Student-Directed
One Acts

by Harold Pinter

While her husband works in the office, Sarah spends the afternoons with her lover, Max.

While at the office, Richard finds time to visit with his whore.

Sarah and Richard are married and in love.

Strother Theatre

January 26-29 at 8pm
February 3-5 at 8pm
February 6 at 2:30pm

Ball State University
College of Fine Arts
Department of Theatre and Dance

Box Office Hours • Monday - Friday 1-5pm • 285-8749
One-Act Plays
Directed by Heather Holzer and Katy Hackney
BY ADA ANDERSON
CHIEF REPORTER

From tense silences to deep monologues, both of the student-directed one-act plays at Strother Theatre presented interesting twists to life.

The two plays, "The Lover" and "Rocket and a Bomb," are sponsored by Ball State's Department of Theater and Dance. They will continue to run through Feb. 5, with a matinee Sunday afternoon at 8 each night this week.

The first of the plays, "The Lover," student-directed by Heather Holzer, is very adult-oriented look into the relationship of a typical married couple.

The play focuses on the conversations between junior Matt Vuncure, who plays the husband, Richard, and senior Erin Schlabach who plays Sarah, his wife. Their dialogue is mostly about the ways the couple cheats on each other.

The level of intensity in the play is so high, it is almost exhausting to watch. The performers do an excellent job building up the tension between the couple while at the same time displaying how they truly care for one another. They look at each other with such love, and yet they continue to be open up about their affairs.

The strength of "The Lover" is the interesting plot twists that could leave the audience analyzing the performers' actions long after the show is over. This play is a heavy drama that examines the ways a couple can stay together.

Because the entire plot line centers around extramarital affairs, this play is filled with sexual innuendoes. The sexual scenes are acted out professionally but make it quite obvious "The Lover" is not intended for anything but an adult audience. For the same reason, the sexuality is one aspect that might draw a collegiate audience.

Another way the show might appeal to college students is with the play's use of contemporary music during scene changes, such as music from the Goo Goo Dolls and Indigo Girls. These songs were played at certain times reminiscent of the style found in "Dawson's Creek."

After "The Lover" comes to a conclusion, the night takes on a completely different mood with "Rocket and a Bomb," directed by senior Katy Hackney. The play is about a resident of Los Angeles, Russell (Jeremy Babcock), who is tormented by the neighbors in his apartment complex.

"Rocket and a Bomb" is a much lighter play with more comical parts, but still has the same type of deep meaning as "The Lover."

A long list of crazy characters made "Rocket and a Bomb" comical. For example, Russell's neighbor John Barrymore Jr. (Mark McHone) thinks he is a professional golfer.

McHone takes the stage swinging a golf club and outfitted in a bright yellow shirt complete with a hat and silly golf shoes. His costume is enough to make the audience giggle, but his silliness is balanced out through dramatic conversations with Babcock at the end of the play.

Babcock did a good job portraying Russell, a character much like a grown-up Charlie Brown because he regularly deals with other people's problems. He was also convincing the show was not his serious monologues, which actually messages he leaves the answering machine of Adrienne woman with whom he is in love, though the audience never sees.

Both plays contain heavy comical and deep underlying tones that even members can relate to. Combined, they display each individual's happiness, success and love through the plays differ from another, they both contain the types of messages.

It is obvious that these shows are student-directed, not because of the novelty faults but because of the tent inside the plays. They co songs, dreams and hopes of the dorm generation.

Tickets for the student-directed one-act plays are available a University Theatre Box Office from 12-5 p.m. weekdays and by phone at 317-287-8467. Student tickets are $4 for the general public.
When it comes time for tech week, sit down with the technical advisor and make out a tech schedule. Do not make a rehearsal schedule for tech week without the technical advisor. Also, make sure to talk with costume and make-up designers to find out call times for certain actors which may require more make-up than others.

Another essential thing to know is how many students will be on each crew. For example, my set had many different locations; so many set pieces were transported during each set change. I needed a lot of people on my running crew. When I found out that I was only assigned two people on the running crew, I had to choreograph the set changes at the last minute using my actors. I used my actors as a last resort. Otherwise, the set changes would have never gotten done. Bottom line...make sure you have enough students assigned to each crew before tech week.
Attention: Rocket and a Bomb

Hello Everyone!!! Ok, this is just a note so everyone knows what’s going on….we are running out of time. This Friday is Crew view, for those of you who did not know. Below there is a tech schedule. Also a note: Lee, Ben, and Marc all need to go down to the costume shop for costume fittings. Please tell me tonight what time you can be down there, preferably tomorrow, so I can make sure they expect you. Thankyou! Rocket and a Bomb will be going second in the flow of the night, so your call times are a little bit later than The Lover. If you have any questions please feel free to call me, or I’ll be in the costume shop all day tomorrow.

Tech Schedule:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Jan. 21</th>
<th>Crew view/Run Shows</th>
<th>7:30 p.m.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 22</td>
<td>First Tech/Call time 7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 23</td>
<td>First Dress/Call time 7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 24</td>
<td>Dress/Call time 7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jan. 25</td>
<td>Final Dress/Call time 7:00 p.m.</td>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jan. 26</td>
<td>OPENING NIGHT!!!! Call time 7:00 p.m</td>
<td>8:00 p.m.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
One of the last things to accomplish as the director is to type out everything you want in the program. Besides a cast and crew list, you may want to include a time and place setting for your production. I opted to add in a breakdown of all the scenes in *Rocket and a Bomb* because of all the different locales. I also added a director’s note explaining my concept and thanking a few people whom helped me along the way.
Rocket and a Bomb

Written by Jeff Stewart
Based off the musical compilation Rocket and a Bomb by Michael Knott

Director: Katy Hackney
Scenic Design by: Jenn Scheller
Costume Design by: Les Jahnke
Lighting Design by: Brian LaCasse
Sound Design by: Kelly Russell
Stage Manager: Jenny Cooper
Assistant Stage Manager: Chris Bush
Make-up Design by: Jenaiah Shoop
Props Master: Kevin Depinet
Master Electrician: Shelly Corry
Faculty Advisor: Dr. Mark Hillenbrand

CAST

John Barrymore Jr.     Marc McHone
Russell Perry          Jeremy Babcock
Kitty Courtesy         Cristina Grissmer
Man/ Bubbles           Benjamin J. Bucher
Jane                   Lena Miller
Jack                   Adam Chandler
Diane                          Lisa Sunny Garrison
Jeb Dillionworth             Barry McMullen
Bum                           Ryan Woodle
Amy                           Katie Shawger
Jordan/ Prisoner             Jarod Crowley
Cop                           Ryan Johnson

Time: 1999

Place: Los Angeles

Director's Note

This is the original production of Rocket and a Bomb. The playwright is an Otterbein College student whose inspiration for the script came from the musical compilation also entitled, Rocket and a Bomb, by Michael Knott. Songs heard throughout the production are from Mr. Knott’s album. It was my hope to bring the lyrics to life on the stage, almost as if they stepped right off the CD and into our lives. I would like to thank the Ball State University’s theatre department for supporting this original production, and also, Jeff Stewart and Michael Knott for their permission to bring their words to life.

The direction of Rocket and a Bomb is Katy Hackney’s Honors Thesis for Ball State University.
**Scenes**

**Scene one:** “Soup’s on!”  
Apartment Hallway in Los Angeles

**Scene two:** “I had a wonderful time tonight.”  
Same Hallway: That night

**Scene three:** “We’re all going to die!”  
Same Hallway: Later that night

**Scene four:** “You could be a movie star, too.”  
Russell’s apartment: Even later

**Scene five:** “Alright, I’ll do it.”  
Same Hallway: The next day

**Scene six:** “I just like someone to talk to.”  
Russell’s apartment: same day

**Scene seven:** “I just had a bad day at work.”  
Same Hallway: one hour later

**Scene eight:** “FREEBIRD!”  
Russell’s apartment: the next night

**Scene nine:** “Next time, you will not be so lucky.”  
Mailroom break room: the next morning

**Scene ten:** “Tomorrow 8am, Plummer Park.”  
Russell’s Apartment: that night

**Scene eleven:** “I was just trying to help.”  
Plummer Park: 8:15am the next day

**Scene twelve:** “I got the machine.”  
Los Angeles Police Station: Later that day

**Scene thirteen:** “I’m the delusional one?”  
Russell’s Apartment: Late the following night

**Scene fourteen:** “You don’t have anything in New York either.”  
Same Hallway: Early the next morning.
The Lover
by Harold Pinter

Rocket and a Bomb
by Jeff Stewart

Student-Directed
One Acts

STROTHER THEATRE
Ball State University • College of Fine Arts • Department of Theatre and Dance
Opening Night: January 26, 2000

BALL STATE THEATRE

THE LOVER

by Harold Pinter

Director
HEATHER R. HOLZER

Scenic Designer
JENN SCHELLER

Costume Designer
LES JAHNKE

Lighting Designer
BRIAN E. LaCASSE

Sound Designer
KELLY RUSSELL

Technical Coordinator
L. GREGORY LUND

Stage Manager
JENNY COOPER

Make-up Designer
JENAIAH SHOOP

"No matter how you look at it, all the emotions connected with love are not really immortal; like all other passions in life, they are bound to fade at some point. The trick is to convert love into some lasting friendship that overcomes the fading passion."

