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Memento Mori: Philosophy for the Actor

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Memento Mori: Philosophy for the Actor

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

by

Edwin C. F. Green
Sam Houston State University
Bachelor of Fine Arts in Acting and Directing, 2019

May 2023
University of Arkansas

This thesis is approved for recommendation to the Graduate Council.

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ABSTRACT

This thesis explores a philosophy whose goal is to fuel and protect the spirit of the working professional actor. This philosophy greatly inspired my one person show performance and will serve me in my future. Included in this paper will be my artistic philosophy, my resume, headshot, website, photos, and my one person show script, developed in the spring of 2022, titled "Memento Mori".

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You showed me the magic. **DONNA TAYLOR**, you fed my passion and honed me to be successful. You showed me I could do it. **JAMES MONAGHAN**, you made me obsessed. You guided me to catharsis through this work. You showed me what I was meant to pursue.

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BEN CORBETT-SMITH, you are one of a kind. You taught me to be free. To not worry about the result but to instead release what I needed to release. Acting is cathartic because we are allowed to release. You taught me ugliness, messiness, imperfection, and failure could all still be

really beautiful. Your class made aware the specifics of the voice and the importance of being warmed up vocally and physically as an essential aspect of grounded work. You emphasized the importance of breathing. You provided tools for my voice to be connected, heard, and felt.

LES WADE, you showed me how to live life not as an actor but as an artist. You showed me art was all around me, everywhere I looked a spark for creativity could be found. You inspired me to look for meaning in everything and to explore theatre in as many different ways as possible. You inspired me to learn Keyboard and made me feel like I could do anything I set my mind to. The one semester we had with you was enough to change my life forever.

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your energy, and self-care as an artist. Thanks to you, I feel confident in keeping my mind & spirit healthy as I enter into this industry.

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TO AMY HERZBERG, first of all, thank you so much. I am forever grateful for you. You have made graduate school the experience of a lifetime. I am thankful for the chance you gave me. Thanks to you I will be graduating with the letters "M.F.A" after my name. You have given me a technique to fall back on, a new understanding of partner, and how to give my heart to character. You've provided a script analysis approach that makes sure the actor never enters the stage without being alive with something. You've given us love, support, advice, laughs, wisdom, and faith in our abilities since day one. The way you think of theatre reminds me to be selfless in the work. It reminds me why I fell in love with theatre in the first place. In order to share something. In order to alleviate our hearts. You have shared and provided for me more than you can imagine.

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LACY POST and **HUAN BUI**, I have created so much art with the both of you the last four years. Directing studio, Viewpoints, One-Person Show, you have worn every hat as an artist and excelled in each. You are both so amazingly talented in all you do. Each work that we created together I am incredibly proud of and came out better as a result. *Hedda Gabler* and *God of Carnage* will forever be special to me. Thank you for the love and guidance over the years. Whoever is lucky enough to be a part of your shows will truly be so lucky. I have so much love and respect for the both of you.

TO MY COHORT, writing you all an individual acknowledgement would take pages. We have truly been a unit since day one. It was kismet that we all came together these last four years. You are my theatre family. The work, growth, memories, and breakthroughs that I have experienced with you all will stay with me for a lifetime.

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You all inspire me.

I am excited for what is next and have no doubt, being the people that you are, that the future will be filled with success for each of you. I wish for there to be opportunities to work together again. Wherever this journey takes me, I will have you all with me. For the rest of this lifetime, you will be my family.

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ARTISTIC STATEMENT

The artist that I wish to be has always had this intention: serve the work. As an artist, I feel that it is my duty to story-tell, as our ancestors scribbled on the walls of caves or told stories around the fire, I am compelled to share what lessons life has taught me. I am compelled to share the lessons that life is currently teaching me. Each day, a new lesson awaits to be presented to us and thought through. The theatre allows me to share my voice with others.

I don't create for approval, I create because I feel called to. I need to create because there are times when the chaos is too loud and the only way to have my voice heard is through the work. I need to create because humans are complex and sometimes the things we are experiencing can't be understood through words, instead, the feelings we feel within must be transmuted through another sense; as an Artist of the theatre, I can make someone *feel* something as they sit in the audience. Through my work, perhaps they *hear* something for the first time in a way that propels them for change or perhaps they *see* something onstage so similar to their own worlds that they are able to heal their wounds and come across new discoveries about themselves. Through theatre, I not only allow myself to be worked on through the work, but I hope to leave the audience changed as well. My tools are my mind, body, voice and spirit. With these tools, I create an environment for the unseen to be seen and the subtext to be heard and felt. Everyday, these tools are sharpened through the experience of daily life. theatre allows me, through these daily experiences, to share something much bigger than myself, to connect to a source within so that we may all, as audience and performers, understand ourselves better.

Theatre is a universal language for storytelling. It is a portal. A way in. theatre reminds me that there is something bigger than us. Theatre allows us to come together as one; good theatre connects us to the higher consciousness and we experience catharsis together. We heal. We laugh. We learn. We see ourselves. We forgive ourselves and those who have hurt us. We can see our aches and pains and we are able to see our resilience and triumph. Our history. Our struggles. Our mistakes. Our discoveries. We see that we are capable of survival. We are capable of getting knocked down and getting back up. That fear has been conquered time and time again. We see ourselves in those around us. As if looking into a mirror, we reflect and become aware of ourselves. Ourselves as individuals and ourselves as members of the collective consciousness.

