

SKIN DEEP

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English version by Fernanda Sampaio

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Any performances outside this Project will need to
be negotiated with the writer's agent.

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REALIZAÇÃO



“Youth, especially between girlishness and teenage, is incredibly tragic. Never is a creature more tragic than in this transition phase”

Nelson Rodrigues

The girl may be played by several actresses and the boy by several actors. It is suggested that there be several Voices. The Voices are the girl's consciousness and should be impersonated. An undefined consciousness, where external references are quite present.

The girl is standing at a window sill as if she were about to jump

Girl: I haven't a clue how I got here. Why did I do it? I need to find a center. This is the best way. It feels like things just happen and I don't even notice. How could I do it? Why is there right and wrong? I don't have control of my life. I must. What was I thinking? It shouldn't have been done. I lost it. What am I going to do? How did I end up here?

Voices enter.

I told you not to do it!

Girl: It feels good.

I doesn't matter.

Girl: It's wrong.

It shouldn't have been done.

Girl: Yes, it should.

No, it shouldn't

Girl: It should.

It shouldn't.

Girl: It shouldn't.

It shouldn't

Girl: It should!

You never seem to learn.

Girl: Learn what?

You must have respect for yourself

Girl: I do have respect for myself.

If you don't respect yourself, who will?

Girl: But it wasn't such a big deal.

I didn't expect this from you.

Girl: I know. I'm sorry.

I want what's best for you.

Girl: I'm not so sure.

How could you do it?

Girl: I don't know.

You were always so centered

Girl: No I wasn't!

Yes, you were.

Girl: I wasn't

You were.

Girl: Wasn't

Were

Girl: Were

Were

Girl: Wasn't.

Extremely responsible

Girl: Since when?!

You should have waited

Girl: It was the right time

It wasn't the right time.

Girl: What do you mean? I felt it was.

It wasn't.

Girl: What do you mean it wasn't?

I know

Girl: You don't know.

I do know

Girl: You don't know.

I know

Girl: You know.

I know.

Girl: You don't know. I know.

Poor thing.

Girl: Poor thing?!

Poor thing.

The girl (*challenging*): Why?

You think you know...

Girl: I do know. Enough! Finito.

All right. Finito. Tell me, then, what are you going to do now?

Silence.

Girl: I don't know... It's gone. There's no way back

Only the voices go on.

I told you not to do it!

I don't understand

It can't be.

You, of all people.

It wasn't meant to be like this.

You were always so centered.

I want what's best for you.

I know what's good for you.

Don't do it!

It wasn't the right time.

I'll tell you what to do.

You know nothing.

Unprepared.

You went over the limit.

No morals.

I told you not to do it!

You never learn, do you?

If you don't have respect for yourself, who will have respect for you?

How could you do it?

What a disappointment. I expected more of you!

Blackout

The girl at the window sill.

Girl: I'm not sure of anything in my life. I don't know if I am me, or if I'm other people. I am really scared of my youth. What am I going to do? I wonder if this is my best option. Will it be better to kill my youth once and for all or to do it slowly?

End it now or let it pass and not enjoy it, not see it go. What's my option? My

desire? My thought? It feels like it goes around in circles. I can't get out of this vicious circle. Does it matter? What do I believe in? Was it supposed to have been like this? How did I get here? I'm afraid.

Another space. Childhood. The girl and the boy.

Girl: Have you seen my skirt?

Boy: That's right! You're wearing a skirt. Why? You always said you hate skirts.

Girl: I do hate them! But my mother said that if I didn't wear one, she wouldn't let me out of the house.

Boy: You look great in a skirt.

Girl: *(Pause)* I like you very much.

Boy: I like you very much too.

Girl: So, we are going steady now, aren't we?

Boy: Yes. *(silence)* Can I peek at you undies.

Girl: All right, we're going steady.

Boy: So, we can kiss.

Girl: Yes, we can.

When they are about to kiss, they hear "Stop that right now". They exit before they kiss.

Another moment. The girl and boy.

Boy: What's under your skirt?

Girl: My undies.

Boy: And under the undies?

Girl: My pussy. What's under your undies?

Boy: I don't wear undies. I wear shorts.

Girl: Ok. What's under it? A pussy too?

Boy: No, my peepee.

Girl: Let me see your peepee.

Boy: Only if you let me see your pussy.

Girl: At three. One, two,... *(They show and look in awe. They exit)*

A different space.

