

toiletlogues

Michaela Zakutanska

one act comedy for four actresses

CHARACTERS:

GOSA

MASA

BASA

DASA

GOSA: I am a flight attendant. I really love my job. I'm employee of a well known corporation where we have a nice uniforms and mainly social insurance.

If I died on the airplane related accidents, my family would be compensated with a lot of money. It is such an amount that I am afraid even to mention it.

If I had worked as a secretary for example and passed away in a job related tragedy, there is no compensation at all.

In addition to that, my job is really exciting. I used to fly several times per day. In many occasions we have also hotel accommodation and then there is few hours left to enjoy site seeing the city. For example London, Paris, Rejkjavik... Sometimes it gets worse Kosice or Bratislava.

MASA: Shit, such a small shit. I left up the bath cover and it was still there. In a hurry I splashed it away in order to avoid seeing it. It is not appropriate...

BASA: I am 12 years old and waiting for my first cycle. As far as I know, in this day the girl becomes a woman. I am little worried but it could be much worse if I would be the last one who got it in my classroom. Two of my classmates already got it and they

are acting as they were very important. I think such an experience causes many changes to the girl. I could finally avoid the Physical Education.

DASA: I am standing on the stage, playing Romeo and Juliet, it's a big scene. Romeo, Romeo why your name is Romeo? I am unable to continue my role. I am excessively sweating and it seems that my words are coming out of my lower belly. I need to go to the bathroom. I have not been there for 2 days. Time to time I have such problems.

GOSA: We are flying, flying and I am serving the beverages. It was flight to Paris. Such a distinguished French businessmen ordered wine. I was so cute to them. What if one of them for example the man with the mustache, might once become my husband. It is common that men love flight attendants. Sometimes some of them asked me for a date and I used to tell them about the turbulences and sudden emergency landings but I personally preferred to speak about the black day of our airline, when the microwave broke and we couldn't prepare hot baguettes during the long journey to Casablanca .

During the flight to Paris, when I was serving a red wine for the distinguished French guys a sudden fart. The French looked at each other but it was actually me!

MASA: As I splashed that shit away, I picked up the toilet cover in order to check out that shit and wither I can finally do my needs freely in a clear water, but the shit was still there! It was actually a light one, known as the aero shit. I repeated it once again but had to wait until the water refilled, meanwhile I was thinking about the eating habits of this person. I revised the Archimedes equation, where the immersed object becomes lighter under the effect of the pressure power which its size is equal to the quantity of immersed object.

BASA: Sometimes I train myself how to wear the pads. I wear it just to know how it will feel when I get the period. When I tried it for the first time, I placed it oppositely so I felt that something is wrong but how could I know which way should I put it? During that day I couldn't walk properly. After two hours I gave up.

My classmates who saw me throwing it into the litter basket, which of course must be placed in the most prominent site, thought that I already got it .Later on during one

kissing game and in front of the boys they asked me about it, so in order to avoid kissing one of the most ugly boy I had to say the truth and since then, everybody is calling me ALWAYS PAD...

DASA: I am sure I have never ever said lines forsake your father, give up your name! Lady in the front seats couldn't control her tears. One hour before the end of the show, I couldn't go to the toilette as the executive director left us on the stage for the whole long hours and as a result I had painful pressure in my lower abdomen and I felt that my rectum is completely filled.

GOSA: It happened to me for the first time. I have never had such problems in front of our airline clients. My cheeks flushed red totally and told them to fasten their seat belts due to the sudden cabin pressure change and that is when it makes strange sound on the plane.

MASA: I was sitting on the toilette desk, feeling totally desperate. I splashed for the three times, but it did not help at all. This person had to eat popcorn or something like that, but I could not leave toilet under these circumstances. It was lunch time and the restaurant was full of people. All my colleagues were there. People would think that this shit belonged to me. I said to myself that I must take it out and throw it to the litter basket. Otherwise it would never finish.

BASA: Most of all I am afraid that I will not find out that I already got it. What if I found out too late? Nobody can anticipate it in advance, like two days in advance for example. I would manage such a service on the internet, that two days before you get it for the first time you would receive e mail. Or it could be on facebook but so that not everybody could see it. Or maybe not. It could be fun though, because the most stupid girls from our class would place it on the Wall.

DASA: Once we played a four hour play a big Russian novel. I performed Natalia Ivanovna. Again I had to stay on the stage all the time. I just got out on the stage but I needed to pee already. But I handled it for the four long hours. I could not think about liquids, but the stage architect created scenes based on water. We were playing with water all the time, placing it from one bucket to another. My feet were in

a bowl full of water, behind me there was a waterfall and I had to drink the theatrical vodka all the time. But I managed. When I push myself I can handle. The next day newspaper published quiet positive critiques. The main protagonist performed brilliantly. She seemed like she was struggling with her urine. And due to this she created huge tension in relationship to her father. I got theatre award for this role. I have it in my toilet. I adjusted it especially for it.

