

# RED FLAGS



PHILA  
20  
23  
DELPHIA  
FRINGE  
FESTIVAL

  
WATERMELON  
BATHTUB  
THEATRE COMPANY

September 9  
6:45pm & 8:45pm  
6452 Greene St  
Circus Campus



# Red Flags

a

## Watermelon Bathtub

Production

Watermelon Bathtub is a Philadelphia-based theatre company.

### Mission

To create impactful and accessible performing arts experiences with a commitment to showcasing artists and stories that are often untold.

### About

Watermelon Bathtub Theater Company is based in Philadelphia and was created by two circus artists, Melissa Mellon and Sarah Tuberty. Using spin off of their last names embodying the curiosity and redefinition of terms that their work creates.

This production is hosted by the Circus Campus Hub  
A part of the Philadelphia Fringe Arts Festival



*Image 1Fringe Arts 2023 Festival Logo*

## Access Notes:

### Arrival

- Circus Campus Presents is accessible via car and public transportation
- Upsal stop on the Chestnut Hill West Line
- Walnut In & Green street on 65 Germantown-Chelten Bus Line
- Limited Parking in back parking lot along Cliveden street behind the circus school
- Accessible Parking
- Street parking along Cliveden, Greene and surrounding streets available no payment necessary

### Entering the building

- This years performance is in the Sanctuary, which is wheelchair accessible
- If entering from the back parking lot, there is a sidewalk leading up to the side entrance of the building.
- If entering from Greene street there is a flight of stairs leading up to the east side of the building
- There will be a light on an Fringe sign
- Signs will direct all patrons to an accessible entrance on the east side of the building
- Tickets will be sold at the door

### Restrooms

- 4 gender neutral single stall restrooms on main floor
- 2 restrooms are wide to accommodate a wheelchair turning around, however do not have grab bars

### Performance

- ASL interpreters for both shows
- 4 acts in total, each act has the spoken word transcript and movement description in digital program

- Content considerations include
  - Discussion of toxic relationships
  - Discussion of body trauma

#### **Access**

- Accessibility table and accessibility lead will have resources to support access and sensory regulation for show
- All of the following are welcome to help support engagement in the show as needed
  - Service animals
  - Ear plugs
  - Sunglasses
  - Weighted materials
  - refillable water bottles
- Seating provided are metal folding chairs. Blankets, cushions, and pillows are welcome
- Mats are available for seating
- Relaxed performance includes:
  - No strobe lighting
  - No extreme lighting (it will not be very dark or very bright, lighting will not change erratically)
  - Movement throughout the show is welcomed and encouraged

Please provide feedback of your experience following this QR code or this link



<https://linktr.ee/watermelonbathtub>

## Preshow Notes

This is a relaxed performance, movement, sound, and fidgets are all welcomed and encouraged.

There is an accessibility table with additional information and resources to help provide the pathways to access show content.

The bathrooms are located in the main hallway. Water station, donuts, and coffee are located in the foyer.

The circus equipment used includes the following:

### **Lyra:**

The lyra is a large heavy metal hoop, suspended from the ceiling. This hoop allows for a person to sit inside of it, and stand on top of it. There are span sets or, a type of rope, that connect the hoop to the ceiling. The hoop can spin around the point. The lyra is also called the aerial hoop.

### **Fabric:**

The fabric a large sheet of circus-grade fabric with two ends cascading down from the top of the rigging point. The fabrics are used by being wrapped around a body in various ties that someone unravels with the intention to allow for a drop. The fabric has an attachment that allows for the fabric to spin. Fabric is also called aerial fabric, tissues, aerial silks, or silks.

### **Wire:**

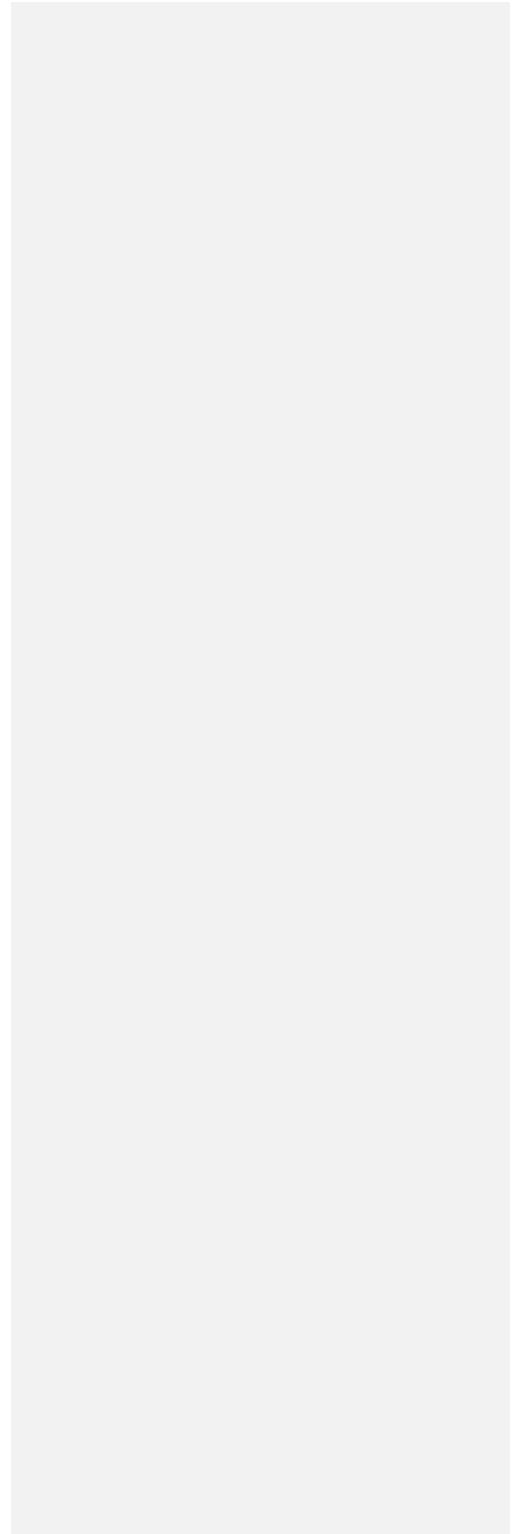
The wire is thick cable that is about 12 feet in length, about 2.5 feet in height and spans the width of the stage. There are two pedestals on either ends that a person can stand on.

### **Hula Hoop:**

The hula hoop is a large plastic hoop.

Stage Set up:

Seating surrounded the stage. The stage has 2 rigging points, with the fabric located on the left half of the stage and the lyra located on the right side of the stage. The fabric and lyra are swaged back to the sides while they are not in use.



## CAST and Crew

### Amber Rambharose Storyteller and Performer



*Image 2 Head shot of Amber*

*Amber is looking at the camera. She is wearing a black sleeveless top and has her curly hair tied up, leaving the curls to flow around her.*

Amber Rambharose, She/Her, fell head over heels in love with aerial arts in 2018 and hasn't looked back since. She has performed for Alterra Productions, Tangle Movement Arts, and Watermelon Bathtub's award-winning "Bodies" show.

When she's not spinning upside down on a Lyra or untangling herself from aerial silks, Amber coaches students of all ages at the Philadelphia School of Circus Arts. Yes, she also has a day job. A writer and editor with over a decade of experience, Amber's byline can be found in InStyle, Allure, Glamour, Bustle, Marie Claire, and Cosmopolitan magazines where she writes about fashion, beauty, and culture, with an emphasis on marginalized voices.

Her creative writing has received awards from the Academy of American Poets, the Pushcart Prize, and the Lex Allen Literary Festival, and has been published in Rattle Magazine, the Adroit Journal, and Tupelo Quarterly, among others. She is a very online millennial

# Victoria Pirenoglu

Storyteller and Performer  
Artistic Director



*Image 3- Head shot of Victoria*

*Victoria is looking at the camera and smiling*

A lover of movement from a young age, Victoria, She/Them, found circus at The Philadelphia Circus School of Arts in 2015. Building on a life-long foundation of hip hop and ballroom dancing, this discovery reignited her spark for expressing herself and telling stories through movement in the air. Victoria is a circus coach at the Philadelphia School Circus School of Arts and performer.

