

Trans/Actions by K. Woodzick and Ayla Sullivan

CRISSY. I feel more comfortable choreographing for the girls now. (Beat.) I went to the hardware store the other day, to get an extra set of keys made and the clerk gave them to me and said, "Here you go, sir." (Beat.) And I corrected her and said "My pronouns are she, her and hers and I actually go by miss." And she said "Well, good for you," and walked away. (Beat.) I told the management of the store and they kept asking me to give them more information. And I eventually got to the point where I was done. I choose to be an advocate, but I don't have to put myself in a position to educate others all the time. (Beat.) Just once, I would like someone to ask, you know? To go into a store and have a clerk ask "What are your pronouns?" That would be...that would be.... I feel more comfortable choreographing for the girls now. (Beat.) I went to the hardware store the other day, to get an extra set of keys made and the clerk gave them to me and said, "Here you go, sir." (Beat.) And I corrected her and said "My pronouns are she, her and hers and I actually go by miss." And she said "Well, good for you," and walked away. (Beat.) I told the management of the store and they kept asking me to give them more information. And I eventually got to the point where I was done. I choose to be an advocate, but I don't have to put myself in a position to educate others all the time. (Beat.) Just once, I would like someone to ask, you know? To go into a store and have a clerk ask "What are your pronouns?" That would be...that would be....

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WOODZICK (they/them/theirs). I've always hated the term, "workaholic". As if it was so bad to bring my work home with me. Or if there was something wrong with knowing what I want and doing what I have to in order to get there. When you love what you do, you have an intimacy with your craft. There is something sacred in the process and there is something holy about making your bed in your work and being committed to lying in it.

There are some days when I choose not to leave the apartment. Because if I don't leave the apartment, I won't get misgendered. My roommate isn't going to do it, and her dog isn't going to do it, and her boyfriend knows that he will get in trouble if he does it.

But then I remember what brings me home in the first place. It's not always turning a key; sometimes it's the audition room in itself, a callback without fear, a promise from a director. I have loved theatre for over twenty five years, since I saw Music Man and set up chairs in my living room to mimic a train. Home is made up of all the things we love the longest, isn't it? And isn't it also the place we hurt the most? The place that scars us as much as it loves us?

Theatre is an industry that is still very entrenched in the gender binary. There are male and female dressing rooms, character breakdowns that clearly read male and female, and you are told at an early age as an actor what your type is, in male and female terms.

When I was thirty one, I was cast in a production of The 39 Steps, where I played over sixteen male roles. And though I had played male roles before, it no longer felt like drag to me—instead, it was an extension of my gender identity. During that production, because of that production, I changed my pronouns from she, her, and hers to they, them and theirs. I lost friends because of it. I lost work because of it. It is the single hardest and best decision I have ever made.

Guitarist, from ID by Brittany Alyse Willis

This is

This is an original
an original song

As much as anything can be original at least
What am I but a copy of my parents
who are copies of their parents
of their parents
of their parents
and perhaps this song is a copy of us
as we are copies of them
or maybe not

Maybe not

You know

there are painters
who spend their lives copying great masters
making reproductions of their work
and sometimes their copies are put on display
while paintings in museums are on loan or removed for cleaning
and no one's the wiser, no one knows
and really
at that point you have to ask
does it really matter if no one can tell the difference?

There was a woman

you know this story I promise you've heard
it a woman in Spain who attempted to restore a detailed painting of Jesus,
covering the original in thick, eager brushstrokes.

And maybe that ruined the painting
or maybe she simply created an original and a copy.

Because this is art and this is life, isn't it.

Our lovers are copies of the first,
our clothes copies of a pattern,
our work a copy of the one who taught us
whether it was a mentor or the ever-present weight of life,
and maybe this is wrong or maybe it's okay

And this is an original song.

As much as it can be, at least.

