

This Easter Sunday

18+ Adults Only

The Grassrooted Trust
Presents

V 2018 DAY

AN PATRIARCHY

1st April
7pm

@ Idea Hell
(Near Bishop's College Auditorium)

Tickets LKR 1000

Available at Barefoot Gallery

Anuruddha, Amila, Bhoomi, Bimsara, Chithranga, Danu,
Dharini, Dino, Dominic, Gehan, Hidaayath, Indu, Kapila,
Lihan, Micheal, Michelle, Pasan, Ravin, Sachini,
Sharanya, Upekha, W Jayasiri & Ten Tin Soldiers



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TODAY'S BEST VARIETY



St. Nick-less is a story that found its roots in a conversation with a group of women who belonged to the Borah community who wanted us to tell their story. Every incident outlined in this script happened. It happened to children. It happened to adolescent girls and women.

Female Genital Cutting = Female Genital Mutilation.

V Day 2018: PatriANarchy

Saint Nick-less

Written by Hans Billimoria

Performed by Dominic Keller and Michelle Herft

The scene: A man in a white inner shirt over a pajama bottom, and a woman in Salwar-Kurtha wearing shorts, sit opposite each other. Husband and wife at home. The wife is giving herself a pedicure.

D: In the beginning, before the monotheistic God arrived, we worshipped the divine feminine. Fertility symbols with voluptuous breasts, outsized vaginas and massive buttocks. Mother Earth giving birth to our world.

M: It has to be done.

D: When did Mother Earth become the whore of Babylon? Jezebel? Evil temptress... Why does God have to be so monotheistic? Why couldn't he co-exist with Mother Earth? Hold hands, nurture and protect her...

M: If we don't do it, she'll be tainted.

D: When did the vagina become such a filthy... place? It used to be where life comes from... but then they made it about sin and pain and... who made it so dirty? Sooo dirty... why does the vagina have to be so dirty?

M: It's a simple procedure. We just have to decide what exactly we want done.

D: Is your vagina dirty? [Met with silence] Is your vagina dirty?

M: My vagina is not dirty. I keep it very clean. Thank you.

D: Exactly, so if you keep it clean, then why do we have to do this... just teach her how to keep it clean. [Met with silence] I'll teach her. If you're too embarrassed to talk to her about it, I will teach her to keep it clean...

M: Don't be absurd. What will your mother say [indicates upstairs] if she hears you talking to Chotu about vaginal hygiene?

D: [Pulls out his phone] If you women don't want to tell me, I will learn how, and tell her. No one needs to hear. She will have the cleanest vagina in Sri Lanka. Spotless!

M: This is not about that kind of clean. This is about keeping her pure of heart...

D: Her heart is not between her legs.

M: Pure of mind.

D: Her mind is not between her legs either.

M: Listen, we have to do this. People will know if we haven't done it. Your parents will know. And my mother. Not to mention my sister.

D: Your sister is always best left unmentioned.

M: This is Colombo. Everyone will get to know, whether my sister blabs or not.

D: I don't care.

M: I care. I don't want them to label her a... a... slut, just because you don't have the guts to follow a very simple holy edict.

D: Holy edict? Are you mad? She's eight. Slut? There is nothing more unholy than...

M: She has to get married one day. Do you want her husband to question her, to check, to hold her down and do it himself? Do you think that hasn't been done? I have heard it done to a girl on her wedding night!

D: She would never marry such a man.

M: The husband forced her own mother to hold her down, forced her, after scolding the mother for not getting it done when she was a child, and then, he cut her himself - do you want that to happen to our daughter?

D: She would never allow it!

M: You don't know our men.

D: I am one of our men!

M: You! You live in a dream world. Djinns riding unicorns know more about us than you.

D: I don't want to be a man that cuts his wife just before they fuck for the first time. I would celebrate the fact that her...that her source of pleasure is still intact.

And if it's not... I would make sure she feels pleasure in every other way possible.

Can't you remember... have you really forgotten... us?

M: You're an aberration.

D: Better that, than brutalizing my just-married-wife. What kind of mother would agree to hold her down... how did he convince her to do that?

M: He forced her.

D: What? By holding a gun to her head? Would you actually consider holding down our daughter on her wedding night? Whatever the threat?

M: I want to go to the doctor, now. I want it done clean and surgically. We don't even need to get an Osth Mami, I know of a doctor who...

D: I don't believe this. Mad! You're mad! What have you become? How is your memory so fucking selective?

M: I have found a doctor who will give us options.

D: Options? What do you mean options?

M: Listen, we're not in Puttalam, nothing needs to be mutilated. It can be just a little cut, even just the prick of a needle, all we need is a little blood...

