

WILD CHILD IN THE CITY,

An interactive one woman show

By

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WILD CHILD IN THE CITY

1. SOCIOPATH BURGLAR STORY

TJASA storms into the theatre lobby. Angry viewers waiting to be let into the theatre. Tjasa is shouting from the back, making her way through.

TJASA: Hey guys, sorry I'm late! I'm so sorry. Two cops and two detectives just left! Did you see my facebook status? Did you see what happened? Did you see me on the news?

So I'm drinking at a bar on LES with my friend Stacy, excuse me, can you hold my bag (*to an audience member in the first row*) and jacket (*handing them piece by piece*), and... I get a phone call from my roommate Kathleen. She never calls!

So I'm like: "What's the problem now? I forgot to wash my dishes?"

Kathleen: Yo, there's a guy in your room, he says he is your boyfriend.

Tjasa (to the audience): What?! Ahm-No! I don't have a boyfriend, I'm not dating anybody, nobody knows where I live. I mean I haven't brought anybody home, cause I just moved to this place... so...NO! Call the cops!

I'm freaking out right now! Who is this guy? Do you think he's a stalker?

I get home, both of my roommates are there-exasperated. Kathleen and Andrew. There are also two cops there, then two detectives arrive and at 3.30 in the morning the fingerprint guy comes to take my DNA.

So apparently, what happened was: some guy climbed the fire escape and let himself in through our living room window.

A few seconds later, my roommate Andrew is coming home. While Andrew is shuffling the keys trying to get in, the thief looks left, looks right and runs into the closest room, my room!!

Andrew gets in, goes to his room, sits on his bed to take off his shoes and he hears some kind of tiptoeing and weight shifting and then THE GUY walks INTO Andrew's room like this (*going to an audience member in the first row, shaking hands introducing*)

THE GUY: Hey, I'm your roommate's boyfriend... she just left me here to hang out... She's probably out with somebody else right now and she probably has a crush on you...

ANDREW: Whoa, whoa, ok, hmm I can you just (hand gesture) can you get out of my room?

So the guy goes into the living room, looks at the sofa...

THE GUY: You know what, I'm just gonna chill for a second, I'm a little bit drunk.

And he's chilling there for about ten minutes while Andrew is fixing himself dinner!

Then all of a sudden the guy gets up, disappears into my room and returns with my big wallet where I keep my documents; my passport and my social security

And he's flipping through it.

THE GUY (with a smile): Yeah, I'm a little bit of an overprotective boyfriend... you know, she's been sneaking me up here for a month, every night after school.

Andrew's thinking: Sneaking me up here, what? Why? She knows who I'm fucking. We're not 17 and I'm not her dad! Wait, Tjasa is fucking a highschool student?!

Then the guy goes: I wanna check what the other roommate is doing.

But the guy goes down the hallway past all the bathrooms and broom closets, like he knows exactly where he is going, directly into Kathleen's room where she is watching TV.

Then he leaves. The cops told us the rest of the story: he apparently climbed the fire escape to the 4th floor, opened the window trying to get in, and the tenant is there, right?

TENANT: "Excuse me, can I help you?"

THE GUY: Yeah, can I use your bathroom?

TJASA: What?! What a sociopath! I mean who does that?!

Oh, do you wanna see pictures of the cops? (*shows pictures on her phone to people in the first two rows*).

But I'll just show it to a few cause I don't want everybody to touch my phone. I'm a germaphobe.

See, these two are the cops and these two the detectives. This one was pretty hot. A little overweight but hot. Kind of a typical Boston Irish cop.

I was also interviewed on ABC eyewitness news!

(*To SM*) Hey Lucca, can you show them the video? Did you get my email with the link? Cool! Is my computer still linked to the projector? Great, can you play it for them, I don't want them to be bored, I just have to grab stuff to change. Be right back!

VIDEO CUE 1: ABC EYEWITNESS NEWS

VIDEO COMES ON. Tjasa disappears off stage, momentarily returns with her costume in hand, ready to change from one floral dress to another. She goes to an audience member handing all costume stuff to her/him, in whisper she explains how this will work.

TJASA (watching her statement on the news-taken): OK, Lucca, that's enough. And this is not a SOLE example. Shit like that keeps happening to me. My ex craziest apartment story...

2. BAT

During this entire section, Tjasa is changing her dress, bra, adding a performance pair of panties, shoes, leaving a mighty mess on stage when finished. The story is intermittently interrupted with instructions for the audience member helping with the costume.

TJASA GOES INTO THE AUDIENCE

Again, I lived in Harlem, about four years ago.

It's Saturday night, two in the morning. I'm sleeping in my bed. All of a sudden my door flings open and a totally naked guy, I have never seen before walks in and falls onto my bed, face first!

(*screams, fumbles out of the bed*)

I get up, flick the lights on. I live in a five bedroom apartment with four guys, somebody should be able to help. I run onto the hallway, I scream: “Help, help” nobody is home!

The guy is passed out on my bed, his junk rubbing my sheets. So I start yanking... his ankle to get him up.

TJASA: “Excuse me... How did you get in?”

BAT: 718 885

TJASA: “How did you get into my apartment?!”

