

Release of Rights.

We created the feminist play, *That'swhatshesaid*, to highlight the roles written for female actors in popular American theatre. With a feminist lens, we sought to encourage critical discourse about patterns of representation by exploring the words and characters most available to women. In doing so, we successfully sparked a conversation within the theater community about the pressures, expectations, and prospects women face in the industry.

The creative team behind *That'swhatshesaid* has decided not to perform the show again, but we know this conversation isn't over. We want to encourage ongoing discussion of the important issues related to representation in theater.

So we, Erin Pike, Courtney Meaker, and HATLO, as a group and individually, release *That'swhatshesaid* into the public domain. In making this statement, our intent is to release any copyright or other rights we have in the script. We won't object to any performances of the play or other uses of the script that you might make.

But there are others who have rights in the scripts that were used as the basis for creating our script. Some of those individuals may claim to have rights in *That'swhatshesaid*. Any or all of them may object to future performances of the play. We have no control over those individuals or any rights that they may have or claim to have. Anyone that chooses to perform, display, or otherwise use *That'swhatshesaid* or our script, does so at their own risk, subject to any rights that any others may have. You're solely and entirely responsible for any claims that may result.

That'swhatshesaid

Conceived by Erin Pike
Written by Courtney Meaker
Performed by Erin Pike
Directed by HATLO

About this project.

Performer Erin Pike, writer Courtney Meaker, and director HATLO set out to explore what contemporary popular theater had to say about women by taking words directly from the mouths of its female characters. Using the most-produced plays for the 2014-2015 seasons (assembled annually by TCG) we created a new narrative stripping the text of its context and changing it into our own.

Everything that is said and every action spoken over voiceover (with the exception of line in Auoda (“She is interrupted”) is taken directly out of a play listed below.

This is a work that deliberately takes lines and actions out of context and inserts them into a new world. We claim no ownership of the material presented below.

Plays that were used:

- *Vanya and Sonia and Masha and Spike* by Christopher Durang
- *Outside Mullingar* by John Patrick Shanley
- *Bad Jews* by Joshua Harmon
- *Other Desert Cities* by Jon Robin Baitz
- *Around the World in 80 Days* adapted from the novel by Jules Verne by Mark Brown
- *Peter and the Starcatcher*, adapted by Rick Elice from Dave Barry and Ridley Pearson
- *The Whipping Man* by Matthew Lopez
- *Tribes* by Nina Raine
- *4000 Miles* by Amy Herzog
- *Into the Woods*, book by James Lapine, music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim
- *Venus in Fur* by David Ives

The Whipping Man by Matthew Lopez has no female characters, so no text from it was used though we do pay homage to the absence of women in it.

That'swhatshesaid originally premiered as a twenty-minute piece at the 2014 Northwest New Works Festival at On the Boards in Seattle and had its second performance at the 2014 Risk/Reward Festival in Portland, OR that year. We reconceptualized it into an evening length work for a weekend run at Open Eye Figure Theater in Minneapolis in 2015 and then premiered the evening length work for Seattle audiences at Gay City Calamus Auditorium in February 2016.

INTRODUCTION

Not spoken or illuminated.

Out of the 11 most-produced plays for 2014-2015 season, 2 were written by women.

Out of these plays there were 74 total roles.

Out of these, 34 were written for women.

28 out of the 34 roles for women were written by men.

ONE

MALE VOICEOVER.

She enters.

50s, glamorous and successful actress who goes gallivanting around the world.

His sister

30-60

She enters.

His mother. Well, she was not quite beautiful.

Stricken.

Her stepmother.

She enters.

She is cleaning, frozen.

His adopted sister, early 50s, living with him in Bucks County. Discontent, upset, regretful.

She enters.

Music change.

She comes in, in a bad mood.

An attractive and dry woman.

She enters.

Cleaning lady and soothsayer, any age, any race.

Mother, elegant and forthright and whip-smart.

She enters.

A true leader at a time when girls are mostly followers. Will risk everything for the sake of Doing Right. Curious, intelligent, beginning to feel things she doesn't yet understand – romantic longings that revert to childish tantrums under pressure – because, after all, she's a thirteen-year-old kid.

She'll be a great woman one day.

She enters.

22, Liam & Jonah's first cousin. 2/3 body. 1/3 hair. Thick, intense, curly, frizzy, long brown hair.

