Classic Tales with a Contemporary Twist: A series of one woman shows

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Classic Tales with a Contemporary Twist:
A series of one woman shows
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A series of one woman shows

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment
of the requirements for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts in Drama

by

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May 2014
University of Arkansas

This thesis is approved for recommendation to the Graduate Council.

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ABSTRACT

This thesis is a collection of one person shows radically adapted from different literary texts, particularly Liz and Dick, Alice in Wonderland, and the Oresteia, which I performed in the University of Arkansas. It includes my statement of artistry, the process of adaptation to performance, and my personal archive of production materials.
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My professors, Amy Herzberg, Bob Ford, Michael Landman, Mavourneen Dwyer, Gail Leftwich, Kate Frank, Kris Stoker, Les Wade and Dr. Andrew Gibbs, whose generosity with their knowledge and love has allowed me to become the actor – and person – I’ve always wanted to be, and whose encouragement and faith keep me growing; my Dramamama, Barbara Springer, for coffee and cake, love and life, advice and assistance that gave me the strength to laugh after languishing in her office;

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And the Fulbright International Scholarship Program, the Philippine American Education Institute, and the University of Arkansas for giving me the opportunity to fulfill my dream.
DEDICATION

This is dedicated to:

All my students, both past and present, who give me joy and purpose;

All my professors through the years who’ve made me who I am.

All the Philippine Artists who have always inspired me and my art.

And my Mom, who has always been the strongest, bravest, most beautiful person I know.
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STATEMENT OF ARTISTRY

I believe that the truth in stories needs to be heard in the immediacy and distance of someone living it on stage. That truth is found in the exploration of humanity and can only be accomplished through discovery of one’s own humanity. Since this is a necessary process in theatre, I believe that the purpose of this art form is the preservation of human dignity through live performance witnessed by the audience. As a theatre artist, I choose to be an actor because I have a tendency to empathize too much for everyone around me, and I am compelled to transform this “gift of empathy” into a performance that I hope touches other people’s hearts.

Stories of everyday life inspire me to perform. Theatre magnifies what happens but is not spoken, what is felt but isn’t acknowledged; it magnifies the most poignant to the basest human experiences. Living these experiences onstage in front of an audience who, in witnessing the performance, hears and acknowledges what they’ve ignored.

Theater, to me, signifies the human capacity to transcend our limitations of understanding and empathy. It captures the entire history of the human experience, which the artists and the audience share with each other in a communal space. The live experience represents everyone’s willingness to reach out and become more open to others and themselves.

When I perform, I personalize, physicalize and present this magnified reality by specifying with freedom and joy. I use all my faculties to tell these stories as best I can because stories need to be told with the integrity and form that serve it best. Integrity upholds a story's multiple truths, one of each truth a character embodies; meanwhile, Form frames the storytelling's profundity with coherence and consistency.
APPROACH TO ACTING

I am one of those who adhere to Sanford Meisner's philosophy that acting is living truthfully in imaginary circumstances; it is with this approach to performance that I believe the integrity of a character is maintained. This means I accept the character's values regardless of society’s perception, drop in her given circumstances, find an as-if from my own experience and imagination, and lend my heart to her so she can fight for that which she most desires.

In order to achieve consistency in this process, I use a technique to appropriately harness my empathy, remain coherent in truth, and achieve coherence in my performance. I determine my character's relationship to the over-all arch of the play's journey, how her objective in each scene moves or removes her from her ultimate goal, and the highest possible stakes that drive her to keep going.

I collaborate with my fellow theatre artists to create the credibility of my character and prepare for a spontaneous though rehearsed performance. I align my analysis with the director's vision and, when there are disagreements on certain aspects, we find a common ground between our analyses. I revel in the world the designer’s created for the story and use it to inform and specify given circumstances of the story. Then I source off the inner life of my co-actor’s character, in which I respond as my character would: with strong, playable psychological actions rooted in her values that fight for her objective.

This whole process allows me to trust the story, the creative team, and myself. It is with this trust that I find courage to abandon myself to my art and move freely, speak truthfully, and act generously.
ACTING IN A ONE PERSON SHOW

Unlike an ensemble production, the solo actor in a One Person Show has no one physically on stage to source off and play action on; this, however, does not mean to say that the actor does not have to find a source for motivation, choose specific actions, attempt to change an imaginary scene partner’s inner life, and tell the story through this “imaginary exchange”. The responsibility to fill the void created in the absence of other actors falls upon the audience’s imagination. The audience no longer serves as a passive witness to events happening on stage; rather, they become active participants in the story.

When I perform in a One Person Show, I endow the audience with specific characters who speak to mine; if I am one character, they are the different characters with whom I interact. If I am multiple characters, they shift as I shift such that we take turns being each character. Our story unfolds through our “imaginary exchange”. Like in a Traditional Stage Play, I am consciously aware of pursuing my objective, sourcing off inner lives, and playing action directly on my scene partner – the audience. I believe that, subconsciously, they do the same to me.

It is because of this particular magic, this intimacy between actor and audience, that I find One Person Shows mesmerizing. I believe that my fear of performing alone on stage and the audience’s curiosity about my performance forge a bond – no matter how temporal – which reveals the truth we all seek to see, to hear, and to feel.
ONE PERSON SHOW PRODUCTIONS

The first two pieces I included in this thesis, Love, Liz and The Looking Glass, are examples of a One Person Show where I perform multiple characters in the story. I wrote, directed and performed as the final projects for Michael Landman’s One Person Show classes in the University of Arkansas. The third and last piece, Clytemnestra, is an example of where I perform one character speaking directly to the audience. This piece is adapted and written by Kiara Pipino for an independent production under our theatre company, Alea Lacta Est.

Of these three pieces, I staged Clytemnestra for my thesis performance. The first two had already been performed in Fayetteville, and I thought it was time for Clytemnestra to premiere in the University of Arkansas, where both Kiara and I met and became good friends.

Below are some notes and thoughts on each production.

Love, Liz

Stardom and the American Dream: both are visions of a glamorous and easy life, and neither vision exists. Love, Liz is a satire my own personal experiences as an international student in the United States pursuing an MFA in Acting. My objective is to demystify these concepts, and to use the irony of laughter to make the underlying pain more acceptable.

The script of Love, Liz (Appendix A.1) is the first One Person Show I’ve ever written. It developed from one of the assignments for the One Person Show class I took in the Fall of 2012, and was performed in Kimpel Studio 404 on December 6, 2012 (Appendix A.2) in a showcase of one-person shows created by the entire class.

For the assignment, each student had to write and perform a seven-minute piece based on
a nontheatrical text. I chose the poster of the Lifetime movie, *Liz and Dick*, where Lindsay Lohan performed as Elizabeth Taylor. I was curious about consistent themes in Hollywood lives such as controversial love affairs, tabloids, and the like, which are listed on the *Liz and Dick* poster. I turned the poster’s words into a “checklist to stardom” that my character, Liz, was trying to accomplish in a setting in Fayetteville, Arkansas, instead of Hollywood.

I felt that juxtaposing my personal endeavor to become an actor and the added layer of the pursuit for the American Dream would demystify the concepts of “Hollywood” and “The Land of Milk and Honey”, the lure of the easy life of wealth and glamour, and the ridiculous stereotypes people have of actors. I wanted the commodified actor to become more human. I also alluded to real people and personal events, like my classmates and going to the football games, because our shared experiences in such events were key elements in the creation and telling of story (Appendix A.3).

When people find out that I am a Drama Major, they ask me if I want to go to Hollywood as if that were the main goal of every single actor. I don’t want to go to Hollywood (I do, however, want to perform in New York!), but I do believe that the struggle to become a “star”, like what Elizabeth Taylor and Lindsay Lohan did, or in my case, is really a struggle to discover one’s best self.

*Love, Liz* was an official entry to the 4th United Solo Festival in New York, and was performed to a full house on October 11, 2013. (Appendix A.4)

**The Looking Glass**

We all have troubles, a neurosis, maybe even a psychosis. We all have a dependable therapist – a friend, a family member, a priest, a psychologist. We all have a love-hate
relationship with a best friend, a tragic relationship with an ex-lover, and an ambiguous relationship with one’s self. It’s interesting how much energy we put into working out what eventually seem to be trivial matters that, although trivial, really mean a lot to us.

The script of *The Looking Glass* (Appendix B.1) is also inspired by a nontheatrical and nondramatic text. I used break-up songs and created a piece about how pathetic someone can be during a break-up, which evolved into a mash up of different fairytales that explore some issues, which make someone anxious and, at times, extremely dramatic. To magnify this situation of anxiety and drama, I gave Alice a bi-polar disorder and a coping mechanism that hinder her from making her feel like a normal human being. Again, this piece makes use of dark humor to explore these issues.