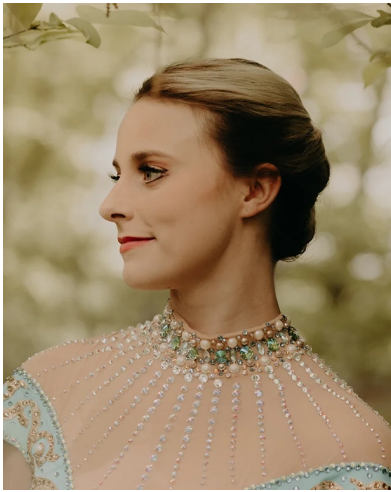
They have traveled up and down the east coast performing at places like The Muse, The Pool After Dark, and many others. She is excited to be working on this show and to give space to other performers! She is fabulously entertaining with aerial acts

such as: aerial fabric, lollipop Lyra, sling teardrop trapeze and many other apparatuses. - fantastic ambiance services, roving, fire performances and more!



# Bethany McPerson

## Storyteller and Performer



Bethany, She/Her, attended two years of NECCA's ProTrack program with a major in Tightwire and a minor in Acrobatic Dance.

She's performed with Bindlestiff Family Cirkus and Time Flies Circus.

Bethany also has a B.S. in Sport and Exercise Psychology from West Virginia University, with a minor in Family and Youth Studies. Outside of circus, Bethany enjoys reading, knitting, running, and relaxing with her dog Sophie.

*Image 4 Headshot of Bethany. The picture shows a young woman looking to the left with blonde hair pulled back. She is wearing a teal dress with gold accents and a rhinestone neckline.*

## Melissa Mellon

Storyteller and Performer  
Co-Founder and Producer



*Image 5 Head shot of Melissa, A white woman with red curly hair and a gold colored top, smiling at the camera*

Melissa, She/Her, studied Theatre Performance at Juniata College, where she trained in acting, movement expression, Skinner Releasing, Fitzmaurice Voicework, and was introduced to single point trapeze.

She finally made her way to training at the Philadelphia School of Circus Arts where she is now a youth and adult coach.

Melissa was a cast member in the first two Watermelon Bathtub showings of “Bodies” and is so thrilled to have the opportunity to continue to tell her stories.

## **Kiki Le Boudoir**

### **Storyteller and Performer**



Kiki Le Boudoir (She/her) is a graduate of the Philadelphia Burlesque Academy and has performed in countless shows throughout Philadelphia. She teaches pole fitness at Awakenings Pole Fitness where she teaches the art of sensual movement to plus size athletes. She is also the CEO of Curvy and Seductive, a plus size lingerie brand that encourages full-figured women to own their sensuality.

Tagline: "Meet her in her boudoir, where slow and sensual wins the race."

*Image 6 Kiki is dressed in boudoir and is leaning sensually over - reaching down towards her legs*

## Kate Hanley

### Stage Manager



*Image 7 performer photo of Kate suspended in the trapeze, knees bent in a gazelle pose*

Kate is a professional theater artist who has worked with the Arden, People's Light and Theatre Company and Circadium School of Contemporary Circus.

She caught the circus bug when her daughter started taking classes years ago (it was either take an aerial class or go to a bar, she chose wisely).

She currently teaches classes in circus and stage management at Arcadia University where she also serves as the Administrative Director for the Office of the Provost.

## Sarah Tuberty

### Accessibility Coordinator and Co-Founder



*Image 8 Headshot of Sarah, she is smiling wide, looking at the camera and has her hands on her head*

Sarah Tuberty (she/her) studied Occupational Therapy at Boston University, and is in a PhD in Occupational Therapy program at Texas Woman's University.

Sarah has studied and trained in accessible aerial arts, and has a particular interest in the psychosocial impacts of disability and disability identity. Especially in spaces where the disability narrative is so often told from individuals outside of the disability community. Her work is to showcase stories and

perspective of the authentic disability narrative.

the lyra, fabrics, pole, and trapeze.

Sarah has trained internationally in

## Bodies Partners

### ASL Interpretation: **PRO BONO ASL**



**PRO BONO ASL**

*Image 9 PRO BONO ASL Logo*

Pro Bono ASL is made up of both hearing and Deaf American Sign Language interpreters. We are Interpreter Training Program students and graduates, and community-raised interpreters. We are Black, Indigenous, Latinx and People of Color along with white

allies. We are full time interpreters and lifelong protestors. We provide ASL access pro bono, as well as professional interpreting services and community support.

Website: [ProbonoASL.com](http://ProbonoASL.com)

### Photography: **Michael Takes Pictures**



*Image 10 MTP Logo*

Michael Ermilio is a Photographer, husband, and human being living in beautiful and historic Phoenixville, PA - just outside Philadelphia.

When he's not renovating my early 1900s Colonial or restoring vintage cars, you'll find him at events and performances photographing local artists and aerialists. He's committed to the vision of his clients, bringing their work to life through stills, video, and film.

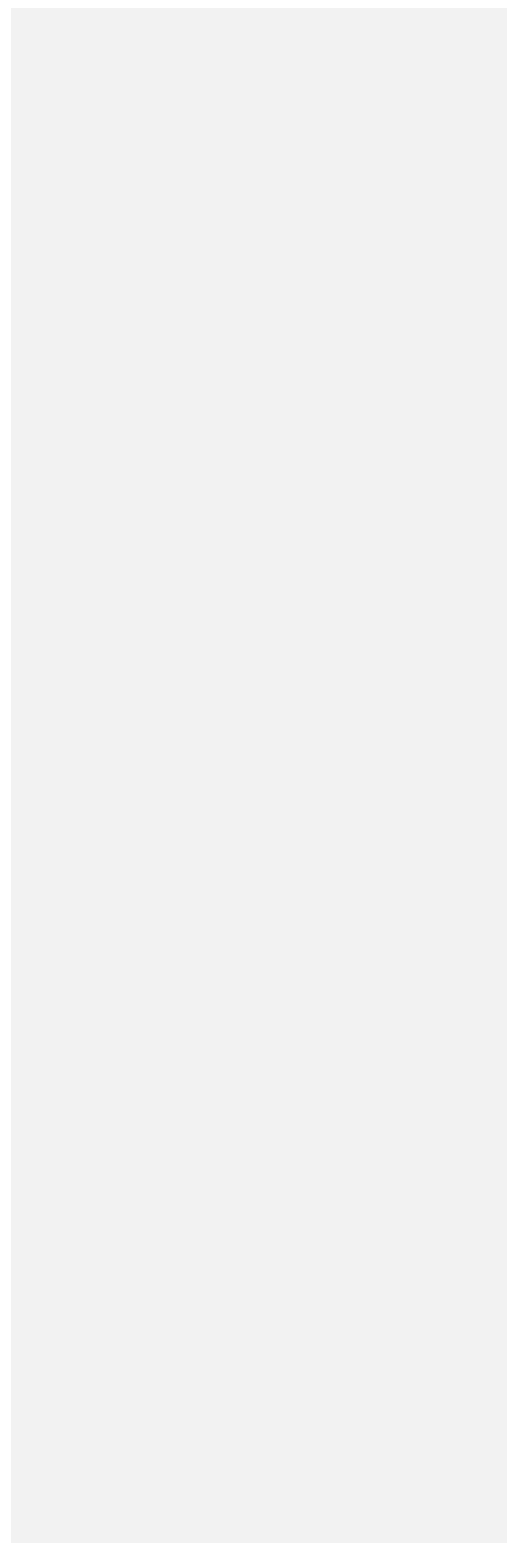
If you are in need of a photographer or videographer please contact Michael.

