and find him prancing around in my underwear. Absolutely not. It happened in a perfectly civilized way. We were in the early stages of foreplay, on a Sunday morning about two years ago. He was licking his way down my stomach and, when he got to my panties, he said, "Let's try something unusual – something a little kinky." I'm not one to stifle another person's creative exploration. I'm not a prude. So, I said, "Okay," without knowing what he was planning to do. I'm a person who *trusts*. I think if you trust a person enough to let him go down on you, you should trust him enough to have reasonable parameters for what's unusual and a little kinky. He slid my panties down my legs and, before he put them on, he sniffed them. I was a little taken aback by the sniff, but I chalked that up to the concern that every woman has about how clean and fresh they are down there. *(Heading off any assumptions)* I am clean and fresh – down there and everywhere. But it was still disconcerting to see him sniff my panties with such zeal. That really is the only word to describe it: Zeal. And then he put on the panties and did a little model-on-a-runway spin in front of the full-length mirror in my bedroom. I've worn a pair of his boxers to bed, once or twice, so having him wear my panties didn't seem to be too deviant.

*Striding left, then, right, KATE takes more active control of her space.*

KATE (cont.)

We all get caught up in that idea – of what is and what isn't deviant. We look for ways to shame people who do things that are out of the norm. The problem with that is, what people believe is the norm, isn't the norm at all. That's why I do these seminars... these *opportunities* to talk about surviving and thriving in a world that wants women to follow the rules established and enforced by men. *(Scanning the audience)* I see more men than usual, tonight. We'll see if that turns out to be a good thing or not – for you and for us. Look around, ladies. Locate the man nearest to your seat. Are you close enough to grab his package and claim it for your own. *(With a knowing smile)* I bet that made some of your balls shrink up, didn't it, gentlemen? You don't have to nod or verbalize any kind of affirmative response. We'll just keep it between us. Like a secret. So, just

relax. Open your legs as wide as you do when you're feeling totally comfortable and in control. I've had men tell me that they sit that way so their balls can breathe, or because their package is so massive that keeping their legs any closer together is unbearably uncomfortable. What an ordeal that must be. If that's the case for you, gentlemen, you have our sympathy. *(To a man in the audience)* Women are less focused on the size of your equipment than you are. You should know that. We'll *talk* about it – the size of your dick and balls – with our friends and co-workers, but we don't *obsess* about it. And we don't value you any less if you're just average. Jeremy is just slightly bigger than average. Anything longer or thicker and it would look bizarre in my panties. And it would seem threatening just hanging there, when he gets out of the shower and everything is dangling all ding-dong-extra-long from the exposure to hot water. *(Clarifying)* Jeremy is my boyfriend – the one with the slightly-bigger-than-average penis and the pubic hair that plays hide-and-seek in my panties. His real name is Jeremiah, but I only call him that when he's been bad. There's something a little too Biblical about Jeremiah, so I prefer Jeremy... Or Puppy.

*KATE crosses upstage to her chair.*

KATE (cont.)

This is the point in the presentation when I would normally show a picture of him. I'd project it on the screen that the organizers had arranged for me to have. But, somehow, they forgot the screen *and* the projector, this time. And, besides, at the seminar I did last weekend, I showed a picture of Jeremy wearing one of my Victoria Secret thongs, and some woman – some *mouthy bitch* – shouted, "Shave his hairy ass crack!" As if it was her place to point out that he has a hairy ass crack or that I – or anyone else – should shave his ass crack so that it would be acceptable to her. *(Even more incensed)* As if it was in any way appropriate for her to shout out anything at all! So, even if I did have a projector and screen, I don't think I'd show you a picture of Jeremy. One mouthy bitch can spoil it for everyone else.

*She stands up, moving toward a section of the audience.*

KATE (cont.)

