

FRIZZ!

A Rock Musical
By Carey Seward

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ACT I

SCENE 1

PROJECTION: ENJOY THE SHOW

SONG - ENJOY THE SHOW

FRIZZ

THANK YOU FOR COMING TO MY SHOW
THANK YOU FOR LETTING ME KNOW YOU LIKE MY ART
WITH YOUR MONEY
I LOVE MONEY
I LOVE MONEY FOR MY ART SO I CAN
KEEP CREATING THINGS, BOTH TRAGICAL AND FUNNY
I'M VERY CREATIVE
I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AN IDEA MACHINE
ALWAYS LIVING IN A DREAM
OR SEVERAL DREAMS I JUMP BETWEEN
I HAVE MENTAL ILLNESS
I HAVE BIPOLAR DISEASE
WHICH SOMETIMES MAKES THINGS A BREEZE
AND SOMETIMES MAKES IT HARD TO BREATHE
BUT THE STAGE IS MY OFFICE
AND MY BELONG RIGHT HERE
WITH YOU KIND OF CLOSE
BUT NOT TOO NEAR
SO YOU STAY THERE AND I'LL STAY HERE
AND NOW IT'S TIME...
THANK YOU FOR COMING TO MY SHOW
THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME AN HOUR OF YOUR LIFE
THAT YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK
SO I BETTER MAKE IT WORTH YOUR TIME
SO HERE GOES...
ENJOY THE SHOW

PROJECTION: LAND ACKNOWLEDGEMENT - Seward's Folly

I was born in Greenville, South Carolina. That is the place my family had come to, a collection of European immigrants from Ireland, England, Scotland and Germany. White for short. When I was three months old, my parents moved to Alaska. My mother grew up as a missionary kid for an evangelical Christian church. My grandparents spent their lives starting churches and spreading the good news to those in the far north. And my mother wanted to be near her mother while I was a baby.

My father had never been to Alaska before, but had a name that was plastered on half the map of the state. Seward.

(MORE)

FRIZZ (CONT'D)

There is a town, a peninsula, and more named after William Henry Seward who served at President Lincoln's secretary of state from whatever to whatever and famously facilitated the sale of Alaska from Russia to the US for 2 cents an acre. At that time, no one had a clue that there was gold in them thar hills or oil under the ground. Alaska was full of furs, an incredibly valuable resource at the time. None the less, the purchase of the state was called "Seward's Folly."

So although, as far as I know, no Seward's had ever been to Alaska before, the history of colonialism had brought my name to the state long before I arrived. I just wanted to acknowledge that I live on the land on the Dene people near the site of the village of Chena, now called Fairbanks. I wish they'd take the Seward name off of everything and honor the people who honored and cared for the land since time immemorial.

Today we're on the land of the _____ people and I'm grateful for all the beauty of the natural world that they preserved for thousands of years before contact. Ana baasee', which means "thank you" in Koyukon Athabaskan, the indigenous language where I'm from.

PROJECTION: SATURDAY NIGHT

SONG: SATURDAY NIGHT

FRIZZ (CONT'D)

MOM WAS SHOPPING FOR A RUG
CALLED "THE APPALACHIAN SPRING"
DAD WAS IN LIQUOR STORE WHEN THAT
BABY BELL STARTED TO DING DING DING
SHE SAID, "BABY! (BABY!)
YOU'RE SIX WEEKS EARLY!"
I SAID, "MOMS, I JUST DON'T CARE!
THE BASS IS BUMPING AND THE PARTY IS JUMPING AND "GET ME
OUTTA HERE!"

I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
AT 10:28 PM
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
JUST IN TIME FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN

I WAS THE QUEEN OF THE SLUMBER PARTY
BEACH PARTY, POOL PARTY,

YACHT PARTY, YURT, TINY CABIN PARTY TOO
AND I ALWAYS STAY UP THE LATEST
AND THEN TURN TO MY BEST FRIEND
AND SAY, "NOW WHAT WE GONNA DO?"
OH IF THERE AIN'T A PARTY
THEN THERE'S SOMETHING TO THROW
CUZ EVERY DATE NIGHT NEEDS SOMEWHERE TO GO
AND WE ALWAYS TURN IT UP TO 11
CUZ EVERY PARTY MIGHT BE
THE BEST PARTY EVER!

