

You Choose

“
PRESHOW

This is a cast of four young women.

Room mates.

They live in a red room, with no windows and no doors scarce with furniture. The room is humid. It's wet and warm.

The room has a pulse.

Or maybe it doesn't.

(All) You choose.

This is the preshow.

These women's names are not mentioned in my play. However, they are called Brave, Responsible, Fun, and Manly.

Or maybe they're not.

You choose.

This is a choose-your-own-ending story.

Or maybe it's not.

You choose.

I haven't written in who is speaking these lines.

Maybe they're not being spoken.

You choose.

Maybe these four women are standing in front of you right now, acting as if these are their own words that come from their minds.

Maybe someone is doing improv in the background with their own words from their own mind.

You choose.

But these words, the ones I'm writing down on this piece of lined paper from an old school notebook I chose not to fill up, with this yellow pencil I found on the ground that someone once used before I did, once bought with their own money from a Walmart or a Staples probably, probably somewhere near Lethbridge Alberta Canada, these words are mine.

These words are raw, and unedited.

These ideas are coming straight out of my own mind, onto this sheet on lined paper into the hands of someone who thought they were pretty neat, into the hands of actors that *probably* just wanted to be in a show, ANY SHOW! (Or maybe they thought these words were interesting too), into their own minds, memorized with hours of work, rehearsed with many more hours and then they stood up in front of you.

Or maybe not.

You choose.

The question is why are you here?

Don't worry, it can be your little secret with yourself.

I hope, for your sake, that you came with come cute boy or girl hoping to please them so you might get laid tonight.

I hope, for your sake, that you came on your own to treat yourself to something that you love. On a "you date".

I hope, for your sake, you came as a loving parent, grandparent, child, brother, sister, friend, or companion to one of these beautiful -

(All) BEAUTIFUL

-people that put in all these hours of work. To be a witness of the product of all their time and love and effort that they allowed themselves to spill into what you'll see tonight.

I hope, for my own sake, that you came to see mine.

(All) GASP!

By now you might be thinking:

"C'mon,"

"I came to see a show!"

“Not a long, drawn out preshow!”

Well too bad.

Now you’re stuck here.

Besides, why can’t the preshow be the start of the show?

I could write that nothing happens and my guess is that, probably, you’ll all stay sitting or standing where you are.

Or maybe you won’t.

You choose.

(Nothing happens)

I stopped writing too, for about 5 minutes. So that I could experience it with you.

I wonder if there was uncomfortable giggling.

I wonder if there was shuffling.

I wonder if someone got up and said “FUCK this, nothing is happening,” and left, and then everyone left and now the four young women playing Brave, Responsible, Fun, and Manly are speaking to an empty room and the director is thinking, I knew this would happen.

Probably not.

I checked my cell phone.

Nasty things, peeling us away from the real world with their circuits and their blinking lights.

Well, I suppose it’s about time to transition into the real deal.

“The Play”

I guess that’s a good title for this show.

I was hoping it would be something else, something more clever and out there. But I guess now I’m stuck naming it “The Play”

Or maybe not.

I’ll choose.

You should know as well, I didn't write this show in order.

As I write these words that these beautiful -

(All) BEAUTIFUL

-actors pretend are their own (or maybe they don't do that) the show has already been written.

That's nice. It's almost like a metaphor for fate.

Ooooooooooooooooooooooh.

Maybe I'll add more to it though.

Maybe not.

TRANSITION

Right now, on my bedroom floor, there is pencil crayons, acrylic paint, tempura paint, wax paper spotted with all the different colours, a guitar, an origami crane, construction paper, a few small canvases, a rug, a pair of sunglasses, a pencil sharpener, and a female condom. I've spent all night trying to create some kind of piece of art for a friend. A man asked me the other day if I was an artist. I struggled to say yes.

THE PLAY

This is a calling to all women to bring out her inner goddess. Why do we tuck away our feminine strength? Bring it out and take back this beautiful earth. It's ready, ripe, for us to take it into our arms. No more waiting for the right time, the right time is now!

Why do we spend so much time trying, groveling, to care for others when what we need to do is allow the greatness of who and where we are to wash over.

