

IN DISDRESS NOW: REDUX

By Marya Sea Kaminski

Premiered at the Washington Ensemble Theatre, Seattle WA, January 2007.

Copyright © 2007 Marya Sea Kaminski

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Copyright Protection. This play (the “Play”) is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, and the Berne Convention.

Reservation of Rights. All rights to this Play are strictly reserved, including, without limitation, professional and amateur stage performance rights; motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video, and sound recording rights; rights to all other forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction now known or yet to be invented, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, photocopying, and information storage and retrieval systems; and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

Performance Licensing and Royalty Payments. Amateur and stock performance rights to this Play are controlled exclusively by Marya Sea Kaminski (“MSK”). No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this Play without obtaining advance written permission from MSK. Required royalty fees for performing this Play are available from contacting MSK. Required royalties must be paid every time the Play is performed before any audience, whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged.

Prohibition of Unauthorized Copying. Any unauthorized copying of this text or excerpts from this text is strictly forbidden by law. Except as otherwise permitted by applicable law, no part of this text may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including, without limitation, photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from MSK.

Statement of Non-affiliation. This Play may include references to brand names and trademarks owned by third parties, and may include references to public figures. MSK is not necessarily affiliated with these public figures, or with the owners of such trademarks and brand names. Such references are included solely for parody, political comment, or other permitted purposes.

CHARACTERS.

One woman.

Her soul as portrayed by a young woman.

PART FIRST: DING WAY BAH

Projection: *feed from karaoke machine, lyrics*

Sound: *karaoke machine, mic*

Props: *karaoke machine, mic*

When the audience enters the theater, they hear a karaoke machine playing all the hits and see a mic on a stand and a screen with lyrics on the stage. Perhaps there are ‘karaoke videos’ of the girl wearing the dress getting drunk and singing all over Seattle.

This is the opening act. The microphone is live and it is clear that the audience is welcome to come on stage and sing along. Some of the songs will be difficult to resist. They are of the genre of ‘drunken karaoke masterpieces.’ Maybe there is a spotlight.

In the lobby there is a cardboard cut-out of the red dress. Carnival-style.

PART SECOND: DISCLAIMERS AND SHOUT-OUTS

Hello. Thanks for being here. Tonight. Thank you. My name is Marya Sea and I'm really excited about tonight's show. Because I just broke my arm. And I'm not really use to the cast yet.

Before we start, you should know *In DisDress* first premiered at On the Boards last summer. I'm not sure if any of you saw it? Yah. Well. This is not that show. That was kind of a twenty-minute theatrical meditation on turning thirty, cupcakes, Goya, Saturn, and porn. I don't even care about any of that stuff right now. Well, except porn. I like porn. I mean, who doesn't like porn? I'm not talking about shaved pussy hardcore ass fucking, but seventies porn is good. The loose plotlines and shag soundtracks.

Anyways, this show is called IN DISDRESS NOW: REDUX because Jen Zeyl thinks the reference to Apocalypse Now is funny.

Later I'll be doing acid and performing a small bovine sacrifice.

Enjoy the show. Please turn off your cell phones.

PART THIRD: GETTING UNDER THE SKIRT

Air. Laughter. Violence. Love. Heat.

I called in sick today. Everywhere.

I am sick. Of everything.

I have been running on empty for so long now. Just barely getting by. Just barely showing up.

Like that maybe-Native-American belief that you should only ever walk or run anywhere. Because when you move faster than that, like in a plane or a car, your soul stays behind and it takes days for your soul, or your spirit, to run and catch up with you.

I suppose that's only if your spirit is feeling limber and it could, hypothetically, take much longer.

If we want to get hypothetical, my soul could be anywhere. Hiding under a bed somewhere in my hometown, smothered in a Manhattan subway car, hitchhiking out of Fort Worth, on standby at Heathrow. Anywhere.

Air like Winter thaw in Rochester NY.

