

Goodnight Little Womans

Well... here is my final post on the great experience that began back in late March. New director, new cast members, new atmosphere, but still great fun. It is rather strange how intimate I have become with the stage in our little corner of Ohio. Twice I have been in shows where I end up lying downstage center. Whether it be sleeping and being pulled into my television or being stabbed in a duel and killed. During our final performance this afternoon, Marmee suggested that I combine Braxton Prendergast with my favorite character (of course many of you who read my blog know who that is). As thrilling as that would be, I decided that I better not although it may have drawn an even larger reaction than normal. The director could not understand why Braxton's death always drew chuckles from the audience. As our lighting tech so kindly observed, he does not know me very well, does he. Actually, I was quite impressed at the amount of time it took to strike the set. It took less than an hour and a half. Everyone really pitched in and helped. So, after that most of the cast and crew went for a final wrap gathering at an area pizza shop and said our final farewells amidst the sadness and joy. Once again, my sincere thanks and congratulations to everyone involved in this marvelous production. I found many ways in which to deliver the line "Who are you?" so it would be different each time I said it. I think I found as many as Jo found to deliver "Christopher Columbus." Plus, my goals for the show were met. I believe that the cast worked hard but still enjoyed themselves, and I got to wear pumpkin pants (tights as well, but that was definitely not on my list).



A Small Umbrella In The Rain

A wise man once said that every performance of any show is different every time. No where was that more prevalent than in tonight's performance of *Little Women*. As I posted earlier, we have been plagued by a leaky ceiling. It was discovered that this was due to a malfunctioning air conditioner. During the first act, the a/c was turned off and it was suggested that we speed the action up to accommodate the audience. At intermission, we had a concession line that featured free cups of water. The aristocrat Braxton Prendergast was seen behind the counter serving complaining that it was beneath him to serve peasants. Mrs. Kirk threatened him with bodily harm at least twice.

Apparently, the audience did not mind the drips because the air was turned on again for the second act. This was perhaps the best the act has run and accepted. The final duel between Braxton and Rodrigo met with thunderous applause when the villain fell to the ground. Every time a line was spoken having to do with water, the audience roared in hysterical laughter. The title of this post is taken from the title of a song that Jo and Prof. Bhear sing at the end of the show. I thought they would never be heard from all the laughter I thought would come. However, after a few chuckles, the song went very well as did our 4th of 6 shows. Maybe tomorrow someone will provide the audience members beneath the drips with small umbrellas of their own.

Ah, yes and a happy birthday to my co-star, Elizabeth.

