

GINA: Do you want a fucking medal?

CHLOE: *(Beat.)* But I still -

GINA: Oh for crying out loud, there's enough of us. Monkeys. Shakespeare. Typewriters.

*CHLOE's phone buzzes once more.*

FOR FUCK'S SAKE, CHLOE.

CHLOE: I can't turn it off, Gina, it's all the tweets. We need to know what's happening, I'm trying to -

GINA: What was she in for before? Kat? Or Lolly? What's her real name? Anyone?

CHLOE: Kat. Her real name's Kat.

NICOLA: She came in for a distribution enquiry three weeks ago.

GINA: And neither of you recognised her?

CHLOE: Distribution enquiries have shot up, Gina, there are too many, we can't keep up. You didn't recognise her either. We all watched her video. You were there too.

GINA: I met her for less than a minute. You both had meetings with her. It is your job to remember.

*CHLOE's phone buzzes again.*

CHLOE: Fuck.

GINA: What?

CHLOE: This isn't good. '@nicolaprotests haven't you got dicks to suck instead of terrorising vulnerable women? #norestforprotest'. I don't understand how Alex Campbell used to be so nice and now she's such a cunt.

*ADAM enters on his phone.*

ADAM: Sorry, Alex, if you could hold on one moment - just - I've got Vice on the phone here. They want to know how the fuck that rape video is trending?

NICOLA: Trending?

CHLOE: Hang on, they're coming in too fast for me to - oh fuck. He's right.

NICOLA: No.

*They crowd round CHLOE's phone.*

GINA: How has this happened?

NICOLA: What did she select?

CHLOE: 'No With Sharing Rights'.

NICOLA: No.

CHLOE: She did.

NICOLA: Fuck.

GINA: What?

NICOLA: I'm just - Fuck.

ADAM: What do I tell them, Gina?

NICOLA: Say that she must have shared it herself. She has to have done.

ADAM: But they're saying she shared it with them and absolutely no one else and it wasn't them.

NICOLA: Then tell them she's a lying money grabbing whore and that her and Alex Campbell deserve one another.

ADAM: *(Beat.)* Hi there. Listen, we can confirm 100% that the video didn't leak through us. Our contracts are iron clad, they -

Right. Well, of course we'll co-operate with -

She's hung up.

CHLOE: I mean who has actual pretend rape sex because someone was mean to them?

GINA: Thank you, Chloe. You may go.

CHLOE: I'm really sorry.

GINA: GET OUT, CHLOE.

*CHLOE leaves. The girls lock horns. ADAM looks uncomfortable.*

NICOIA: Gina –

GINA: How on earth didn't you spot it? From the way that girl behaved. It was a trap, Nicoia. I mean the girl's gay for christ's sake. It was staring you in the face. She selected 'No With Sharing' Rights'. She wanted to share it.

NICOIA: But I didn't know that, Gina. I had no fucking idea. If Chloe hadn't fucked it up

GINA: Chloe isn't your problem right now. Do you have any idea how much trouble we're in?

NICOIA: ...

GINA: Adam, read her the Vice article. The headline. *(Beat.)* Now, please.

*He gets his phone and gets the article up.*

ADAM: RAPE VICTIMS SHOWN FOOTAGE OF THEIR OWN RAPES: WELCOME TO THE MURKY UNDERWORLD OF PROTEST'

*Pause.*

GINA: We're ruined, Nic.

NICOIA: We're not ruined. This is a blip. We're gonna win this.

GINA: I need time to think about where we go from here.

ADAM: I think we should call an internal investigation.

GINA: That's the first sensible thing someone's said.

NICOIA: What? I don't think that's helpful.

GINA: Well, I agree with Adam.

NICOIA: Don't do an internal – there's no need to – A press conference.

GINA: What?

NICOIA: I'll do a press conference.

GINA: We will get eaten alive.

NICOIA: That's what people want. They don't want a cold hard report. They want the face. Bring it back to sisters. Bring it back to – Put me on a panel and I can talk. I can do it. Just watch me.

