

**THE MEN**  
**COMMANDMENTS**

**By**  
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## SCENE ONE

*Two actors enter and share the following dialogue;*

Once upon a time; In the beginning: Long ago,  
Eve and Adam were created and from the earth did grow.  
They didn't give a fig at coming naked to this world  
Until the differences between them bit by bits unfurled.

A serpent gave Eve fruit and induced her to partake.  
Not the last time that a woman has been tempted by a snake!  
The fruit gave to them the knowledge of what was good and evil  
And with this revelation came a mountain of upheaval.  
They discovered they were not the same which made them feel unstable  
Until they then discovered sex, at which they both were Keen and Able...

And so it came to pass that sexual tension was created  
A very natural state of mind that has never since abated.  
And thus was created chemistry, companionship and trust,  
Deceitfulness, attraction, compromise and lust.  
Fantasies and positions which they dived into head first  
And of course the wondrous orgasm...the male one coming first.

There were issued Ten Commandments, to help us live in peace  
Sent down from the mountains like some ancient press release.  
They advise us against murder and having gains ill-gotten  
Oh, and of course adultery, the easiest forgotten.  
They teach us about envy, respectfulness and greed  
**But really in this day and age it's new advice we need.**

So we turn to Cosmopolitan, to Vogue and Marie Claire  
To explain how we can execute the perfect love affair.  
A thousand ways to keep your man so that he'll never go  
A thousand ways of saying that you really suck not blow.

Thou shalt find someone suitable who earns a decent packet  
Who has a nice apartment and who owns a dinner jacket.  
Thou shalt not give up working just because he says you should  
Although those of you without careers obviously would  
Thou shalt survive on lettuce leaves coz men like women thin  
And eating lots in front of them is seen as mortal sin.  
Let an air of mystery surround you without fail  
Don't belch or fart or pick your feet and romance will prevail.  
Don't be too loud, Don't be too crude, just think before you speak,  
And most importantly of all don't slag off his technique...

BECKY: Aaaarrgghh! What a horrible image...

MAGGIE: What?

BECKY: Being in a relationship like that.

MAGGIE: Yees...But that's what we're doing...here. Erm...sorry ... could we have some lights,  
Thankyou. We are going to take the image that we, erm, that is single girls...the 'sisterhood', er, see as an archetypal relationship, then we're going to deconstruct its components and adjust out initial impressions to observe that relationships can, and indeed sometimes do, apparently, enhance lives.

BECKY: Really? But honestly, I mean who, in their right mind would be in a relationship.

MAGGIE: Like that...

BECKY: No, just, Who would be in a relationship. Who would voluntarily abandon our autonomous existence to be subjugated and made to feel needy by some phallus worshipping....arse hole?!

MAGGIE: Er...you?!

BECKY: What?

MAGGIE: You ...would be...in a relationship...

BECKY: Like that!

MAGGIE: No, just 'in a relationship'...you are...

BECKY: Ha! Me! Are you having a laugh?!...That's insane. A relationship! How dare you, I'm not that type of girl! I'm single. I'm going to be single for ever, for at least the next five years! I'm free I'm living the dream...girl power...sisters unite...

MAGGIE: Yes, and then you met Luke.

BECKY: Luke?...Ooohh...Luke...Yes but, I mean, that isn't a RELATIONSHIP...as such

MAGGIE: Right, So what exactly would you call it?

BECKY: Well, it's , erm, it's a , it's a fling!

MAGGIE: A fling?

BECKY: That's right! It's a fling that has been going on for rather longer than previously anticipated.

MAGGIE: It is not a fling. It's been going on way too long to be a fling.

BECKY: Who says?

MAGGIE: What?

BECKY: Who says? Who says how long 'a fling' is huh?

MAGGIE: Well, Mr Webster... it's in the dictionary.

Fling: Toss, Hurl, Chuck...

BECKY: I thought you were looking up fling not vomit-

MAGGIE: Fling!  
To move quickly or forcefully  
To throw oneself into an activity with abandon and energy  
To cast aside/discard  
A brief attempt or effort  
A brief period of indulging ones fantasies  
See also binge

BECKY: Yes , O.K. thank you...