Website: [michaeltakespictures.com](http://michaeltakespictures.com)

The following is a collection of access elements, the transcripts of the audio and a general written description of movement in show order. Italicized formatting indicated movement. Capital letters indicate the individual person doing the action.

## **RED FLAGS**

We open on five people in a semicircle of chairs. Next to the chairs is a podium and a microphone. As people are filtering into the space, they chit chat, they grab coffee and cookies, and they greet the audience.



## AMBER MONOLOGUE

**AMBER** stands and heads toward the podium. She grabs the microphone

**AMBER:** Hello, my name is Amber, I'm a short brown woman with lots of curly hair insert image description, and I'm a red flag survivor.

**GROUP:** Hi Amber.

**AMBER:** I want to welcome you all here tonight. This is a safe space for you to tell your stories. If at any point throughout the night, you hear something that sounds not quite right, you wave your red flag! I'd like to get the night started.

It took me a long time to figure out how to share my story in a way that wouldn't be embarrassing because I know this is *safe space* and I'm surrounded by friends who love me, by y'all...**[SPOKEN QUICKLY]** ex-husband announced he wanted a divorce by telling me he was inviting his new girlfriend to his mother's funeral...

Before that, I spent eight years financially supporting him while he worked on his poetry career and he insisted we get married the summer I started a new job, but made me plan it all by myself and when I lost that job, he gave me six months to find another one that paid the same amount or we'd have to move from New York City to Terre Haute, Indiana so he could pursue a third masters degree. And before that, I wasn't allowed to have male friends and I wasn't allowed to have friends who didn't like him and I wasn't allowed to talk about our relationship even when he brought me into his therapy sessions so that he and his therapist could tell me all the ways I was a bad partner and I wasn't allowed to cry because crying was irrational so if I cried when we were fighting he didn't have to listen to me because it wasn't his job to fix me so I learned to cry silently so that it wouldn't irritate him and anyway, **[SLOWS DOWN]** once upon a time, a girl was born into a red, red world...



It was bright and it was loud and it was violent. And all the people in the kingdom had sad stories that pooled in their eyes. Their throats made the same sound when they laughed and when they cried and even love had sharp teeth. The girl was red too and bright and loud and violent and she grew up believing that tenderness was nursing wounds in the aftermath of being held.

When she set out to make her fortune in a wide world of different colors, she was ashamed of how red she was and the red of where she came from and she covered herself in other colors. Whenever she met boys and they kissed her red mouth and told her she was lovely, she knew they wouldn't mean it if they could only see all her red

The girl studied stories and how to write them and when she wrote them, the worlds she wrote were red. One day, a man in one of her classes told her her red words were beautiful. That was all it took, really, for the red girl to fall in love.

She didn't care that he had a blue beard or a girlfriend or a trail of girl-shaped ghosts that followed him everywhere. She didn't care that he was 11 years older than she was or that her mother warned her that poets don't make good husbands. She just wanted to be loved.

For the first few months, everything was green and yellow and the sex was red-tinged, but glowing, not harmful, not bright-burning. Then, the man began to change. It looked like change to the red girl when he started making rules for their love that only she had to follow, when he dismissed her, when her red words showed up in his blue poems.

If she had been another color or from another place or felt less stained, she would have walked away. Her friends told her she deserved better, that he wasn't safe, but red all over, and that she was clever and brave and beautiful, but she herself was red under her clothes and colorblind from where she came from and believed at the base of her spine that she deserved the way she was treated.

When you grow up in a red world, red flags look a lot like street signs guiding you home. You can grow homesick even for nightmares if you dream them often enough. So the girl stayed and grew pale, a shadow of herself, and when the red man had sapped her of every color and she spent more time talking to his trail of ghosts than telling him his poetry was brilliant, he left her for a younger red girl.

I wish I could say that afterwards, I never again let a man with red hands touch me, but this isn't a fairy tale. Healing takes time. It takes courage and tequila and very good friends in folding chairs and people waving red flags in the air and therapy.

I don't hate how red I am anymore. I cry as often as I want. I know love isn't something you earn by making yourself small enough to fit into someone else's life. As for my ex, he hasn't published a book since we split up and all his hair fell out. The end.

For him, not me, a red girl grown. I know I'm not what I've come from. I know that I'll be red until the day I die which makes it hard to see harm, but I'm working on it. And seriously, I don't harbor any ill will to my ex. In fact, I wish him well. I just wish myself better.

BEGINS ACT as a fabric comes down: "I Wish You Well" from the Josie & the Pussycats Original Motion Picture Soundtrack

## AMBER ACT

### Narrative:

**Song:** "Vampire" By Olivia Rodrigo

### Begin:

low, sad piano music plays

Hate to give the satisfaction, asking how  
you're doing now

How's the castle built off people  
you pretend to care about?  
Just what you wanted

Look at you, cool guy, you got it

I see the parties and the diamonds  
sometimes when I close my eyes  
Six months of torture you sold as some  
forbidden paradise

I loved you truly  
Gotta laugh at the stupidity

'Cause I've made some real big mistakes  
But you make the worst one look fine

I should've known it was strange  
You only come out at night

### *Movement description*

### **Begin:**

*Amber slowly climbs up the aerial  
silks, spinning slowly.*

*Amber inverts with wide legs and  
twists the silks around her waist.*

*Amber leans back, pressing one foot  
to the silks and letting the other one  
bend*

*Amber holds the tail of the silks and  
poses upside down*

*Amber holds one leg out to the side  
in a split and poses*

*Amber sits up and unravels the silks  
from her waist and legs*

*Amber inverts between the silks and  
wraps one leg around each side*

*Sitting up, Amber drops the tails of  
the silks between her legs*

I used to think I was smart

But you made me look so naive  
The way you sold me for parts

As you sunk your teeth into me, oh  
Bloodsucker, famefucker

Bleedin' me dry, like a goddamn vampire

And every girl I ever talked to told me you  
were bad, bad news

You called them crazy, God, I hate the way I  
called them crazy too

You're so convincing

How do you lie without flinching? (How do  
you lie, how do you lie, how do you lie?)

Ooh, what a mesmerizing, paralyzing,  
fucked-up little thrill

Can't figure out just how you do it, and God  
knows I never will

Went for me, and not her

'Cause girls your age know better

I've made some real big mistakes

But you make the worst one look fine

I should've known it was strange

You only come out at night

I used to think I was smart

But you've made me look so naive

The way you sold me for parts

As you sunk your teeth into me, oh

Bloodsucker, famefucker

*Amber inverts again and wraps her  
legs around the silks again, she then  
holds the tails and begins to spin  
herself in the air*

*Amber sits up and poses in a split*

*Amber drops forward, then  
backwards*

*Amber wraps the silks around her  
waist, and holds the tails and drops*

*Amber hooks her knees and climbs  
into a half-split*

*Amber climbs up again, poses  
parallel to the ground and  
then posing in a half split*

*Amber poses in a full split*

*Amber stands up, kicks her feet  
forward, hooks her knees above her  
and drops straight down, bounces,  
and drops again*

*Amber climbs to a seated position,  
pulls the silks in front of her, and  
pulls over the cross, hooking both  
knees on one side*

Bleedin' me dry, like a goddamn vampire  
You said it was true love, but wouldn't that  
be hard?  
You can't love anyone, 'cause that would  
mean you had a heart  
I tried you help you out, now I know that I  
can't  
'Cause how you think's the kind of thing I'll  
never understand  
I've made some real big mistakes  
But you make the worst one look fine  
I should've known it was strange  
You only come out at night

I used to think I was smart  
But you made me look so naive

The way you sold me for parts  
As you sunk your teeth into me, oh

Bloodsucker, famefucker

Bleedin' me dry, like a goddamn vampire

*Amber slips through the middle and  
begins to climb all the way to the  
top of the fabric, stopping to pose as  
she climbs*

*Amber sits at the top of the silks,  
then falls backwards, forwards, and  
backwards again,*

*Amber poses with one hand in a  
loop and one foot in a knot*

*Amber climbs the silks, twisting  
them between her legs and begins  
to spin the silks by using her hand*

*Amber wraps the tails around one  
leg and pushes through the middle  
of the silks to pose on her back*

*Amber unravels the silks, twists  
them between her legs, tilts to the  
side and begins to spin much faster*

*Amber drops straight down and  
spins very fast*

*Amber climbs up, unravels the silks,  
and*

## VICTORIA MONOLOGUE

The fabric disappears and AMBER walks over to the microphone. As she walks around the circle, everyone looks uncomfortable. As if they don't want to go next. She hands the microphone to VICTORIA. VICTORIA goes to the podium.