*Pause.*

GINA: Okay. *(To ADAM.)* Can you get everything together? We're going to have to over-prepare.

*GINA leaves, exhausted.*

NICOIA: What?

ADAM: Footage, Nicoia.

NICOIA: Because when you show them the footage they back down. It always works. It proves they're lying. It proves they want money.

ADAM: What about the ones that weren't lying?

NICOIA: We've had zero convictions. That means zero rapes.

*ADAM leaves. NICOIA hits herself gently.*

## COMMENTS K

*Comments.*

TROLL: SHE IS DISGUSTING

TROLL: Can't believe she let herself get raped to prove a point

TROLL: she didn't get raped she had organised consensual sex to prove a point

TROLL: lol dat crazy

TROLL: isn't she a lesbian? And if so do u reckon she's cured now?

TROLL: that is a horrible disgusting thing to say and is incredibly hurtful to the LGBT community

TROLL: the fact is she took the d to get back at someone who took the d time for everyone to chill the fuck out and let the whores squabble amongst themselves

TROLL: lol tho anyone notice how the dyke had a hairy minge in her first video and shaved in her second?

TROLL: isn't it interesting that even tho she a dyke she know exactly what to do with a dick. Hmm.  
#rotalesbianjustuntrained

## SCENE SEVENTEEN

*Three days later. The three sisters sit down to a panel.*

NICOLA: Thank you all for coming today. I'm gonna jump right in. We all feel horrified by the recent events here at Protest. It has racked us all. My sisters and I want to take this opportunity to extend our deepest sympathies to the woman in question after the way she was interrogated. Woman in question – Kat. Her name is Kat. And she isn't anonymous because you all know her name from her article. In this instance we have been fortunate. Kat Lewis was not attacked. She merely posed as a victim. A victim called Lolly. Kat felt that she had been poorly treated by us on her first visit and went to extreme lengths to seek some sort of personal closure. Her determination is almost commendable and not to be sniffed at. The consequences of her actions have highlighted a wider risk to us here at Protest. One that we take very seriously indeed. Abuse goes on. Everywhere. For every Kat Lewis, there's a Lolly. These booths are about people. And I refuse to hide behind business jargon when ours is a company that brings people into physical contact with one another. The purest form of contact there is. We are also running #HerNameIsLolly for victims of abuse and have set up a helpline for all those who feel affected by this event. We are aware of our responsibility to the wider public. Know

that if you or anyone you know has been affected you are not a number. You are not a statistic. You are a person.

CHLOE: Follow #HerNameIsLolly for more.

GINA: We can confirm that we are currently in the process of remanufacturing our booths to make sure that our consumers feel completely safe at all times.

NICOLA: We've tripled security to triple your pleasure. Now that's said and done, I'd like to open the floor for questions. Let's talk about sex.

*Laughter.*

JOURNALIST: Matt Hooper, Independent –

NICOLA: Hi there, Matt.

JOURNALIST: Er – Hi. Um, what changes will you be making to your external investigation system?

NICOLA: That's a great question.

GINA: We've introduced a CPS – a consumer personal statement. This is our consumers way of expressing how they feel regardless of the outcome of their claim. It's their voice.

NICOLA: It gives the enquiry a less 'corporate' feel. More bedroom less boardroom.

JOURNALIST: Susie Walkins, Marie Claire.

NICOLA: Hi, Susie. Fab dress.

JOURNALIST: Thank you. So how are these new booths going to look?

NICOLA: Ace question, Susie. Well, as well as new interiors –

CHLOE: – leopard print –

NICOLA: – the sexiest thing we can guarantee is absolute safety.

GINA: We're doubling our camera coverage so not only doubling potential evidence but also getting the most out of your Protest session with better angles.

NICOLA: It's a win win for everyone, am I right ladies?

JOURNALIST: Hi, Alex Campbell, Vice.

NICOLA: *(Beat.)* Hi, Alex.