To blame the energy instead of TRY, TRY, TRYING until we bleed out. Metaphorically.

Sometimes literally.

Embrace ourselves.

Love.

Dance.

Smile.

Create.

(A baby cries)

Create life. It's as close to being a god -

(All) GODDESS

-goddess, of course, that anyone will ever get.

"It's too bad shit has happened the way it did," says a little boy who dropped his ice cream, his top scoop!, on the ground.

Says the woman who tore her only pair of tights before she went out -

Who the fuck wears tights anymore?

Says the family in the middle of their favourite movie when the power goes out.

Says the human race.

Well, fuck it.

"Life is short even on the longest days," says another little boy.

No better time than the present time.

Pick ourselves up, wipe away our tears, call for some help maybe,

If you're really distraught,

And get ON with it already.

Sheesh.

It's not like it actually matters if the planet explodes and we all fade or combust, out of existence.

(Pause)

Fuck it all really.

Fuck it.

Fuck it.

Fuck it.

(Pause)

So what do you want to do today?

Paint my living room.

Play hockey.

Take my baby for a walk.

Chase my dreams... my dreams are coming true you know. Right in front of my very own eyeballs.

Literally?

Or metaphorically?

Spiritually. I think I could be making it up. But, fuck it really.

Works the same as sugar pills. Placebo pills.

Exactly.

What are you chasing then?

A carnival ride, I'd like to ride it with a nice guy preferably. A mall. A hotel lobby with a rainforest shower. A flying whale and a colour of blue I've never seen before.

I think I want to get a tattoo today.

(All) OH!

What of?! What of!?

Fuck it, of her dreams I guess.

That sounds nice dear.

Sometimes, when I'm angry at myself I bite my fingers and pretend I could bear to bite down hard enough to actually bite them off. Is that why you want to get a tattoo?

(All) GASP!

No, it's for the art.

Ah, I see. Well, I was only pretending. You know, trying to relate to your situation.

(All) *Right.*

Do you think we could protest something today?

Like what exactly? What do you protest?

Not much really. I'm fairly happy with the way things are going. However, I would like to be in a protest. Only if it's the violent kind, the kind where people get so rowdy they smash in store windows and steal TVs. Hahahaha, but only TVs.

People die in riots like that.

I think it would be exhilarating.

(Pause)

I don't think I want to do that today.

If not now then when?

Hashtag - YOLO.

Maybe if you had a valid reason for wanting to do it.

Oooh I know!

(All) Capitalism!

That's fair enough.

(Pause)

Maybe in a bit.

(Pause)

I think I'd like to do nothing today. Especially near water. Just breathe. I feel as if I'm lacking oxygen. I tried putting a few plants in my room to help with the problem, but I feel like I'm misusing them. They just die. Plus, it's never enough oxygen to satisfy me.

Do you think you're being greedy?

No, not particularly. We need it to live.

That's for sure.

So I think, nothing, that's how I'll spend my day. (She breathes very heavily - unhealthy)

Maybe the problem is you forget how to breathe?

Nonsense. (Lights a cigarette)

(Pause)

Can I have a drag?

(Passing the cigarette between them all like a joint, but it's a cigarette. That shits legal erry'where.)

Does anyone have a beer?

(One woman pulls out a six pack, she opens one beer and they pass it around too)

(Another woman pulls out a chocolate bar) Anyone want a piece?

(They pass the chocolate, fully indulging in their one piece they take from the bar before they pass it along)

(Another woman pulls out a book and starts to read) Hey, have you ladies read this yet?

(They shake their heads no)

Here, read the back.

(They pass the book around)

Who's caught up on the new Grey's Anatomy?

Mmm

Mmm

Mmm (They pass around the noise)

(A woman takes out her lotion) Anybody need some lotion? (They pass it around, reapplying every time it comes around.)

(This has become a juggling act)

(While passing everything hectically)

Mmm, you're right it's nice to relax... mmm, breathe.

(All) Mmm.

(They all stop and stretch, as if just waking up or going to sleep... you choose)

What were you saying about that goddess thing?

We're all warriors really, is what I mean.