Hair that clogs a drain after one shower. Hair you find on pillows and corners of the room and in your refrigerator six months after the head from which it grew last visited. Hair that could not be straightened even if you had four hours and three hairdressers double-fisting blow driers. Hair that screams: Jew.

She enters.

Walks in, dressed in black. She's 70, in bad health, short of breath, walking with a cane, a bit ravaged with grief.

She enters.

A mess. No makeup, hair disheveled. She wears a muumuu, and carries a pill case marked with the days of the week

She enters.

24, Liam's girlfriend. Short, stick-straight blonde hair. Which she wears with a barrette. To be extra cute. Mousy. She looks like someone who would have been abducted when she was nine but returned to her parents unharmed. Works for a non-profit.

Lovely sincere would-be actress, early 20s, visiting her aunt and uncle next door. Starstruck and energetic.

She enters.

Dressed comfortably for cleaning. Or maybe a colorful dress, an exotic style, something she actually looks good in.

She enters.

INTERLUDE

MALE VOICEOVER

Vanda Jordan

Silda Grauman

Nina

Cinderella

Witch

Melody

Rosemary Muldoon

Stepmother

Sonia

Masha

Baker's Wife

TWO Questions. Sorry.

WOMAN

She's here. What can I say? Hello. You're not alone in the room. Hello. So tell me about the play. What's my character like? No am I a molecule or a TV weather person? You mind if I change the lights?

Are you kidding?

Pardon? What are you doing? Why would you comfort me? You know exactly – You have no idea? You have no idea? But you're not serious what you were saying? What are you talking about? Are you done? When are you going to leave? Then what are you? And your heart's still broken? But how are you going to destroy it? Why didn't you just get over her like other people do?

Well, she's talking a lot tonight, isn't she? Do you know where she is?

Why? Is something wrong? What is wrong? What is it? What's that? What? But what if something happens to you? What's absurd? What's funny? What about? What thing? What kiss? Well, what about it? What kind of twist is that on the truth? What? What? What? What's not bad, like a million dollars?

Can I – I'm thirsty. Is there, can I have something to drink? Is that food? I'm awfully hungry.

Who else?

Me? Why? Me what? Who's like me? Take a look at me in what way? My beauty? Do you see the view? Have you seen the view from the *bathroom*? Justice isn't pretty, is it? How far should we go?

Am I allowed to be happy ONLY when you're happy? What am I talking about? Ok. Example. Example? Example.

It's first thing in the morning, and you're implying I don't do anything right. I don't do anything right. & I'm sorry I was adopted into this family. I wish I had been left in the orphanage, and killed myself. Excuse me. & I'm sorry, did we have some conversation I forgot?

Okay. God, I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's been like really stressful today. Anyway, how do *you* know who I am or what I can do? Fuck... Fuck! No, it's – I'm just being... Sorry. Totally not your... Today was just like, intensely... intense. Ugh. Feelings! Right?

Daddy... I know you don't need my help, but I've got to start pulling my weight sometime.

& I'm sorry, Daddy, I tried to live that way, and I just can't. I need to actually talk about it. Not in code, not obliquely, we have never ... You won't stay mad at me forever, will you? I'm bound to grow up see?

& I'm sorry, but I still, I mean – And I'm sorry, but between you and me, that is so fucked up. & I'm sorry, but he was with – what's her name? & I'm sorry, I know it has to do with Japanese – And, I'm sorry. I apologize. Sincerely.

No, I'm kidding. What? Girls dream.

You know, I am going to have to learn how to deal with you now that I'm sober. Because if I were drinking, that train of thought would make sense to me, but sober, what you just said is totally incomprehensible.

Oh my god. Oh my god.

Oh my god.

Oh my god.

No fucking way.

Am I the only one who feels like the walls are caving in?

I can't believe –

I can't believe...

Is this like, symbolic?

Sorry.

Sorry. Not my area. Anyway, it's pretty sexist, isn't it?

THREE Sexy

WOMAN hums the tune of “Rupunzel’s Song” from *Into the Woods* over the following strip tease.

MALE VOICEOVER

She takes off the coat, revealing a studded patent-leather top, a short black leather skirt, and a silver-studded dog collar.

She strips off her top, revealing an amazing bra.

Stripping off her leather skirt, revealing black panties and garters.

She undoes her dress and steps out of it so that she is again in bra and panties.

She takes off the dress and gets into her leather skirt, packing up her things to leave, wearing her leather skirt and bra.

She quickly strips down again, to get into the dress.

