

UC Santa Cruz

UC Santa Cruz Electronic Theses and Dissertations

Title

Trust the Space: How Directors are Affected by Theatrical Spaces and Genres

Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/4m82g2c5>

Author

Schuler, Jennifer

Publication Date

2015

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SANTA CRUZ

**TRUST THE SPACE: HOW DIRECTORS ARE AFFECTED BY
THEATRICAL SPACES AND GENRES**

A thesis submitted in partial satisfaction
of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

In

THEATER ARTS

by

Jen Schuler

June 2015

The Thesis of Jen Schuler
is approved:

Professor Brandin Barón-Nusbaum,
Chair

Professor Kimberly Jannarone

Professor David Cuthbert

Tyrus Miller
Vice Provost and Dean of Graduate Studies

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Table of Contents	iii
Table of Illustrations	iv
Abstract	v
Acknowledgements	vi
Introduction.....	1
Chapter I: The Director	3
Chapter II: Understanding the Space	6
Case Studies	12
Chapter III: Concept vs. Performance	16
Case Studies	18
Chapter IV: Innovation and Ingenuity.....	24
Case Studies	25
Chapter V: Trust the Barn	30
Appendices	33
BarnStorm Project Proposal.....	34
Chautauqua Director Proposal	36
Artistic Director Notes from <i>Peter Pan</i>	37
BarnStorm Syllabus (Page One)	38
Supplementary Material.....	39
<i>Gruesome Playground Injuries</i> Script (Full)	40
Bibliography.....	72

TABLE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Fig 1. Barn Theater UCSC Lower Campus construction 1968 (Photographer Unknown)

Fig 2. Picture of the Barn Theater after just being painted (©David Murakami)

Fig 3. Floor plan of the Barn Theater (Unknown)

Fig 4. Production still from 2014 production of *Gruesome Playground Injuries*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 5. Production still from 2014 production of *Gruesome Playground Injuries*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 6. Production still from 2014 production of *Gruesome Playground Injuries*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 7. Production still from 2013 production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 8. Production still from 2013 production of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 9. Cast of *Twilight Zone One Nighter*, BarnStorm 2014 (Photographer Unknown)

Fig 10. Production still from 2015 production of *Peter Pan*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 11. Production still from 2015 production of *Peter Pan*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

Fig 12. Production still from 2015 production of *Peter Pan*, in the Barn Theater (©David Murakami)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SANTA CRUZ

ABSTRACT

TRUST THE SPACE: HOW DIRECTORS ARE AFFECTED BY THEATRICAL
SPACES AND GENRES

by Jen Schuler

Chairperson of the Supervisory Committee: Professor Brandin Barón-Nusbaum
Department of Theater Art

Trust the Space: How Directors are Affected by Theatrical Spaces and Genres is a perspective on how directors adapt to *poor theater* and how space, genre, and thematic elements affect the outcome of a theatrical piece. Focusing on The BarnStorm Theater Company, a student-run theater at the base of the University of California Santa Cruz campus, I will explore a series of shows that I have directed, as well as a number of shows that I have produced as Artistic Director over the past year.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The author wishes to express sincere appreciation to Professors Barón-Nusbaum, Jannarone, and Cuthbert for their assistance in the preparation of this manuscript. In addition, special thanks to Paul Rossi and Sarai Gallegos whose partnership in running The BarnStorm Theater Company has been invaluable.

I n t r o d u c t i o n

My intention in this thesis is to help any would-be directors, artistic directors, and future students of BarnStorm; I hope that this work will enable a dialectical conversation between the new emerging directors and the leaders of BarnStorm. This is the product of multiple lines of inspiration: the first being my experience as Artistic Director of The BarnStorm Theater Company; the second being my interest in understanding how a director finds her style; and the third being the uniqueness of the BarnStorm theatrical space.

In this paper, I will detail what I have found successful when working in The BarnStorm Theater as a director. Directors adapt and create their own style within certain scenarios and spaces, and one that is formed through *poor theater* is one that can maintain a storyline through the function of emotion. The term *poor theater* comes from Jerzy Grotowski, one of the great directors of modern theater. He began to define performance as “style that rids itself of the excesses of theatre,” essentially stripping away the lavish costumes and sets to reveal the “nature of the role, and the relationship between actor and spectator” (Cash, *Poor Theatre Conventions*). That is where BarnStorm comes into play—the success of a space like The BarnStorm Theater is that it lends itself to the relationship between actor and spectator. It becomes a catalyst for the formation of intention, from the audience to the actor, and it is in this relationship that we begin to see the true potential of the space.

Directors are storytellers, who have the ability to pin-point moments in our lives and project them onto a community, as well as tell stories that make us examine our

own existences. Jerzy Grotowski described how the stripping away of costumes, sets, and music leaves the connection between the actor and the audience open, free to exist within the confines of the space. This allows the message to not only be clear, but to also resonate with all those involved, exposing the purity of storytelling (Croyden, *Jerzy Grotowski*).

Keeping Grotowski's ideas in mind, I look at BarnStorm as an opportunity waiting to happen, a chance for students to realize and generate new and exciting art. When we view directing as a tool, utilized for students and theater practitioners, we establish a unique dialectical conversation that is both subjective and sublime. BarnStorm, therefore, is a theater for the students and a stage for expression of the individual, as well as the communal. BarnStorm is more than what is presented onstage; it is a social theater. It is set apart from other theatrical spaces by the community that it creates.

Chapter 1

THE DIRECTOR

Ours is not a deductive method of collecting skills. Here everything is concentrated on the “ripening” of the actor which is expressed by a tension towards the extreme, by a complete stripping down, by laying bare of one’s own intimacy—all this without the least trace of egotism or self-enjoyment. The actor makes a total gift of himself.

-Jerzy Grotowski

Directors are responsible for the interpretive aspects of a production as well as the integration of acting, staging, and design, required to realize the concept of a work.

Interpretation and *integration* are two very important terms for directors. Anne Bogart, in *A Director Prepares*, understands the role of the director as leader and artist, as producer and creator. She states: “Artists are individuals willing to articulate in the face of flux and transformation” (Bogart 2). Like the director, an artist needs to recognize the reality that is present within the story, transforming performance and style into “successful new shapes for our present ambiguities and uncertainties. The artist becomes the creator of the future through the violent act of articulation” (Bogart 3). Directors are attempting to articulate life through storytelling, and it is under their purview to guide a performance in the direction of a style, thereby drawing out the conceptual integrity of a production. In *The Director's Companion*, Mel Shapiro’s assertion is that “the director's first job is to tell the story of the play” (xv). This is extremely important when faced with conventional storytelling objectives, where the

actor and audience have had no prior communication therefore the director must motivate and manifest a dialectic dialog between the actor and spectator. If this dialog is present, then the product is that of an “energized space” in which an inclusive social dynamic between performer and audience is experienced.

The director becomes the catalyst for the style of each genre, each play, and each theatrical space in which he or she is obligated to stage a story. Although each of these fragments work together, the hierarchical motivation within the relationship between the space and its thematic genre can be motivated by a directors’ own stylistic interpretation. In *Theater: The Search for Style*, John Mitchell interviews a series of directors from various genres of theater, from commedia dell’arte to kabuki, from Sanskrit drama to the American Musical Comedy. Directors were asked how they believed theatrical style is formed by their unique expressions of the profession.

Gerald Freeman, an American Musical Theater director, stated:

Style is a result of content; the writing dictates the style. If one goes at relationships in an honest way, the writing and the structure of the work creates style, rather than a director imposing style from the outside or from some idea. As I see it, the truth, the light, the energy of a piece of material is imprisoned in the writing. (qtd. in Mitchell 39)

I also believe that a director’s own style is influenced by the writing style of each play, and vice versa. The blending of the director and a piece of theatrical work can often express what the intentions of that work of art are, and can even connect to the social sphere as well as the individual collective. When Blatchley, a Shakespearean director, was asked about choosing style or concept for a Shakespearean play, he responded with “I think it is ridiculous to say that there is a Shakespearean style”; he

goes on to say that you have to “go back and strip off the accretions” of the play and simulate what is truly being said (qtd. in Mitchell 77). It is within this concept that we return to Grotowski’s ideas of *poor theater*, “stripping away the accretions” to expose the connection between actors and audience, allowing this connection to support the foundation of the thematic genre:

Each play shows a reality which the audience is invited to share, and in order to do this each spectator is required to make the act of faith of “suspending his disbelief.” According to his willingness to do this, so will his pleasure, understanding, and appreciation of the play; be enhanced or reduced. (qtd. in Mitchell 78)

Theatricality comes down to both an external and internal catharsis that the director must create. This is only accomplished in conjunction with the directors’ effectiveness at deciphering a text and translating it to the stage. When we look further into the critical thinking that is needed to obtain one’s current vision, we can begin to understand and visualize the intricate cogs that a production contains. Taking the single function of *telling a story* and making it resonate with your audience can be a demanding challenge. This relationship can often impart a pedagogical response, due “[to] an organized approach to the creation of real and truthful behavior in the imaginary circumstances of the theater” (Pollack xiv). This quote is in reference to Sanford Meisner, who understood the pedagogical value of the dialectic conversation (Pollack xiv). He believed students should view theater as the truest form of learning and understanding the communicative qualities of the theatrical message. This then becomes the job of the director: to allow a theatrical pedagogy between actor and spectator.

Chapter 2

UNDERSTANDING THE SPACE

Theater is most influential when it is linked to education, a fact that can be observed in BarnStorm. A theatrical space formed by the students becomes a tool for learning as well as a tool for the creation of impactful art. It is a live instrument, breathing, speaking, and saying more about a piece of theater than can be imagined. The Barn Theater itself is a unique space, converted from an actual barn located on the Cowell Ranch in 1968 to become the first theater on the UCSC campus. Figure 1 shows the barn in 1968 before it was converted into The BarnStorm Theater.

The creation of The BarnStorm Theater brings into play the consideration of found



Fig 1. Barn Theater UCSC Lower Campus: Construction 1968

space and how we define the theater in terms of *performance space* and *presentational space*. Heidi Bean quotes Gay McAuley¹ in *Repeating Gertrude Stein: Language, Performativity, and Hypermediated Theater*, defining *performance space* as “interaction between performers and spectators” while *presentational space* is “the physical/fictional relationship made of any given stage space” (188). Based on McAuley’s definitions, the presence of actors on a bare stage forms a presentational space. From this concept of space, we can begin to entertain the notion of *tangible space*, a term used quite frequently in computer engineering to illustrate relationships in interactive robotics. “Mean[ing] the user can interact with real-world objects and those actions affect virtual environments,” the user, or viewers environment is virtually affected (*Mirror Image*). I intend to adopt tangible space within the confines of BarnStorm, taking into consideration the implementation of presentational space and performance space. If tangible space comes from the interaction between real-world objects and those actions that affect virtual environments, then essentially “tangible space is the virtual, wrapping around the real-world interaction” (*Mirror Image*). This characteristic is present within presentational space, where the actor on stage is “virtually wrapping themselves around real-world interactions”; they are creating life on stage, within a performative space (*Mirror Image*). When this is accomplished, we then travel within a realm of *augmented reality*, where our subjective reality is not amplified by the stimulation of our “suspension of disbelief.” We are creating a

¹ Associate Professor of Performance Studies at the University of Sydney

² Non-Aristotelian was a term coined by German theater modernist Bertolt Brecht in

fictional reality that is performative and social. BarnStorm is evidence of this augmentation, in which this unique theatrical space allows the freedom of the tangible, and in doing so becomes a communal environment.

Two years ago, the Barn itself was shut down due to an infestation of rats and their accompanying illnesses. At the time, the student body was worried that BarnStorm would have to be discontinued due to the closure of the building. However, the Theater Arts department made it possible for BarnStorm to stay open, by allowing them to occupy other spaces within the Theater Arts complex. This shows that BarnStorm is much more than its architecture—it is a spirit, one that is held within the students that helped to keep it open, a community theater for the entire student body. In Caoimhe McAvinchey's *Performance and Community* she examines “a reconsideration of the relationship between ideas of performance and the ideas of community” (1).

BarnStorm becomes a theater of the community, but a community where we have to adjust the frame to “include ‘communities of interest’ or ‘communities of identity’, where a wide range of fluid nuanced and responsive social processes are revealed” (McAvinchey 3). BarnStorm is eclectic in its social body, made up of students who want to perform and make art in a collaborative and open environment. The combination of performative space and the high-energy social body of students becomes a dialectical conversation between architectural space and community, concentrating on the interactions between the audience, the actors, and the space. It is concerned less by the structured architecture that BarnStorm inhabits, and more with the spirit of the student community, a paragon of Grotowski's *poor theater* mindset.

Grotowski explored an understanding of theater that centers more on the relationship between the actor and the audience, and less on the accumulated ideas of various disciplines. In *Towards a Poor Theater*, he states:

We are trying to avoid eclecticism, trying to resist thinking of theatre as a composite of disciplines. We are seeking to define what is distinctively theatre, what separates this activity from other categories of performance and spectacle. Secondly, our productions are detailed investigations of the actor-audience relationship. That is, we consider the personal and scenic technique of the actor as the core of theatre art. (Grotowski 15)

The diversity within Grotowski's work provides a chance for open communication between the actor and the audience, as well as a spiritual and emotional dialog that meshes well with *tangible space*. Becoming a uniquely elevated environment, one that promotes its reality and lends itself to the form of *poor theater*, truly exposing the connection between the actor and audience. This connection allows for the actors to communicate with "inner impulse and outer reaction. Impulse and action are concurrent: the body vanishes, burns, and the spectator sees only a series of visible impulse" (Grotowski 16). This is the ideal outcome, especially within the Barn Theater, to make the audience feel as though they are fully connected to what is happening onstage. When this is achieved, then the audience has the ability to find truth through the emotional connection that they have with the action.