-Unknown
Cast

Richard................................................. MATT VAN CUREN
Sarah................................................ ERIN E. SCHLABACH
John the Milkman ....................... MATTHEW ROBERTSON

It is important to note that the setting of this play is in Connecticut, rather than Windsor, and the time is the present, rather than in the 1960's. This is not only to help the flow of the night and the set design for both shows, but also to show that this story is just as prevalent and realistic today as ever before. -H.H.

Music used throughout The Lover is from the following albums:

Solace, Sarah McLachlan
Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie, Alanis Morisette
Dizzy Up the Girl, Goo Goo Dolls
Evolution, Boyz II Men
The Globe Sessions, Sheryl Crow
Greatest Hits, Volume 1, Billy Joel
Freedom Sessions, Sarah McLachlan
Rites of Passage, Indigo Girls
New Beginning, Tracy Chapman
Sheryl Crow, Sheryl Crow
This Fire, Paula Cole
Opening Night: January 26, 2000

BALL STATE THEATRE

ROCKET AND A BOMB

by Jeff Stewart

Based on the musical compilation Rocket and a Bomb by Michael Knott

Director
KATY HACKNEY

Scenic Designer
JENN SCHELLER

Costume Designer
LES JAHNKE

Lighting Designer
BRIAN E. LACASSE

Technical Coordinator
L. GREGORY LUND

Sound Designer
KELLY RUSSELL

Stage Manager
JENNY COOPER

Make-up Designer
JENAIAH SHOOP

This is the original production of Rocket and a Bomb. The playwright is an Otterbein College student whose inspiration for the script came from the musical compilation also entitled, Rocket and a Bomb, by Michael Knott.

Songs heard throughout the production are from Mr. Knott’s album. It was my hope to bring the lyrics to life on the stage, almost as if they stepped right off the CD and into our lives. I would like to thank the Ball State University’s theatre department for supporting this original production, and also, Jeff Stewart and Michael Knott for their permission to bring their words to life. -K.H.

The direction of Rocket and a Bomb is Katy Hackney’s Honors Thesis for Ball State University.
### Cast

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John Barrymore, Jr.</td>
<td>MARC MCHONE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Russell Perry</td>
<td>JEREMY BABCOCK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kitty Courtesy</td>
<td>CRISTINA GRISSMER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man/ Bubbles</td>
<td>BENJAMIN J. BUCHER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jane</td>
<td>LENA MILLER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack</td>
<td>ADAM CHANDLER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diane</td>
<td>LISA SUNNY GARRISON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jeb Dillionworth</td>
<td>BARRY MCMULLEN</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bum</td>
<td>RYAN WOODLE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amy</td>
<td>KATIE SHAWGER</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jordan/ Prisoner</td>
<td>JAROD CROWLEY</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cop</td>
<td>RYAN JOHNSON</td>
</tr>
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</table>

### Time: 1999

### Place: Los Angeles

#### Scenes

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Scene</th>
<th>Dialogue</th>
<th>Location</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One</td>
<td>&quot;Soup’s on!&quot;</td>
<td>Apartment Hallway in Los Angeles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two</td>
<td>&quot;I had a wonderful time tonight.&quot;</td>
<td>Same Hallway: That night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three</td>
<td>&quot;We’re all going to die!&quot;</td>
<td>Same Hallway: Later that night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Four</td>
<td>&quot;You could be a movie star, too.&quot;</td>
<td>Russell’s apartment: Even later</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Five</td>
<td>&quot;Alright, I’ll do it.&quot;</td>
<td>Same Hallway: The next day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six</td>
<td>&quot;I just like someone to talk to.&quot;</td>
<td>Russell’s apartment: same day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seven</td>
<td>&quot;I just had a bad day at work.&quot;</td>
<td>Same Hallway: one hour later</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eight</td>
<td>&quot;FREEBIRD!&quot;</td>
<td>Russell’s apartment: the next night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nine</td>
<td>&quot;Next time.&quot;</td>
<td>Mailroom break room: the next morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ten</td>
<td>&quot;Tomorrow 8am, Plummer Park.&quot;</td>
<td>Russell’s Apartment: that night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eleven</td>
<td>&quot;I was just trying to help.&quot;</td>
<td>Plummer Park: 8:15am the next day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelve</td>
<td>&quot;I got the machine.&quot;</td>
<td>L. A. Police Station: Later that day</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thirteen</td>
<td>&quot;I’m the delusional one?&quot;</td>
<td>Russell’s Apartment: Late the following night</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourteen</td>
<td>&quot;You don’t have anything in New York either.&quot;</td>
<td>Same Hallway: Early the next morning</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Production Staff

Assistant Director for *The Lover*.................................David Behrns
Assistant Stage Manager............................................Christopher Bush
Props Master...............................................................Kevin Depinet
Master Electrician..........................................................Shelly Corry
Costume Crew.........................................................Kelly Sweene, Lindsay Fridh
Running Crew.........................................................Ball State Stagecraft Students
Faculty Advisor........................................................Dr. Mark Hillenbrand

**KC/ACTF**

Supported in Part by
The Kennedy Center Corporate Fund,
The US Department of Education,
and The National Committee for the Performing Arts

**Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival XXXII**

Presented and Produced by
the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts

This production is entered in the Kennedy Center American College Theatre Festival (KC/ACTF). The aims of this national theater education program are to identify and promote quality in college-level theatre production. To this end, each production entered is eligible for a response by a regional KC/ACTF representative, and certain students are selected to participate in KC/ACTF programs involving awards, scholarships, and special grants for actors, playwrights, designers, and critics at both the regional and national levels.

Productions entered on the Participating level are eligible for inclusion at the KC/ACTF Regional Festival and can also be considered for invitation to the KC/ACTF National Festival at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, DC, in the spring of 2000.

Last year more than 900 productions and 18,000 students participated in the American College Theatre Festival nationwide. By entering this production, our department is sharing in the KC/ACTF goals to help college theatre grow and to focus attention on the exemplary work produced in college and university theatres across the nation.
Professional Staff
L. Gregory Lund - Strother Theatre Technical Coordinator
Laura Reason - Box Office Manager
Linda C. Smith - Costume Shop Manager

Management Staff
Brian Geary, Erin Lengkeek, Molly Hovermale,
Libby Marksbary, Kristie Thorpe, Sara Frasier

Scene Shop Staff
Jack Caudill, Cedan Bourne-Nisson, Tim Fandrei, Andrea Helton,
Wendi Johnson, Brian LaCasse, Kyle McMahon,
Stephen Pozywio, Kelly Russell, John Sadlon,
Jenn Scheller, Mike Taylor

Costume Shop Staff
Jennifer Cooper, Stephanie Heminger, Les Jahnke
Betsy Jenkins, Willow Noyes, Kelly Russell, Ryan Woodle