What a great phase!

It shouldn't have ended.

If they only knew what comes after.

They would never leave their childhood.

Just enjoying life, no worries.

No judgment.

No judgment.

Maybe skip over the painful phase after childhood...

Also known as adolescence.

And go straight to...

To...

I don't know, a phase that's as good as childhood.

There isn't such a thing.

Yes, there is.

No there isn't.

Yes, there is.

Anyway, a less cruel phase than adolescence.

I don't mean that childhood or any other phase in life doesn't have its share of pain,
but adolescence...

Is cruel.

It's the time you start being aware of life.

Aware of the inevitable consequences.

A moment of discord.

Of contradiction.

Of effervescence

Perfect for dissatisfaction.

My breasts grew too soon.

Too old.

It didn't grow

It grew too much

I'm fat

Ugly

Thin

Not pretty enough

Curly hair

Straight

I'm different

I'm the same

I cry

I smile

I suffer

I suffer a lot.

Depression

Happiness

Doubt.

What to do with my life?

Not to do anything.

Wanting to do everything.

Not coping.

Thinking that you can cope.

To let people choose for you.

Wanting to make your own choices

Not knowing how to make choices

To choose

To make bad choices

To be scolded

To make good choices

To be scolded

Not to choose

To be scolded

Hurt

Regret

Fear

Despair

Panic

Hope

Anxiety

Anguish

Affliction

Perception

Feelings

Emotions

Body

Enchantment

Body

Discovery

Body

Change

Body

Pressure

Body

Pressure

Body

Pressure

Body

Pressure

Body

Pressure

Body

Pressure

Explosion (*this word may be said or expressed dramatically or both. Suggestion: an explosion of bras*)

A different space. The passage from the girl to the young woman

The girl(s) enter with her hands on their chest as though uncovering them. They wear a white nightie. Music. Several bras spread around the space. She steps on them. Her leg and her nightie have signs of menstrual blood. Suggested image: transformation girl-woman.

Perhaps a poem, a song.

The beginning of a new road
At each step a new perception
Perception of life
Of the possibility of life
Of the possibilities
Of the breadth of the world
The world
The moment
A new moment
A path being made
Irreversible, inevitable
No return
No return
No return

A different space or perhaps the same. The girl and boy.

Boy: How come blood comes out of you? Just like that? You haven't even cut yourself.

Girl: Haham.

Boy: Does it hurt?

The girl (*laughing*): Of course not, silly! Otherwise no woman could take this every month!

Boy: Every month?! (*The girl goes on laughing*) So, does that mean you're already a woman now? *The girl stops laughing. Boy exits.*

Voices enter.

Girl: No!

Never!

Girl: I'll never stop being a child.

Shit happens

That's life

Girl: I don't want to

Yes, you do

Girl: No I don't

Yes, you do

Girl: Yes, I do.

Yes, you do

Girl: No!

Yes, you do

Girl: When will it happen?

Now

Girl: Now?!

Already?!

Girl: Already?!

It just happened

Girl: No!

Don't be afraid and put on your bras.

Girl: I can't

Yes, you can

Girl: I can't.

Yes, you can

Girl: I can. *(grabs the bras)*

Yes, you can

Girl: What do I do now?

Just take what life offers you

You already got your period

A bras is the easy bit

Girl: No.

Put it on already!

She grabs the bras, puts it on, analyses it, feels it, it feels good. She feels so good that she starts jumping for joy. She starts dancing an awkward dance. While she's dancing, a boy enters. She freezes. They look at each other. He smiles and exits.

Voices enter.

Girl: What was that?

He's so cute?!

Girl: What's this I'm feeling?

I can't believe he saw this!

Girl: Feels good

Did you see how he was looking at you?

Girl: But I've known him forever, and he never...

I looked like a nutcase dancing

Girl: He never...

He saw it, didn't he?

Oh no, he saw it!

Girl: I have never felt this!

Was he smiling or laughing at me?

Oh no! I didn't look very bad, did I?

Girl: No, I know him. He was smiling at me. I wonder if he felt the same as I did.

You're joking

Girl: I can't believe it!

He is wonderful!

Girl: Do I want him to be my first kiss?

Yes, you do

Yes, you do

Yes, you do

Girl: Is it going to be him?

After the stupid little dance? I doubt it

Girl: I do want it! But I have never kissed before. How am I going to do this?

Ouch!

I'd better practice first

The girl practices kissing on her arm or on ice in a cup.