JOURNALIST: Hi. How are you able to justify your treatment of Kat Lewis after having been on the receiving end of the same treatment yourself?

GINA: That's not -

NICOLA: It's cool, Geen. The answer's quite simple really. I have no trouble justifying anything because the same thing didn't happen to me. We are forgetting that Kat Lewis arrived at the Protest headquarters posing as someone else claiming to have been raped so -

JOURNALIST: I meant more in terms of being slutshamed.

GINA: That's not an appropriate question.

NICOLA: I don't consider myself a victim of slutshaming. And neither does Kat Lewis, I'm sure, considering she was also a willing consumer who engaged in consensual sex. Any more?

TROLL: Get your tits out.

GINA: This is a press conference.

NICOLA: It's alright, Geen. We're naturally protective of one another. That's what being sisters is all about. So. Get my tits out. I think someone's forgotten just how sexy consent is, hey? Can't keep it in your pants? Why not make me a video in one of our booths and upload it to our channels? I look forward to it, mister.

*Laughter.*

TROLL: How do you sleep at night?

GINA: How about we hear from some grown ups.

JOURNALIST: I have another.

NICOLA: Hi again, Alex.

JOURNALIST: When Protest launched early last year you spoke at the event about how one of your company aims was to tackle the stigma of revenge pornography by saturating the market.

NICOLA: That's right I did.

JOURNALIST: I just want to ask if you feel you've achieved this goal considering you're selling Protest videos on to third party buyers for profit?

*Silence. NICOLA's smile flickers.*

GINA: I don't understand the question.

JOURNALIST: Nicola Barker has been selling on videos made in her booths to the Pornhub network for a profit. My question is, Nicola, if you feel you've -?

GINA: This is an allegation that is entirely unfounded. We can assure you all that this is not the case.

JOURNALIST: I've been made aware of documents drawn up by yourself, Nicola, that were signed off on by an Adam Brewer, authorising the sale of thousands of consumer videos. Your booth users who selected 'No With Sharing Rights' I just wanted to hear from the lady herself.

*Silence. CHLOE and GINA look at NICOLA. NICOLA doesn't break eye contact with the journalist. She is frozen with a smile on her face.*

CHLOE: Fuck.

*NICOLA hits herself gently. Maybe we don't notice. She picks up her glass of water and drains it. She gets up to go.*

NICOLA: Excuse me, one moment.

GINA: *(Grabbing NICOLA by the wrist.)* You go nowhere.

*Silence.*

NICOLA: Okay. I have a question for you. My turn. How do I win? Because as wonderful as this all is, I'd love to know how I can fucking win. Can anyone tell me? Anyone at all?

Pause.

Come on then. Who wants me? Come and get me.

*A camera flashes.*

SCENE EIGHTEEN

*Later that evening. NICOLA hurriedly packing up her things. ADAM enters.*

ADAM: Where the fuck do you think you're going?

NICOLA: You can't tell me what to do.

ADAM: You're not going anywhere until you clear my name.

NICOLA: You just humiliated me live.

ADAM: Nicola, you forged my fucking signature.

NICOLA: I need Protest to be a success. I didn't have a choice.

ADAM: Of course you had a choice. You had too much fucking choice.

NICOLA: I couldn't lose it.

ADAM: Do you realise that I can't ever work again now? That my name will always be associated with fraud. If I hadn't...

NICOLA: If you hadn't what, Adam? At least be man enough to fucking say it. If you hadn't leaked our accounts. Why the fuck didn't you tell me you knew?

ADAM: Oh let's see, because you repeatedly ignore me at work, at home, in bed -

NICOLA: Fuck you.

ADAM: If I had written it across my face and laid down in front of your office you'd have fucking stepped over me. I gave up a job to come here. A great job.

NICOLA: You did it because you were scared to lose me.

ADAM: This is cruel, Nicola.

NICOLA: What? Crueler than letting me get eaten alive out there and ruining everything I've worked for? Go fuck yourself.

ADAM: That's what I do anyway, 'coz we haven't fucked in a year.

