

**PERFORMATIVE STATES
FRAGMENTS**

By Rachel Loveday

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PERFORMATIVE STATE #1: THE LIST

Lights Up

A woman is standing alone on the stage, she is under a lot of stress.

WOMAN: I am *not* a Bridezilla! Weddings are big! Special! Stressful! Everyone gives their opinion, claiming that “they’re just Trying to help” but they’re really not and I’ve got so much To do!

The woman starts listing things to do by lifting her fingers.

Floral arrangements, seating charts, double checking that there’s nothing on the menu that contains nuts, berries or shellfish. Making sure the tables are done, that the band will get here on time. I’ve got to pick up my \$10,000 dress, my \$5,000 veil, my garter, my jewellery, my bitch sister, my arrogant brother, my pain-in-the-arse-to-be-in-laws, my *special* knife to make sure the groomsmen won’t fuck the bridesmaids, I don’t need that drama! I’ve still got to hire a make-up artist, the hairdresser, the DJ, the cake baker, the candlestick maker, bartenders, bouncer, security guards, exterminator, plumber, electrician, dance floor cleaner, cutlery polisher. Absolutely nothing is allowed to go wrong

at my wedding! Everything needs...no..has to be perfect!
so are you coming to my wedding or not!?

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #2: THE SCHEDULE

Lights Up

A slim woman is standing alone on stage, with both of her hands on her belly.

WOMAN: I know that they say it's bad luck to tell people before the three month mark, but I'm just so happy and so excited! my Bill and I have been trying for two years and it's finally happened! And I have a plan! I'm going to do some exercise throughout the pregnancy, not a lot, but enough that I won't gain too much weight, my sister gained 30kg during her pregnancy, her son is now two and she still hasn't lost the weight. I'll have an ultrasound at 12 weeks, I'll find out my baby's sex at 18 weeks, then I'll start baby shopping and thinking of names, I've thought of a few already, but it'll be easier once we know. At 25 weeks, Bill and I are going on a "babymoon" to have some quality couple time before our little blessing comes along. At 30 weeks, I'll go on maternity leave, I know I'll be at home for a good reason but I'm used to working non-stop, but I'll get use to it. At 32 weeks, Bill is going to start working from home, he doesn't want me to be alone with the baby and he's a wonderful man and will be a wonderful father and I have the feeling I'll be the disciplinarian. I hope I don't have to have a

C-Section, I've heard the recovery's longer, I want to be at home with my baby, not a hospital room.

The woman pauses, with her hands still on her belly and looks down happily at it.

I can't wait to meet our baby.

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #3: THE REHEARSAL

Lights Up

A woman is setting her dinner table for dinner, she is rehearsing a confession that she is about to give to her husband, she is waiting for him to come home.

WOMAN: Hi honey! How was your day? Good? That's good. My day? Oh, my day, I had to give one boy detention, but other than that it was fine. What's for dinner? Only your favourite fettuccini alfredo. *Stop stalling woman, just do it!*

The woman sits down, grabbing invisible hands.

Ah honey, I've got something to tell you.

Woman confesses, quickly, as if out of breathe.

I've-been-having-an-affair-for-the-last-six-months-but-it's-over-now-it-didn't-mean-anything-it-was-a-mistake-please-please-forgive-me!

Honey, please don't cry. Honey, please say something, anything!

Woman takes a breath, slaps her hand to her forehead.

Fuck! This is going to suck!

Woman gets up from the table and walks towards the kitchen, she turns around when she hears a door open and starts walking back to the table when she hears the door shut. She takes a breath.

Hi honey, how was your day?

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #4: THE EPISTLE

Lights Up

A woman is standing alone on the stage, with a letter in her hand.

WOMAN: Dear Mr Figg, I'm so sorry that I wasn't the compliant employee that you wanted me to be, I really wish I could have served you better. But I guess my figure wasn't that flattering when it was bent over the desk, however I did warn you that the fat on my body is on my hips, not my waist and you're not exactly ripped either. By the way, the "why have a six pack when you can have a whole keg" joke is getting old and by the way, I prefer a six pack, a keg's just too heavy for my liking.