WOMAN

Have you ever wondered what I wore when I wore less? Have you stripped me off down to the skin in your imagination? You say I'm beautiful. Have you thought about my beauty? Have you dwelt on my beauty, my face, my form, my shape? Do you know that I have a shape? Do you know I have a shape?

Imagine me totally naked.

This? This is... left over from when I was a prostitute. Oh! This training bra is so irksome.

Take me below, sir.

You're dirtier

What thing?

Oh, the kiss.

MALE VOICEOVER

Deliberately comes back to Peter and kisses him on the mouth.

WOMAN

Are you gay? Are you gay? Sit. Are you disabled? A morphodite? I don't know. Are you oddly put together somehow? Do you have something extra?

You know I'm a woman, and that I have parts that are swollen up and exaggerated to attract the man... to make a man look where he's not supposed to look. Boys! BOYS! I thought you might find me ugly and there's no answer to that, but when you go and give out that you find me beautiful, and that you're not after the boys, well then why, in the name of Cinderella's shoe, would you try to give me away to a cousin you barely know? Are you a virgin? Is that it?

MALE VOICEOVER

She mimes slapping his face.

She mimes kissing him, coming close to him but not touching him.

You'd have to be very brave to love me. Then you have some nice quiet sex. And nice quiet sex is fine. Though there's this rumbling at the back of your head. This voice that wants something else. And then you'll die.

Do you have any feelings towards me? Or am I alone with this?

This? This is...

She sings,

This is ridiculous,

What am I doing here?

I'm in the wrong story.

Back to life, back to sense,

Back to child, back to husband,

Have a child for warmth,

And a Baker for bread,

And a Prince for whatever-

I want to live the way Helen and Aspasia lived, not the twisted women of today, who are never happy and never give happiness. Who won't admit that they want love without limit. Why should I forgo any possible pleasure, abstain from any sensual experience? I'm young, I'm rich, and I'm

beautiful, and I shall make the most of that. I shall deny myself nothing. I suppose I'm monstrous, but lovable monstrous, I hope.

Yes, yes, fine. I'm going to go get dressed.

INTERLUDE

MALE VOICEOVER

Lucinda

Florinda

Brooke Wyeth

Polly Wyeth

Cinderella's mother

Rupunzel

Cassandra

Jack's Mother

Daphna Feygenbaum

Aiofe Muldoon

Granny

Little Red Riding Hood

FOUR

Anger

WOMAN

She doesn't like you, you know. Rosemary has a grudge with you. She does. You pushed her and she fell down. You did. When she was six. It was your birthday. She was doing a little ballet and you pushed her down. And she holds it against you. She does. Thirteen. That day.

I wouldn't bring it up. She's still hot about it. She was all in a rage, and nothing would soothe her.

Not you, you swot. Uch, the ego. And when I marry I shall make it very clear to this person that sentimentality is not on the calendar. He will have to lump it or leave it. And if he should leave, I'll stay a spinster, and pin my hair back and volunteer weekends at the hospital.

How dare you. You thought you could dupe some poor, willing, idiot actress and – Create your own little female Frankenstein monster. You thought that you could use *me* to insult *me*?

Pages turn.

You are *evil*. I'll do what I want and you can go to the devil!

Pages turn.

I refuse to live like some sort of terrified. This is how you win at tennis, you agitate me –

You get me really just –

You –

You –

You get me really just – impossibly over heated –

One of the nice myths about pain is that one apparently can't literally remember it. Which is why women have more than one child. Well, Daddy, I'm here to tell you, I have a very good memory for pain. Daddy, look at me. I've had tough times and everything that has happened to me – everything – has made me stronger. I'm your child. You are asking me to shut down something that makes me possible. Your arguments for suppression mean I would die. Well, I've been dead before and I'm not going back. If it means that we're over, well, then it means we're over, and life will go on, one way or another.

Pages turn.

Because MY voice says no.

Pages turn.

You just parade these totally inferior little women through our family functions but you have no idea – These inferior – Yes: inferior. Do you not know what inferior means? – and then this one, with the tattoo of a fucking treble clef on her calf the size of a tumor; this one, who dresses like she was conceived and fucking live-water birthed in a Talbots; and this one who – elephant in the room: you heard her sing? So you wanna suddenly get all women's rights with me you can't believe I called your precious little girlfriends inferior, what should I call them? *Ambitious? Intelligent? Fucking brainiacs?* All I'm saying is what everyone else with eyes and an IQ above sixty can see as plain as day which is that while you may be an arrogant entitled smug little fuck, you do have options. You're right: your girlfriends aren't inferior. You are.