(All) Mmm.

(A woman gets up to leave, another trips her which snowballs into all the women in an epic battle, very savage. The following dialogue is all through the battle)

(Battling) Now this is a good way to spend the day.

(Battling) You know what Jo told me? He and Marianne are having a baby!

(Battling) Beautiful!

(Battling) Oh, I knew it was coming soon. Those love birds.

(Battling) What will the name be?

(Battling) Is it a boy or girl?

(Battling) Well, they don't know yet. But Joseph said he thought George would be good if it were a boy. Sounds like he hasn't considered a name for a little girl yet.

(Battling) Perhaps they'll name it after the mother then.

(Battling) Well, that's really exciting news.

(All) Mmm.

(Still battling) I think I'd like to be a mother someday.

(Battling) You'd better find a boyfriend then!

(All) Ahaha!

(Battling) No! Haha, here's what I'll do - I'll go off my pill and just sleep with as many men as I can possibly get my hands on -

(Battling) -which couldn't be too difficult.

(Battling) No, not at all. Then I'll never have to worry about a man. I've always thought being a single mother would be nice.

(Battling) How will you afford to take care of it? You don't make enough money on your own.

(Battling) What?

(Battling) Money.

(All) Mmm.

(Still battling) I would never like to be a mother.

(Battling) Me either!

(Battling) This isn't a suitable environment for new humans to be brought in to.

(Battling) Oh, I just think it would be too hard.

(Battling) I could handle it, I just don't think it's ethical.

(Battling) You could have just one baby. The population will decrease that way.

(Battling) You have one baby, I'm not doing that to anyone who will share my genes.

(All) GASP!

(They stop battling)

No need to be rude about it.

Bitch.

Cunt.

Pussy.

Fat ass.

Five head.

Lard ass.

Pansy.

Lesbo.

Sissy.

Douchebag.

Drama queen.

Ugly.

Big foot.

Thunder thighs.

Pizza face.

Princess.

Sassy pants.

Why don't you go get a manicure already?

Tom boy.

Fuck it all. You dicks.

(All) Hahaha. (All) Mmm.

What a day.

Beautiful day.

Does anyone have concealer with them?

(All) I do.

Thanks (She reapplies with all of their offerings)

Hey, did anyone hear about that bombing the other day?

Dunno.

Don't watch the news.

Heard there was a school shooting... I dunno, somewhere in the States.

How terrible.

Those American's are just downright reckless.

(Pause)

I think I'd like to go dancing tonight.

OOOH! I haven't been dancing in so long.

OOOH! Any we could have wine before.

I don't know you guys.

(The other three:) GODDESSES.

Goddesses, of course. I'm feeling fat today.

Aweh, you never look fat.

Well, I feel it.

Okay, we won't go then.

We can stay in, maybe watch the news.

Thanks guys. (Pause) Thanks for understanding.

(All four women sink into Goddess yoga pose)

Ah, this feels nice.

DENOUMENT

This play has been brought to you by a girl,

In her twenties,

Sometimes confused,

Sometimes too sure of herself.

Hairy armpits, hairy legs, hairy most things, honestly.

Short hair,

Short in stature,

Impatient,

Aries.

Freckled,

Working with kids,

A bit messy,

A part of a family of six.

She's lived in a trailer park her whole life.

She doesn't like people to know that.

Blonde or red hair, depending on who you ask, and green eyes.

How creative of you, to picture a girl like that! That's nothing like who this girl is.

Or maybe it is.

You choose.

This play has been inspired people named Alisha, Connie, Colin, Samuel, Steven, Tom, Elizabeth,

Benjamin,

Antonin,

Helen,

Zya,

Jay,

Jade,

Nassim,

Deanne,

Jena,

Giampaolo,

Pierre,

Britt,

Taya,

Denise,

Jay,

Meredith,

Jenna, two n's this time,

Gail,

Chloe,

Mike,

Adrian,

Eugene,

Ron,

By assholes

And by beauties.

That, you cannot choose.

Maybe you know some of them though?

You know, 6 degrees of separation.

I guess this is the end of the play.

Or maybe it's not?

You choose.

”

(End)