

## WOKE UP

### Cast:

ANNA the meeting facilitator, she has been on a conflict resolution course at KAIROS. She carries the Standing Orders.  
SUE an 'ordinary' [whatever that may mean] lesbian  
LEAFMULCH a radicallesbian/feminist separatist  
RACHEL a Jewish lesbian

### Scene:

A Zoom meeting of WOMEN AGAINST MALE POWER [WAMP].

---

*[SUE and RACHEL are eagerly discussing a gory lesbian detective thriller they've been reading. LEAFMULCH is centring herself noisily.]*

ANNA: OK, can we get started please? *[Nobody takes any notice]* I'm sure you're all eager to get off to watch Bridgerton, so can we just crack on?

*[SUE notices that ANNA's microphone is off. She mimes furiously for ANNA to switch it on. ANNA accidentally switches off her camera, and the screen goes blank. ANNA reappears. Switches her mike on.]*

ANNA: Sorry about that. I'm using Gloria's I-Pad and the Zoom set-up is completely different. The buttons are all in the wrong place. *[To off]* Well, maybe they're in the right place for you, but it's the wrong place for me.

SUE: What were you saying?

ANNA: What?

SUE: You were trying to say something?

RACHEL: It's funny isn't it when people speak and you can't hear them? They look completely demented. *[SUE laughs. To ANNA]* You looked completely demented.

LEAFMOULD: *[Coming to]* I object to the word 'demented'. It disempowers people to suggest they have left their mind.

ANNA: Thank you for your feedback. Glad you want to re-power me, Leafmould. I will take that as an endorsement. The meeting of the Women Against Male Power Coalition Mobilization will now come to order. Will you please switch off your microphone when you are not speaking.

SUE: I don't see that matters, there's only four of us.

ANNA: It's meeting etiquette. It shows respect for the speaker.

SUE: You can still have respect for someone without –

*[ANNA switches off her microphone so SUE's left mouthing.]*

ANNA: And the first item on the agenda is that we have to ...

*[LEAFMULCH is waving her hand.]*

ANNA: Can you please use the raised hand icon, Leafmulch.

LEAFMULCH: Raised hand? Where's that? I can't see a raised hand icon.

ANNA: If you go into 'Reactions' along the bottom. You'll see a row of icons – *[the 'tears of joy' icon comes up.]* No, that's tears of joy. You're looking for a hand. *[The thumbs up appears]* No, that's approval... *[Hands clapping]* That's applause. Underneath. It says 'Raise hand'. On the bottom.

*[The Raised Hand comes up.]*

ANNA: Yes, Leafmulch. What is it?

LEAFMULCH: I object to this hierarchical structure.

RACHEL: This what?

LEAFMULCH: You up there like the great white god.

*[SUE is mouthing increasingly frantically, trying to get someone to switch her back on.]*

RACHEL: Goddess, surely.

ANNA: Shall we settle for deity? We shall.

LEAFMULCH: I mean, why should you have the power to decide who's going to speak and who isn't?

RACHEL: Sue's still cut off. She can't get in.

ANNA: Sorry. I forgot.

RACHEL: Let her in.

*[ANNA lets SUE back in.]*

LEAFMULCH: Why should Anna have the power to cut people off?

SUE: Excuse me. Why have you got your hand up?

LEAFMULCH: Have I?

SUE: Do you want to go to the toilet?

LEAFMULCH: You're meant to put it up when you want to speak. It's non-invasive – which is good.

SUE: But you're speaking anyway.

ANNA: You can put your hand down now, Leafmulch.

*[LEAFMULCH does so.]*

LEAFMULCH: I still object. Why do you have the power?

ANNA: Because I set up the meeting.

LEAFMULCH: That doesn't mean we need a hierarchy. At the very least, we should sit in a circle.

SUE: How do you have a circle on Zoom?

RACHEL: *[To SUE]* I thought you were coming to dinner tonight.

LEAFMULCH: How come you can get together? We're all in lockdown.

ANNA: Leafmulch, it's a bit hard to have a circle when there's only four people...

SUE: We're in a bubble. She's my significant other or whatever they call it.

ANNA: But surely that's only for essential purposes like walking the dog and letting your holiday home.

LEAFMOULD: And eye tests. Don't forget eye tests.

SUE: No, bubbles are social too. Stop us going ga-ga.

LEAFMOULD: That's oppressive language too.

SUE: *[To RACHEL]* I thought you were going to call first.

RACHEL: *[To SUE]* I thought you were going to call.

SUE: I haven't cooked anything.

LEAFMOULD: It's insulting. It comes from bed-wetting,

ANNA: One at a time please.

*[SUE, RACHEL and LEAFMOULD all put up their hands.]*

ANNA: Leafmulch tabled a question from the floor.

LEAFMULCH: I did? Oh yes I did. The point is, if we are going to be truly gynocentric, we don't want to replicate the repressive structure of the dominant male culture. If we can't have a circle, maybe we should be in foetal positions. I mean warm, and round and womb-like...

SUE: *[With a glass of tomato juice.]* Menstrual blood, anyone?

RACHEL: That is gross. And it's certainly not kosher.

LEAFMULCH: I know. We should reach out through the screen, towards each other, to represent one continuous nurturing flow of ideas.

ANNA: Look, I tell you what I'll do. I'll lower myself on the screen.

*[She slides down in her chair so only her head is visible.]*

That way it won't seem as if I am setting myself above the meeting.