NICOLA: Just fuck off, Adam. I'm not going to let you piss over everything I've worked for.

ADAM: What you have done is illegal. You have exploited thousands of people. You used my name. You took our company ethos and raped it.

NICOLA: *My* company.

ADAM: You'll go to prison.

NICOLA: I won't.

ADAM: You will. It's fraud. You're going to lose everything. Everything. Your family. Your mum has fucking shares in the company, Nicola.

NICOLA: I'm losing nothing.

ADAM: I'm going to press charges.

NICOLA: You wouldn't.

ADAM: See you there.

NICOLA: I'm Nicola Barker.

ADAM: You stopped being Nicola Barker in a nightclub six years ago.

NICOLA: You weren't there.

ADAM: You could have come to me.

NICOLA: You weren't in Ibiza.

ADAM: How can anyone ever help you, Nicola, when you don't let them?

NICOLA: You called me disgusting.

MILLY THOMAS

ADAM: You broke my fucking heart.

NICOLA: You wanted to hit me.

ADAM: I wanted to marry you.

NICOLA: No one understood.

ADAM: If you were bored then you should have broken up with me instead of ruining my fucking life.

NICOLA: What about my life? I just want to live.

ADAM: You're not dying, Nicola. Why do you live as though you're dying? I have tried so hard. I have spent years pleading on my knees. I tried. I am trying. I don't understand.

NICOLA: You can't understand because you don't know the meaning of shame. Because you could get sucked off on a dance floor with twenty other men and then walk off into the night and never fucking think twice about it and get that job at Santander and take that girl in HR out for coffee and date her and marry her and love her and never fucking stop to think about telling her what you did. Because you didn't do anything, right? You don't know shame. Or maybe, now you do.

ADAM: I'm never asleep. *(Beat.)* When you masturbate at night and you think I'm asleep. I'm not asleep. So don't say I don't know shame.

*NICOLA tries to leave. ADAM blocks her path.*

No, you don't.

NICOLA: Get out of my way.

ADAM: You do something. You write something or –

*ADAM gets his phone out and presses record.*

Tell people what you've done. Tell everyone I didn't do it.

*GINA enters. She has been crying. Pause. ADAM lowers his phone.*

ADAM: *(Beat.)* I wish I'd never met any of you.

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CLICKBAIT

*He leaves without looking at NICOLA.*

GINA: I don't blame him. I actually think it's what you deserve.  
NICOLA: Really?

GINA: I think that this has spiralled completely out of control and that that was the only way you'd learn.

NICOLA: Did I need to be taught a lesson, Gina?

GINA: Nicola, you broke the law. You breached contracts that have ruined thousands of lives. What you've done is disgusting.

NICOLA: I did what I had to do to save it.

GINA: You should have told me.

NICOLA: Why? You'd have judged me. You hate this. You hate sex. You hate men. You hate yourself. You hate me.

GINA: That's not true.

NICOLA: You can't bear it. Any of it. Are you a virgin, Gina?  
Is that why you think this is disgusting?

GINA: You're disgusting. The things you're saying are disgusting.

NICOLA: I'm not disgusting. I'm not. You are. You were looking for an excuse to shut this whole thing down and now you've got it. Well done, Adam. Well done, you.

GINA: I've given up my whole fucking life trying to pull you out of danger, Nicola.

NICOLA: Oh please, you're in your twenties.

GINA: My twenties have revolved entirely around you.

NICOLA: Then you should have gone and got some then instead living through me.

GINA: I could hit you.

NICOLA: So hit me.

GINA: ...

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NICOLA: I thought so. You've always been a pussy.

GINA: *(Beat.)* I think I'm leaving now. *(Beat.)* I'm done.

Chloe and I are done now. Mumi's done. Adam's done. We're all done now.

NICOLA: ...

GINA: You're my sister. And I'm trying to love you. *(Beat.)* But I wish you'd never been born.

NICOLA: ...