**VICTORIA:** Hi, my name is Victoria. I'm a white femme presenting person with brownish pink hair, I use she/they and I am a red flags a survivor.

**GROUP:** Hi, Victoria.

**VICTORIA:** "Do you think you have daddy issues?"

I am sitting in the office of my college therapist's office for our weekly session. This must have been the second or third session. This session I am explaining the tense relationship between my father and I, while also telling her about the man 19 years my senior I met on campus who I am dating which is causing the tension - amongst many many other things, like being a feminist (no I am not kidding). This is the same therapist who looked me in the eye and said "I feel like you aren't really opening up to me" as I am sobbing in her office. Let's just say I stopped seeing her after that session and continued to see him.

I had dated plenty of men my own age by the time I had seen this therapist, actually I had gone through a breakup earlier that year and was incredibly sad about it, as a 20 year old is when her college boyfriend she thought she was going to be with forever, ends things.

I could tell you all the red flags about this man - the most glaringly obvious is how he was interested in someone as young as me. But if you are a woman or femme presenting person who's had a similar experience, you've fucking heard the line as old as dirt "you are so mature for your age" or "you are so self aware". I won't list all of the red flags because you'd be here all night. I'll

just tell you that it ended when he realized I was using his body and he told me "I am just like my father" only later to send me an email professing his undying love for me when I moved on to the next walking red flag. This seems to be a theme because I have had 3 different men either write letters or emails to me all of which I've immediately shown to friends.

I now know that men that are TOO charming are signs to run or men that are emotionally unavailable. I feel like if you are friends with an ex's ex wife after you break up he was the red flag all along or was it when you split up so he could date the almost 10 year younger person he called you crazy for worrying about? Or when you caught him and he told you not to tell all of your friends? I only ever dated one other man who was a decade older than me and it ended pretty quickly when I realized I couldn't even get anything physically pleasing from him, because I already knew I wasn't getting any emotional intelligence from him based on the age difference.

If my 20 year old self had the wisdom my now about to be 30 year old self had I would have told her to fucking shove it - or maybe tell her that I don't have some deep desire to be loved by my father but that I was only taught that love is earned through "tough love" and I dated people who reinforced this idea.

I could write you a novella of red flags from all of the shitty folks I have dated, but I will give you a shortened version of actual things some of these folks have said to me:

"I hate that you tell people you do what you love for a living, doing what you love doesn't put a roof over your head" - said by a man who worked a 6 figure job he hated and only smoked weed and played the same soccer xbox 360 game since it came out.

"Listening to your take on the bachelor made me realize there's just a different mindset and approach to life that comes from having been poly" - I don't know if my red flag for myself was agreeing to watch the bachelor with him or instead of helping me move he had dinner with his ex wife that

same day. I also need you to know this was sent in a long email that I promptly sent to all of my friends with the caption "I can't believe I cried over this guy".

"Jane Austen is an inherently bad writer" - said by someone who only read poetry (should have been my biggest waving red flag) by cis het old dusty ass white men. Talk about unchecked misogyny.

"She's like family" - this was by the last man I dated with over a decade of an age difference who was still living with his ex of 11 years. I told him you don't fuck family and you surely don't out of convenience.

I never stopped going to therapy, it's a miracle I continued to look for the right therapist after college. My therapist now has bright green hair and says fuck a lot through our sessions. We like some of the same books and video games. I'm always excited to see her every two weeks, I especially love therapy homework. Therapy taught me a lot of things but the biggest thing is that love doesn't have to be this trudge through the desert. It can be gentle and fun while also wanting to work on it, grow together and separately. I promised myself after jumping through hoops for crumbs from mediocre partners that I needed to be jumping through my own.

AMBER brings the hula hoop to VICTORIA. THE GROUP starts to move their chairs back.

**AMBER:** It's time. Show us.



# VICTORIA ACT

## Lyrics

**Song:** "Doomsday" by Lizzy McAlpine

## Begin:

Pull the plug in September  
I don't wanna die in June

I'd like to start planning my funeral  
I've got work to do, mmm  
Pull the plug, make it painless  
I don't want a violent end  
Don't say that you'll always love me  
'Cause you know I'd bleed myself dry for  
you over and over again

## [Chorus]

Doomsday is close at hand I'll book the  
marching band  
To play as you speak

I'll feel like throwin' up  
You'll sit and stare

## Movement description

**Description:** Victoria is a white femme presenting individual, using she/they pronouns. Her act will include a blue hula hoop and she is wearing a mauve dance dress.

**Apparatus:** Hoop

## Begin:

Victoria is seated and reaches out  
She sits back down and looks at the hoop

She lifts the hoop upright  
They start to spin the hoop while seated  
Victoria does a shoulder roll  
They start hooping while in a lunge  
She stands up and starts moving in a circle with the hoop a few times  
Victoria stands in one place while moving the hoop around their body

She stops and lifts the hoop while looking at it  
They start to march with the hoop

Victoria moves back and forth with the hoop

Like a goddamn machine

I'd like to plan out my part in this  
But you're such a narcissist

You'll probably do it next week  
Why would I? It's only the death of me

Only the death of me  
And bottom of hoop

[Verse 2]

Pull the plug, but be careful  
I don't wanna die too soon  
I think there's good in you somewhere  
I'll hang on 'til the chaos is through

[Chorus]

Doomsday is close at hand  
I'll book the marching band  
To play as you speak  
I'll feel like throwin' up  
You'll sit and stare  
Like a goddamn machine  
I'd like to plan out my part in this and  
behind her  
But you're such a narcissist  
You'll probably do it next week

*She starts to move the hoop side to side of  
her body*

*She jumps through the hoop and she turns  
around*

*Stands in place and moves hoop around her  
head*

*Spins with hoop in place  
Holds hoop and chest falls with hoop*

*Starts to rise while holding hoop and sets  
hands on top  
And bottom of hoop*

*She starts to move the hoop between hands  
From top hand to bottom hand*

*Victoria does a move called bubbling where  
the hoop slides in between their hands in  
different directions*

*She brings the hoop to her right foot*

*And steps inside the hoop  
Victoria throws the hoop up her body  
Using her legs to move the hoop up and  
down the hoop goes over their head  
picks it up and starts hand hooping  
throws the hoop over her shoulder  
catches and starts moving the hoop in front  
and behind her*

I don't get a choice in the matter  
Why would I? It's only the death of me  
Only the death of me

[Bridge]

The death of me was so quiet  
No friends and family allowed

Only my murderer, you, and the priest  
Who told you to go to Hell  
And the funny thing is I would've  
married you  
I feel more free than I have in years  
Six feet in the ground

[Chorus]

Doomsday is close at hand  
I booked the marching band  
To play as you speak  
I feel like throwin' up  
You sit and stare  
Like a goddamn machine  
I'd have liked to plan out my part in this  
But you're such a narcissist  
That you did it on Halloween

I had no choice in the matter  
Why would I? It's only the death of me

*They flip the hoop multiple times above their  
head they turn back to face the audience  
She starts hand hooping  
She throws the hoop up*

*Victoria catches the hoop  
She starts turning in the circle while twirling  
the hoop*

*Victoria stands facing the crowd  
and brings her hand through the hoop*

*The hoop does down and back up  
her body  
Victoria alternates the hoop between her  
hands behind her back  
Victoria twirls the hoop in a circle while  
spinning in a circle  
Victoria rolls the hoop on the ground and it  
Comes back to her She uses her hand to  
launch it upwards and Catch it  
Victoria moves the hoop with both hands to  
make it look like its moving in place*

*She places the hoop on her head  
She begins march towards the crowd  
She swings the hoop behind her back  
And catches in with one hand*

*Victoria weaves the hoop front and back*

*She puts the hoop on the ground and makes  
it spin and does a cartwheel ending in a  
lunge.*

## BETHANY MONOLOGUE

**THE GROUP** brings their chairs back to the semicircle. **AMBER** hands the microphone to **BETHANY**.

**BETHANY:** Hello, my name is Bethany. I'm a white woman who is short and has brown hair I'm a red flags survivor.

**THE GROUP:** Hi Bethany.

**BETHANY:** The beginning of the end all started with a Google search... "How do you know if your boyfriend is married?"

