

LIZ

or

THERE IS NO REHEARSAL
a Bus Theatre Company
one act

play/musical dance socially engaged community thingy

by

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DRAFT 1.0

INTRODUCTION

Get over it. Have a little fun.

Before beginning this project, i decided to impose upon every play for every day a certain locality or set feature, namely that it centres around a bus and one or more bus stops and surroundings of these. i also decided to bring in various random elements. One of these was to create a list of characters and just start a challenge by choosing one or more and sticking them at the top of the page. Or else go to the old newspaper pile jab my finger onto someone listed in the obits and use an element of that. Sometimes that worked but most of the time the “challenges” set by Sebastian combined with the ubiquitous bus imposed enough randomness and constraint.

This is a play cycle in 28 parts. Each part is intended to be a self-contained play that may be performed as such, without any of the other 27 parts.

There are various ways to perform this play. The original but most complicated conception is to invite a large number of friends, dancers, actors, random strangers, poets, community members, et cetera to participate in the performance. Each participant will be assigned a single role unless otherwise stipulated. Some roles appear in multiple plays, others only in one.

Each participant will only know the characters and scenario of their own play(s). They will rehearse with and in the presence of those participants only.

It is only at the full performance that all actors will see the other plays. This will occur during the performance itself. By design, every performance will be radically different. Some will be awkward or fail miserably, others may mesh beautifully.

The number of “enter” and “exit” cues for all 28 plays is *_yet to be determined*. A few cues will be chosen as beginning-middle-end “anchors” and will be assigned directly but the majority of participants will be asked to choose one or more papers from a jar and will thus be assigned the #s of their entrance cues. A display or prompters will be present to inform the participants which number is next so that they will not miss these cues.

There is an attempt to find a balance between constraints, contrivance, and abandon to randomness.

For indoor productions the performance space may be in a fully equipped modern theatre, certainly for audiovisual portions this would be great, however, lo-tech adaptations, such as letting people use their imaginations, is also a good way to go.

For outdoor productions, a bus in a parking lot, a public park, a field, or anywhere that you can get both enough people to participate and an audience (unless you don't want an audience, which is okay too).

The most radical, whatever that means, way to stage the play(s) would be to choose a bus route and attempt to enact the various performances in the presence of an uninformed commuting public. Obviously there are some segments: for example, the Musk Bus, the EmScad Systems Surprise, and Pigs in Parrsboro, for which this would prove challenging. Perhaps participants could bring laptops or other broadcasting equipment or, maybe the transit commission would allow the use of their advertising and other broadcast systems for the duration of the performance(s).

Or do something in the spirit of Four Rooms - stage the plays in an actual bus but have a willing and ticketed audience who is then drawn into the close-quarters performance. For both the actors and the viewers this would blur the lines between them.

Depending upon time, space, and participant numbers, you may also choose to use only some of the 28 parts and produce shorter and less complex performances.

In addition to the script and cues, actors will be given leeway to improvise. Depending upon the director's choice (or a group decision?), this may take the form of full leeway to go outside the script when interacting and speaking with other characters or there may be a limited #, three, for example, of improvisations for each participant, or perhaps the number of improvisations per actor might be chosen at random from a hat as with the cues.

Randomness in art, and everything, has always appealed to me. i like it when there is room for both creator and viewer-reader-listener to put themselves and their own personal meanings and interpretations into it. i like ambiguous endings.

Today's challenge / brief / labour asks us to create something radical, whatever that might mean to us. Kind of like looking for a satisfying definition of art. i like the suggestions made by Sebastian in the challenge and i also did a little research into definitions, politics, and ideas about "radical theatre", whatever that means. In the spirit of this whole exercise and the many different ways of looking at things that i have and continue to learn from it, this play cycle as a whole and the following play in particular attempts to smooch it all messily together into one something or whatever other else it happens to become.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BUS DRIVER, wears a uniform that is a bit small. Has a small radio playing.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (s)

RICKIE, THE RADIO ANNOUNCER

STEPH WATSON /THE READER, just someone standing or sitting at a bus stop or on a bus

DANCERS, at least 3, more if possible.