D: Why? Why do you want blood? Why do you want our little girl to associate her vagina with blood?

M: For fuck's sake! Vaginas and blood are as old as your precious divine feminine. Just calm down! Be reasonable. We must do this to make sure she remains chaste.

D: Chaste? Do you seriously think taking up a blade or a needle to harm an eight year olds' clitoris will make her chaste? What the fuck is chaste anyway? What does chaste even mean? I chaste, you chaste, they chaste, WE chaste her away by agreeing to this...

M: Stop! I have found a doctor...

D: Did it make you chaste? Was I the first man you ever... revealed yourself to?

M: You know better than to ask that... how could you even...

D: Okay! Okay! Okay. [Both of them are reluctant to let his mother, and the rest of the household, hear their argument]

M: Listen, I took a screen shot of the doctor's menu card...

D: Menu card... I don't fucking believe...

M: The options he offers. Please! I suggest you shut up and listen. We have to make a decision. And I'm sure we could do without input from upstairs.

One, the Full Monty - where the clitoris is damaged on purpose and pleasure becomes more difficult. The thinking is that it discourages masturbation, and therefore the girl will be less... promiscuous.

D: I will buy every single girl who has undergone this, a dildo, so that she can experience mind blowing G-spot orgasms. Every single girl! Across Sri Lanka!

M: That'll only make us bankrupt. Anyway, we don't have to do it this way. We can't. You never know what'll be done. One of my classmates, a Burgher girl said she lost about Icm. They did it with a scissor. They even cut off a piece of her labia...

D: A Burger girl? Impossible! Burgher girls won't let people mess around with their...

M: She married one of us. Her mother-in-law insisted. Made it a condition for the marriage. She still talks about the trauma... they sort of pulled it out and... [M simulates cutting of the clitoris between her legs]

D: [Horrified] Fuck. How old was she?

M: Eighteen.

D: And you still want to do this?

M: Option two on the menu isn't that mad.

D: No? Is it a return to the chastity belt? Made of a special indestructible light weight alloy with a digital keypad and pin number that we ceremoniously hand over to the husband on her wedding night...

M: No. It's just a nick to the prepuce, the hood that covers... it. That kind of cut won't do that much damage. And, it didn't, really...

D: I want her to be nick-less! Why can't she be nick-less? Nick-less. Nick-less. Nick-less.

M: [Angrily] You're not nick-less! You got circumcised. Why don't you want your daughter to follow the holy edicts like you? What, because she's a girl she's somehow less in your eyes? You wouldn't have objected like this if we had a son to circumcise.

D: That's different.

M: There was blood. A blade. A strange man.

D: It keeps my penis clean. This doesn't keep the vagina clean. It has no fucking health benefits at all! Male circumcision stops HIV! How that!?

M: It's not about that kind of clean!

D: I don't want her cut!

[Smoldering elms glower at each other]

M: Option three. Hold a butter knife to the area.

D: Butter knife? How sharp?

M: A blunt butter knife. He places it over her clitoris. Like this.

D: Who does?

M: The doctor.

D: Why do we need a doctor? It's a butter knife.

M: He'll give us a certificate that he has done the necessary procedure. And she will think something has been done, that's what's important, and if... when they ask, she will say yes. We'll train her to say yes.

D: You want her to lie.

M: No, I want her to tell the truth. The necessary procedure was done by the necessary doctor at the necessary time.

D: I don't want her to think that we agreed to put a knife to her vagina. She's eight. She understands everything.

M: We'll explain it to her. We'll tell her it's symbolic. We'll tell her it's tradition. We'll tell her it is what God commands us. We'll tell her...

D: God does not make such barbaric demands.

M: Fine. So what then? We'll tell her about the Full Monty shall we? Tell her about the need for blood?

D: Yes. We tell her the truth. The science. We'll tell her that being pure of heart and mind has nothing to do with blood between her legs.

M: You're being ridiculous.

D: Please let me be ridiculous... Please! She's only eight. Eight. Her only concerns should be how long she gets to watch cartoon network... chicken Kiev or chicken nugget... not worry about a butter knife wielding doctor poking around her vagina...

M: It's a blunt butter knife...

D: It's a knife.

M: Fine. Fine! We don't have to do this... [D starts dancing] clearly you're beyond help.

D: Yes. Yes I am. And so are you. So are you. Come here! [pulls her to him] One day I'll tell her how lucky she is to have a mother like you.

M: You jackass. Get off me. Get off me!

D: [Stops dancing, and is suddenly pensive] Here, can we still get the certificate?

M: If we pay, yes. Option 4. The procedure that never happens.

D: Get. No harm having it. God only knows who she'll marry from our community...

[Black out - music]