I also wish that I could have served the company better too, I guess it wasn't enough that I met deadlines, worked overtime pretty much every weekend and organised the office Christmas party every year for the five years that I worked for you. But I guess you believe the young, thin, perky, twenty-something female employees who kiss your arse and laugh at your jokes are better at serving the company than I ever would be, by the way, Tracy steals office supplies, Tania is constantly hung over and both Kendra and your eager assistant, Trevor laugh at you, NOT

with you when they're getting it on every Thursday in the conference room.

That being said, I would like to thank you for the five years that you have employed me for, I have certainly learnt a lot and have had invaluable experiences working for you and under you and I'm sure you will certainly learn a lot too, when you are arrested for embezzlement, sexual assault and rape, which I'm sure will happen very soon as I gave a copy of several emails as well as video and audio footage of your "escapades" to the media and to the police.

I wish you all the best in the future.

Kind regards.

Hillary Gardner, your former Head of Finance.

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #5: THE DIARY/JOURNAL

Lights Up.

A young woman is on stage, with a journal in her hand, she is about to start writing.

WOMAN (*writing*): Dear Diary, today I finally did it! I got rid of that bitch! What was her name? Emma? Emmeline? Elly? No Esther! Esther Lee, who works with John in accounting. She thought that she could prance around in short skirts and tight tops and laugh that fake laugh and flip her long blonde hair around so that John would notice her, flirt with her, buy her dinner and fuck her. No, John's better than that, I reminded him of that. I told her that John needed stats on the latest sales figures and that they were kept on the top floor. They are kept on the top floor, but no one goes up there unless they have to and there are boxes everywhere, so it's pretty much deserted. I followed her up there, but not too close that she'd catch on. All it took was one hit with a spanner that was conveniently lying around. Now that I don't have to worry about her, John and I can be together.

Woman sighs with a smile on her face and snaps the journal shut.

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #6: THE LECTURE

Lights Up

A lecturer is standing at a podium addressing students.

LECTURER: Good morning students. Welcome your first day of Stalking 101 where you will learn the basics of stalking potential lovers, selfish exes, bosses, old friends, the lovers of your exes and relatives. you will learn how to operate with stealth, how to memorise legal technicalities to avoid jail time for disobeying restraining orders, AVOs and any other judges' rulings or legal documents. You will receive your standard anti-anti-virus software to implant viruses and spyware onto your target's computer without detection. You will receive your stalking essentials and starter pack: binoculars, camouflage, disguises, necessary forged documents which includes passports, visas and currencies for every single country in the world, as well as unlimited boarding passes in case you need to make a speedy getaway. I would ask you all to introduce yourselves but I know every single one of your names, dates of births, and where you all live. I think that covers

everything for today, I'll see you all soon.

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #7: THE COMMERCIAL

Lights Up.

A woman is standing on the stage, behind a table, which has several different varieties of weight loss products on it, a bin is sitting next to the table.

WOMAN: Do you want to lose weight? Feel better? Look good and be the healthy, beautiful, slim person you want to be. well, let me tell you it's not going to happen with—

Woman picks up various weight loss products as she states their names

CocoaSlim. Whilst these shakes are tasty and filled with chocolatey goodness, it's full of sugar and causes unwanted zits and diabetes—

Woman throws CocoaSlim into the bin and picks AmazingLoss up.

AmazingLoss, whilst its powder may form a ball in your stomach and make you feel full, as soon as it reaches your bowels, it'll clog you up like toilet paper in an old pipe and you'll need an enema to get it out.

Woman throws AmazingLoss into the bin. Picks ForeverThin up.

ForeverThin. Forever my fat arse! Three days after drinking their celery shakes and eating the fat free, sugar free, tasteless cookies. You'll be bingeing as if it's your last meal.

Woman throws ForeverThin into the bin.

People, if you really want lose weight, feel better, Look good and be the healthy, beautiful, slim person you want to be, it's not going to happen with these products, however it can happen with these products—

Woman picks up a box.

a healthy dose of 'Reality'

Woman puts 'Reality' box down and picks up another box.

a 'healthy, well balanced diet with real food'

Woman puts 'healthy, well balanced diet with real food' box down and picks up another box.

and we can't forget our most popular product and old fashioned way of 'getting off your arse and exercising'

Woman puts 'getting off your arse and exercising' box down.

a combination of all of these products will guarantee weight loss, a healthy and beautiful body and a happier you.

There's no free trial or money guarantee or postage and handling. You don't pay with money, you pay with discipline, hard work and persistence. It's all up to you!

So get going now!