Girl: This is stupid!

You have to practice

Girl: I wonder what it feels like. I wonder if it gets too wet

Don't be stupid, you don't even know if he likes you

The girl and voices together: He does!

Pause.

Girl: Does he?

How can I know?

Girl: What am I going to do next time?

Pause.

Ask him out!

Girl: I can't ask him out just like that. We've known each other forever. We're friends.

You can hit on him

Girl: A woman can't do that. I can't do that!

Yes, you can.

Girl: No I can't

Yes, you can!

Girl: I can't.

You shouldn't, but you can

Start with a hi

Girl: Next time, I'll say something!

Enters boy. All freeze. He walks towards the girl. Smiles. Exits.

I told you to say Hi!

You just stood there looking like that!

Why didn't he say something again?

At least this time you didn't do the little dance.

Girl: He smiled without the dance? So, he wasn't laughing at me!

You should have said something, at least!

It's not that easy

Next time, then!

Enters boy. All freeze. He walks towards the girl. Smiles. Exits. (Same actions as before).

You see why a woman shouldn't hit on a man. She can't do it!

You just stood there looking like that.

Oh, no. Not again!

It was supposed to have been this time

But it didn't happen

If it goes on like this, there will never be a first kiss

It could be at sunset

Like this, no poster or photo...

Next time is the time!

Enters boy. All freezes. He walks towards the girl. He smiles. This time the girl talks.

Someone may give her a push to encourage her to speak.

Voices together: Say something! Speak. Speak. Speak. Speak. Speak. Speak. Speak.

Speak. SPEAK!

Girl: Hi.

Voices*(celebrating)*

That a girl!

At last!

Finally!

What now?

Silence.

Boy: Hi.

Voices: Way to go! I can't believe it.

Will he say "Hi"? or will he leave?

Silence.

Boy: Would you like to go out one of these days?

Voices excited.

Of course you would!

Much better than "hi"!

They're ready to make out!

Making out, my foot!

What's wrong with "making out"?

It's an ugly expression

Come one, don't be so fussy

I'm not fussy! It's a matter of attitude

All right, then, He conquered her. Is that better?

I'm satisfied

Girl: Knock it off. There are loads of more important things right now. Will he like me?

A different space. The girl and boy. They look like they have been talking for a while.

Girl: You know, I am happy we have been seeing so much of each other.

Boy (*laughing*): Me too... I've never had a ...

Girl: Yes.

Boy (*smiling*): Never mind.

Pause.

Girl: Can I ask you a question?

Boy: Sure.

Girl: Why ... me?

Boy smiles awkwardly

Girl: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. I just wanted to know if you...

Boy: What?

Girl: If you... (*Pause*) I can't explain...

Boy (*holding the girl*): Are you sure?

Silence.

Girl: I can feel you

They kiss.

Voices enter as they kiss...

Wow

Yummy

So, that's how it is.

It's nice.

I think I'm doing it right

Relax

Ok

I can't even tell it's the first time

I guess

Uhm...

I never want to stop

Right there

It's good like that

I think he's a good kisser

Oops!

No

Not the hand there

Not yet!

Reminder: I have to stay a virgin till I get married

That's right

Take it off

But it's so nice...

Stay a virgin till I get married.

Hold your horses.

But I'm old enough to...

No you're not

Maybe some day...

Stay a virgin till I get married.

What's that got to do with staying a virgin till you get married?

Stay a virgin till I get married!

All right

Voices stop. Kissing continues. The lights slowly fade to black.

A different space. The girl(s)

The girl(s) enter. "Tearing roses away". Music. Rose petals spread on the ground.

Image suggested: a broken heart.

Maybe a poem, a song.

He's gone away

Indeed

Won't come back

Not because he doesn't want to.

He can't

He can't come back

Our hearts walk together

I don't know for how long

Desire

Pain

They walk

It's not forever

Forever

It could have been

He had to go

He can't

He can't come back

He can't

He can't leave me

A different space. Voices enter cheering her up. The girl is sad.

Enough!

Life shouldn't be like this!

Let's move that body!

How long will you feel sorry for yourself?

There are other fish in the sea.

Girl: Oh, no. Don't start now.

Since when you've been so loose?

Let's shake the blues away!

Girl: I don't know if I want to.

You've been like this for quite a while now.

It's not good for you.

One day you'll have to come out of the cave.

Girl: Has it been that long?

you have no idea...