Laughter like cheap champagne in Philadelphia.

Violence like August without air conditioning in New York City.

Love like sleeping late tangled with Seattle rain knocking soft pebbles at the window.

Heat like the heart of a hurricane in the start of the summer.

My mother got into her car, sat on a wasp, and the shock of the sting flung her into labor two weeks early.

I was born at 4:21 in the afternoon. Which my parents would've found funny, if either of them had smoked pot.

My mother smoked pot once with a boy named Tom who rode a motorcycle and was studying to become a priest. She broke out into hives.

Which is too bad because she would've made a great pothead. She can sew, gamble online, read detective stories, and discuss your astrological chart for hours at a time. Marijuana would suit her. Instead she finds solace in many, many small glasses of port wine and cream sherry.

That's the only way she can get to sleep at night since my father died.

Once I asked my father if he thought I'd ever get married.

Sure, he said. Lots of times.

Hm. Lots of times.

Wanna see my funniest face?

She makes an amazingly hilarious face.

The first time I smoked pot, I was with my first boyfriend Ben Hays and a bunch of his hoodlum church friends. And all they had was a bag of shake and a straw from McDonald's, like one of those pretty wide ones. So, we drove to the football field and they dug a hole at the fifty yard line and we smoked pot. Out of the ground. Luckily, I did not break out into hives.

Before Ben, there was Doug. Doug O'Brien. In the Sixth grade. He stood six inches shorter than me and a little crooked because of a mysterious limp that I never asked him about.

Doug lived in Melissa Donald's cul de sac and one Saturday, I slept over at her house. He came over in the morning and we all ate chocolate cake for breakfast and watched WWF and GLOW.

Gorgeous Ladies of Wrestling. Which was a really awesome show. During one of the commercial breaks, Melissa left Doug and me conspicuously alone and Doug turned around and stuck his tongue in my mouth. And, his tongue was pretty fat. I wasn't really expecting it and I wasn't sure whether I was supposed to lick him like a cat or suck or what. So I just kind of opened my mouth and he thrust in and out between my teeth for a little less than a full commercial break. Then he offered me a glass of water.

I broke up with him three weeks later.

I always fuck up the good ones.

PART FOURTH: BASIC TRAINING

When I was a kid, I'd usually spend Saturdays with my dad and my brother. My mama used to deliver mail – snail mail - on the weekends, so we'd get to hang out with Pop. He called it Basic Training and it always started with a strict regiment of cartoons. Smurfs. The Littles. Gummy Bears. He-man and She-ra. Thundar the Barbarian. And Breakfast. Was always well-cooked bacon served in styrofoam cups. Pop insisted on calling it birdfood and making us tweet to be fed. You know. Like baby birds. Sometimes we'd turn all the furniture in the family room upside down and sit on the springs of the couch and the armchairs. Making nests. Our family room was on the second floor, covered with a shaggy red carpet and equipped with three VCRs, a beta player, a black and white television, and a sliding glass door. That looked out over our backyard. And didn't lead anywhere except to a big second story drop and my dad's empty plans to build a deck all by himself.

After cartoons, Basic Training continued well into the afternoon. On Saturdays, sometimes we'd go to the junkyard to play or we'd make shotgun shells and target practice out of old garbage cans in the backyard. On Saturdays, I learned how to fall down a flight of stairs with my head tucked in, how to do push-ups on my fingertips, how to catch elves. You have to use rat-traps. Like the big ones that flap open on both sides and slam shut once something takes up the bait inside. Catching elves is all about finding the right bait, and it varies from elf to elf, my Pop said. You can try flower petals, or Reese's Pieces are always promising because of the ET phenomenon, or a comic book, or a pair of sparkly antenna, or anything really and then you make some camouflage for the trap with stuff you find in the woods.

