

Glass Ceiling

Seven women fill the stage in various stances. A figure dressed in black has them "chained" to him with tape measures tied to their necks, arms, etc. They are dressed in the fashion of a traditional housewife circa 1960. As they sing they slowly rise, removing their garments and tearing away the tape measures revealing neutral slips. Lines in bold are said together. All other lines are individuals unless otherwise stated. Indentions indicate a new person speaking.

A faint note, like a finger being run around a glass plays, and then:

Singing, Some:

I have one voice
And I use that voice
To try and change.

More:

Can you hear my voice?
Hear me speaking out
To try and change.

All:

I am here
And I want to reach someone
Please try to change

I have one voice
And I use that voice
To try and change.

Can you hear my voice?
Hear me speaking out
To try and change.

A voice is all I have
To change the things I see
And I want to reach you

I am here
I'm writing my own story
I am standing up

For me
For she
For those who can't stand for themselves

Please try to change.

In slips now. They can help each other out of their outfits-- they are all self-aware. They speak:

A Woman is not
Your plaything
To look at
An object

A Woman is not
Your possession
Your property
A frail being

She's not a second-class citizen
Your punching bag
Or something on a magazine cover

She's not meant to fit inside a box

She's not made from a cookie cutter

I am strong

I have a voice

I am my own person

I don't need your permission

I don't need your blessing

We don't need your permission to live our lives.

I am worthy.

I have spent my life

Never being good enough

Endlessly comparing myself to others

Overly self-conscious, overly self-aware

It took me 20 years to love myself

And some days I still struggle.

I'm speaking up because if I don't, who will?

Women. We have been here since the beginning of time itself.

And yet here we are

Still fighting to be heard

To be respected

To be equal.

This is no new concept.

It's been spoken of before

But to cease speaking

Is to cease fighting

And that would render **centuries** of fight to nothing.

I am a woman.

I am more than your errand-runner

I am more than your housewife

I am more than 82 cents to the dollar

I have the right to my body

To my choices

To my way of life

Without some old white guy weighing in.

I counted the number of times I was interrupted today.

The number of times I was told I was wrong.

By someone who should be my equal.

I have thoughts in my head that are worth sharing!

I am here!

Don't tread on me.

For "though she be but little, she is fierce"

We have suffered throughout time

But only recently have we learned to fight back

For "if you prick us, do we not bleed?"

“And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?”

We shall.

We do.

And you’re befuddled.

Invoking antique rules to shut us down

To shut us up.

Through all time, you have Beat us

Blocked us

Butchered us

Blamed us

Burdened us

Berated us

Belittled us

But nevertheless, we persisted.

You *want* us to just sit there and take it

To shut up

But I’m not planning on shutting up anytime soon

Not when I have to hear things like

Well I’m smaller than you!

When my whole class gets to hear

Your waist is so small!

And of course

Wow you’re so tall!

And

Your wrists are so tiny

When I’ve had people tell me

Go eat a cheeseburger

Or I get asked

Are you sure you want to eat that?

Why is this normal?

Why is this okay?

Women are oogled

Treated as less-than

As something dirty

As an insult

Don't be a pussy!

Why not?

I mean it *is* the strongest muscle in the body.

What are we supposed to do?

We can't help the way we were made.

What do you want from me?

To sit on your shelf

To be prim and proper

A breakable china doll

I'm not a fucking Barbie doll

I am an equal

Not a suppliant

What do you want from us?

Perfection

In your eyes

In their eyes

Unattainable

Unreasonable

Impractical

They sing.

“Perfect”

You say you want

“Quiet”

“Proper”

“Agreeable”

You say this is what we should aspire to be.

Your “perfect”. That’s not me

Trim

Full

Slim

Curvy.

But look at me here, and here and right over here.

There’s too much right here and I’m not quite right there.

This ideal is not ever something I will be.

You say you want “perfect”.

You don’t have to say it, the way that you show us in magazines,

In models

In movies

In TV

How could we think anything else?

And so I made war on myself, I made war on my friends

Now I'll make war on this world that made war on me

I made war on myself

When I was all I had

You pit us against us

For something that's never existed at all.

Perfect is trouble and perfect is forced

You made me choose weak when I could have been strong

You made us fight when we could get along

When it's here I belong

And here I am.

Looking here and here and right over here

And I'm never saying the things that I'm feeling

Why do I wanna perfect?

We don't need to be perfect.

Why must we live up to colossal expectations?

Why have I spent most of my life hating the skin that I'm in?

The skin that I'm in is beautiful.

The start to help each other dress in a new outfit. The next section is layered.

I'm sorry I'm too loud

(You don't get to tell me)

I'm sorry I won't behave

(You don't get to make me)

I'm sorry I won't give in to your standards

(You don't get to have me)

I'm sorry I won't be quiet

You don't get a say.

I won't spend my life waging

War on me

War on me

War on me

War on me

It's not me that's the problem. It's not me that's the issue.

You say "this is what a woman should be"

That's not me.

The song ends. The women are now all dressed in modern clothing, perhaps hinting at their profession. Though this does in its way still present archetypes, the idea is that a woman can be anything. Maybe one is in a pantsuit, one is extremely girly, one is more indie, and one is dressed in what we might think a modern housewife should be.

A woman should be anything she wants to be.

Some: The future is feminist.

The others: We won't stand for anything less.

They look up for these lines until the very last one, which is said out to the audience.

The glass ceiling

Hangs over us

Looming

Leering

I see it

It's taunting me

But one day

I'll shatter it.

Blackout.