MALEVOICEOVER

She girlishly tosses her head.

WOMAN

This isn't an argument, what are – we're talking.

Holy shit.

Holy fucking...

She didn't...

I don't believe you. I don't believe you. I don't –

That is maybe the shittiest thing anyone has ever done to me. And I thought we were...

MALE VOICEOVER

She is still for like ten seconds.

WOMAN

What WE'VE done?! What have we done? You should thank Christ for a good neighbor! For me! For me! You eegit boy! You pushed me down, that's why! You shoved me down and left me crying in the yellow grass. So now you have two gates between you and what's yours, and I hope you like it, because there's none to blame but yourself! You shoved me like I was nothing. I remember. You have no idea what you're up against. You might as well try to stop the calendar from naming the days. I've been older than all of you since I was born, and sure I ache for my own youth. I pray the day may yet come, but not at the price of now.

MALE VOICEOVER

She goes to the kitchen and pretends to listen to a voicemail.

WOMAN

Don't talk to her. Don't even look at her.

Don't even look at her.

I don't even –

I don't!

Am I in trouble?

Do you think –

Are you mad at me?

Why are you mad at me what did I –

But I was only –

Pages turn.

Be a woman.

FIVE
Stage Directions

MALE VOICE OVER

She steps from the shadows.

She throws herself into a chair.

She cries.

She cries.

They go back to weeping. Their crying is getting a little less intense, though. Like two hysterical children, they start to get tired and their crying subsides.

She slams the phone down violently.

She thinks a second.

She laughs.

She watches the bathroom door, like a cat roused from an afternoon nap, pretending to still be asleep while she formulates a plan of attack, with one eye open.

She winks.

She adjusts herself.

They try to cry some more, but their crying lasts only a little while. They're like spent children.

Suddenly she feels inspiration from above, or from somewhere – her psychic powers suddenly turn on, maybe her head moves, or her eyes flutter.

She suddenly takes the cup she's holding and smashes it on the floor, in the direction of the kitchen.

She runs back on checking her pulse and other vitals.

She breaks down blubbing.

After a while she sighs very heavily, once, twice, maybe three times.

She mimes stroking her cheek.

She seems calm but all of a sudden she smashes the cup onto the floor, near where the other one was smashed.

She is so hysterical, she can't breathe.

She takes out her phone and texts.
She nods.
She nods.
She is shaken.
She's giving in to tears.
She delves into her purse and comes out with a little pot of make-up. She applies make-up.
She can't take her eyes off the Boy, fascinated.
Searches hard for a big word. [horrible is the word she comes up with, btw]
Searches hard for a big word; no luck this time. [seriously, can't think of a word.]
She goes to her bag, takes out some pills, swallows them with water, and looks out.
She bows her head and starts to cry.
She begins to sing "Summertime." It is the whitest white girl rendition of this song ever sung. There is no attempt to mimic a black singer, or even Janis Joplin's edge. It is perfectly enunciated, mildly operatic, and utterly devoid of emotion. The only place where this performance wouldn't be totally humiliating is in a nursing home. Everyone is embarrassed and uncomfortable. Except her. Who is unaware of what she sounds like.
She moves the phone away from her mouth and frowns; thinks; she feels nervous about saying yes, wonders what to say, makes a decision.
Happy for her friend, she sets him free.
She was not prepared for this. Stunned, she watches him move toward her.
She is quiet, calm, sad.
She's being brave about messing it up.
She is moved, and uncomfortable.
She explodes.

INTERLUDE

MALE VOICEOVER

Molly Aster.

We chose to cast a male actor in all the female roles, so that the actress playing our hero, Molly, would be the only female in the cast, thereby reflecting the isolation of females in general, and young girls in particular, during the reign of Queen Victoria – a time when a woman had the top job, but all other women were expected to be seen and not heard.

SIX

Despair, pit of

WOMAN

I'm feeling very good...except for the fact I have such very bad taste in men. And I don't know why I wanted to sell the house. Oh, I have less money than I used to. And I was going to turn down this film where they want me to play a grandmother, which I am not anxious to do. But I think I'll take it for the money.