Within the auspices of performative and tangible space, we move towards defining *augmented reality* within the confines of the physical structure of BarnStorm. Our definition begins with the extension of reality, where we have the ability to translate “experience into expression” (Grotowski 3). Using the space to expand your imagination, Grotowski conceptualized work well within this idea. He stated, “I say violent because articulation is a forceful act. It demands aggressiveness and an ability to enter into the fray and translate that experience into expression. In the articulation

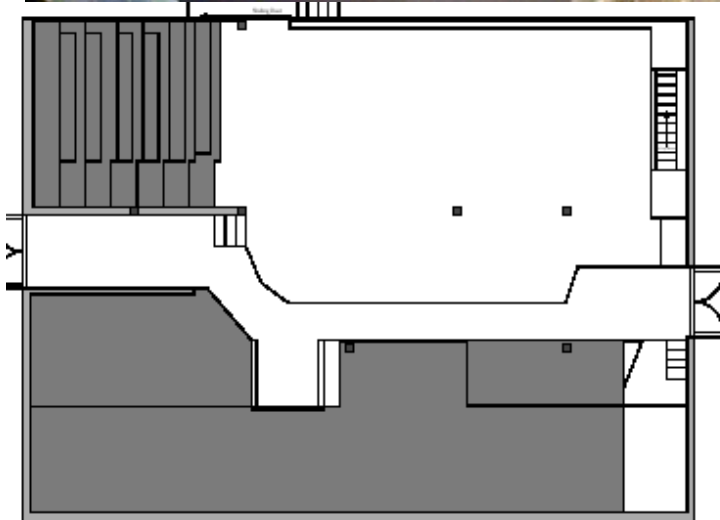


Fig 2 and 3: Top: Picture of the Barn after it was just painted. Bottom: Floor plan of the Barn, where the grey shading indicates seating and support beams.

begins a new organization of the inherited landscape” (Grotowski 3).

Grotowski’s idea of a “violent articulation” reveals that when entering into a spatial relationship one must aggressively demand the expression of experience (3).

When his is achieved, a transitive movement is accomplished, therefore exposing The BarnStorm

Theater as a liminal theatrical space. It is neither this, nor

that; it is malleable. The Barn wants to be used to the height of transgression. It wants to be stretched and to be pushed to its limits. In this regard, the uniqueness of BarnStorm is affected by its architecture. In figures 2 and 3, you can see how it still feels as though you have entered a barn, but an elevated barn, a space that has been raised and transformed from its original intention. This particular space is extremely unique, with an “L” shaped layout. It has a very large stage with a trap in the middle, as well as a raised platform at stage left. There are also a few support beams on stage, as well as a section of seating at stage right. In many ways it is a director’s nightmare: circumventing the arduous sightlines and strange seating arrangements in the space can be difficult. Each space offers its own set of imperfections and by embracing these imperfections, and adapting them to the story you are trying to tell, you can create a truly moving and theatrical experience. The harmonious meshing of the story with the space can create a fully immersive environment, as seen in the first case study, *Gruesome Playground Injuries*. Shown in figures 4-6, the staging of this particular play created an emotional environment that not only connected to the audience but also molded well to the space, welcoming imperfections and forming them into the creation of tangible environmental space, even if that space has difficult obstacles, such as support beams on stage, that create awkward sightlines as shown in figure 2. Using all that BarnStorm has to offer affords, the director the opportunity to create art that can coexist with the space.

Case Study: *Gruesome Playground Injuries* by Rajiv Joseph (script available in Supplementary Materials)

Gruesome Playground Injuries examines the interaction of two individuals as they meet periodically throughout their lives, exploring the emotional attachments that individuals have with space, memory, and time. The plot itself jumps from moment to moment, ignoring the chronology of the events. This



Fig. 4 Production still from *Gruesome Playground Injuries* featured Sarai Gallegos Anthony Aguilar

non-Aristotelian² plot structure allows for an interesting exploration of architectural space. McAuley quotes Antonin Artaud³, noting that the stage is "a tangible, physical place that needs to be filled and it ought to be allowed to speak its own concrete language" (qtd. in McAuley, 5). This rings true in the physical expression of augmented reality, where life is represented through the interactions of bodies on stage. Because the BarnStorm stage is intimate and communal, it allows for this interaction to be present, and this idea of the augmentation of reality to exist. McAuley goes on to state:

"Artaud's idea of admonition is enticing, but when theatrical space is made to speak,

² Non-Aristotelian was a term coined by German theater modernist Bertolt Brecht in reference to plot structures that do not conform to the classic features of time, unity and form as illustrated in Aristotle's *Poetics* (c. 335 BCE)

³ Antonin Artaud was a French playwright, director, actor, and essayist, known for the creation of Theater of Cruelty.

our heads are liable to be filled with ideas without knowing exactly what they are,” and that is what we had proposed to do when producing this play. *Gruesome Playground Injuries*’ isolated scenes allowed for separation, each scene inhabiting a different area within the theater, fully utilizing the available presentational space. This play was staged in such a way that there was a complete acceptance of the space; the audience could then be completely invested in the story and joined in a harmonious understanding. In figure 5, you can see that the stage has been absorbed into to the action, almost as though it has become one with the action. In this play the stage became an actor, playing its own role and becoming a part of the augmented reality. “Performance... generates the entity ‘audience,’ which in turn provokes the conditional space of theatre”, this space is where augmented reality takes place, and where BarnStorm can capitalize on the communal opportunity of performance (McAuley 5).



Fig 5. Production Still of *Gruesome Playground Injuries*, featured Sarai Gallegos and Anthony Aguilar

This type of performance was realized in *Gruesome Playground Injuries*, during which the audience was able to connect to the characters through the space, and through the space become invested in their

augmented reality.

When we understand BarnStorm as a tangible space, as well as the communal and social experience, then one can understand that a community-based theater is reliant on the organized body of individuals as well as the physical structure of the theatrical space. The BarnStorm Theater is able to create momentary glimpses into



Fig 6. Production still from *Gruesome Playground Injuries* featuring Sarai Gallegos and Anthony

peoples' futures, their pasts, and even their presents and touch them in some way. If this is accomplished then they “are liable to be filled with ideas without knowing exactly what they are” (McAuley 5). This particular story reflected the needs of the student body: it showed the unobtainable aspects of need, viewing it from an internal perspective on the human condition. I believe that theater is often the tool that can guide and teach young minds, fostering a dialectic conversation between the stage and the audience; that dialogue changes lives, even if we don't always see it.

BarnStorm is an “elevation” of style, with the ability to invent and generate its very own approach, if you understand what works within its four walls. In *Gruesome Playground Injuries*, the use of the presentational space as a whole allowed for the performative space to open, exposing augmented reality and creating the chance for a communal interaction between actor and audience. The work was able to capitalize on

Grotowskis' ideas of *poor theater*, stripping away the excesses to expose the motivational intention behind the action.

Chapter 3

CONCEPT AND PERFORMANCE

In the understanding of *augmented reality* comes the comparison between concept and performance. *Concept* is the characteristic of an abstract idea, while *performance* implies execution, the artistic presentation and manner of accomplished functionalism. This comparison can expose weaknesses in directors, revealing the gaps between theory and practice. In Steve Kaplan's book *The Hidden Tools of Comedy: the Serious Business of Humor*, he describes the concept of "winning" as a means for characters to get what they want, and to *win* what they want, they must do everything they can in order to gain what they need (31). This is true in the fundamentals of "follow-through," fulfilling the task at hand and seeing your *concept* through; the motion after the action, the *following* of your intentions to see that they go where you want or intended them to go. This is directly related to effort, where you determinedly and vigorously fulfill your task; when effort is implemented within *performance* then your *concept* has been fulfilled. "Performance can be based upon conceptual or contextual understanding", where both *concept* and *performance* become conducive to the process and promote understanding as well as effort— *the situation or external stimuli are what define and trigger performance*" (Watson, *Performance vs. Understanding— Context*). Therefore, when the director has complete understanding of the foundational concept and translates that concept with effort and "follow-through," then *performance* is achieved. When this term transfers to theater, it becomes a means of seeing your intended *concept*

via to its destination through *performance*, becoming the perfect example of *concept* vs. *performance*. It doesn't work by simply saying you are going to make the shot, the outcome is entirely based on the performative effort of the director as well as those involved in the production. Even in regard to theater that is diverse and well realized, if the fundamental performative aspects are not present, then understandably the piece will fail.

Conversely, there is another element that comes into play in this comparison, between *concept* and *performance*, and that is the term of "general beauty" (Ball, 24). Here we aren't just talking aesthetically, but figuratively, as this element of beauty comes not only from the directors "subjective enthusiasm" for a play, but also from the fundamental attachment to the space (Ball 24). William Ball puts it perfectly into context in, *A Sense of Direction*:

As a director you are going to spend four or five weeks in rehearsal, the play should be something you consider worthy of your time, something you find fascinating. During this period, you will be doing a lot of exploring and investigating; you will be carrying creative thoughts about the play with you all day, every day, for a long time. The play therefore must *excite* you. (23)

When the director has no initiative for understanding the script and what can be drawn out of a story, this can be the inevitable downfall of a production. Therefore, Ball states that if your heart is not in the production then you should scrap it and start over (24). However, he contradicts his point by noting that by confronting a play that you may not have "wanted" to direct, you are afforded the opportunity to "develop some aspect of your work that you have never had the chance to explore," and in doing so elevate your expertise to another level (Ball 25).

This is where these following case studies become relevant, two plays produced by BarnStorm, which show the differences between a fully realized production that capitalized on the ideas of concept and performance, and a production whose conceptual spine overshadowed the performative aspects of the piece.

Case Study: *The Importance of Being Earnest*.

Related to the ideas above is a production that I directed, Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, produced in BarnStorms' fall 2013 season. This production understood the implications of *concept* and *performance*, because it was able to operate under this understanding that with a solid concept in place, and the execution of performance established, the true meaning of the play could shine through. From a directorial point of view, Oscar Wilde's work demands the representation of the constrained obligatory nature of his time, where social motivation was based on

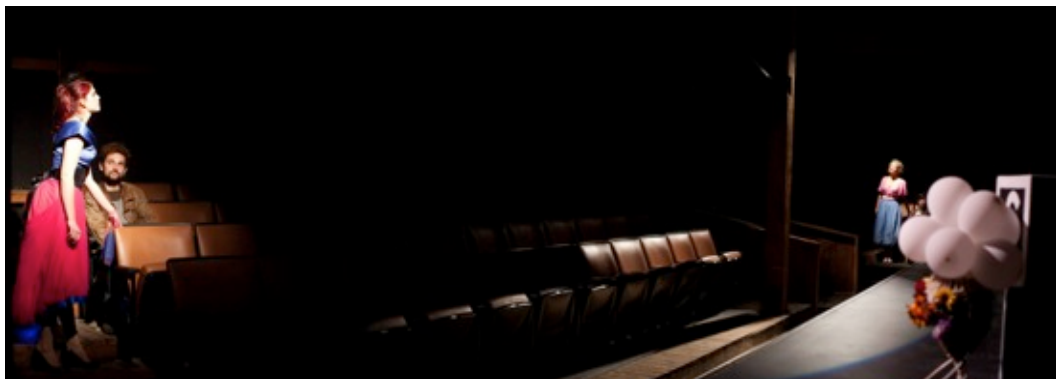


Fig 7. Production Still from *The Importance of Being Earnest* Left: Ciera Eis Right: Dani Zuccoloto

obligation rather than option. Historically, Wilde's sophisticated drawing room comedy doesn't mix with the often raw and energetic message that BarnStorm promotes.

However, when the simultaneous conjecture of both concept and performance are met,

then a harmonious unity is created. This was seen in this production through the fluidity of the concept, where the actors' acceptance of the contextual ideas of the play provided a chance for the fluid expression of intentions. The specific aesthetic design of the stage lent itself to impulsive and improvised theater. Wilde has a strict and formal style, related to the precision of farce, not often applicable to the experimental nature of *BarnStorm*. However, by meshing experimentation with precision, the actors felt free to exist within this environment, achieving complete understanding of the productions' conceptual fluidity. The actors understood the pure intention of the piece, realizing the resistance that existed in the space and monopolizing on it to create an *augmented reality*.

On preliminary examination, *The Importance of Being Earnest* is a play that



Fig 8. Production Still from *The Importance of Being Earnest* Left: Jacob Eneberg Left: Brandon Blum

focuses on social obligations and a refined sense of sincerity; it is earnest in the truest sense of the word. The visual constraints of this particular production became the most prominent expression of the story, in which unity was established within the physical construct of *performance*. Unity is accomplished by the entire production, from sets, to costumes, to blocking being unified in an aesthetic balance, and working together towards a communal goal. Aristotle first wrote of *unity* in his *Poetics* in relation to structure, where action is sustained by time, plot, and location (31). I want to expand this understanding to include unity of performance as well. Where production is reliant on the *unity* between concept and performance, this production of *The Importance of Being Earnest* was propelled by its strong understanding of concept matched by an equally resilient intention within the physical performative aspects.

