

# Appendix: Performance Script

## Household

*All stand over a pile of household objects. Clasp hands in a circle. Silent expectation. No one speaks.*

Em: So who wants to start?

Mia: Do you want to start?

E: I mean I don't normally start but I could. I know it.

Soph: Yeah I mean we all know it.

All: Yeah, yeah.

Mia: I definitely know it.

E: So why don't you start?

Mia (*and sort of Soph*): Well we could start together?

Em (*and sort of E*): Well we could start together.

Soph: So then...let's all start. Together.

All: Dear God, or something different. We are grateful for (dogs / cheeseburger / sleep / sex)...(dogs / cheeseburger / sleep / sex) and also for shelter and peace and family. Family. Family.

*Pause*

E: The song.

All: The song.

*Pause*

Em: So who wants to start?

Mia: Do you want to start?

E: I mean I don't normally start but I could. I know it.

Soph: Yeah I mean we all know it.

All: Yeah, yeah.

Mia: I definitely know it.

E: So why don't you start?

Mia (*and sort of Soph*): Well we could start together?

Em (*and sort of E*): Well we could start together.

Soph: So then...let's all start. Together.

*Deep breath in*

Mia: But like, does it start mmm? mmmm? mmmm

*All test notes, deep breath in*

All (*singing*): What is happening to our home?

What is happening to me and all my friends?

What is happening to the world?

What is happening to people I don't know?

*All look down at the pile of objects. In the following section, performers hand objects to audience members. These lines can be said in any order and overlap one another.*

E: (*gives cleaning bottle*) "Clean up after yourself"

Mia: (*gives checkbook*) "I'm trusting you."

Em: (*gives charger*) "But I really need it back"

Mia: (*gives fake plant*) "Don't over water because it's fake"

E: (*gives bread on plate*) "Mommy, I made you this"

Soph: (*gives toothbrush*) "As a friend \*hands toothbrush\*"

Em: (*gives soap*) "Wash up."

E: (*gives thermometer*) "You can only stay home if it's above 98!"

E: (*gives clean laundry w/ shove-like push out of objects*) "You fold it."

Mia: (*gives tie*) "Do you know what you're doing?"

Em: (*gives makeup*) "You're prettier without it"

Soph: (*gives comb*) "Fix that mess."

Soph: (*gives blanket*) "Don't let the bedbugs bite"

[*At the same time*] Em: (*gives kitchen timer*) "Don't burn anything, ok?"

Soph: (*gives spatula*) "Don't burn anything, ok?"

Mia: (*gives fake ID*) "Don't get caught"

Em: (*gives wrapped present*) "It's your special day!"

Soph: (*gives remote*) "You can pick"

E: (*gives toilet paper, look away as if audience member is on the toilet*) "Here ya go"

Mia: (*gives pill case*) "How are you feeling?"

Em: (*gives game piece*) "Play fair."

Soph: (*gives tampon*) "You're all grown up."

E: (*gives family portrait*) "What a beautiful family."

Soph: (*gives box of tissues*) "Bless you."

Mia: (*gives key*) "Lock the door behind you."

Em: (*gives spices*) "Don't overdo it."

Mia: (*gives towel*) "Don't leave it on the floor."

Soph: *(gives sponge)* “Take it all in.”

E: *(gives tupperware)* “This is the last set.”

Em: *(flashlight)* “In case of emergency.”

Mia: *(gives condom)* “You’ll need this someday”

*They return to CS and hold hands, looking at the audience.*

All *(recorded)*: You can’t leave anything or take anything away. Welcome to the family.

Soph: May I please be excused?

*All break hands and step back. Mia and Em move to position. Mom (Mia) propped up, legs splayed, facing audience. Teen (Em) head resting on Mom’s crotch, legs splayed, facing audience.*

Teen: Mom, I think I might be pregnant

Mom: What?? When did you even get your period?

Teen: I’m 17.

Mom: Don’t talk back to me. Who’s the father?

Teen: Remember Tony?

Mom: The mathlete? Really? Antonia, you’re ruined! How could you do this to me?

Teen: Mom!

Mom: What about that fine piece of ass who drove you home last week?

Teen: Mom, that’s my soccer coach.

Mom: At least he has a salary. What does Tony do? Math?

Teen: You don’t get paid to be a rec league soccer coach mom. He’s a volunteer.