BAT: “718-887”

TJASA: Oh my god! This is a black bat that flew in through my bathroom window brainwashed from some space ship! -Can you please tie this bow, really tight? *(to the audience member-possibly on her/his lap zipping up her dress and tying a knot)*

Tjasa runs back onto the hallway screaming: Help, Help!!! -Tighter! Tighter! (To the audience member)

THE GUY (stoned robot voice): “Shut up! This is my apartment, this is my room and this is my bed. I own this! You’re not even a citizen! I’m gonna call cops on you!”

Tjasa: You’re gonna call cops on me? I’m gonna call cops on you!

The GUY: Call the cops, call the cops, I’ll throw you out of the country, you’re not even legal.

Now I lose it!

Tjasa: I’m legal! I’m on a fucking extraordinary artist visa!! I’ve got the Happy Place Oscar and Happy Place classical stage award!

I call the cops! And I call my boyfriend, (Ha! At that time I had a boyfriend!) he lived 2 blocks down. Five cops show up fully armed and my boyfriend with a bat.

We look for the bat all over the place. Did he fly away? Was it just a dream? No, no I remember his flaccid penis for sure! At last we find him in my roommate’s room. He is sleeping like an angel, naked, spooning my deaf gay roommate.

We nudge him...

BAT (totally chill still robotic): Oh hey guys, what's up? Something wrong here?... Yeah, we met at Pasha, downed a few tequila shots, hailed a cab home and now we're cuddling."

The cops decided that because Deafy and Bat know each other it's best to let him stay there...

New York. Adventures galore. But I am hooked, you know, I'm a sucker for New York, it's like an asshole boyfriend... you just can't break up with him... *(by this point Tjasa is dressed, here she is lady-like kicking her "old" wardrobe to the outskirts of the stage. A diva emerges.)*

Thank you so much, you were amazing, so helpful! (to her costume assistant), Thank you everybody for waiting. Lucca, darling, whenever you're ready, I'm ready.

TJASA GOES OFF STAGE

HOUSE MANAGER'S ANNOUNCEMENT. EXITS, TOILETS, ENJOY

BLACKOUT

TJASA goes off stage to get her stuff, then reenters, "beginning position". Moment of suspense. Nothing happens. After a few awkward moments lights come back up.

SM crawls on stage/Tjasa crawls to the booth-depends on the stage and whispers something into TJASA's ear.

TJASA: OK, I'm so sorry, everybody, we're just having some technical issues. I'm really sorry about the delay... We'll just have to reset some technical cues and machinery stuff...But this is perfect, cause...

3. HAIR VOLUNTEER

I look like an idiot. I didn't even do my hair. Every time before a show I have a panic attack. But not because I would be afraid of performing but because the grooming stressed me out so much. (Goes to her bag guarded by an audience member, looking for something.)

I can actually do my own make up and I can dress up-kinda but the HAIR! The hair is out of control. I just don't get it. *(she fishes out a brush with a few hair bands)*

Oh, could I get a volunteer from the audience? Someone who could braid my hair? Just a little side braid or a french braid?

Tjasa gets a volunteer from the audience.

You know how to do it? Oh, amazing! Actually, hold on a second, do we happen to have a hair stylist in the audience tonight? No? Ok, come on up, what's your name? Lindsay! Ok great, thank you for joining me!

(to the participant, with hope) My mom always says I need an assistant slash a secretary slash a maid.

She starts putting a chair in place.

So, I apologize in advance if I start acting abusive. I'm really, really sorry, it's not my intention. It's like an instinct, when I conquer a person and then I start pushing it just to see how far I can go.

Sits down on a chair. The volunteer wants to begin curling the hair.

4. FOOT BATH

Hold on! I have this footbath I should use. Perfect time to soak my feet! (*goes back to her bag, again on the lap of an audience member, looking for a foot bath*) This is how we can maximize the time, guys! There's always something up with my feet. They stink or I have yeast or they hurt. I have a bunion. Cause I work out too much and I don't wear the right kind of shoes.

Hold on. Let me just find a good bucket and we'll be on our way.

She exits the stage, leaving the volunteer there. She brings back a bucket. Sits down.

Would you mind fetching me some hot water? I can't deal with that right now. Too mundane. I have to focus on my show. (To VOLUNTEER) You know where the bathroom is? Yeah, just a few inches.

Looks at the mess on the floor, her bag, stuff, her not-costume

Can you please consolidate my stuff? I'm also messy. Very, very messy. My concept of order is different from other people's. The object has to communicate with me, TELL me where the RIGHT place for it to live is. If it doesn't talk to me I don't touch it. The

problem is not exactly every brochure I pick up or receipt talk to me. So the shit piles up. My mother never understood that.

MOTHER'S VOICE: Who will put up with you? Just who exactly do you think will put up with you? You're unbearable!

TJASA: I believe you. –I mean she is right!

(snaps out of it, looks at the volunteer)

VOLUNTEERS IS BACK WITH HOT WATER.

5. SLOVENIAN PEDICURE

Ohh! Hot water! Great! I love the feeling of boiling water on my skin, especially after skiing! And drinking hot tea with rum! That's how we do it at home-even if you're a child in Slovenia- sometimes I just call it Happy Place because otherwise there's too many stereotypes attached, too many *wrong* stereotypes!