I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
AT 10:28 PM
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
JUST IN TIME FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN

I WOKE UP IN HIGH SCHOOL
ONE DAY OH NO
DADDY WAS HOME
AND I WASN'T ALONE
THERE WERE SIX BAGS OF BEER CANS
ON THE BACK DECK
I LOOKED AT MY FACE,
YEAH MY LIFE WAS A WRECK
AND DAD SAID: I CAN'T BLAME YOU
FOR MAKING OUT WITH BOYS
AND THE COPS WEREN'T CALLED
SO THERE WASN'T TOO MUCH NOISE
I LEFT YOU ALONE,
SO REALLY I'M TO BLAME
BECAUSE YOU KNOW LITTLE FRIZZ,
YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN THE SAME.

I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
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JUST IN TIME FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN

SO DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO DO
CUZ I DO WHAT I WANT
AND I'M GONNA CHOOSE THE COLOR
AND THE SIZE AND THE FONT
I LIVE PRETTY FAST
CUZ I GOT PLACES TO GO
AND IF YOU CAN'T KEEP UP
JUST ENJOY THE SHOW
AND WHEN I DIE
DON'T YOU DARE OPEN THAT CASKET

OR SEND PLASTIC DEATH FLOWERS
OR A FANCY FRUIT BASKET
JUST HAVE A SUPERPARTY
ALL NIGHT LONG
AND PUT MONEY IN THE JUKEBOX
AND PLAY ONLY MY SONGS CUZ

I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
AT 10:28 PM
I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
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I WAS BORN ON SATURDAY NIGHT
JUST IN TIME FOR THE SHOW TO BEGIN

I was, in fact, born on Saturday Night at 10:28 PM. My hair was frizzy, I refused to be quiet, and I demanded attention. Not much has changed.

When I was planning to write this show, I knew I had to be able to do it with frizzy hair because no matter what, my hair would probably end up a frizz ball at some point before I was going on stage. And that freaked me out, so I knew it had to be part of the show. Things that hurt, things that scare me to say, things that freak me out to show others. What freaks you out to show others? First of all, my weight.

PROJECTION: BABY GIRL

I saw a little girl yesterday. A toddler, maybe 18 months old. She was learning to walk with her brand new legs. She was healthy, strong. And this little creature, this fresh little being had legs with a little pooch on the inside of her knee. She had legs shaped like mine, just a tiny version. And I was so sorry for her. So sorry that her life would be filled with strife. So sorry that she would always hate her legs, the part of her body she will look down on all the time. So sorry she wouldn't have the career options, so sorry she would suffer though a life where she wasn't approved of by the commodified, cishetero male gaze.

But she is growing up in a new world. A world with fat positivity. And Lizzo! And me. Today I weigh _____ (254) pounds. That's _____ (115) kilos and _____ (18) stone. How does that number make you feel? Do you think "Woah! That's so much.

(MORE)

FRIZZ (CONT'D)

I'd would never let myself get that heavy." Do you think "Wow, less than I thought." What are your judgments about me based on my weight? Would you hire me over a thin woman? Would you date me? Does the number ___ reverberate in your mind? Are you just glad you don't weigh that much? Do you weigh more? Does it make you feel bad that I'm talking about being fat and I'm not even as fat as you?

PROJECTION: PINK!

I love pink. I've always chosen pink if given the option. I've no idea why, I just gravitate toward it. I'm not trying to be feminine necessarily, I just like pink. It's so consistent that I've learned to accept it. When I was very young, I started ballet lessons. White girls from middle class families in my town all started ballet at 4 years old, like I did. When it came time for our first performance, they ordered tutus for everyone. And when the boxes were opened, they were pink and blue. Of course I wanted pink. I ALWAYS want pink. The pink tutus were small and medium, the blue were large and extra large. Why do we tell four-year-olds they are "EXTRA LARGE"? Extra? Large? According to Merriam-Webster "Extra" means: more than is due, usual, or necessary.

"Large" means: Exceeding most other things of like kind especially in quantity or size : BIG. Why? How much four-year-old girl is necessary and why is more unnecessary?