Couples Costume by Sam Mauceri

PASQUALE (they/them): If you don't end this relationship now, you're going to get trapped in the Holiday Barricade. Think about it. Right now it's October and you're committed to a couples costume. Once the planning happens, there's no way to bust out of that one without looking like a complete jerkwad. Think you're free after that? Nope! Then it's Thanksgiving, when you'll have to meet the parents. Next is Christmas-slash-Hanukkah-slash-Kwanzaa. You're going to buy each other gifts and you have no way of knowing if they've already gotten you a gift so you CAN'T break up. Then it's New Year's Eve and who have you made plans to smooch when the ball drops? Dominique. Next you run up against Valentine's Day which has the same gift conundrum as your preferred winter holiday. There is simply no way out before that one. It's either now or February 15th.

Adulthood With You by Ayla Sullivan

WADE: Honey, listen, I know I haven't been the most, like, available person to you these past few months. My depression naps aren't even naps anymore, they're just me pretending that sleeping for sixteen hours at a time is something I can get away with; the neighbors keep threatening to call social services because they think we're neglecting a screaming baby every time I have, like, a gentle, I mean really mild, panic attack when the dishwasher makes the, you know, the (*inhuman screeching buzz no dishwasher would ever make*) sound; and you know I see you give me those pity eyes, which I know you don't mean to look like that and I'm not saying I don't appreciate you being *so* supportive because you are my purpose and my muse and all that shit, which is to say I think you would be really proud of me today. For one, I took a shower. I know. It's basic, but I took a shower at 9 AM. Which you know means I naturally woke up at 8 and grumbled to the stillness of our apartment about existence and, like, if anything I do even matters and if I can mentally prepare myself for Jeff to call me his "Golden Girl of espresso sales" no matter how many fucking times I tell him to stop calling me something so patronizing and gross and when I got out of the shower and I saw myself I didn't disassociate and wish I saw something better. I just saw me and I saw someone who lives somewhere they are loved and where the shower water is the perfect temperature. And then, *Babe*, I listened to three podcasts today. Different ones! On the way to work, on the way home, fucking just casually when I was walking around Target. *Yeah, I fucking went to Target today too.* I looked in—not just the dollar section—I went to the motherload. I went to every home and bath decoration section because I was thinking about us. And thinking like how great it would be if I could get us those gold terrarium things with the succulents and like antlers for some reason because every nice catalogue home has those gold antlers for some reason and, and, and, what I really want to say is that I'm like a real fucking person because of you. Like, holy shit, you've got me...*domesticated.*

Three Sisters by Anton Chekhov

ANDREY: Oh, where has all my past life gone to? – the time when I was young and gay and clever, when I used to have fine dreams and great thoughts, and the present and the future were bright with hope? Why do we become so dull and commonplace and uninteresting almost before we've begun to live? Why do we get lazy, indifferent, useless, unhappy?... This town's been in existence for two hundred years; a hundred thousand people live in it, but there's not one who's any different from all the others! There's never been a scholar or an artist or a saint in this place, never a single man sufficiently outstanding to make you feel passionately that you wanted to emulate him. People here do nothing but eat, drink and sleep... Then they die and some more take their places, and they eat, drink and sleep, too, – and just to introduce a bit of variety into their lives, so as to avoid getting completely stupid with boredom, they indulge in their disgusting gossip and vodka and gambling and law-suits. The wives deceive their husbands, and the husbands lie to their wives, and pretend they don't see anything and don't hear anything ... and all this overwhelming vulgarity and pettiness crushes the children and puts out any spark they might have in them, so that they, too, become miserable half-dead creatures, just like one another and just like their parents!

A Midsummer Night's Dream, by William Shakespeare

PUCK (Act 2, Scene 2):
Through the forest have I gone.
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence. Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despised the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wakest, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;

For I must now to Oberon

PUCK (Act 3, Scene 2):

My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented, in their sport
Forsook his scene and enter'd in a brake
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixed on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briars and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there:
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

VIOLA: I left no ring with her. What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her.
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring? Why, he sent her none.
I am the man. If it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I (poor monster) fond as much on him;
And she (mistaken) seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love.
As I am woman (now alas the day!),
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe?
O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.