Though this production had many large ideas that BarnStorm could not contain, the true success of the production lay in the clear understanding of concept as well as its storytelling functionality. This in turn allows the “follow-through” of performance to blossom unobstructed by unstable contextual understanding, enabling it to thrive within this well-rounded environment. Although BarnStorm is in no way a perfect theatrical space, nor is Wilde a personification of theater, from imperfection grows purity, and theater must be pure at heart in order to blossom into a catalyst for growth.

Case Study: *The Haunting of Hill House*

In the next case study we can see a certain fragmentation between *concept* and *performance*. At first, we had accepted *Blithe Spirit*, a humorous ghost story by Noel

Coward, but unfortunately we were unable to obtain the rights and the director was forced to choose a different play. Accepted as part of BarnStorm's 2014 season, *The Haunting of Hill House*, based on the novel by Shirley Jackson, tied well into the original concept of the piece. Thus, contextualizing a ghost story within the already haunted structure of the BarnStorm Theater, and in doing so honoring Sarah Cowell, our resident spectre.⁴ This production was successful in many ways, most notably in that it understood the space and was conceptually compatible with BarnStorm as a community and as a space. Nonetheless, it was missing a crucial segment, *performance*, from the perspective of the actors, design team, and the director. They all had clear visions, yet in the transition from script to stage a vital piece of the puzzle was lost, namely unity. Having congruent vision within a production is key in the relationship of performance and understanding (Watson, *Performance vs. Understanding*). That is where this particular production failed, in the mingling of concept and performance. William Ball writes about this idea of unity:

The one thing that every work of art has at its center is unity. If it lacks unity, it does not qualify as a work of art. Unity means harmony among the component parts; and the greater the harmony among the component parts, the greater the unity and the greater the art. What we seek are techniques that will increase the harmony among the component parts.
(3)

From this quote, we see what this particular production needed. It lacked a cohesive connection between all its "component parts"; instead of relying on the conceptual

⁴ Legend has it that on May 14, 1903, Sarah Agnes Cowell, was killed, thrown from a buggy after her horse bolted; Although her death is still shrouded in mystery, The Barn Theater has given her name to the creaks and twangs that the structure makes.

merit of the piece, it was pushed to the point where it became a cheap interpretation of a horror story, played for the scream. This production was in many ways a success; however, as Ball wrote, “if your heart isn’t in it then you’re doomed to fail,” and it was plain to see, when watching the performance and the rehearsal process, that the director’s as well as the actor’s hearts were not connected to this production (10). They weren’t *augmenting reality*, they weren’t “wrapping themselves around real-world interactions,” and they weren’t allowing for the “suspension of disbelief.” In failing those particular requirements, we lost the connection between concept and performance. Nevertheless, the underlying ideology that can be gleaned from this case study is that there must be a connection from the audience to the contextualized concept of the production. Concept must form a coherent story; if this is not met by performance, then presentation is lost and the *performance space* will cease to exist. Therefore, as Ball suggests, you must choose a play that “*excites you*,” a point which is extremely relevant in this case (23). Ball goes on to say that by directing a work that you may not “want” to direct, you have the opportunity to “develop some aspect of your work that you have never had the chance to explore,” showing that every new story is a new opportunity to create, flourish, and extract true emotion from a play (24). Through the augmented reality of presentational space, you can find the connection between concept and performance, and in doing so develop *innovation* and *ingenuity* within spatial absences.

Chapter 4

INNOVATION AND INGENUITY

From absence comes *ingenuity* and *innovation*, which hearkens back to Grotowski's ideas of *poor theater*, where the *absence* of something, whether it be money, resources, or even time, can make way for the elevation of ingenuity and innovation. This provides a clear path for the connective experience of the actor/audience relationship, a relationship in which BarnStorm thrives. This is directly related to what is referenced in Chapter 2: *Understanding the Space*, where *augmented reality* is reinforced by the *tangible performative space*, a space that when manipulated properly can generate innovative understanding in the theater. BarnStorm, because it is a *poor theater*, can utilize this construct when viewing student-driven work. The following two case studies illustrate the effectiveness of innovation and ingenuity in BarnStorm, and how they tread the line between *poor theater* and *spectacle*. It is interesting to consider the correlation between *innovation* and *spectacle*; they are often linked, evolving together, both as technology advances and as intelligence progresses. When we consider *spectacle*, we think of control, a means of manipulation where "spectacle is a technology of art put in the service of power," used as a tool to forcibly mask intention, and to purposefully enforce understanding (Frederiksen 69). But where does spectacle contribute to Grotowski's ideas of *poor theater*, and how does it complement the BarnStorm theater? Where does it fit within the confines of a *poor theater*, how do we integrate the emotional with the innovative, or are they mutually

exclusive? These are the questions that BarnStorm can answer, through the perspective of two very different productions.

Case Study: *Twilight Zone*

Theater often allows the chance to explore boundaries, the limits of emotions, intentions, and movement. Actors have the opportunity to simulate experience, evoke emotions, and interpret a script through the movement of their bodies. BarnStorm



Fig 9. Cast of *Twilight Zone*

produced, in its winter 2014 season, a series of *Twilight Zone* episodes, which included in their series *Syndication/Vindication* a “one nighter”⁵ featuring scenes from television shows or movies.

The *Twilight Zone* episodes that I directed were television scripts that had to be adapted to fit a

stage setting. This caused many problems as the transliteration of special effects, photography, and non-linear plot structures made the transition from film to stage difficult. In many ways film, at its core, is a *spectacle*. Stuart Aitken writes in *Place, Power, Situation and Spectacle: A Geography of Film* that:

If film images gave a strong spatial impression rather than a place image that authenticates the fiction, then montage and other narrative conventions would probably be impossible... film reduces ‘the complex stories of daily life to a sequence of images on a depthless screen’. Nonetheless, this suggestion misses the position of the spectator as an active participant, who understands narrative convention and who is

⁵ A “one nighter” is a show that only has one night of performances, often running twice in one night.

willing to suspend disbelief so as to be taken beyond the immediate narrative of a film. (Aitken 18)

Aitken has a good point: film is less about a relationship between narrative and spectator, manifesting imaginary that becomes immediate, showing us what to see instead of our own suspension of disbelief. However, in many ways film bridges the gap between reality and fantasy; we are told what to look at, and how to feel, based on angles, close ups, and effects (Frederiksen 70). Therefore, the translation from film to stage, especially a film that is based on the mysterious and fantastical, is a daunting task. Finding a way to establish a dialectic conversation in the face of immediate imagery is where we find ingenuity.

The first example of ingenuity was in the episode *Five Characters in Search of an Exit*. The characters in this story are attempting to escape from a room that appears to have no doors or windows, save a large opening in the roof, and the solution to this inevitable problem is to create a human ladder—however, this is virtually impossible within in the confines of the BarnStorm stage. Although talented, the actors were not acrobats. Therefore, the solution was to stand everyone next to each other, and as each character started to climb up the human ladder, they would walk behind the line, miming the intention of struggling up the ladder. Although simplified, the effect was powerful, as it allowed the audience to see the actors' intentions and understand the struggle that these characters were going through. Unassuming though it was, this effect established the subjectivity of intent and produced a world that was believable and convincing. It measured beyond the adversity of *spectacle*, and was able to contextualize the *concept* and submit it to *performance*.

Case Study: *Peter Pan*

BarnStorm presented J.M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* in its Winter 2015 season. This particular production stretched the boundaries of the traditional, using 3D projection mapping to create the world of Neverland. Directed by David Murakami and myself, we set out to establish a symbiotic relationship between the world of projections and



Fig 10. The BarnStorm stage being painted white for *Peter Pan*

the traditional realm of *fictional space*. This play was at the edge of innovation when it was written, a story full of magic, fantasy, wonder, and mystery, a world bred from imagination.

The idea of mixing the traditional with the progressive, in this case traditional theater with digital projection, lent itself marvelously to the magic that Barrie intended. In Murakami's proposal for this production he states: "the focus of this work will be to bridge the often antagonistic relationship between performance and technology to discover new methods, not just of plot or spectacle, but of assisting and enabling live performance" (2).



Fig 11. Production Still from *Peter Pan*
Featured: Alyssa Pierce and Gwen Vahey

This conversation came to life in this production, allowing both the creative team and the actors to interact with the innovative multimedia world that Murakami created. This subjective interaction between film and theater was an interesting palette of textures. This mixture of mediums created an affluent combination between the artificial and reality. Although the effect was innovative and spectacular, this exercise exposed the weaknesses between the performance and technology. Initially, conflict came from the space itself; the projections did not morph with the L-shaped seating, and the stark black stage posed a problem with the visibility of the projections. As the solution, we painted the stage white and set up flats in lieu of the barn walls. The second conflict came from incongruences that arose with changes in leadership. The



Fig 12. Production Still from *Peter Pan* Featured: Victoria Mannah and Gwen Vahey

co-director relationship offered collaboration, but differences in directing styles revealed a rift in the relationship between concept and performance.

Thirdly, conflict came from the amalgamation of projection and performance. Projections in many ways promote spectacle, and BarnStorm is arguably more persuasive when the use of the performance space conveys the efficacy of a Grotowski—inspired *poor theater*. In *Space in Performance: Making Meaning in the Theatre*, Gay McAuley exposes this understanding by arguing we should "see the theatrical event as a dynamic process of communication in which the spectators are vitally implicated, one that forms part of a series of interconnected processes of socially situated signification and communication" (7). By this standard, the implementation of projections within a theatrical piece might alienate the spectator by telling them what to see, rather than allowing them to "suspend their disbelief." This production relied on the projections, and in doing so immobilized the action on stage, creating an inorganic performance. Nevertheless, we created an ambitious world, one that encompassed the space, and the spectators felt as though they had entered a new realm. However, we lost the connection of the actor/audience relationship; there was no dialectical conversation, it simply became presentational spectacle. Although The BarnStorm Theater lends itself to innovation, it treads a thin line between narrative and spectacle creating "[a] tension...not only between space and place, but simultaneously between narrative and spectacle" (Aitken 19). Being a relatively bare space, it works as a template for innovative thought and practice; however, when that innovation tries to extend beyond the conceptual capabilities of the theater, it loses a vital community connection.

BarnStorm survives on its communal experience, the social catharsis that occurs within a production—that is when the true nature of this theatrical space is exposed.

Chapter 5

TRUST THE BARN

The most important thing to remember as a director is to trust. Trust the process, trust the intentions, and trust the space. This is inevitably true in BarnStorm, as our mission statement notes:

BarnStorm creates opportunities for the developing artist to reclaim theatre and the theatrical process. Our aim is to integrate our perspectives into the political, social, cultural and academic climate of the UCSC campus and community. We are devoted to fostering new works of art and giving artists and audiences alike, the opportunities for exchange through a theatrical setting. (BarnStorm Mission Statement)

In this statement, we receive contextualized understanding in correlation to *poor theater*. Where BarnStorm becomes a location of energized, performative theater for students, they have the chance to connect with their audience in a communal representation of catharsis. This can be fully achieved when complete acceptance of the physical space is present. When directors, actors, designers, and theater practitioners fight against the space, they do a disservice to the work at hand. It becomes an over-attachment to the physical architecture of an existing building:

We will care increasingly for our buildings if... we can actually inhabit them, their spaces, taking them as our own in satisfying ways; if we can establish in them with what we know and believe and think; if we can share our occupancy with others, our family, our group, or our city; and, importantly, if there is some sense of human drama, of transport, of tension, or of collision of forces, so that the involvement endures. (Bloomer 105)

In Bloomer's *Body, Memory, and Architecture*, he parallels this understanding of BarnStorm as social architecture. It is space, a building that becomes a shared experience, where *presentational space* becomes an instrument for communication between artists and viewers. It is in this concept that this theater thrives, sustained by the student body; BarnStorm's mission statement is maintained because the students endorse its works. Each proposal that is accepted brings a new and exciting message because it comes from the students. And it is within these varying productions that directorial and spatial style is formed, where every individual that participates in BarnStorm creates their own unique style within the experimentation of this inclusive theatrical space. This space is *liminal*, although uniquely structured, it will be whatever it needs to be for a specific performance; it is not static, but fluid. It is in this liminality that the understanding of the communal dialectic is heard.

The ideas of a liminal space stretch beyond physical restraints, converging within the director, creating a liminal director, where style is manipulated by the crossing of multiple borders, "occupying a position at, or on both sides of, a boundary or threshold," where the director is the transitory tool between the *augmented reality* and the *tangible space* ("*liminal*").

The students are the catalyst for BarnStorm: they use it as a tool in order to grow and take grander steps towards the understanding of their own unique position in the world. Bogart states in *A Director Prepares* that "each of us is a producer and an artist in one and we must take care that one does not overwhelm the other. The producer in us must protect the gift giver and know when and how to give it space and freedom" (5).