The piece is open-ended because people going through something similar have to make a their own choice. Hopefully, the piece encourages the audience to look at themselves as if through a mirror and make the choice that will truly make them happy.

*The Looking Glass* was performed in Nadine Baum Studios on June 26, 2013 (Appendix B.2), and after the show, some people came up to me and said, “Thank you that is exactly what I’m going through,” and others said, “Is that what you’re going through?” The 45-minute production (Appendix B.3) was highly technical and included more characters and character shifts than *Love, Liz* because I wanted to further explore and stretch the limits of those elements.

**Clytemnestra**

Love and passion. Lust and desire. Dreams and nightmares. Loss. Betrayal. The torturous wait. The fear of aging. The need for revenge. *Clytemnestra* has all the ingredients of an
afternoon soap opera. The piece (Appendix C.1) is comprised by multiple literary pieces that director, Kiara Pipino adapted for a One-Person Show.

The premise of this piece is that every woman has felt the way Clytemnestra has towards her husband. Of course, her given circumstances are different and not all women would take the same course of action; but all women – married or not – have had the desire to act that way Clytemnestra has, which is to rise above every emotional challenge she has to face because of the fact that she is a woman. To me, *Clytemnestra* is an expression of feminine reality, particularly the struggle to be understood in a world pre-dominantly viewed through the male gaze, as well as a celebration of the woman's strength, courage, and honor.

*Clytemnestra* was performed in Grand Rapids, Michigan, in St. Charles, Missouri, and in Columbia, Missouri; and I performed a segment for my thesis in Studio 404 on April 5, 2014 (Appendix C.2). It has been accepted as an official entry and encore performance for the 5th Annual United Solo Festival in New York.

*Clytemnestra*, unlike *Love, Liz and The Looking Glass*, has only one character on stage; the rest of the characters – the Elders of Argos, Elektra, and the Jury – are all attributed to the audience. The show has minimal use of production elements such as lights and sounds with less than ten cues, and with only a chair and red cloth for the set and props (Appendix C.3).

This very narrow creative hole encourages me to explore nuances in text. Not to say that *Love, Liz and The Looking Glass* are inferior, but they are more explicit in communicating their message. Also, *Love, Liz and The Looking Glass* have a lot of set and prop pieces that creates the world in which they exist, whereas in *Clytemnestra*, the chair and red cloth that serve to be the set and prop, needs to be more specific in order to allow the audience to visualize the setting of Argos, the tower of Elektra, and the courtroom of the Jury.
Photo reprinted with permission from photographer, Rob Sutton.
Missy Maramara

http://www.missymaramara.com

Gender: Female    Height: 5’3”    Weight: 110 lbs    Hair Color: Brown    Eyes: Brown    Ethnicity: Asian

THEATRE United States

4000 Miles     Amanda     Shana Gold     TheatreSquared
Don Chipotle/Don Chipotle/Celestino     Morgan Hicks     TheatreSquared
Clytemnestra     Clytemnestra     Kiara Pipino     Alea Lacta Est
As You Like It     Phoebe     Morgan Hicks     University of Arkansas
Blithe Spirit     Madame Arcati     Mavourneen Dwyer     University of Arkansas
Anon(ymous)     Nemasani     Kiara Pipino     University of Arkansas

THEATRE Philippines

Stop Kiss     Sara     Monique Wilson     New Voice Company
The Vagina Monologues     Woman 1/3     Rito Asilo     New Voice Company
Love’s Labour’s Lost     Princess of France     Jose Estrella     Tanghalang Pilipino
Hamlet     Ophelia     Paul Dumol     Tanghalang Pilipino
Othello     Desdemona     Ricky Abad     Tanghalang Ateneo
Don Juan     Tisbea     Ricky Abad     Tanghalang Ateneo
Taming of the Shrew     Katherine     Ricky Abad     Tanghalang Ateneo

FESTIVALS United States

"Clytemnestra" (Encore performer) in the 5th Annual United Solo Festival 2014 in New York.
Silly People's Improv Theatre (SPIT – performer) in the New York Improv Festival 2014
"Love, Liz" (writer,director, performer) in the 4th Annual United Solo Festival 2013 in New York.

TELEVISION Philippines

Rosalka     NBI Special Agent Dixie Jimenez     ABS CBN
Lobo (She Wolf: The Last Sentinel     Dr. Selena Argos     ABS CBN
Kay Tagal Kang Hinintay     Atty. Liza Goma     ABS CBN
Maging Akin Muli     Dolores Martires     ABS CBN

SKILLS

Bilingual (English and Filipino). Dialects (British RP, Standard American, Korean). Improv (Long and Short Form).

EDUCATION

MFA in Drama (Performance), University of Arkansas 2014, International Fulbright Scholar
MA in English Literature and Cultural Studies, Ateneo de Manila University 2009
BFA in Theatre, Ateneo de Manila University 2002

TRAINING

Moment Work I and II with Moises Kauffman (Tectonic Theatre Project). Meisner Technique with Amy Herzberg and Bob Ford (TheatreSquared). Shakespeare First Folio Technique with Sean Patrick Reilly and Steven Marzolf (TheatreSquared). Commedia dell’Arte with Dory Sibley (Tut’Zanni Theatre Company)
WORKS CITED


APPENDIX A

Love, Liz
APPENDIX A.1

Love, Liz Script

Love, Liz

By Missy Maramara

Scene 1

“Manila” plays in the background and
crossfades to “New York, New York.”

LIZ enters with luggage as the lights fade in.

Melissa


August 7, 2011.

Dear Mommy, by the time you get this, you wouldn’t have seen me for two weeks. I’m really sorry, ma, but I have a dream. And now that I’m in my 30s, I have to make that dream come true. I have left home to become a successful actress in Hollywood. I am now in Arkansas. That means I’m halfway there.

I have been doing extensive research on how to become a successful actress. Google showed me the way. I have enclosed in this letter a printed copy of the checklist to stardom.
“Liz & Dick” poster.

I am positive this checklist works because I cross-referenced this with other sources. In Wikipedia, I looked up several actresses and watched their life stories on Bio and E-True Hollywood Stories. Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, and Lindsay Lohan all have similar lives – again, please see checklist – and if I have each of the items down, then I shall be a star just like them.

Remember, I will always love you. And you will always be my mother even when I become a big star. Love, Melissa. P.S. Please call me Liz from now on!

Scene 2

Melissa

SO, Arkansas. 80% population white. Marilyn Monroe, Elizabeth Taylor, and Lindsay Lohan. 100% white. That only means I have to eradicate this brown-ness. I must forget I’m Filipino. I shouldn’t start my sentences with “In the Philippines…” because really, no one here gives a fuck about the Philippines. They think it’s some obscure province in China. The old white lady who came up to me in the Student Union so happily exclaimed, “Nihao ma?!” in Mandarin. I tried to explain to her, “Oh, I’m not Chinese, I’m Filipino. You know what, in the Philippines…” She just ran off.

I mean, who cares if Americans and Filipinos have a shared history against the Spanish at the turn of the century and against the Japanese during WWII fighting for Filipino freedom – of course the American government was just looking for a legitimate reason to take over our land
and pillage our natural resources for the entire 20th century. But that’s all water under the bridge now. Now, many Filipinos come to the United States and take jobs away from the Americans. It’s how the world works. As for me, I’m going to be a big star and steal all the big roles in America! But first I have to figure out a way to get to auditions.

If only that bus driver could be more helpful and tell me how to get around this strange place. All he could say was, “See here now, Maym. This bus is fixin to be back ‘ere in 45 minutes. If y’all ain’t ‘ere ‘round 45 minutes, then yer fixin to be waitin another 45.” Great. My answer? Nihao Ma!

Scene 3

Yasmin

September.

Pinakamamahal kong anak,

I understand that you want to follow your dream. I fully support you. Your lola and tita and pinsans and everyone here at home has told everyone who cared to listen that you have gone to America to become a big star. When is your movie coming out, Anak? Please let me know so I can tell the neighbors. They are already looking you up on google because they have internet. So far they have found several pages with really unflattering pictures of when you were younger, otherwise, no news of your movie yet. That’s ok, anak. It is only a matter of time.

Now, anak, since I’m your mother, you have to listen to me. Americans have everything, and people who have everything will either feel entitled or will take what they have for granted.
So that they don’t take you for granted, you have to keep them wanting more. Be there but only hardly, act like you are not interested. Also, always come late. Americans are always prompt, and if they say 10 o’clock, they mean it, so if you are late they will look for you! OH! and make sure you do not be the overly-attentive Asian woman you have been brought up to be. If you give them too much attention, they will be suspicious of you and think you want something from them. So keep distance! There is this American invention called personal space or sometimes known as social bubble – DO NOT pop the bubble.

