

# The Privy

This story is not just about toilet humour, it's that moment we are all familiar with a pause in the day, a break from reality and some time for yourself. We have all been there... I'm looking at you too.

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## Morning

*(The sun is only just peaking over a row of identical terrace house roofs, the streets are silent minus a few birds doing their morning chirps and songs. Tucked away in one of the houses is Nora, sitting upon the throne with the bathroom door open. She is fully dressed and slumped against the wall with her eyes closed almost as if she's fallen asleep after a few moments she stirs and is wearily awake.)*

Nora; " I've awoken early again. In the last few years I have both become restless and yet incapable of productivity. It's as though I'm awake and the world is spinning around me and I'm barely pushing through to do the ordinary day to day tasks. The only time the universe stops spinning is when I'm sat here whilst everyone else is at peace sleeping. I don't do anything when I'm sat here, I just sit and think, sometimes I don't even think I just exist. There is an eerie silence about the place but I find the still, cold, frosty

mornings oddly comforting. Sitting upon the John is the only time I feel I'm in control of things, it never lasts long but I savour the moments.

I was startled awake this morning remembering that today I have a challenging day ahead of me. We've been struggling for some time really, in our marriage and finances, although more income isn't going to solve everything I can't help but think it will help some parts of our lives. Bill and I did have a happy marriage at first, we were adventurous, spontaneous even. I'm not sure when that really stopped, I'm not sure if it's even stopped, it's just feels different to how they were back then. Everyone used to say how well matched we were, well everyone except my mother in law and that didn't bother us. I always thought that no one got along with their in laws. Especially women with their mother in laws, after all you're always going to want to mother your children irregardless of the age of them. It's just surely one day you realise your place and roll in your adult child's life. A little over a year ago a family moved in next door and they are not too dissimilar to ourselves and the in laws are always over, just helping out or popping in for a cuppa on the way to town. That's when I realised that they are not just there to scrutinise you and pick holes in your self esteem until you just conform to their way of living and thinking, even if it's completely shredded your own identity."

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## Day

*(Nora is pacing in a small toilet cubical clear panicked, occasionally she stops and leans her hands against the wall and looks down and does some deep breathing try to compose herself.)*

Nora; " Breathe, breathe, just breathe for goodness sake. They're just people too. Sometimes I wonder how I unraveled and ended up in this mess. Back before life ran away from me and societies norms and expectancies took over, I would have walked, no strode

into this interview with my head held aloft and said I'm here ...you're welcome. Instead I'm not sat in here riding the porcelain bus – for those gentler souls amount you, I am indeed referring to the Lavatory.

I just needed to clear my head, give myself a moment to calm my nerves and not to over think things. It's just I really need this job, the kids are getting older and not relying on me so much and money only ever seems to get tighter. It causes stress for us all and things are feeling a bit rock bottom. Though the extra money is the main motivation it isn't the only thing, since marrying Bill and having the children I've lost my purpose and self worth. I know, I know what you are all thinking 'raising children is the most important job in the world' and so everyone tells me, but does that truly mean you have to give up every aspect of your life.

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## Evening

*(Nora storms into the bathroom slamming the door behind her, she is enraged and lets out silent screams, after a few minutes she gathers more composure though still angry about something and sit upon the edge of the bath.)*

Nora; "She just can't keep quiet can she? She has to go on and on about how Julia has everything, she's doing so perfectly in life isn't she. It's always my daughter Julia has just got this or just done that. Then she goes; yes well my Julia has me over all the time and they've even got a spare bedroom for me to stay there, whilst still having one for each of the children. I muttered under my breathe 'well good for perfect Julia', watch she doesn't bend over and blind us all from all that sun shining out her arse. I hate Julia, she's got the perfect house and kids and devoted husband, she's head of the PTA and her children learn musical instruments. The worst part is I don't really hate her, I actually like Julia. She's kind and caring and a great aunt to my kids, it's her mother's incessant use of her to put us down that gets to me.

I told her I went to a job interview today and that they've offered me the position, thinking that for once she would be happy for us. All I got was 'how could you! It's like abandoning your children and household duties to work'. Just last week she was ranting on and on about how I don't contribute enough and my children are going to suffer because of it. How it's awful that we rent a 2 bedroom house and should have brought a 3 if not 4

bedroom one, like Jesus Christ woman we are barely surviving as is and don't you think we would prefer more space for everyone. Anyway she just kept going on how I shouldn't expect her to be helping out with my children and categorically she will not be contributing her time towards baby sitting. Well I snapped then, I pointed out that firstly she had never been asked and that the boys were 10, 8 and 7 years old now so hardly babies. I then went on to say, in haste I might just add, how if she'd bother to ask she would have known that the small office clerk job I got today and the local primary is from 9am till 3:30pm, so her services, which have never been available to us without huge emotional costs and her constant reminders how she done us that favour once, four years ago so we could attend a funeral, we're neither needed or indeed wanted. The last thing I need is her around here more often.

Anyway to cut a long story short she looked like steam was going to billow out of her ears and was ready to storm right out as Bill just walked through the front door. He's talking to her now, so I came here to let out my frustrations, in the inky place I get peace in this house.

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## Night

*(Everything has gone dark and quiet again, you can only make out silhouettes in the lavatory because the low glimmer of a street light outside is shining dully through the window. You can make out the silhouette of Nora sitting down she's square and sat upright as if she's sat on a throne.)*

Nora; "It feels like that day has gone full circle because I'm back here on the loo, sat in complete silence with only the street lamps outside shining through the window creating silhouettes. The bath tap slowly dripping is one of the only noises I can hear, that and the soft deep breathes of Bill in a deep sleep. I find the monotonous repeating on of these sounds comforting as I lean against the cold wall whilst sat here thinking about what the future will bring for our family. Today has been a satisfying day and for the first time in a while I feel like the worlds not all stacked up against us and though I'm weary with tire from the days events I feel alive once more.