So let me give you a little bit of backstory. I started dating this guy right at the beginning of the pandemic. He was supposedly divorced, and he was working in Vermont but had a house in New York. He would go back to his house in New York every other weekend to "get his house ready for sale, because the divorce wasn't finalized until the house was sold."

It got to a point where his lies were no longer adding up. I was asking all the right questions, but he always had a reason, always had an excuse. I was supposed to go and meet his family for Thanksgiving, but of course, they all "got COVID" so it "wasn't a good idea for me to come down there." And let me say, this was maybe the third time I was supposed to go and meet them and something happened to get in the way. So we're on Facetime and in the background I can see his living room. And I'm like, "you know, it doesn't really look like you're getting ready to sell the house and move out." And he HANGS UP! He hangs up, doesn't text me back, doesn't call me back, won't answer, and I don't hear from him for 24 hours.

So back to this Google search. Now I'm reading this BuzzFeed article and literally EVERYTHING matches. All 10 of the things that they said were a sign of infidelity were things that he had done: "he always pays in cash, he

doesn't let you leave things in his car..." So then, I Google searched his name....

And I found something. It was one of those websites like "TruthFinder.com," where they claim to have juicy information about a person, but they won't tell you what they have unless you pay.

**AMBER** fishes \$30 out of her boobs and hands it to BETHANY.

**BETHANY:** So, \$30 later, I'm in.

What I was looking for was a divorce record for him and his "ex wife", and I didn't find one.

But I did find one very important piece of information: the address of his house in New York. So before I call him, I call my mom and I'm like, "Hey mom, just in case I'm about to get murdered, here's the address of the place that I'm going."

Then I text him... "Hey, I really need to come down there and talk to you and Amie." And he's like, "Oh no, that's not necessary," and I'm like, "Oh it is... it's at 7 Matthew Drive, right?"

And he goes.... no

And I'm like... yes

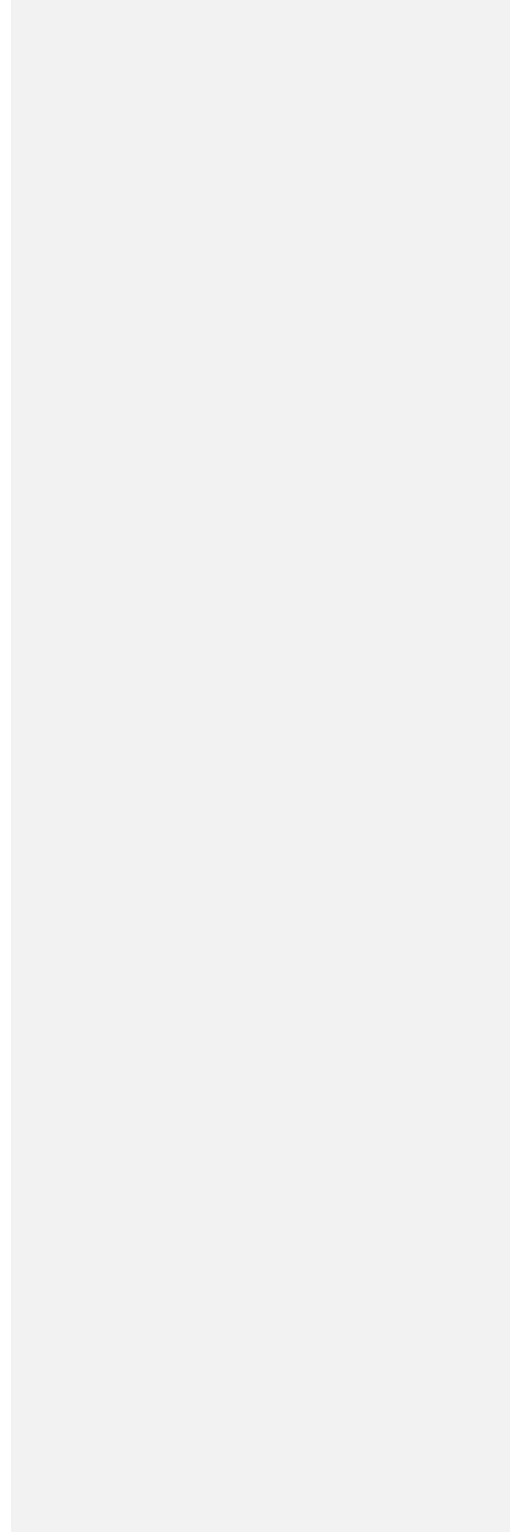
And he says "No no no, please don't come down here,"

"Then tell me that you're married."

"I'm married, please...please! You're going to ruin my family!"

Little did he know, that Hell Hath No Fury Like A Woman Scorned (William Congreve - The Mourning Bride)

**AMBER** hands the fan to **BETHANY** and helps to guide her up to the tightwire platform as **THE GROUP** moves their chairs to the sides.



# BETHANY ACT

## Narrative

**Song:** "Cry Me a River" by Michael Buble

### **Begin:**

Now, you say you're lonely  
You cried the whole night through  
Well, you can cry me a river  
Cry me a river  
I cried a river over you  
And, now, you say you're sorry  
For being so untrue

Well, you can cry me a river  
Cry me a river  
I cried a river over you

You drove me  
Nearly out of my head  
While you never shed a tear, babe  
Remember?  
I remember all that you said

You told me love was too plebeian  
Told me you were through with me

## *Movement description*

### ***Begin:***

*Bethany stands on the platform, lifts her fan dramatically, and makes figure-8 motions with her leg.*

*Bethany walks to the middle of the wire, stands on her left leg, and alternates between tapping her left knee with her right foot and swinging her right leg behind her. She takes a few steps on tippy toes, then squats down on the wire.*

*Bethany stands up and turns to face the other way, walking towards the end of the wire with crossover steps. She reaches the end, then slides backwards. She stands on her right leg and strokes the wire with her left foot, then swivels her hips. She then runs back to the end of the wire and lands in a lunge. She stands up and turns around.*

And now you say you love me  
Well, just to prove that you do  
Why don't you cry me a river?  
Cry me a river  
'Cause I cried a river over you  
Over you  
You say you love me, but you lie

Now, you say you love me  
Well, just to prove that you do  
Come on and cry me a river  
Oh, cry me a river  
I cried a river over you  
I cried a river  
Over you

I cried a river  
Now you can, too  
Cry me a river  
Cry me a river

*Bethany walks to the middle of the wire, tapping her back foot on the wire with every step. She stops and poses, pushing her left leg out behind her while circling her left arm. She then does a rapid in-place chasse, and runs to the platform. She stands on the platform, alternates one knee in front of the other with hands overhead, then turns back to the wire and runs towards the middle.*