Projection: in the woods

(She is suddenly nine years old) Sh. Sh. Sh. Sh. Sh. Come here. Come on. Come here. If I show you something do you promise not to tell Dad? Or tell anyone, do you promise not to tell anyone? Not even Tony DeMatteo? Promise. Cross your heart. Hope to die. Stick your finger in your eye. Stick your finger in your eye! Okay. Look.

(She mimes pulling out a pocket knife) Behind the back shed. Just laying there, under the thorn bushes. Yup. No. Finders keepers. I'm gonna widdle.

Projection: out

It was on a Saturday that I found out that Santa Claus isn't real. Devastating, I know. Sorry if I just ruined that for anybody. I begged my dad to tell me the truth. Begged and begged and when he finally told me what was up, I cried. Bawled. And my dad got pissed that I'd coerced him into the truth and then cried about it so he told me that he'd also shot the Easter Bunny with his twelve gauge while we were at church last year and that we'd eaten the stew for supper.

The violence of actually getting what you ask for.

That's the first time. The first time I can really remember my soul leaving my body. Like, lifting through my throat and up and out the back of my head. Hovering. Separate.

PART FIFTH: LIPSTICK AND MOONLIGHT

Pretty soon after that, I ran away from home for the first time.
Armed with a fisher price record player and a sippy cup full of orange juice.
My mom took a picture.

I didn't really leave until high school when my dad's drinking got so bad that you could literally sit across from him at the kitchen table and watch him age. You could see him dying right in front of you. And one day we got in some big fight about me going to college or something and he pushed me down onto the living room floor. Really hard. Which was surprising, because he was incredibly frail by that time and I usually tried to just leave him alone but I watched myself take one of his heavy bottles of cheap whiskey and throw it right at his head.

The first time I ever hit my father. And the last time. Because it scared the shit out of me. I took a garbage bag full of clothes, a case of soda, and my dad's visa card and I got into my car and drove away. To Kuebler's house.

Keebler Wilson. Was my first love. Yes. Keebler. It's a family name. And he was older than me and a total badass at school and everyone hated him, which I liked. He drove. A gold pickup truck. On our first date, he picked me up at my house. Took me to dinner. Then bought me my first pack of cigarettes and told me I was sexy. Mores. Menthol. The long, brown ones. Sexy. And we climbed up in the back of his truck and we smoked my first pack of cigarettes and listened to Guns n Roses and Poison. And we fell in love, I think. That night. In the back of his golden pickup truck.

On the way home, we stopped at Kmart. And he picked out my first tube of red, red lipstick. We both put some on and cracked ourselves up for, like, eight months. We'd skip school and sit on his porch while his parents were at work and roll around in his waterbed and read our bad poems back and forth. He'd come through my check out line at the grocery store with funny stuff like Depends or plastic things from the seasonal merchandise aisle. On cinco de Mayo 1994, we ate banana splits in the moonlight of his backyard. I'd just gotten accepted to some writers' conference in Middlebury, Connecticut and Kuebler had just decided to join the Navy. We were celebrating.

Projection: moonlight

(It is suddenly 1994) What? Waitwaitwaitwait. What? Are you serious? You're not allowed to do that. Keeb, there's no way we're breaking up. Because you're not allowed to fucking do that so shut up. And finish your ice cream. You asshole.

PART SIXTH: ROCK OUT WITH YOUR COCK OUT

Projection: out, then rock show

She sings karaoke. With relish.

We both sit silently still
In the dead of the night
Although we both seem close together
We feel miles apart inside

Was it something I said or something I did
Did my words not come out right
Though I tried not to hurt you
Though I tried
But I guess that's why they say

Every rose has its thorn
Just like every night has its dawn
Just like every cowboy sings his sad, sad song
Every rose has its thorn

Yeah it does

The entire stage turns into a big fucking rock n roll show. She is a fucking rockstar.