2 GIRLS, both have the habit of tapping the fingers of the right hand against the thumb.

2 GIRLS: Sisters, DALIA and LAIMA

2 MEDICS

2 OLD GEEZERS : STATLER & WALDORF

2 YOUNG WOMEN, dressed for a night on the town (and it was last night)

3 YOUNG BUSINESSWOMEN : ANNA, LENA BAECKER, HEATHER

A FEW MORE KIDS

A FOURTH PERSON

A JUDGE

A **KID**

A MOTHER

A PERSON

A **THIRD** PERSON

A WOMAN WORKING AT THE WELFARE OFFICE

A YOUNG MAN

A YOUNG WOMAN

AN ITALIAN CHEF
 AN OLD COUPLE
 AN OLDER WOMAN
 ANDY CICADA, GUITAR PLAYER AND SINGER
 ANDY, A NORWEGIAN
 ANIMAL, a drummer
ANOTHER KID
 ANXAO
 B PERSON
 BABA ROSE
 BASTIEN - works as bus driver, pizza delivery guy, & artist's model
 BEGGAR
 BETTS
 BILL, A BOY
 BITSY, a small dog
 BLAIR TAYLOR
 BOBBY
 BOBBY, an old geezer
 BOBBY, another geeky kid
 C PERSON
 CONRAD
 CONSTABLE HENWOOD
 CONSTABLE WASSON
 DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT TOWNS, Femme fatale style, serious and sexy
 DETECTIVE SERGEANT PHIPPS, Noir, a gravelly & slovenly unshaven type
 DR DAHLIA DISH
 EARL - PLAYED BY A DANCER
 EARL'S BROTHER
 EARL'S MOTHER
 EARL'S OTHER BROTHER
 ELEANOR PIG
 ELLIE
 ELON MUSK, a pre-recorded voice track and, if available, a hologram. This may also be substituted for by a real Elon Musk or by an actor portraying Elon Musk's Hologram or voice.
 EMSCAD SYSTEMS FOZZIE
 GENÈVRE
 GEOFF
 GERRY
 GONZO
 GRUNT PIG
 HENRIETTA - PLAYED BY A DANCER
 JAX
 JC
 JEFF GREEN
 JER "THE BULLFROG" JONES, LAURIE'S BOYFRIEND
 JESSE MANILA
 JO "BANG BANG"
 JOE FORMICA, A HARD WORKING GUY
 JOHN HENRY

KAMRI
 KERMIT
 KERWIN
 KLEOPOMPUS - owner at the Taverna Lykorea
 LAURIE FARMER
 LEONARD, LENNY, LEN FARMER, LAURIE'S BROTHER.
 LIMU
 MARIA
 MARIE-JOSEPH DEMERS
 MARLA
 MEL, a geeky kid
 MISS PIGGY
 MISSY PIG, 19 year old debutante
 MS DUBUC, 73 year old retired foot surgeon
 MUSICAL CHICKENS
 PEDRO
 PRISSY PIG
 R
 RICHARD THE SINGING BUM, a gray haired hippy who busks and hands
 out flyers for L'Action Boréale
 RISAO
 RUTHIE
 S
 SEVERAL OTHER PASSENGERS including a Fat Boy, a BLONDE WOMAN, 3
 RACING CYCLISTS, a GIRL with a cat, someone with a BOOM BOX,
 SIMON
 SOMEONE **ELSE**
 SUBSCRIBER T
 SUBSCRIBERS - OTHER
 PROFESSIONAL ACTORS
 NON SUBSCRIBERS
 EmscAD SYSTEMS
 Sweetums, an ogre
 SWITCHBOARD/MAINTENANCE OPERATOR - both played by the same neutral
 TARA ROSE, BABA'S GRANDDAUGHTER
 THE BUS, A COMPUTER GENERATED VOICE
 THEATRE X ANNOUNCER 1, A VOICE
 THEATRE X ANNOUNCER 2, A DIFFERENT VOICE
 TI-LOU GAROU
 TSINGDA
 TWIGGY PIG
 VICKY VALENTINE, a music promoter and hot babe
YET ANOTHER KID
 ZINNO TREMBLAY

The play takes place on a bus as well as on the sidewalk at various intersections and bus stops.