Faculty and Staff
Kathy Biesinger............................................................Acting, Audition, Voice
Gilbert L. Bloom............................................................Acting, Theatre History
Raphael Crystal............................................................Musical Theatre, Composition
Priscilla Davis............................................................Department Secretary
Mark Hillenbrand..................................................Associate Chair, Managing Director, Playwriting
Kathleen M. Jaremski..................................................Costume Design, Makeup
Don LaCasse............................................................Department Chair, Directing, Musical Theatre
L. Gregory Lund..................................................Strother Theatre Technical Coordinator, Clogging
Sarah Mangelsdorf....................................................Director of Dance, Modern Dance
Douglas E. Noble..................................................Technical Director, Stagecraft, Lighting Design
Michael O'Hara....................................................Introduction to Theatre, Modern Theatre
Michelle Papa............................................................Acting
Laura Reason..................................................Box Office Manager/Office Assistant
David C. Shawger, Jr........................................Computer Applications, Scene Design
Linda C. Smith............................................................Costume Shop Manager
Rodger Smith............................................................Acting for the Camera, Acting
Katharine Teuchtler....................................................Ballet, Modern Dance
Beth Turcotte............................................................Acting, Musical Theatre
Michael Worcel....................................................Musical Theatre, Dance
Judy E. Yordon....................................................Performance Studies, Presentational Theatre
Lou Ann Young....................................................Ball State Dance Theatre, Ballet
Mainstage Spring 2000 Series

The Threepenny Opera by Bertolt Brecht with music by Kurt Weill
Directed by Don LaCasse Musical Direction by Raphael Crystal
February 24-26 and February 29-March 1 at 8:00 p.m. and February 27 at 2:30 p.m.
The show opens with the famous ballad “Mac the Knife” dealing with the well-know
criminal Macheath, who can never be caught at the scene of his crimes. Mac makes a
mistake, however, when he marries Polly, the daughter of Peachum the “beggar’s
friend.” Mac is later betrayed after visiting a brothel, and eventually winds up in jail
awaiting the hangman’s noose. Mac holds out hope for a last minute pardon by the
Queen. Will she grant it? Come see!

Moon Over Buffalo by Ken Ludwig
Directed by Gilbert Bloom
April 5-8 at 8:00 p.m. and April 9 at 2:30 p.m.
If you liked last year’s Noises Off!, you’ll love this farce. An acting couple has a shot
at the big time, as famed director Frank Capra travels to Buffalo to see their perfor­
mance. Hilarious misunderstandings pile on madcap misadventures, all of which are
magnified by a deaf theatre manager!

Festival of Dance 2000
Artistic Director Lou Ann Young
April 19-22 at 8 p.m.
For its season finale, the Ball State Dance Company performs a wide range of styles,
including ballet, modern, jazz, and ethnic dances.

1999-2000 Strother Actors Studio Spring Series

Student-Directed One Acts
Rocket and a Bomb by Jeff Stewart, and The Lover by Harold Pinter
Directed by Katy Hackney and Heather Holzer
January 26-29, February 3-5 at 8 p.m. and February 6 at 2:30 p.m.

Student-Written One Acts
En Vino Veritas by Sarah O’Haver and Surfacing by Lylanne Musselman
Directed by Michael O’Hara
April 11-15 at 8 p.m. and April 16 at 2:30 & 8 p.m.

Television Production WIPB-Studios
Rock and a Hardplace by Michael J Taylor
Directed by Rodger Smith
March 16-19 at 8 p.m.

Box Office Hours: 1 to 5 P.M. Monday through Friday, and one hour before perfor­
mances.
Box Office Location: Lower lounge of University Theatre, across the plaza south of
Bracken Library. Phone: (765) 285-8749
If you want to watch each performance of the production, make sure to get tickets for each night. You won’t have to pay for the tickets, but the show may sell out and it’s good to have a seat reserved.

After one of the performances, you’ll want photo services to come and take pictures for the archives of Ball State. Have your stage manager schedule a night for the photo services photographer to come and take pictures after the performance. It’s easiest to work backwards from the end of the play, so that costume changes are minimal. As director, it is your job to come up with a list of ten to twenty shots you would like photo services to take pictures of. Also, try to take all pictures that take place in one locale at the same time, so that set changes and lighting changes are minimal as well.
1. JBJ - swinging golf club  
2. Kitty + JBJ 
3. Jane - after rape 
4. Jack + Diane - last pose 
5. JBJ + Russell - Lord Jesus Christ  
6. Burn + Russell - on bench explaining story  
7. Jordan Amy Russell on ground  
8. Battle on ground - Russell over 
9. Cop Storey at Russell's phone - locked in jail  
10. JBJ + Russell face to face 

JBJ in fridge - Russell on couch  
Kitty hand calling  
Burn in back room - Russell on bench  
Jane + Man  
Jack + Diane - JBJ holding spoon at Diane  
Russell at Adrian's door  
Russell on phone  
Jeb with Russell  
Jane + Russell
One night an adjudicator from the American College Theatre Festival will come to adjudicate your production. As director, you must find out how many of the designers and advisors can make it to a pre-show dinner with the adjudicator. Then, make reservations at a restaurant. The dinner is a chance for the adjudicator to get to know the student directors and designers.

Also, make sure to reserve a seat for the adjudicator. It helps to ask the adjudicator where he or she would prefer to sit. Some adjudicators prefer the back, while others like to be in the front row.

After the performance, the adjudicator will sit with the cast and crew and hold a discussion about his or hers feelings about the performance. Be prepared to answer questions about some of your choices and concepts as director.

It is your job to nominate one or two actors for the Irene Ryan competition. This nomination is based off performance value and the amount of work and cooperation the actor put into the role. Tell your nomination to the adjudicator, so he can add it into his written report. Irene Ryan nominations are not announced until the written report is turned in by the adjudicator, which could take up to two to three weeks. The department will post the nominees outside AC 306 when they receive the report.

You have the right to a copy of the written adjudication report. You can receive this copy from the departmental office.
Respondent: Richard Stockton Rand

Title of production: Student-Directed One Act: The Lover & Rocket and a Bomb

College or University: Ball State University

Date production seen: 1/28/2000

Running time, including intermission: 2:08 House capacity: 100 Number of performances: 8

Check all categories that apply:

☐ Participating Entry  ☑ Associate Entry  ☐ Original Play  ☐ Student-written

☐ Costume Design Entry  ☐ Scenic Design Entry  ☐ Lighting Design Entry

Director: Heather R. Hober + Katy Harenet

TD: (Coordinator) Gregory Lund

Costume Designer: LES JAHNYE

Props: Kevin DeP net

Scenic Designer: JENNY SCHELLER

Make-Up Designer: JENNAH SHOOP

Lighting Designer: Brian E. LaCasse

Stage Manager: Jenny Cooper

Sound Designer: Kelly Russell

Other Key Personnel: 

Irene Ryan Acting Award. The director may nominate only one (1) candidate and that nomination must be made at the time of the ACTF response. If you feel very strongly about one or two additional performers, you and any other respondents on the team may nominate a total of two more performers. Include all names on this form. All candidates must be students (as defined in the national brochure) at the time the show is seen by the respondents.

Ryan Nominees: (1) Faith E. Schlarach (2) Jeremy Barco k

(3)

For Associate Entries only: Recommended for Evening of Scenes? ☐ Yes  ☐ No

Nominations for Meritorious Award. If you wish to nominate a particular production element for a Meritorious Award, please complete the enclosed Certificate of Merit form.

Send original of this cover sheet, your expense form and your written response to the director of the production. Send a copy of all three, along with two copies of the program to:

John Stefano, Region III Chair
Department of Theatre & Dance
Otterbein College
One Otterbein College
Westerville, OH 43081

FAX: 614-823-1898
e-mail: jstefano@otterbein.edu
phone: 614-823-1775
As I enter the Studio on Friday night, the energy of this nearly full house is buzzing. This would be the third performance of these two one acts. Harold Pinter’s *The Lover* is first. The scenic design is minimalist, but the areas of the stage are nicely demarcated, balanced appropriately for an audience on three sides with an upper level bedroom at just the right height and angle. The musical selections set an edgy tone. “... as walls closing in...” and “... truth brings to light...” resonate, evoking a tension that would pervade this contemporary world of two.

Lights are up. It’s naturalistic. It feels intentionally bright and revealing. We meet the two characters — opposites. The tension created by their different energies is immediately evident. Costumes clearly convey the two aesthetics of restraint and expression. Ms. Schlabach’s Sarah is playing right into the eyeballs Mr. Van Curen’s Richard. She is going for impact. He is removed, unaffected. This dynamic seems right.