I listen to our favorite song
Playing on the radio
Hear the dj say loves a game of easy come and
Easy go
But I wonder does he know
Has he ever felt like this
And I know that you'd be here right now
If I could have let you know somehow
I guess

Every rose has its thorn
Just like every night has its dawn
Just like every cowboy sings his sad, sad song
Every rose has its thorn

Though it's been a while now
I can still feel so much pain
Like a knife that cuts you the wound heals
But the scar, that scar remains

Even now, when I really like a boy, my first instinct is to hit him hard in the arm.

PART SEVENTH: BREAKUPS, FUNERALS, AND THE DEATH OF THEATRE

Projection: out

So, we're not really getting anywhere. You know. We're not gonna get anywhere tonight. I don't even know if I'm gonna put on a dress, let alone *the* dress, so you know the title isn't gonna pay off or anything. This play is just a little funeral.

Projection: graveyard images

Just a little funeral for my whitest hopes of relevance and for lots of things I thought were true, for my dad and for my stationwagon and for my cat with asthma and for my twenties. Over before they started.

Projection: out

Like my love for that arrogant boy with hipster glasses. We started breaking apart as soon as we fell in love. I did not argue when we broke up. I just exhaled, climbed back into bed, and didn't come out for eleven months. I bought new sheets and then burnt cigarette holes in them while I watched every episode of Sex and The City. Twice.

It was awesome. And very dramatic. God, I have come to love breaking up. Really. That tsunami of self. Whenever I hear that someone has broken up with their lover, all I say is "I'm sorry and congratulations." I think that about covers it. I wish I could break up with someone right now. Of course, there's a lot of formality to that... you need to be dating someone and everything.

The only person I've been seeing regularly is my therapist.

Projection: blank computer screen? or keyboard?

(She mimics the narrative voice of Sex and The City) In a city filled with rich coffee, dark beer, and Microsoft money, it seems silly to complain about anything. If you don't feel happy in the folds of well-worn fleece and crowded coffee shops, there are a number of things you can try. Seattle is filled with acupuncturists, masseurs, energy healers, and yes, therapists.

Can therapy really cure madness?

Projection: supertitle, as typed on a computer, "Can therapy really cure madness?", then out

Charles Bukowski said that if you
take a writer away from his typewriter
all you have left
is
the sickness
which started him
typing
in the
beginning.

Of course, he also said that love was like a woman squatting over a bathroom sink, pissing.

I haven't been typing much since I started therapy. Slowly, the typing and the smoking and the really serious fun and no sleep and the extremity of everything and the drunkdialing and drunkdriving and drunkdialing while I'm drunkdriving have stopped. All that. Sickness.

Like that sickness that kids get. I see it in my students even now. When a quiet takes over them like a lead blanket for xrays, and from underneath it they start trying to fuck up as much as they can. You can feel them kicking at you from very, very far away. And I feel that

sickness slowly being cleared away from my lungs and my liver and my heart and my past. I'm being cleared of my madness. Harvested. Gettin grown.

Projection: more graveyard images

Just a little funeral to mourn my madness and all the really great ideas that I'll never get to show you. Like, I wanted to play a tap-dance teacher with an oxygen tank from her many years of chainsmoking out the backdoor of the dance studio because kids drive her crazy and she's prone to migraines but she loves to tap and it's her only real talent, so now she teaches and uses the oxygen tank for balance and sometimes as kind of a prop cane when she does 'Me and My Shadow'. I am mourning that cancer-ridden tap dance teacher because she's not in this play.

This play is just a little funeral. Because the theatre is dying.

And you don't need the Seattle Weekly to tell you.

And it makes my heart hurt and my soul escape through the back of my head, but it's true. It's been true for a long, long time. I mean I'm not having any fucking epiphanies here except that I personally feel like a stupid, willful caretaker in a hospice somewhere in Arizona who hangs out with really cool people in wheelchairs who've got all these old stories that nobody will ever hear and wouldn't listen to anyway because to be honest they're kind of boring.