In my mind, my artistic philosophy is that an artist is a *giver* not a *receiver*. They do not *give* themselves over to the work in order to *receive* fame, money, and accolades. For me, I recognize that these are by products of the industry and craft. They are the results of hard work and passion for the art form that I am about to dedicate my life to. But they are not the end goal. Making art isn't about what it can do for me. Nobody learns in that way. It's about the partner. The audience. *What can I give to the audience tonight? How can I give even more attention to my partner?*

Having your eye on yourself and what you can receive instead of what can you provide is the poison for any good artist. It's ego gratifying and any work done under that mindset is likely to fail to connect with the artist and with the artist themselves. However, when I give myself to the craft, not only is there less ego involved, but, myself, the artist, can tune in to the character, story, and truth of the piece and take the audience for a journey. Giving yourself over to the work is how you invest an audience. Only then, when an audience is really tuned in can a message be received. The artist gives. The audience receives. A beautiful cycle follows.

My intention is to leave the world a better place than I found it. I am a vessel for creative work, a messenger, a conduit for truth, magic, beauty and humanity. I am an advocate for reflection through the work, I am an advocate for steps forward individually through the work, I am an advocate for steps forward socially and politically through the work, an advocate for healing through the work, and an advocate for community building through the work. I am an advocate for artistry being innate and something everyone is capable of and wish to live my life in order to help others be in tune with that part of themselves as well. I use my experiences from life to make someone else experience something. This is not self gratifying; this is self expression. This is not for me; this is for the community. Not for what I can gain; but instead what can we learn. I am grateful for each opportunity that I get the chance to share with an audience.

If only one audience member out of 100 has been moved and has taken a lesson away after the piece of work, then I believe the job has been done.

MEMENTO MORI: PHILOSOPHY FOR AN ARTIST

Memento Mori: Philosophy For An Actor.

With the idea that life is falling like sand through our fingertips, it makes you want to hold onto and cherish what you have in life. “Memento Mori” is translated from Latin and means “remember your mortality”. In other words, “remember that one day you will die”. These words are often misinterpreted to be depressing to people, yet, they are missing the point. It shouldn't be depressing. Instead it should feel liberating. Memento Mori seeks to provide deeper perspective, awareness, urgency, insight and appreciation.

This phrase is a reminder that each day is a blessing. Waking up in the morning and having the ability to take a deep breath reminds us we will be okay. It centers us in the moment, grounds us in the “now” of our lives and reinforces us to live the life we want while we have the opportunity. It forced me to be nice to myself. To cherish what made me who I am. To appreciate. To reach for the stars because this is our only chance at this life. This phrase opens the floodgates of abundance. Each day is anew. Another day to create. Another day to take a step towards your dream. Another day to add something to the world around us. Each day can serve as a reset button. Another opportunity to create the life we want. This phrase frees me from fear.

At the time of writing this paper, I have lost more friends than I can count. All gone before the age of 30. Artists, poets, fathers, best friends, teachers no longer here. Death is inevitable, yes I know that, but I never understood it so viscerally until it happened so close to me. It dawned on me after losing one of the best people I have ever met when we were only 20 years old, that one day I will no longer be here. Death does not care about what you have going on in your life. It

does not care about your age or what “dreams” you may have. It does not care how good of a person you are. Death is a ticking time bomb waiting to go off and when that may be for you is never known until it strikes. My time on Earth is limited. There is only so much I can do while I have the opportunity to. Some things you just have to accept. So why not do it?

Memento Mori is an homage to the scarcity of time. Time is the most precious currency and for a majority of people, the less protected currency as well. If someone asks for \$30 there will be a moment of evaluating whether or not to give them the money, there will be hesitation, and countless various factors that determine whether or not to give over the money; yet we give away 30 minutes of our time like it’s nothing. To our phones. To our self doubts and comparison of ourselves to others. To our fears. To our negative thoughts. We spend so much time regretting the past, wishing we “did this” or “did that” and we spend so much time having anxiety and worries about the future. We do all of this and forget the most precious thing that there is: The Present Moment.

My philosophy for an actor is that they must be present. You can't give 100% if you're not 100% present. You have to be there in the moment as it is. The stimuli you are receiving from your partner must be grasped and taken in and this only comes from being in the same moment together and sourcing everything you possibly can from them. To fully immerse yourself in the craft, to allow in your partner, to let your character live through you, the artist must be present. We must stop allowing the psychological constraints of the past and the future to distract us from the moment we are creating right now. It is not healthy in real life and it sure does not create solutions for the artist. The past creates regret, guilt, shame and resentment and the future creates

anxiety, worry, fear and doubt. However, in the present, we can build. We can learn from the past and prepare for the future without them overtaking the step that we are taking at this very moment. Only here and now can we take steps forward towards the lives we wish to create. Only here and now can we discover and experience the journey. Now, during our limited time on Earth, is all we have to create meaningful art. Stuck in our heads with the past and future, life will pass us by and we will have missed so much. Each moment is a chance to bring something to the world, to shine light, to embrace and to love, each moment we are given is an invitation to be better than the day you were before, an incredible gift to live each day better than the last and make an impression on this planet that will last far after you are gone.

I wanted to write this part of the paper as reminders for myself but also for anyone who reads this in the future. These are just a few ideas that the philosophy has given me.

Prioritization

Famous Roman Philosopher, Marcus Aurelius writes in his journal, *Meditations*, “You can leave life right now. Let that determine what you do, say, and think”. With time inching closer towards the end, this question puts each action that we take into perspective. “*Will this action guide me closer to achieving my dreams?*”, “*Are the thoughts in my head building me up in confidence or tearing me down?*”. The artist must do their best to prioritize a positive mindset, outlook, and work ethic. The artist will endure setbacks and downfalls and they must prioritize ways of overcoming these obstacles and challenges numerous times throughout their career. Prioritizing a good mindset allows for you to overcome self doubt when you are at your lowest. Whether it is finding positive affirmations to repeat to themselves during times of turmoil, finding an artistic

community to collaborate with, having an accountability partner, etc, an artist must prioritize saying, thinking and doing things that serve them best. Anything other than that likely will lead to a toxic relationship to the craft and will lead one to not believe they are capable of achieving success in it.