This one time, I was going home for the holidays and I needed a pedicure. And pedicures in New York are so expensive. So I purposely let my feet go wild, I let my stinks and yeasts grow so that I could have them annulled on the Happy Place soil.

I land, next stop is my grandmother's- for lunch. We've just eaten soup, we're at the table, soup bowls still in front of us and I make an announcement: I need a pedicure.

MASA: Oh sure, my sister says, you can go to my girls-they're amazing and use my employee discount!

TJASA: She works at a Thermal resort- where Napoleon and Maria Theresia use to visit!! Great!

MOM: Can we see? Your feet?

TJASA: Here? OK, mom.

Tjasa lifts her feet showing them to the audience.

MASA: (face of shock)... Tjasi, ugh that's disgusting... Don't go to my girls! They know me!

MOM: Tjasi, maybe I can give you a good scrub before you go to the appointment.

TJASA: You mean you would give me a pedicure before going to a pedicure? What's the point of that?

GRANDMA: Tjasi, is this mold?

Tjasa still with feet up.

Tjasa: Yes, grandma! I'm so disgusting! At 30! Imagine me at 70, I'll have vines growing out of my feet! I can open a wine and cheese cellar. The customers will be sucking wine out of one and shaving parmesano off the other!

6. SNACK-SUGAR

Talking to the person in the first row holding her bag.

TJASA (*Overtly nice*): Could you pass me my apple and a protein bar? (*hand gesture*) Bring it over, it's in a little lunch bag.

Opens the bag, pulls out the contents; a little bag of celery sticks and a Snickers. No sight of apples or protein bars. She chooses Snickers and bites into it.

I can't even operate without this shit. I operate on sugar. I'm a Sugar fueled engine. I know what's going to kill me. (*looks at somebody dead in the eye, auspiciously*) I'm going to die a sweet, sweet death.

Turning to her "hairdresser", holding her head very close.

Tjasa: Can you crouch a little bit? Lucca, can I get more light over here?

TJASA (cont.): I'm trying to see my hair in the pupils of your eyes...

Shakes her hand then hugs her.

Thank you, thank you so much, I think it looks amazing! You can go back now and just relax...

OK, so let's see... Lucca, how are we doing?

SM some vague sound

TJASA: Are you eating?! (guesses) Bagel with chicken salad?!

Ha! I love how predictable you are!! (to the audience) that wasn't abusive, right? Bon Appetit! Schmeckt Gut!

Ahm, are we ready to start, though?

LUCCA (negligent): Ten more minutes.

TJASA (*takes a breath, looks defeated and angry, composes*): Guys, I'm so sorry... This will just take five minutes to fix... Thanks for sticking with us! It will be amazing... Oh... Ok, I wouldn't normally say that before the show but: we have a hologram! A hologram of me! A mini me! I mean you gonna go ape shit for it! So please stay with us...

Goes to leave with the bucket. Suddenly stops dead in her tracks and turns.

I understand we're having some technical difficulties but why didn't you preset the stage? Wait, shit that was abusive. Hm.... Where is my set?

SM: It hasn't arrived yet.

Tjasa storms backstage, lets out a scream.

7. THIEVES

Noise backstage, Tjasa is hidden but making a lot of commotion.

Shit always disappears! You know who the biggest thieves are? Postal service! Nothing is safe! The last time I was shipping a huge box of props from Miami to New York they lost me two shoes! Two shoes of two different pairs of shoes! Now I can't use any!

I was so mad I stormed to the next Salvation Army and bought a shiny JUICY COUTURE, like a four hundred dollar jacket for 7 bux! Ha!

To the audience member holding it.

Actually can I get it back? Look at it guys, this is *real* pleather, 7 bux, 7 bux! Look, an original Juicy Couture label...

Goes to give it back but she changes her mind halfway.

I'm just going to keep it here. *Puts in on her chair.*

But that's nothing in comparison with my prime possessions... *TJASA retrieves her rolling mini suitcase.*

I always keep them with me because the storage in NEW YORK is so expensive and also I don't trust anybody! You know, I'm quite a thrifter. *Starts undoing the suitcase.*

I have it nicely camouflaged, so nobody would suspect...

8. SELLING VINTAGE

Tjasa opens the box, pulls out a pair of

Christian Lacroix... I call them my princess shoes. I'd sell them for \$200 (*Looks around*). I'm 10 and a half and they're size 7... That's a problem. Hey you look like you have small feet and good taste, how about we make a deal? \$300 and you get the shoes and you can bring 10 of your friends to my next show for free!

No? What, you don't like them? Wait, you don't like the shoes or the show? -you haven't even seen the show! Well, that sucks. I wouldn't sell you the shoes then, even if you wanted to pay me a thousand bux!

Wait, would you pay me a thousand bux if I let you insult me?

Wait, look I could sit down, where's the rope, I knew we had some rope here, you can tie me up, come somebody on stage to tie me up, yeah you, you look strong, come here and knot me up! and you can insult me for as long as you want and then you get the shoes but first pay me a thousand bux! I accept cash, checks, and paypal. (*she assumes a "victim pose"*) Lucca, give me a victim light!