The director, therefore, becomes the moderator to which a pedagogical dialogue is established. It becomes the job of the director to institute that dialectic conversation, within BarnStorm, while simultaneously maintaining a *poor theater* construct. If this connection is found then the relationship between actor and audience is allowed to have open communication. This can occur when a piece of art meshes well with the Barn Theater, as well as the community that BarnStorm promotes; where complete dedication to the spatial recognition is experienced, allowing presentational and performative space to capitalize on the potential for augmented reality within the theater. When this is established, then BarnStorm can truly speak to its audience as well as its student community. BarnStorm propels students, helping them to generate skills that they can then take to larger theaters and larger arenas, making the BarnStorm of the students and for the stude

Barn Project Proposal Form

Name: _____
Phone: _____
Email: _____
Address: _____
Major(s): _____ Year: _____

What is your role in the project (i.e. director, writer, etc)? _____

Please list any involved collaborators: _____

Title/Working title of piece: _____

Author: _____ Script Copyright date (if Applicable): _____

If piece is student written/devised is it *completed* or *a work in progress*? (Circle One)

Genre of Piece (i.e. drama, comedy, musical, etc) _____

Approx. run time: _____ Approx. # of Weeks of Rehearsal
Desired: _____

Total Number of Performers: _____ Females _____ Males _____

How Flexible are the Number of Performers? Please
explain _____

Please list any specific technical needs (i.e. media, live band,
etc.) _____

If your project is not theater originated, please expand on the nature of your piece (i.e. film,
music, performance art, art exhibition,
etc.) _____

Please see reverse side for more information

In addition to the application, please attach the following;

1.) A typed Project Proposal

What do we need to learn from your proposal?

- What excites you about this project? Why do you want to do this particular production?
- Why here/why now? Why is the BarnStorm Company the best place for your project? What kind of opportunities would it offer for the students in the company?
- What would you need from BarnStorm in order to produce your work?
 - How many performers?
 - What kind of technical/design elements would be involved (i.e. lights, sound, media, costumes, scenery, props)?
 - What other ways could the company assist in development of the piece?
- If you have any questions or concerns regarding your proposal, please contact out Artistic Director (Jen Schuler at ad.barnstorm@ucsc.edu)

2.) A Hard Copy of the Script (If Applicable)

All submissions become the property of BarnStrom and will not returned. Please do not submit library books. *Please do not use the Theater Arts copier.* Suggested places to make copies are Alphagraphics on Laurel St. or Kinkos Downtown next to Trader Joes.

3.) A Current Resume

Please include any relevant experience and course work.

All applications are DUE Monday December 8th by 5pm in TA J115

*Please note that enrolling in BarnStorm for the Quarter of your production is a mandatory requirement.

Have any questions or concerns? Please contact us!

Artistic Direct, Jen Schuler ad.barnstorm@gmail.com

Managing Director, Sarai Gallegos

md.barnstorm@gmail.com

Production Manager, Paul Rossi

pm.barnstorm@gmail.com

Chautauqua 2015

Director Proposal Form

Name _____ Major/Year: _____

Email _____ Phone # _____

What is your experience in directing/choreography? Please explain and/or attach a resume _____

Rank the Scripts you might be interested in Directing for Chautauqua 2015:

- Lamb + Bug by Siobhan Callaghan
- MindGame by Nicholas Junius
- Matteo and Giovanni Are Pasticheing by Magenta Howard
- The History of the Earth by Sage Hoffee
- The Big Antarctic Ghost Hunt by Emily Schneiderman
- Johnny Angel by Anthony Mele
- Also Loves Naps by Sarai Gallegos

Please attach at 1 page proposal answering the following questions about your play choices, if there are more than one the please rank them accordingly:

- What excites you about this script (Language, Character, Themes, etc)?
- Why do you want to direct this play?
- What is your overall concept, what do you want to do with this play?

Notes:

- If you are chosen to direct, you will be *required* to enroll in the 5-unit Chautauqua class during Spring Quarter as well as be a part of the festival in another support position as an actor, designer, etc.
- Please contact our Artistic Director, Jen Schuler, with any questions or clarification regarding proposal submission at ad.barnstorm@gmail.com

A Letter from the Barn Directors to the Audience

"I regard the theatre as the greatest of all art forms, the most immediate way in which a human being can share with another the sense of what it is to be a human being."

–Oscar Wilde

We stand at a threshold, where the evitable progress of theater is constantly moving around us. All we can do is hold on for dear life, take what we can from our journey, and try and evolve our fundamental function in the end. As theater artists and artists in general we often ask ourselves ‘what is art for?’, and ‘why are we doing this?’ BarnStorm tries to open a space for UCSC students to tackle these questions, and migrate through learning to create a unique artistic view. When students are given the opportunity to expand their visual scope it is truly amazing what they can accomplish. Using this theater as a tool students have the chance to examine themselves, their surroundings, and the world they are living in.

BarnStorm is always trying to involve the student body in fun and unique ways. This coming Spring we will be hosting our Chautauqua festival, a three-part weekend where we present new work by students. If you want to get involved then let us know!

Winter 2014 Thea 55A and Thea 55B

BarnStorm

Student Production Company

Class Faculty Advisor: David Lee Cuthbert

cuthbert@ucsc.edu

Artistic Director: Jen Schuler ad.barnstorm@gmail.com Cell: (916) 396-3102 Office Hours: Tuesdays 10am-12pm Theater Arts C206	Production Manager: Paul Rossi pm.barnstorm@gmail.com Cell: (858) 736-6867 Office Hours: Tuesdays 12- 1:45 Theater Arts C206	Managing Director: Sarai Gallegos md.barnstorm@gmail.com Cell: (626) 506-7131 Office Hours: Wednesdays 12:45-2, Friday 12:30-1:45 Theater Arts C206
---	---	---

Our Mission Statement:

"BarnStorm creates opportunities for the developing artist to reclaim theatre and the theatrical process. Our aim is to integrate our perspectives into the political, social, cultural and academic climate of the UCSC campus and community. We are devoted to fostering new works of art and giving artists and audiences alike opportunities for exchange through a theatrical setting."

The purpose of this class is to provide a space for students to gain practical, intensive experience working in a theatre company. We welcome artists of all kinds, at all levels of experience: performers, directors, writers, designers, technicians, and all who desire to learn, grow, and to build a strong community through working in the theatre. We strive to produce stimulating and fulfilling professional-level work in a supportive yet challenging academic environment. Our hope is that here, students will be supported with the resources to create art about which they are passionate, and thus will be motivated and armed with the tools to continue their craft beyond The Barn.

Prerequisites:

None!

Texts/Scripts:

There is no course textbook. Scripts are provided for you, however, if you lose your original copy you are responsible for replacing it.

GRUESOME PLAYGROUND INJURIES

Scene 1

Age Eight: Face Split Open

A nurse's office in an elementary school.

Kayleen, 8, lies on a bed, not sleeping. She begins to hit the mattress with her hands rhythmically. She stops. She sits up. She stands on the bed, absently. She's bored. She bounces a little on the bed, and then stops.

A sound of someone coming from outside. Kayleen drops back down and pretends to sleep.

Doug, 8, enters. He has a large gauze bandage wrapped and taped across his face. An awful dark stain of blood grows in the middle of the bandage. He seems dazed, but not hurt, not crying.

He sits on the edge of the other bed and stares at Kayleen. She sits up.

KAYLEEN. What happened to your face?

DOUG. I fell.

KAYLEEN. Why.

DOUG. I don't know.

KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?

DOUG. A little.

KAYLEEN. I have a stomach ache. Sometimes food makes me sick. My mom says it's because I have bad thoughts.

DOUG. Like what?

KAYLEEN. Bad thoughts.

DOUG. Like about Dracula?

KAYLEEN. About stomachs.

DOUG. I have bad thoughts about Dracula.

KAYLEEN. Yeah.

DOUG. Blood tastes funny. It tastes like fruit.

KAYLEEN. It does not.

DOUG. Have you ever cut your face open?

KAYLEEN. No.

DOUG. I get cut all the time by accident.

KAYLEEN. I like the nurse's office. It is quiet and dark.

DOUG. I had a stomach ache when I went and saw the movies.

KAYLEEN. I like the movies except when I come out and there is sun.

DOUG. I had three big Cokes. And I had gummi worms. I like to swallow them like real worms.

KAYLEEN. Why do you have so much blood?

DOUG. Because I fell.

KAYLEEN. Why'd you fall?

DOUG. I rode my bike off the roof.

KAYLEEN. What roof?

DOUG. This roof.

KAYLEEN. The school roof?

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. Why.

DOUG. I was playing Evel Knievel.

KAYLEEN. What's Evel Knievel?

DOUG. He's a motorcycle guy. That's how I broke my face.

KAYLEEN. Your face isn't broken, it's just cut.

DOUG. Sister Mary Pat said I broke my face.

KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?

DOUG. One time? I went ice skating with my brothers? And I fell on the ice and this girl skated by me and her ice skate cut my eyelid open and I was bleeding out of my eye. I couldn't see because of all the blood.

KAYLEEN. Did it hurt?

DOUG. No, because the eyelid is small even though there is a lot of blood. I have a scar on my eye. Girls don't get scars.

KAYLEEN. Yes we do.
DOUG. How come?
KAYLEEN. If you rode your bike off the roof, then how did you get the bike on the roof?
DOUG. I climbed up a tree.
KAYLEEN. You took your bike with you up the tree?
DOUG. Yeah.
KAYLEEN. Why.
DOUG. So I could ride it off the roof.
KAYLEEN. And then you rode your bike off the roof?
DOUG. Yeah. *(Beat.)*
KAYLEEN. You're stupid.
DOUG. I am not.
KAYLEEN. Yes you are.
DOUG. Shut up.
KAYLEEN. You shut up. *(Long silence.)* One time, I threw up because I had a stomach ache and I threw up so bad that my one eye started to have blood in it.
DOUG. Why.
KAYLEEN. Because I threw up so hard and so there was blood in my eye.
DOUG. Did it hurt?
KAYLEEN. No. But it was red. I have a sensitive stomach. The doctor told me. There's an angel on the roof.
DOUG. No there's not.
KAYLEEN. Yes there is. It's a statue. Are you going to go to the doctors?
DOUG. To get stitches. I like to get stitches.
KAYLEEN. Why.
DOUG. It makes your skin feel tight.
KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?
DOUG. Yeah. *(Kayleen gets up and wanders around the room.)*
KAYLEEN. This room is like a dungeon.
DOUG. What's a dungeon?
KAYLEEN. It's a room in a castle. It's where people languish.
DOUG. Oh.
KAYLEEN. The rest of the castle is loud and has bright lights and flags and hot oil because of wars. But the dungeon is where people can go to languish and get some peace and quiet.
DOUG. *(Sudden; with great pain.)* OW!

KAYLEEN. What?
DOUG. *(Normal.)* My face hurts. I broke it.
KAYLEEN. You did not. It's just cut. Can I see it?
DOUG. What?
KAYLEEN. Can I see the cut on your face?
DOUG. Why.
KAYLEEN. Can I? *(Doug slowly takes off his gauze bandage to reveal a huge gash. Kayleen looks at it for a long time. Doug looks at Kayleen looking at his wounds.)* Does it hurt?
DOUG. A little. *(Kayleen continues looking at his cut, Doug continues looking at her.)* What happened to the blood in your eye?
KAYLEEN. It went back into my head. *(They continue looking at each other.)* Can I touch it?
DOUG. Why.
KAYLEEN. Can I?
DOUG. Okay. *(Kayleen touches Doug's wound.)*
KAYLEEN. Gross.
DOUG. Your hands are cold.
KAYLEEN. It's because I wash them a lot. You should wash your hands. They are grimy.
DOUG. *(Showing his hands.)* I fell. There's pieces of rock in them. *(Kayleen kneels down and takes his hand and starts to pick pieces of gravel out of his palm. Doug stares at her, transfixed as she does this.)*
DOUG. *(Quietly.)* Ow.
KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?
DOUG. A little. *(Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 2.)*

Scene 2

Age Twenty-Three: Eye Blown Out

Fifteen years later. The kids are 23.

A hospital room. Doug sits on an examining table. He's wearing a black suit spattered with blood. He has an enormous bandage across his face, covering specifically his left eye. He looks dazed. His front tooth is missing.

Kayleen enters. She wears a black dress and heels. She also looks dazed. She has mud all over her feet and lower legs.

She sees Doug like this for the first time.

They stare at each other.

DOUG. The fireworks were awesome.

KAYLEEN. Shut up. Okay? Just shut up, Doug. You shouldn't be left alone with explosives.

DOUG. I didn't want to be alone.

KAYLEEN. Oh, it's *my* fault? The night before I have to bury my father?

DOUG. What are you even doing here?

KAYLEEN. Kristen MacConnell called me.

DOUG. Kristen from high school?

KAYLEEN. She's a nurse here. She said you came in and you kept saying my name. So she called me. They thought you tried to kill yourself.

DOUG. Who tries to kill themselves with a firework?

KAYLEEN. I know. I told them, no, you're just a crackhead dumbass with shit for brains. I told them you'd never commit suicide because you wouldn't have any scars to show off afterwards. Anyway, she said you got hurt.

DOUG. Why'd you come?

KAYLEEN. I don't know, Dougie. I was asleep on the kitchen table.

DOUG. What?

KAYLEEN. I had some drinks when I got home.

DOUG. What about that guy. That guy. That guy you live with.

KAYLEEN. He's sleeping. He was sleeping when I got home. His name is Brad.

DOUG. His name is ass-face. Why do you have mud all over your legs.

KAYLEEN. I drove halfway, but the car got stuck in the mud.

DOUG. What do you mean?

KAYLEEN. I mean, I drove part of the way until the car got stuck in the mud.