Acceptance

You are the only you on this planet. You possess a unique filter that processes ideas and thoughts in a way that only you can convey. Inside your individual vessel holds your feelings, dreams, experiences, thoughts and these are expressed exclusively through you. Time is a currency. Let's not spend it on comparing ourselves to others. They have their own personal tastes and talents and you have yours. Both are valid. Both can exist and learn from the other. Both can be extremely successful. You can only be you in your journey. Let's not spend our lives wishing to be someone else or wanting the life they have; cherish your uniqueness and build the best life for yourself. Comparison is the thief of all joy. You cannot critique and create simultaneously. To be in your head while working, trying to get it right or comparing your work to others, is detrimental and ruins the process. It does no good to compare one's work to another's. Their journey is not yours. You have your own destiny awaiting you. A story that only you could tell. Accept where you are on your journey and allow the path to continue to bring you what is meant for you. Be in accordance with who you are and what makes you special and doors will fly open for you. Time is a currency; spend it on believing you are capable.

Self - Care

You only live once. Why not make sure that you feel healthy physically, intellectually, emotionally, spiritually? For an artist, they must have a way to find peace in the midst of the chaos. Rejections are loud. Self doubt is a bitch. Taking risks is scary. For the artist, finding a way to connect with yourself is essential. Finding a way to make sure you are energetically vibrating at a high frequency. I find meditation to be alleviating. Finding silence in the mind allows us to release tension and connect to the source. In that silence we can connect to a deeper part of ourselves. Inspiration is allowed in this way. The mind is allowed to rejuvenate. We are grounded in the present. In the silence, we can mute those intrusive negative thoughts. The pressures of society are silenced. The need to do it right is no longer fueled. We are simply “at one”. For an actor, this is what we want. “Oneness”. Completely dropped in. Synchronicity with the character and the story. Not tangled up with the results of the work, not concerned with the praise that will come from it but instead being fully immersed in the experience of the story, truly giving ourselves over to the journey. This occurs when the mind, body, and spirit are aligned in the presence. Presence is the gateway to powerful work.

Another self care method that works great for me is a gratitude journal. Once again, I am grounded in the present and look for the little things to be thankful for in life. There are countless blessings all around us. This self-care practice helps me emotionally survive the ups and downs of the industry. Despite whatever situation I am in, there will always be a silver lining to be found. There is always a lesson to be learned and there is always an opportunity to take a step forward. Each day brings that to us and that is something to be immensely grateful for. For an actor, opportunities met with gratitude will reap more success than opportunities met with

desperation or ego. I am grateful for the opportunities I book as I am allowed to do what I love more than anything, and I am grateful for the opportunities that I do not book as I am fueled to continue to learn, refine, and cultivate my skills. Operating from gratitude reinforces that you do what you do because you love it.

Journaling, prayer, meditation, playing an instrument, gym, poetry, or whatever it is. Find a way to take care of your spirit.

Fail Better

Perfectionism is a disease. A disease that had such a tight grasp on me that I was a victim of near artistic paralysis. I would say to myself, “How can I change people if my work isn’t flawless?”, “What if this isn’t right?”, or my favorite, “What if the audience doesn’t think I’m a talented actor?”. In this mindset, I wasn’t serving the work; I instead wanted the work to serve me. I wanted compliments. I wanted approval. I wanted acceptance from everyone else. These thoughts had me in fear of making a mistake. These thoughts were poisoning my artistic spirit and had me on the ropes until I heard a poem from my voice teacher, Ben Corbett. It was a poem he had learned himself in school and it was written by the highly acclaimed, Samuel Beckett. It goes as follows:

“Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better.”

This quote inspired me beyond words. In an instant, my perspective on the creative process changed. A child-like freedom returned. The weight of the world no longer felt like it was on my

shoulders. I felt I could breathe again. Like a bad spell had just been lifted. It reminded me of when I first started acting and got the role of Othello in 2013 and had no clue what I was doing at all and instead I just invited play into the space and that led to discovery. In that production, directed by James Monaghan, I failed so much. I failed every single day. I failed and I failed and I failed and because of that I succeeded. That experience made me fall in love with acting. Knocked to the ground by the load of the role, I got back up. Slapped in the face by the technicalities of iambic pentameter, I returned to the text. Carrying the burden of figuring it out as I went, I discovered my passion. In this industry, there is one thing that is for certain: Things will not always go your way. You will fail. But if you continue to persist through failure, you will break through.

Before grad school, my relationship to failure would've eventually crippled me and forced me out of the work I love. Now, my relationship to failure has strapped a jetpack to my back and I will succeed in the craft because I will fail everyday. Failure is essential to growth. Who has ever accomplished anything worthwhile without failure? Failure allows for more play, curiosity and childlike abandonment into the space. Failure leads to innovation. Failure allows us to search deeper. It forces us to think differently and look from a different vantage point. Most importantly, failure is natural. It is a part of the ebb and flow of the universe. For me, failure is inspiration because it means that there is still more to do, still more magic to find and create, more beauty just waiting to be discovered, something better coming soon.

MEMENTO MORI SYNOPSIS

A young african-american male is randomly held up at gunpoint one night but before he meets his untimely demise: time freezes and he is given the chance to construct his final words to the audience, however there's only one problem: WHAT THE HELL IS HE SUPPOSED TO SAY TO THEM? *Memento Mori* is a heartfelt, dark comedy that explores existentialism, self-love, conquering fear, and living each day as if it was your last.

