If You Were A Box What Kind Would YOU Be?

Tonight was the first night that I have ever been the stage manager for any show. There are times when I really find it to be fun; but the idea of not being able to be part of either the on-stage activity or in the audience makes it difficult. I do enjoy the comradery you feel by being able to assist in getting the performers props, cues, etc or the challenge of making sure an 8-year old knows when to say his lines backstage or that he is not (unintentionally, of course) making a nuisance of himself; but in all honesty, I really think Alex is doing a fine job both with his character and learning what to do and (more importantly) what not to do when he is off-stage. A year ago he and two of my nieces were in School House Rock with me. The main difference was that the children's chorus was on-stage the entire time. I can't imagine dealing with 30 kids (some of whom were no older than 7) backstage.

The actress playing Titsy (or is it Tansy… so many names) payed me a huge compliment tonight by saying what a great backstage manager I am. Maybe with more experience I will come to enjoy it as much as I do being on-stage. But, I don't see that happening anytime soon. I am REAAAAALLLLLLLLYYYYYYYY antsy and NEEED to be on-stage. It has been almost 3 months. But this cast is such a ball to work with. One of my best friends plays the title role. Another good friend is producing. Yet another frequent party goer is assisting backstage. Of course, visiting with our resident groupie and whichever child happens to be with her at the time is cool, too. Our first time director is doing an awesome job. All the cast and crew has made the first of 7 performances highly enjoyable.

Following tonight's opening, a bunch of frequent game nighters

converged along with an infrequent groupie. While the guys were handily humbling our female counterparts, the telephone rang. I just had the strangest feeling that I knew whom it would be. I suppose I should have been a little bit more thoughtful by phoning ahead and telling Alex’s parents that we would be late, but there is next time… (shame on me).