DOUG. The car got stuck in the mud.

KAYLEEN. Yeah.

DOUG. What are you even talking about? What mud? Where is there mud between the hospital and your house that you could get stuck in?

KAYLEEN. Just don't ... Just shut up. There's mud. On the side of the road.

DOUG. What, you veered off the road? Are you drunk?

KAYLEEN. No! It's just the windshield is all jacked up because Brad hit a tree last February, and I couldn't see, and there was this mist or fog or something. And I drank a few vodkas. But I mostly slept those off.

DOUG. So you just left the car.

KAYLEEN. You know how I get.

DOUG. How you get?

KAYLEEN. Fuck you. You know how I get. When you get hurt. You know.

DOUG. (*Matter of fact.*) Doctor said I'm gonna be blind in one eye.

KAYLEEN. (*Quietly.*) Dougie ... (*She sits near him, covers her eyes briefly with her hands.*)

DOUG. (*Not sad, just observing.*) It's gone. The whole thing. But I think it wasn't just the poke. It was the burn, too. The thing kept burning once it had punctured the eye. And so the burn really messed it all up.

KAYLEEN. You always had problems with that eye.

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. The chopping wedge.
DOUG. The wedge.
KAYLEEN. And that girl who skated on your eye, right? When you were little? And then senior year. The Tabasco sauce.
DOUG. And pink eye.
KAYLEEN. Yeah.
DOUG. I gave you pink eye that time.
KAYLEEN. No, you didn't. I never got it.
DOUG. I think about that all the time. *(Beat.)* I think about that all the time. I always think about it.
KAYLEEN. Yeah, well, you're a freak.
DOUG. I didn't want you to come in here.
KAYLEEN. Yeah, right.
DOUG. I mean, I'm glad you're here. For sure. But you have the funeral tomorrow and everything. You should go home. Take a bath. Get some rest.
KAYLEEN. Shut up. I don't feel like walking back to my car just yet.
DOUG. Wow, you're really drunk, aren't you?
KAYLEEN. No, I'm just bleary. I feel like I just woke up. You don't understand the week I've had. I have to get a call at work to tell me my Dad's lying dead in the driveway. And then dealing with everyone. And this shit. And then tonight, you come riding into town. Here's Dougie, five years later all of a sudden. I haven't slept. I just haven't slept in like ... I don't know. Four years or something. *(Doug holds up four fingers.)*
DOUG. How many fingers am I holding up?
KAYLEEN. Four. *(Doug holds up his middle finger.)*
DOUG. How about now?
KAYLEEN. Shut up.
DOUG. We can both hardly see. *(Kayleen smiles at him.)*
KAYLEEN. Maybe that's for the best. *(Long silence.)*
DOUG. I think I'm seeing two of you.
KAYLEEN. I'm seeing two of you, too.
DOUG. Let's dance.
KAYLEEN. Shut up.
DOUG. No, we're both seeing double. We can dance, all four of us, we can play ring around the rosie.
KAYLEEN. Sit down. *(Doug pulls her up.)* I'm seriously dizzy!
DOUG. Me too! *(They sway strangely with each other. Sings; any random melody.)*

Ohhh Leenie ...
Leenie Deenie ...
Leenie Deenie Weenie Moe.
Moe Weenie.
My Leenie Deenie Diney Doo.
Diney doo.
Diney doo.

(They both dance and laugh. Doug takes her hand and puts it over his face.) Will you touch it?

KAYLEEN. What?

DOUG. My eye.

KAYLEEN. You don't have an eye.

DOUG. My eye socket.

KAYLEEN. That's disgusting. *(She stops dancing with him and leans against the bed.)* I probably can't smoke in here, right?

DOUG. Will you touch it?

KAYLEEN. What are you talking about. Stop being weird.

DOUG. You've always been able to mend my wounds.

KAYLEEN. Great. Glad I could've been of service. *(She takes out pack of cigarettes.)* I'm just going to smoke. What are they going to do?

DOUG. I know it's probably superstition, but I kind of need it. You know you always do it.

KAYLEEN. I don't always do anything.

DOUG. You've got like super powers. Even tonight. When we kissed, you kissed my missing tooth. The gap. And it stopped hurting.

KAYLEEN. Well, I'm not touching your disgusting eye socket. *(Doug starts to pick at the bandages around his head.)* What are you doing?

DOUG. You'll do it. You'll touch it. You'll heal me. The pills only last so long.

KAYLEEN. Stop that.

DOUG. Once the pills wear off, it's going to kill again. You've got to just touch it.

KAYLEEN. Doug, stop doing that! *(Doug starts unpeeling the bandages around his face. He unpeels the top layer off, and then starts unwrapping another layer.)*

DOUG. It's okay. I know what I'm doing / okay?

KAYLEEN. / I really don't want to see / this!

DOUG. / I just need you to help me out, Leenie. You know. You know what you do. *(It's all off except for an extremely bloody gauze pad is taped over his left eye. It looks ghoulish, disgusting, frightening.)*

DOUG. Will you please touch my / eye?
KAYLEEN. / Get away from me! Doug, I can't look at that!
Please?! Put your ... Put that stuff back over it! This can't be
healthy, / come on!
DOUG. / You can make it better.
KAYLEEN. No, no I can't, leave me alone.
DOUG. Just touch it! Once!
KAYLEEN. *(With fury.)* NO! I WILL NOT! I'm not here to
TAKE CARE OF YOU, Doug. I am not a *healer*.
DOUG. I'm in pain, do you understand that?!
KAYLEEN. I don't care!
DOUG. *Then leave! Get out of here, fucking go! (For an instant they
are both startled. Then she exits. Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen
and Doug prepare for Scene 3.)*

Scene 3

Age Thirteen: The Limbo

Ten years earlier. The kids are 13.

The nurse's office. Night.

*Kayleen enters. She is unwell. She wipes her mouth from hav-
ing just coughed something up. She's unsteady. She is dressed
for the 8th grade dance.*

She lays on the bed, feet still on the floor.

*Doug enters, hopping on one foot. He sits quickly in the
other bed.*

DOUG. *(In pain.)* Ah! Ah! Ah! *(Kayleen looks up at him.)*

KAYLEEN. What happened to you?

DOUG. I was rocking out.

KAYLEEN. You were dancing?
DOUG. Yeah. I was all over the place.
KAYLEEN. Were you "break" dancing?
DOUG. No, man. It was the limbo.
KAYLEEN. Did you hurt your ankle?
DOUG. Yeah. What's wrong with you?
KAYLEEN. Nothing.
DOUG. I mean: What about the dance?
KAYLEEN. What about it.
DOUG. It's going on!
KAYLEEN. Big deal.
DOUG. You don't like it?
KAYLEEN. No.
DOUG. It's fun.
KAYLEEN. So go back to it.
DOUG. I jacked up my ankle.
KAYLEEN. Doing the limbo.
DOUG. Yeah, it's Mexican, you know? I was rocking out. How come you don't like it.
KAYLEEN. I just don't.
DOUG. So why'd you come?
KAYLEEN. Shut up. (*Long beat.*)
DOUG. Did you throw up blood?
KAYLEEN. What?!
DOUG. I heard Sister Boniface tell Mrs. Wheaton that you had thrown up blood.
KAYLEEN. I didn't throw up blood. I just threw up.
DOUG. You want me to get you some ginger ale?
KAYLEEN. No. Thank you.
DOUG. I can throw up whenever I want.
KAYLEEN. That's reassuring.
DOUG. Really, though. I don't need to like stick my finger down my throat or anything. I can just do it, if I want.
KAYLEEN. Why would you want to.
DOUG. Sometimes, you know, just to feel better. Or, like to gross people out, or something. I was playing hockey? I play hockey. I was playing and this dude on the other team, he was a real agitator. And he kept creeping all over me, he was annoying you know? He was just annoying. And so I made myself throw up a little bit in my mouth? And I spat it on him.

KAYLEEN. That is the most disgusting thing I've ever heard in my life. You're disgusting.

DOUG. Man! He got so grossed out he started to cry. And then I was like, skating all over the place. I scored a goal. We lost, but I still scored a goal.

KAYLEEN. Hockey sounds like a wonderful activity.

DOUG. I tore my achilles tendon last summer.

KAYLEEN. Why are you talking to me right now? Why don't you go back to your dance?

DOUG. But that's why I just hurt my ankle. It never really healed right, I think. Sometimes I hurt it just by walking. Do you know how I did it?

KAYLEEN. You said: Dancing.

DOUG. No, I mean tore my tendon.

KAYLEEN. I don't know. Playing hockey?

DOUG. Nope. Uh-uh. I was riding on the handlebars. Todd Scott was riding and I was on the handlebars and we were speeding down the Noble Road hill and my foot got caught in the spokes and I got flipped off the bike. I also got 10 stitches in my face. But also, I tore my Achilles tendon. I'm accident prone. That's what my mom says I am.

KAYLEEN. If you're riding on the handlebars of a bike going down a hill, you're not accident prone, you're retarded.

DOUG. You shouldn't say "retarded." That's real rude to retarded people.

KAYLEEN. Sorry I offended you.

DOUG. No, it's cool. *(The pulse of music can be heard echoing in the distance. Nodding his head with music.)* Aw yeah. I like this one. You wanna dance?

KAYLEEN. What are you talking about. *(Doug gets up, gimp, but spirited. He starts to dance awkwardly.)*

DOUG. Let's dance!

KAYLEEN. Yeah, right.

DOUG. I'm serious! I wanna dance with you. Get it up!

KAYLEEN. I'm not dancing!

DOUG. Come on! *(Doug pulls her off the bed and they very awkwardly dance to the distant music. But it's too awkward and Kayleen walks away and flops on the bed.)*

DOUG. What?

KAYLEEN. So! Retarded!

DOUG. How come you don't like to dance?
KAYLEEN. Would you just leave me alone?
DOUG. Go up with me.
KAYLEEN. I'm not going back to the dance, okay? Leave me alone.
DOUG. But it's fun.
KAYLEEN. It's not fun for me. *(Doug stares at her for a moment. He sits, takes off his shoe, and starts scratching the bottom of his foot vigorously.)* What are you DOING?
DOUG. Got an itchy foot.
KAYLEEN. That's disgusting.
DOUG. So? So is throwing up blood.
KAYLEEN. I didn't throw up blood. *(Doug continues scratching his foot. Kayleen watches him, unguarded, for a moment. Then she turns away.)*
DOUG. So ... Kaitlin ... Who do you like?
KAYLEEN. What did you just call me?
DOUG. Kaitlin.
KAYLEEN. My name is Kayleen.
DOUG. Oh, yeah, Kayleen. I meant to say Kayleen.
KAYLEEN. You're a dick.
DOUG. I am not.
KAYLEEN. Shut up. *(Doug takes off his other shoe. He scratches that foot, but not nearly as vigorously.)*
DOUG. So who do you like?
KAYLEEN. *(Irritated.)* I don't understand the question.
DOUG. Which guy do you like?
KAYLEEN. I hate everybody.
DOUG. Why?
KAYLEEN. I just do. Shut up. *(Doug stops scratching his feet. He looks at them. Stretches. He takes off his socks.)*
DOUG. Hey Kayleen.
KAYLEEN. What.
DOUG. Look! *(Kayleen looks at him and he whips one of his socks at her face.)*
KAYLEEN. *(Totally skeeved.)* EW! EW! That's so gross!
DOUG. It's my sock!
KAYLEEN. I know!
DOUG. It's stanky! It's smelly!
KAYLEEN. That's the grossest thing I've ever seen! You are disgusting! Get away from me!

DOUG. WHO DO YOU LIKE?
KAYLEEN. Just go away!
DOUG. There's not one guy you like?
KAYLEEN. I told you, NO. Leave me alone. *(Doug goes and picks up his sock and takes it back to his bed.)*
KAYLEEN. You're so stupid.
DOUG. I like Erin Marks.
KAYLEEN. Good for you.
DOUG. She's really pretty. I danced with her tonight. She kissed Dan Strauss.
KAYLEEN. Yeah, she also kissed Ian McGee.
DOUG. She did?
KAYLEEN. Yes. *(Doug thinks about this.)*
DOUG. She did not.
KAYLEEN. I saw them kissing backstage at the choir concert.
DOUG. Have you ever kissed anyone?
KAYLEEN. You are so stupid.
DOUG. I am not. Have you?
KAYLEEN. Shut up. *(Doug is quiet for a moment. He goes and gets his sock. He puts both socks back on.)*
DOUG. I haven't ever kissed anyone.
KAYLEEN. I don't care.
DOUG. I'm going to kiss Erin Marks tonight.
KAYLEEN. Good for you. *(Doug lies down on the bed. He stretches.)*
Why don't you just go back up there?
DOUG. I'm gonna go in a second. *(Kayleen lies down. They both face the ceiling.)* I think kissing is going to be really nice.
KAYLEEN. You're retarded. *(Doug starts kissing his forearm and the crook of his arm, as if to practice. He gets more and more passionate, trying to annoy Kayleen.)*
DOUG. Mmm. Kiss. Kissy Kiss. Kissy Kiss Kiss. *(Kayleen gets up to leave.)*
KAYLEEN. I'm leaving. You are so annoying and stupid.
DOUG. I'm not stupid. That's really mean, you know? Everyone just thinks just because I'm awesome at sports and I always get hurt that I'm stupid, but I'm not stupid, I'm just brave, that's all. I'm brave. Don't leave.
KAYLEEN. I thought you wanted to go back to the dance.
DOUG. Not yet. I want to sit here. *(Kayleen goes back and sits down.)* I'm not always brave.