The musical interlude is appropriate, but perhaps a bit too long. We’re in the bedroom. The light levels created the right atmosphere and the gobo was well chosen. Richard and Sarah are connecting, but I don’t sense the late hour in their demeanors. Sarah avoids Richard’s kiss. I see no reaction to this rejection and I wanted to see something register in him. Nice choice of sound here, but perhaps more scene change light than was necessary.

“You won’t be coming home early” was a beautiful blend of subtext and fact, and Richard seemed to be caught off guard. This moment hooked me, too. Excellent choice of music for the seduction. The negligee was something Sarah would definitely wear. Good choice.

John the Milkman...I didn’t know what to make of this character. A lack of subtextual depth between these two made me think that this was not “the lover” we hear about.

Max enters. The costume is perfect. I wanted to see him enter the Max persona more deeply, become more dangerous, more feral. He seems very much Richard. The sexual dynamic escalates when they kiss, but it dissipates. The scene over and under the table was stunningly staged. The jagged vantage points and the blend of intoxicating power and make-believe were enticing and frightening simultaneously, a contained dance of playful friction.

I hear “Why does he put up with it?” yet I don’t see any need for an answer. Max seems to be moving close to some kind of breakdown, but I feel that the actor is shying away from the depths. The transition music is right, and yet the lyrics seemed too pointed. I didn’t want the mystery solved this way.

Richard is beginning to receive the impact of all that has taken place up to this point (i.e., “He, too?”). He is left screaming and alone centerstage with his back to us – a poignant picture of futility and desolation. At this moment, I suddenly began to understand the character. For the first time, I could see that he desperately wanted to change. Ms. Schlabach follows with subtle gestural adjustments as she weaves amidst the furniture. They are whispering to one another...at their most vulnerable.

Overall, this was a very enjoyable and nicely charged Pinter. It deftly revealed the mannered, yet intolerable torment that results when past scars make intimacy an angst-ridden ordeal. The picture fragments that stay with me are the agile, wire-like poses of a transparent Ms. Schlabach gracefully shifting across the stage. Though Mr. Van Curen stayed unresponsive a bit too long, I felt he plumbed beneath the façade of his character and reached the required emotional peak towards the end. At that point, the stage circuitry was truly electric.
(A note on the difficulty of staging scenes requiring physical and emotional intimacy: only actors and directors who have attempted to navigate this no man's land know how delicate the psychic terrain can be. Feelings of violation, intense vulnerability, and the perceived loss of boundaries often make scenes of this nature impossible to stage. The actors and director did admirable work in this realm.)

The pairing of these contrasting one-acts was quite wonderful. Though their inherent energies diametrically different, both plays dealt with polarities of human expression. Constrained and pent-up, *The Lover* dealt with a taut, unyielding protagonist and his vulnerable spouse. *Rocket and a Bomb* dealt with a variety of Hollywood prototypes -- instantly recognizable LA icons who reveal their seamy sides -- and their affect upon a contemporary "regular guy." Shades of *Leaving Las Vegas, Whore, Pulp Fiction* and Elmore Leonard.

This new work gave the actors and designers some very valuable and very difficult challenges. The primary actor challenge involved how to capture the character prototype and respond authentically as the character. With the more idiosyncratic characters, there is often a tendency to push, to overdo. As I mentioned in the discussion with the actors, occasionally actors succumbed to portrayals that were a bit too frenetic and, at times, disconnected from their stage partners. In these instances, playing actions and achieving character objectives ran a distant second to isolated histrionics. However, there was some exceptionally honest and truly inspired comedic character work. In particular, Mr. McMullen and Mr. Woodle rendered extreme, yet utterly authentic portrayals that were absolutely riveting.

The most difficult role, however, was that of Russell Perry. Russell was our protagonist, our "everyman." His job was to respond as we might respond to a relentless barrage of absurd impacts from the beginning to the end of the play... no small feat. Though I think it might have been more interesting to see things register more deeply in Russell, the director and actor chose to depict a somewhat numb Russell who only comes alive in his phone calls to his "girlfriend." These phone calls created an opportunity for the character to reveal himself. They became our way into the psyche of Russell. All were touchingly rendered.

Scenically, creating the many locales minimalistically posed an almost impossible, but nevertheless worthwhile, challenge. Without a budget to speak of, Ms. Scheller must have wrestled long and hard with how she might realize all these different settings. The decision to find appropriate icons for each milieu was a good one and served the play quite well. Assisting beautifully were Ms. Jahnke's costumes. They instantly conveyed the essence of this motley L.A. crew and helped magnify just the right dimension of each character. Ms. Russell's sound design, too, contributed to the evocation of this world and her final sound collage of strings, dogs and screaming was a lovely finale to the evening. In addition, Mr. LaCasse's lighting and Ms. Shoop's make-up always were always appropriate to the tone of the play.

In closing, I must say that I enjoyed these two one-acts immensely. The faculty should be commended for supporting this kind of daring student-run work.

My thanks, as always, to the students and faculty of Ball State. Everyone was very gracious and receptive.

Richard Stockton Rand
Purdue University
The very last element of a production is the post show discussion. At the post show discussion should be the director, designers, and any cast and crew that wish to be present. Issues that are discussed at the post show discussion mostly focus on technical elements. This is not a time to lament on the acting, but to discuss how the set changes could have been better or how communication with the make-up designer could have improved. It’s a way to learn from the things that did not go so well in your production, so that the next time you direct you cannot repeat the same mistakes. It’s a time to be honest, but not to argue. Points can be raised, but at this time the production is over, so there is not point in disagreeing heatedly.
Post Show Discussion

The Lover
Rocket and a Bomb

Today!
Feb. 9, 2000
5:00 p.m.
Green Room
Now that I have taken you from the very first step to the very last step in student directing a production, you have an idea of all the paperwork and planning that goes into directing. However, following all of these steps won't make you a good director. I don't know what makes a good director. I can't put in a book what makes a good student director. This guide doesn't go into how to block scenes, how to get the most out of your actors, or how to bring the script to life. These are the real elements in directing. You can forget all the steps in this guide, if you remember to keep your main priority to the quality of the production. It's easy to get caught up in all the publicity and technical elements, and soon you'll forget that you are even experiencing the creative process known as directing. There will be ups and downs as there are in all productions, but as the director you always have to be in control. The production is your creation, your vision, and it can be one of the most thrilling things you'll ever experience.

The last pages of this guide consist of the script of *Rocket and a Bomb* and archive pictures. Also accompanying this guide is a videotape of the final dress rehearsal of *Rocket and a Bomb*. I hope this guide will help the future student directors of Ball State University, but remember; the only true guide to directing is found in your creative instincts and in your imagination. Anything is possible in the world of theatre.
"Rocket and a Bomb"

Apartment building. Stage right is the hallway, which slants back into the distance. On the stage righthand side of the hallway there are four doors, and the lefthand side there are four. The first one on the lefthand side opens up into RUSSELL’s apartment, which consists of a couch, barq-a-lounger, an end table with a lamp and rotary phone, and in a corner there is an acoustic guitar. In front of the couch is a coffee table with lots of junk mail and random papers on it, plus a couple ashtrays full of cigarette butts, there are also some empty cigarette packs. Nothing matches, and everything has a lot of dust and appears run down. There is a doorway (minus door) leading to the kitchen. We can see the refrigerator through it.

Lights up on JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. He is dressed in old-style golf outfit, complete with spikes and visor. He is standing in the middle of the hall way. The stage right second door is open, and in the doorway are a couple of dog/cat food bowls sitting next to a cooler. JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. has a couple of golf clubs out in the hallway and a bucket of golf balls. He keeps practicing chips shots. At the end of the hall there is a small square of green astro turf with a little, plastic white flag. After the first shot he picks up a beer out of the cooler and takes a sip or two. He hits a couple more shots. Drinks some more. Once he takes a divot out of the carpet, and just tries to scratch it out with his foot. Inside the apartment we hear many cats meowing and one dog barking. He picks up another beer, cracks it open and pours it out into the cat and dog bowls.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
(into the apartment) Soup’s on!

Lights down.

Lights up on RUSSELL PERRY who is standing at the first door stage left. The door is cracked and his back is turned to block ADRIAN from the audience. He is talking into the door. He is dressed in dress casuals indicating he might just come home from a date.