There are video/text screens on the buildings and at the bus stop. Various text, 'live footage', and talking heads show on the various screens but no sound.

A large screen to the left mirrors the screen at the bus stop.

A screen for projecting supertitles/text is above the stage.

Down left might have a bench or two next to a bus stop and a garbage can. There are a number of sculptures up and down the street. Up left a Diner, perhaps represented by a doorway with a large sign above it. Mid right is a bus - this can be an actual bus with the side facing the audience removed, or it can be represented by seats and benches arranged to some degree as per a transit bus- see attached diagram- a bus door with mechanism would be a nice addition to this.

THE HUM OF TRAFFIC

ON THE NUMBER 28 BUS

(Lights up: On a fairly crowded bus at rush hour. Steph and Blair sit next to one another toward the back. Steph has a bundle of papers and is reading and making notes. Blair is busy on a gadget. There is a line up of people boarding the bus. It appears that many on the bus know one another and are engaged in various discussions.)

Supertitles (BLR421190): wuu2?

Supertitles (KHL8765): WAITING4U @HOME. I CAN'T W8 2BWU :-X

BUS DRIVER

Déplacez-vous vers l'arrière, svp! Move to the back please!

SIMON

Y'a du monde en crise.

HUM OF TRAFFIC THE
NOISE OF BUS DOORS.
CLOSING AND A BUS
PULLING INTO TRAFFIC
PLUS THE BLEEPS AND
TINGS OF TEXTOS BEING
SENT AND RECEIVED

(During the following conversation more people line up at the bus stop. Scenery might be somewhat changed while the main focus is on the bus.)

Supertitles (BLR421190): not somy?
 Supertitles (KHL8765): NOT EVEN CLOSE! UR SO HOT. I AM ALWAYS
 TOY & IMMSWFU ;)

(Steph looks up and smiles at the man and then speaks to Blair.)

STEPH

You hear anything from Zinno lately?

BLAIR

huh? No, nothing, last time was a few months. Nee was still in Mexico. Probably still there. Ne was managing to cobble together a bit of a living selling fish tacos out of that old truck nee bought. Nee told me nee even sells the odd painting and sometimes gives courses to tourists. It sounded like nee might not come back.

EMSCAD SYSTEMS

Each play takes place in real time in the real world.

(BLIP BLEEP)

STEPH

(Sighs) I wish they'd turn that thing off.

MEL

Don't you play?

STEPH

Me? No. I have no interest.

BOBBY

Hmmph, too old to learn something new eh?

HENRIETTA

What would you know about that pipsqueak? You think just cause someone's a bit older than you their brain has atrophied. Sheesh. Get over yourself.

STEPH

Thanks Henri, that's telling ner.

TRAFFIC NOISES, CARS
 GOING PAST, THE
 EXHALATIONS OF A BUS
 PULLING OVER, DOORS
 OPENING & CLOSING, AND
 PULLING AWAY AND
 DRIVING OFF.

BUS DRIVER

Déplacez-vous vers l'arrière, svp! Move
to the back please!

EMSCAD SYSTEMS

EmsCAD Plays are immersive theatrical experiences that
can take place anywhere people gather, such as on a
sidewalk outside a coffeeshop, outside a subway or train
station, in a restaurant, at a bus stop, or in a vehicle.

(BLIP BLEEP)

(A few people, including Richard, board the bus and
squeeze past to find a seat, or at least a tolerable
place to stand.)

RICHARD

Pardon, pardon

(Richard bumps into Dalia who turns.)

DALIA

Oh, uh. Oui, scuse mwa. You look
familiar? Don't I -

RICHARD

Non, I don't think so. Mais, uh
I am sorry.

(Richard keeps moving, then changes his mind and goes
back to Dalia, who has already turned away again to face
out the window.)

RICHARD

Pardon? Mademoiselle, Miss?

(Dalia turns.)

RICHARD

I did not mean to be rude. You might know
me from my music.

(Dalia suddenly smiles.)