Now this is the most important: Never show your teeth when you smile, or you will look like you want sex. Remember, Filipinas don’t have sex until after marriage! And why get married when you can be great? Remember, anak, you are meant for greatness. All the difficulties in my life happened so that you can be great so please, please, anak, please don’t fuck it up.

Nagmamahal, Mommy. P.S. The neighbors signed me up on Facebook so I can see what you do! Accept me anak, ha?

Scene 4

Melissa

My mother, having believed a hack doctor who diagnosed me as a tumor in her tummy, had unwittingly tried to kill me in the first trimester. Thank God we were so poor or I had been aborted via radiation. She simply took medications to make the tumor go away and voila, her period came back. Late in her second trimester, her tumor kicked with a vengeance. She then went for a “Second Opinion” and it was discovered that I wasn’t a tumor after all. She was
racked with guilt and was only too relieved to have given birth to a normal baby, or so she thought. To overcompensate for the drugs, my mother brought me up thinking I was meant for greatness. “Anak, I bled and bled but you clung on for dear life. You are meant for greatness.” And I believed her. Either because it was the convenient thing to do, hearing it every single time she could interject it, “Please pass the Ketchup, Anak. You are meant for greatness.” Or because of the very fact that it was true. So when I went in to my first audition at the tender age of 5, I knew: I was going to be the lead of our school play.

In that audition room, I heard the teachers whisper, “that girl has a loud voice.” Ha! My reputation precedes me! When they asked me to cry out for help, oh boy did I cry out for help. TULONG TULONG!!!!! “Very good, Melissa,” they told me. See? Greatness. When I went back to the classroom and sat beside my classmates, they asked me:

Classmate

What role did you get?

Melissa

Cinderella. (They whisper.)

Classmate

How did you know you got Cinderella?

Melissa

Because Teacher Mitos said I was very good. (They whisper again.)
Classmate

But Teacher Mitos also said very good to Emily.

Melissa

Yeah, but Emily is fat. That shut them up. There was no denying my keen observation. Emily was fat. And, no one is going to get in the way of my destiny. I went home that day and told my mom. My proud mother, after telling all the neighbors that I was Cinderella, went to school to receive the news herself.

Mommy

Oh, Teacher Mitos, I heard! My daughter is Cinderella!

Teacher

Naku, Misis! She’s not Cinderella… She’s the Step Sister.

Melissa

Wait, what?! Step Sister?! Who on earth was Cinderella?! No, not Emily. Emily was the Fairy Godmother. Told you, fat. Cinderella was Saki, the cute little half-American girl. I should’ve known. That’s when I knew I had to go to America to find out what that was all about. So, I’m the step sister. Step Sister. All right. Fine. This was simply a minor set back, which could easily be fixed. I made Cinderella my best friend and then I stole the show, the child star that I was. At least that’s what my mother said. Why shouldn’t I believe her? After all, everyone LOVES a bully.

So I’ve come to America, land of the bullies, to realize my destiny and conquer the world!!!! After all, there are so many fat people here, I just might make it.
So, now that I’m here, where should we start? I’ve got child star down. Paparazzi? But there aren’t any paparazzi here. That’s ok. Facebook should fix my paparazzi problem. If no one is going to take pictures of me, I am going to take pictures of myself.

*LIZ goes around taking pictures with her smartphone while “Girls Just Wanna Have Fun” plays in the background. The music fades as she types into her smartphone.*

Hi, ma. I walked all over Fayetteville capturing my every moment of glory using my smartphone and have uploaded it here on FB. I haven’t put my smartphone down since, even when my classmates begged me to. Please like the 267 pictures I have taken of myself. Please accept my invitation to the fan page I made for myself and invite your friends to like it.

(Sees something on Facebook) What is this, a friend request? It begins! Debbie Banos, Fort Smith. Accept. Oh, but she’s brown, like me. Mmm, that’ won’t do. I need the lowdown on the white girls. Let’s see who her friends are. Shannon Webber. *That* Shannon Webber who keeps landing the lead roles?! It *is* her. Shannon Webber. *Up. 33 Variations. Street Car Named Desire.* I think I may have to poison this Shannon Webber.

*That would put me in the front page of the tabloids!!!* But the newspapers here aren’t tabloids, they look like tabloids but aren’t half as interesting. Besides, no one reads the papers. Everyone here reads news on email. And everything has read headlines so me being in the headlines for killing Shannon Webber, murdering her in cold blood won’t be anything special. Besides, it’s not very Christian to murder someone. And being in Arkansas requires I be Christian.
At least that’s what the Mormons, the Jehova’s witnesses, and the UPS delivery man said when they knocked on my door. “Do you believe in Jesus? Do you believe in a world free of corruption?” Um, no. I’m an actress for crying out loud. I’m not supposed to believe in God. Two hours later, I am begging Jesus to save me from these people. Damn you, Arkansas, why do you have to be so wholesome?! 

Ah… if I wasn’t so wholesome, maybe I’d get more attention. Perhaps I need to be more scandalously provocative in what I wear. But I don’t know how, really, with this shitty weather! It’s 70 degrees Fahrenheit and I’m freezing! I can’t possibly go around the school clad in short shorts and little tank tops like those insane blonde sorority girls!

I should start with controversial love affair. Now who should we do it with? Michael Landman, Head of Directing, throws around a Macbook, and looks at me with intense eyes and puckered lips. Then there’s Bob Ford, Head of Playwriting, dashing with his salt and pepper hair, and very warm personality despite his Hitler moustache. But then why go for the underlings when I can go straight to the very top? Dr. Gibbs, Program Chair! Oh, I can’t do this! I can’t stand dick. I’m a lesbian! The only option that that leaves me is Amy Herzberg, Head of Acting. Oh, and I do love her! But then she’d never be interested in me! If she were she wouldn’t keep coaching that Shannon Webber! Argh, it’s so hard!

Liz, get a grip of yourself. You must make sacrifices if you want to be a great actress. Think Liz, think! And as long as you’re going to be thinking anyway, think big! Think big… Think b… Bobby Petrino! If I sleep with him then I’d be on the news like that other girl who got him fired. (Extra-marital affairs are a no-no in Arkansas, unless you’re a hick.) The new Coach, Bielema is also married and his wife isn’t just hot, she’s blonde. Maybe I can sleep with whole football team instead. Hey… Isn’t that what Elizabeth Taylor, Marilyn Monroe, and Lindsay
Lohan did?! They skanked it out! Maybe that’s what actresses do. They skank it out. Sacrifice. Come on.

**Scene 5**

*LIZ goes to a football game.*

Melissa

This is what they mean by the land of Milk and Honey. So many white boys!!! I can almost feel the diamonds dripping around my neck. Hey! Ho! White boys! Nihao m– they don’t seem to notice me… What’s going on? These white boys aren’t making a pass at me. But those black boys are saying something. I just couldn’t understand what they say! Siri, do you understand black boys?

Siri

Searching for ultimate source for ebonic culture. Source is Tyrone Jackson, pen name for playwright, Prince Duren.

Melissa

Please ask the prince why black boys hit on me while white boys don’t.

Siri

Question in process. Prince would like to answer the question.
Prince

White guys, they like a whole different thing. They like white bread they can take home to momma type o girl. You know? An’ you Asian. Momma won’t be happy. See brotheras, we don’t care about that type of stuff. We ain’t hard to please. it all depends on the time o day. You in the line o sight, then hey, bam, we come right at choo. It’s all what you bring to the table.

But see, the true criteria that brotheras been looking for, even them white boys, is the bigger the better. Men are all the same. First, you gotta have a bright future behind you. That means you gotta have a big ass. Like Faytown’s JLo, Debbie Banos. Aw, she’s got a tight one on her. Them Latinas, they ass is nice, like real nice Then you gotta have a big chest that catches our eye, right of the bat, BOW, we on that. Like Laura Shatkus. Now, that’s a thing of beauty. She got something on her, I take a gander every now and then – how can you miss it?! I may be engaged, but I ain’t dead.

Remember, the bigger the better. That pretty much get you in the door. If you can’t get some titis like Laura Shatkus and ass like Debbie Baños, you better get yourself some Aunt Jemima pancakes and be what we call All-American.

Melissa

Be ‘Merican? Replace my third world ribs with first world breasts and a latina bum?! I can’t eat that much food!!! I was starved growing up!!! What don’t you get about being Asian? Why does it have to be hard all the time?! It’s so hard being me!!!

Joe

Excuse me, Miss, could you tell me how to get to Dickson Street?
Melissa

OMG. A white boy. Is actually. Talking to me. What do I do?! What do I do?! What do I say?! (In sorority girl,) “Dickson Street? Oh my gosh, I can so take you there! Do you mind if we pass by Kappa kappa kappa? Go kappa!” No, no, no, no, no, I can’t say that. I’m not white. Wait, what’s wrong with his face? Is he, winking at me? Or is that an eye tick? How absolutely crass!