RUSSSELL
Hey, Adrian. I had a wonderful time tonight. (leaning further in the door. Progressively getting louder in speech, indicating that she has moved further into the unseen apartment.) How about we do it again sometime? We could go see Star Wars. Or maybe something a little more romantic, I hear they’re re-releasing Sleepless in Seattle. Hollywood is really stretching their definition of “classic.” How about we go see that Friday? (indicating that she must have said “no”). Well, I know this really great Thai place a couple blocks over, is Tuesday good for you? (No, again. Voice starts to come down in volume as she comes closer to the door again). It’s cool. I understand, you’re
busy. The director could call at any moment, I understand the business (standing kind of impatiently trying to get himself invited in). I’m really thirsty, could I get a cup of coffee?

ADRIAN
(from inside-invisible to audience) Good night Russell (slams door in his face).

RUSSELL stands at door for second. Says more to himself than her,

RUSSELL
I love you.

Lights a cigarette, turns and walks toward his apartment door. Lights down.

Lights up. JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. is back in the hall playing golf. Some screams are heard from down the hall. JOHN BARRYMORE, JR doesn’t stop playing. The screams continue, they are loud, obnoxious ones. The screams are from KITTY’S apartment.

KITTY
(inside the apartment, screaming) THEY’RE COMING!!! THEY KNOW EVERYTHING! THEY’RE COMING!!

KITTY flies out of her apartment screaming and flailing her arms. She is a very skinny old woman dressed in a house dress. She has permed white hair, and wears large glasses. She runs up to JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. and grabs him and starts shaking him, he just stands there calmly.

KITTY
THEY’RE IN MY SOCKS!!! THEY’RE IN MY SOCKS!!!

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Who’s in your socks Kitty?

KITTY
THEY ARE! THEY PUT A RADIO SIGNAL IN THE TOOTH OF THE DOG!!! THEY KNOW EVERYTHING AND THEY’RE COMING!! GET THEM OUT OF MY SOCKS!!!

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Ok, Kitty. Whatever you say. Now just go back in your apartment.

KITTY
You have to help me warn everybody. They’re in the microwaves, they’re everywhere!! RUN!!
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Just go back into your apartment, everything’s fine.

Kitty stops for a second, breathing heavily. JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. turns her around towards her apartment. She slowly walks back to her apartment. As she opens the door, her dog puts his head out the door. KITTY looks at the dog, as if he were talking to her.

KITTY
(To JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.) Call 911. (running into her apartment) Oh my god!! They’re almost here. We’re all going to die. (shuts apartment door. JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. shakes his head and goes back to golfing.)

Lights down Kitty

Lights up. RUSSELL is just sitting on his couch smoking, and JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. is digging through his refrigerator.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
So, I just slapped her. And told her to get back into her own damn apartment. She was interrupting my game. I didn’t mind when she first came out, because it was Tiger’s shot,—which he shanked, but when it was my turn, I didn’t need her messing up my drive. Tiger tried to blame his bad shot on Kitty, but I think it was the fact that he’s a talentless hack. Hell, I could win the majors if Nike gave me 40 million dollars. (popping out of refrigerator with carrot in hand, shuts door.) So how’d your big date with Adrian go? D’ya get lucky?

RUSSELL
Hardly. I couldn’t do that to her, she means to much to me. I thought the date went really well, she’s calling me today and we’ll probably go out again tonight or tommorrow. I really hope it will work out. Sometimes I worry though that we’re not connecting. I mean, she’s a movie star, and who am I? A washed up minor league baseball pitcher.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
You could be a movie star too you know.

RUSSELL
I can’t act.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Very true, but you are very lucky that I live across the hall. See, I happen to be a world renowned acting coach.

RUSSELL
What the hell ever. You full of shit.
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
I beg to differ. I taught James Dean, taught him everything he knew. Him and Steve McQueen.

RUSSELL
You’ve never even met them.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
They were friends of my dad.

RUSSELL
Just how would your father know James Dean and Steve McQueen?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
My father was John Barrymore. I’m his son, although not according to the courts, but what do they know. Acting is in my blood. I watched Jim and Steve grow up, and all along the way I gave them acting lessons. They are who they are thanks to me. You know, I don’t normally give acting lessons to just anybody, but I guess for someone I consider a friend, why not?

RUSSELL
(sarcastically) Thank you so much. When do we start?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
(pulling up a chair, and sitting down on it) Right now. The first step is to get up off the couch. (RUSSELL stands up.) Ok, now come over here and lay across my lap. (patting his legs)

RUSSELL
What?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
If you want to be an actor, you must be spanked. (Slaps his hands together) JBJ

Lights down

Lights up. Interior RUSSELL’s apartment. RUSSELL is sitting on his couch. He picks up the phone and dials quickly (he knows this number well). Lights a cigarette. Waits a while before speaking. Presumably the answering machine.

RUSSELL
Hey Adrian. How ya doing? Hey, thanks for last night. I really had a great time. Hey, and once again, thanks for dinner. I don’t know why my credit card didn’t go through. I’ve been on the phone all morning trying to get hold of a real person, but you know what those damn automated things are like. Listen to me, I’m talking to one right now. Anyways, I’ll pay you back next time we go out. I get paid tomorrow anyways. So what do you want to do? I hear the Cirque Du Soleil is gonna be at the (stadium in LA). Or if
you're too busy, if you just wanted to stop by here after work some night for coffee or a night cap. Anything really, I just like someone to talk to. I'd talk to John, but, well. You know how he can be. Ok, well. Call me back soon, 456-8381. I love you.

Lights down.

Lights up. RUSSELL is coming down the hallway dressed in his work uniform, smoking. When he first starts down the hallway, JANE and MAN, come running past RUSSELL, giggling all the way. Jane is dressed in red leather, with really large frizzy hair, and fishnet stockings, and very tall heels. MAN is dressed in a business suit with the tie loosened, and lipstick on his cheek. They get to her door, one upstage from JOHN BARRYMORE, JR's door. She opens the door, gives him another kiss on the cheek. She sees RUSSELL

JANE
(seductively to MAN) Go on in and get comfortable, I'll be in in a second. (MAN walks into door. JANE turns to talk to RUSSELL.) Hey Russell. Could you do me a big favor. I don't normally bring my work home, but the hotel had some cops in the lobby, and I got a little skittish. So, could you come over in an hour and make up some excuse about why you need to talk to me. I'd really appreciate it. (grabs hold of his collar and rubs it, to try and persuade him.)

RUSSELL
(reluctantly) Alright, I'll do it.

JANE
Thanks sugar. (Heads into apartment. RUSSELL turns and takes out his keys and puts them in his lock.)

Lights down. MUSCLE POOL of Adrian

Lights up. RUSSELL is coming out of his apartment in T-shirt and jeans. He walks to JANE's door and knocks. The door flies open. MAN with undershirt on and dress shirt unbuttoned on over it, still buckling his belt and holding his shoes, comes running out of the door and shoves RUSSELL as he passes.

RUSSELL
(to MAN) HEY! (turning inside apartment-not entering) JANE!! JANE!! (Once MAN is offstage, JANE appears in doorway. She is bloodied and bruised and naked. She collapses into RUSSELL's arms crying rivers of blood and tears.) Oh my god! Jane what happened?

JANE
Help me. Please, help me.

RUSSELL
OK, I'll call 911.

JANE
NO! Don't do that, the cops ask too many questions.

RUSSELL
But Jane, you were raped.

JANE
No, I just had a bad day at work. I knew the risks when I started this lifestyle. Just don't call the cops.

RUSSELL
All right, let's go inside and get you cleaned up.

He readjusts his grip on her limp body and takes her into her apartment. Lights down.

Lights up. Interior RUSSELL's apartment. He is sitting on his couch in T-shirt and jeans smoking and playing guitar. He is playing chords fairly fast and pretty loud. He does not sing any words, just playing guitar. He stops, rights down something (presumably what he just played) on some paper. He starts playing again. This time as he's playing JACK enters the room with a frying pan and a wooden spoon. JACK looks very "heroin chic." JACK starts to bang the spoon on the pan, RUSSELL sees him and stops playing.

RUSSELL
Jack, do you mind?

JACK
No. Not at all. Keep playing.

RUSSELL
I'm trying to finish writing a song here.

