

FLEABAG

Fleabag pours out her heart to her friend the priest.

I want someone to tell me what to wear in the morning. No. I want someone to tell me what to wear every morning. I want someone to tell me what to eat, what to like, what to hate, what to joke about, what not to joke about. I want someone to tell me what to believe in, who to vote for, who to love.....I think I just want someone to tell me how to live my life Father, because so far...I think I've been getting it wrong. And I know that's why people want people like you in their lives. Because you tell them how to do it. You just tell them what to do. And even though I don't believe any of your bullshit and I know scientifically none of it matters in the end anyway....for some reason I'm still scared. Why am I still scared? So just tell me what to fucking do Father.