Joe

So, yeah, can you help me, Miss?

Melissa


Joe

Um, that’s real cute but can you speak English? Coz I don’t speak Chinese.

Melissa

Oh, wasn’t I speaking in English? Sorry sorry, I thought I was. Um, I said, You son of a bitch, do you think I’m stupid? I know you know where Dickson Street is. Why don’t you get your friend to f*ck you in the @ss instead of trying to make me think you’re cute. Ha? Yeah, go away! You think you treat me like stupid? Fuck you! I Filipino: you touch me, you marry me! I
Asain: I know kung fu! Putang ina mo!!! (beat) Wait, where are you going?! What have I done? Oh no! Oh nooo!!! My diamonds!!!!

**Scene 6**

*Skype call comes in.*

Yasmin

Anak! How are you, a---nak? I’m so sorry to hear that. No, anak, you can’t give up. When it’s difficult, it only means you have to try harder. What do you mean you’re coming home this November. No, anak, stay there. You have to. You’ll get fat over Thanksgiving, don’t worry! What did you say, Anak? Sorry, Skype is ---

Melissa

Ma? Ma! I can’t stay here! I can’t go home. Where do I go?

*(Beat).* Celphone rings.

Melissa


*(Beat).* Celphone rings.
Debbie

Liz! Where are you? Well, Andrew and I were wond’rin if you wanted to go to Walmart. Well, I was thinkin’ we could buy stuff to make tacos and watch TV. Are you ok? You don’t sound ok. Well, I’m headin’ right over and I’m pickin’ you up. Are you sure? Liz… Ok. Call me for anything.

(Beat). Celphone rings.

Operator

Hello, this is Counseling and Psychological Services. How may I help you? (Listens.) Who wants to commit suicide? (Listens.) You? Ok. What’s your name? (Listens.) And your last name? (Listens.) You don’t want to give me your last name. Ok. Can I have your number? 479. Uh huh. 585. Uh huh. 9011. Ok. We’ll call you right back.

(Beat. Celphone rings.)

Nicole

Hi Liz. This is Nicole from CAPS. What’s going on? Do you know how you’re going to do it? Ok. Can you do something for me? Could you put that away? Like somewhere you can’t reach? No? Ok. Well, why do you want to die? Well, I’m glad you called then. How did you get our number? Your classmates? They say you’re crazy? No! No, it’s not stupid. Feelings of suicide are not stupid. They’re dangerous. Is there something you can do other than dying? Yeah, you can cut yourself, ok… How about you write instead? Yeah? Yeah!
Ok, do that. Just write down your thoughts and tomorrow, you can come in to see me. Does that sound good? Great! 9 a.m. Can you promise me you won’t kill yourself until I see you tomorrow? Good.

Can you promise me that you’ll call again if you can’t keep your promise? Ok, Liz. I’ll see you tomorrow.

(Beat).

Melissa

Hi. Did I wake you up?

(Amy)

(No, not at all! It’s only 2 a.m. Is everything all right?)

Melissa

Yes, I was just… I was… Can I be American with you and speak my mind? I came to America to become an actress, and I think I got it all wrong, and I was wondering…

(Amy)

(Yes, most definitely. You can attend my classes – but on one condition..)

Melissa

I promise I won’t ever take pictures during class!
Scene 7

Melissa

August 2013. Dearest Ma, I’m a big star now! I’m the leading lady of my own show that’s all about me starring me, can you believe it?! It’s about about making it to America and all the crazy stories that happen to me while I’m here! Michael Landman loves it, but I don’t know what Amy Herzberg will say since she says acting is living truthfully in imaginary circumstances – and the events in my show aren’t imaginary! I mean, they aren’t only based on real life, they actually really happened! Oh, I’m so nervous, it’s coming in October. I hope it works. Wish me luck!

Love, Liz. Oh, and Ma, I’m pregnant.

THE END
APPENDIX A.2

Love, Liz Production Program

Thank you for attending tonight’s works-in-progress presentations by these multi-talented graduate actors, playwrights and designers. These pieces originated in the “Creating a One Person Show” class, which explores the process of writing, acting and directing a solo performance.

The aim of the course is to enable these artists to begin to express, at the most profound levels, who they are, what they think and feel, and the voices they’re compelled to share with the world.

-Michael Landman

***

More Thanks
Dr. Andrew Gibs
Kholoud Sawaf
Brandyn D. Smith
Patrick S. Stone
Barbara Springer
Our friends and families

***

Crew: One Person Show class.
Poster and Program Cover Design: Justin Walker

***

There will be brief pauses between presentations.

Pleaded by adviser: FOR MATURE AUDIENCES.
Some of these pieces contain explicit material.

Tuesday, December 4

Daddy’s Girl
Diana Kaiser

Happy Endings and Such
Rachel Washington

Call Me, “Jemima”
Betty Anderson

(10-minute INTERMISSION)

The Ripper
Kieran Cronin

Want and Satisfaction
Debbie Bafos

Thursday, December 6

Going the Distance
Shannon Webber

Oh, That Bob!
Bob Hart

Rules of Engagement
Prince Duren

(10-minute INTERMISSION)

Love, Liz
Missy Maramara

Shy Guy
Justin Walker

Program reproduced with permission from class professor, Michael Landman
APPENDIX A.3

*Love, Liz* Production Photos

Liz at the football game

Screenshot Photo by Author
Liz talking to her mom on Skype

Screenshot Photo by Author
Liz finally stars in her own show

Screenshot Photo by Author
APPENDIX A.4

Love, Liz 4th United Solo Festival in New York

*Love, Liz* United Solo Festival Poster

Designed by Author
Love, Liz

Written, directed and Performed by Missy Maramara  Assistant Director: Andrei Pamintuan  Stage Managers: Jellie Ramos, Cristal Rodriguez

A Note Love, Liz was developed in the Fall of 2012 through the One-Person Show Class under Michael Landman at the University of Arkansas. The initial task was to create and perform a 7-minute vignette from a non-theatrical text, and I chose the poster of the Lifetime tele-movie of Elizabeth Taylor’s life, “Liz & Dick” featuring Lindsay Lohan. The poster lists the recipe for disaster that led to the fame & fall of Taylor and Lohan and many an actor’s career. The show is a satire of the pursuit of greatness, the quest for Hollywood, and the American Dream – so basically, I’m trying to make sense of my life by poking fun at it. It is based on many funny and heart breaking experiences that this wide-starry-eyed Filipina, and my international friends encountered during our first two years in Fayetteville, Arkansas. The events are fictionalized with humor to appeal to the international community’s perception of American culture and bridge the culture shock gap they have with Americans. As such, the setting is site specific to an area of the US obscure to many Americans: a little town full of wonderful people who are the stardust of the universe.

Missy Maramara is a Fulbright Scholar pursuing an MFA in Drama at the University of Arkansas. She holds a BFA in Theatre and an MA in English Literature and Cultural Studies from the Ateneo de Manila University in Manila. She recently performed as Amanda (4000 Miles) in Theatre Squared, Fayetteville. She is affiliated with Tanghalang Pilipino at the Cultural Center of the Philippines, New Voice Company, and ABS CBN. She is a member of Silly People's Improv Theatre (SPIT).


Love, Liz United Solo Festival Program Insert written by Author
APPENDIX B

The Looking Glass
APPENDIX B.1

The Looking Glass Script

THE LOOKING GLASS

By Missy Maramara

PRESHOW MUSIC: Dito Tayo sa Dilim

LIGHT CUE: Preshow light fade out
LIGHT CUE: Special 1 fade in
MUSIC CUE: Fade out

ALICE

(Spoken in Standard American)

You know what would make me happy more than anything in the world right now? Is if I could cry. Because if I could cry, then that means I could laugh. I don’t think you understand why this is so important. I am a Drama Queen. No, no, no. I am Alice, QUEEN of All Drama. I own all the drama in the world. It is my birthright. It’s important because the deeper my anguish, the higher my joy. There would be this profound ache from unfathomable depths and my body would magnify it in ways that people found either depressing or entertaining, or both. But then there would be this extreme joy from maddening heights and my body would scream it in ways that people found terrifying or funny. At least that’s how it used to be. Until I sold my...
soul to the devil: a.k.a. started taking meds. You know, magic beans for my coo coos? And now I can’t feel anything.

Now, don’t be so judgmental. I know you wish you could too, pop a bean and just make it all go away. Just like that. But you’re not taking it because you’re scared of what people will think of you or of what it will do to your body, or maybe you think you don’t need it, or maybe secretly you are already taking it and you know exactly what I’m talking about.