You can die from too much sensitivity in this world. We girls can't afford to be sentimental. We must instead be strong. And when I marry, my husband will have to – In our society, a woman's only power is through men. Her character is her lack of character. She's a blank, to be filled in by creatures who at heart despise her.

My life is pointless. I haven't lived! I haven't lived! My life is over! My life is empty. And I forget something every day. I can't remember the Italian for window or ceiling. I can't remember things either. I can't remember why I should keep living. I'm gasping like an old hurdy gurdy with the emphysema. I've got the pacemaker on board. You can feel it with your hand. It sticks half out of my chest right where I used to keep the smokes. Feel it. Put your hand there.

I don't – I'm not even saying.

You know what, let's just drop it. Ok? Let's just. Whatever. Let's just drop it. Whatever.

You have to know –

So then it's cool with you for me to –

But – ok.

Ok, so... I mean, if you don't wanna come you don't have to, there's no pressure, I just thought – He's checking to see when he's –

Who are you again? Sorry, just –

I –

Of co – if that will – of course. Are you...

Wait just a--

My parents wanted him to move in with them but he said he would never do that, he was insistent he didn't want to be a burden on –

No, they knew –

Yeah that'll happen –

Are you out of your –

No, it's –

He'll make some snide –

But he'll take the –

Where's your suit –

I'll hang it up, you can wear it tomorrow it's not dirty give it to –

Let me –

My blood is just gonna boil –

MALE VOICEOVER

She's giving in to exhaustion. Instantly she's asleep.

WOMAN

Are you done?

I know who I am. That is who I am. I've told you my principles and how I live. I can't. Not built for it. I know myself. I love the wild turkeys who wander about the property, I like learning they're so awkward that they sleep in trees but repeatedly fall out of them. I identify with them. I often fall out of my bed, thrashing about in my restless sleep. I am a wild turkey. I am a wild turkey.

MALE VOICEOVER

She is extremely confused. Perhaps no one has ever asked her out before. She thinks it's maybe a joke, and she thinks it's real. She's sort of upset, and she's sort of delighted. She's afraid of expectations, and it's hard not to have some hopes.

WOMAN

This is what I am. I'm stubborn and I'm willful and I'm greedy, and when I start something I finish it. The more resistance I come up against the more determined I become. So, like *woman's revenge*. For being ignored.

Oh they're just so adora –
You mean all this time –
Even if I – in the face of death, I may have – you know –

MALE VOICEOVER

She doesn't know whether to laugh or cry.
She is very, very emotional. Maybe shaking.

WOMAN

The whole thing's really kinda trite, when you think about it.

I mean. Aren't you the guy who once said in some interview, "Working in the theater is the world's greatest way to get laid?" That's a pretty serious kink.

I'm sorry.

We're just sitting here, you know, talking, waiting. Waiting for judgment day.

MALE VOICEOVER

She stands there. Tortured and considering the question.
Stops, composes herself.
She looks stricken, tortured.

ENTERING THE VOID

Aouda

30 Pages turn.

There are loud cries and screams.

MALE VOICE OVER

The DEAD RAJAH, his WIFE in his arms, comes running toward them. She is passed out.

Pages turn.

MALE VOICEOVER

She wakes with a start. She says,

WOMAN

"No. No. I –"

MALE VOICEOVER

She is interrupted. She's given brandy. She says,

WOMAN
“Thank you.”

MALE VOICEOVER
Then,

WOMAN
“Thank you. I can’t thank you enough.”
Until they—
But they—
But I haven’t any money—
Sir Francis, I cannot begin to thank you for what you did for me.

MALE VOICEOVER
She kisses him.

Pages turn.

WOMAN
Sir, you must leave me to my fate! It is on my account that you have been arrested. It is for saving me!

Pages turn.

WOMAN
Mr. Fogg.
You have given me more than enough, Mr. Fogg. You have given me my life.
He was only a husband by name. I was forced to marry when my parents died.

Pages turn.

WOMAN
I am afraid I do not know his address.
What shall I do, Mr. Fogg?
But I cannot intrude.

Pages turn.

WOMAN
I hope nothing has happened to him.
Do you know where he is?
Yes sir.
What is wrong?
Oh no.

Pages turn.

WOMAN

I hope we find him for I shall miss him.

I cannot thank you enough, Mr. Fogg. I owe you my life.

I shall repay you, just as soon--

I shall repay you for all of the clothes you have purchased for me.

It is beautiful tonight. When I look up at the stars, the sails look like great white wings and I feel as if we are flying. What do you see, Mr. Fogg?