This script was produced in the Spring of 2022 at Nadine Baum Studios during our One-Person Show class with Michael Landman. The script was written and workshopped for about three weeks before premiering on May 5th, 2022.

This script paid homage to life. It taught me something each time I performed it. I was moved deeply several times while writing it and that informed me how important this piece was for me to share. This script gave a lesson that I will do my best to apply for the rest of my days. Almost a year after writing it, I find myself with goosebumps writing this synopsis. This is the power of theatre . This is the power of writing your own work. This script wasn't just for me, it was was a gentle love letter to each audience member,

This script is for my loved ones who have passed. I love you. Your memory still lives through me and I wish to live a life and create art that makes you proud. Thank you for the time together.

This script is for my loved ones who are still here. I love you. May we enjoy every second of this life. Let's live lives and create art that makes us proud. I am grateful for our time together.

Thank you to everyone who came to see it and for anyone who reads it. I hope the message resonates with you and gives you something.

- Edwin Green, April 9th, 2023.

MFA COHORT ONE PERSON SHOW PROGRAM

Program designed by Jordan Williams.

ACT 1
MAY 3RD, 2022

RILES NEWSOME
LOVE=

LACY POST
CH CH CH CH CHANGES

GABRIEL FRANCO-KULL
EULOGY

-INTERMISSION-

JORDAN WILLIAMS
ON THE BRINK

HUAN BUI
THE SORROW TREE ON THE PUVAN PEAK

ACT 2
MAY 5TH, 2022

GRACE TAYLOR
GORILLA

EDWIN GREEN
MEMENTO MORI

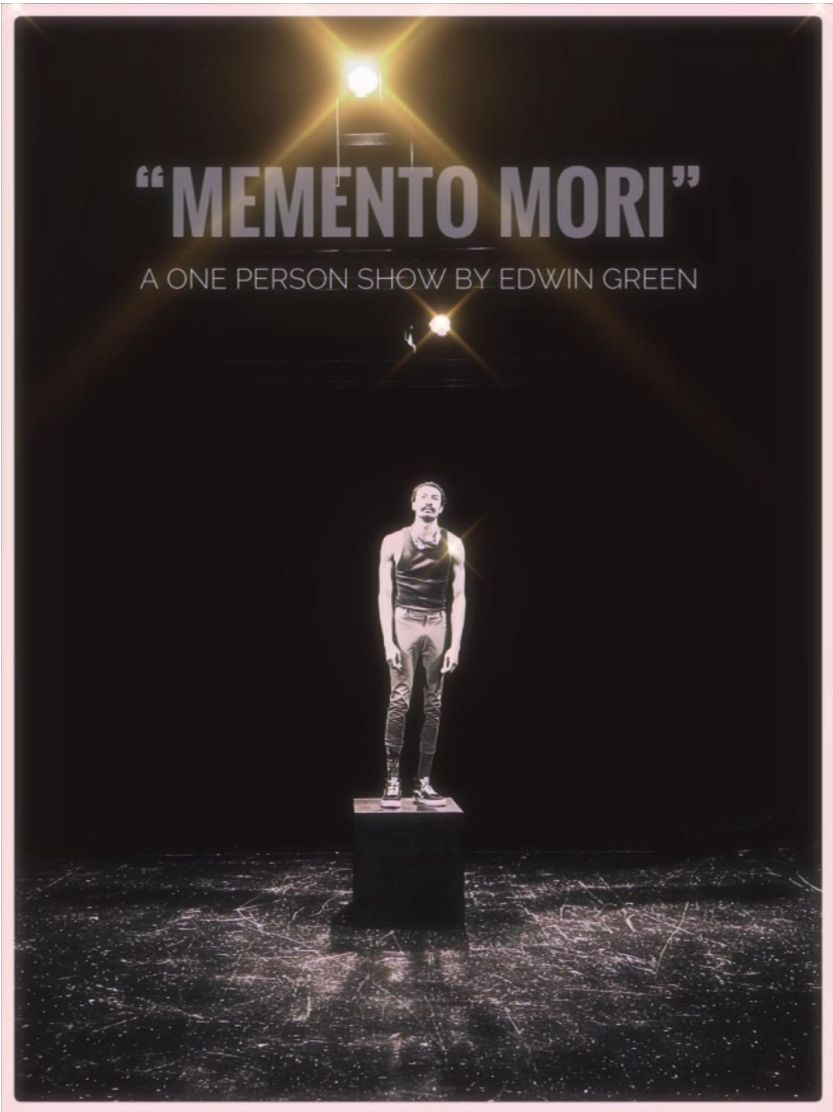
-INTERMISSION-

LEAH SMITH
6 WEEKS

ANA MIRAMONTES
HERO STATUS

RILES NEWSOME LACY POST GABRIEL FRANKO-KULL JORDAN WILLIAMS HUAN BUI GRACE TAYLOR EDWIN GREEN LEAH SMITH ANA MIRAMONTES

MEMENTO MORI POSTER



MEMENTO MORI was performed on May 5th, 2022. The creative team was stage managed and lead by M.F.A actor Jordan Williams and the rest of the creative team includes:

Sound Op: Huan Bui

Lighting Design: Zachary McJunkins

Sound Design: Edwin Green

One Person Show Class Instructor: Michael Landman

Crew: MFA Cohort

All photos included were captured by M.F.A lighting designer, Austin Bomkamp.

All photos were granted permission for use from the photographer.