The lights change

TJASA: Something on the face!

Tjasa gets a dramatic spotlight "victim light"

TJASA: Ready, steady, go! (*Tjasa pops back up.*) OK, 500, just for you! (*goes back into the pose, after 7 seconds comes back up*) I'm opening the floor up for anybody for \$500! One, Two, Three... Now! (*goes back in the victim pose, waits some time*) Come on guys, you are ignoring me! That's the worst! You have shit to say about me, come on... I was late to my own show, I have dirty, stinky, cheesy feet, I have demonic features, elf ears, pig nose, you know the hologram I mentioned before? I lied! We don't have a hologram, because holograms don't exist! Only 3D projections do and we do have that! I snore-sometimes, I'm grow a beard, I have a gallery of freckles on my tits... (*tears swell up and she starts crying*) Come guys, a hundred bux, and you can pee on me, but you don't

get shoes with that! OK, 25, 25 just for you, come on guys I really have to pay off the hologram... 3D projection...

(she intently looks at every audience member...)

9. TRAPPED HAIKU

Gurgling in my throat

Tickling particles awake

Trapped I lie in ice

(tears coming out)

That was my haiku about feeling trapped

Lights change to a general wash.

10. HAPPY PLACE

Trying to untie herself. Perhaps eventually calling somebody from the audience to come help.

I get myself in situations. Sticky situations. Like, first I'm really excited and then it turns out the guy I'm dating is bipolar. There were signs all along I just didn't think it was anything bad... or serious...

It's enough for me to say "I am from Slovenia" and people squint their eyes dreamily, look into the distance and say... *(addresses an audience member in a whisper)* help me out, give me one word, *(to another)* what would you say? "Wow, such a beautiful, exotic Eastern European Country!"

It's Central Europe! And it's exotic just because you don't know anything about it!

The second runner is usually "You guys used to be a part of the Soviet Union, right? How did communism work out for you guys?"

Really having problem

Now, wait, this Soviet Union question is so frequent, I mean fuck what if we are an Eastern European country?! What if we were a part of USSR? I'm sorry guys, I'm really starting to second guess myself... Let's check... But how would I not know that? I mean that surely would have been a major chapter in our history classes if we had been, right? Let's pull out your devices and check, look for Slovenia, map, Russia, or Slovenia-USSR, or I mean I don't know what you would put in your search engines, Lucca can you look for something too?

A projection of a map appears behind her.

Nope, not a part of Russia. Awesome.

Lucca, is the projector still connected to my laptop? I just shot this commercial for Slovenia, it's on my desktop top right, do you see it? It says Slovenia promo. Can you play it?

The video plays

Meanwhile Tjasa clears the stage.

I want to teach you a few words! Ok I'll say it and then repeat after me ok? Sort of a Greek chorus, call and response. We can kill a lamb at the end.

Teaching and chanting ensues

HIHITATI (*choreography, she directs them like a real chorus leader/music director*)

ŠČEGETAVCEK (*same, she gets them to first chant it then gets them to sing it in a chord*)

Wow, I've always wanted to hear 100 people chanting "clitoris". I guess dreams do come true.

Great, done! I've done my job! Represented Slovenia! Ready to move on. Lucca?

LUCCA: Ten more minutes.

Tjasa exasperated. Looks like she ran out of ideas.

11. FIRST DAY IN NYC

Hey, do you want to know what my first day in NYC looked like?

I land and I storm to the sex museum. I wanted to see if it was better than the one in Amsterdam. It wasn't. There were no porno cartoons and no dungeon sex torture instruments.

She starts running in place

After walking from Times Square to Chinatown- in high heels (*notices she is running*), I felt like running a bit, so I went for a jog in Central Park - on January 31st at 9pm in pitch dark night. Lapping around the lake I ran into: George Clooney...’s twin, who immediately switched directions and joined me.

GEORGE CLOONEY: “Hey, just came running from Brooklyn over the Brooklyn Bridge... yeah, I’m a bit of a jogging maniac... A man’s gotta keep in shape, right? Hey, Jay nice to meet you, I’m a chief of the Brooklyn Fire Fighting Brigade. “

TJASA stops, flirtatiously fixes her hair and giggles. God, I felt safe.

That first night in New York started: (*starts running again*) my dorm mates and I went to a comedy club where I for the first time in my life saw a Puerto Rican comedian talking about her period. I figured that’s what comedians in New York do. I drank two cocktails, I’m not sure who paid for them, but I know I was thinking (*falls to the floor*) “OK, this New York shit is really strong!”

(stretches out her arms and legs, and turns like she has been pulled)

They dragged me back to the hostel... (*goes into a yoga “candle” with the back to the audience*) where the receptionist and the bartender took me to an unoccupied room on the 5th floor... (*slowly opens her legs*) and stuffed me with tons of coke and weed. (*closes them and quickly opens again*) No sex, (*closes them and quickly opens again*) no threesomes, (*closes them and quickly opens again*) no gangbangs... (*starts pedaling very slowly with legs*) We spoke about witchcraft in New York as I was sure at that time that my life mission is to give people magic and witchcraft through theatre. Are you all having a magical time yet? (*flips over her back*) Good! And this is not even the show yet!