*[She falls off her chair.]*

ANNA: *[Recovering]* Now, the first item on the agenda is confirming a date for -

*[LEAFMULCH raises her hand again]*

ANNA: Yes, Leafmulch, what is it?

LEAFMULCH: I don't like this use of a group leader. I feel marginalized by this authoritarian construct.

SUE: She means she wants to do it.

ANNA: *[Sweetly]* You have it all wrong, Leafmulch. I'm not a group leader, the goddess forbid. I am an enabler. A facilitator. All I want to do is to empower you to reach a collective creative consensus.

LEAFMULCH: That's all very well, but in the interests of developing a gynocratic utopia, it should be a rotating position to prevent anyone from becoming too entrenched and replicating the perpetuation of the dominant culture.

SUE: She does want to do it.

RACHEL: Well, don't look at me; I get exhausted umpiring at tennis.

SUE: If you want to spread the authority around so much, I hereby surrender my position. You can be secretary.

LEAFMULCH: Does that mean that I have to take notes?

SUE: If there's anything to note. You can see how much work it involves.

*[She holds up a blank pad.]*

LEAFMULCH: You're discriminating against me because I'm dyslexic.

SUE: Only rich kids get diagnosed with dyslexia.

LEAFMULCH: Well I haven't actually been diagnosed...

ANNA: Please, please. Microphones off. If I may continue, the first item on the agenda is fixing a date for the march. We agreed we needed to show solidarity with those woman experiencing harassment on the street, and therefore we should have a Reclaim The Night March. However, no one could agree at our last meeting, which night we should have the march, so we agreed to move our demonstration for Take Back the Night... to the day.

SUE: Which day?

ANNA: The suggestion was, Sunday Morning.

SUE: No way. I DJ Saturday nights at Clitz. I don't get home till five.

ANNA: What about Sunday afternoon?

LEAFMULCH: *[Singing out.]* Sapphic Songsters!

SUE: What about Saturday day?

LEAFMULCH: Okay with me.

SUE: Well, then I move that we move the Women's Take the Night March to Saturday day.

ANNA: Anyone going to second.

SUE: There's only four of us!

LEAFMULCH: I'll second.

ANNA: When did you get so – orderly?

SUE: When she thought she might get to be leader.

ANNA: We seem to be making progress now. The motion is on the table. I don't propose that we need to speak to the motion. Hands up, please, if you favour moving the Reclaim the Night March -

RACHEL: Excuse me, Ms Facilitator, I'd like to make a statement.

ANNA: Rachel, the floor is yours. We're all ears.

SUE: Except some are more ears than others. Ha!

RACHEL: I have to tell you that as a member of the Judaic Community, I feel extremely marginalized by the suggestion of moving the Women's Take Back the Night

March to Saturday, the historic day of the Sabbath. In one stroke, you have erased my identity, my culture and my history. If this organization persists in being so anti-semitic and holocaust-denying, I feel that I cannot continue to participate in it, and will have no recourse but to form a new more progressive group which I will call the New Agenda of the Women's Take Back the Night Coalition. I'm already working on an email for publication in *The Vagenda*.

ANNA: Oh shit.

SUE: Alright already.

*[RACHEL glares]*

The actual day is no big deal. Jesus Christ, RACHEL. *[RACHEL does a double take.]* OK, Holy Moses! How long have we been friends? Couldn't you have mentioned it earlier?

RACHEL: I just wanted to make a statement.

SUE: It's a simple mistake. I forgot.

LEAFMULCH: You shouldn't forget. It is this kind of patriarchal insensitivity that makes so many of us feel marginalized.

SUE: I said I was sorry. Since when were you God?

LEAFMULCH: Goddess.

SUE: I'm really sorry, Rachel. That was totally crass. I was an idiot.

RACHEL: Actually, it wasn't that important. I'm a secular Jew really. Cultural not religious. I just wanted to put it on the record.

ANNA: So when are we going to hold this sodding march!

SUE: Anna!

ANNA: I'm getting fed up.

RACHEL: How about Saturday night?

ANNA: I never thought of that.

RACHEL: It's fine after the sun goes down.

SUE: If it's about eight, I can go on to DJ afterwards. And you can all come to the club later. I'll get you in for free.

LEAFMOULD: Some of us prefer to commune in less commercial surroundings.

SUE: Oh – go and dance round the moon.

LEAFMOULD: All that sweat, disgusting. I hope you get crotch itch!

ANNA: Ladies! Ladies? Girls?

SUE/LEAFMULCH: Women!

ANNA: OK, Saturday night's agreed. What about t-shirts?

LEAFMULCH: I object to uniforms. Our own clothes will reflect the diversity of our culture.

SUE: A mess, you mean. The through-a-hedge-backwards look.

RACHEL: It would be cool to have something we could wear together. Identify the group. Unify us.

LEAFMULCH: What about women who can't afford tee shirts? Students, commercially unemployed women, BAME women? Once again the movement is being co-opted by white, middle class women of privilege and I object.

SUE: We could bake cakes and sell them to raise money to subsidise t-shirts. Sell them at the club.

LEAFMULCH: I am not into sugar. Or fats.

SUE/RACHEL/ANNA: WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP!!!

*[They look at each other, shocked and startled at their own reactions. LEAFMULCH is poleaxed. SUE, then RACHEL, then ANNA start to giggle at their own naughtiness.]*

ANNA: Jesus, that felt good.

RACHEL: What a relief!

SUE: Maybe we should do that more often.

BLACKOUT