So. Why the magic beans. Because I’ve decided, I can’t take anymore dives into depression that make me want to kill myself. So instead of killing myself, I just kill my soul, because you know, if you kill the feeling then you just become this empty shell and emotions become these knocks on far away doors you can’t seem to find. Now, I am the Queen of Nothing. I suppose you think I’m being ridiculous. Or if you’re not that cruel, you’re probably thinking, “What the hell is wrong with you? You’re finally stable! Isn’t that what you want?” That’s the problem! Stable is not sad, but it’s not happy either. Stable is nothing. Sure, everyone strives to be stable, but I am not everyone. And now I’m not even me.

There is always an upside of course. Now, I am perfectly normal, no matter how strange things get in this Wonderland.

PROJECTION CUE: Video 1

CHESHIRE appears.

CHESHIRE

(Spoken in Angry Black Lady Voice)

Who are you talking to, Alice?
ALICE

Oh, hello Cheshire the Cat, my dearest voice of reason. I haven’t seen you in a while. I am talking to myself in the mirror in hopes that you would show up.

CHESHIRE

Are you talking about your issues again? Or the lack thereof?

ALICE

Yes. Yes, I am.

CHESHIRE

You got issues with having issues and you got issues with not having issues. “Everyone wants happiness. No one wants pain. But you can’t have a rainbow without a little rain.”

ALICE

That’s the problem. I can’t have rainbows because I don’t have rain.

CHESHIRE

Girl, with you, when it rains, it pours.

ALICE

I’ve lost my soul, Chess!
CHESHIRE

This thing you lost came at a cost and now you must away, or else you die by bites of frost and will be led astray.

ALICE

Chess, you know I hate it when you’re being cryptic. You’re supposed to be my voice of reason. Can’t you just tell me exactly what you mean?

CHESHIRE

It means git your ass over to Dr. Hatter, girl. Tell him his meds don’t work. Dueces, bitch.

CHESHIRE vanishes.

PROJECTION CUE: Video out.

ALICE

Did you just call me a bitch? Fine, I’ll go to Dr. Hatter!

MUSIC CUE: Kungfu Fighting

LIGHT CUE: Cross fade to wash
ALICE

Dr. Hatter, I did what you told me to, and I’m taking it as prescribed, but now I feel nothing.

DR. HATTER

(Spoken in horrible Chinese Accent)

But that no o’dinaly prescription! Magic beans is alte’native medicine. O’ganic. More healthy. Longer life.

ALICE

But it has the exact same effect as prescription meds, so it defeats the purpose. How about we just stop the medication altogether?

DR. HATTER

You lily want to go back, misely and all?

ALICE

No, I don’t want to be miserable, but I want to go back to who I was.

DR. HATTER

That not easy. Before you stop medicine, you go where you broken, yes?
ALICE

But I don’t know where I’m broken…

DR. HATTER

What?! But we been working on you for whole yea’! Juana! You go meet Led Queen!

ALICE

Lead Queen? Like, the Queen of Lead?

DR. HATTER

LED! You know, “and the lockets led gla’e. the bombs bu’stin in – “

ALICE

OH! Ok, ok, I got it. I got it. And how do I go meet this RED Queen?

DR. HATTER

I give you led shoes. You wear and say, “No place like home no place like home no place like home.” But you be vely ca’eful. When you go to Led Queen, you see pa’t of yo’self you no like, pa’t of yo’self that hu’t othe’ people. You will want to bleak flee but you cannot. You must fight.
ALICE

Oh. Ok… Thank you, Doctor. There’s no place like home. There’s no place like home.

There’s no place like…

MUSIC CUE: Manila

ALICE

Oh my God! I totally forgot how dangerous traffic here is! Yikes!

MUSIC CUE: Fade out

ALICE

Thank God, a Starbucks. Yes, we have Starbucks in Manila! Practically on every street corner! What do you think we are, a third world country? Oh shit, of the 11.7 million people in Metro Manila, she’s the one that has to be here!

DOROTHY

(Spoken in Conyo Filipino Colegiala)

Alice? ALICE! Oh my gosh, hahaha! Toto, look, it’s your Tita Alice!

ALICE

Hi Dorothy. Hi Toto.
DOROTHY

I can’t believe my best friend is back!!! You’re really here! Hahahahaha! I thought you’d never come home – especially when I’d see your posts on Facebook! I thought naman maybe you finally have the life you’ve always wanted! You know naman how everybody said that you were meant for somewhere else, you know, far away from here, because you were just too much? Big fish small pond. When you finally left, people were like, good thing that live wire left! Hahahah! I told them, “But it’s so boring here without her!” Ok, I’m exaggerating. I never said that. But I meant it! I really missed having my best friend around me all the time! And now you’re back! You can make this place go crazy again just like you always did when you were still here!!!! Let’s rip this town apart!

ALICE

I can’t do that now, I’ve got to go home.

DOROTHY

What home? A house is made of brick and stone, a home is made of love alone.

Hahahahah!

ALICE

Hey, now don’t be harsh, my parents loved me as best they could.
DOROTHY

Which meant getting a divorce in order to spare you the sight of a double murder had they stayed together? Hahah! What was that again that you told your mom?

ALICE

“You know, it’s your fault my brothers and I will never get married.”

DOROTHY

What did she say again?

ALICE

“Married? Why do you want to get married, eh it’s a trap?”

DOROTHY

Now, why would you want to go home to a place like that? Hahahahah! Well, I guess home is home. And so what if your parents didn’t, like, love you enough to stay together? At least you’re not responsible for making them miserable their entire lives, di ba? Look at my parents. My dad cheated on my mom, like, forever, and my mom just went insane putting up with him. Sometimes I think they would’ve been so much better apart, but I guess they love me too much. And maybe that’s what love is, you know? Being together no matter what, be it cheating, misery, or insanity. In sickness and in health, right?
ALICE


DOROTHY

I know right? Hahaha! OMG, you should go see Peter. If you’re going down memory lane, you might as well rekindle an old flame. I know what you’ll say, that there’s no point because that relationship was doomed from the beginning. Face it, all your relationships are doomed from the beginning. That’s what happens when you grow up in a broken home. But who knows? Maybe you’ll be the exception. So, call me, ok? Bye! Love you!

ALICE

Oh sheesh. No wonder I went crazy. With friends like that.

PROJECTION CUE. Video plays.

CHESHIRE appears.

CHESHIRE

Friends are mirrors to reflect parts of you that you never wish to see. And that is why of all your friends the best is Dorothy.

ALICE

Thank you for defending my wonderful choice in dysfunctional friends.
CHESHIRE

Would you rather I defend your wonderful choice in dysfunctional boyfriends?

ALICE

Oh, geez, please no. I think I’ve done that far too much already.

CHESHIRE

You see him and he sees you, and thus begins the end; and all you find in such pursuits are hearts that need to mend.

ALICE

Why are you torturing me again? You’re supposed to help me figure things out, so I can become my old self back sans misery!

CHESHIRE

The classic line, “Tis me, not you.” Or “I just really need to screw.” Or would you rather hear him say, “I’m sorry, girl, I’m really gay.”

ALICE

Whatever. Peter, was different though. He really messed me up.
CHESHIRE

There are far worse things than getting dumped like taking it in the ass. But, well hell, you liked that, so nevermind, you slutty whorish lass. Fine. There’s nothing worse than being dumped. Nothing poetic can make that sound any easier to hear. You really should’ve killed yourself when you got the chance, girl.

ALICE

Now I remember why I agreed to take the meds! Because you wouldn’t stop telling me to go die!

CHESHIRE

Why not? Your life as you know it is over anyway.

ALICE

But what about God, my parents, and my friends? What about my destiny in life? Most importantly, what if he calls a minute after I die?

CHESHIRE

Bitch, you know he won’t.

ALICE

But what if…
CHESHIRE

Thinking what if means you’re never going to get better. You’re holding on to “what if” because unlike the rest of them, he really WAS the one, and you fucked it up, girl. It don’t matter if he lied to you, that he tried to cheat on you with your best friend, and repeatedly told you FUCK YOU to your face, everything is still your fault. This is what you sincerely believe no matter how hard I try to tell you otherwise. How’s that for telling you exactly what I mean?

ALICE

Go away, Chess. You’re not helping.

CHESHIRE

The truth that’s told will not be heard unless the heart is willing, and the heart won’t grasp what unfolds especially when it’s bleeding. Deuces bitch!

CHESHIRE vanishes.

PROJECTION CUE. Video out.

ALICE

I can grasp the truth. I’ll prove it to you.

MUSIC CUE: Shut Up and Let Me Go.

Go.

ALICE knocks.
Hey, Peter. Hi. I was in town and I was wondering if you can help me? No, it’s nothing big. I just need you to tell me why you dumped me.

(Spoken like a douche bag with a pure heart)

If this is another one of your games, Alice, I’m not playing it anymore.