*Bethany stands on her left leg and lifts her right leg to extend in front of her, then places it back down. She then stands on her right leg and lifts her left leg in front of her, extending it out to the side and then behind her into an arabesque. She kicks her right leg up, then her left leg up, then runs to the platform.*

*Bethany walks slowly to the middle of the wire, then starts slowly sliding into a split. She stops halfway, circles her arm, then finishes sliding into a split. She pops her back leg off of the wire to come to a sitting position, then descends from the wire and walks dramatically towards the front of the stage.*



## MELISSA MONOLOGUE

**THE GROUP** begins to reassemble. Now people are getting more excited to tell their stories, and less uncomfortable.

**AMBER** hands the microphone to **MELISSA**. **MELISSA** grabs a large rolled, sheet of paper and heads to the podium.

**MELISSA:** Hi, my name is Melissa, she/her. I'm a short, but athletic female with red curly hair, and I'm a red flags survivor

**THE GROUP:** Hi, Melissa.

**MELISSA:** Now, my story needs some visuals. Amber, would you please?

**AMBER** unfolds the paper and holds it up for the audience.

**MELISSA:** Now, I used to work for Company A. At Company A, the owner, B.

**AMBER:** For boss?

**MELISSA:** For bitch. The owner, B, and the Vice President C, used to be married. They have been divorced for about 15 years at this point. C dated D for about 9 years, but they were recently broken up. B and D are besties. Then you have me, and I was also recently broken up from a 9 year long relationship. Ok, so we are up to speed.

Vice President C and I were staying late to work on an ad campaign that was due the following morning. I had been subconsciously upping my wardrobe game over the last few weeks. I was in a long figure hugging skirt with a turtleneck collar and high heels. I was covered, but still feeling very sensual. I was Don Draper and Joan Holloway rolled into one. We were going to stay all night if necessary!

After we tamed the wild ad, you said to me, "I want to show you something."

You took me to the new office building. You and the owner of the company (*AMBER points to the flow chart*) had signed the lease last week and you wanted to show it to me. It was dark - past 7pm and the lights weren't working in the building. I stared in awe of the space and of all its potential. You hung back a few steps and stared at me. I don't know how long we were there, but time stood still. It was the only place in the world that I wanted to be. We moved closer together in the middle of the room. I wanted you to kiss me. But when you didn't, I thought it showed such great respect, and that you were kind.

You showed me what would be your new office (where we would plausibly spend hours chatting about nothing and everything just like we did in your office now). The light from the parking lot outside was streaming in and I could barely see the broken tile on the floor. But you saw it. You grabbed my hand and guided my stilettos over the pieces. And in that moment, I thought that you would take care of me forever.

Things began to escalate and B began to treat me in a very different manner. She demoted me and put me into a new location to get me out of your office. She had her nanny follow me. I diverted my career path for you as I took a new job in a field that I had just successfully emerged from. I lowered myself so that you didn't have to. Because you couldn't. You were a partner in the company, you were important; and you insisted that in a few months, you would leave. I figured it wouldn't be long until we had the life we dreamed of, and I could wait it out.

You would pick me up from my new job and still take me to our office. The summer heat was rising as you led me to a new room. You pinned me against the wall and began to raise my black skirt over my hips. I grabbed for your belt and coyly suggested I perform the first job in the new office. You said, "no, that is my duty" and dropped to your knees. That was a first for me - someone selfless. In reality, it was a crumb that I would

hungrily cling to for years. After all of your hard work, I asked what room had you brought me to. It was B's. We threw our heads back in laughter.

Our secret dalliances only intensified as I patiently waited for you to begin to make your exit. I finally was able to move out from my ex's and you kept insisting that you were doing the same. We went to look at an apartment for you that B was subletting. We could be alone here! We wouldn't be in a car or an office. But you hated it so much. Just looking around at everything so cookie cutter and sterile. You craved originality and were such a creative soul. "I can't let you move in here - you'll hate it! Let's just wait it out until you can leave everything."

Four years had passed. We were in the same position, treading water. Or at least, I was still paddling. You were visiting less frequently, answering my texts later and later every day. You were so far away from me. I found out that your recent ex, D, replaced me in the workplace. She was coming in to work every day for you and B. Why could those women be friends and I could not?

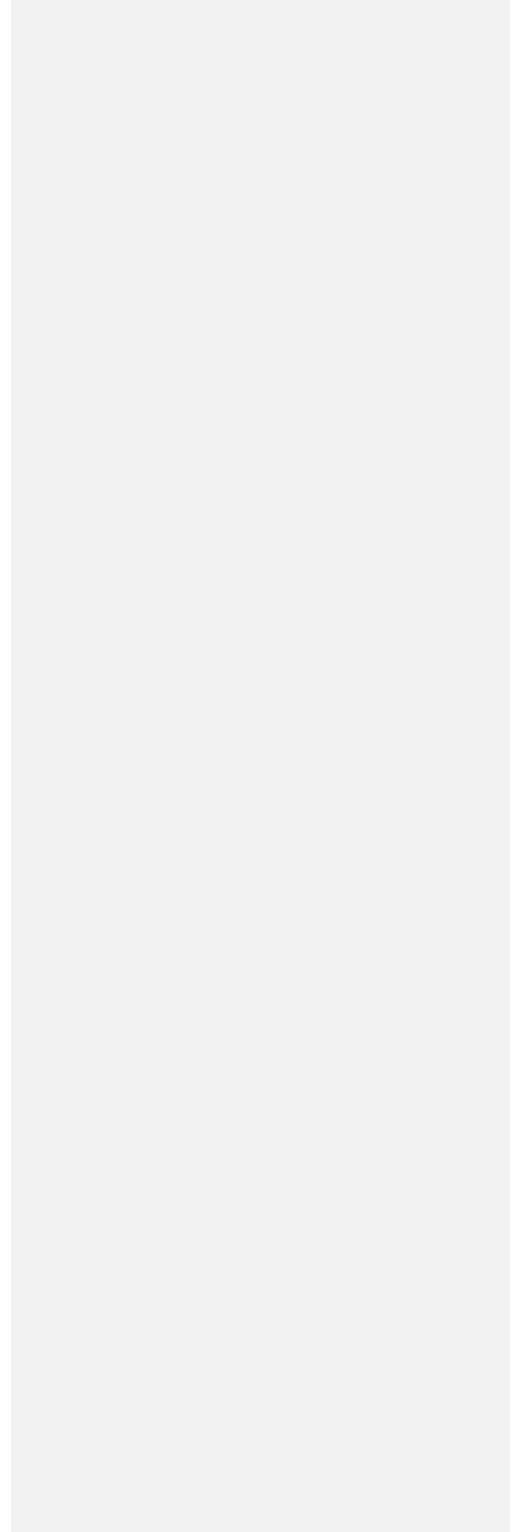
In the era of social media, hiding something for four years is quite a feat. But we did it! However, your other life would soon emerge. According to facebook, you and your ex were happily in love - you were her rock! When I asked you about it, you simply stated that you had not seen it, and she had the free will to write whatever she pleases. It doesn't make it true. She's keeping up appearances. What appearances?

This same weekend, I was moving to a new apartment. I was moving for the third time in four years and I was still not moving in with you. You asked to come by in the morning, to see my new place. But you never showed up. And then, you never texted.

Finally a picture of your newest addition emerged - a brindle Frenchie named after a Phillie's player. Where was your originality now? You fell off the face of the earth. No calls, no texts. Even when a man is 54, he will still ghost you like an impish boy. I could have shown up to your house that you

lived in with D. I could have shown up at your place of work where both B and D remain. Instead, I've chosen to oust you, Mark, on stage.

The lyra is lowered, and as "The Joke's On You" begins to play. **AMBER** leads **MELISSA** to the lyra and unzips her skirt.