GINA: I didn't mean that. I didn't. I just ... I wish it was how it was. I wish none of this had ever happened. If we'd done something. If we'd gone to the police. None of this -

NICOLA: I did go to the police.

*Pause.*

GINA: What?

NICOLA: I'd already been to the police.

*Silence.*

GINA: *(Beat.)* Why didn't you tell me?

NICOLA: *(Beat.)* They wouldn't press charges until he uploaded it. They weren't going to help me. You couldn't help me. So I uploaded it before he could. I thought you could help me. But you thought I was a dirty horrible slut.

*GINA slaps NICOLA. Pause. CHLOE enters. Silence. GINA is appalled at herself. She leaves in tears. CHLOE stares at NICOLA. NICOLA hits herself.*

Sorry Chloe.

#### SCENE NINETEEN

*NICOLA is in a police station. There is a POLICEMAN and a POLICEWOMAN.*

POLICEMAN: So you're saying he -

NICOLA: I didn't know it was being taken.

POLICEMAN: Yeah.

NICOLA: And now I'm being -

POLICEMAN: And this is to cause distress?

NICOLA: I'm sorry?

POLICEMAN: I'm asking if this is intended to cause distress.

NICOLA: I don't know ... I don't know if you're joking.

POLICEMAN: We wouldn't joke about something like this.

NICOLA: Yes. Yes, this is explicitly intended to cause distress.

POLICEMAN: Because you're telling us he wants to post it on the website of the club he manages, is that correct?

NICOLA: Yes.

POLICEMAN: Because, the thing is, and I'm just trying to show you how they'd pick holes, you see, if it's that ... er ... that kind of club, for want of a better expression, then this could be serving as promotional material.

NICOLA: It's not that kind of club.

POLICEMAN: It's not?

NICOLA: It's a standard club in Ibiza.

POLICEMAN: Oh. *(Beat.)* Right.

*Pause. The police look at one another.*

POLICEMAN: We're not doubting that this is horrible for you, Nicola, okay? This is a frightening upsetting experience for you and we don't doubt that for a minute, do we Helen?

POLICEWOMAN: No.

NICOLA: Okay.

POLICEMAN: Okay. Now the thing is he hasn't actually posted this video anywhere yet, has he?

NICOLA: No, but –

POLICEMAN: Well, the thing is he hasn't actually committed a crime yet.

NICOLA: I –

POLICEWOMAN: He's abroad too, isn't he?

POLICEMAN: Well, yeah, that's another kettle of fish.

NICOLA: Why does that matter?

POLICEWOMAN: Well, we're in the UK, aren't we?

NICOLA: I'm aware.

POLICEMAN: But the crime happened abroad.

POLICEWOMAN: And if he's still abroad / well

POLICEMAN: / well we're going to have to talk to their local police force and try and ascertain –

NICOLA: But they won't do anything.

POLICEMAN: Have you contacted them out there?

NICOLA: I ... No.

POLICEWOMAN: Why not?

NICOLA: Well, I came to you. I came here. To you guys. Because, I –

POLICEMAN: I think I understand.

NICOLA: I don't think you do.

POLICEMAN: Okay, Nicola. I'm going to ask you a question now that may be a difficult question to answer.

NICOLA: Okay.

POLICEMAN: Did you want that sexual act to happen?

NICOLA: I –

POLICEMAN: Did you want that to happen to you?

POLICEWOMAN: Was it enjoyable?

POLICEMAN: I don't think we can ask / that

POLICEWOMAN: / What we're asking is if this was your decision. Did you instigate this?

NICOLA: I didn't instigate it.

POLICEMAN: That's not –

NICOLA: Did I want it?

POLICEMAN: // No.

POLICEWOMAN: // Yes.

*Beat. The police look at one another.*

POLICEMAN: That's not quite –

POLICEWOMAN: You weren't forced or pressured to do this?

NICOLA: No.

*Pause. The police look at one another.*

POLICEMAN: Okay. *(Beat.)* That's great.