Pardon?

Is that all you see?

Is it all mathematics to you?

Why?

And saving my life... was that simply mathematic?

Good night.

Act break. Pages turn.

WOMAN

Is something wrong?

MALE VOICEOVER

She looks to Fogg for comfort.

Pages turn.

WOMAN

Passpartout, you're safe!

Pages turn.

MALE VOICEOVER

Fogg and Aouda enter.

Pages turn.

MALE VOICEOVER

Aouda exits.

WOMAN

Why have we stopped?

Pages turn.

WOMAN

We are backing up.

Now we are moving forward.

We are slowing down.

Pages turn.

WOMAN

Mr. Fogg, no!

I will not leave.

No.

Ahh!

Mr. Fogg...

Passepartout, give me a gun!

Give me a gun.

MALE VOICEOVER

She grabs two guns from him and starts shooting through the window. She has a little bit of blood on her face.

WOMAN

I do not think so.

It is just a scratch. I am fine.

But how are you?

Thank goodness.

What if something...?

Killed?

Oh, Mr. Fogg!

Oh, Mr. Fogg.

What is it?

When are you going to leave?

MALE VOICEOVER

She stands and looks for some sign of Fogg's return. Several hours pass.

WOMAN

It is Mr. Fogg.

MALE VOICEOVER

She embraces him.

WOMAN

You are safe.

We are ruined.

It is Phileas Fogg, Esquire.

We made it!

You will ruin him.

Where are you taking him?

But why?

Oh God, you do not think he's going to...

Me? What influence could I have? Mr. Fogg is influenced by no one. Has he ever understood that my gratitude to him is overflowing? Has he ever read my heart?

We shall see.

Mr. Fogg.

MALE VOICEOVER

They sit for what seems like an eternity. Aouda looking at Fogg.

WOMAN

Oh, Mr. Fogg.

Forgive you? It is I who must ask for forgiveness.

Yes, I am the cause of your ruin.

You saved my life, but in doing so, have ruined your own.

But you have lost everything.

I would not dream--

But what will become of you?

A man like you shouldn't be poor for long. Surely your friends--

Your relatives--

It saddens me to think that you would go through life alone, without anyone to share your joys.

Mr. Fogg. You are a man beyond compare. Honorable. Generous. Respectful. You need not go through life alone. I love you. Will you have me for your wife?

Ah, Mr. Fogg.

Tomorrow.

There is no need to thank me.

My dear Mr. Fogg.

...My dear Phileas.

MALE VOICEOVER

They kiss, finally.

CHASM

She stares at the audience for some time. She tries to speak. She opens her mouth. Closes her mouth. She listens. Maybe she finds one man in the audience and tries to get them to occupy the space. To speak. Maybe she just makes everyone uncomfortable. There is no room for her here. She was given no space to occupy in this play.

Seventy-two pages turn.

RE-SET

6 out of the 34 roles for women were written by women.

ONE

FEMALE VOICEOVER

She enters.

Ninety-one

Nineteen, Chinese American

Twenty-one

She enters.

She is not chubby. She is in fact strong and beautiful.

She alternately giggles and says, “shh”
Billy’s sister. Twenties. The middle child. A year or two older than Billy.

She enters.
Twenties. Going deaf.
With a laundry cart.
Billy’s mother. Fifties/sixties.

INTERLUDE

WOMAN
Vera Joseph
Ruth
Sylvia
Bec
Amanda
Beth

TWO Questions. Sorry.

WOMAN
Is she Chinese? And she’s an amazing dresser? No, that’s a joke. But seriously, is she? Do I seem drunk?

What was the question? What is the meaning of the word uxoriousness? How are your voices?

You take sugar? Are you sure? Have you finished your pasta? I can’t believe you live here. Do you just wake up every morning and think I can’t believe I live here? You need to learn how to take some responsibility, you know that?
Oh my god. Oh my God. I’m sorry.

Well, just tell me, is all I’m asking, I don’t think that’s an unreasonable request, do you?

Sorry, I was in a conversation and I wanted to get out of it, you don’t mind – not a conversation, I was being ignored – more of a threesome – so I’m hiding, I don’t need the loo, you go ahead.

I know, I wasn’t ...*pitying* you, or – I’m just teasing you, I’m just kidding.

I–

FEMALE VOICEOVER

She can’t think of how to finish the sentence.