KAYLEEN. Yeah. I know. *(Beat.)*

DOUG. Do you want to practice kissing?

KAYLEEN. *WHAT?*

DOUG. I'm just saying: I never kissed anyone. And I'm assuming you haven't either. And I'm nervous about doing it, and you probably are too, so why don't we just practice so when we do have our first kiss, we'll know what we're doing.

KAYLEEN. No thank you.

DOUG. Come on.

KAYLEEN. No.

DOUG. Come on.

KAYLEEN. No, I'm not going to kiss you! That's gross! And besides, we wouldn't have a "first kiss" after that. That would BE our "first kiss." And I don't want my first kiss to be with you. And I just threw up anyhow.

DOUG. It wouldn't be our first kiss, it would be a practice kiss. I don't like you, I like Erin Marks.

KAYLEEN. I just threw up.

DOUG. Didn't you wash out your mouth?

KAYLEEN. Yeah.

DOUG. So that's okay then. Come on. *(He stands up.)* Kayleen, come on. Practice kiss. Then we go back up to the dance.

KAYLEEN. I can't even believe you're talking about this.

DOUG. Come on. Practice kiss.

KAYLEEN. This is just weird. Let's just go back to the dance. *(Kayleen gets up. Doug leans in. His face hovers just in front of hers. She looks at him, then allows Doug to kiss her. They kiss. Then they step apart. They look at each other for a moment. Kayleen puts her hand over her mouth.)*

DOUG. What's wrong? *(She's going to puke. She grabs a trash can and throws up in it. She throws up a lot. When she's done, she just stands there, holding the trash can.)* Are you okay? *(Kayleen won't look at him. She's clearly humiliated.)* Kayleen, you okay?

KAYLEEN. Just please go. *(Doug looks at her. She holds the trash can close to her body. Doug cocks his head back and makes a really strange sound, like a deep groan or gargle. He keeps doing this and then grabs the trash can from Kayleen and he throws up into it. When he's done. He shakes his head, as if to clear it. And he stares into the trash can.)*

DOUG. Our throw up is all mixed together. *(Looks at Kayleen.)* You wanna see? *(Kayleen stares at him, and then steps to him and she and Doug look in the trash can together.)*

DOUG. So awesome.

KAYLEEN. Yeah. Yeah. (*Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 4.*)

Scene 4

Age Twenty-Eight: Tuesday

Fifteen years later. The kids are 28.

Hospital. Doug is in a coma. He wears an eyepatch over his left eye.

Kayleen enters. She hasn't seen him like this.

KAYLEEN. (*To herself.*) Goddamnit. (*She goes to Doug. Only beeping and other artificial sounds. She looks at him for a long time.*) Hey again. (*Kayleen covers her face with her hands and then she exits. She reenters quickly.*) So I'm trying to get more healthy. Mostly. Most of the time. I thought you should know. So, you know, don't worry about me or anything. (*A long moment.*) Come on, Doug. Wake up now. Just wake up. I'm here. I'm here to wake you up, okay? It's been a long time, I know, and I just want to ... (*Kayleen shakes her head, realizing she's basically talking to herself.*) Jesus. What the fuck am I doing here? (*She goes into her bag and gets some pills. She takes them. She sits down in a chair that's not close to the bed.*) I'm so sick of your shit. (*Kayleen rubs her temples. She gets up and walks to him quickly.*) WHO GETS STRUCK BY FUCKING LIGHTNING!? (*She goes back to her seat and collapses in it.*) ON THEIR FUCKING ROOF! I hate to tell you this, you stupid fucking genius, but getting up on the roof in the middle of a fucking electrical storm isn't a brilliant fucking move! (*Kayleen calms herself. She takes out a bottle of lotion and takes some in her hands.*) I'm trying not to swear so much. And I'm moisturizing. So that's what's going on with me these days. (*She rubs lotion into her hands.*) So congratulations on

almost being married. I mean, I heard about it. I heard about her. *Elaine. Elaine.* She sounds lovely. Poor girl. You probably made the right decision, though. I don't think you're gonna be ready to settle down till you stop climbing up on the roof, you know? I mean, I'm no model citizen, but I do know basic fucking things about personal safety, you dumb piece of shit. *(Kayleen puts her lotion back in her bag. She gets up and walks over to Doug again.)* I mean, you're not the first groom to get cold feet. *(Kayleen shakes her head and wanders around the room.)* I feel like an idiot here. I was pretty sure, I'd get here, say two words to you and you'd snap out of this shit. Because it's ME! It's KAYLEEN, DOUGIE! I'm BACK! Last time I saw you you'd just blown out your stupid eye. It was this same hospital. *(She goes back to her chair.)* Twice in ten years. Not stellar for a couple of kids supposed to be best friends. Twice! Well, I guess this is three times. Does this count? Does it count if one of us might be brain dead? Of course, you've always been brain dead, haven't you, Dougie? Ha ha ha. *(Kayleen rubs her face.)* What else what else what else what else...? *(Kayleen gets up and looks at Doug. She slowly walks to him and touches his hand. She takes his hand in hers. This is the first time in this scene she's really let herself look at him. She gingerly holds out her hands over him, as if she had the power to raise the dead but knows she looks ridiculous. She touches his chest and then lifts her hands up as if she might have just woken him. Nothing.)* I am retarded. *(She walks in a circle, and then comes back to him. She stares at him for a long moment. She holds his hand, rubs it. She goes to her bag, gets out the lotion, comes back to him.)* Your hand is all dry. *(She moisturizes his hand.)* You can't marry that girl, Doug. You can't. Because what about me? What about me, huh? When my Dad died, when you ... when you came to the funeral home that night ... That stuff you said to me ... You're always doing that, you know? The top ten best things anyone's ever done for me have all been done by you. That's pretty good, right? And I know. I know I know I know ... I'm so stupid. I'm always ... I'm just fucked up, you know that. And so I need you to stick it out, Dougie. I'm gonna need you to come looking for me again. I'm sorry. But you have to wake up now. You have to wake up for me. Because I'm *not* great, you know? I'm not great. And I really need you right now. I really need you to come over and show me some stupid shit again, tell me some stupid joke like you always do. I'm sorry I've been gone. I'm back now. You know? I'm back now. So wake up. Wake up now, buddy. Just, you know ... rise

and shine. It's Tuesday. That was always your favorite day. (*Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 5.*)

Scene 5

Age Eighteen: Pink Eye

Ten years earlier. The kids are 18.

Kayleen's bedroom. Kayleen sits on her bed, knees to her chest. Doug enters. He's beaten up pretty badly. He carries an enormous hockey duffel bag. He's in pain. He drops the bag, collapses against her bed and yells in pain.

KAYLEEN. What are you *doing*?

DOUG. Had to stop by.

KAYLEEN. What *happened*?

DOUG. Matty Dozier happened.

KAYLEEN. What do you mean?

DOUG. I got in a fight with him.

KAYLEEN. (*Very concerned.*) You got in a fight with MATTY DOZIER?

DOUG. Yeah. And then that stupid Girl Scout gave me pink eye. (*He takes Girl Scout cookies out of his bag and throws them at Kayleen.*) Here. I bought her stupid cookies. *Girl Scouts*. What a bunch of little bitches.

KAYLEEN. These are Samoas.

DOUG. Damn right.

KAYLEEN. Where are the Thin Mints?

DOUG. Fuck that.

KAYLEEN. Fuck you.

DOUG. What's *your* problem?

KAYLEEN. Go home. I'm sick. And you're annoying. I wanted Thin Mints.

DOUG. Shut up or I'll give you pink eye.

KAYLEEN. Go away. *(Doug gets up, starts rubbing his eyes. And then walks to her like Frankenstein.)*

DOUG. Give ... pink eye ... mmmmmh ...

KAYLEEN. Ew! Stop! Get away! *(Doug crawls all over her on the bed. Kayleen fights him off.)* Get OFF ME, you pervert!

DOUG. PINK EYE!!!

KAYLEEN. *(Very serious.)* GET OFF! GOD!

DOUG. What? What's wrong with you?

KAYLEEN. You're a fucking pervert! Every guy in the world! You all act like you're playing around, except you have to crawl all over me! You think I don't know you have a total hard-on right now, you perv!

DOUG. I do not!

KAYLEEN. You do too!

DOUG. I'm wearing a cup! *(Doug knocks on his crotch. It's plastic.)* It's a protective cup, you paranoid little horn dog.

KAYLEEN. Just leave me alone.

DOUG. Fine. *(Doug sits down and opens cookies. He eats.)* Ho bag.

KAYLEEN. Shut up.

DOUG. Enjoy the pink eye. It's like the most contagious thing in the entire world.

KAYLEEN. I don't care.

DOUG. What's wrong with you, anyway.

KAYLEEN. Nothing. I just am tired. What happened with Dozier.

DOUG. First, I punched him in the face.

KAYLEEN. Why? *(Doug shrugs.)* It's MATTY DOZIER, Dougie. You don't go punching Matty Dozier in the face. What do you have, a death wish?

DOUG. He threw me down and kicked me and wailed all over me. But I didn't care 'cause I busted his stupid nose. Fuckin' pussy. How come you weren't at school? Are you sick again?

KAYLEEN. I'm always sick.

DOUG. You don't look sick.

KAYLEEN. I'm not. Not right this minute, anyhow.

DOUG. But you sure look weird. And you're all rude and everything.

KAYLEEN. Probably 'cause I totally had sex today. *(Doug chokes on his cookie.)*

DOUG. What?

KAYLEEN. With Tim.

DOUG. You had ... TODAY!? WHEN? How? What are you TALKING ABOUT?

KAYLEEN. He's my boyfriend.

DOUG. So? I know!

KAYLEEN. So we have sex!

DOUG. You mean ... you've been HAVING sex? How long?!

KAYLEEN. Like two weeks. We did it two weeks ago.

DOUG. How come you didn't tell me?

KAYLEEN. I'm telling you now!

DOUG. Well what the fuck!?

KAYLEEN. WHAT?

DOUG. I don't want you having sex with TIM!

KAYLEEN. He's my boyfriend!

DOUG. You're too young!

KAYLEEN. Just because you've never had sex.

DOUG. I told you I did have sex.

KAYLEEN. With your cousin.

DOUG. *We're not cousins, we're family friends!* Shut up! I can't believe you had sex with TIM. That guy is nasty.

KAYLEEN. It's not like we've been doing it non-stop anyway. We only had sex twice.

DOUG. Twice?

KAYLEEN. Once two weeks ago. And then today.

DOUG. TODAY? Here?! In this bed? EWW! I was just in this bed that you were screwing Tim Reilly in? That guy is skeeze central.

KAYLEEN. Just forget about it then.

DOUG. I can't just forget about it!

KAYLEEN. It wasn't ...

DOUG. ... What?

KAYLEEN. Nothing.

DOUG. *What?*

KAYLEEN. Nothing. I just. It's over anyway. I mean. I did it. Twice. I got that over with.

DOUG. Sounds like it was really fun.

KAYLEEN. It wasn't, okay? It wasn't fun. It was ... It was just like, you know. Like you have to pretend you're not even doing anything, like you're just playing around, like you were with me, just now. Tim's over here, and we have to pretend like we're just being normal, you know, playing around, wrestling around and everything and then suddenly we're not, suddenly he's like ... you know ...

DOUG. He's like what?
KAYLEEN. Nothing.
DOUG. You didn't WANT to?
KAYLEEN. I mean ... not at that exact moment ... *(Doug stands up, stares at her.)*
DOUG. Kayleen ...
KAYLEEN. Don't get all crazy. You're always so dramatic.
DOUG. I'm going to fucking kill him
KAYLEEN. No you're not.
DOUG. I'm gonna kick him in his ugly skull, that dirty piece of shit.
KAYLEEN. You're not going to do that.
DOUG. Why not?
KAYLEEN. Because you're not, okay? Just forget about it!
DOUG. *(Starting to lose it.)* I'm talking about you, Kayleen! I'm talking about you, and nobody can just come around and ... I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna kill him. I'm gonna fucking / kill him ... I'm gonna kill him ...
KAYLEEN. / Will you shut up PLEASE? Will you just sit here?
DOUG. NO I'M NOT GOING TO SIT DOWN!
KAYLEEN. He's my boyfriend!
DOUG. No he's not! Not anymore! I hate him I hate him I hate him so much ... *(Doug puts his face in his hands.)*
KAYLEEN. Doug ... Doug, come on. Are you crying?
DOUG. *(Not removing his hands; crying.)* NO. *(Kayleen grabs his shirt and pulls him to the bed where he sits, still face in hands. Kayleen hugs him. Doug wipes his eyes.)* Why's everyone got to be so mean? Dozier ... Tim ... they don't ... They're all such ... *(Beat.)* He called you a skank. Dozier did. I was leaving school and he yelled out to me and ... him and all those guys were laughing and just ... saying all this stuff and ... People think they can say things like that about you, but then they get punched in the face, and they always will, Kayleen, they will always get punched in the face. By me. *(Beat.)* You're not a skank. You're not. *(They sit for a moment. He looks at her and then at her hands. He strokes her leg in a tender way.)* You got blood on your jeans.
KAYLEEN. It's not blood.
DOUG. Yeah it is. Yeah it is. *(He looks at her.)* When you start that again?
KAYLEEN. I didn't start anything. *(Doug looks at her. She looks*

away.) I thought having sex would, you know. I thought it might make me stop.