GOSA: French guys fastened their seatbelts. Drop of sweat was going down my face and so my make up was not perfect anymore. I went to the kitchen and I gave pizza to the micro wave. I sat down for a while. I was so sad about what happened out there. It was not professional. I was disappointed with myself. In such beautiful job such things should not happen. Maybe I will have to resign. My bowels were behaving undetectably that day. I do not even eat. I have heard that people in certain overseas heights could have such difficulties. I was shocked from the impact of this scientific fact. I could feel it occur again.

MASA: I said to myself I will have to roll my sleeves up and throw it to the litter basket, otherwise it will never finish!

BASA: I am looking forward to get my period and become a woman. Then I will be adult. I already bought period calendar. Actually I bought three of them just in case of losing one of them. Most of all I am afraid that I would not know how often to change my pads. Should I wear one pad for an hour or two?

DASA: It was fifty eight minutes remaining till the end of show. I already could not handle it. If I left the stage now, director commits suicide. He was a little over stressed about his work. I was trying to concentrate on what they taught me in school, the small circle of attention. I focused on Romeo. But Romeo was expelled from Verona and suddenly he was on the opposite site of the stage. I could barely see him. It affected me a little. So I said to myself, me or the Director, me or the director?

GOSA: In a hurry I went to the bathroom and pfard myself out a lot. As a preventive measure so that it will not happen again in front of our clients. As I was leaving the

bathroom one of the French guys was standing there with a big smile on his face and he wanted to get in. Of course I could not allow him to, because I left behind me a quiet awful odor. I told him that he must go back to his seat and sit down because right now using the toilet is not allowed because we fly above Brussels.

MASA: I rolled my sleeves up. I had a plastic bag in my handbag. It was left from my snack meal which I packed to my work. I pulled the plastic bag on my right hand. With the second hand I held my nose and I did it. I splashed once more when my mobile phone rang. The boy with whom I was on the lunch and who fancied me wrote me a text message saying that he is giving up and that drug addicts are the only people who stay on toilet for such a long time.

BASA: I am thirteen and three quarter years old and I hate menstruation! I get it regularly every month and I will in the coming next forty years. I got my first cycle on the bus which was heading to Croatia. Of course I had all the pads in my luggage in the trunk of the bus. I could not tell the driver because he is a man! My classmate luckily had one pad because she was already a woman but the driver did not allow us to use the toilet on the bus because he had to clean it up afterwards. My classmate went to ask him twice. He said that the next stop will be in Hungary on the gas station. And it was, but five hours later.

DASA: Forty three minutes left. I thought about the acting technique of Michail Chechov. The center of my character I placed to the muscle sphincter of my ass. I was never before so excited about being poisoned by monk Vavrinec and finally laying myself down.

GOSA: I have no idea how I managed but the French guy only nodded and said that he understands and that we should not shit on the European parliament. He asked me whether this is my last flight today and if I am staying overnight in Paris. He wanted to invite me for a dinner. He said he owns a small hidden restaurant on top of Eiffel tower. What coincidence! That is exactly where I wanted to go today and I passed again. I do not know what a day was it, but our airlines changed the water bottled provider.

MASA: I lost the date but finally I had clear toilet of which I did not have to worry. I had my time. When I splashed even my shit was not sucked away! Probably they had some problem with canalization. I did not have another plastic bag. I said to myself, come on girl, it is your shit. It is better then to make a scandal in the restaurant. I have done what I had to do.

BASA: I tied my pullover over my belly. My trousers were totally dirty. What a shame. Fortunately the guys did not notice. It got worse in Croatia. I could not swim. I wanted to flirt with Fero, but he thought that I am strange that I do not swim. Then that cow Zuza told him that I can not swim because of period. Boys started to make fun of me and stick pads to my door.

DASA: Ten minutes before the end I exploded, literally. My bowel exploded. My white dress was covered by blood and strange colored liquids. The audience thought that it is a theatrical trick. Special effect which is a part of Juliet`s death. I was suffering in pains on the ground and screaming. Many spectators stood up and started to shout Bravo. During the bows I could not stand up. Meanwhile someone called ambulance and director got prize for the best direction.

MASA: I did not enjoy the taste of the food this day. I washed my hand at least three hundred times but I could still feel the smell. To this restaurant I am not going again. It was actually a shitty day!

BASA: I am fourteen years old. I am a woman now. All the life is in front of me. I can not talk to guys anymore because I can get pregnant. Goodbye childhood!

DASA: My bowels got sutured. Since then I play only one act plays.

GOSA: French guy was blond but he was not stupid. He knew that it was me. Our date in a small hidden restaurant on the top of the Eiffel Tower was cancelled. He said he just remembered that it is his mother`s birthday and he promised to spend it with her. Career of the flight attendant was over for me. French guy complained about me. Later on I searched on the web for women with similar difficulties or experiences. They call themselves W.H.Y.C.P.A.C. They are women who committed

a pfard in front of a man. Together we have group therapies where we talk about it. The therapy always starts with words: Here you can pfard and cry! Women! Here you can pfard and cry!