

Trinity College

Trinity College Digital Repository

The Trinity Papers (2011 - present)

Trinity Publications (Newspapers, Yearbooks,
Catalogs, etc.)

Summer 2020

Fruit Salad

Georgia Beckmann

Trinity College, Hartford Connecticut

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/trinitypapers>



Part of the [Theatre and Performance Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Beckmann, Georgia, "Fruit Salad". *The Trinity Papers (2011 - present) (2020)*.

Trinity College Digital Repository, Hartford, CT. <https://digitalrepository.trincoll.edu/trinitypapers/85>

2020

Fruit Salad

Georgia Beckmann
Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut

Fruit Salad

Monologue with Edible Puppetry

Created and performed as part of the Trinity/ La MaMa Program

Georgia Beckmann

Content Warning: Eating Disorders

Lights up revealing GIRL seated at a kitchen table, smiling. Before her is a bowl, a cutting board, a small knife, and a spoon. There is a small trash can next to the table.

GIRL:

I've never felt closer to my mother than when I was keeled over a toilet, puking my brains out.

GIRL reveals a puppet version of herself (Lime Puppet): an orange with a lime head, clove eyes, and a carved-out smile. She stacks her family, made of various other fruits and vegetables, around the puppet version of herself:

The first memory I have of throwing up was on a car ride coming home from New Jersey. I was 2 years old. My parents, all my siblings, and I were piled into our silver minivan. I was eating baby carrots...

GIRL plops a large bag of baby carrots onto the table. She picks one up, inspects it, and proceeds to shove it into the mouth of the Lime Puppet as she speaks:

...You know when you first open a bag of baby carrots, and they're wet and slick and neon and crunchy and just... perfect? We were all eating them, but I insisted on holding the bag so I could eat more than anyone else. My chubby baby hands were only able to hold one at a time, but I turned into a vacuum. Baby carrot after baby carrot after baby carrot. Until there were none left. A family-sized bag of baby carrots mulched into a two-year-old's stomach...

Pause. GIRL turns Lime Puppet around, revealing another face, lacking a mouth. She shoves the carrot through the back of the puppet's head, simulating regurgitation:

...Minutes later, I threw up every single baby carrot that I'd eaten. And they were just as tangerine-orange and wet and crunchy as when they'd gone in.

GIRL clears all puppets except Lime Puppet, and Mother Puppet (a grapefruit with a clementine head).

The second time I remember throwing up, I was 3 and my Nana...

GIRL lovingly presents Nana Puppet, an aged grapefruit with a molding Granny Smith apple, carved with wrinkles, as a head:

...had just died...

GIRL topples Nana Puppet over unceremoniously. She does the sign of the cross. She picks up a green plastic bag and ties Nana Puppet inside it as she speaks:

GIRL (cont.):

...I can't remember how my parents explained to me what death was, but I cried. Hard. It was incomprehensible that people could close their eyes and never open them again and that that had happened to someone I knew. Someone I loved...

GIRL drops plastic bag, containing Nana Puppet into the trash can, then picks up sobbing Lime Puppet and comforting Mother Puppet:

...I sobbed myself sick, choking on my own tears and gurgling up water, stomach acid, and sadness. My mother held back my hair as I retched out the hurt.

Lime Puppet vomits into the bowl. Mother and Lime puppets mimic each other, observing one another then looking outward:

I wonder if my mother noticed our similarities back then. When she was young, she was plagued with cramps and comforts and cravings. Her flesh ripened and wilted too many times to count. And I'm terrified of becoming like that. Of bloating and bulging only to shoot outward and get stuck that way. So, I ran...

Lime Puppet runs away.

...As far and as fast as I could. To make up for our similarities. To counteract them...

GIRL puts down Lime and Mother Puppets. She places several stalks of celery on the cutting board. She places a clementine head on one stalk, creating the Aunt Puppet. She takes the small knife and shaves down the body of the Aunt Puppet:

...As quickly as I am fleeing from my mother, I am sprinting towards my aunts: The few in my family with tiny bellies. Flat. Skinny, even. And they stay that way their whole lives. Never swelling with the burden of consuming only to regret. They never throw up. They stay erect. Upright. Controlled. Like princesses. Their eyes scream for release from the restrictive prisons they've built for themselves. Their hearts beat relentlessly against the bars made from protruding ribs and hips. And I yearn to be like them. Like that. To have control over my body. To say no. But I'm not a princess...

GIRL removes the head of Aunt Puppet and lays her down with other celery stalks. She picks up Mother and Lime Puppets and positions them over the bowl:

...I never have been. I am my mother's daughter. I'm in the exact same place that she was, at the exact same age, in the exact same position: jaw unhinged, stomach heaving, disgorging myself of my sins.

GIRL puts Lime Puppet to the side. She stands, no longer smiling. She picks the clementine head off of the Mother Puppet and begins peeling it, and placing the pieces next to the celery stalks:

GIRL (cont.):

I am kneeling over a toilet in an alternate dimension now. Gone is the orangest carsick and the purest grief. Now I am vomiting the consumption of my mother. The constraint of my aunt. The conditions of every woman in my family...

GIRL takes knife and begins carefully slicing the celery and clementine pieces:

...This is my rite of passage. This is my coming of age story. Bowed at the waist, pressure on my abdomen, heaving up everything I've ever known at far too young an age...

GIRL bends to pick up a comically large knife or cleaver, too large for chopping fruit and vegetables, and begins chopping up the remnants of her family:

...Hurling up the impossibly heavy stomachs of the people in my family, glowing with stretch marks; ventilating the pressure of looking like a princess when I was never meant to be crowned; choking on the chunky excitement of expunging myself, of finally finding control in this lack of control I have, of starting over and molding myself anew; evacuating the pain...

GIRL scoops chopped celery and clementine into the bowl:

...and the hurt and the pain of never being taught how to love myself for what I am.

GIRL removes the head of Lime Puppet, rips it in half, and squeezes the juice into the bowl, over the fruit salad.

She picks up her spoon and takes a large bite. She chews. She chews. She chews. She freezes. She places the bowl back on the table. She keels over. She does not swallow the food. She stares into the audience.

The fruit salad dribbles out of her mouth as she speaks:

I've never felt closer to my mother than when I was keeled over a toilet, puking my heart out.