

## UR★

*This is a play for an audience of 5 people.*

*It takes place in an apartment*

*The apartment is very warm. It has windows and comfortable seating.*

*It looks like an artist lives there but not in a hectic way.*

*There are places in the apartment where the artist's visual work is laying out – somewhere in the midst of creation.*

*It is both an apartment and a workspace.*

*The HOST greets the audience at the apartment door.*

*The HOST is super warm and friendly.*

*The HOST puts all the guests at ease*

*The HOST invites guests to throw their bags and coats in the bedroom.*

*Points out the bathroom*

*Offers wine or beer or water or whatever else.*

*After everyone has their drink, the HOST toasts them and thanks for them coming over.*

*The HOST then invites them to sit down on the couches in the living room*

*There is just enough room for all five of them to sit, with a little extra room.*

*In front of them are two tables that are at a 90-degree to each other.*

*There is a lamp sitting on the tables, on the line where the tables meet*

*There is a little bench in front of the tables where the HOST sits across from the GUESTS.*

*The HOST invites everyone to play an icebreaker.*

*Each GUEST pulls a question or statement out of a little bowl and is asked to respond to it.*

*The HOST plays along as well.*

*Examples of statements or questions would be:*

*Describe summer using a vegetable, color and texture.*

*What was your favorite song in high school?*

*Why do hardly any words (if any) rhyme with orange?*

*If you could suddenly fly, where would you go?  
Describe this drawing (a drawing is on the piece of paper).*

*The HOST gets a question too.*

*The HOST'S question reads:*

*What was the first piece of music you bought with your own money?*

*The HOST thinks this is such a great question that they ask the GUESTS to answer it first.*

*Everyone shares stories about the first music they bought.*

*Can you think about that for a second? What was the first piece of music that YOU bought? BOUGHT.*

*Was it a cassette? A record? A CD? Digital?*

*After everyone shares their stories, the HOST tells theirs.*

*This is the HOST's story.*

## **THE HOST**

The first piece of music I bought with my own money was the Madonna cassingle for "Material Girl". It had the song "Pretender" on the b-side. Do you remember cassingles? I know for sure that this was the first piece of music I bought with my own money because I remember having a long debate with myself in my room about whether I should buy a Cyndi Lauper cassingle for "She Bop" or Madonna's "Material Girl". I felt like I had to decide who I liked more in this purchase. I decided that I would always like Cyndi Lauper but that I'd love Madonna. As soon as I made this decision, the ceiling of my bedroom broke open and Madonna appeared to me. She said "Thank you for committing yourself to me. You will now give me 10% of your yearly income for the rest of your life" - which is actually what has happened. In my room I had a cassette player - one of those two cassette players so that I could make mix tapes and also record off the radio. I also started to make recordings of my own on that recorder too, but that's another story...sort of. The thing was though in my house, cassettes were looked down upon. My parents hated cassettes. They grew up in the 60's, were semi-hippies. I say semi- because they weren't like radicals but they were open to a lot of stimuli and from what I can gather liked to smoke weed and hang with their friends and debate the possibilities of the future and all that stuff. The main thing is though that they loved vinyl, LOVE vinyl, present tense. Vinyl was everything. To the point that like in the car we weren't allowed to play tapes, we could either listen to the radio or drive in silence.

My parents had a record room in our house, the house I grew up in. In this room they had a wall, as high as the wall behind me and as wide and that wall was filled with records. The Beatles, Simon and Garfunkel, Joni Mitchell, The Temptations, Nina Simone – I remember listening to “To Be Young Gifted and Black” when I was 10 and thinking there is so much about the world I don’t understand and also that I love Nina Simone – what else what else, you name it, it was there, musicals, soundtracks, my Dad once played me this song “In A Gadda Da Vida” – do you know it? It’s by Iron Butterfly. It’s like 20 minutes long and in the middle it has like a 7 minute drum solo /experience. My Dad played it for me and was like “When you drop acid this song will really open up to you”. I was 10 when he told me that. When I was 17 I procured acid and my and my friends went to our girl Brennan’s house and tripped and played this record and it did blow my mind. My Dad was always exposing me to things a bit too early – he wanted to be the first to share stuff with me I guess. Like he showed me “A Clockwork Orange” when I was 12. TOO YOUNG! I can’t even think about that movie without feeling a little nauseous.