Why is one of the four sizes offered to the children a condemnation? Why do we tell people that they are too much for just existing? I did NOT get a pink tutu because I exceeded most other things of my kind in size. The fact that four sizes were offered and each size covered one quarter of my class didn't matter. That 25% of very young girls were doomed. My little tiny dancer spirit was crushed. I couldn't have a pink tutu because my butt was too big. My brand new growing strong little butt was "more than necessary."

The second definition of extra is: subject to an additional charge. It's a cost the "Extra Large" pay over and over in this world for daring to exist.

PROJECTION: PEANUT M&M

(MORE)

FRIZZ (CONT'D)

I wanted to fit. I wanted to fit in. I wanted to be fit. I wanted to be more than frizzy hair and a big butt. I wanted to be pretty.

Every diet and exercise routine in every teen magazine... Low-Fat was in, so I decided I was going all in. I believed that if I tried hard enough, if I worked hard enough, if I was a good enough person, I could be the right size. I could be pretty. I could be actually, truly the right size to matter, to fit, to be loved. Over and over again, I would diet. My parents were both fat, and sad, and not paying attention. I wanted to be smarter and prettier and thinner than anyone in my family. I wanted to get out, to be a success, so over and over and over NEW DIETS
Grandma put us all on the cabbage soup. Weeks of soup. It never worked or lasted. But that was my family.

So, I stopped eating fat. To get ready for high school, to start my high school career off right. Pretty, popular, successful, and all that required that I be thin.

Rice cakes, sips of water, broccoli
Lettuce, apples, lemon water

Tuna had a little fat, but that seemed okay. All summer. May, June, July, August. I had already completed 4 months without fat when school started.

I wore miniskirts. I still had fair skin, freckles and dimpled thighs, but it was okay because I was on my way to perfection. I was figure skating most days, pushing myself to go as hard as I could to be okay, to be great, to be loved.

I was aspiring to be like the 90's supermodels, the svelte Hollywood stars, and Princess Diana. It was the third week of high school. My freshman year. Year 9. I hadn't eaten any fat (that wasn't in tuna) that I knew about for over four months. I was SO tired. Thirteen years old. A child. Exhausted all the time.

Slow. My brain was foggy, my mental calculations slower than before, a vacant look in my eye. Because every bit of my power was going into telling myself I wasn't hungry. That's what I said any time anyone offered me food. "I'm okay. I'm not hungry." It was never true.

(MORE)

FRIZZ (CONT'D)

My beautiful Asian ballerina friend, who incidentally had acne and crooked teeth, but all I saw was that she was thin. I thought she was perfect. We were standing there in our mini skirts and our heels, holding our books across our chests, and looking insanely cool. Maybe we looked like supermodels, maybe we looked like little girls in our mothers shoes. Makeup caked our faces. Boys. Were. Everything. And one was on the way.

He had baggy jeans and the shy half smile that meant he wasn't going to give you the satisfaction of a full smile, but he was still a little into you. He was eating a bag of M&M's. These bright little candies smelled like a chocolate cloud as he crushed them walking toward us. He poured a few into his hand and said "Oh shit." There were two green M&M's in his outstretched his hand.

In my culture, green M&M's are considered a fine aphrodisiac, and turning down such an offering would have been an insult to this fine ass boy. It was overly complicated by my beautiful, ballerina friend standing right there, reaching for her romantic offering of a sex candy. So I reached out, popped it in my mouth and savored the forbidden pleasure. And DAMN, but I hadn't eaten in SO LONG. When the sugar hit my tongue, it was a supernova in my head. I almost fell over. And I could think again. It was insane.

I wish I could say that was the last day I participated in diet culture. Atkins, Natural Hygiene, Mediterranean, Oprah's Trainer's Diet, Low Cal, Low fat, Low carb, Weight Watchers, Keto, Intermittent Fasting. I'm on a diet right now. Current research suggests that diets do more harm than good, that they don't work. But I can't let go of the dream. I can't stop dreaming of the day I'm perfect.

PROJECTION: PERFECT

SONG: PERFECT

I JUST WANTED TO BE PERFECT
PERFECTLY THIN
TO PERFECTLY FIT IN
PERFECT HAIR AND PERFECT SKIN
I JUST WANT TO BE PERFECT
PERFECTLY LIGHT
MY VOICE, MY HAIR, MY VIBE
IN THE PERFECT TRIBE