# MELISSA ACT

## Narrative

**Song:** "Joke's on You" by Charlotte Lawrence

## Begin:

Drag me to death, like a lit cigarette  
Took my last breath, like the smoke from  
my lips

I've lied for you, and I liked it too  
But my knees are bruised, from kneelin' to  
you

I've had enough, but you're too hard to quit  
We've had our fun, now your sugar makes  
me sick  
I've lied for you, and I liked it too

But my makeup's ruined

## *Movement description*

## *Begin:*

*Melissa removes her black skirt and  
wiggles  
She spins around with the hoop and  
then mounts from the side*

*She pulls up in to the hoop and  
pushes one leg against the hoop,  
making a triangle shape  
I've had enough, but you're too  
hard to quit*

*She pulls over the top of the hoop  
into a hip hang*

*She threads her legs through the  
top ropes and rolls to her back, with  
one leg hooked on*

And now I'm laughin' through my tears  
I'm cryin' through my fear

But baby, if I had to choose

The joke's on you

The joke's on you  
God knows I've tried to be kind

But I will just lay down and die

Wearin' a fake smile  
The joke's on you

My heart's gone bad, now it won't beat for  
you  
You had your laugh, now I won't play the  
fool

I've lied for you, and I liked it too  
But I'm black and blue, from bleedin' for  
you

You strike the match, burn me out so fast  
Look what we had, now it's turned to ash  
I've lied for you, and I liked it too  
But my makeup's ruined

*the lyra and one hand holding the  
rope*

*She pulls up to sitting on the top of  
the hoop*

*She sinks back to her knees*

*Her hands hold the top of the hoop  
as she straddles her legs down*

*She is half in the hoop and half out  
and strikes  
an arabesque pose*

*She does a mermaid and rolls  
through the  
hoop until only her shoulder is  
pressing in  
and legs are dangling behind the  
hoop*

*She pulls up to the top bar and  
inverts below  
Her legs are in a stag shape*

*She rolls up onto the top of the  
hoop and sits between the ropes*

*She is holding a split upside down in  
the hoop*

And now I'm laughin' through my tears  
I'm cryin' through my fear

But baby, if I had to choose  
The joke's on you

The joke's on you

God knows I've tried to be kind

But I will just lay down and die  
Wearin' a fake smile  
The joke's on you

*with one leg pushing the bottom  
bar and the  
other is behind the top of the hoop  
She hooks both knees to the top bar  
and pulls  
back to sitting, then inverts into an  
upside down X shape, with legs  
pushing against the ropes  
She crochets one leg and then  
reaches down to the bottom bar  
She makes an inverted archer shape  
She pulls back up to sitting and  
wraps both legs in the ropes  
She pulls up to a parachute position  
She grabs the hoop up behind her  
back  
She does a back dive and then  
another drop  
She lands in a crucifix position with  
the hoop behind her*

## KIKI MONOLOGUE

**AMBER:** We have one last flag to wave this evening.

**AMBER** hands the microphone to KIKI.

**KIKI:** Hi, I'm Kiki. I'm (insert image description) and I'm a red flags survivor.

Commented [ST1]: NEED IMAGE DESCRIPTION

**THE GROUP:** Hi, Kiki.

**KIKI:** Is it bad that I just want to fuck you? On a hot day in July, I met "my type" while swimming at the apartment complex pool. Not only were you handsome- husky with big muscles, and air of confidence that only the God's could have, but generous as you offered to help me set up the grill for a party I was planning. Admittedly, I didn't notice your physical attractiveness, it was your generosity and kindness that pulled me in. But, it didn't take long for me to see you.....alllll of you. Your face, your lips, and the sound of your voice. So, is it bad that I just want to fuck you? I suppose it didn't take long for you to see me either. After all, I saw you watching me...watching my ass from afar in my bathing suit, peeking beyond the gate of the pool to see if I was there. I watched you watching me and wondered....."is it bad that I just want to fuck you"?

Until one day you text me in the 9pm hour telling me that you get off from work at 12am, and that if you were home you'd come by to watch a film. After all of your watching and all of my wondering, it seemed like this was our chance....better yet, MY chance to know if my fantasies of you could come true. However, I give you the green light and you stall, not answering my last text and the conversation went dead. Two days later, you text me at 3:41 am with a "GM u, I know it's early". And when I text you back in the daylight, you give me a lame excuse of why you reached out at that time of night.

At this point, I know you want what I want too. And I'm glad you're showing it, but I want you to go all the way. I want you to seal the deal, be a big boy,



and tell me you want me. I don't take you as the shy type, so what is it? Is there someone else? Or are you just playing a game to stroke your ego? Whatever it is, it still has me wondering "is it bad that I just want to fuck you"? The more you play these games, the more I want your skin on mine and the wilder my fantasies of you become. I should probably stop thinking of you, given your lack of communication. I even called you a few nights ago out of curiosity, but received no answer or call back from you. So, what's up? The summer is coming to an end, the pool season is closing, and soon you won't be able to stare at my ass at the pool. What do you want to do? Because I know exactly what I want to do, and what I want to do to YOU. For now, I only have my fantasies and that will have to do for now.