But, back to the record room. My brother and I were told by my parents that the record room was a special place and that we could only go in there after we did all our homework and chores. I followed these rules completely and as soon as all my work was done I’d escape into this room. It had a beautiful shag carpet and a swoop chair next to a window and a lamp that only really lit part of the space. The turntable sat on its on table next to the wall and I’d leaf through the records looking for something to take me to another place and time. I was always trying to escape the world I was in. Even though I was in a loving house I felt so scared of the world around me. Of people, of socializing, of - who I knew I was inside, of all the things I feared inside myself and outside myself.

I would find a record, put it on the turntable and then sit on the shag carpeting, leafing through the liner notes, reading all the lyrics, looking at the pictures, figuring out who wrote what songs and who sang what and played what instruments. When I discovered double albums I was in heaven. The first one I remember finding was The Who’s Tommy but soon thereafter the White Album and Dylan’s Blonde on Blonde and Stevie Wonder’s Songs in the Key of Life and later in high school Prince’s Sign o The Times. These albums read to me like books. Remember how they had 4 sides, two albums. Each side had its own logic, its own way of getting from beginning to end. I would spend an entire afternoon, immersing myself in this experience – this listening and gathering, I’d look for the story, I’d make connections that were there and that were only in my mind.

As I started to make U R STAR, the piece we are about to look at, I was thinking about this time a lot. I was thinking about how there was a time in my life when I would spend an entire afternoon just listening to music, to an album, to a story, leafing through the liner notes, telling myself a story. I thought about how I don’t give myself that kind of time anymore. I listen to a lot of music still but hardly ever do I stop to solely listen to music and pretty much I never read the lyrics or look at the photos

that come along with an album, I don't even buy physical albums anymore. I know some people do but I have made no space for that in my life.

So while making this story, this piece I thought I'm going to make this piece in the form of a double album. The story will have 4 sides and each side will have a soundscape made up of songs. Some of the songs will be sung, some will be instrumental and along with these I'll create a few scenes that will link story. And then for each side I'll also create a book of liner notes. So each side comes with its own over-sized hand drawn graphic novel. They are sitting right behind me. Actually here is Side ONE.