THREE
Sexy

FEMALE VOICEOVER

A flirtatious pause. She ducks coquettishly away and goes back to the window.

WOMAN

There's jugglers out there ... a lady on stilts ... You should check her out ... I saw a little boy looking up her skirts. A kink is born. He'll spend the rest of his life trying to recreate it.

What's your astrological sign? I'm already like a total freak, I mean look at me. I don't know why I'm feeling kind of shy, it's uncharacteristic, I'm usually pretty slutty. I'm just kidding. I'll totally sleep with you. Everyone's slept with everyone.

This is the bra I wear with this shirt, because it goes.

FEMALE VOICEOVER

A flirtatious pause. She ducks coquettishly away.

WOMAN

You ever meet anyone really peculiar? I don't know, like some crackpot who wanted something weird from you, in exchange for ... a place to stay or whatever. If you were a woman it would probably have been different; you probably would have run into all kinds of things like that.

You're lucky... you don't know what you're missing. You don't know what you're missing.

Delilah is seducing Samson. A very sadomasochist violent relationship with bouts of amazing sex.

Are you gonna date rape me?

FEMALE VOICEOVER

A flirtatious pause. She's lost weight. She could lose some more. She's not sure what to do, so she just walks to the door. She has trouble with the lock. She turns to him, angry, ashamed.

FOUR
Anger

WOMAN

You didn't understand anything I just said. Denial is great. The more ambiguous something is, the harder it is to get across. "I love my boyfriend to death..." I could say it but it's not what I would sign. Because *literally* speaking, it's not true.

I've been waiting for a pause in this bullshit. But there hasn't been one! I know how you feel. "Language is worthless, language is worthless."

I'm – I must say I'm surprised, and this is not a complaint, that you came here, instead of your – I've lost track whether she's your girlfriend or not, the chubby one, isn't she up at whaddayacallit – She's – well she's not *thin*.

I am so tired of disappointing you. When I'm not furious at you I'm really worried about you. I don't want you to become someone who makes me sad every time I think about you. But you've become a real shit! And fuck you for telling me that about him, I did not want to know that.

At least he notices you.
Only when he disapproves of my boyfriends.
Abusively.
Leave him alone.
You should be nicer to him.
You're upsetting him.
Things are hard enough for him already.
Maybe he's stopped taking his medication.
He's being a cock.

I am fed up with being shouted at!

FIVE

Stage directions

FEMALE VOICEOVER

She breathes, tries impatiently but earnestly to listen with an open heart.
She signs “F-L-O-W-E-R” – finger spelt with the letters imaging the bloom flowering and then wilting – speaking the letters simultaneously.
She lies down on the floor.
She inspects her reflection in a spoon.
Suddenly she's in tears.
She enters through the front door with a laundry cart. She has some trouble maneuvering it through the door and into the apartment. She is taking care to be quiet. Once she has gotten the cart in and closed the door, she goes offstage.
She comes back, satisfied.
She takes the laundry from the cart, piece by piece, and folds it. She regards [the athletic clothing] with some suspicion.
She goes back to the laundry and continues to fold, still periodically shaking her head.
She reenters with coffee and a plate with a few breakfast pastries on it, maybe a couple hard boiled eggs.
She helps herself to two heaping spoonfuls of sugar
She inspects her reflection in a spoon.
Enters with a laundry cart.
She hangs up. She is immediately remorseful. She brings her hands to her mouth.
She picks up the phone again, thinks, then hangs up.
She does it again, more slowly.
She exits into the kitchen.

SIX
Resolve.

WOMAN

I can't hear music anymore... I recognize that it's music, but I don't *understand* it. It's roaring sound now. It's like laughing, shouting, crying... they all sound the same. Just a sort of roaring.

This is about him, and her, and nobody else. People do things for the people they love. Like me. I'm wearing a bloody kimono. And the thing I'm finding, it's all about empathy. I just think, what if some people just *are* born better? Well, some people are born better. It's true. More beautiful, or... and it's funny, when you're born with an advantage, it's a snowball thing, if you're pretty, people are nicer to you, so then you get more –

I was trying to say... men sometimes do things that can be very... but you have to remember that it's more out of stupidity than anything else. It's not, whaddayacallit. Malicious. It's just stupid and childish.

FEMALE VOICEOVER

She stands uncomfortably for a long time.

WOMAN

I don't have to justify myself all the fucking time to someone who claims that they love me but is constantly disappointed in me.

I'm sorry.

END OF PLAY.