

## MISS APPROPRIATION

Monologue by Tamika Bowditch-Clarke

**RHIANNON:** Thank you for tonight. I can't tell you how much I needed this. You weren't kidding in your bio, you really do have an impressive place. That's why I chose you, you know? How much you flaunt your things online. I saw you coming long before you ever knew I existed. I mean, it's not your fault, not really. You do what you have to do to sell yourself on those apps, to stand out. Attract. But at what point are you crossing the line between exaggeration and deception, you know? I've lost count of how many times I've been deceived and frankly, I'm tired.

He dresses like a Disney prince and before you know it, he's putting his grubby lying paws all over your body and convincing everyone *you're* unstable. But by that point, you just might me. Then you've got your nuisance obsessive mosquitos. The ones that buzz around sucking your peace but never actually shoot their shot because they know once they do, the door slams closed on that prospect. So, they lock you both in this annoying, stand off purgatory where you're waiting to shut it down, but it doesn't quite go far enough that you can do it without looking like an egotistical maniac because he "never actually liked you like that in the first place." Just cut to the part where you tell me I'm a flat-chested wench and you wouldn't want to rail me anyway. At least then we're on the same page and I can move on with my day.

*Rhiannon removes her clip-in bangs and hair extensions.*

I'm not as far gone as you might think. You really think I don't crave the feel of a man? It just comes with heinous conditions. Is this one going to put all the work into luring me in, only to discard me like his rubber that served its purpose? Or maybe he really does mean it at first, but soon his insecurities take over and his bottomed-out self-esteem dresses me like the enemy because someone as great as me couldn't *possibly* go for a loser like him, so either I'm too easy or obviously there *must* be something wrong with *me*.

I could tell you were hopeful about this, us, but that's because I watered myself down for you. Let's just call it how it is. You swiped right for my assets, and I engaged you for yours.

*By now we can see Rhiannon is loading her handbag full of his expensive belongings.*

**RHIANNON:** I know it's hard - feeling like a pursuit. Being tricked into trusting, only to have your worst fears realized in your most vulnerable state.

*Reveal he is tied to a bed naked. Rhiannon kisses his cheek leaving a bright lipstick mark.*

**RHIANNON:** I think you're great. But it never would have worked out between us.

*She exits.*