JACK
Is that guitar all you're using? You can't right music with just a guitar, who do you think you are? Neil Young? You can't write a song without percussion. (holds up pan and spoon.)

RUSSELL
Alright Jack. Let's play.

RUSSELL starts playing the guitar again. RUSSELL is once again playing fast, loud chords on the guitar. JACK bangs the pan along in a semi-rhythmic pattern. RUSSELL looks over at him.
RUSSELL

DRUM SOLO!

JACK starts banging the spoon on the pan feverishly and dancing around. After a couple measures he starts hitting it on the coffee table. Then on the end table, the lampshade, the wall, the door, he starts hitting the pan again, VERY loudly. Louder, faster, louder, faster. He turns back to the wall and starts banging there some more, then he smacks the frying pan into the lamp on the end table and it shatters everywhere. RUSSELL and JACK stop playing. A female scream is heard from across the hall.

JACK
Wow! I feel like a rock star in a new hotel room! Let's throw a TV out the window.

RUSSELL
Wait. Let's not, and say we did.

Enter DIANE. She is JACK's sister. She enters kind of rushed.

DIANE
(paranoid) Jack, we have to go! They've found out where we are again and are coming through the windows. I heard it, they're breaking the windows looking for me.

JACK
No, Diane. That was me. I broke Russell's lamp. Rock and roll baby!

RUSSELL
Yeah, you're brother's a regular Keith Moon.

Enter JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
What is that infernal racket, Russell? Oh hey Diane, hey Jack. Good to see you come down for a couple minutes, or is your connection late with the stuff?

JACK
No, we're trying to kick that habit. Diane here is even going back to school.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
No shit?

DIANE
I'm studying to be a meter... mettahr...meitorotol....a weather girl!

JACK
(putting his arm around her shoulders and squeezing) I'm so proud of her. Watch out Willard Scott!
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
So, what's the weather going to be like tomorrow, Diane?

DIANE
Oh, I can't tell you that. I don't have my license yet, I can't officially predict the weather.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Isn't that taking it a little seriously?

DIANE
Mother nature isn't something I like to mess with, besides, what if I give you the wrong forecast?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
It's L.A. It's gonna be 78 degrees, sunny, with smog.

DIANE
Guess the cat's out of the bag.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
So, since we're all here, why don't we all have a campfire, I heard that "music" coming out of here.

JACK
That would be great! I'll play drums.

DIANE
I can play the spoons! Where's your spoons Russell?

RUSSELL
Over there, second drawer to the right of the fridge. (DIANE goes to the drawer and gets two spoons.)

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
I'll sing, it's in my blood. Didn't you see my niece, Drew, in "Everyone Says I Love you?"

RUSSELL
Alright, what song should we do?

JACK and DIANE
(simultaneously) FREEBIRD!!!

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
I don't have that long...I've got somewhere to be tomorrow.
RUSSELL
Alright, here. Try this one.

Begins to play “I’m a Believer” by the Monkees. JACK bangs the pan and the spoon all around the room, DIANE plays the spoons on her legs and RUSSELL and JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. sing. Lights down.

Scene 2
Break room in the mail room where RUSSELL works. There is a roundtable in the center, with a table against the wall with a coffee pot and coffee drinking accessories. There is a coat rack to hang coats on, and a soda vending machine and a candy vending machine. There is a hallway which leads back to the mail room, and a door with restroom marked above it. There are two people sitting at the table, and during the scene random people move throughout the breakroom, getting coffee, soda, candy, and such. Enter RUSSELL, in uniform. He hangs up his work jacket on the coat rack. Goes to the candy machine, surveys his options, then heads to the coffee machine, pours a cup of black coffee into a styrofoam cup. He then sits down at the table, scans through the newspapers on the table, but doesn’t pick anything up to read it. He lights a cigarette and leans back in the chair. A toilet is heard flushing. The door opens and Russell’s boss, JEB DILLONWORTH, exits the bathroom, hiking up his pants.
JEB DILLONWORTH
(smugly) Russell, so nice of you to join us today.

RUSSELL
(sitting up straight) Mr. Dillonworth, oh, uh, yeah. Sorry, I'm late.

JEB DILLONWORTH
Do you have any sort of excuse? Not like I'll believe it, I just like to see people try and talk their way out of things. It's one of the few pleasures, I get in my job.

RUSSELL
I just overslept, I was up late last night jamming with some of my neighbors.

JEB DILLONWORTH
Jamming?

RUSSELL
Yeah, we were just playing some music, having fun, I lost track of time, and, well you know.

JEB DILLONWORTH
And where were you yesterday?
RUSSELL
Well, the lady across the hall got beaten up, and I had to stay with her and take care of her.

JEB DILLONWORTH
That’s what hospitals and doctors are for. You are not a doctor, you are a mail sorter.

RUSSELL
I couldn’t take her to a doctor.

JEB DILLONWORTH
And why not?

RUSSELL
I just couldn’t. It’s a long story.

JEB DILLONWORTH
I don’t have time for long stories, you may be unaware of this, but I am trying to run a mail room here, with or without you. And if you’re late one more time, it will be without you.

RUSSELL
I understand.

JEB DILLONWORTH
No, I don’t think you understand, Russell. I like you, you’re a good employee. You work harder than almost anyone, when you’re here. But you’re never here. This is your last warning. I don’t care if it’s the second coming of the lord Jesus Christ himself, you will be at work. Understand?!? And you’re not clocking out until the last trumpet sounds! So do NOT let it happen again!

RUSSELL
Yes, sir.

JEB DILLONWORTH
Now, since we have that cleared up, let’s get back to work. And since you were late, you’re going to work through lunch, and since you missed yesterday entirely, you can stay a couple of hours late tonight.

RUSSELL
(standing up and walking into the hallway back to work, responds beaten) Yes, sir.

JEB DILLONWORTH
Hey, Russell. Just thank the good Lord you still have a job, but next time, you will NOT be so lucky.
Scene 3

RUSSELL
Hey, Adrian. Russell. Are you ok? You haven’t been returning my phone calls lately. I just needed somebody to talk to. God, Adrian. I’m so alone. I’m just drifting aimlessly. I don’t know what to do. Everything I’ve ever done is to make a name for myself. I’ve exploited the typical routes already to no avail. I played baseball for years. Adrian, I could throw a fastball by any man who ever stepped up to the plate, you should’ve seen it. They never hardly even knew I threw it, I was so fast, but the boys in the show never took the chance on me. So, then I started playing guitar and writing songs. I wrote songs that were catchy, I wrote songs that people wanted to hear, but nobody heard them. I even tried writing “real” songs. But I guess my reality isn’t interesting, it’s boring, it’s not happy enough. So where has all this lead me? Nowhere. Where will it ever take me? Nowhere. People think Mark David Chapman was evil because he shot John Lennon only so people would know his name and remember him. They called him insane. But stardom is only a blessing if you have it, it’s a disease if you don’t. Once you get that taste for it, you’ll do anything for it. Adrian, I’ve got it. My only goal in life is for people to know me. I want somebody to be able to say the name Russell Perry and everybody will know who they’re talking about. I’m at the point where I don’t care if people love my name, or despise it. I just want people to remember me. It’s sick Adrian. I’m sick Adrian. I don’t know why I need it so much. I need help. Adrian, I’m over here all alone. Why am I drowning in the darkness and I can’t tell anyone, except you. You’re always there for me.(beat. Knock on door.) When you get a chance return this message.(hanging up phone) Yeah.

Enter John Barrymore, Jr.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Hey Russell.

RUSSELL
Hello, John.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Did Bubbles call you?

RUSSELL
No, what does that lush want?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Well, he kept calling me. There’s a million messages on my machine from him. But they’re for you. I guess he was too drunk to get the right phone number.

RUSSELL
Most likely.
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Well, I guess he spent the last couple nights in detox, and he needs you to pick him up tomorrow. He wants you at Plummer park at 8am.

RUSSELL
I can't I have to work.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Well, how's he going to get home?

RUSSELL
I guess that's his problem.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
You're not going to make him walk back here are you? That's heartless Russell. When there's all those liquor stores between here and there.

RUSSELL
John, I can't miss anymore work. Mr. Dillonworth threatened to fire me today because I've already missed so much work. Hey, why the hell don't you go get him?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
No can do. I tee-off at 7:15 with Arnie and the Golden Bear. It's a rematch. They're still pissed off about me beating them last time.