MAGGIE: So it's not a fling

BECKY: No

MAGGIE: So,... have you been to his place?

BECKY: Yes

MAGGIE: Have you met his mates?

BECKY: Yes

MAGGIE: No need to ask if you've slept together?

BECKY: (smiles)

MAGGIE: Have you met his parents?

BECKY: Yeeesss

MAGGIE: And, have you had **any** conversations at all that talked about, however indirectly, babies or the C word

BECKY: Cancer?

MAGGIE: Commitment. Babies or commitment?...think very carefully, this is important.

( *the girls are quiet for a while, Becky is thinking, hard! We see the realisation dawn*)

BECKY: **Oh my God I'm in a relationship! How the bloody hell did that happen!?!??**

## SCENE TWO

*In the offices of Rainbow Insurance*

BECKY: Good Morning, Rainbow insurance how can I help you. Certainly madam, putting you through...Where've you been?

MAGGIE: I feekin' hate Monday mornings.  
The alarm clock never wakes me up. So I've five minutes to get to work, yet I still have to wash my body glitter off from Saturday night and get rid of the god awful stench of booze and curry oozing out me pores.  
I iron the top I should have ironed yesterday but couldn't coz me bones were too bleeding sore to lift the bloody thing and I spend ten minutes trying to apply make-up before I realize that you can't shine shite.  
Have you any tablets? My heads splitting...?

BECKY: Saturday night was good though wasn't it.

MAGGIE: Brilliant!

BECKY: Did you pull?

MAGGIE: Is the pope Catholic?! Mind you the sex wasn't up to much. The most exciting part was the cigarette...it's coz we're getting older. Nowadays it's less acid more flaccid! I remember the days when they wouldn't take no for an answer, nowadays they struggle if the answer's yes! Did you have any luck yourself?

BECKY: Ah ha...

MAGGIE: You did! I remember! Your fella with the righteous ass. You've done him before haven't you? What's his name Jack or Jake or something...

BECKY: Luke. And I haven't *done* him before. We have merely been enjoying a flirtation. A bottle of full bodied red and intelligent conversation.

MAGGIE: Are you sure he was able to understand you there...what with your tongue halfway down his throat!

BECKY: Oh bugger off!

MAGGIE: So is it love? Do I hear wedding bells? When is he being introduced to us?

BECKY: It's not serious, we're just having a laugh. And no way is he being introduced to you lot.

MAGGIE: We don't bite...

BECKY: Shelley does.

MAGGIE: That's her way of saying she likes you... Are you worried we'll tell him what a slapper you really are?!

BECKY: I know you're joking but you're not far wrong. We went back to his place and he told me that he'd wanted to make love to me from the first time he saw me.

MAGGIE: What top were you wearing that night.

BECKY: My *porn star in training* one.

MAGGIE: Right.

BECKY: He said I took his breath away. Literally, I leant over the pool table and he choked on his pint.  
Anyway , I think I over did it a bit on the quiet sophistication, coz he takes my hand and starts to lead me upstairs and then,... he actually asked me... if he was the first bloke I'd ever slept with.!

MAGGIE: I always say yes, they all ask the same bloody question.

BECKY: Well, I couldn't help myself, I said "that depends...were you in Liverpool in 1993!?"  
He seemed really upset.  
He said he "knew I wasn't one like" but he hated the thought that I'd been out with other blokes before him.

MAGGIE: Tell him you never went out with any of them.

BECKY: I said I wouldn't talk about my exes if he didn't talk about that bird in the post office that he used to see.

MAGGIE: Why did they split up?

BECKY: He said it was never that serious anyway but they just had this massive row about him not spending enough time with her, silly cow. She told him that she thought he was a bit effeminate.

MAGGIE: Is he?

BECKY: Nah, well...compared to her he is!

MAGGIE: Fair enough. So will he be out this Saturday?

BECKY: Erm, we're not going out.

MAGGIE: You what?

BECKY: I'm cooking dinner for the two of us.

MAGGIE: Bloody hell it must be serious. You're giving up a night at Pharos to cook dinner for some bloke! What's on the menu, Rice Krispies and Vodka?