It’s not. Please don’t be awkward. Just say it straight to my face. Was it the peanuts I put in your food? I swear I wasn’t trying to kill you! I just didn’t know you were allergic to them.

I didn’t dump you: You broke up with me. I still have the text message you sent. Remember this?

*PETER shows her his phone.*

*LIGHT CUE: cross fade to Special 2
ALICE

(In a fit of rage) Fuck you, you’re a lying son of a bitch. I don’t ever want to see your cheating face again.

LIGHT CUE: crossfade to wash.

ALICE

I said that? Yikes.

PETER

I wasn’t cheating on you, Alice. Or, maybe I was. But that doesn’t matter because you won’t believe anything I say. And that’s why I didn’t go chase you that last time, because you kept breaking up with me for whatever reason you could come up with. I liked you a lot, but you keep messing me up and I couldn’t let you do that to me anymore. If I seemed unaffected it was because I had things to do and I didn’t have time to indulge in unnecessary drama. See, while you contemplate suicide, I deal with pirates, Indians, and real life-threatening shit. I can’t allow myself to feel sad because life won’t even stop long enough for me to breathe. Please don’t take this the wrong way: maybe if you just try to stop being so self-centered for once, and understand what it’s like to be in my position, maybe you’d understand. (Beat.) I only agreed to break up because I thought that would make you happy.

ALICE

Well, it didn’t. I just wanted you to fix things, Peter.
PETER

I can’t do that for you, Alice. You have to do that for yourself.

SOUND CUE: SFX phone ringing.

PETER

Wait, shh, it’s Wendy, she’ll throw a fit if she knows your here. (He answers the phone.)

SOUND CUE: SFX Ringing stops.

PETER

(To the phone) Hey, yeah, Sorry, I got held up. I’ll be right there. Kisses. (Under his breath) Yes, I love you too.

ALICE

Wendy? Didn’t you say she was, like, your mother?

PETER

You know what, Alice? You’re really fun and I like you a lot, but I need a girl who just stays home and doesn’t party. Sure she talks a lot, and complains until my ears bleed, but at least she won’t go anywhere. You know what I mean. Hey, I gotta fly. Be calm, ok? Stay well.
ALICE

Fly off, Peter. (Beat.) “At least she won’t go anywhere.” Ha! I messed him up? What nerve! I messed him up! ME! (Beat.) Did I really mess him up, Ches? But isn’t love supposed to do that? “Love is being together no matter what, be it cheating, misery, or insanity. In sickness and in health, right?” That’s not love, that’s marriage! Why get married eh marriage is a trap? All my relationships are doomed from the start! There it goes again, that knocking. Do you hear that, Ches? Cheshire? Maybe I should try laughing, maybe that will work. Hahaha. HAHAHA! BWAHAHAHAHAHuhuhuh. Nothing. Knock, knock! Who’s there? Live wire, live wire who? (Gets electrified.) Still nothing. Maybe these meds are good after all – see, I’m here where I broke and I’m still not crying.

MUSIC CUE: Break Free

ALICE

The Red Queen!

RED QUEEN

(Spoken in British RP)

Tra-laaaaa!!!

MUSIC CUE: Music out.
ALICE

I’m not afraid of you! Imma gonna face you, Queen to Queen!

QUEEN RED

Why do you say things that make people think you are not serious? You, a queen? You are nothing but yourself, a sniveling little twat. You fancy yourself a queen when you don’t even have subjects, when you don’t even have friends! No, you don’t. Name me one person who doesn’t hate you.

ALICE

I don’t hate me…

RED QUEEN

What are you talking about? You don’t even like yourself!

ALICE

I do like myself… sometimes…

RED QUEEN

No, you don’t. Not at all! You hate yourself so much you need other people’s affection so desperately! Like Poor Peter. Teehee!
ALICE

I didn’t mean to mess him up! I swear! Is it those peanuts, because…

RED QUEEN

Then you get your heart broken, you blame it on whoever you can blame it on, then you take pills to stop the pain. Just because you can’t feel it, doesn’t mean it’s not real. He he he. You can’t keep blaming your parents, you can’t keep running away! The only way to really stop everything is you go off with your head.

ALICE

I’m don’t want to die.

RED QUEEN

OFF WITH YOUR HEAD.

ALICE

I DON’T WANT TO DIE.

RED QUEEN

OFF WITH HER HEAD!

LIGHT CUE: Black out.

SOUND CUE: SFX Chopping.
LIGHT CUE: Fade in wash.

ALICE wakes up. The chopping/knocking is her cellphone’s ringtone.

ALICE picks up the cellphone.

MUSIC CUE: SFX out.

ALICE

Oh, hi Mom. I was just sleeping, no it’s fine. I’m glad you called. I had the weirdest dream! I dreamt that this crazy lady was trying to kill me, that I went home and saw Peter and Dorothy, and that Dr. Hat is Chinese. The worst part is that I dreamt I was in a theatre and this guy was texting the entire time.

The medication? I haven’t started taking it… I’m thinking about it, ma, quit nagging. Maybe I don’t need it, you know? Have you considered what it will do to my liver? What will your friends back home say if they find out you have a crazy daughter – and clinically at that! I know, I know, I know. Do I have to? Fine. “Who the fuck cares what pill I take if I’m happy anyway.” You know, if that’s your logic, I could be taking Marijuana instead. Jeez, I was kidding! Yes, ma, I promise to take it. I love you, too. Bye.

ALICE gets up, goes to the mirror.

ALICE

I look like crap. Stupid dream. (Looks at a bottle of pills) I suppose my misery won’t be going anywhere, but if I take you, I at least don’t have to deal with it directly, right? Then my
pain won’t turn into suffering. But if it doesn’t hurt, does it mean it’s not real? Pf! (As she throws the pills in the trash can) No one can fix you, Alice. You have to do that for yourself.

Magic beans. Ha!

SOUND CUE: SFX rumbling noise.

ALICE feels an earthquake.

STAGE EFFECT: A beanstalk grows from the trashcan.

ALICE

Is that a beanstalk?!!

PROJECTION CUE: VIDEO plays.

CHESHIRE is smiling.

ALICE screams.

MUSIC CUE: Dito Tayo sa Dilim.

THE END.
APPENDIX B.2

The Looking Glass Production Program

University Theatre Presents

One Person Shows & Comedy Improv
June 26, 2013
Nadine Baum Studio

THE LOOKING GLASS
by Missy Maramara

Missy Maramara is a Fulbright Scholar from the Philippines and a 3rd Year M.F.A. actor. This is her second foray creating a one person show with Michael Landman. Her first one person show, Love, Liz, which she developed last fall, will be performed in the United Solo Festival in NYC this October.

BASHED
By Brandyn D. Smith

Brandyn D. Smith is a second year graduate directing student from Dallas. Credits include: assistant director for A Streetcar Named Desire (UA); director of The Little Dog Laughed (UA); and choreographer for Next to Normal (TheatreSquared). He would like to dedicate this show to the victims and families of gay hate crimes.

There will be brief pauses between the solo shows. There will be a 10-minute intermission after the second solo show, followed by the Long Form Comedy Improv class performances.

Beginning Improv Class
Greg Crosby
Stephen Trby
Eric Jackson
Anna Knight
Bailey Lankford
Jesus Rivera
Gigi Singh
Denton Trail
Ali Wright

Advanced Improv Class
Michelle Benton
Stephanie Bignault
Taylor Boykin
Mason Hankins
Curtis Longfellow
Kyle Osmond
Laura Shatkus
Brittany Taylor
Rachel Washington

“Follow the fear.” -Del Close (On life and improv)

Acknowledgements:
Ashley Cohea, Victoria Fox, Andy Gibbs, Valerie Lane, Pat Martin,
Barbara Springer, Patrick Stone, Andrew Snyder, Todd Taylor

Please turn off all cell phones and other electronic devices while in the theatre. As a courtesy to others, please do not TEXT during the performance.

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Business Manager, Ashley Cohea

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Background on the One Person Shows
Tonight’s short works-in-progress are the culmination of six weeks of intense work and play in the “Creating a One Person Show” class, where students practice performing and staging their own material. The first three weeks of the course are devoted to exploring challenges and opportunities in solo work. Then, just over two weeks ago, they turned their attention to tonight’s projects.

By taking responsibility for multiple production elements, the one person shows empower these emerging artists to expand their theatrical imaginations. They learn how to generate their own work, so that rather than being dependent on producers when they’re “between gigs,” they might continue to grow and create. Some of these wonderful short plays live on in theatre festivals following their premieres here.

You, the audience, are an essential ingredient in the students’ learning “what works.” Thank you for joining us on this journey.