(Gets us and starts running again)

On the second day: I hit it off with the doorman, who bought me a disposable camera and my first bagel with cream cheese, and then he familiarized me with the unoccupied floors 6 and 7. (*goes into a split*) I was like a little overstimulated puppy. I want to play. I want to play. I want to play.

12. LIVING IN NYC

(jolts up and starts running in circles, while running she signs the number with her fingers)

In the first year and a half I moved twelve times. I had 3 serious apartments for 3 months. The other nine in the other 3 months were all just couch flings or staying with my boyfriends. I stayed in 3 apartments in Park Slope, 2 in Woodside, 2 in East Village, 1 in Chinatown, Prospect Heights, Flatbush, Dumbo and West Harlem.

(runs up to the booth and grabs a video camera connected with a projector or a phone with a skype, she is filming herself and is simultaneously projected on the wall behind her. Changing camera's perspective for every character)

(as a Hollywood reporter, holding a microphone)

My roommate in Woodside was an Italian that worked for Gucci in Milano. A job he got bored of therefore sold his own apartment, motorbike and a car packed up all of his cash in a suitcase and flew to New York.

BRUNO: Ma dai, do you know what's the best? Patterson!

TJASA: What?

Bruno: Patterson, New Jersey! It's like the real New York in the 80s, e? Drugs, gangs, you're actually scared that a hooker will stab you on the street. Bah, do you want some rainbow?

TJASA: What is it?

BRUNO: Ma it's perfect, it's a combination of cocaine and heroin!

TJASA: Wow, how much does that cost?

BRUNO: Buh... 200 dollars?

(as a Hollywood reporter, holding a microphone) He spent all of his cash on Mac computer devices, Peter Luger steakhouse, French girlfriend Juliette with their pitbull puppy and a mix of coke with heroin. At the end of 3 months he became a dog walker and then deflated his parents flew him back.

Goes to an audience member in the first row and gives him the camera

Can you shoot me? Don't stop until I tell you to stop, ok? *goes on the floor and starts with a choreography*

(Lights change to "Cabaret lights", the most amazing "show" lights)

Flatbush

was a goner

after my reggae prince

chose celibacy

over my hot ass.

TO THE MELODY OF "LIKE A VIRGIN" *she sings, continuing with a choreography*

Roaches,

mice,

pissing cats,

bunk beds,

perves and drunks,

I've seen it all.

13. EXERCISE SECTION

The dancing suddenly transforms into exercising

And lights like "cabaret gone funky"

TJASA: This is my favorite form of exercise! I love to exercise! Sometimes twice a day! Sometimes after every meal! To relax. To distress, to sweat it out! To feel good!

starts compulsively repeating the same move.

You're too thick, you're so small, your chest is small, you're so curvy, strong calves, you're too athletic we're looking for more modely types, great ass! I suggest you stop working out and just quit eating! We like our ladies thick! Better articulation, throw them away, throw your lines away, too much, too big, too animated.

I love your dimples, your face is so exotic, are you Russian, Polish, Ukrainian? Do you strip? Did you? Would you? Husky eyes! You have a Slavic facial structure, would you do topless, semi nude, full frontal nude? (*A hand pulls off her bra. Beat*) What's up with those stretch marks? Big areolas... (*a hand seizing*) do you have a bush?!

(*Tjasa turning in self-defense, she sees her disrobed projection of self on the wall*) You think they want to see my beef curtains?! Please stop, stop filming. Lucca, come get the camera.

SM/Lucca retrieves the camera back the audience member, lights change to normal

14. HOLOGRAM TRUTH

Nothing works, nothing works! Take this show for example... I always wanted a HOLOGRAM. I've been dreaming about having a hologram in my show since I was 13; to interact with a live size me!!!

So I meet the expert and he shows me the Eyeliner, and I fall in love! I could actually interact with a life-size me on stage but the thing costs \$20.000. And if I wanted to take it to Scotland or wherever it would require a team of 5 members and a really fine screen, stretched in a very particular way and it would cost 20.000 again, so I'm like: can we bring the cost down? If we minimize the hologram can we minimize the cost? Like a mini hologram, a mini me, something I can put in a suitcase and travel around with like a little portable hologram? Maybe we can fabricate it and make a miniature theatre with little red curtains...

He says "Yes, everybody is talking about it but nobody has tried it." That's perfect! I wanna be a pioneer, I wanna be ahead of the curve, so we make a deal for a thousand dollars! Which I don't have yet.

So, everything is going great, he is locked down incessantly experimenting, I'm in love. All is going great except one little detail. It doesn't work... because it's impossible. It just doesn't work on such a small scale.

So, now, I literally just have a piece of plexiglass with a 2D projection on, but because I hold it in front of my face, I sort of add the third dimension to it...

15. SHIT

Shit, literally, constantly happens to me. Just aims for me and "phleck" lands on my forehead... In my last apartment a pipe broke and all the shit regurgitated through my toilet and bathtub. There was 3 inches of shit water in my bathroom. It was an ebola scare!