RUSSELL
I'm sorry, I'd hate to impose. But, I just can't miss anymore work.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
What have you been doing to instead of work? Don't tell me you were sitting around Adrian to call or stop by.

RUSSELL
No. But have you seen her?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Sorry, partner. But why aren't you going to work?

RUSSELL
Well, let's see. Three nights ago, Diane had some bad something and came over in the middle of the night, freaking out about people comin' to get her or something. Then spent the rest of the day laying lifeless, barely breathing or keeping a heart beat on my couch. I had to make sure she didn't die. Then two nights ago, Jane got hurt pretty bad, and last night we were up too late playing and I over-slept.
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Ah, do whatever the hell you want, but you’re going nowhere helping people. Look, I just came over to get a couple of beers.

RUSSELL
Help yourself.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
(goes over to the fridge, digs around. Still looking) Hey, Russ! You got anything besides this cheap Pabst Blue Ribbon shit? You know my cats hate cheap beer.

RUSSELL
Why the hell are you giving your cats beer?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Do you trust this tap water?

RUSSELL
I don’t think beer is the solution. Besides, what gives them the right to be so picky?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Oh, you know how fussy cats can be. (Closing fridge carrying an entire twelve pack, opening one for himself, and frowning at the taste of it). Hey, Russell don’t plan on getting any sleep tonight.

RUSSELL
Why?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Well, it’s the end of the month and the rent’s almost due, so I’ve gotta go win some skins off Tiger. (opening door to leave, starts to exit RUSSELL stops him).

RUSSELL
Hey John, if you see Adrian tell her I want to talk with her.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Give it up.

RUSSELL
Just do it.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
You got it Russ. And don’t forget- tomorrow 8am. Plummer Park. (RUSSELL puts his head in his hands and nods. John exits.)
Scene 4

Plummer park. Early morning sunshine falls on the nearly blank stage which consists of two or three dilapidated trees covered in initials of forgotten romances and wads of old gum. Stage right-center is a park bench. On the bench, a bum sits with his hat pulled down over his eyes. He clutches a bottle in a brown paper bag, it appears he is sleeping. Enter Russell from stage right. He is dressed in his work clothes consisting of a blue shirt with his name sown on it, and dark blue pants. He paces back and forth across stage impatiently looking for someone.

BUM
Who you looking for?

RUSSELL
(Startled) I was looking for my friend. I was supposed to pick him up at 8. But I got tied up in traffic and I’m a little late.

BUM
What was your friend wearin’?

RUSSELL
I don’t really know. I haven’t seen him in a couple days, he was in detox.

BUM
Oh, Bubbles.

RUSSELL
Yeah, how’d you know?

BUM
He was here earlier and we had a couple drinks together.

RUSSELL
Well, where’d he go?

BUM
Never went to detox myself. It doesn’t work. Seen too many go in, just to come out worse than before.

RUSSELL
Sure, it works. Look at Kelsey Grammar.

BUM
Who?

RUSSELL
You know, Kelsey Grammar, TV’s Frasier.
BUM
See, you only think it works for celebrities. They still drink, just not in public. It’s all a media stunt anyways. They go in to get everybody’s sympathy. The public eats that shit up. They get flowers and letters about what an inspiration they are and all that bullshit. Then they sit in Betty Ford and just wait for the offers to come in. They hold out for that million dollar feature role, and then suddenly they’re cured. But what you don’t know is that they still drink, but you just never seem them do it. They’re such heroes.

RUSSELL
Anyways, do you know what happened to Bubbles.

BUM
It’ll cost you.

RUSSELL
Just tell me where he went.

BUM
5 bucks.

RUSSELL
(pulling out his wallet, handing him the cash) This is highway robbery. Now just tell me what happened to him.

BUM
Alright, but I’m not the crazy one in this story. (pauses to prepare to tell story). Your friend, Bubbles showed up here earlier looking for something to wet his pallate considerin’ where he’d just left. We had enjoyed a few drinks, when this big limo pulls up. Then, this guy, you know the one who announces those sports things, gets out and says he’d give us 20 bucks and free drinks to come with him back to his house in the hills. Well, I’m no stranger to this park, and I knew what was going on, I’ve heard the rumors about what goes on in those hills with them media types and their little parties.

RUSSELL
Like what?

BUM
You don’t even want to know. Sick, twisted, Sodom and Gomorrah type of stuff.

RUSSELL
So what happened to Bubbles?

BUM
Well, he went with him.
RUSSELL
If you knew what went on there, why’d you let him go?

BUM
I never tell another man what to do. Besides he wouldn’t listen when “free drinks” was involved. (gets up, signaling that story time is over). Thanks for the finsky.

(BUM exits. RUSSELL sits down on bench. Beat. An attractive woman walking a dog walks by. The dog runs ahead to RUSSELL and RUSSELL reaches out to pet him, as he does the dog lifts his leg and begins to urinate on RUSSELL. RUSSELL jumps up and away)

WOMAN
(walking away) That’s what you get for being nice (smirks.) C’mere boy (dog comes. They exit. RUSSELL tries to kind of shake it off, just as he does, Bubbles stumbles in from stage right dressed in a clown suit with the ass ripped out of them. He is bloody and bruised. He collapses on the ground unnoticed by RUSSELL, as he falls, a man comes in behind him throws a 20 dollar bill onto him and exits. BUBBLES coughs and RUSSELL turns around to see him.)

RUSSELL
Jesus Christ, Bubbles! Is that you? (runs over to Bubbles who is just lying there. RUSSELL rolls BUBBLES over and tries to slap him to come to, BUBBLES coughs again this time blood comes out. As RUSSELL is trying to bring BUBBLES back, a COP enters from stage left)

COP
Freeze! You there, hands over your head scumball.

RUSSELL
Officer! (surprised, RUSSELL stands up, as he does the cop draws his gun and points it at RUSSELL. RUSSELL puts his hands behind his head.) You don’t understand officer, I was trying to help my friend.

COP
Just stay right there. You’ve helped enough pervert. (COP slowly inches closer to RUSSELL with his hand on his belt where his handcuffs hang. When he reaches RUSSELL he quickly steps behind him and puts the handcuffs on him. He then very violently grabs RUSSELL’s wrists and pushes him off-stage.)

RUSSELL
I was just trying to help, I had nothing to do with this. You have to believe me. I never did anything wrong.

(COP doesn’t respond, he keeps pushing RUSSELL offstage and RUSSELL tries to resist the whole way.)
RUSSELL
(repeats as he leaves stage)
I was just trying to help.

(They exit)

Scene 5

Scene: Police station. Stage right there is a cell with a few prisoners in orange suits. Center to stage left is a long police desk stacked high with papers in an unorganized manner. On the front of the desk there is the Los Angeles police logo “To Serve And Protect.” Behind the desk there are 3 to 4 cops who are filing through papers and answering the ever-ringing phone. Stage right there is a pay-phone used to make the “one phone call.” RUSSELL is in an orange suit in the cell. He sits on the bench smoking with his head hung low to avoid eye contact with the riff-raffs he shares the cell with. A cop walks from behind the desk over to the cell, and takes out a large ring of keys and puts them into the cell door lock.

COP
Russell Perry?

RUSSELL
(looking up) yeah?

COP
Time for your phone call.

(RUSSELL gets up and heads towards the open cell door. COP hands him a quarter as RUSSELL walks by and out the open door.)

PRISONER 1
Hurry back baby...My laps waiting for you.

COP
Shut up. (slams door shut)

RUSSELL
(at phone) Do I have to do anything to get an outside line.

COP
(shrugs his shoulder) You’ve got one quarter, guess right.

RUSSELL
(puts quarter in. dials phone. Waits. To COP) I got the machine.
That's your only quarter, make it a good message.