DALIA

At the bus stop!?

RICHARD

oh... oui, uh so would you like to talk
with me? Go for coffee maybe?

(Dalia smiles and nods shyly.)

TRAFFIC NOISES, CARS
GOING PAST, THE

EXHALATIONS OF A BUS
PULLING OVER, DOORS
OPENING & CLOSING, AND
PULLING AWAY AND
DRIVING OFF.

(A few people board the bus and squeeze past to find a seat, or at least a tolerable place to stand. It is getting more and more crowded.)

BUS DRIVER

Déplacez-vous vers l'arrière, svp! Move
to the back please!

(BLIP BLEEP)

Supertitles (BLR421190): wan2?

Supertitles (KHL8765): YIWU

Supertitles (BLR421190): sure?

Supertitles (KHL8765): YIWSN

Supertitles (BLR421190): L8r!

(Blair grins, shoves the phone in a pocket and looks up.)

(During the following conversation more people line up at the bus stop. Scenery might be somewhat changed while the main focus is on the bus.)

BLAIR

Hey Steph, you still doing that play
thing you told me about?

STEPH

Yeah, still on it Blair but getting
mighty tired... working on number 23 now
and though it started out intelligible,
it becomes less and less so and'll prolly
wind up the goffiest of the lot.

(A guy sitting just ahead of Steph and Blair turns around and interrupts.)

LEONARD

You mean 28 plays? I'm doing it too.
Don't you like it?

STEPH

Absolutely. A very interesting
experience. Exhausting is all.

LEONARD

Oh yeah, I hear ya. On my good days I
think it's amazing but when it goes
poorly, well, then it hardly seems fair, I
mean Hercules only had 12 labours to do
for ner penance and at the end of it nee

was rewarded with immortality... we got 28 labours and at the end what do we get? A buncha hastily written and ill conceived drivel to start the wood stove with.

(Marla, who sits next to Leonard, looks at ner adoringly and simpers.)

MARLA

You shouldn't be so hard on yourself Lenny. I read some of your stuff and I really liked it!

TRAFFIC NOISES, CARS
GOING PAST, THE
EXHALATIONS OF A BUS
PULLING OVER, DOORS
OPENING & CLOSING, AND
PULLING AWAY AND
DRIVING OFF.

(A few people board the bus and squeeze past to find a seat, or at least a tolerable place to stand. It is getting more and more crowded.)

(Jesse stands arm in arm with an OLDER WOMAN. Jax stands nearby.)

JESSE MANILA

Radical theatre is like the roots of social action, don't you think?

OLDER WOMAN

I really don't know anything about it Jesse. That you fellow from Ontario thought so. I still have that Augusto Boal book he left behind. Never read it yet though. I'm not even sure what that means. Radical is a slippery term.

JAX

mmmmm... slippery

LAIMA

57843197535417950113472736257740802134768
26045022851579795797647467022840999561601
56910890384582450267926594205550395879229
81852648007068376504

STEPH

i don't think any of us will do so well.

RUTHIE

Hercules? Ha!

More like Sysiphean bugs dude! All of us
dung beetles busy rolling our own shit
uphill.

HENRIETTA

eeeew!

MISS PIGGY

Speak for yourself, I am going to dance
with the stars.

RUTHIE

What? Like stardust and ashes?
Or maybe bacon? (nyuk, nyuk)
Good luck!

MISS PIGGY

The question is, how to actually get
there.

STEPH

Bitter much are you Ruthie?

RUTHIE

No, the question is, who cares. Why
bother going anywhere, we're all going to
wind up in the same place anyhow and what
difference does it make if something you
wrote is on the grade 8 curriculum 400
hundred years from now.

BLAIR

400 years?

RUTHIE

Okay, 4000.
whatever
AS IF THERE'S A DIFFERENCE WHEN
you're dusted.
I say get over it and have a little fun
for soon, too soon, we all are done.

HENRIETTA

Great, someone thinks they're a poet.

LIMU

Not just someone Henri, not just someone.