DOUG. Does it hurt?

KAYLEEN. A little.

DOUG. What could make you stop?

KAYLEEN. I don't know. Nothing. *(Doug gets up and walks away from her. Kayleen watches him. She unbuttons her jeans and pulls them down. Her thighs have small cuts on them.)* Look. *(Doug looks at her legs. He goes to her. He kneels in front of her and lightly touches them.)*

DOUG. You think I could give your legs pink eye?

KAYLEEN. Maybe.

DOUG. Yeah. Maybe. *(Doug studies her legs.)* What do you use? *(Kayleen takes a razor blade from underneath her pillow.)* If it hurts, why do you do it?

KAYLEEN. I don't know. *(Doug touches her legs gently. They look at each other.)* Don't tell me to stop. *(Doug stands up and unbuttons his pants. He pulls them down. He holds his thigh out to her.)* I'm not going to cut you.

DOUG. I won't tell you to stop if you do.

KAYLEEN. Why.

DOUG. Just do it. Just like how you do it. *(Kayleen puts the razor to his thigh, but doesn't cut him.)*

KAYLEEN. I can't.

DOUG. Do it.

KAYLEEN. Dougie, why?

DOUG. Just do it. I want to see what it's like, okay?

KAYLEEN. It's different. I can't do it to someone else.

DOUG. I'm not someone else. I'm you. *(She looks at him. She puts the razor to his thigh. She cuts him. He breaths sharply, once.)*

KAYLEEN. I'm sorry ... *(He touches his cut. He kneels back down in front of her. He puts his hands on her thighs. She puts her hands on top of his hands. They look at each other.)*

DOUG. You're the prettiest girl I've ever seen.

KAYLEEN. I know. *(Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 6.)*

Scene 6

Age Thirty-Three: A Blue Raspberry Dip

Fifteen years later. The kids are 33.

A sterile lounge in a health facility. Kayleen sits in a chair, staring into space. Doug enters. He walks with a cane and a pronounced limp. He wears an eyepatch. He sees her before she sees him.

DOUG. Leenie. *(She doesn't notice. Louder.)* Kayleen. *(She turns to see him.)*

KAYLEEN. I thought you were dead.

DOUG. I wasn't.

KAYLEEN. You woke up.

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. When?

DOUG. Five years ago.

KAYLEEN. Five years?

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. You really woke up five years ago? Where have you been?

DOUG. I don't know. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. What's with the cane?

DOUG. Nothing.

KAYLEEN. Come on, what happened? *(Doug shrugs.)* Did you ever marry that girl?

DOUG. Elaine?

KAYLEEN. *Elaine.*

DOUG. You heard about that?

KAYLEEN. Yeah.

DOUG. No.

KAYLEEN. I thought you were dead.

DOUG. Did you visit me?

KAYLEEN. They've got me on about 25 medications or some-

thing. Like a swirl of ice cream in me. You know how they dip the ice cream and it gets a hardened shell?

DOUG. Like at the Frostee Freeze.

KAYLEEN. I'm a blue raspberry dip.

DOUG. Delicious.

KAYLEEN. Yeah. *(Beat.)* This place isn't too bad. Except for the food and you can't smoke. *(Beat.)* I had a bad patch, Dougie.

DOUG. What did you do?

KAYLEEN. I hurt myself.

DOUG. How.

KAYLEEN. I don't remember doing it.

DOUG. Doing what?

KAYLEEN. My stomach. You know, it always hurt. And my mom, and all that. And it got worse, and I just tried to take it out.

DOUG. What do you mean.

KAYLEEN. I was out of my head. I tried to cut my stomach out. *(Beat. Doug flinches.)*

DOUG. That sort of thing. It's not healthy.

KAYLEEN. It was okay. I'm not very good with a knife.

DOUG. Kayleen ... You visited me, didn't you? In the hospital? Because I swear to God I heard your voice out there. Or your presence or, what, your echo ... I don't know how, but I remember you, something about you ... coming to me, and sinking into me, and giving me breath again. You came and healed me.

KAYLEEN. What does it matter?

DOUG. What do you mean what does it matter? You raised me from the dead!

KAYLEEN. No, I DID NOT! I'm not your guardian fucking angel, Doug, for God's sake look at me, okay? I didn't come and see you.

DOUG. No. No no no, you can't lie to me. I can see it all over your face, you were there. You were *there*.

KAYLEEN. *(With rage.)* I wasn't fucking there!

DOUG. *(Angry; slams cane.)* Well, why NOT?

KAYLEEN. Because why would I, Doug? What about when I needed somebody?! Where were *you* the last five years?

DOUG. My life got away from me.

KAYLEEN. Poor you.

DOUG. Every angle of it. I probably have ten thousand excuses, but I ... Kayleen, I'm sorry. Something happened to me and I had to find you. Look ... *(Doug goes into his bag and takes out a small*

stone statue of an owl.) I brought you this.
KAYLEEN. What is it?
DOUG. You don't remember?
KAYLEEN. No.
DOUG. You don't remember this owl.
KAYLEEN. *No.*
DOUG. Yes you do.
KAYLEEN. Am I supposed to?
DOUG. Stop LYING!
KAYLEEN. I'm NOT!
DOUG. You know this owl! We used to think it was an angel, back at school! It was a small statue on the roof of Saint Margaret Mary's.
KAYLEEN. I don't remember.
DOUG. You're full of SHIT!
KAYLEEN. I don't remember anything, okay? I'm sorry! How'd you get it?
DOUG. St. Margaret Mary's blew up.
KAYLEEN. *What?*
DOUG. It exploded.
KAYLEEN. Were there kids in it?
DOUG. No, you idiot. It closed down like ten years ago. It was used by the diocese for storage. There was a leaking gas main. Kaboom.
KAYLEEN. So what, you went to pick through the rubble?
DOUG. No, I work in insurance now.
KAYLEEN. *What.*
DOUG. I'm a claims adjuster.
KAYLEEN. You're such a loser.
DOUG. I know. But I got to go and investigate the wreckage. I go over and the place is collapsed. So I hoist myself up there and I'm walking on the roof and then I stepped through a weak board or something and this upright nail went clear through my foot. It was about eight inches long. Then the board with the nail in it — *that* board snapped through another board and I broke my leg in three places. It took them five hours to get me out. And then I got an infection. And that's why I have this cane now. But listen: I'm up there, you know? Stuck up there, waiting for them to come and get me. And there were these severed heads of a bunch of saints that had ended up all over the place, and they were just staring at me. And this owl was there too. And so I lean over and grab the little guy. I

was in some serious pain, you know? And I just gripped him close to me, because ... Because all of a sudden, I was like, *Where the fuck is Kayleen?* You know? All of a sudden, everything was clear ... trapped up on that roof, impaled, surrounded by all the angels and saints ... That's my life, up there, Leenie. That's my life without you. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. Does it hurt?

DOUG. It's stigmata!

KAYLEEN. It's not stigmata, it's one foot. Stigmata is both feet and both hands. Let's keep perspective.

DOUG. It hurts a little. *(Long beat. Kayleen holds the owl and looks at him.)*

KAYLEEN. Look at this poor guy. He's all beat up.

DOUG. Spent his whole life up there on that roof. Looking down. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. Do you want to touch my scar? *(Doug doesn't answer. They stare at each other for a moment. She gets up and goes to him. She pulls her shirt out so Doug can put his hand up her shirt. He does and touches her stomach.)*

DOUG. God, Leenie.

KAYLEEN. That's my scar, Dougie. It's like a roller coaster across my stomach. You're not the only retardo on the planet. *(She tenderly touches his head. He takes her face in his hands. His hand remains up her shirt.)* You didn't even like him. You said he was a stupid-looking angel.

DOUG. You do remember.

KAYLEEN. Yes, goddamnit, I remember my goddamn angel. *(They sway together for a moment.)*

DOUG. I wish I could do to you what you do to me. *(Beat.)* I wish you'd let me. *(Beat.)* You think we could get out of here? You think we could just pry ourselves out of everything? Go somewhere else?

KAYLEEN. Somewhere else.

DOUG. Yeah. Anywhere.

KAYLEEN. I can't.

DOUG. Not even right this minute. Sometime soon, I could come and get you and ...

KAYLEEN. I can't. I can't. *(Kayleen steps away from him. She stops looking at him. She sits back down, holding the owl. He stares at her. A long beat.)*

DOUG. Are you going let me drift away here? Because I don't want

to, Leens. I'm worn out. I don't have so much left in me anymore you know? I'm saying, don't let me. Don't let me drift away again. I might not make it back. *(The lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 7.)*

Scene 7

Age Twenty-Three: Tooth and Nail

Ten years earlier. The kids are 23.

Night, outside of a funeral home. Kayleen sits on the steps of the Funeral Home, smoking. She wears a the same black dress from Scene 2, but she looks clean and sober.

Doug enters. He's wearing the black suit from Scene 2, but no blood, and he still has his left eye. He's missing one of his front teeth.

They look at each other.

DOUG. *(Smiles.)* Hey again.

KAYLEEN. What happened to your tooth?

DOUG. Knocked it out. This morning. I was hammering in the shed. Hi, Kayleen.

KAYLEEN. Hey again.

DOUG. I'm sorry.

KAYLEEN. For what.

DOUG. For your dad.

KAYLEEN. You're sorry for him.

DOUG. *About* him.

KAYLEEN. You missed the wake. Everyone went home. No one in there but a dead guy in a box.

DOUG. I thought it went till nine.

KAYLEEN. Eight-thirty.

DOUG. It's good to see you.
KAYLEEN. Fuck off. Toothless piece of shit. *(They smile at each other. Doug goes to her for a hug.)*
DOUG. It's so good to see you.
KAYLEEN. No, don't hug me. I'm all hugged out. I've been hugging people all day. Everyone in here: *I'm sorry for your loss. I'm so sorry for your loss.* What loss? If I hug one more person I'm going to choke on my own spit.
DOUG. It's been forever, Leenie.
KAYLEEN. I've been here. Where the fuck have you been?
DOUG. College.
KAYLEEN. College.
DOUG. I came back in the summers and Christmas. I tried to find you. I tried to look you up, but I couldn't find you.
KAYLEEN. I was here.
DOUG. Where? Not listed. Not at home.
KAYLEEN. I work. I work and I sleep. What do you do?
DOUG. Nothing. Not right now. Looking. I don't know. Seems whenever I'm home I'm looking for you.
KAYLEEN. You didn't look hard enough. *(Doug shakes himself out, as if waking from a dream or a trance.)*
DOUG. Jeez, Leenie, you're here now! I found you! *(He sits next to her and hugs her. She's annoyed.)*
KAYLEEN. Would you stop? You're a freak.
DOUG. I missed you. I missed you, Leenie.
KAYLEEN. Don't call me that. Nobody calls me that.
DOUG. I call you that. *(Beat.)* So what's been going on with you for the last four years? *(She moves away from him.)*
KAYLEEN. No, let's not do that. I don't feel like recapping the last four years of my life.
DOUG. Fine. *(Beat.)*
KAYLEEN. I'm waiting tables.
DOUG. Your dad told me you were waitressing. *(She looks at him, not expecting this.)* I told you, I came looking for you.
KAYLEEN. You talked to my dad?
DOUG. I came by your place.
KAYLEEN. When?
DOUG. This was like a year ago. I stopped to see if you were there. I talked to your dad. He told me you were waitressing but he didn't know where.

KAYLEEN. You *talked* to my dad?
DOUG. You think I enjoyed that? I hated being in the same room with that guy. May he rest in peace. *(Beat.)*
KAYLEEN. He never told me you stopped by.
DOUG. Big surprise there.
KAYLEEN. He's such an asshole. *(Beat.)* I'm alone now, Dougie.
DOUG. You're not alone.
KAYLEEN. Yeah, I am. My mom died last year.
DOUG. What? She died? When? How?
KAYLEEN. I don't know. Her stomach.
DOUG. Jesus, Leenie, I'm sorry.
KAYLEEN. Yeah, I know, you're *sorry for my loss* ... I hadn't seen her in eleven years. Her ex-boyfriend called me to give me the news. You know what my dad said when I told him?
DOUG. What?
KAYLEEN. He started crying and told me she was a better woman than I'd ever be. This bitch who walked out on us. *(Beat.)*
DOUG. You're not alone, Leenie.
KAYLEEN. Don't call me that.
DOUG. *Leenie.*
KAYLEEN. Shut up.
DOUG. *Leenie Deenie.*
KAYLEEN. I'm going to burn you with my cigarette. *(He grins at her.)* You need to get a fake tooth, like, *stat.* You look inbred. *(Beat.)* Did it hurt?
DOUG. It hurt like crazy. *(Beat.)*
KAYLEEN. It's good to see you, too.
DOUG. I think I'm home now.
KAYLEEN. What's that mean?
DOUG. It means I'm home. I'm back.
KAYLEEN. Well, that's good, I guess.
DOUG. You know, whenever anything crazy happened in college, or I saw something amazing or beautiful or fucked up, I'd think, man, Leenie'd love this shit. Sometimes I'd just imagine you were there, you know, I'd imagine you were there and I'd start having a conversation with you. Just start talking to you.
KAYLEEN. Yeah, there's a word for that and it's SCHIZOPHRENIA.
DOUG. I just want to be friends again.
KAYLEEN. You're the one who left.