*Mia and Em move to new position, E and Sophie join. Dog (Em) laying on his side, oblivious, panting the whole time. Child (Soph) squatting SL of dog. Mom (E) and Dad (Mia) cheek to cheek, arms outstretched and crossed around Soph.*

Mom: Casey, son, we know you have never known a world without your dog, but we are going to start thinking about what life might be like

without him.

Child: But I love Toby.

Dad: Yes and we do too

Child: Is it cause of his balls?

Dad: Yes actually. He has testicular cancer.

Child: BALLS!!!!!!!!!!

Mom: Casey.. This is serious. Toby might die.

Child: What?

*Mia, Em, and Soph move to new position, E returns to the side.*

*Grandma (Soph) and Grandpa (Mia) hunched with heads on each other’s shoulders. Margaret (Em) sitting below them, one leg folded up against Soph’s legs and one arm wrapped around Mia’s legs.*

Grandma: Do you think our granddaughter Margaret is a lesbian?

Grandpa: What’s a lesbian?

Margaret: Yes. I am.

Grandma: She loves that Ellen Degeneres.

Margaret: I don’t like Ellen. You like Ellen.

Grandma: And she always smells like aftershave. It’s not ladylike.

Margaret: It’s Old Spice. I’m gay.

Grandpa: She’s a pretty girl when she wants to be.

Grandma: It’s considered very “cool” to be lesbian.

Margaret: I sleep with women.

Beat

Grandpa: Who’s Margaret?

*Mia and Em move to new position, Soph returns to the side. Sister (Mia) is piggybacked on Brother (Em), who struggles to support her weight.*

Brother: So.. sis, what do you think of my sweet sweet lover Maya?

Sister: Oh! Oh, uh, she seems nice.

Brother: Nice? That’s it?

Sister: Well I don’t know her that well so yeah. Nice.

Brother: But she’s like, more than nice, right?

Sister: You tell me.

Brother: She’s great. Really great.

Sister: Great.

Brother: You don't like her.

Sister: I mean she calls our mom mom.

Brother: Why can't you just be happy for me?

Sister: I'm sure she's fine.

Brother: Fine.

Sister: Fine.

Both: Fine.

Pause

Brother: She doesn't like you that much either.

*Em shoves Mia off of her back. Mia falls to new position, E joins her, Em returns to the side. Both Partners are on their knees facing away from one another. Partner #1 (E) has their leg through the lets of Partner #2 (Mia). They are clasping one arm and leaning away from each other.*

Partner #1: Spouse dear, I think we should start remodeling the house so we can sell it next year.

Partner #2: We literally just moved in last night.

Partner #1: Yeah, but it's just so... I'm seeing us more as a 20th century modern kind of couple.

Partner #2: A what?

Partner #1: I'm thinking about our happiness here, maximizing our success.

Partner #2: You could get a job.

Partner #1: It's just not homey.

*Em helps E up, Soph helps Mia up. Em and Soph move to position.*

*In-law #1 (Em) and In-law #2 (Soph) legs to the sides of their bodies, cheeks touching. Mia and E move to either side, pushing In-laws together with their butts.*

In-law #1: So, Carol, my favorite sister-in-law, how's the EPA treating you?

In-law #2: Well, Jim, we've had a minor setback, but thanks for asking. And how are things for you over on wall street?

In-law #1: Oh, you know. Can't complain. Did you spot my new

Chrysler 300 out back? She's a beaut. Dynamite engine.

In-law #2: Yeah, real shiney.

In-law #1: Are you insulting my baby?

In-law #2: Me? Never.

In-law #1: Always good to see that you still haven't given up your endearing little rage against "the man."

In-law #2: Always good to see that the guilt of knowing you're destroying our one and only planet hasn't hit you yet.

In-law #1: You are just such a riot.

In-law #2: Back atcha, Jimbo.

In-law #1: Now, now, you know how I feel about that nickname of yours.

In-law #2: Oh, you.

In-law #1: Oh, you.

In-law #2: Oh, you.

Pause

In-law #1: But really, Carol, don't call me Jimbo.

*Mia and E move to position, Em and Soph return to the sides. Mom (E) stands behind Daughter (Mia), who jumps up to wrap her legs behind her and around Mom. Both have a wide squatting stance.*

Mom: I'm just going make us some lunch, honey. How about a single raisin? Does that sound good?