16. TWO GUYS ONE CUP

Ha, which reminds me, I used to live on 23rd between 8-9 aves, in a matchbox single room occupancy building full of 70 year old crackheads and Pennsylvanian playboys that came to make it in New York. Just like Midnight Cowboy.

I had a little bit of a subletting incident. I got a heroin addict in recovery in my room that played two guys one cup in our common bathroom. For those who don't know. Two girls one cup was a viral youtube video depicting two girls that pooped in a cup, ate it like an ice cream cone and then vomited all over each other.

AIRLINE ANNOUNCEMENT in British accent with stewardess gestures: If you have any questions about our flight today, please don't hesitate to ask one of our stewards. The sick bags are safely stored underneath your seat. Enjoy the flight. Thank you."

TJASA: When we first met for the key exchange he was terribly sweaty, but he was fat and it was summer, so it didn't strike me as suspicious. He even came to see me as Beatrice in Much Ado About Nothing, and loved it!

Well, a week later, the **landlords** called me that the **super** called **them** that the heroin addict in recovery pooped on the bathroom floor and spread the feces on the walls-twice.

I came to see the damage with three large black trash bags, a photo camera and my co-worker- for support. I interviewed my neighbors.

LISA-the English teacher doing her toenails: "Yeah man, the fatso brought a friend over. They were drugging and drinking all weekend. I saw it and heard it; they puked and shat in tandem, man, in the communal shower... I'm never ever setting foot in there ever again."

RUSSIAN PHYSICIST: Pigs! No comment!

Tjasa sees something on the floor. Picks it up. Shows it to the audience.

Is this fecal matter in a salad dressing cup looking like balsamic vinaigrette? (*sees the wall, backs off, goes to her purse to clean her hands with a wipey*)

I had to bleach the room, scrape the walls and bribe the super to keep my mattress overnight for fifty bux cause it wasn't a recycle day, which all caused a nervous breakdown, stopped my cycle and severely intensified my bulimia. It was time to move.

Now I live in Harlem. I love it. I've got space! And the sociopathic burglar. I've got it all-except my period! It was a great experience! You learn how to appreciate small things in life. Like a clean wall. Oh! Almost forgot, a month later he called...

MIKE: Hey, it's Michael! Ahm, I'm sorry... I'm really very sorry! I went straight into emergency after leaving your place and I was just so ashamed I didn't know what to say... but you were great! Really loved the show! Ahm... I really hope you can forgive me and could you ship me my meds, they're under the bed, to Texas, I'm recovering here with my family?

Tjasa (*holds up the imaginary bag*): This bag? This very bag? (drops it and stomps on it) No way. Absolutely not! (while crushing the pill bag)

17. DETERMINED CHILD

Tjasa keeps on jumping on the imaginary bag throughout to punctuate the story.

My mom would describe me as a "determined child". What she really means is I was a stubborn, manipulative, little bitch. Still am. At four, my parents put me in kindergarten. I instantly made best friends with Patricia. Go team! We were both almost four and extremely "determined"! One day we decided to go on a diet. For an afternoon snack we would usually get a sandwich: a slice of bread with salami, cheese and a pickle. We decided we wouldn't have any salami for a month! It worked! But no one noticed. Then after a couple of weeks, we decided on a reverse diet, cut the carbs! No bread for a month!

This, parents and teachers, of course, thought was outrageous because, HAPPY PLACERS love bread, everybody loves bread. So my teacher Dora pulled me in her lap

DORA: "AMMMM, open your mouth and we will let an airplane in. AMMM."

TJASA: "UH UH."

DORA: "Come on, just a bite!"

TJASA: "UH UH."

DORA: "Come on, if you don't take just a bite of bread I'll tell your mummy you were naughty."

TJASA: "Make me take a bite and I will pee on you."

The airplane (right hand) crashes into Tjasa's mouth (left hand) and a stream of water spurts out.

I was a determined child after all. A person must have standards... integrity. I keep my word. My parents taught me that!

18. MY PARENTS LOVE STORY

Now wiping the floor with the (same) napkin, out of which the water spurted.

Ahh!!! My parents! What a love story!!!

My mom and dad met at a hitchhiking spot! My dad, 23, was a cool guy with long hair (stretched arm, thumb up).

LEON: "Hey do you want to hitchhike together?"

DUSKA: "Sure" said my mom, 17, just getting home from high school and fixed her beret.

They were laughing and joking for two hours. Then my dad took a bus and my mom got picked up.

A month later, my mom had a prom. She didn't dance because she was rebelling against her rigid and old fashioned parents. But my dad was there! He was the drummer of the prom band! They were hanging out all night and my mom had a bit too much to drink ...

AIRPLANE ANNOUNCEMENT (British accent): The sick bags are safely stored underneath your seat. Enjoy your flight. Thank you.

Nope, just all over my dad...

Ever since then we've been inseparable.

19. FEARS AND EXPECTATIONS-BREAKDOWN

My grandparents got divorced. My **great grandparents** got divorced. Super catholic but got a divorce in 1945! Right after the end of World War two. Brave. I wonder what that... Do you think he was gay?

