

Wrap Session

Well today was our finale for *You Have the Right to Remain Dead*. You just had to be there to understand how much fun the entire experience was. The show itself was brilliant but the cast was another memorable group to work with and I befriended a 4th grade boy who was one of our “plants” in the audience. Was it Saturday night when John exclaimed that he heard “gunshots fired... sounding like Pt-oo! Pt-oo!” Today, I KNOW it was him who nearly gave away the KEY clue to the entire show when he stated that instead of Harnell saying “Carefully” as he exited the stage he actually said “Careful, Leigh.” Yesterday, as I mentioned previously, an innocent member of the audience figured out the clue by herself which is understandable.

And yes, I played Harnell Chesterton, “Your narrator for our little bit of mayhem. A host to a muhdah as it were.” And I WAS the one who was murdered. I must tell you that the first few times I practiced being carted out in a wheelchair with my head down, eyes closed, and trying so hard NOT to move was some of the hardest times I have ever had on stage because some of the accents from the other characters and the lines are so funny that it was nearly impossible to not crack up. Then I am covered up and wheeled off the stage “with the rest of the props” (how degrading). The funny thing is... I never knew what position I would be in after the others are finished poking and prodding me to make sure I was indeed “dead.” This afternoon, I was so messed up that my head was dangling over the side so far that I could not possibly fit through the door frame. I attempted to slowly but unobtrusively straighten enough to be pushed off stage.

At the end of the show after the murderess is revealed, I am pushed back on stage still covered with the afghan (“You were knitting a dog?” a line that got a groan most performances). Last night, I tried to raise my arm and give a royal wave.

This did not work as, somehow, I became caught up and ended up bringing part of the door frame with me. I always did manage to have "Fat Daddy's" hat on top of my head on top of the afghan.

[Justj](#) and his youngest were in the audience this afternoon on their way to Ft. Wayne. He knew from the outset that I would be the one murdered (or maybe he was hoping that I would be but "Don't assume"). He however thought that the killer would be Blanche, the long suffering director who has had enough of Harnell's "padding his part" by giving the audience insight on how to solve a murder. She very nearly gives the narrator the old hook treatment while he is giving his spiel from his box seat. I felt like both Statler and Waldorf but was not able to offer my sarcastic remarks to the play within the play. Instead, I read "Doris's" book of Complete Shakespeare (usually the Scottish play beginning with the letter M that is considered bad luck to mention in a theatre).

Following the show this afternoon of course came the striking of the set. Travis and Mary came over after their Little Shop production was over. Then, the remaining cast and crew members enjoyed pizza and each others company. I have a really difficult time breaking away from a show; this one has been so much fun that I think it will take a bit longer.

Hopefully, I will not have to wait too long for the next show. In a few weeks, I do plan to return to the Huber to audition for *It's A Wonderful Life*.