

Excerpt from BRAVE FACE- The Play

Written and performed by Everleigh Brenner - to be premiered at the Edinburgh Fringe festival 2021

August 23rd - 28th @ 18:45 (50 min) The Space @ Symposium Hall

THE ONLY BODY ON STAGE IS EM'S, EVERYBODY ELSE IS IMAGINED.

SCENE 16 - back on the bed - private to audience

I've grown accustomed to drawing  
spinning plates of custard around  
my head and banging you with a view  
To kill you, mother fucker.  
I don't hate you but I've placed my  
body in a cell of vacuum packed  
freezer burn and -

She is back with us.

EM

A weekly rundown because I think both you and I could benefit from knowing how my busy schedule plays out now. Mondays: are my reflect and re-vamp days. I go to school for a few hours, work for a bit, the twins are always in on Mondays, very cute. In the evening I dress nice and take myself out for drinks at a hotel bar, hoping to fill any possible empties for the week. Tuesdays are for school, work and planned blackmail. Wednesdays I work and dedicate time to the few men that I need to tittie feed first, like a first date for men who wanna feel special: the wealthy, powerful ones who need the extra baby girl moment. Thursdays are Tuesdays. Fridays are for school and myself, which includes the most humiliating slash enjoyable of the dickeriedooos. Saturdays I run in the morning. I don't cry. I have an afternoon blackmail and an evening blackmail and then Sundays I cry, go to yoga, have an afternoon blackmail, cry and then Monday comes back again and I'm ready.

(MORE)

## EM (CONT'D)

The most complicated aspect of all of this was the scheduling. I asked my friend, Shona, to help but apparently she has more important things to deal with. Apparently, she is broken and hurt and doesn't trust any man around her but doesn't know how to express her internalized fears. I don't get it. It's not that hard to be mad, angry I guess. Y'all think mad means crazy in this country and I'm just really fucking angry.. And that mad thing, that part, that's mysoginistic bullshit that lessens my human experience in a female body... I made that up. This is my play. Anyway yeah I do sex, and sex and whatever over and over and over again. I make a lot of money, some of my friends think I'm in the sugar baby business but that's not it. That would be easier, no offense - I absolute love a sugar Baby and have taken much inspiration from that lifestyle - as well as many prostitutes and sex workers and - for real, mad respect, forever and always - I just want, I'm just more - I'm quite violent about it, and kinda mean. I am horribly disgusted by all the men I have sex with. I hate them, and if I didn't I don't know if I would... but they all... I don't know if you've seen it. People, men specifically, in my reflective experience... they have an id, a quite accessible id... all creatures have ids, thats our impulses, but these... men... a lot, like all, and I don't want to be like all men but also (ALL MEN) they have this accessible id which allows them to almost mute their prefrontal cortex and therefore in extreme cases can't even comprehend the word 'no' and in daily cases need at least 3 significant signals for dissatisfaction before having the intellectual decency to check in, ask why, maybe stop for a second, it's not like it's the last boner you will ever have-