This monologue was written for a college senior - an intelligent, motivated, and independent woman. She also had an amazingly efficient liver, allowing her to drink many men under the table. This particular night, I interviewed her from her barstool, where she provided a suitable title for her monologue:

My Vagina Is Inebriated.

You want to interview me? Here? Hahahaah, OK Sure what would you like to know? You’re gonna have to excuse my slurred speech – did you see how many shots of tequila I just took? So, wait, what would you like to know again? How is my what doing right now? My vag? My vagina is inebriated. Hahahahaha, yup, it’s drunk.

The drunk vagina is amazing – it’s like the 10th Wonder of the World … there are 9, right? Or are there 10? HAHA I don’t know, I’m wasted. Anyway, it’s like, the drunker my vagina gets, the more it wants sex. It’s like, it will not stop until it has achieved it’s…achieved it’s…….goal. All my intoxicated vagina wants is sex – no candles, no flowers, no phone calls – just sex.

Now I am personally not a fan of casual sex, I usually don’t do things without thinking them out beforehand, weighing the pros and cons of the situation, imagining every possible outcome. I’m neurotic like that. But my drunken vagina has no concept of right or wrong, rhyme or reason, ugly or attractive, big or small. All it wants is a penis… and when I try to bargain with it, in my silly drunken stupor, it yells back at me, “I just want sex, is that so wrong? Give me sex… give it to me NOW.” My vagina can be a violent drunk at times. So the best way to deal with it is to give it what it wants.
That reminds me of this one night at the bar. My vagina and I were having a great time relaxing, having a few gin and tonics, getting nice and toasty. We were keeping ourselves fairly calm and collected, danced to a few songs that the band played, had a few conversations with some acquaintances, the usual. So the night went on, and it was about 1 AM – SHIT, almost last call, just when we were having such a great time! Immediately, my vagina, definitely under the influence at this point, sensed that it was almost time to go home. But there was no way it was letting me go without arranging some late-night action for its ultimate enjoyment. So, I had no other option but to clumsily scroll through every name in my cell phone’s address book, in desperate search of a late-night booty call. All for the satisfaction of my greedy vagina. My mind was saying, “This is not the smartest idea...” My body was saying, “I’m tired and dehydrated, please not tonight...” But the loudest voice of all rang out from my clitoris: “Do me please... Right Now! And HURRY!”

And so my fine motor skills (highly impaired at this point) struggled and stumbled with the stupid little tiny buttons on my cell phone, as one of the bouncers escorted my belligerent vagina and me out the door into the winter air. My clumsy fingers continued to scroll down the list of names – past Alex, Bill, Chad... through about three Mikes and four Seans. Decisions decisions. I just wanted what was best for my vagina... I thought long and hard. Mike G. or Jay. Mike or Jay. Mike or Jay?

“JAY!” my vagina screamed impatiently. So Jay it was. And when I walked through the front door of the sticky-floored college apartment, trying desperately to resemble a sober and extremely sexy woman, my vagina was ready to get the show on the road. Jay turned around and smiled scandalously as he led me through the kitchen to his tiny box of a bedroom. I knew that the next day there was a good chance I might regret being in his apartment, tiptoeing past his
roommates’ bedrooms in my hot black stilettos – but every hint of hesitation that entered my mind was quickly erased by my vagina’s intoxicated persistence to get some serious attention.

I glanced around the cluttered room and saw a few familiar faces. Pamela Anderson, Brook Burke, Jenna Jameson… they all stared down at me with sex in their two-dimensional eyes, and Jay started his routine. He had a specific order of events which he usually followed when coming in contact with a vagina – a commendable order of events, I must report. An order that made my vagina smile its approval. My head spun as I lay on the unmade sheets, and my vagina screamed in pleasure as my mind wandered to a more rational land. Why couldn’t I just firmly tell my vagina “No”? Why is it so spoiled? It always gets its way, and the only thing that reaps the benefit is my clitoris. My unfortunate mind and body are left all alone to deal with the consequences the next day. My vagina tries to ignore the situation as if it played a mere supporting role in this sexual charade, rather than the main character. The power of the vagina is truly mind-boggling…

Anyway, after my vagina was 110% satisfied, I decided it was time for me to go. The meter on the awkward scale was rising by the minute, and who had to deal with that? I did, of course. My vagina was nowhere to be found now, curled up and went to sleep, suddenly could not speak or move, was just silent. Not a peep. I plotted out ways I could sneak past two of Jay’s roommates, who had relocated to the kitchen, but the walk of shame was inevitable. I slipped out of the house, avoiding eye contact, and took a deep breath of fresh air. As I tottered home on shaky legs and approached sobriety, I found myself glowing, my lips forming a thin smile. It was if my vagina awoke from its slumber for just a moment to whisper in my ear:

*Cheers to another night of satisfaction. I need a cigarette.*
Synonyms for a drunken girl such as myself on a night such as that? Wasted, sloppy, hammered, shitfaced, obliterated. As for my vagina? It could never be described by any of these adjectives. They do not do MY vagina justice. Wasted? Not a single part of my vagina is ever wasted. Sloppy? Never sloppy. Obliterated suggests something horrible, doesn’t it? Nope, my vagina was simply fucked up that night. In the most liberating and powerful sense of the phrase.