Theatre. Is. Boring. My crusade for live performance has lead me to hours and hours of shitty rehearsals and dried up relationships and Chekhov and school and school and debt and school and lifetimes of moments over before they started that will never translate to video or history or politics or change of any kind in the things that really keep me awake at night. And usually theatre is so fucking boring it makes me want to get a tattoo across my lower back that says sucker and then take all of you to the movies.

What're you doing here?

I mean, the new James Bond movie is still playing and I heard it's really good.

I mean, this is Seattle. We should all get outta here and go see some music and nod our heads in wide hipster approval.

What. Are you doing with your life.

You know. You wake up one morning and you kinda hate your haircut and you got no money and all this debt and you're working forty hours a week for handshakes and then your car gets totaled and you're all alone all the time and you do what any red-blooded, sex-starved American twenty-something does. You get drunk and you go on the internet.

PART EIGHTH: SINGLESINGLE SINGLE

Projection: becomes live feed from the video camera

Sound: dating questionnaire voiceovers

Props: video camera

Percy Shelley once said, "Nothing in the world is single."

The girl sets up the video camera to do a dating profile. The camera feeds to the projection.

Percy Shelley was not dating online. I visited okCupid.com, HornyMatches.com, SearchYourLove.com, TrueDating, AmericanSingles, Chemistry, Truth, PewDating.com and I finally decided on eHarmony and Match.com. Because apparently, I am both marriage-oriented and easy. Which I put in my profile.

Projection: live feed of girl

Sound: dating questionnaire voiceovers

VO: What is your relationship status?

Married. No, I'm only kidding. I'm single. Singlesinglesingle.

VO: What are you looking for?

Pause.

VO: Where should we look?

Well, I've already covered all the local happy hours with the guy who works in HR. So anywhere else would be good.

VO: What kind of sports and exercise do you enjoy?

Okay. Um. Walking. And sometimes I like to smoke a bowl and go to the gym and get on the treadmill in front of Entertainment Tonight and just go and go and go.

VO: What best describes your daily diet?

Do cigarettes and beer count as a diet?

VO: Do you smoke?

No.

VO: How often do you drink?

Never. Okay. Rarely.

VO: What kind of job do you have?

My job affords long hours with no pay. I get to work with passionate, demanding, and enlightened artists. I love my work.

VO: Current annual income?

Well, if you include my tax return, almost, like, twenty grand.

VO: Where do you sit on the political fence?

Panicked... Yah. Mostly panicked. Liberal panicked.

VO: How tall is your perfect match?

Wow. I don't know. Six two? This is like ordering sushi. I love sushi.

VO: How much money should he make?

Alot. A very much lot.

VO: Do you believe in the soul?

Yes.

VO: What turns you on?

Air.

Laughter.

Violence.

Love.

Heat.

Porn.

VO: Do you have children?

If I had children,

I think I would've eaten them by now.

In a stew.

VO: Do you want children?

Okay, you know what? This is getting bo-ring.

Sorry. I thought this was going to be way more fun. Bo-ring.

She turns off the video camera.

I know. Let's take an intermission. Just, like, five minutes. Take a walk, get some coffee, you know. And if you don't want to miss anything, stick around.

She exits.

PART NINTH: THE SOUL WEARS TAP SHOES

House lights up, then A YOUNG WOMAN enters from the house wearing a sparkly red dress and tap shoes. The YOUNG WOMAN is carrying a postcard or a program and is clearly looking for Marya. When she steps on to the stage, the screen changes.

Projection: text slide of "Enter Marya's Soul"

The YOUNG WOMAN looks around for Marya very earnestly, then notices the audience. A little embarrassed and a little delighted, she performs a tap dance to "Ding Way Bab/Anything Goes," then exits.

Projection: out

WOMAN enters.

Okay. Thanks.

So, yes.