MEMENTO MORI
BY EDWIN C.F GREEN

A man walks on to the stage. That man is GUY, 25, African-American, tall, lanky but some may refer to him as "skinny swole". Handsome as hell. Mustache. Nice stache. He holds in his hand a pack of skittles and a Green Tea Arizona Iced Tea (the best kind). He is listening to a Hip-Hop song w/ headphones.

GUY

(rapping along to the best of ability)

A man appears.

GUY

Yo, shit brotha you scared me! I'll be honest with you, I don't have any money to give you but you can have some of my skittles if you'd like. They're the blue pack, tropical, best ones in my opinion.

Offers some. No response. GUY pops some more skittles into his mouth.

GUY

Alrighty then. You have a good night my man.

Man speaks.

GUY

Sure I can talk for a bit.

Man speaks.

GUY

Oh you know man, just coming home from a late night out with my girl. She just dropped me off I figured, "damn you know what would make this night even BETTER? Some fucking

ARIZONA and some motherfucking SKITTLES! I like to put the skittles in my mouth first, get that fruity flavor in my mouth -

GUY demonstrates what he calls the "Arizona Special"

GUY

- then I take a swig of Arizona and mix that shit in my mouth together like this -

GUY takes a swig of his drink and proceeds to gargle the skittle and Arizona in his mouth.

GUY

- I call it the "Arizona Special" - my girl says it's a recipe for cavities and she looks at me like "Oh my god - I'm dating a fucking idiot" and I look at her like.. like I'm the luckiest man on Earth.

Man speaks.

GUY

Are you okay man? You seem kind of nervous.

Man speaks.

GUY

Got a lot on your mind? I understand.

Man speaks.

GUY

Don't worry. I was lonely for awhile there too my man. You'll find someone one day, keep your head up.

GUY checks his watch.

GUY

Well alright my man, it's getting kinda late, maybe I'll catch you around here another time.
Best of luck with everything.

Man speaks.

GUY

Look man, I said I'll fuck with you another time aight? And I'd really appreciate it if you didn't call me "boy".. My name is-

Man speaks.

GUY

Bro why you acting like that? I offered you some skittles a few minutes ago man, you change your mind? You saw the Arizona Special huh and now you wanna try, take your hand out of your pocket so I can pour some in your hand -

Man takes hand out of pocket and points a gun at GUY who drops his Arizona and skittles. He raises his hands.

GUY

Yo, my man, I don't want no issues with you alright? I'm just trying to make it home okay? I don't have no beef with you. Put the gun down man. Put the gun down. Please, you're scaring me... Please. PUT THE FUCKING GUN DOWN. I'm sorry. I shouldn't yell at you. Let's just both calm down. Okay? I understand.. you're... you're upset.. you're in pain?.. and confused and you've been hurt and now.. uh..listen - I don't want to die. I'm begging you.

Gun cocks. GUY flinches. Time freezes. GUY steps out from in front of the gun.

GUY

Whoa what the hell? Did time just freeze? I don't even smoke weed but I am way too high for this shit...

Just then a white light appears

GUY

GOD.. IS THAT YOU?

Stands on something to talk to God

GUY

(TO GOD) Aye! Aye big man upstairs! Yeah it's me yo what the fuck bro!?! Damn God, this is some fucked up shit yo, is this cause I stopped going to church? I still love you, damn, it's not you, it's me, I was just about to text you God and be like "omg it's been so long, we should catch up sometime" but damn I wasn't expecting you to kill me right NOW. DAMN. You couldn't let me have some sort of meaningful death either? Like some MLK or Black Panther type shit?

GOD speaks.

GUY

Sorry God, I curse a lot when I'm being held at gunpoint.

GOD speaks.

GUY

What?

GOD speaks.

GUY

Holy SHIT. Where the fuck all these people come from? Sorry God I also curse when I realize being watched.

GOD speaks.

GUY

So.. these people are here... to watch me give my final words? To give my death meaning..Oh shit..

GOD speaks.

GUY

NO NO NO, thank you for this - sorry God I curse when I'm grateful - just wow... this is a lot to process... uh...

GUY approaches the audience.

GUY

Well.. hello.. uh.. *(tries to laugh it off)* This has to be some sort of fucking dream or something. Oh shit. I'm about to die in front of all of you people and I don't even know what to say to you. I feel like I should have some sort of poetic message, some final words, some advice for you to remember me by... to change your life or something? So that I could die and say I have done something with my life? But I don't know what the fuck to even say to you. I have nothing. No no this can't be it, I thought I had more time. I'm only 25.. this can't be how it all ends. WAIT I GOT IT. Maybe I just need to scream at God more to change his mind.

He goes back to GOD.

GUY

AYEE! Ayeee JESUS!! What is your plan here my dude? Huh? I had GOALS. Good goals too not no weird shit like Mark Zuckerberg and this metaverse shit. Good goals! I wanted to make a difference, leave the world a better place than I found it. I wanted to be a FATHER. Have one of those cute little baby backpacks and carry my little cute ass son or daughter around teaching them their manners, philosophy and how to do the Cha Cha slide with pride. I wanted to be a good father.. a better father than my father ever was...a good husband, good artist...a role model for people.. my intentions were good and you want to take me now God? Before I have had the chance to make any real difference in the world? And THIS is the way you decide to take me? Just more of this same senseless violence against people who look like me? Take me before I ever got to share my message?

GOD speaks.

GUY

This is my one chance to share it? Before I come home? This right here? Well that's a lot of pressure...

GUY approaches the audience once more.