I will probably get divorced too. It always skips a generation. But I'm not married yet. I'm not even dating anybody at the moment.

Fuck! I'm getting tired! I can't do this. You know how hard it is to keep talking about your own personal shit? It's painful.

Goes into the audience.

LIGHT CUE

I need a glass of water, (audience interaction). Can I drink your bottle of water? What's in there? Wine? I want some! Do you have anything left in that coffee cup? Come on, people, I'm dying here! (starts coughing) I'm sorry guys, I just can't, I can't anymore... I had monster-bronchitis for three weeks... I need a cough drop, I need Ricola! And nobody came to visit, I felt so alone... I need a massage, I need acupuncture, do we by any chance have a massage therapist in the audience today? I need some healing sex!!!! (*falls down on the floor, laying on her stomach*) One of my guy friends goes to this Tantric workshop. They just jerk women off. There's 19 different parts of the clitoris. Maybe I should do that. Sit in a lotus pose, stare into a stranger's eyes... Hey, I'm looking at you, work with me, Take off your glasses! Imagine I'm naked, I'm imagining you naked. I accept your divine manhood, accept mine-femininity, and I let him jerk me off. Naked.

20. ACTING ALPHABET

Papa pipi pupu pepe popo pepe popo

Apa abi aci aci ado afi...

She recites the whole alphabet mouth warming exercise

21. BOYFRIEND STORY

Maybe I should just go back to dating. I would have to shave anyway but with dating I may also get free dinners. But does anybody know what dating is? (lifts up, looks around) I mean seriously if you have something enlightening to say, don't hold back I'd love to hear it...I get *sex*, but *dating* is like a philosophical enigma, a new philosophical discourse. I mean come on, raise your hands if you know what dating is. See maybe it's just me, maybe here I am a little bit European. I know what being in a relationship is, I know what cheating is, I know what sleeping around is, but here in NYC it seems that all three mean the same. DATING.

I met a guy, I liked him, he liked me, we started sleeping together and then slowly we started spending a lot of time together. Walking his dog, going to brunches, going to the movies, so one day I called him my boyfriend...

NOT-BOYFRIEND: WHOA! Hmm hm look babe I don't think I'm ready, I was a late bloomer and there are just so many things I need to explore, I have to stay open, because right now I have to discover what kind of girls I like, what I don't like so... I would just say that we are DATING, you know spending some time together... enjoying each other's company..."

WHAT?... I thought dating was like having interviews to figure out if you like each other and if you hit it off, you're in a relationship. I certainly couldn't comprehend how you can love and be attached to somebody and still want to DATE other people.

I think of how innocent my first big love was... My parents took me to a Croatian island for the summer, where we hung out with my dad's friend-who was also a rocker-and his family. At first sight I fell in love with his son, Rock. He looked like a young Keanu Reeves. We were too nervous to kiss even, we just spent all days splashing in water talking until the sun set and the first stars started blinking down on us. We walked over the salt pans to his family holiday trailer. And then we would play cards and eat ice cream. He ate fruit popsicles and I would have almond chocolate ice cream sandwiches- it figures. Totally innocent but totally committed. Oh, I wish I could be ten again!

But we're back at 24, with my non-boyfriend whose dog I'm walking! So, first I cried a little and it didn't work and then I stomped a little and it made it worse, and then I said: OK you want to be dating? OK, OK, I'll date other people! I have plenty of energy and love to give, you asshole! So I got a b.. not a boyfriend, a guy that I was DATING number 2 and an endless rotating VARIABLE number 3! I was out every night, and I dated a bunch of B and Bs, blond or black. Even my Mexican roommate said: "You're a busy girl." Yup I was! (tough)

It's fucking exhausting! Keeping my options open. Sometimes the single ladies, we get all together and we contemplate how to get and *keep* a boyfriend. Hey, guys let's do this. Right now! All the single ladies come up on stage, let's sit in a circle, maybe sing a little kumbaya around a bonfire. Hey Lucca, do we have any flint stones to maybe spark a little fire?

LUCCA: No, that's against fire code.

Tjasa runs to the suitcase, searching for stuff, she returns with some marshmallows, chalk and sticks.

TJASA: I'm just going to draw it then, here's a little flame. *STARTS DRAWING A CIRCLE AND A FLAME WITH A CHALK.* Lucca can I get a bone fire light? a magic midsummer dream light?

Lights change to a Moonlight wash

TJASA MAKES MARSHMALLOWS. LADIES EITHER JOIN HER OR NOT. TJASA ASKS QUESTIONS LIKE:

So what's your secret?

Maybe we should do a ritual?

Do you know any ritual magic?

IF NOBODY DOES:

What, I'm the only one single? Really? I'm the only one single? Congratulations! Really, Enjoy! OK, so now guys, since you guys are all experts in dating, you can really give me some valid advice.

Marshmallows (eats one), I don't even like them, they're so American! They give me a stomach ache.

So my first question is: When you date more people at the same time, how many people are you actually sleeping with?

(they answer)

TJASA: interesting... SECOND QUESTION: What about jerking off? Does that count as sex?