- Michael Landman

Production Staff for One Person Shows
Stage Manager .........................................................Debbie Baños
Lighting Designer .................................................Justin Ashley, D. Andrew Gibbs, Justin Spaethe
Costume Consultant ..................................................Patricia J. Martin
Sound Board Operator .............................................Maegan Hickerson
Technical Director .................................................Patrick Stone
Assistant Technical Director ......................................Justin Ashley
Master Electrician .....................................................Justin R. Spaethe
Lighting Crew ..........................................................Stephanie Bignall, Melissa Haar,
Feb. 11-March 2
Maegan Hickerson, Curtis Longfellow,
Jason Shipman, Nathaniel Staikhle
Front of House ....................................................Ashley Cohea, Brittany Taylor, Rachel Washington

Tickets on sale now for the University Theatre 2013-2014 Season!
The Clean House She Stoops to Conquer Spring Awakening As You Like It
By Sarah Ruhl By Oliver Goldsmith By Steven Sater Music by Duncan Shek
Oct. 4-13 Nov. 15-24 Music by Duncan Shek Feb. 21-March 2
As You Like It By William Shakespeare
April 18-27

For more information, or to purchase season tickets, please call (479) 575 – 3645 or visit theatre.uark.edu

Program reproduced with permission from University Theatre

Business Manager, Ashley Cohea
APPENDIX B.3

*The Looking Glass* Production Photos

Alice consults with Cheshire

Screenshot Photo by Author
Dr. Hatter giving Alice the Red Shoes

Screenshot Photo by Author
Alice knocking on Peter’s door

Screenshot Photo by Author
Peter explaining the break-up

Screenshot Photo by Author
Angry text message from Alice to Peter

Screenshot Photo by Author
APPENDIX C

Clytemnestra
APPENDIX C.1

Quotes from Clytemnestra Script

Printed with permission from the adapter.

Clytemnestra

Adapted by Kiara Pipino

from Agamemnon by Aeschylus,

Mourning Becomes Electra by Eugene O’Neill,

Elektra by Hofmannsthal,

And Fires by Marguerite Yourcenar

Kiara Pipino, Director

Diane Rayor, Aeschylus Agamemnon translation

Jason Flannery, Assistant Director

Andrew Lund, Assistant translator

Performed by Missy Maramara
(Yourcenar, Fires)

Where are you, in what bed, in what dream? …

I stop reminding myself that I am trying to forget you. I close my eyes…

Thieves are only after our rings, lovers our bodies, preachers our souls, murderers our lives.

They can take mine: I challenge them to change a single thing in it.…

(Aeschylus, Agamemenon)

First, for a woman to sit in the house alone

apart from a man is an amazing evil …

My late-watching eyes are sore

weeping over your beacon-fires

ever neglected…

When arming against enemies who should be friends,

how else could one fix the nets of harm

too high to leap out of…

I will shower him with curses…

Here lies the ravager of this woman…

(O’Neall, Mourning Becomes Electra)
I don’t believe there’s such a thing on this earth as sleep! It’s only in the earth one sleeps! One must feel so at peace –at last- with all one’s fears ended…

(Hofmannsthal, Elektra)

I cannot sleep at night. Elektra, do you know any remedy for dreams?

Yes, I dream. We age, and as we age we dream. But that indeed can be cast out…

I am as good as sick, and sick folk tattle of their ailments, that’s all.

But now, I will be sick no longer.

And I will wring one way or the other the right word out of you…

He that suffers and finds no means of healing for himself is nothing but a fool.

I will find out whose blood it is that must flow, that I may sleep again…

(Yourcenar, Fires)

and there isn’t one among your wives who didn’t at least one night of her life dream of being Clytemnestra…

I let the future of our children be sacrificed to his own personal ambitions:

I didn’t even cry when my daughter died of them.

I agreed to melt into his destiny like a fruit in his mouth,

so as to bring him nothing but sweetness…

But men are not made to spend their entire lives warming themselves at the same domestic fires.

…
the army of the Orient was infested with women…

During the day I fought against anguish, at night against desire,

but always against the emptiness, this cowardly side of unhappiness…

Next to him he had a sort of Turkish sorceress he had chosen as his part of the loot…

It appeared that she had the gift of telling the future:

to amuse us, she read out palms. Thereupon she paled and her teeth chattered.

I also, gentlemen of the jury, knew the future.

All women know it; they always expect things to end badly…

But I wanted to force him, as he died, to at least look me in the face;

I killed him only for that, to force him to realize that I was not a thing of no importance

that you could drop or hand over to the first comer…

I know that in the end my head will roll on the village square

and that Aegisthus’ head will also fall under the same blade…

Since Time is the blood of the living, Eternity must be shadow blood.

My own eternity will be wasted waiting for his return,

so that I will soon be the most livid of ghosts…

Love is a penalty. We were punished for not having been able to stay alone.
APPENDIX C.2

_Clytemnestra_ Production Posters and Programs

_Clytemnestra_ Poster designed by Kiara Pipino

Reproduced with her permission
INVASION

You are invited to the performance of

Clytemnestra

Adapted and Directed by Kiara Pipino
Original Translation from Sophocles’ Agamemnon by Diane Reay
Assistant Director and Off-Stage Voice Jason Flannery
Assistant Translator Andrew Lund

Missy Maramara is Clytemnestra

May 24 – 7:30 pm
Louis Armstrong Theatre

Admission Free

Clytemnestra Invitation designed by Kiara Pipino

Reproduced with her permission
Clytemnestra
Adapted and directed by Kiara Pipino
Original Translation of Aeschylus’ Agamemnon by Diane Rayor
Assistant Director and OffStage Voice – Jason Flannery
Assistant Translator – Andrew Lund
with
Missy Maramara as Clytemnestra

The show will run approximately 1 hour. There will be no intermission.

Director’s note
Writers and playwrights of all times have told Clytemnestra’s story and each one of them revealed something new, unexpected, and compelling about her.

Clytemnestra is Agamemnon’s wife and the queen of Argos and Mycenae. When her sister, Helen, is brought to Troy, the infamous Trojan War begins. Agamemnon sails for Troy to help his brother, King Menelaus win Helen back — but only after Agamemnon sacrifices his own daughter to secure the Greeks’ success at Troy. This very sacrifice gives Clytemnestra reason to patiently wait at home for ten years: so that upon her husband’s return, she exacts her revenge and settles her heart.

She is strong and passionate. She has the will of a man and the charm and seductiveness of a woman. She is a force of nature.

Greek Theatre has given us powerful stories, heroes and more, and this piece aims at portraying the multiple facets of a woman: wife, lover, queen, mother, and murderer through the powerful lines of Aeschylus, Marguerite Yourcenar, Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Eugene O’Neill. Thank you and enjoy the show.

Thank you and enjoy the show!

Kiara Pipino

Special Thanks
Chris Wahlmann, Karen Libman, Jill Hamilton and all the Theatre Faculty at GVSU.

Note on translation of speeches from Aeschylus’ Agamemnon

Our goal is to produce an accurate translation that works well for performance. We aim for precision, clarity, and useless imagery has not been left out or up-dated. For my translations of Sophocles’ Antigone and Euripides’ Medea I revised over an extended rehearsal period, working closely with the cast and director. For this production, Andrew and I revised the sections from Aeschylus by reading our translation aloud to each other. In performance, the actor must be able to say her lines, and the audience needs to understand them - in a single hearing and at the tempo at which they should be spoken.

Diane Rayor

BIOS

Missy Maramara (Clytemnestra)
Missy Maramara is an Instructor in the Fine Arts Program and English Department of the Alabang de Manila University (Philippines). She is a Fulbright Scholar currently pursing a Master of Fine Arts in Drama (Performance) at the University of Arkansas.

In the Philippines, Missy acts for television, film and theatre (Princess of France in Lover’s Labour’s Lost, Ophelia in Hamlet, Woman 1 and 2 in The Vagina Monologues, Deedemene in Othello, Lysistrata in Lysistrata, Sara in Stop Kiss).

For the University of Arkansas, Missy was Jenny in Company, Madame Arcati in Blithe Spirit and Nemesis in Anonymous).

Kiara Pipino (director)
Kiara is an Italian Director. She is an architect with a graduate degree in Scenic Design and an MFA in Theatre Directing. She is the founder and Artistic Director of the Festival Internazionale Mela Cristli, a summer theatre festival in Italy. Her directing credits include The Good Person of Setzuan, You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown, The Tempest, Twelfth Night and The Unseen.

She has also translated several plays from English into Italian and vice versa and has published a novel.

Diane Rayor (translator)
Diane J. Rayor is Professor of Classics at GVSU. She has written five translations of ancient Greek poetry and drama, including two plays published by Cambridge University Press and directed by Karen Libman (Professor of Theatre): Euripides’ Androcles (2013) and Sophocles’ Antigone (2011). Her translations are known for being accurate and playable.