GUY

Here I am with this gun cocked and held to my chest and everything I've ever fought for is about to be taken away and I have nothing to give you. I guess I could tell you, "Hey go live your life to the fullest" but I never did that. I let my insecurities win. I constantly compared myself to others, so much to the point that I lost myself, I wasn't sure who I was, who I was making this art for: For myself or for the opinions of the fucking people on social media? Or should I say, "Hey you should love yourself" - who am I to say such a thing? I looked in the mirror and hated what I saw. I found every flaw and held them up to a magnifying glass and hyper focused on it. I never saw myself as worthy as others. Talented as others. Not as beautiful, funny, strong, smart, clever as others. Just another person on this planet, mindlessly wandering through, simply existing and going through the motions, having dreams yet not having the courage to follow them, destined to fall victim to fear and now, after having lost myself in the fear of it all; I am going to lose my life

before I ever get the chance to find myself again. What am I here for if I have nothing to say? I'm sorry.. I'm just wasting your time. I'm just going to go get this over with..

GUY walks back towards the gunman. Before he hesitates and stops and walks back to the audience.

GUY

No. I'm sorry. If tonight is my last night on Earth, then I feel the need to say something. I desperately want to leave you with something to remember me by and in this moment - where time stands still - I want to find something to share with you all here. I can't just die knowing that I didn't impact anyone. You see, for me, making art was never about the mo
1000

ney or the fame, I just never wanted anyone to feel the way that I felt. Because that's a bullshit way to live. I just wanted to make a difference. Leave the world a better place than I found it and if I affected change in even one person it would've all been worth it. And if I have to die tonight, I hope this lesson will be something you can remember me by.

Awkward silence as GUY waits for something to come.

GUY

Okay.. here it is...Inspiring advice... coming.. right...about....now.. in theaters near you... for \$19.99 not including shipping and handling.. introducing LIFE CHANGING ADVICE.... in 3....2.....1.. and TA-DA....Damn! Okay I really thought something deep and beautiful was going to come - like I was going to just have a lightning strike moment in my mind and be like "BOOM I GOT IT. - but I guess things like that don't come from the outside - they come from the inside. Let me close my eyes...

GUY closes his eyes to find something inspiring to say to the audience. He finds something.

GUY

I don't know if that counts for anything but...if I knew if I was going to die today, I would have lived today so much differently. I would have called my niece and been like "Sup bitch I'm dying today, you can have all of my clothes, but if you ruin my Kobe Bryant jersey, I'm gonna come back and haunt the FUCK outta you okay byeeee" and then I would've called my girlfriend and been like "Sup shawty - I'm going to die tonight - wait what - no I'm not breaking up with you - I'm actually dying, I'm breaking up with life - anyway I left a little stuffed animal, (probably a little cow. She fucking loves cows) on your doorstep and I made you one final playlist. I would have told my acting cohort, "thank you for being incredible artists and inspiring me and loving me. Sorry for isolating myself all the time. It was never anything against you - I just like reading books. Then I would've given them each a book to remember me by. and then...I would've called my mom and been like "Hey mom" and she would've said "Hey boo" - cause all my family calls me Boo - and I would've been like "Mom, I'm going to die tonight and I just wanted to tell you thank you for everything that you gave and sacrificed for me. I love you so much. You've been the best mom a boy could've ever asked for" But see no one ever tells you you're going to die. No one ever tells you you could be shot that day. People tell you how precious life is but no one ever realizes it until it's slipping through their fingers. Why do we never cherish and appreciate ourself until it's too late? Why couldn't I just see that I was ENOUGH. For ONCE. That I was WORTHY. For ONCE. Just the way I was.

GUY closes his eyes.

GUY

Okay.. here it is..spotlight please...Inspiring advice... coming.. right...about....now...3..2...1

Back to GOD.

GUY

Damn God you couldn't have given me a heads up or something? I could've found some inspirational quotes on google or something.

GUY returns to the audience.

Okay... well.. I know I can't be the only one to experience this but... everyone has these like two voices in our heads.. one who's like "I mean sure yeah you have a mustache but you'll never grow a beard motherfucker" - yeah the negative voice in my head is Irish leave me alone - and another who's like "hey his mustache is enough he's awesome" and they go back forth like "No he's not", "Yes he his" "No he's not" "Yes he is" "No he's not he can't even grow chest hair" LEAVE MY LACK OF CHEST HAIR OUT OF THIS. These two voices in our minds; the one who thrives off the self-limiting beliefs we give to ourselves; the other who sees all of the wonderful potential you have to share with the world, patiently waiting for you to see all of the gifts you possess; And you know who wins? The voice you listen to. What would have happened if I allowed myself to listen to the other voice instead of the Irish motherfucker? The voice that believed in me. The voice that believed that I was special. If I instead replaced the thoughts of "you're not enough" to "you ARE enough". If I didn't compare myself to others. If I appreciated and loved myself the way I was. Would I have won an Oscar or an Emmy? I don't know but I sure would've lived a life where I died feeling proud of myself instead of dying with all of this regret. I lived with fear. HEY MAYBE THAT'S WHAT MY FINAL WORDS CAN BE ABOUT!?! Fear! Okay cool what am I afraid of? Water...wasps...snakes...getting pooped on by birds...racists...did I say water... What else.. uhh.. and failure. Oh shit..I was... scared of failure.

GUY returns to the audience.

GUY

It didn't strike me until I just said that word to you all just how much fear of failure had resonated with me my entire life. Scared of taking risks, I ran away from reality. Escaping this life with anything so I never had to come to terms with the fact I was too scared to follow my dreams. To live the life I desperately wanted to live. To live the life I fucking DESERVED. Don't stand out, just fit in. Know your place. You're going to fall on your face and look stupid in front of everyone. You're going to fail. You are an ACTOR and you can barely even do that. Fear, fear, fear. Fear of taking that risk, fear of failure and rejection, fear of being made a fool of. Fear of other people's opinions of me. I should've just been like.. "Hey what's that in my pocket?"