BECKY: Mushroom fagottini with fresh Asparagus and parmesan crisps actually...hopefully. And **no** it isn't serious I just fancied a change and he suggested it. Besides, Robbie Williams is in concert on MTV so all I have done is ensure that I have a bloke with me for when I feel in the mood...

MAGGIE: Good morning rainbow insurance...compensation, certainly sir, is it with regards to the foot and mouth crisis?...right sir and what animals were they... right... seven large cows and seven smaller ones, right you are sir.

And so the First Commandment, which one gets to learn quite fast  
On no account should there be men before him in your past  
You may have been around a bit, it's not against the law  
But he doesn't need to know about the ones who've come before.  
He likes pretending he's the first, although he knows inside  
So telling him how they did what can really hurt his pride.  
The most important thing to note is while you're having sex  
Try to not, above all else, compare him to your ex.  
See, the thing we must remember, and which is the second rule  
Is that if you talk of other men you make him feel a fool.  
For instance, he will not be keen on all your male friends  
He will think they want to shag you, and that's where discussion ends.  
And before the protestations start "There's nothing going on  
It's only Matt or Chris or Dan" They're usually not wrong!  
He can accept that Russell Crowe is quite a handsome ride  
But posters of him on your walls may put him off his stride.  
So ladies lets be tolerant and leave his pride unhurt  
By attempting to be dutiful and trying not to flirt  
And with respect to all our idols, to Brad and Mel and Hugh  
Let him think, at least for now that he's the man for you.

### SCENE THREE

BECKY: Good morning, Rainbow insurance, Rebecca speaking how can I help?  
Compensation for crop failure, yes Sir, and what was the problem? Stony ground,  
o.k. sir, putting you through...

MAGGIE: You missed a great night on Saturday.

BECKY: Really? Did you snog?

MAGGIE: I met this gorgeous fella, Mo. A complete basket case like, rushes around all over the place but lovely with it. He was a real charmer, you know. He said that if I let



him see me again he'd climb mountains to get there, swim oceans and risk his life with sharks for me...

BECKY: Ahhh.

MAGGIE: Yeah, then he passed out in the taxi on the way home and I had to carry him inside! How was your dinner date, is he still alive?

BECKY: Ha Ha. Yes he is and it was lovely. Dead romantic, he bought me flowers and candles and he gave me a massage after dinner.

MAGGIE: Wow, your boyfriend's great!

BECKY: He's **not** my boyfriend. I don't want anything serious. He's lovely but I'm quite happy being single. He wasn't too happy about watching the Robbie Williams concert mind, went on about how if I really fancied him then I wouldn't need posters all over my walls; and did I not consider him man enough to fulfil my needs!

MAGGIE: What did you say?

BECKY: Not a lot. He went down, the posters came down and the sex was amazing...I'll have to remember to undermine his masculinity more often.

MAGGIE: The fact is that Robbie is a teen pop idol. Men may acknowledge that but they can't accept it. In my experience you can only get away with ogling pictures of half naked men if you make it a sports star. Choose someone they hero-worship and they'll admire the picture too...in a completely non homoerotic way of course

BECKY: Of course.  
I wouldn't mind but he then tried to persuade me to watch Baywatch with him! He said he enjoyed the storylines but that's like them saying they buy penthouse for the articles! Baywatch is designed to be watched single-handedly. So who else was out on Saturday?

MAGGIE: Oh! Wait 'til I tell you. I saw Beth Daniels and she's engaged! To...wait for it...Rob from the kebab shop!

BECKY: You're a liar!

MAGGIE: Do these knickers look like they're on fire? It's gospel, I swear. He took her to that posh Chinese on Willbraham road, the Hanging Garden, and he asked if he could spend his life with the most beautiful, intelligent, sexy woman in the world-

BECKY: What, and she said she'd rather he just married her?

MAGGIE: He hid the ring in a fortune cookie. This enormous ruby it was.

BECKY: To match her eyes

MAGGIE: Are you jealous or something?

BECKY: I'm bloody not. His a right tart him. He couldn't keep it in his pants if his bollocks were superglue. His bed's more notches than post, she'll get splinters from sleeping on sawdust!

MAGGIE: Some of the girls told me he's got a huge knob.