(into phone) Yeah, Adrian. Listen, it's Russell. Look, uhhh. I'm in sort of a bind. I need your help. Do you have $1,000 you could lend me? I'm kind of in jail. See, I was at the park, and well, it's a long story. But Bubbles is dead, and I didn't do it. But I'm gonna get blamed for it. I went to see the judge, but she didn't care about what I said, she just kept staring at what I was wearing. I tried to explain how it all happened, and that I was trying to help. I tried to explain my alibi and everything, but she seemed more concerned with the fact that I had a chain on my wallet and my hair was long. So I used my right to a court-appointed lawyer, but he didn't give a shit. God damnit, this whole system is set up to screw me. The lawyer said that if I could give him a hundred dollar bill, he might be able to talk to the judge for me. What bullshit. So, I'm stuck in jail, and that's why I need your help. I don't want to be here a minute longer. The people in here scare me. You don't understand what it's like. Strip down naked as fast as you can, and take a shower with another man. Come back, slip into a pair of pants, and smoke another cigarette. What am I supposed to learn? What am I supposed to learn? If you can't get me the money, could you at least get me some cigarettes. Hard-pack Marlboro mediums, please. All there is to do in here is smoke. That's all I do, my throat's bleeding I've smoked so much, but it's the only way to pass the time. Oh, well. If you could just get down here as soon as possible with that money and cigarettes. I can't be here much longer. That is if you even get this damn message. I've dialed your number a million times, and I know that it ain't wrong, lately it occurs to me, you are never home.

(RUSSELL hangs up the phone, COP comes over and takes RUSSELL back to the cell, and locks it up. RUSSELL lights his cigarette.)

(to RUSSELL) Can I bum a smoke?

(inhaling. Exhales through his nose. Waves cigarette in his hand) Last one.

(Lights down)

Scene 6

Apartment building. It's a couple of days later and late at night, RUSSELL is no longer in jail, but looks beat and tired. He comes down the hall smoking, and his shoulders shrug, he is a beaten man. He goes in his apartment. JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. of course, is not far behind.
RUSSELL
(setting down his keys, thumbing through papers around, settling back into his apartment.) John, what in the hell are you doing up? Do you ever sleep? Jesus Christ.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
The cats are all up puking, and so the dog’s freaking out.

RUSSELL
(sarcastically) That’s what’s happen when your pets are alcoholics. The warning the Surgeon General doesn’t give you.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Nah, it’s just the flu. They can handle liquor, just like my old man

RUSSELL
You’re old man died of Cirrhosis of the liver 50 years ago. You’re 35 John.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
(angry) Look, John Barrymore is my father, and he is not dead, I just talked to him on the phone.

RUSSELL
(accordingly raising his tone of voice to point out John’s fantasy) John, your father is dead. He’s been dead for a long time. So has James Dean and Steve McQueen, whom you never gave acting lessons to. They’re dead, John. Face the fuckin’ facts. You’re full of shit. You don’t play golf with Arnie, Jack Nicholas or Tiger Woods. It’s all a god damn fantasy. You are nobody. You are a crazy man who lives in an apartment with a bunch of annoying, alcoholic felines. Get over it. Stop fucking drinking and you’ll see that it’s 1999, John. Nineteen fucking-ninety-nine. Not 1950, wake up. Look around. You live in a shit hole, not some Beverly Hills mansion. You’re precious 18th hole, par 5, dog-leg left, is a fucking hallway in a run-down apartment building in the ghetto of Los Angeles. Open you’re god damn eyes. Quit running.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
I’m the delusional one? By the way, how is Adrian.

RUSSELL
(defensive) Shut up, John.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
No, Russell. Give it up. You had one date with her, and you haven’t stopped thinking stalking her since.

RUSSELL
(realizing) I love her.
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
She won't even return your phone calls. When was the wedding again?

RUSSELL
You know what John? Fuck you. Seriously, get the hell out of my apartment you crazy fuck, because I’d rather not talk about her right now.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Just watch whose’s the crazy one. At least my fantasy can be blamed on alcohol? What’s your god damn excuse?

RUSSELL
She’s all I have.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Wake up! You don’t have her!

RUSSELL
Look John, I don’t fucking need this, just get out.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
(regeaining composure on RUSSELL’s shortness. Amazingly unchanged, even though his secrets are exposed.) So, where have you been?

RUSSELL
Look, Bubbles is dead, because of which I was in jail.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
That’s nice. May I ask why?

RUSSELL
It’s an awfully long story.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Well, Arnie’s in the bathroom right now, warming up his shaft, if you know what I mean. Those golfers and their sexual euphemisms.

RUSSELL
Well, I went to the park to pick up Bubbles like, you asked me to. Only I got stuck in traffic, and was late. I waited around for a while because this bum told me that Bubbles had been there. The only problem, when Bubbles did arrive, he was dead.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Holy shit. Wait, how does a dead man “arrive” anywhere?
RUSSELL
That’s just it, he apparently had been raped and beaten and killed by some media type, and when they were through with him, they just drove back by the park, and dumped him out of the limo. I was the first to find the body, but when the cops found the body, they automatically assumed I did it. The lack of evidence didn’t seem to bother them, I had long hair after all.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
So what the hell are you doing out?

RUSSELL
The irony of it all, is that while the justice department was busy screwing me, the forgot to screw me by the books. So, as it turns out, my good for nothing lawyer accidentally notices that I was never read my miranda rights. I got lucky, that’s all. My lawyer wasn’t looking to get me out, he got paid either way, whichever way was less work was all he cared about. But he stumbled on it, and I got out. I guess I should count my blessings.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
How could you let Bubbles die? You knew he wouldn’t be safe in that park, all alone. You should have left earlier.

RUSSELL
Look, I got thrown in jail, because that jack ass couldn’t handle his liquor. Have you been in jail? Do you know what that’s like? Nevermind. You wouldn’t care.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Bubbles has lived caddy corner to me for as long as I can remember. Sure, he drank a lot, sure I hated him coming in at all hours fo the night, I hated the fact that he was busting bottles all night long, but he was such a friend. Such a loyal neighbor, he must have lived here for….uh….20 years or so now. Sad to see him go.

RUSSELL
Well, he’s got. And thanks for the compassion. I get thrown in jail, and you don’t give a second glance. Fuck you. Just get out. (Walks over to door, opens it, JOHN BARRYMORE, JR. lightly struts towards it). (possibly regretting his tone with JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.) Look, I just need some sleep so I can get up early and go to work and get fired. See you tomorrow.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Well then, I guess you haven’t heard.

RUSSELL
(humoring him) Heard what, John?
JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Adrian's gone.

RUSSELL
(interested) Gone where?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
She got some job in New York, she told me to let you know, if I saw you.

RUSSELL
When did she leave?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
I don't know, yesterday afternoon, or so.

RUSSELL
Did she give any other details?

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
Nope. Just that she was leaving.

RUSSELL
Alright John, good night. Adrian Music Section

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
She's gone Russell. You've got three days to mourn. And on the third day, we'll go golfing, my treat. I know this great course, practically right outside my door.

RUSSELL
I might not be here three days from now.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
And where the hell would you go? Not to New York. Look Russ, you can't just follow her, she doesn't love you, she doesn't even like you. She won't even talk to you on the phone. She certainly doesn't want you to follow her to New York.

RUSSELL
Look, she told you to tell me where she was going for a reason. She wanted me to follow her.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
She wanted you to leave her the hell alone. She wanted you to know that she was leaving. That she was never going to talk to you again, so that you would stop pouring out your soul on her answering machine. She wanted you out of her life, which, by the way, you were never even in.
RUSSELL
Look, I'm going with her. I'll track her down. What the hell have I got to lose? I have no job, I have no friends, I have no money, I don't have anything. I have absolutely nothing.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
You've got me, you've got the people in this hall.

RUSSELL
I have nothing. Look, I'm going, just for the chance to find something new. Now get out, I have to pack.

JOHN BARRYMORE, JR.
(walking out door.) You're right. You don't have anything. But guess what, you don't have anything in New York either.

RUSSELL shuts door. Runs into bedroom to start packing. Lights down.

Lights up. Apartment is now bare, nothing but the dirt and the age of the decrepit apartment. RUSSELL is carrying a suitcase and his guitar. He stops in the middle of the apartment and looks around, then walks out the door and down the hallway, once he exits, the sounds of KITTY screaming are heard. Then, unseen, JACK starts banging on his pots and pans. DIANE plays her harmonica. JANE screams in ecstasy as bedposts bang on the wall. Cats and dogs are heard from JOHN BARRYMORE, JR's apartment. The noises all combine, they get louder and louder, they go on for a beat or two. Then the lights go down, and sound fades.

THE END