GUY reaches in his pockets and pulls out two middle fingers.

GUY

HAHA OH YEAH FUCK YOU BITCH. FUCK YOUR OPINIONS BE-YOTCH! GO FUCK YOURSELF!! HEY THAT COULD BE MY FINAL WORDS: To all the haters, go fuck yourself be-yotch! Hmmm..good advice... but not poetic enough... FUCK. Here I am at the precipice of death and I realize how fucking stupid it is to live through our lives with all of this fear? Fear of failure really? Who ever went through life and did anything worthwhile without failing? Motherfucking Thomas Edison went through like 10,000 versions of the fucking lightbulb before he figured that shit out. It isn't about the failure, trust me, that's bound to happen, it's actually apart of our growth, it's about our response to the failure. It wasn't about how many times I fell down, it was about how many times I stood back up, looked that obstacle I face in the eye and say "oh nah nah nah you're not stopping me motherfucker" yet here I am, gun pointed to my heart and the questions dawn on me once again: what the fuck was I so afraid of? It's fucking stupid. How we get lost in it all. Desperately seeking approval. I let that negative voice in my head win; I let it stop me from living the life I wanted. The life I daydreamed about. The life my soul oh so desperately craved..and now...I wish I hadn't. I share this with you because... I don't want you to do the same. Gun at my chest, the clock is ticking, the finger is dancing on the trigger and as my mind races, it FINALLY dawns on me: I FIGURED OUT MY FINAL WORDS TO YOU! FUCK YEAH! This is the message I want to share with you all in my final moments.. spotlight please.. inspirational advice in 3...2....1: I would say WAKE THE FUCK UP BITCH" but I wouldn't be so aggressive about it.. I'd politely say "wake up the fuck up bitch" Then I would say some poetic shit that you read on a coffee mug like, "you are enough just the way you are". Then my armpits would start to get sweaty because I'm fucking pumped and my stomach would start to hurt and I would be like "oh my god do I have to take a shit??" then I'd realize NOO I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE A SHIT THIS FEELING IN MY STOMACH IS THE FEELING OF WISDOM. OF INSPIRATION. And now I'm really into it and I'm saying shit like every day, take a step towards your dreams and they will come true. Anyone who says anything bad about you it's more of reflection on themselves not you. They're just jealous they don't have your courage - cause it takes a lot of fucking courage to be yourself, follow your heart, follow

your dreams and not give a shit about people's opinions. I would tell you all to make mistakes and learn from them, then make some more mistakes, use your fucking blinker, and never EVER lose faith in yourself because you can do anything and

I mean anything you put your mind to. Build a life that you don't want to escape from. In each moment there is always something to be grateful for. I always knew that but it never hit me until it was about to be taken away. Now in my final moments, I wish I would have cherished it all more. . So take this as my parting lesson to you. My last gift. My curtain call. My final bow. My final words: Cherish. It. Now. Thank you for listening. Okay well.. that's all I have to say..

GUY goes to GOD.

GUY

Was that good advice? Awhh shucks well thank you God.. well.. um..I think I'm ready to come home now..

GUY takes a final bow to the audience. He takes in his environment one final time. He has never felt so alive as he does in this moment. He takes a deep breath. He puts his hands up as he addresses the audience one final time. During this he slowly makes his way back to the man.

GUY

Don't worry. I'll be watching from above and I'll be cheering for you every step of the way. I promise. I made a difference.. I made an impact... and..that's all I ever really wanted to do..There will never be another me. There will never be another you. You are on your own unique journey, you are the only you that will ever be on this Earth. You're actually kind of a big deal and if you don't feel like it now - I hope that one day you will so.. LIVE IT THE FUCK UP. CHASE YOUR DREAMS. CHERISH YOUR LIFE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. LIVE IT THE FUCK UP. CHASE YOUR DREAMS. CHERISH YOUR LIFE BEFORE-

GUNSHOT.

GUY Collapses.

We hear sounds of rain. Silence. More silence. We realize the beauty in the silence.

CUT TO:

FINAL BLACK OUT.

This is America by Childish Gambino begins to play.

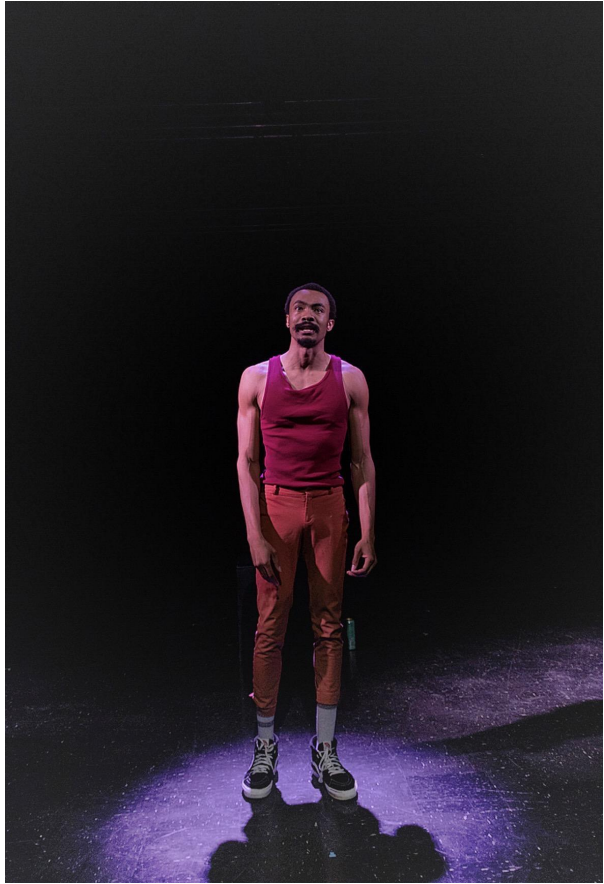
THE END.

