

# PRE SHOW

LX 0.1

## Key

LX SB

LX 60

Sound SB

Sound 60

Deck SB

Deck 60

SPOT 60

Cast Call (30 to House Open, 1 hr to TOS)

- Tues - Sat → 6:30 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 1:00 pm ☒ "15 to Fight/Intimacy, 30 to HO, 1 hr to TOS"
- Sun → 2:00 pm ☒

Paging Check / Check In w/ HM (20 to House Open, 50 to TOS)

- Tues - Sat → 6:40 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 1:10 pm ☒
- Sun → 2:10 pm ☒

Fight / Intimacy call (15 to House open, 45 to TOS)

- Tues - Sat → 6:45 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 1:15 pm ☒ "Please head to stage for Fight call and our Body Scans, we have 15 to HO, 45 to TOS"
- Sun → 2:15 pm ☒

SB

LX 1

- Tues - Sat → 6:59 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 1:29 pm ☒
- Sun → 2:29 pm ☒

Sound 1

BATHROOM!

## HOUSE OPEN — TIME: 2:30

LX 1

- Tues - Sat → 7:00 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 1:30 pm ☒ TO: Ali "Backstage ready?"
- Sun → 2:30 pm ☒ TO: HM "We are ready to open house"
- "House is now open, 30 to TOS, 28 to places"

Sound 1

Headset Check / Backstage Page (5 mins to places)

- Tues - Sat → 7:23 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 2:53 pm ☒
- Sun → 1:53 pm ☒

Headset Check

- Michael - Reagan  
- Julia - Ali

Places / HM Check up (2 to TOS)

- Tues - Sat → 7:28 pm ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒ ☒
- Sat → 2:58 pm ☒ "We are at places"
- Sun → 1:58 pm ☒ TO HM "Be good to close on time?"

NO: Hold until HM gives go

YES

SB LX 4-20

Sound 5-20

LX 5

House Half

LX 2

Tyler Speech

LX 3

Tyler Out

LX 4

SB: SPOT @ 20%

- 3/4 body on (E)  
- DSC  
- frames 116, 13 secs

TIME:

START STOPWATCH

PROLOGUE: \_\_\_\_\_

LX 5

Sound 10

(E)+(S) Reach arches \_\_\_\_\_

LX 6

(E)+(S) face offstage \_\_\_\_\_

LX 7

(S) moves US \_\_\_\_\_

LX 9

1.

(ELIZABETH SAWYER. Alone. A light tight on her face. Her aria. A moment out of time.)

(E) turns DS

LX 10

ELIZABETH. I'm not arguing for the end of the world but then again maybe I am.

SPOT 60

*This one, anyway.*

I imagine you're not sure about this,  
you might think I'm jumping the gun.

Fair enough, full disclosure –  
wherever I go, people are like:

"Oh there's the witch of Edmonton."

They're like: "You made my cow sick, you made my  
thatch burn."

I'm like a disease that only I seem to have caught.

I'm like a plague of locusts that's just one locust.

And the whispering!

Say I'm in line at the well.

If I turn around, the whispering stops. Dead silence.

But somehow it always starts up again.

@ (E) moves HL/SR

LX 11

I can't say I don't have a grudge, because

I do, clearly, I do have a grudge.

But does that detract from my argument, or is it just  
added texture?

I understand – you're hesitating right now,  
you're like: *Is she kidding, is she serious, is she crazy,*  
– and those are questions, they are valid questions,  
but they are not the *right* questions.

SB: SPOT 3 sec cut

Here is the single thing you should be asking yourself:

*Do I have hope that things can get better?*

And if you do, then ignore me. You're fine.  
But if you don't...  
then maybe this is where we start.

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LX 12

Sound 15

SPOT OUT

CUDDY. (*Really asking.*) Why would I want to fight you?

FRANK. It might help.

SB: LX 124-130

CUDDY. How?

FRANK. I've found that generally  
violence  
helps.

CUDDY. Oh.

FRANK. Generally things start to feel better  
when it's simple and focused and  
sort of urgent  
but we don't have to.  
It's just if you want.

(*CUDDY knows this is the only thing FRANK  
can give him, and in that light:*) © ↑

LX 124

CUDDY. OK.

FRANK. OK?

CUDDY. I'll take it.

(*They negotiate their way into this fight.*)

(*Maybe CUDDY sort of pushes FRANK and  
waits to see how that feels. Maybe FRANK  
encourages CUDDY to push him. It's a little bit  
like a dance at first, or like two kids playing.  
It's playful, curious, strange. New for them  
both.*)

DS Plat fight

(*It escalates. It becomes wild, reckless, savage,  
continuously inventive. Not slapstick, but  
with a sense of play that always tilts over the  
edge back into danger. Sometimes we aren't  
sure if we're witnessing destruction or a  
seduction. Strange things come to hand and  
are used as weapons, but we believe in the  
danger of these things.*)

SB: SPOT @ 15%  
- 3/4 body on © CS  
- frames 5+6  
- 4 secs

(Then the real violence leaks in.)  $\textcircled{F} + \textcircled{C} \times$  Ban Plat

LX 125

(**CUDDY** and **FRANK** are increasingly frenzied. **CUDDY** taps into a violence inside himself that is a revelation, a tidal wave, that sweeps him off his feet. **FRANK** falters in the face of this onslaught. It wasn't what he was expecting.)

(And then...this happens quickly, so quickly, faster even than the speed of **CUDDY's** understanding:)  $\textcircled{C}$  Punch @ Throat

LX 125.5

(**CUDDY** kills **FRANK**.)

(A moment. **CUDDY** realizes what he's done. He is transfixed. He's frozen. Disbelieving at first. This wasn't what he wanted. Was it?)