Calling someone a mouthy bitch isn't sexist. And it isn't a description that should cause anyone to blush. I'm not about to censor myself to keep from offending anyone. My candor shouldn't be a surprise to you – unless you were dragged here by a friend, in hopes of improving your awareness of male-female interpersonal relationship dynamics. Women who pretend to be mortified by profanity or sexual references need to get the fuck over themselves. It's that kind of antiquated thinking that's responsible for centuries of dysfunction. And hairy ass cracks – *Yes, back to hairy ass cracks* – are a reality. An honest-to-the-deity-of-your-choice reality. So, we should be able to talk about them. We should be able to *look* at them. We should be able to *appreciate* them without some goddamn mouthy bitch trying to shame us into shaving or silence. Or both. And I, for one, am fond of a hairy ass crack. There's something appealing – something inherently masculine – about it. Every man I've had a relationship with has had a hairy ass crack. And that's not something you can find out in advance. People don't back into a room

with their asscheeks spread, showing you their ass crack, on the first date. At least not the people I've dated. Even my first boyfriend, when I was seventeen, had a hairy ass crack. He was a swimmer – a *competitive* swimmer – and he shaved his chest, legs and armpits. He even shaved his pubic hair, which I thought was peculiar. But his ass crack stayed hairy. My appreciation of hairy ass cracks may have started because it's the only body hair Jonah had. If he'd had a hairy chest, I might have developed a fondness for hairy chests. We'll never know. My point is that, just because something doesn't appeal to your sense of aesthetics or sexual arousal doesn't mean you should be a mouthy bitch about what other people like or find attractive.

*KATE takes a sip of water, then wipes the corners of her mouth with her index finger, before continuing.*

KATE (cont.)

Jonah was a sweet guy. Every woman's first boyfriend should be a sweet guy. Especially if the losing of your virginity is involved. Which, in my case, it wasn't... Not exactly... Not technically. But also, in a way, actually, yes.

*She takes a gulp of water, inhales, then, exhales slowly.*

KATE (cont.)

Virginity is a tricky concept. It means different things to different people. We can talk physiologically and say that losing one's virginity requires that a penis or some similarly phallic object penetrates the vagina and ruptures the hymen. Or we can speak more broadly and say that a person's first sexual activity of any kind – consensual or not – is an unequivocal loss of one's virginity. Do blowjobs count? Some of you are asking yourself that question, right now. A blowjob would certainly fall under the heading of "sexual activity of any kind." So, using that broad definition, yes, blowjobs count. The fact that we look for wiggle room or ways to clarify the concept of virginity points directly to the hyper focus society places on virginity and how it separates the good people from the bad. Which is ludicrous. Because it discounts the critical element of virginity or the lack of it: Innocence. When my hymen was ruptured by my brother, when I was 14, I didn't feel any loss of innocence. I felt irritated. Both emotionally and vaginally. (*A quick beat*) My brother was 12 and big for his age. When puberty hit, he went from little boy to linebacker – seemingly overnight. And he was aggressive. He liked to wrestle and used to jump me from behind, force me to the ground and sit on me. No one in my family thought it was abnormal behavior. They were amused by it. My father laughed so hard, when Noah jumped me in the family room, that he peed his pants. Sitting in his recliner, watching my little brother treat me like a dog with a chew toy, my father pissed himself so much that he made a puddle on the carpet. And then everybody laughed at *that*. Because, apparently, a puddle of piss on the floor is worthy of more attention than a bruised girl biting her lip so she wouldn't cry. Girls learn their value through the realities of their family. *I learned*. So, when Noah pinned me to the ground in our back yard and tied tent spikes to my hands and feet and pounded the spikes into the ground, I knew that my reality was about to change. And when he cut off my shorts and underpants with a pair of hedge clippers, I just closed my eyes and imagined that I wasn't in my body.

Until I heard him spit and I opened my eyes to see our dog's rawhide bone in Noah's hand, with his spit dripping off it. And then he shoved the bone into my vagina. In and out and in and out. Hard. And he said, "I'm a bad dog." Then he kind of howled and I saw a big wet spot in his shorts and he grunted and collapsed on top of me. And I never told anyone, while I was growing up. Because, despite the reality of a rawhide-chafed vagina and busted hymen, no one would take my side. My dad would chalk it up to my vivid imagination. My mom would say that a 12-year-old boy wouldn't do nasty things to his sister, no matter how much his sister provoked him... So, it was my secret. Mine and Noah's, though the absence of guilt in his eyes was a sure sign that what he did was just another wet dream to him.

*A beat.*

KATE (cont.)

I choose to believe that the essence of virginity is innocence. I didn't lose my innocence that afternoon in the backyard of my childhood home. If anything, I *gained* innocence. I learned all about innocence and guilt and victimization that day. And I've carried that knowledge with me. I wield it like a pair of hedge clippers, cutting through the overgrown bullshit that masquerades as reality.

*She unbuttons one of her suit jacket buttons, allowing her bra to be more visible.*

KATE (cont.)