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #8: INCOMPREHENSIBLE EXPLANATION

Lights Up

A woman is sitting at a desk, facing the audience.

WOMAN: Mr Kay, please let me explain why I behaved that way at the Christmas party.

There was a lot of cake and a lot of champagne and as you know it is the end of the year, obviously! But the end of the year is also a sore spot for me, as this time last year my boyfriend broke up with me and I comfort drink and it's totally not my fault! Frank handed me the shamps and told me to drink up! What else could I do? And that's why I sat on the photocopier and made a 100 copies of my tight, firm arse. I've been working out! I do squats every morning. And that's why Frank was groping me and that's why Gloria slapped him. Apparently Frank has a wandering eye, well obviously! And that's also why the photocopier has no paper in it, Shawn's the one who puts the paper in it, but he was way more pissed than I was! And sir, of course I don't strip for money! That's why I work here, but Frank and Shawn and the boys were cheering me on and I have been working out and I'm proud of my body, but of course, that was obviously the most inappropriate time to show it off!

and really, you should be asking, 'who the hell...I mean whose bright idea was it, to put a pole in the middle of conference room?' Why else would it be there? And that's why Gloria broke her hip, she was trying to follow my lead and she's not as limber as she use to be, obviously!

Mr Kay, I was really really drunk! And people do crazy things when they're drunk, like putting wet shoes in the dryer because I didn't expect it to rain and I wanted to go to the gym the next day, and they were the only pair of joggers I had, or throwing my boyfriend's possessions out the window after having half a bottle of wine in ten minutes after he dumped me. But of course, I would never do things like that sober or during office hours.

Mr Kay, please, don't fire me, I really love my job, probably more than I love chocolate, actually no, I could never love anything or anyone more than chocolate, not even my jerky ex-boyfriend.

But none of that is important, Mr Kay, I do love my job, please don't fire me!

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #9: THE PHONE CALL

The audience hears a phone ringing.

Lights Up.

WOMAN: Hello? Hi sweetie! Is this urgent? I'm in the middle of a board Meet—

you had a party? Sweetie, your father and I repeatedly told you that you weren't allowed to throw a party, but we'll talk to you about that when we get home from Syd—

what do you need money for? What do you mean someone set the couch on fire? How? No, I'm not going to give you money, you broke the rules, you have a job, you'll pay for it! How did you lose your job?...Your boss was at the party! You slapped your boss! You were drunk! You're sixteen, how did you manage to get drunk? Who bought the drinks? Your brother! Your father and I will be talking to him too.

What do you mean we can't talk to him? Why is he in the hospital? Why on Earth did he try to fly from the garage roof? How drunk was he?...Oh, he wasn't drunk, he tried ecstasy. I'm coming right home! Why won't I be able to get into the house!? The house burnt down! I thought you put the couch fire out! How did it spread to the rest of the house? You know what, you can tell me the rest of this

story when I get home, you're in major trouble, young lady!

Woman hangs up, puts the phone in her pocket and exits.

Lights fade down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #10: THE PERFORMANCE

Lights Up

A woman is standing alone in her living room.

WOMAN: Well students, today is your big day. After twelve years of studying, hard work and perseverance, you are now graduates and have finished the journey of schooling. one door of your life has closed and another one is opening. You are all adults now, you will have to learn to survive on your own and depend less on your parents as one day, they will depend on you. You will go out into the world, get jobs, prove yourselves, carve your career paths and one day find love, get married and raise your own children and put them through school and emphasise to them how important studying, hard work and perseverance is to succeed in school and in life. You can now do whatever you want in your life, life is short make you live it to the full and don't take it for granted.

Woman's husband sticks his head through the doorway with gloves on which are soaked in detergent bubbles, he is holding a dinner plate in his hand.

HUSBAND: That's a nice speech, it's a little bleak though.

WOMAN: I'm just being honest with them. *(sighs)* I'll rewrite it.

Woman exits the living room. Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #11: THE INTERVIEW

Lights Up.

A TV Host and her interviewee are sitting together, facing the audience.

TV HOST: Welcome back. This morning we are joined by weight loss guru Jessica Harders who managed to lose forty kilograms in six months and went on to create her own weight-loss diet simply titled, '*The Jessica Harders diet.*' In order to help others achieve their weight loss dreams. Welcome to the show Jessica.

JESSICA: Thank you Terri, it's great to be here.