DOUG. Are you okay?
KAYLEEN. I'm fine.
DOUG. Are you okay?
KAYLEEN. I told you, I'm fine.
DOUG. Come here.
KAYLEEN. No.
DOUG. Kayleen, come here.
KAYLEEN. Fuck off. *(Doug walks to her. He takes her face in his hands. She tries to resist, but relents.)*
DOUG. Look at me.
KAYLEEN. *WHAT*, Doug. *(They stare at each other. He kisses her. She lets him, but doesn't kiss him back.)*
DOUG. I love you. *(She pulls away from him.)*
KAYLEEN. Your parents were here tonight.
DOUG. I know.
KAYLEEN. They sent flowers. Your mother said she was going to bring by a casserole. That's what your Mom is like. She's the kind of woman who brings over a casserole.
DOUG. They love you, too.
KAYLEEN. This is so fucked up what you're doing right now.
DOUG. What are you / talking about...?
KAYLEEN. / Kissing me. Coming back like this. Telling me you love me, your parents love me. Just leave me alone.
DOUG. Leenie ...
KAYLEEN. You're so stupid. You always think everything is one way, but you don't know anything.
DOUG. What!? What don't I know?
KAYLEEN. You don't know *me*, okay? You think I'm someone, some girl you dreamt up a million years ago.
DOUG. Well, then, who are you?
KAYLEEN. Nothing. Just shut up.
DOUG. No, who are you? Since I don't know anything, who are you?
KAYLEEN. Shut up. *(Doug goes to her and tries to kiss her, but she steps away and doesn't let him.)*
KAYLEEN. Don't.
DOUG. Why not. *(She doesn't answer. She lights a cigarette.)* I've got some fireworks in my car.
KAYLEEN. You're retarded.
DOUG. I do. I've got a mess of them in my trunk. Killer, too. The Japanese shit.

KAYLEEN. We're not going to light off fireworks.

DOUG. Why not?

KAYLEEN. I don't know, Dougie. Maybe because we're not fifteen anymore? Or because you're retarded? Or because I have to wake up tomorrow for my father's funeral?

DOUG. We'll go to the bridge down on Roanoke. Just like old times.

KAYLEEN. I'm living with someone.

DOUG. You're living with someone ... what, like you have a roommate?

KAYLEEN. I'm living with a guy. We've been together for a year.

DOUG. Where is he? He's not with you?

KAYLEEN. He doesn't like funerals.

DOUG. He doesn't like funerals? This isn't a funeral. This is a wake.

KAYLEEN. He said seeing a dead body would wig him out. *(Beat.)* Just shut up.

DOUG. And you're WITH this guy.

KAYLEEN. Don't judge him. He's sensitive.

DOUG. Fuck him. Fuck him fuck him fuck him.

KAYLEEN. That's nice. *(Doug paces. He starts to leave. He comes back.)*

DOUG. You know what, Kayleen? Jesus Christ, you know, I came to your house last year and your Dad was there, and I know he hates my guts, he always has, and he's like *She is where she is. I don't know where the girl is.* He said he didn't care and didn't care to know. And I was about to just leave, but I didn't. I didn't and I said to that son of a bitch ... *(He turns to the funeral home and shouts at it.)* You remember, asshole? You dead piece of shit!? You remember what I said to you!? I said to him, you are fucking WORTHLESS. You have a daughter and she is a gift from God. She is the most perfect being to ever walk this earth and you don't even know it. And she loves you because you're her stupid father. But you've never loved her back, you've just damaged her and fucked her up, and never even bothered to notice she's this ANGEL. So FUCK YOU COCKSUCKER. *(Beat.)* And then I told him I hoped he'd die alone. Which he did. So I feel a little guilty about that now. *(Beat.)* I can take care of you, Leenie. *(Beat. He approaches her. She hasn't been looking at him, but she has been moved by his words. She reaches out and touches her face. She flinches, recoils from his touch and steps away from him.)*

KAYLEEN. I don't need anyone to take care of me. (*Doug turns to leave.*) Where are you going.

DOUG. I'm going to go light up my fireworks. (*He exits.*)

KAYLEEN. Bye. (*She takes out a cigarette. Lights it. Looks out after him. Sits down. More to herself.*) Don't blow your face off. (*Lights shift. Music fills and Kayleen and Doug prepare for Scene 8.*)

Scene 8

Age Thirty-Eight: Zamboni

Fifteen years later.

The kids are 38.

An empty indoor ice rink. Kayleen stands on the ice.

After a moment, Doug enters. He is in a wheelchair. He wears a coat and a knit cap, and of course an eye patch. They haven't seen each other since he visited her in the hospital, five years ago. They look at each other but don't say anything. They both look out at the rink.

DOUG. I did a good job with that ice.

KAYLEEN. It looks like glass.

DOUG. They rebuilt the Zam for me. I can drive it with my hands. (*Beat.*) Last cut of the day. It's late.

KAYLEEN. I didn't know. About you. About the accident. (*Doug doesn't answer.*)

KAYLEEN. After I got out ... I was too ...

DOUG. It's okay. I know.

KAYLEEN. It's cold.

DOUG. Ice rink. (*Beat.*) I watch the kids play hockey. Oh, they fly around. They fly around the rink. (*Beat.*) I like it at night after the last cut. Look at the ice, Kayleen.

KAYLEEN. Your mom told me I could find you here. She's so nice to me. As if she doesn't know anything. Or maybe as if she knows everything. You and your family, Dougie. Nicest people in the world. And you have to get tangled up in the spokes of my train wreck.

DOUG. Trains don't have spokes. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. Dougie ... Why do you do this? *(He doesn't answer.)* Where'd you learn how to climb a telephone pole?

DOUG. Easy to climb up. Not so easy to climb down. Especially in the pouring rain.

KAYLEEN. Why did you climb it?

DOUG. You were unlisted.

KAYLEEN. You're stupid.

DOUG. Maybe.

KAYLEEN. Not maybe.

DOUG. Maybe if I could climb to the top of this telephone pole in the rain at night, like the mast of a ship lost at sea, maybe I'll see the shine of you, bringing me home again. *(Beat.)* That's the maybe.

KAYLEEN. *(Quiet.)* That's stupid. *(Beat.)*

DOUG. Yeah, that's stupid. *(She looks at him, he looks at the ice. A long moment.)*

KAYLEEN. I came here to lay my hands on you, Dougie. I've never believed it, but I have to do it ... because if you believe it, that must be enough. *(Doug doesn't answer, doesn't look at her.)* I came and saw you when you were in the coma.

DOUG. You said you didn't.

KAYLEEN. I did. I came and saw you. I touched you. I felt like an idiot, but I did. And nothing happened, so I just felt it was stupid. But you woke up. You woke up, you freak.

DOUG. How come you said you didn't come see me.

KAYLEEN. I don't know, Doug, there you were, asking me if I was the reason you miraculously sprung back to life, I can't be the reason you're alive. Why would I be able to do something like that? *How* could I? I don't know what this stupid thing is anyway ... It's just ... Is it something that comes true if one person believes it? Or two people? If it is, I believe it. I'll believe anything, Dougie, I don't care. I'm ... *(Beat.)* I'm going to touch you now. Tell me where. Tell me where.

DOUG. Don't touch me. Kayleen.

KAYLEEN. I know. But ... I just think ...

DOUG. Don't touch me.

KAYLEEN. I want to, Dougie. I have to, you have to let me ...

DOUG. Do not touch me.

KAYLEEN. Not even for that, Dougie. For me. Just for me. Just for me.

DOUG. *(Almost desperate; as in "Please don't touch me.") Please. (Kayleen stands and goes back to the bench and sits. She covers her face with her hands for a moment.)* I'm good like this. I'm good. Don't need anything else. Except maybe when I see those kids flying around on the ice. But I'm done flying around. *(Beat.)*

KAYLEEN. God, I feel sick.

DOUG. Throw up.

KAYLEEN. I want to. *(Beat.)* Remember...?

DOUG. Yeah.

KAYLEEN. We stood there staring at it.

DOUG. Disgusting.

KAYLEEN. You cleaned it out.

DOUG. I did?

KAYLEEN. Yeah, you washed it out. We left. We went out to the playground.

DOUG. We sat on the swings.

KAYLEEN. We sat on the swings. You kept climbing up the swing chains and swinging from the top bar, like ten feet off the ground. And I told you you were stupid and going to crack open your head. So you came back down. And we sat on the swings.

DOUG. What did we talk about.

KAYLEEN. God, I don't know ... We talked about everything. We talked so long, it was the latest I'd ever stayed up in my life. It was almost morning when we left the swings. It was cold, and you gave me your jacket to wear. The playground was so pretty just then. The sky was starting to be blue. *(They look at the ice.)*

End of Play

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- "Augmented Reality: From Tangible Space to Intelligent Space." *Mirror Image*. N.p., 08 Feb. 2010. Web. 17 May 2015.
- "Definition of Director in English:." *Director: Definition of Director in Oxford Dictionary (American English) (US)*. N.p., n.d. Web. 28 Apr. 2015.
- "Definition of Effort in English:." *Effort: Definition of Effort in Oxford Dictionary (American English) (US)*. N.p., n.d. Web. 19 May 2015.
- "Definition of Liminal in English:." *Liminal: Definition of Liminal in Oxford Dictionary (American English) (US)*. N.p., n.d. Web. 21 May 2015.
- "Jerzy Grotowski - Towards a Poor Theatre." *Jerzy Grotowski - Towards a Poor Theatre*. N.p., n.d. Web. 21 Apr. 2015.
- Aitken, Stuart C., and Leo Zonn. *Place, Power, Situation, and Spectacle: A Geography of Film*. Lanham, MD: Rowman & Littlefield, 1994. Print.
- Aristotle, Stephen Halliwell, W. Hamilton Fyfe, D. A. Russell, Doreen Innes, Demetrius, Longinus, and Demetrius. *Poetics*. Cambridge, MA: Harvard UP, 1995. Print.
- Ball, William. *A Sense of Direction: Some Observations on the Art of Directing*. New York: Drama Book, 1984. Print.
- Barrie, J. M., and Nora S. Unwin. *Peter Pan*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1950. Print.
- Bean, Heidi R. "Repeating Gertrude Stein: Language, Performativity, and Hypermediated Theater." *Text and Performance Quarterly* 27.3 (2007): 168-93. Web.
- Bloomer, Kent C., Charles Willard Moore, and Robert J. Yadell. *Body, Memory and Architecture*. New Haven: Yale U, 1975. Print.
- Bogart, Anne. *A Director Prepares: Seven Essays on Art and Theatre*. London: Routledge, 2001. Print.
- Brook, Peter. *The Empty Space*. New York: Atheneum, 1968. Print.
- Cash, Justin. "Poor Theatre Conventions." *The Drama Theater*. N.p., 12 Mar. 2014. Web.

- Croyden, Margaret, and Jerzy Grotowski. "Jerzy Grotowski [electronic Resource]." *Creative Arts Television*. Kent, CT, 2007. Television.
- Deborah Warner." *Textual Practice* 20.4 (2006): 591-614.
- Frederiksen, Kasper Opstrup. *The Way Out: Invisible Insurrections and Radical Imaginaries in the UK Underground 1961-1991*. Thesis. Birkbeck (University of London), n.d. N.p.: n.p., n.d. Print.
- Joseph, Rajiv. *Gruesome Playground Injuries*. New York: Dramatists Play Service, 2012. Print.
- Kaplan, Steve. *The Hidden Tools of Comedy: The Serious Business of Being Funny*. N.p.: n.p., n.d. Print.
- Loewith, Jason, and Arthur Bartow. *The Director's Voice*. New York: Theatre Communications Group, 2012. Print.
- McAuley, Gay. *Space in Performance: Making Meaning in the Theatre*. Ann Arbor: U of Michigan, 1999. Print.
- McAvinchey, Caoimhe. *Performance and Community: Commentary and Case Studies*. N.p.: n.p., n.d. Print.
- McEvoy, William. "Writing, texts and site-specific performance in the recent work of Meisner, Sanford, Dennis Longwell, Sydney Pollack, and Anna Maria. Cianciulli. *Sulla Recitazione*. Roma: Audino, 2007. Print.
- Mitchell, John D. *Theatre, the Search for Style: Master Directors on Style, Chekhov to Kabuki to Musical Comedy*. Midland, MI: Northwood Institute, 1982. Print.
- Murakami, David. BarnStorm Winter 2014 Proposal – "Digital Mapping Peter Pan". Fall 2014
- Schuler, Jen. BarnStorm Project Proposal Form, BarnStorm Syllabus, Program Notes From the Artistic Director, and Chautauqua Directing Proposal Form—Fall 2014.
- Shapiro, Mel. *The Director's Companion*. Fort Worth: Harcourt Brace College, 1998. Print.
- The Barn | Theater Arts | UC Santa Cruz." *The Barn | Theater Arts | UC Santa Cruz*. N.p., n.d. Web. 28 Apr. 2015

Watson, Ron. "Performance vs Understanding – Context vs Concept | Pawsitive Vybe." *Pawsitive Vybe*. N.p., 16 Apr. 2013. Web. 19 May 2015.

Wilde, Oscar. *The Importance of Being Earnest*. New York: Dover Publications, 1990. Print.