BECKY: He's 5ft 2 the inches had to go somewhere!

MAGGIE: Oh what, you'd be happier with the Jolly Green Giant and his titillating tadpole.

BECKY: Er, no!

MAGGIE: So, go on, has Luke got a nice Willie?

BECKY: I'm not telling you.

MAGGIE: Ah, go on.

BECKY: It's none of your bloody business!

MAGGIE: Of course it bloody is! It's what we talk about!  
When we're done talking about insurance premiums , the current government manifesto , or the State of the European economy we talk about knobs. Size, circumference, cleanliness, ability or lack thereof...  
It's because it's serious now isn't it? Because he's your boyfriend and you lurve him. Oooohhhh!...

BECKY: Ha Ha saved by the beep  
Hello, rainbow insurance. Bugger! Hiya mum. I'm fine. No news here really, the usual. Oh, yes, yes that's true. Luke. Yes I know I should have told you...no I don't think you should have had to hear it from Linda at the paper shop...

MAGGIE: Hello rainbow insurance. Your coat's been stolen. O.k. sir , I'll need to take some details. What make was it. O.k. And, where did you get it from, right. And what colour was it? Red... and orange, yep...oh, and green...

BECKY: Of course I'm not hiding him from you...no he's very good looking... Of course you'll get to meet him, (when hell freezes over!)

MAGGIE: Well were any of the colours more predominant?

BECKY:       Actually mum I do have a bit of good news, I wasn't going to tell you until it was official but, I might be getting promoted...I'll get a company car and everything!...6ft 3", blond hair, computer programmer... Well thank you...I'm so glad you're proud...Look mum I have to go I've got another call coming through...yes I'll bring him round soon...

MAGGIE:      Now it's serious!

BECKY:       Hello Rainbow insurance. You'd like to insure four horses? Certainly, I'll put you through...

#### SCENE FOUR

BECKY:       Being single is a most agreeable way of life

MAGGIE:      Not preferable

BECKY:       Necessarily

MAGGIE:      But nevertheless a most agreeable way of life.

BECKY:       There are pitfalls

MAGGIE:      Of course.

BECKY:       Nobody

MAGGIE:      Absolutely nobody

BECKY:       NOBODY

M/B:         **Believes you!**

MAGGIE:      They might agree

BECKY:       That there are benefits

MAGGIE: But really

BECKY: I mean really

MAGGIE: It's only temporary

BECKY: Isn't it?

MAGGIE: All single girls

BECKY: Surely

MAGGIE: Are looking

BECKY: Searching

MAGGIE: For a man

BECKY: Aren't they?

MAGGIE: Well

BECKY: You've certainly proved how clever you are

MAGGIE: Yes

BECKY: As clever as any man

MAGGIE: Yes

BECKY: And as capable

MAGGIE: Indeed

BECKY: Possibly more so

MAGGIE: But come on

BECKY: Stop messing around

MAGGIE: When are you going to settle down?

BECKY: Find a man

MAGGIE: Have babies

M/B: **Settle Down!**

BECKY: (as dad) Your sister's moving house. Her and Geoff are getting a semi on the brooklands estate. It'll give them more room for the kiddies. And they're getting one of them people carrier things. Have you heard that Barbara? Our Sandra's getting one of them people carrier things. She's really made something of her life that lass.

MAGGIE: (as nana) Are you courting yet luv? When I was your age I was almost a granny!

BECKY: (as shop tannoy) Bing Bong. This is a customer services announcement for the shopper in aisle one. May we draw your attention to the offer we have on meals for one, comfort food and shakes for slimmers. On the first floor we have ladies fashions, in all sizes apart from yours, and on the upper level we have extortionately priced beauty products to help you find a man.

MAGGIE: (as policeman) Excuse me luv er, you were exceeding the speed limit could I take some details. Name? Right. Age? Right. Married. Really! Pretty girl like you?!

BECKY: (as Ex) The fmg with Becky right is that she can't handle commitment, you know, like a bloke. Coz I loved her, I really bloody loved her. We had a great time. Shagging. And Making love. Goin' out clubbin' then comin' home and , you know, shagging. It was great. Then one day I asks her to marry me and she panics you know, really panics. Anyway, she says it wasn't marriage that she was scared of but she wasn't sure if I was the one. Which is wrong, you know, coz we was great together.