*Silence.*

Alrighty. Now, Nicola, this is the difficult bit. I totally appreciate this won't be what you're wanting to hear.

NICOLA: You're not going to do anything?

POLICEMAN: Now, that's not what we've said, is it? No. What we're saying is that, unfortunately, we kind of need to wait until he posts the video before we can take action.

NICOLA: I was filmed without my consent.

POLICEMAN: If this was blackmail then that would be different. We're not currently dealing with blackmail. We're currently dealing with a – a revenge –

POLICEWOMAN: And even if it was we wouldn't advise you pay.



MILLY THOMAS

CLICKBAIT

POLICEMAN: Well, Helen's right in that – Well what tends to happen –

POLICEWOMAN: Once people pay it can often lead to perpetrators pressuring victims for more money and after all that they tend to post it anyway.

POLICEMAN: What Helen means is that it's often hard to –

NICOLA: I want to press charges. I –

POLICEWOMAN: You look down the camera.

NICOLA: Excuse me?

POLICEWOMAN: You look down the camera. And you're smiling. *(Beat.)* I'm only bringing this up because this is what would be used against you in court.

NICOLA: ...

POLICEWOMAN: We're just trying to do our job, Nicola. And I think you're going to have a hard time defending this.

NICOLA: I don't understand why.

POLICEWOMAN: *(Beat.)* Because all the conditions are there, I'm afraid.

NICOLA: What does that even mean? Does that mean I don't look vulnerable enough?

POLICEWOMAN: // Yes.

POLICEMAN: // I ... Let's just wait and see what he does, okay?

*The sounds of the Ibiza swell.*

SCENE TWENTY

*NICOLA is drunk. We are in Ibiza. The PROMOTER is pouring her a drink.*

PROMOTER: You look like Bambi.

NICOLA: Yeah?

PROMOTER: That can be your name.

NICOLA: Bambi?

PROMOTER: You don't like it?

NICOLA: A little tacky.

*NICOLA laughs.*

PROMOTER: Tacky? You wanna talk about tacky. After that, my love? After what you just did? You're funny.

NICOLA: Thanks.

PROMOTER: A girl who can take a compliment. *(He hands her the drink.)* Don't meet many of them, hey?

NICOLA: Guess not.

*Silence. They are staring at one another.*

I'm awesome.

PROMOTER: No, darling, *that* was awesome.

NICOLA: I'm awesome.

PROMOTER: You're okay.

NICOLA: I'm awesome.

PROMOTER: *(Laughing.)* You're a funny one.

NICOLA: I know.

PROMOTER: *(Beat.)* I'll have you back next year, you know.

NICOLA: Oh yeah?

PROMOTER: If you want. You're a good rep. You've been good with the young people. They like you.

NICOLA: That's because I'm a young person.

PROMOTER: Ha.

NICOLA: And a lot of people love me.

MILLY THOMAS

CLICKBAIT

PROMOTER: You love yourself.

NICOLA: I do.

PROMOTER: How come?

NICOLA: Huh?

PROMOTER: How come you love yourself?

NICOLA: I don't need to give you a reason.

PROMOTER: I wasn't saying it's a bad thing, girl.

NICOLA: You were a bit.

PROMOTER: I wasn't. I swear. *(Beat.)* Has anyone ever told you you've got beautiful eyes?

*NICOLA suddenly starts laughing.*

What?

NICOLA: Of course you'll bloody have me back next year.

PROMOTER: What you saying?

NICOLA: You just said that you'll have me back this year?

PROMOTER: Next year.

NICOLA: Oh yeah.

PROMOTER: This year is this year, you little pisshead.

NICOLA: Right.

PROMOTER: Next year.

NICOLA: Next year.

PROMOTER: What about it?

NICOLA: Well of course you'll bloody have me back. After that.

PROMOTER: Ha. Yeah. You wanna get back out there. *(Beat.)*

You could work in a strip club.

NICOLA: Ha. Not a shitty club like this one.

PROMOTER: A shitty club, hey?

NICOLA: No, no, I'm teasing. It's great.