22. JERK OFF CASTING

Ha, interesting... I'm asking because I have this crazy casting story... I saw an ad on craigslist. The call was for a "practice partner, \$100 an hour", great deal! I sure replied, they called me and here's the offer:

Tjasa changes voice into NATALIA (production coordinator): So, we'll meet at Shetler Studios, our director will be lying on the floor naked, covered with a sheet. And you basically have an hour to jerk him off. If you succeed in making him come, you get a hundred dollars and he has to walk home naked. But if you don't succeed, you don't get the money and you have to walk home naked!

TJASA replies: Let me think about it, I'll call you back.

Do you think they just wanted to hear my reaction?

I mean no wonder my first show in NYC was called "I want a penis". I really *did*.
Something sturdy, something to rely on. Like a good tree trunk you can hug when you're
in trouble.

23. I WANT A PENIS

TJASA BEGINS PERFORMING PART OF THE PIECE.

Magic light spotlight.

“Where is it? Where did it go?

-The fire I came from.

The eternal flame.

I am alone now.

I'm a human.

I'm a woman.

I want to be the fire.

I'm missing something inside of me... a man... a penis.

I want it.- To become the fire.

I WANT A PENIS. For the fire.”

It was about penis envy, I guess, and it was ‘physical theatre meets performance art meets in-your-face (ala Karen Finley’s kind of show).

My ex lover Tanya introduced me to her ex lover Melissa, who was painting zoophilia, which is humans having sex with animals, and lived at BIKO Center, which was an ex-monastery now occupied by a Christian Garifuna Community. Its goal was to bring

film, theatre AND group meals to the Black community of industrial and God-forsaken Bushwick.

Perfect venue to launch my career with "I want a Penis"!

So I wrote the play, drafted the concept and even went material shopping. I found a giant flowerpot that I turned into an apple. This was FOR ME TO BE born out of, because of course, "I Want a Penis" is SET in The Garden Of Eden.

Then I took a giant Styrofoam tree trunk and transformed it into a giant penis. We wrapped it in lace and added a penis tip at the top. We also carved a vagina right in the middle of the trunk, out of which the "snake" crawled.

I was doing the most sacrilegious of all possible plays right in the epicenter of the African Christian community.

So the tree was the perfect union of male and female, represented by penis and vagina. We also made a sandbox out of which different phallic fruits and roots were growing (bananas, ginger and some unidentifiable roots). They represented an ocean of penises out there. It was a place to play, explore, be free. I wanted this to be perfect. I bought 20 bags of sand, they would last me 60 performances. Enough to extend and move to Broadway.

So, the giant apple, penis tree and the phallic sandbox were all built in the basement of BIKO while I rehearsed in the chapel. Three hours a day, 5 days a week, for a month and a half. And then the opening night came. I prayed for people to like it. 9 people came to the preview, 7 to the premiere, 2 to the first reprise and 6 for the final show. It didn't go all that well. But we've got the sand! We've got plenty of sand. I can give it to you for 20 bux if you want. I'll bring the sand to your house and pay you 20 bux and if you want it. Any takers?

Tjasa looking for takers

I was surprised it didn't stick. Wasn't it something people could identify with? I was scared that people would think that all HAPPY PLACERS are obsessed with daddies' penises. Which is not true. That's universal.

24. GOING BACK TO HAPPY PLACE?

I know what you're all thinking... Why don't I just go back to Happy Place? If NYC is so hard and Happy Place so *fine*...

Well, I can't. Happy Place is no longer a happy place when I'm there. Then New York is a Happy Place.

(beat)

Happy Place is never happy when I'm in it.

24. MOMENT OF CLARITY

You know when somebody says "yes", or "no" or "I love you" and for a second you get a definitive answer and it's enough. It fills up the space.

SM: Tjasa!

TJASA: Bon appetit... you know exactly where and when in time and space continuum grid you stand and it feels amazing because you feel fully contained, known, found. /By the event, a moment in time.

LUCCA STARTS SETTING THE MINI PROJECTOR SPEAKERS BELOW STAGE

SM: Tjasa!

TJASA: Hold on, don't you see I'm having a revelation?! The occurrences are like racing cars and you are finally standing at the right crossroad and you are hit. The worlds collide; the occurrence-car spills all over you and you are changed. Now you're here with all these people in the same space, maybe for a reason, against the endless infinity... of not knowing what's in front of you...

SM: I fixed it. We're ready to go.

TJASA (completely exhausted): You fixed it? OH... oh... OK, guys, I guess we are going to get to see the show after all... Guys, it's very personal and it means so much to me so I hope you like it.

TJASA goes into her beginning pose. Lights go dim to the blackout.

Hologram of Tjasa appears

TJASA HOLOGRAM: Hey guys, sorry I'm late! I'm so sorry. Two cops and two detectives just left! Did you see my facebook status? Did you see what happened? Did you see me on the news?

So I'm drinking at a bar on LES with my friend Stacy and... I get a phone call from my roommate Kathleen. She never calls! Kathleen? What's up?

TJASA AS Kathleen looking down at the hologram: Yo, there's a guy in your room, he says he is your boyfriend....

HOLOGRAM OF TJASA keeps going while it slides down her body and ends up on the floor. Slow fade out of the hologram.

THE END