MAGGIE: (as hairdresser) Going anywhere nice for your holidays? Is that in Wales? India really? Are you going with your fella? Aaaahhhh, well I'm sure you'll still have a good time.

BECKY: (as nauseating friend) Of course Cassandra is now officially the cleverest four-year-old in her class AND she's even got a little boyfriend!...Oh Sorry...

MAGGIE: (as mum) Listen love, I know it's probably your old mam worrying over nothing but you have been spending a lot of time with Natasha recently...is there something you'd like to tell me?

BECKY: (as guard) This is a station announcement. The girl now standing on platform two does not have a boyfriend. I repeat. The girl now standing at platform two does not have a boyfriend.

MAGGIE: (as gossip) She told me she could have any man she pleased, so I told she'd better start pleasing some then!

BECKY: (as game show host) So Rebecca , you're 25 , you don't have a boyfriend, I'm afraid you are the weakest link. Goodbye!

And now I've gone and sodding well fallen in love! I didn't want to.

MAGGIE: At least

BECKY: I didn't mean to

MAGGIE: It wasn't for them

BECKY: It wasn't for mum

MAGGIE: Or Dad

BECKY: Or Granny

MAGGIE: Or any of them.

BECKY: But, it happened

MAGGIE: And it was good

BECKY: He was great

MAGGIE: But

BECKY: I had to tell people

MAGGIE: At least

BECKY: I didn't

MAGGIE: Have to tell them

BECKY: Just had to survive

M/B: **Them all knowing**

MAGGIE: Well done

BECKY: Well done!

B/M           well done

MAGGIE:     (as nan) Aye I knew you had it in you, you're a bonny lass, it was only a matter of time...

BECKY:       (as mum) Of course, Rebecca's man works in computing you know

B/M:           Oooohhh

MAGGIE:     (as hairdresser) I heard the news, congratulations...are you having your hair done to celebrate?

BECKY:       (as granddad) Our Becca!?! Course she's got herself a bloke...I bet you blew his mind didn't you love

MAGGIE:     (as friend) Ah, I'm really pleased for you becks, I know how much you've always wanted a bloke

BECKY:       A card for you to simply say  
You've found a bloke, hip hip hooray

MAGGIE:     (as news reporter) And finally.

BECKY:       News just in,

MAGGIE:     it has been confirmed that, Rebecca Lewis of 47 Harrop road Manchester, has indeed managed to find herself a boyfriend.

BECKY:       On behalf of everyone here in the newsroom congratulations

MAGGIE:     and goodnight.

BECKY:       Aaaahhh! What is wrong with you all?! I'm having my hair done because if I don't get my roots touched up I look like a reject from Jerry Springer and I don't like looking at myself in the mirror ; Mother, after our first shag he told me he worked in e-commerce and I thought that meant he was a drugs dealer so I won't take any credit for the 'good catch', And Grandpa it wasn't only his mind I blew! The sooner people realize I am NOT Bridget bloody Jones the better! 3,000 calories is not v.v. bad; I've never been 9 and a half stone; 17 cigarettes is a not particularly stressful half hour; 27 units of alcohol is a quiet night in AND I HAVN'T SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE TRYING TO FIND A BOYFRIEND!

## SCENE FIVE

MAGGIE: Right , Mr Joan, er, you're stranded in Wales. I shall get someone to help you out, I'll just put you through..  
If you're so against being in a relationship then finish it.

BECKY: I don't want to, I lo...I really like him. I don't want to bin him I just get a bit freaked out by things, like whether it's all going to work out, coz, you know, I want it to...and that freaks me out!

MAGGIE: It's O.K. to fall in love you know, it's perfectly natural.

BECKY: But we've always taken the piss out of couples, what if I become like one of them!?

MAGGIE: We take the piss out of a lot of people.

BECKY: I don't know *how* to be in a relationship

MAGGIE: Nobody does at first, it's instinctive, you make the rules up as you go along and learn from your mistakes.

BECKY: How are you such a wealth of knowledge I thought your idea of a relationship was staying for breakfast?