TV HOST: So, what lead to you making the decision to lose weight?

JESSICA: I was always in denial about my weight and when I went shopping, I would just keep getting the next size up without thinking, like I was on autopilot. Then I went to a friend's wedding and I was the biggest bridesmaid there and I hated how good the other bridesmaids looked and so the next day I went on a diet.

TV HOST: And what did that diet consist of?

JESSICA: Very little, I had to be strict. For breakfast I would

have a chocolate and berry shake, for lunch I would have wheatgrass shots and a handful of nuts and for dinner I would have a red capsicum.

TV HOST: Wow, that sounds very strict, how did you manage to stay so disciplined?

JESSICA: Pure willpower and I would just remind myself of how good I would look once I reached my goal.

TV HOST: Pure willpower. That's interesting considering a friend of yours revealed to our producers that you had what she called 'midnight binges.' Would you like to comment on that?

JESSICA: No I wouldn't, but I will say that I won't be friends with that person anymore.

TV HOST: Was your diet recommended by a nutritionist and/or dietician?

JESSICA: No, I created it.

TV HOST: You came up with it all by yourself?

JESSICA: Yes I did.

TV HOST: That's interesting because I found a similar diet on the internet called the 'Gretchen Richards diet' which would cause Irritable Bowel Syndrome and acne in people that would try the diet. And nutritionists and dieticians are also telling their patients to not try the

diet unless they were willing to ruin their stomachs.

would you like to comment?

JESSICA: My diet is purely my own creation. And some diets are similar to others. It's a coincidence.

TV HOST: Jessica, your diet has been on the market and on the internet for months, exactly how much money have you made?

JESSICA: I'm...I'm not really sure.

TV HOST: Our sources have told us that your diet has made close to two million dollars in the last six months and by the end of the financial year, it's estimated that you will make a profit of about six million dollars. that's quite a fortune.

JESSICA: Where are you going with this?

TV HOST: I would just like to know how you can pawn off a ridiculous diet to the public that doesn't work and endangers people's health, make an even more ridiculous profit and sleep at night?

JESSICA: I don't have to prove myself to you, and I don't have to take this.

Jessica pulls of the lapel microphone on her blouse, gets off the chair and begins to exit.

TV HOST: How did you really lose weight Jessica?

JESSICA (*offstage*): Screw you!

Lights Down.

PERFORMATIVE STATE #12: THE INTERRUPTED FORM

Lights Up.

Two teenage girls; Ella and Lindsay are in the chocolate aisle of a supermarket.

ELLA: I'm gonna take it.

LINDSAY: You're really gonna take it?

ELLA: Yeah, I'm gonna take it.

LINDSAY: You're crazy!

ELLA: That's what they tell me.

LINDSAY: But that's stealing!

ELLA: So what!?

A fire alarm goes off, Ella takes a chocolate bar. Both Ella and Lindsay run out of the aisle.

LINDSAY: I'm gonna take it.

ELLA: You're really gonna take it?

LINDSAY: Yeah, I'm gonna take it.

ELLA: You're crazy!

LINDSAY: That's what they tell me.

ELLA: But that's stealing!

LINDSAY: So what!?

A fire alarm goes off, Lindsay takes a chocolate bar. Both Lindsay and Ella run out of the aisle.

ELLA: I'm gonna take it.

LINDSAY: You're really gonna take it?

ELLA: Yeah, you should take one too.

LINDSAY: I'm not gonna take a chocolate bar.

ELLA: You said that you haven't eaten in two days.

LINDSAY: That doesn't mean I should steal.

ELLA: How else are you gonna get to eat?

LINDSAY: That's true.

A fire alarm goes off. Both Ella and Lindsay take a chocolate bar and run out of the aisle.

LINDSAY: I'm gonna take it.

ELLA: You're really gonna take it?

LINDSAY: Yeah, you should take one too.

ELLA: I'm not gonna steal a chocolate bar.

LINDSAY: You said that you haven't eaten in two days.

ELLA: That doesn't mean I should steal.

LINDSAY: How else are you gonna get to eat?

ELLA: Yeah that's true.

EMPLOYEE: You won't be taking anything.

LINDSAY: Shit!

EMPLOYEE: Leave now, or I'll call the police.

Both Lindsay and Ella walk out of the aisle and exit, just as the fire alarm goes off.

Lights Down.