Today I called in sick of everything.
Because sometimes you just need some time for yourself.
Your body needs a day off now and again to just, you know, worry.
Worry about things that you don't always find time to worry about. Worry about your mom, and your money. Worry about the wars and the atrocities you don't even get to read about on the New York Times homepage. Worry that you work too much. Worry that you don't work enough. Worry that people don't know how much you love them and take it personally when you don't return their phone calls. Worry that you're not living up to your potential and will never fulfill your destiny. That your destiny will call while you're in the shower and then never stop by again. Worry that your soul will never catch up to you. Or worry that there is no such thing as your soul and nothing is looking or waiting for you, that you took a wrong turn somewhere and that you're actually supposed to be living an entirely other life.

PART TENTH: THERE BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER EIGHTY-ONE: NAVY WIFE STATIONED OUTSIDE OF TAMPA, FLORIDA.

Oh, gosh. It's a long story...

Well, the summer that my father died, I stayed in Philadelphia to look for work. I couldn't bring myself to go back to that house. Not a lot of freshmen stuck around for the summer, which kind of surprised me, that they were all so eager to get back to their rotten families. But I got a job at some shitty Italian restaurant and spent the rest of my time compiling a book of all the shitty poems I'd ever written about my dad. I didn't go out, really. I didn't really know anyone. I chain smoked and sewed patches on things. I talked on the phone. Keebler was stationed in Arkansas at that time, training to work on a nuclear submarine and pretty excited to get his finger on the button and all that.

And we were talking on the phone when he asked me. He's so strange. He said something like, "We should get married. Dude, the Navy has so many perks for married people. We could have a stereo and everything." Wow. A stereo *and* everything?

But, you know. We were in love. Still. And my father was dead. And college felt like a punishment for being smart. And I wanted a stereo. So I said, "Yah. Yes. I will totally marry you."

And that was... eleven years ago. And that was that. Not so long of a story after all.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER FORTY THREE: DIVORCED WAITRESS IN UPSTATE NEW YORK.

Well, I started working the graveyard shift, when I was like, oh god, sixteen. You know, the money's pretty good and it's nice, you know. To have somewhere to go where you can just focus on the task at hand and forget about everything else.

Gina Beth? Gina Beth, we've got to go! We need to pick up your sister right at three. I want you to get out here before I count to ten! One...

It's been nice, since Doug left, to have somewhere to go. When nothing else. Is easy. You know. Your heart breaks open and you've still got bills to pay and of course, he took the car and everything else me and the girls ever gave a fuck about. So we moved back in with my mom last year. She was all alone in this big house and she's got her own mortgage to deal with. So I help out with the money and she totally loves having the girls around, spoils them. Four! I think we're lucky to have this time with her, you know. She's so fucking funny. And she's getting old. When I get home from work, she usually has them in bed so we kind of camp out on the couches in front of the fireplace and drink cream sherry and read magazines and paperbacks. The dogs snuggle up with us when it gets cold, and we fall asleep like that. She snores now, though. Loud. Which is funny and kind of nice, too. Ten!

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER SEVENTEEN: SUBURBAN LIBRARIAN LIVING IN CANADA WITH A SMALL MARIJUANA HABIT.

So, I was almost a psychic. I mean, not really. But, almost. My mother does astrological charts and my father was a master in palmistry and they both considered my psychic powers to be noteworthy and a little unwieldy when I was a child. So, on my tenth birthday, they took me to see a man in a small, smelly room crowded with books and crystals. And we spent two weeks with the Tarot. He taught me about my chakras and about white energy and to always take a moment to close my chakras before I walk into a mall or any kind of crowded, public place, because normal people can drain people like me. I still do that. Close my chakras before I go anywhere... crowded.

She has noticed the number of people in the room and takes a moment to close her chakras.

Obviously, I didn't become a psychic. No, my true gifts lie elsewhere. Instead, I took a career placement exam in the eleventh grade. And that pointed me towards Library Science. Which I really enjoy and it turns out, I'm very, very good at it. I have an incredible knack for research, like I know what someone's looking for before they even ask.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER TWENTY TWO: CORPORATE LAWYER ON THE UPPER EAST SIDE.