(**CUDDY** kneels by **FRANK's** body.)  $\textcircled{C}$  Stamp on  $\textcircled{F}$

LX 126

(He is numb. He realizes this is real. It is possible that he touches **FRANK**, that he scrubs blood off his hands. A simple, repetitive gesture of shock. Maybe the gesture takes over. **CUDDY** performs a Morris dance.)  $\textcircled{C}$  stands facing DS

SPOT 60

SB: Sound 76-76

SB: SPOT OUT 0 sec

(This is his aria. He does it just for himself, with no sense that there are any eyes on him. It is about anguish and desire and sorrow and loneliness that is constant and searing, and the sick feeling of victory when you've achieved a thing you wish you hadn't actually done, but you were capable of it nonetheless.)  $\textcircled{B} \textcircled{C} \rightsquigarrow$ , reaches DS

LX 127

(It is very strange and uncomfortable and oddly beautiful and sometimes funny and sad. It may not even be a "Morris" dance at all. But it should move us, even as we squirm a little.)

(CUDDY finishes. He stands very still, his chest heaving, out of breath, transported, close to tears.)

© Pose DS

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LX 128

Sound 15

SPOT OUT

SB: LX 135-140

SB: Sound 80

SB: SPOT @ 10%  
 - iris in ⑤ US Pat  
 - frames 5+6  
 - 0 sec

This one is done. You can see that, can't you?  
 We're caught in the web of a thing our parents built  
 our grandparents and the grandparents of our  
 grandparents  
 and so we're building it now too.  
 We don't know how to do anything other than keep  
 building  
 even as the strands wrap tighter and tighter around  
 our necks,  
 we keep building.  
 So if there's no stopping, no changing, no way to escape  
 then you have to wipe the slate clean and start again.

*(She takes his face.)*

Let's start again. OK?

SCRATCH. I love you.

ELIZABETH. I believe you.

SCRATCH. Can't that be enough?

ELIZABETH. For what?

SCRATCH. You and me, fuck the rest of them. ⑤ ⑤ @ stairs

LX 135

ELIZABETH. I can imagine we'd have some real fun. But  
 then one day, maybe a hundred years from now...  
 One day we'll notice that nothing around us seems  
 to have changed, everyone is just as vicious and  
 frightened and banal as they were before. We'll think:  
*Shouldn't anything at all have changed?* And then at  
 that moment, whenever it comes, we'll think of this  
 moment, right now. We'll think: *Oh. We had the chance  
 to change all of this. We did have it. We just said No.*

⑤ EXT

LX 136

Sound 80

⑤ Past second arch

LX 137

⑤ Past 3rd arch

LX 138

⑤ Past US arch

LX 139

## 14.

(**SCRATCH**, alone. In a narrow, focused light.)

(Similar to the way Elizabeth was in the beginning. His aria.)

⑤ @ top facing DS

SPOT 60

**SCRATCH.** I really appreciate everything you've done for me?  
 but I think I just  
 am maybe having a little difficulty  
 at the moment  
 in this particular industry  
 and  
 I don't want this to be like, I'm *quitting*  
 but  
 maybe I just  
 need to take a time-out...?

(Beat.)

I've been thinking about, you know,  
 what I want to do instead and  
 I'm not, let's face it, the most *organized* [person]  
 which is why, you know, that *paperwork*... [wasn't  
 on time]  
 (so sorry about that)  
 uh  
 but maybe I just wanna travel for a while.  
 Like, see the world, and not have to engage in any kind of  
 transactionary thing, but like  
 have some croissants and go whale-watching...  
 And I know things are all falling apart, the whole thing is  
 coming apart at the seams  
 which is rife with opportunity, I mean I understand  
 what kind of  
 moment we're in  
 so maybe I'll just go on vacation for a little bit

and then if I start to feel better, maybe I can come back  
 then  
 and we can talk about resuming on a part-time basis?  
 Or like a freelance thing, or...?

*(Beat, without meaning to:)*

I'm having a really hard time sleeping.  
 I just lie awake all night and  
 there's a particular color that exists  
 in the span of time right before the sun comes up  
 this particular shade of blue that's almost bruise  
 and I see that color every morning now.  
 And I try to do all these exercises, like I take deep  
 breaths  
 or I do the thing where you relax your muscles in  
 groups  
 your feet, then your calves, then your thighs,  
 like you work upward until your brain is relaxed and  
 you fall asleep -  
 but every time I get to my heart area, I start to feel like  
 I'm having a  
 sort of slow-motion panic attack  
 for hours  
 so I never get to the part where you fall asleep.

*(Beat.)*

I know you can't really answer this, because  
 we just should do our jobs, and I get it, entropy is the  
 point anyway,  
 but  
 I have no idea if there's anything better coming down  
 the pike  
 or if *this is it*, if this is what it is forever -  
 but then also,  
 if this *is* what it is  
 then shouldn't we just learn to live with it?

SB LX 144-152

SB Sound 85-95

SB SPOT OUT 30  
 SECS

Be happy in small ways  
 Be lucky in small ways?  
 A person could love a person and  
 that could be enough  
 couldn't it?

(Beat - raw, from the heart:)

But  
 what if there is something *amazing* ahead  
 and all we have to do  
 is burn down everything we know  
 to get to it?

But maybe these aren't the right questions.

There is a single question that I have been asking myself  
 over and over again  
 all night, until everything turns that one alarming color  
 and all day,  
 I keep asking myself this question, and...

⑤ ↓

LX 144

SPOT OUT

(Beat - raw, anguished - a question of sorts:)

I find it so hard to have hope right now.  
 I just find it so hard to have hope.

LX 145

(Blackout.)

Sound 85

End of Play

BOWS

LX 150

CAST EXIT

LX 151

Sound 90

WALKOUT

LX 152

Sound 95

TIME