You've really lost your bearings, haven't you?

Girl: A long time?

Yes

Girl: There's no other way, then, is there? He's not coming back.

No, he isn't.

Can I believe my ears?

After such a long time banging on the same key...

She tired of believing her own lie!

It's about time.

Finally!

I got tired myself

So many other fish in the sea

And me here wasting my...

You're too young to go through such pain

Girl: I won't keep him anyway...

That's right.

Girl: No chance.

Absolutely none.

Girl: Well, since there's no way I can be with him, unless I move or learn to teletransport myself every day... I'll have to learn to do without him, right?

That's my girl

Girl: Great. But if I can't be with him, I won't be with anybody.

What do you mean?

To be alone is no solution

Don't isolate yourself from the world.

Girl: No, no... You don't get it. I won't be literally alone. I've spent too long in a relationship. Now I want to enjoy myself. I won't belong to anybody, **but I won't belong only to us** (mas não serei só nossa).

Do I understand this right?

Ouch

Now it's all gone to hell

She wants to lose her virginity

Girl: Don't be silly. Don't exaggerate.

You can't.

You want to throw it all in the garbage.

It wasn't supposed to be like this.

There's no other way.

Pause.

Maybe

I guess...

It may be interesting

It's an experience

Sleeping around?

No...

There's no way.

We're talking about her.

About me...

No...

There's no way

Pause

Maybe there is.

A different space. Couples.

First a couple enters and starts to kiss. Then another and another and another... The boys try to put their hands on the girls' asses, but they can't because the girls keep on pushing them away.

A voice enters

Am I late?

I hope you haven't done anything wrong. *(Looks)*

Ufa *(a sigh of relief)*

They're just kissing

Tries to talk to the girl. The idea is the Voice seems at ease with the whole thing.

Stop that!

It's not like you!

People will judge you!

Girl: Judge me? That's not something I should worry about. What's the problem if it feels good?

Exactly...

She's right.

There shouldn't be any problem

But there is a problem...

I don't see any problem

You shouldn't do this just because ...

Girl: What? I'm not doing this because I'm sad over him. It's got nothing to do with it.

I'm not so sure.

You shouldn't be doing this.

A woman should be careful...

Girl: So, the problem is because I'm a woman?! If I was a man and slept around, everything would be ok? Look, I don't want to judge if this is the right or the wrong attitude, but if it's wrong, then it's wrong for both of us!

Exactly...

You are right.

Girl: Finally! I was getting tired of never being right. I want to do things for me, not for other people.

Ok

Forget what I said

But don't forget about your virginity

It's very important that you preserve yourself

Exits.

Girl: I won't lose my virginity before I get married, I know that. It's not something that worries me. It's got nothing to do with preserving anything... It has to do with... I trust myself. But, how about kissing anybody, just like that? Even if it's good, should I do that? I like it, but is that me? Is it because of other people? Now, there's no use crying over spilt milk. What's done is done. No regrets. I just don't know if I should go on.

The girl is exiting when she sees the boy, her first love. They look at each other.

Girl: How strange. Do I...

Boy: know...

Girl: you?

They remember.

The girl and boy together: You! *(They laugh)*

Girl: I can't believe it. What are you doing here? You had moved.

Boy: That's right. I moved back.

Girl: That's the way things are. You disappear, then suddenly you reappear.

Boy: That's true. It's great to see you. We should get together.

Girl: Sure. Why not?

All exit.

A different space. The girl and boy. Attempt

Boy: Are you sure about this?

Girl: I am. We saw a lot of each other before you went away and we've been together for quite a while since you've been back. And, most important of all: I love you.

Boy: I love you too.

They start to kiss, things get hot. Voices enter.

Stop it right there.

Have you forgotten about staying a virgin till you got married?

What?

You say one thing and then you do another.

That's not how it works.

There's a time for everything

Don't move in too fast

The girl (*to boy*): Baby, I think we'd better slow down.

Boy: Why?

The girl (*embarrassed*): I don't think it's time yet.

Boy: You sure?

Girl: I'm sure.

Boy (*smiles lovingly*): No problem, we got time. This time I'm not moving anywhere.

They stop and fall asleep in each other's arms.

A different space. The girl and boy. First night.

Boy: Are you really sure?

Girl: Yes. I've given it a lot of thought and there's no reason to wait anymore. I don't even know if this idea of staying a virgin till I get married was mine or I just believed in it because I heard it so much. The important thing is that I love you.