Daughter: No, mother. No it does not.

Mom: Well what would you prefer? Some flax? Or how about we split a Lean Cuisine?

Daughter: Yeah, or we could empty the neighbor's bird feeder onto some non fat vegan yogurt.

Mom: Sweetie, we've got to take care of ourselves.

Pause

Come on, you know what I mean.

Daughter: THIS IS MY BODY!!

Mom: I'm just saying.

*E and Em move to position, Mia returns to the side. Partner #2 (E) lays face down, Partner #1 (Em) face up, same position, butt to butt. They are like a single plank.*

Partner #1: I bought handcuffs.

Partner #2: What?

Partner #1: Handcuffs. I thought...

*Silence*

Partner #1: Sooo no handcuffs. Good, that's good to know. Relationships thrive when everything is on the table.

Partner #2: Please take the sex cuffs off the table.

Partner #1: Right.

*Soph helps Em up, Em pushes Soph down into position. E returns to the side. Interviewee (Soph) in a contorted pile in the middle of the stage, one leg in the air, headlocking herself.*

Interviewee: You're going to do great. You were made for this job. You're going to go so far. It doesn't matter that you have poor organizational skills and can't keep a plant alive. Firm shake, not too firm. Whatever you do, do not tell the story about the hamster asphyxiating in your urine. People don't like that. Wash your hands when you leave the bathroom. Lean in.

*Soph stands, all others move to position. Stevie (Em) lying face down facing audience, arms crumpled and splayed beneath her head. Aunt (E) on their back, legs bent over Stevie's back. Mom (Soph) crouched over Aunt, face to face. Grandpa (Mia) flopped over Mom's back.*

Grandpa: I'm dying.

Aunt: Dad we know stop saying that all the time.

Grandpa: We need to discuss your inheritance.

Mom: Not in front of little Stevie!

Stevie: Mommy, what is dying?

Mom: Oh honey. It's when your body gets tired and stops working and all the people you love bury you in the ground.

Aunt: It will happen to you someday.

Stevie: Are you gonna bury me in the ground?

Mom: No, no. You'll be fine. You don't have to worry about all that. Not today.

Grandpa: Don't lie to the child. Of course Stevie should worry about

death. It's coming for all of us and if this family could just accept that--

Aunt: I want the decorative wicker baskets.

Mom: Shauna, everyone wants those.

Grandpa: No I'm being buried with the decorative wicker baskets.

*Em slides out, gets the wicker basket full of socks. E slides out. Mia and Soph stand up together, back to back. All stand in a line CS. Em dumps the socks. All put on layers of multi colored socks and begin to hum the tune of "What is happening?" Once everyone has three pairs of socks on, all stand and turn to look out the back windows. Then turn and look at the audience as if looking out another wall of windows. Mia and Em move back to back, legs outstretched. Soph positions herself to face Mia and E to face Em.*

All: Is it ready?

Sniff each other's feet

All: Is it ripe?

*A movement loop begins in which each person is either pulling off another person's socks and walking with them as if dragging the person, kneeling and attempting to pull off their own socks, or walking and stepping on their own toes, pulling socks off. All are humming to the tune of "What is happening?" in a round. When everyone has only one pair of socks on, they stop. The following lines are yelled as everyone gathers the socks strewn on the floor and throws them to the basket on the side.*

Em: Dinner!

Soph: Don't yell across the house!

Em: I know you heard me!

Mia: Bring toilet paper!

E: Shut up, I'm trying to sleep!

Mia: What?

*Em moves DSL, Soph moves USL, E moves CS, and Mia moves SR. A five minute movement piece follows, set to audio of a nighttime routine. There is sock wrestling and E, Em, and Mia end in a pile of panting bodies. Soph stands, puts her hand on the pile.*

Soph: Stay still baby, okay?

*Soph paces around the pile. E gets up and lunges their arm. Soph catches it.*

Soph: Stay still

Soph & E: Stay still baby, okay?

*Em and Mia roll SL and SR respectively. Slap the ground and reach up. Soph and E reach and catch their arms.*

*Improv combinations of the following words in repetition:*

Em: Baby / slow down

M: Still / pick me up

E: Stay / hand me down

S: Okay / catch up

Mia: Pick me up

Soph: Okay

E: Hand me down

Em: Slow down

Soph (*as little kid*): Catch up, ok?