Hi, hi, hi. Sorry I'm late. Goddam traffic. Never been on my side, not a day in my life. Jesus. Listen, I can't stay. Nothing personal, believe me. But I've got to prep the Martino case for tomorrow morning before my date shows up. That dermatologist I met at the Adopt a Somalian Orphan Benefit. The one with the lisp... Shit. He's gonna be here any minute.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER SEVEN: BORN AGAIN FOLK SINGER PREPARING FOR A MISSION TO CENTRAL AMERICA.

I don't know what would've happened to me. If I hadn't found and accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal savior. I don't like to think about it. I see all those folks on tv and in the supermarket, and they're, they're lost. I recognize them. I've been there, I've been to some dark, dark places. I wish I could sit down with each and every one of them, and take their hands in mine, and remind them that they've got peace. It's right here for them. At their fingertips.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY: FIRST LADY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

It's so nice to have yall here today. Let's begin our tour in the first library.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER NINETY SIX: BOUNTY HUNTER IN AN UNDISCLOSED MOTEL SOMEWHERE IN MONTANA.

She picks takes off her boots and shakes rocks out of them.

I always looked up to Annie Oakley. Not the pansy fucking Annie Oakley in the musicals, but the real, hardcore, live off the land and teach yourself how to handle a gun Annie Oakley. The problem with this goddam country is we've forgotten our roots. It doesn't take a village, it takes a vigilante. That's what I always say. Hunt or be hunted. By morons and fucking freaks.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND SIX: FOR-HIRE NINJA SQUATTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

She karate-kicks her stool.

Hi-ya.

Looks at the audience and smiles with victory.

Projection: OTHER LIFE NUMBER TWENTY NINE AND A HALF: THEATRE ARTIST BUILDING A DREAM OF SOME KIND IN SEATTLE WASHINGTON.

She turns around and reads the screen, acknowledging it for the first time in the performance.

The violence of actually getting what you wish for. Bo-ring.

My Aunt Ethel once told me that I'm the only person she ever met who actually knew what I wanted to do when I was a kid and then went out and did it.

I guess this is that.

PART ELEVENTH: THE BIGGER THAN BOTH OF US FINALE

And I guess I've somehow wanted to make a series of solo shows with huge scenic elements that keep me from moving, like... a bathtub, unmanageable roller skates, a big honking dress attached to a television set. Curious. I'm not sure why. Beyond the obvious themes of entrapment and stagnation.

Or maybe just trying to be still. Hoping that my soul will catch up to me one of these days.

In Seattle.

Seattle's cool. I guess. It seems really... possible to me.
And kind of enchanted with shades of green, and mountains and ocean and air, laughter,
violence, love, heat, porn. Cute boys in nice shoes. Sushi.

I haven't moved in a long, long time.
Either stuck or sticking.
Hopeless or hopeful. That it's Seattle. That it's soon.
That it's all going to come together and make some satisfying amount of sense.
That roots trump roadmaps.
Trading the kindness of strangers for the complexities of actually knowing people.
Trading the taste of anonymity for a tiny feast of notoriety.
Hopeful that in this city of couples, I'm gonna meet my match. In person.
Hopeful that if Theatre is dying, I might see it go down.
There for the war. With a broadsword, a bloody dagger, and all of my mates who use their
shoulders to keep the walls of this building from caving in.
That I might hold vigil in Theatre's hospital room, surrounded by roses and the smell of
strong liquor.
That the ocean will swallow me along with it and the thunder will be deafening and
indescribably sad.
That before Theatre bites the dust, we will all be in a room like this one and we will tremble
with something so vicious and so true, that we will wake up starving for one another's
company. And insatiable.
For something very live and unabashedly living.
I hope that'll be in Seattle. And I hope it'll be soon.

Thanks for being here folks. Stick around for more karaoke.

She exits upstage, then re-enters and takes a bow.

The end.