MEMENTO MORI PRODUCTION PHOTOS

(All Photos captured by Austin Bomkamp)









HEDDA GABLER PHOTOS

(All photos captured by Xavier Smith)









HEADSHOTS



Headshots taken by Galvin Calvis. Permission for use approved by photographer.

Edwin Green

EMC - NON AEA

Height: 6' 4" | Weight: 175 lbs.

Vocal Range - Tenor

281 686 6568

shakespited@gmail.com

THEATRE

RESPONDERS	Tucker	TheatreSquared	Vicky Washington
AT THE WEDDING	Eli *	TheatreSquared	Keira Fromm
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	Borachio	Arkansas Shakespeare	Stacy Pendergraft
HEDDA GABLER	Ejlert Lovborg	University of Arkansas	Lacy Post
GOD OF CARNAGE	Alan	University of Arkansas	Huan Bui
LOVE LABOUR'S LOST	King of Navarre	University of Arkansas	Paul Barnes
MARISOL	Scar Tissue	University of Arkansas	Huan Bui
THIS BITCH	Tristan	University of Arkansas	Estefania Fadul
HEATHERS	Kurt's Dad/Officer	University of Arkansas	Morgan Hicks
TARTUFFE	Valere	University of Arkansas	Steven Marzolf
OUR LADY OF 121ST STREET	Rooftop	Sam Houston State	Patrick Pearson
MACBETH	Macbeth/Lady Macbeth	Sam Houston State	Tom Prior
EURYDICE	Orpheus	Pearl Theatre	Renee Van Nifterik
ROMEO AND JULIET	Romeo	Pearl Theatre	Jonathan Gonzalez
MACBETH	Malcolm	Encore Theatre	John Manley
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	Claudio	Shakespeare In the Shade	Jonathan Gonzalez
THE ELABORATE ENTRANCE OF CHAD DEITY	Cameraman **	Stages Repertory	Josh Morrison

Understudy Performance *

Onstage Internship **

TRAINING

B.F.A from Sam Houston State University in Acting and Directing

Acting - Tom Prior, Kyle Craig-Bogard; Directing - Patrick Pearson, Penny Hasekoester

M.F.A in Acting from the University of Arkansas

Acting - Amy Herzberg, Brandon J. Dirden, Crystal Dickinson; Voice - Ben Corbett-Smith ; Vocal Training - Jason Burrow

Meisner Technique, Shakespearean performance, On-Camera Performance, Texas Renaissance Festival

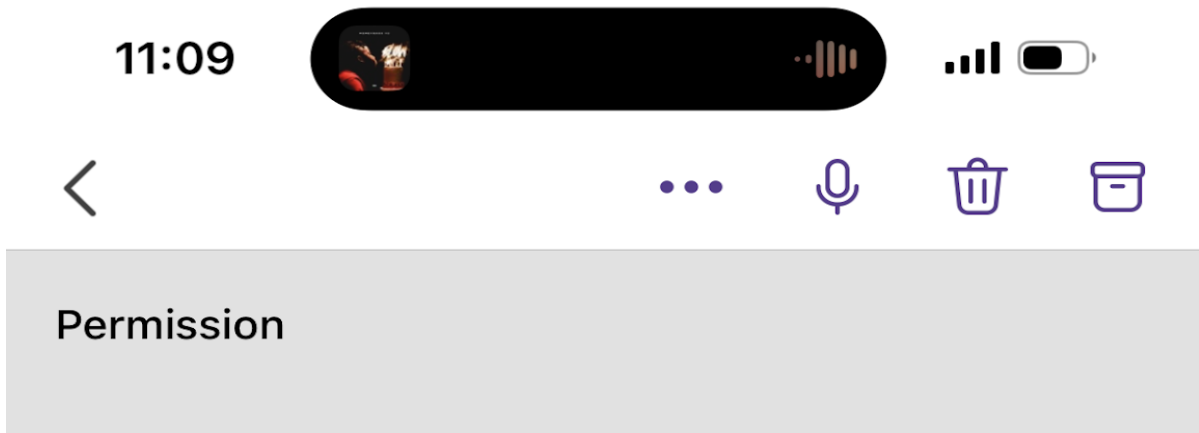
SPECIAL SKILLS

Improv, Creative Writing, Hip Hop Dance, Ballet, Self-taught Piano, Standing on Head, Yoga, 6 years of Basketball, 8 years of working as a Youth Teaching Artist, Kalimba Enthusiast (African Thumb Piano), Maintained Optimism During A Pandemic, Can Read Sheet Music, Devised Theatre, Driver's License, Valid US Passport

WEBSITE

Edwin-Green.com

APPENDIX



Austin Bomkamp
To You

10:39 AM



Hi Edwin,

You have my permission to use my photos for your thesis

Best,

Austin bomkamp



Gavin Calais

To: shakespirited@gmail.com >

Monday

Image Permission

Hey Edwin!

You have my permission to use any images we've taken.

Thanks!

Gavin Calais

YESTERDAY 7:15 PM

Yoo could I receive your written permission to use your photos in my Thesis?

12:23 AM



Yes you have permission to utilize the photos for your thesis

Permission from Xavier Smith.