MAGGIE: Excuse me I've had my moments, most of them disastrous admittedly but I've learnt from them.  
I went out with Gary for a while...until I realized that when he said we had so much in common he meant I enjoyed dressing in short skirts and high heels and so did he...Then there was Paul whose opinion was more sound, literally, just sound and Colin whose idea of a romantic night out was taking me to Salome's, the lap dancing club in front of Harrods !  
The fact is that none of my liaisons last long because I pick losers...maybe I don't have the balls to be in a relationship.

BECKY: Don't be stupid you're one of the most confident people I know.

MAGGIE: No really look at this advert for assertiveness training "You may benefit from our help if you have trouble saying no..." That's always been my problem...unless the question's "more salad?" or "is there too much gin in that tonic?"



BECKY: Stupid! I've had all the same sort of disasters as you and now they're just good stories for down the pub. But this is different which is why I feel like I'm some cheesy romantic flick and nobody's given me a script or explained the plot!

MAGGIE: There usually isn't one.

BECKY: I mean, Luke and I row about stuff but that doesn't mean he then goes and shags the girl next door with the workout video body and I don't automatically start finding him so irritating that I want to stab myself whenever he breathes. It's all so new...

MAGGIE: How long have you been seeing him now, about five weeks?

BECKY: 40 days. And 40 wonderful nights!

MAGGIE: And the sex is good?

BECKY: Pretty damn amazing. His cock rose twice this morning ...I am now a firm believer in the second coming! But most of the time it's just comfortable , you know. Getting to know each others bodies, holding each other. On the one hand it's great but daunting too. The other night we were just about to reach a peak as such and he goes 'say my name, say my name'

MAGGIE: You didn't forget it did you?

BECKY: No but it's the first time I've been asked that and I've been able to remember...it felt like a turning point...

MAGGIE: Whatever you do just don't say the wrong name. I once started giving it "Thomas, oh! Thomas" ...his name was Michael...Thomas was his dad...though I managed not to call him Michael. I tried in vain to think of an excuse for not using his name but I couldn't so I faked orgasm, left sharpish and never saw him again.

BECKY: Rainbow insurance. Well really sir, if you've been injured by a stone thrown by somebody then you want the criminal injuries hotline, just one moment, could you pass us that book of numbers,

MAGGIE: It's seven treble six...

BECKY: Sir , it's Leeds 7666, bye now!

MAGGIE: Are you doing anything Sunday?

BECKY: Not really.

MAGGIE: Well, why don't you and Luke come over for lunch, it'd be nice to meet him before you put me in a nasty frock and get me to follow you up the aisle.

BECKY: Well, it's a nice idea but Luke won't do anything like that on a Sunday. He won't work, he won't shop, he won't cook, he won't even have sex!

MAGGIE: I didn't realize he was religious.

BECKY: He's not. Fanatic yes , religious no.

MAGGIE: What?

BECKY: Sunday is Soccer day...Sunday league football. He plays for The Friendly fisherman pub team and reckons he's David Beckham.

MAGGIE: Bet you wish he was!

BECKY: He goes out drinking with the team on a Saturday night to discuss strategy and he puts a ban on Sunday morning nookie in case it saps his strength. Then when it transpires that he's not Pele and they lose as they do every week he sulks all night and is not very attractive at all!  
So no, he won't come but I'd love to...

MAGGIE: Sod that! I'm coming over to your place and we're going to watch some footy. Don't get mad, get singing!  
I can't believe this! For years I've walked past that pitch and had to force myself to not stop and watch in case I looked like a desperate pervert – not a word – but now we have an excuse!  
We aren't going there to ogle the pert bums and rock hard thighs...we are going to support them. The dutiful girlfriend taking an interest in her lover's hobby and her ever loyal mate by her side...

BECKY: You really want to go and stand in a field in the freezing rain?

MAGGIE: Yes! We'll be cold, they'll be sweaty...We'll be clean, they'll be muddy...We'll be wet...

BECKY: We could go.

MAGGIE: We will.

Hello , Rainbow insurance. Compensation for a disastrous holiday. Oh dear, what was wrong with it madam? Yes,... Double booked....right...moved around a lot, yes...no better than a shed, o.k.