BIOS (continued)

Jason Flannery (Asst. Director, OffStage Voice)
Jason is senior GVSU Theatre major. His recent acting credits include Yang Sun in The Good Person of Setzuan (Irene Ryan nomination), Tybalt/Angelo/Autolycus in Bard To Go and Pigeon Creek’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream as Snug/Peaseblossom. He directed The Shape of Things and The Actor’s Nightmare. His awards include 1st Place in the GVSU Shakespeare Student Competition Performance Category 2011 and a Shakespeare Scholarship for Acting (3 years).

Andrew Lund (Asst. Translator)
Andrew Lund is a 2013 GVSU classics major with dual emphases in the Classical Languages and the Classical Tradition and a minor in art history. Andrew will matriculate in the fall to the Ph.D. program in Greek and Latin Philology at the University of Cincinnati.

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Clytemnestra Program designed by Kiara Pipino

Reproduced with her permission
“After the Murder” by John Collier

Flyer image for the thesis Production of Clytemnestra
Fires
by Marguerite Yourcenar
Performed by Missy Maramara
Directed by Kiara Pipino

CLYTEMNESTRA
The Queen of Argos and wife of Agamemnon
Agamemnon sacrificed their daughter, Iphigenia, for the favorable winds to bring his army to Troy.

While he was at Troy, Clytemnestra took his cousin, Aegisthus, as her lover.

When Agamemnon returned from Troy with Cassandra, his war-loot and lover, Clytemnestra finally took her revenge.

Photo: “After the Murder” by John Collier

Flyer text for the thesis Production of Clytemnestra written by Author
MU Department of Classical Studies and Department of Theatre Present

Missy Maramara in

Clytemnestra

A One-Woman show based on the character from Greek mythology.

Directed and Adapted by Kiara Pipino

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Corner Playhouse
University of Missouri
Monday, April 21st, 7:30 pm

FREE ADMISSION
First Come, First Served

Thanks to the MU Lectures Committee, the MU Arts and Humanities Small Grants Program, the Alpha MU Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, Eta Sigma Phi, and MU ORG: The Organization Resource Group

Clytemnestra Program designed by Kevin Brown

Reproduced with his permission
Clytemnestra: a Conversation Program designed by Kevin Brown

Reproduced with his permission
APPENDIX C.3

Clytemnestra Production Photos

“Here I stand where I struck after finishing the deed. That I did, and I will not deny it.”

Photo by Kiara Pipino and reproduced with her permission.
Murder of Agamemnon

Photo by Kiara Pipino and reproduced with her permission.
“Aegisthus rode beside me on fallow fields.”

Photo by Kiara Pipino. Reprinted with her permission.
“Soon I will become the most livid of ghosts.”

Photo by Kiara Pipino and reproduced with her permission.
APPENDIX D

Proof of Permission
APPENDIX D.1

Email Correspondence with Dix Perez

Permission to Print Headshots (3)

Me
To: Dix Perez

Thanks, Dix!

Attached is a copy of the headshot you took that I'm including in my thesis.

On Friday, April 25, 2014 3:04 AM, Dix Perez <dix.perez@yahoo.com> wrote:

Sure. Which one's were those?

Sent from my iPhone

> On Apr 24, 2014, at 10:28 PM, Missy Marrama <missymarrama@yahoo.com> wrote:
> Hi Dix,
> I hope you're doing well!
> It's Missy Marrama. You took wonderful headshots of me 3 years ago and I'm including them in my MFA thesis, which would require your permission. Would that be alright with you?
> Thanks so much!
> Best,
> Missy
> Sent from my iPhone
>
## APPENDIX D.2

### Email Correspondence with Rob Sutton

![Email interface screenshot](image)

> Permission to Reproduce Headshot (3)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>From</th>
<th>To</th>
<th>Subject</th>
<th>Date</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Me</td>
<td>Rob Sutton</td>
<td></td>
<td>Today at 11:50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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**Email Body**

Thank you so much!!

On Friday, April 25, 2014 12:20 PM, Rob Sutton <rsuttonyc@gmail.com> wrote:

Of course, my love!!!

Sent from my iPhone

> On April 25, 2014, at 11:33 AM, Missy Maramara <mmaramara@yahoo.com> wrote:

> Hi Rob,
>
> It's Missy Maramara from The Drama Department of UoJA.
>
> I hope you’re doing well!
>
> I’m writing because I’m submitting my MFA Thesis which includes a wonderful headshot you took of me, and I will need your permission to do that.
>
> Is it alright?
>
> Have a great weekend!
> Missy
> Sent from my iPhone
>

---

Reply, Reply All or Forward | More
APPENDIX D.3

Email Correspondence with Michael Landman

Thank you, Michael!

I hope a lot of people take your class! I wish I could take it again. Like, every year. Even better, every term.

I’m leaving end of May or first week of June. I’d love to hear your thoughts!!! :))

> On Apr 24, 2014, at 8:28 AM, Michael Landman <landman@pseb.edu> wrote:
> > Missy!
> > > Oh, let me see ... OK. YES! You have my permission to include our program!
> > > Hooray!
> > > I still plan to visit with you about your OGS before you depart... when are you departing? :-(
> > > Love,
> > > Michael
> >>
> > On Apr 24, 2014, at 8:23 AM, Missy Macnarea <missymacnarea@yahoo.com> wrote:
> > >> Hi Michael!
> > >> I hope you’re doing well!
> > >> I’m in the process of submitting my MFA Thesis. Can you believe it?
> > >> May I submit a copy of our program? I have one but I need your permission to include it in my thesis.
> > >> >> Thank you!
> > >> Best,
> > >> Missy
> > >> Sent from my iPhone
> > >
> >
APPENDIX D.2

University of Arkansas Program Use Permission Form

To: Graduate School and International Studies, University of Arkansas
From: Ashley Cohea, Business Manager for University Theatre
Date: April 23, 2014
Re: Use of Department of Drama production programs in thesis publications

The University of Arkansas Department of Drama grants permission for students seeking a BA or MFA in our department to use programs for productions in which they participated for the purpose of advancing their academic or professional careers.

This permission includes both electronic and print format used for thesis publications, professional portfolios, websites, etc. This permission extends only to use of the program in its entirety. Artwork from the program may not be used in any other format without permission from and credit to the designer of said artwork. The program may not be altered in any way from the original PDF format provided by Department of Drama.

This permission includes any and all programs from productions presented at the University Theatre, Studio 404, or Nadine Baum Studio, so long as they were presented by or on behalf of the University of Arkansas Department of Drama. Use of productions from other companies such as TheatreSquared or Tryke theatre are not under our jurisdiction and may require a separate memo.

If there are any questions on this matter, or any dispute over whether a program is being used in an inappropriate manner, please contact the Department of Drama business manager, listed below.

Ashley Cohea
228 Fine Arts Center
University of Arkansas
(479) 575-3645
acohea@uark.edu
APPENDIX D.4

Email Correspondence with Kiara Pipino

[Image of email correspondence]

Excerpts:

**Missy Maramara**
Hi Kiara! I'm writing my MFA Thesis and I would like to include excerpts from...

**Kiara Pipino**

Hello Missy,

You have full permission to use all the material you need for your thesis, including photos, programs, posters and invitations.

Thanks

Kiara

On Saturday, April 26, 2014, Missy Maramara wrote:

Hi Kiara!

I'm writing my MFA Thesis and I would like to include excerpts from the script of Clytemnestra that you adapted, as well as the photos you took and the marketing materials (invitations, programs and posters) that we used for the productions?

Let me know! Thank you!

Love,

Missy
APPENDIX D.4

Email Correspondence with Kevin Brown

Permission to Reproduce Poster (3)

Me

To: Brown, Kevin

Thank you so much, Kevin!

It was simply wonderful being there, working with you and performing for your university!

I am very grateful and lucky to have had this opportunity.

I hope I get to visit your university again and sit in your classes!

Take care,
Missy

On Friday, April 25, 2014 5:34 PM, “Brown, Kevin” <brownekevin@missouri.edu> wrote:

Missy,

Absolutely no problem. I have attached a high quality PDF file of the poster for your convenience. It was great to hear you hear earlier this week. Everyone I talked to loved the performance!

Take care,
Kevin

Dr. Kevin Brown
Assistant Professor of Digital Media and Performance Studies
Department of Theatre
University of Missouri
brownekevin@missouri.edu
573-882-0527

From: Missy Maramara <missymaramara@yahoo.com>
Sent: Friday, April 25, 2014 10:16 AM
To: Brown, Kevin
Subject: Permission to Reproduce Poster

Hi Kevin,

I hope this email finds you well.

I’m writing to ask if I may include in my thesis the posters you designed for the show and panel lecture held in your university. I need your permission as designer before I do so. Would that be alright?

Much thanks and have a great weekend!

Best,
Missy