TRAFFIC NOISES, CARS
GOING PAST, THE
EXHALATIONS OF A BUS
PULLING OVER, DOORS
OPENING & CLOSING, AND
PULLING AWAY AND
DRIVING OFF.

(A few people board the bus and squeeze past to find a seat, or at least a tolerable place to stand. It is getting more and more crowded.)

STEPH

blah, blah, blah Who cares!

HENRIETTA

Steph!? C'mon man, I don't expect that from you.

STEPH

Sorry Henri. I'm just trying to get through this. Today's assignment is supposed to be radical, whatever that means, so my plan was to steal huge chunks from Aristophanes and a whole lot of other stuff and just like that create a supercool story centred around a smart and savvy independent hot babe called Liz who uses her hotness to change the ways of men and create peace on-

KAMRI

How derivative.

(KAMRI reaches into the folds of his-her-it's voluminous robes and pulls out a remote control.)

STEPH

earth. But I can't seem to keep anything on track today. Too many people around and I am so easily distracted. It makes me a little irritable... forgive me?

HENRIETTA

Sure, sure. Nothing to forgive anyway. But try to finish up and get some sleep. Some of us are beginning to forget the old you... you know who I mean! The one who actually has time for friends once in a while.

LIMU

Excuse me, I hope you don't mind me butting in but did I not hear you discussing radical theatre?

LAIMA

18365620945554346135134152570065974881916
3413595567

TRAFFIC NOISES, CARS
GOING PAST, THE
EXHALATIONS OF A BUS
PULLING OVER, DOORS

OPENING & CLOSING, AND
PULLING AWAY AND
DRIVING OFF.

(A few more people board the bus and squeeze past to find a seat, or at least a tolerable place to stand. It is now as crowded as it can be and all the characters are smooshed in there together.)

JEFF GREEN

Hey chef, does that fellow look a little weird to you?

LAIMA

19649654032187271602648593049039787489589
06612725079482827693895352175362185079629
77851461884327192232238101587444505286652
38022532843891375273845892384422535472653
09817157844783421582232702069028723233005
38621634798850946954720047952311201504329
32266282727632177908840087861480221475376
57810581970222630971749507212724847947816
95729614236585957820908307332335603484653
18730293026659645013718375428897557971449
92465403868179921389346924474198509733462
67933210726868707680626399193619650440995
42167627840914669856925715074315740793805
3239252394775574415918458215625181921552

AN ITALIAN CHEF

Who? The one with fishy eyes? Yeah, kind of freakish alright...

(Blair shrugs)

LAIMA

33709607483329234921034514626437449805596
10330799414534778457469999212859999939961
22816152193148887693880222810830019860165
49416542616968586788372609587745676182507
27599295089318052187292461086763995891614
58550583972742098090978172932393010676638
68240401113040247007350857828724627134946
36853181546969046696869392547251941399291
46524238577625500474852954768147954670070
50347999588867695016124972282040303995463
27883069597624936151010243655535223069061
29493885990157346610237122354789112925476
961760050479749280607212680392

AN ITALIAN CHEF

...but then I'm no real prize myself.
Probably ner mother thinks nee's
beautiful.

(Ms. Dubuc turns in her seat toward the audience.)

MS DUBUC

I don't know about you, but this lot is starting to give me a headache.

(KAMRI points the remote control toward the front of the bus.)

STEPH

Yeah, that's right. But I gotta tell you I don't really know what that means. It seems a bit wide open—

AN ITALIAN CHEF

Don't you get it? It's whatever you want it to be.

(JO walks down the aisle of the bus, grins and points a key at Steph and Blair as if it were a gun. STEPH points a finger at JO and grins.)

JO

BANG BANG You're dead.

BANG BANG You're dead.

(KAMRI presses the off button on the remote control and there is a large blast of light.)

STEPH

BANG BANG *You're* dead!

(Blackout. End of play.)

(off)

LAIMA

08931805218729246108676399589161458550583
 97274209809097817293239301067663868240401
 11304024700735085782872462713494636853181
 54696904669686939254725194139929146524238
 57762550047485295476814795467007050347999
 58886769501612497228204030399546327883069
 59762493615101024365553522306906129