**AMBER** moves **KIKI's** chair and **THE GROUP** follows suit. **KIKI** performs her act.

# KIKI ACT

## **Narrative:**

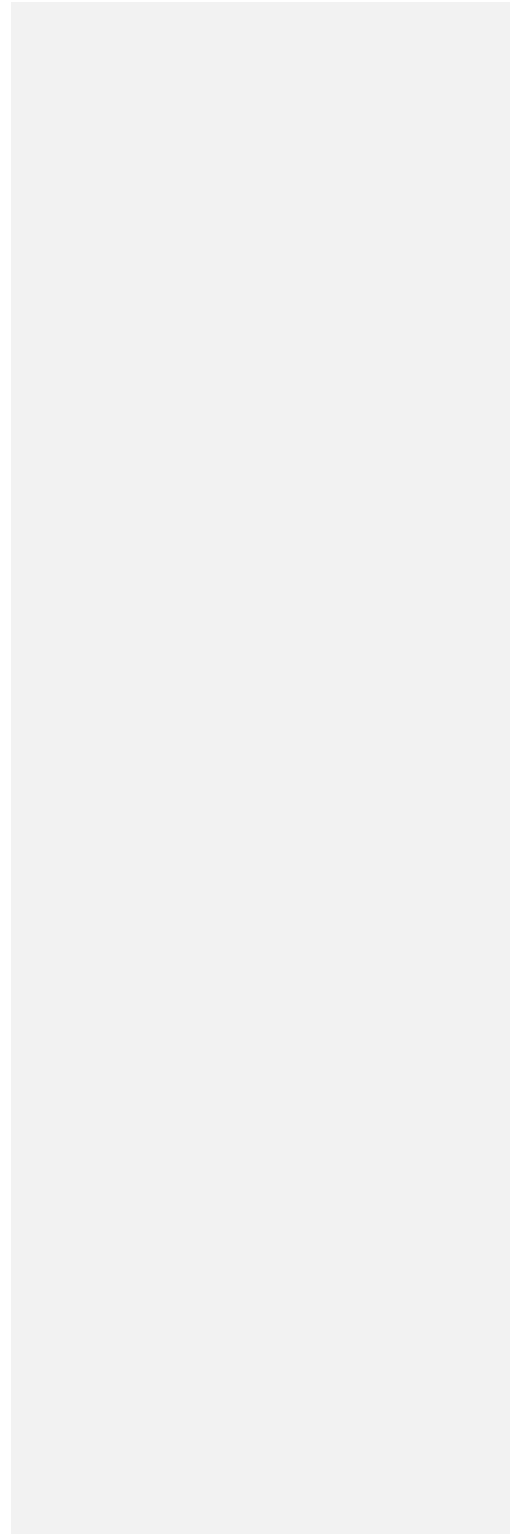
**Song:** "Rare" by Selena Gomez

## **Begin:**

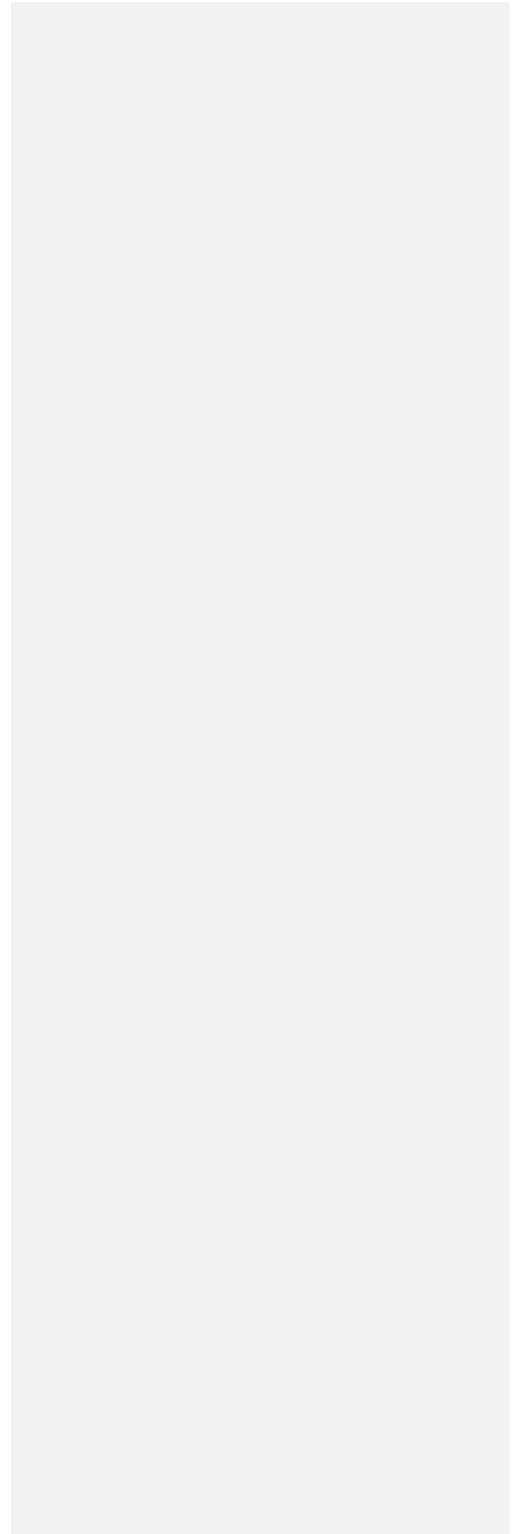
Baby (baby)  
You've been so distant from me lately  
(lately)  
And lately (and lately)  
Don't even want to call you baby (baby)  
Saw us getting older (older)  
Burning toast in the toaster  
My ambitions were too high (high)  
Waiting up for you upstairs (upstairs)  
Why you act like I'm not there?  
Baby, right now it feels like  
It feels like you don't care  
Oh, why don't you recognize I'm so rare?  
Always there  
You don't do the same for me  
That's not fair  
I don't have it all  
I'm not claiming to  
But I know that I'm special (special)  
Yeah  
And I'll bet there's somebody else out there  
To tell me I'm rare  
To make me feel rare  
Baby (baby)  
Don't make me count up all the reasons

## ***Movement description***

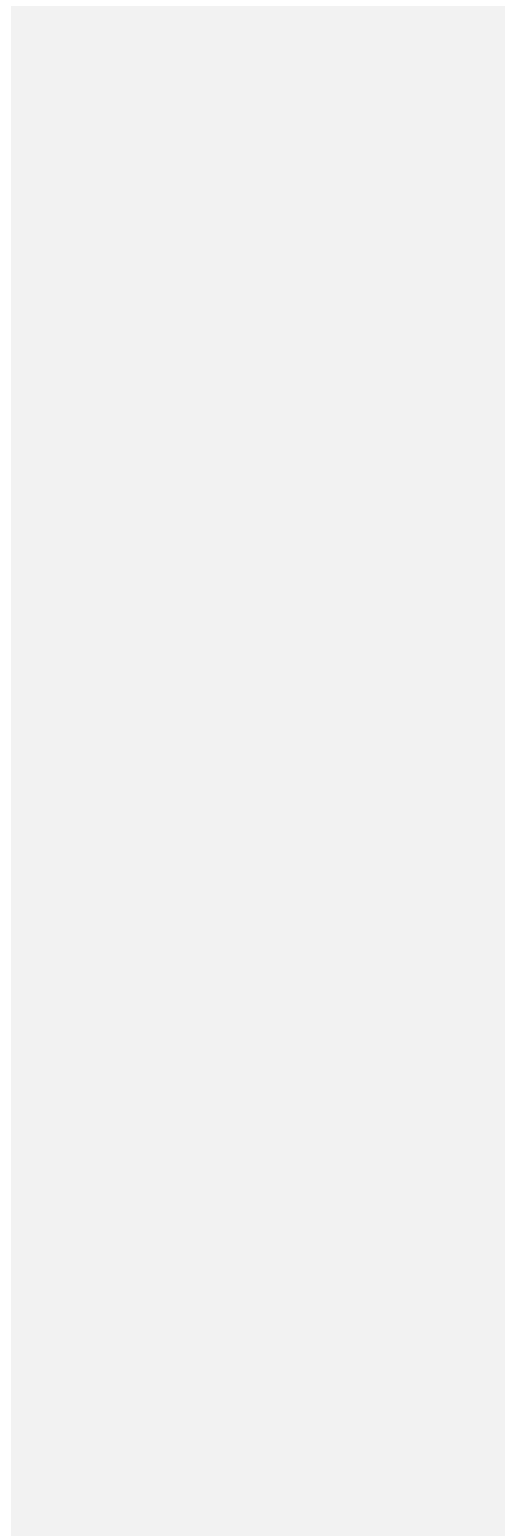
## **Begin:**



To stay with you  
No reason (no reason)  
Why you and I are not succeeding  
Ah-ah (mmm, ah, ah)  
Saw us getting older (older)  
Burning toast in the toaster (ah-huh)  
My ambitions were too high (too high)  
Waiting up for you upstairs (upstairs)  
Why you act like I'm not there? (Ah-huh)  
Baby, right now it feels like  
(What?)  
It feels like you don't care  
Oh, why don't you recognize I'm so rare?  
(I'm so rare)  
Always there  
You don't do the same for me  
That's not fair  
I don't have it all  
I'm not claiming to  
But I know that I'm special (special)  
Yeah  
And I'll bet there's somebody else out there  
To tell me I'm rare  
To make me feel rare (yeah, yeah)  
I'm not gonna beg for you  
I'm not gonna let you make me cry (ah, nah,  
nah, make me cry)  
Not getting enough from you (no-oh)  
Didn't you know I'm hard to find? (Hard to  
find)  
Saw us getting older  
Burning toast in the toaster  
My ambitions were too high (too high)  
Waiting up for you upstairs



Why you act like I'm not there?  
Baby, right now it feels like  
It feels like you don't care (you don't care)  
Why don't you recognize I'm so rare? (So  
rare)  
I'm always there  
You don't do the same for me  
That's (that's)  
Not (not)  
Fair  
I don't have it all (I don't have it all)  
I'm not claiming to (I'm not claiming to)  
I know that I'm special (special)  
Yeah  
And I'll bet there's somebody else out there  
To tell me I'm rare  
To make me feel rare  
(Ooh, yeah)  
So rare  
(Rare)



# Thank you for coming!!!

Visit our linktree!

<https://linktr.ee/watermelonbathtub>

Here you can:

VOTE for your favorite Fringe show

Submit a review and feedback

Donate for future shows

Thank you to Kitsie O'Neill, Greg and Shana Kennedy from The Philadelphia School of Circus Arts and Circus Campus Presents for supporting the show and for providing the space

Thank you for attending and supporting your local artists



**Watermelon  
Bathtub**  
Theatre Company