PROMOTER: But you could, you know. *(Beat.)* That was good.

NICOLA: Yeah?

PROMOTER: *(Beat.)* I'm good.

NICOLA: Oh yeah? Back in the day?

PROMOTER: No, you bitch. Now, I'm good now.

NICOLA: *(Laughing.)* Sorry. But you're not though, are you?

PROMOTER: I am. I fucking am.

NICOLA: You're funny.

PROMOTER: You're the funny one, Miss Bitch.

*He goes to tickle her and she bats him away. He grabs her wrist. He holds it for too long.*

PROMOTER: Come on, let me show you something sexy.

NICOLA: Don't ruin things by getting your dick out.

*The PROMOTER goes up to her. He crouches down beside her. NICOLA hesitates. The moment hangs.*

PROMOTER: Who said anything about my dick?

*Then he gets his phone out. He presses play.*

Look at you, Miss Bambi.

NICOLA: You filmed it?

PROMOTER: Yeah?

NICOLA: What the fuck?

PROMOTER: You look fantastic.

NICOLA: I -

PROMOTER: You're beautiful.

MILLY THOMAS

CLICKBART

NICOLA: You –

PROMOTER: You're so beautiful.

NICOLA: Delete it.

PROMOTER: Come on now we can enjoy your beautiful work, hey?

NICOLA: Delete it now.

PROMOTER: Not such a funny girl now. Where's your sense of humour? Gone on holiday? *(He laughs.)*

NICOLA: I'm serious, delete it.

PROMOTER: I can't.

NICOLA: Why the fuck not? You have to.

PROMOTER: I don't want to.

NICOLA: Please. Please delete it. I'm begging you, delete it.

PROMOTER: I need to keep it.

NICOLA: Why?

PROMOTER: For me. When I masturbate.

NICOLA: That's disgusting.

PROMOTER: No, beautiful girl. What you just did was disgusting. It was disgusting.

*He begins stroking her cheek.*

Twenty minutes ago you let all those men put their dicks in you, hey. In your mouth and round your face, and you feel all full now? And you arched your back like a little pussy cat and stick your tongue out for more, hmm? I want you, funny girl. You're good and I'm good. Let's be good to each other, hey? You do it for them and now you do it for me. Because we're good.

*He goes to kiss NICOLA but she jerks her head away. He holds her face.*

*(Pause.)* You're disgusting. *(Pause.)* I love you.

*He tries to kiss her again but this time she reaches for the phone. He holds it out of reach.*

Naughty girl!

*NICOLA shoves him hard.*

NICOLA: Get the fuck off me. You're disgusting.

PROMOTER: No, you are. You're a little bitch.

*NICOLA shoves him again.*

You're a foul, diseased, ugly pussy bitch.

NICOLA: I'm not gonna fuck you. Why the fuck would I fuck you?

PROMOTER: You're a cunt.

NICOLA: No, I have a cunt. And it's amazing. And you can't have it.

*NICOLA doubles over laughing.*

PROMOTER: Cunt. Why are you laughing at me? Hey? What have I done to make you laugh at me? I don't deserve it. It's not nice. You're a bitch. You're a cunt.

*NICOLA shakes her head laughing at him. She wobbles a bit and heads towards the exit.*

Fuck off. What, you're gonna go crying, telling everyone that I touched you? Nobody'll believe you. Girls like you. Whores like you. You can get on a plane tomorrow, you ugly slut. You get on a plane and fuck off home. Nobody's gonna want you here when I'm done with this. Teasing me all summer. You and your disgusting pussy. Go back to England and go fuck everyone there with your rotten pussy. There's other girls out there now in the bar. Right now. Nobody gives a fuck about you. There are more girls. Do you understand? You aren't special. There are more girls who fuck better than you.

*NICOLA goes to leave.*

Where the fuck do you think you're going?

NICOLA: You can't tell me what to do.

PROMOTER: Yes, I can. I have you.

NICOLA: Nobody has me. Watch me.

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