Mia (*as little kid*): Still?

Soph: Pick me up

Mia: Okay, pick me up.

Soph: Ok, still?

Em (*sensually*): Baby.

E (*sensually*): Stay baby

Em: Slow down baby.

E: Hand me down baby.

Em: Fuck up! (*cover eyes, whine, and stand*)

Soph: Fuck up! (*cover eyes, whine, and stand*)

Mia: Fuck up! (*cover eyes, whine, and stand*)

E: Fuck up! (*cover eyes, whine, and stand*)

*Lean back like Powerplay movement*

E: Fall down

*All bend forward. All jump up trying to hit invisible hands, cacophony of all the words. All clap thighs and reach to the sky.*

*Mia and Em lunge down to a wrestling pose around E and Soph. They attempt to run forward while Mia and Em attempt to pull them back. Soph and E sit on Em and Mia on the US ledge. Soph and E fall forward to do pushups while Em and Mia play footsie on the ledge. Then Em and Mia do tricep dips on the ledge while Soph and E play with each other's hands and feet. Then Soph and E begin to mime opening drawers while Em and Mia play a childlike hand clapping game. All stand. Em goes to get a lamp. Soph brings the books CS. Mia and E turn off all other lamps. Throughout this whole section, the following recorded audio is playing with live lines interspersed.*

Mia: How did we get here? To someone, each house is home.

Em: Make yourself at house.

E: You are a visitor. You brush your teeth with your own toothbrush because you brought it with you.

Soph: There are kind of secrets everywhere, but no way to keep or uncover them.

All (*live*): You are let in.

Soph: Being here is being poked and asked the question, if this was your house who would you be? We want you to choose.

Em: You've been here a while.

Soph: You expect the downstairs bedroom to smell like not quite mothballs before you walk in. You know that the light comes through these windows between 4:45 and 7:00 pm, and also all day, but most notably those times because it's so pretty.

Em: At night you realize the house is lit only by lamps that become hard to find if you forget to turn them on before dark. In the perfect dark of not your bedroom some night, you could be anywhere. Dry, open, self-aware.

Mia: Itchy armpits because body butter is not lotion. Not lubriderm, not cetaphil, not anything acceptable or correctly scented. Make yourself at house. Itch your armpits all night in this bed that isn't yours. But you want that. You want to be alone with your anxiety in someone else's home. Hosted alone. You are let in. It's temporary.

E: You can't add anything or take anything away. It isn't yours.

Soph: Put things here, move things around, put things away, build things and wipe surfaces clean. It's temporary.

All (*live*): Have we overstepped? Have I overslept?

Mia: It isn't ours.

Em: Does it matter that we've promised to put everything back in its place?

E: It is lived-in. We are let in. You are let in.

Soph: We are leaving.

*Stage lights off. Em brings lightless lamp to the middle of the stage. A single lamp on in the middle of a seated half circle.*

Em (*live*): Warm welcome

*Em turns lamp on. Each has a book from the shelves of 910 Sunset Road. They are positioned as if reading the books but their eyes never look down at the page.*

All: Bestow this house upon some body.

Em: Bless this hurt.

Mia: Praise this bed.

Soph: Whisper.

E: It is night.

All: Sleep is nigh. They say nothing is better, nothing is best, take care of your health and get plenty of rest. Uh, what? *Flip page*. Okay fine. Be singing. Be silent. Be satisfied by all permanence and impermanence and permanent impermanence.

E: What is happening to people?

All: We don't know. Mother sings and we all go to sleep. Every body gone.

Soph: Stay still baby, okay?

Em: What is dying?

All: Oh honey. It's when your body gets tired, stops working. All the people you love bury you in the ground. Uh, what? *Flip page*. Power. Play. I never sleep better than I do after a tantrum. Everyone lies about brushing their teeth. This is my body. Homebody, housebody.

Mia: Can I come in?

All: Okay. Please. Pick me up, hand me down. Okay, baby. Lulled, loved, they say it all goes so fast, etcetera. Welcome to the family. *Flip page*.

Who wants to start? *Close books*.

*Em clicks lamp off and back on again. Stage lights turn on again.*

E and Mia (*to those who have not traversed the house*): You are let in.

Soph and Em (*to those who have already traversed the house*): Thank you for coming. It is time for you to leave now.