Silence. They look at each other.

Boy: Look at that! You're wearing a skirt.

Girl: Yes.

Boy: But you are in a skirt.

Girl (*laughing*): What's so strange about that? You've seen me in a skirt before.

Boy: Not only have I seen you, but I was the first person to see you in a skirt, remember? (*Remember first scene boy and the girl entering*).

The girl (*smiling*): That's true.

Boy: You look beautiful in a skirt.

Girl: I like you very much.

Boy: I like you very much too.

Boy: Can I peek at you undies?

Girl: All right, we're going steady.

Boy: So, we can kiss.

Girl: Yes, we can.

They kiss. Suggested that they are about to make love. While they kiss, Voices enter slowly, like a ghost haunting them.

Stay a virgin till you get married.

A virgin

Stay a virgin till you get married.

A virgin

Marry first

Sex after

Sin

Forbidden

You shouldn't be doing this.

Stay a virgin till you get married.

A virgin

Forbidden

Crossing the limits

Virgin

Girl: Stop.

The Voices stop, and so do the girl and the boy.

Boy: Is everything ok?

Girl: I need a second. Bathroom. I'll be right back.

Boy: All right. I'll wait. *(The girl moves away from him)*

The girl *(to voices)*: Why go back again? I am sure this is what I want!

No one told you to feel guilty

Girl: I don't.

Really? You don't?

Girl: No.

Guilty

Girl: No

Guilty

Girl: No

Guilty

Girl: Yes! *(Pause)* What now? What do I do?

Decide if it's worth it.

Girl: It is worth it.

It isn't.

Girl: It is worth it.

It isn't.

Girl: It is worth it.

It isn't.

Girl: Enough! You're not helping.

All right. Who are you doing this for?

Girl: For me.

For your boyfriend?

Girl: For me.

To rebel?

Girl: For me.

To fight the impositions!

Against the sexist world!

Against hypocrisy!

Against the objectification of the female body!

The girl gives them a stern look.

Ok

I got it

You must be sure...

Girl: Honestly, I'm better off without all this. Please, leave.

You sure?

Because you don't need to ask a second time.

The girl (*shouting*): Go away!

Voices leave.

Girl: I am sure this is what I want. Be brave. This is it.

The girl goes back; the two start kissing again. Lights dim. Suddenly all is white. They appear in the whiteness, free, loose. Maybe standing up, spinning around. They are wearing red. Suggestion: Image of freedom, pleasure.

Maybe a poem, a song.

Alive

Here, now

In your arms

Alive

No time

No space

Fully

Alive

Here, now

Image ends. Lights go back up and the two appear lying down, asleep.

Voices return more intense than before. The girl wakes up scared.

You've lost it.

You shouldn't have done it

You've lost it.

I don't understand.

You've lost it.

It isn't possible

You've lost it.

You, of all people?

You've lost it.

It wasn't supposed to be like this

You've lost it.

You have always been such a centered person

You've lost it.

It wasn't the right time

You've lost it.

Against your principles

You've lost it.

Won't you ever learn?

You've lost it.

Disappointment.

You've lost it.

I can't believe it.

You've lost it.

You went over the limit.

You've lost it.

You've lost your way.

You've lost it.

No morals.

You've lost it.

No self respect

You've lost it.

You'll have to live with this.

You've lost it.

Wrong

You've lost it.

I didn't expect this from you.

During this time the girl walked to the window as she did in the first scene. She is at the window sill.

Girl: I've lost it.

You've lost it.

Girl: It's good.

You've lost it.

Girl: It's wrong

You've lost it.

Girl: What am I going to do? What's to become of me?

You've lost it.

Girl: It's done. There's no coming back now.

You've lost it.

Girl: I have no idea how I got here. Why did I do this? I need to work myself out.

You've lost it.

Girl: This is the best way.

You've lost it.

Girl: It seems like things happen and I don't even notice.

You've lost it.

Girl: How could I do it? Was it meant to be done? *(She gets closer to the abyss)*

You've lost it.

Girl: Why does it have to mean that I've lost something? Why can't I see it as a transition? The girl-woman, nothing else. I'm not sure of anything in my life. I don't know if it's me, or if it's other people. I'm very scared of my youth. Is this my only option? I don't know. My thoughts go around in circles. What do I believe in? Was it meant to be like this? How did I get here? I feel fear, doubt, indecision.

Blackout.