The concept of a woman wielding a weapon – or any kind of power – is difficult for men – and some women – to handle. Weapons are phallic for a reason. Guns, knives... remote controls. They're all just extensions of the penis. Luke – my boyfriend after Jonah – used to move his hand up and down on his video game controller like he was masturbating it – or himself. Luke was my boyfriend, during the first half of my freshmen year of college. He had a goatee. And a hairy ass crack. He was an art history major, with a very large and talented tongue. I wasn't lured away from Jonah by Luke's oral skills. Jonah's and my relationship ran its course in that way that relationships between 17-year-olds do. Jonah went into the Navy and I went to college. But this isn't about the chronology of my boyfriends. Chronology is a concept created by men to determine the speed with which women move from "Hello" to "Let's fuck." They judge their own prospects for the express-lane-to-fucking based on how quickly you got busy with your previous boyfriends, with the most recent one being the best indicator. It's like how a realtor will check the recent sales of comparable houses in your area, when you're thinking of putting yours on the market. Men are very time-focused. And they have different standards for acceptable timelines for sex. They all want a woman who'll have sex on the first date, but they won't think of you as relationship material if you do. "How many guys have you slept with?" Luke asked during our first pre-date texting conversation. "One," I answered. He wanted to see a picture of the guy – which meant that he was either very competitive or confused about his sexuality. I said I didn't have any photos of Jonah. Which was a lie. I have a gorgeous photo of him in a turquoise



Speedo with his abs glistening in the sun. But I wasn't about to send that to Luke – before we'd even been out on a date – just so he could obsess about whether or not he was hotter and hung better than Jonah. We assume that seeing photos of our previous paramour will trigger the most powerful I-have-to-step-up-my-game impulses in the new boyfriend. But it doesn't and it won't. It becomes a distraction that they can't get past. *(Simply)* Which is why I got Luke a shock collar... For his testicles... There's something comfortingly clinical about saying "testicles" instead of "balls" where a shock collar is concerned. But, since I've pointed that out, I might as well just call a ball a ball. So, yes, I got him a shock collar for his balls... Now would be a really good time to have a projector and a screen that work, because I've got a diagram that shows how the little electrified ring was clipped around his scrotum – the part that hangs away from his body... Imagine one of those little ring-toss games. *(She demonstrates, using her hands)* Here are his balls. And here is the part of the scrotum that connects to his groin. And here is where the shock collar was wrapped and snapped... Luke's shock collar was a very basic version of the more advanced ones you can find now. But it served its purpose. I could zap his balls from as far as fifteen feet away. I'd see his eyes shift away from looking at me and I'd electrify his lowhangers with the push of a button. Sometimes, I zapped him when we were arguing and he disagreed with me, but more often it was just to keep him on task and focused on what was important. There wouldn't be any need for Adderall if we, as a society, would just embrace the idea of putting electrified scrotum rings on the balls of people who struggle with ADD. A shock collar strapped onto a man's scrotum can change his life. For the better.

*KATE takes off her suit jacket, hanging it on the back of her chair. In just her bra, skirt and heels, she continues.*

KATE (cont.)

*(Continuing her thought)*

Until that man figures out how to rewire the shock collar and disable the connection to the remote control... Luke was creative and horny. That's a powerful combination. He found a way to make the collar emit a continuous buzz – like a vibrator, with sharper pulses at regular intervals. And he wrapped the leather strap around the base of his penis and testicles, rather than just around his scrotum. So, instead of a device designed to improve his discipline and sharpen his focus, Luke had what amounted to a vibrating cock ring. He'd strap it on in the morning and stay in bed all day – skipping classes and meals. Any ambition he had fell by the wayside. He turned into a hedonistic slug, laying on his dorm room bed, zapping himself until he ejaculated, over and over, without having to masturbate. Luke was, if you'll pardon my vulgarity, a pig in shit. *(She begins to cry)* And, after a man has found a way to trigger a steady stream of earth-shattering orgasms without having to do anything other than flipping a switch, there is no motivation for him to get off in a more active way. And that's sad. *(Trying to be articulate, through her sobs)* A man's loss of ambition – sexual or otherwise – is something to be mourned. *(Wiping away her tears)* But I wasn't about to be brought down by the shortcomings of a lazy college boy with an ejaculation addiction. So I moved on. There are plenty of hairy-ass-cracked fish in the ocean. Remember that.