*THE HOST places SIDE ONE on the table in front of the GUESTS.*

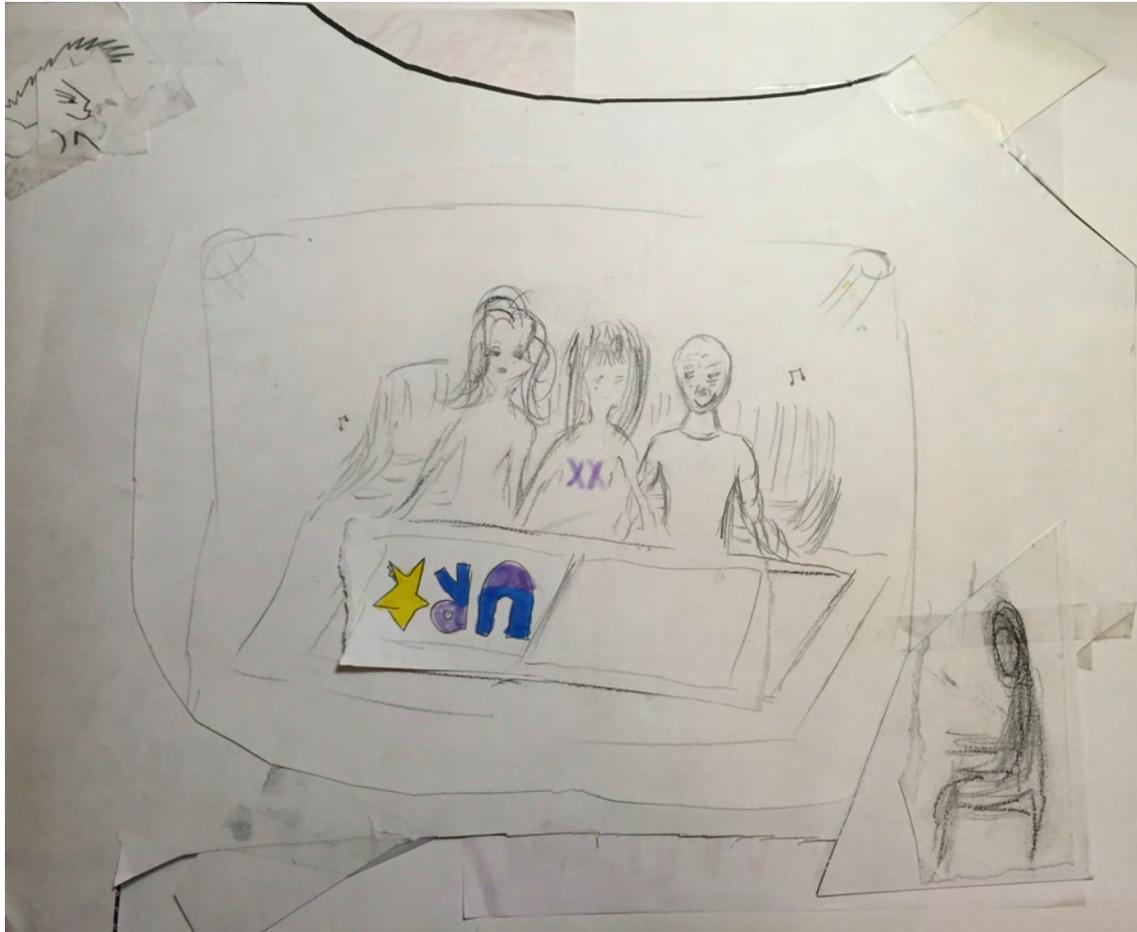
*The other three SIDES remain on a shelf until needed.*

*Each SIDE is on paper that is 14 by 17 inches. The paper is of varying weights and textures.*

*The drawings and words are made with marker, charcoal, pencil, pen, eraser, watercolor, oil paint, found object and collage. In the "flesh" the books have flaps on certain pages with hidden messages.*

*The books are not bound and feel both delicate and sturdy.*

*The soundscape was made entirely on Garageband – composed and performed by the HOST. This is something the GUESTS may or may not know.*



### THE HOST

Your job tonight is to turn the pages of the book in time with the soundscape for each side. This sounds stressful and it somewhat is. But don't worry too much. First, I'm going to turn the pages for you for the first track on Side One so you get used to the rhythm. After that I'm going to sit over to the side and you all will take over. If you find yourself turning the pages

– trust your instincts – you are probably right! But also stay connected to your other audience members. If you are not turning the pages and you feel like you need to see a page longer, you can pick the page up and hold it. Once the page is put down however, there is no going back. This piece like all theatre and life only moves forward. You may feel at times that you are getting ahead of the pace and that's ok. There may be times where you feel behind and that's ok too. If you get terribly off pace I will very casually and calmly join you all for a bit and help you find your way back. At the end of Side One I will ask you all to move to another seat on the couch. After Side Two we'll take a little break. This apartment, like these books is full of secrets. I encourage you to look around, don't be shy. Then we will return for Sides 3 and 4. At the end of Side Four I will return and turn the pages for the last track. Afterwards you are welcome to stay as long as you like and we can talk, you are welcome to stay as long as you like and we don't have to talk and you also welcome to go at anytime.

Any questions?

The first two sides take about 35 minutes.

Anyone need the bathroom before we start?

*Sometimes GUESTS do need the bathroom and the HOST plays a couple counting games with the rest of the GUESTS until everyone is ready.*

## **THE HOST**

Ok, now that we are all set.

I'm going to start the soundscape and then come back here to turn pages for the first track.

*THE HOST turns on the soundscape and the experience begins.*

*At the start, the soundscape is played through one speaker attached to a laptop that is fully visible to the audience.*

## **NOTE:**

*The rest of this document consists of photos of the pages from the graphic novels for each side.*

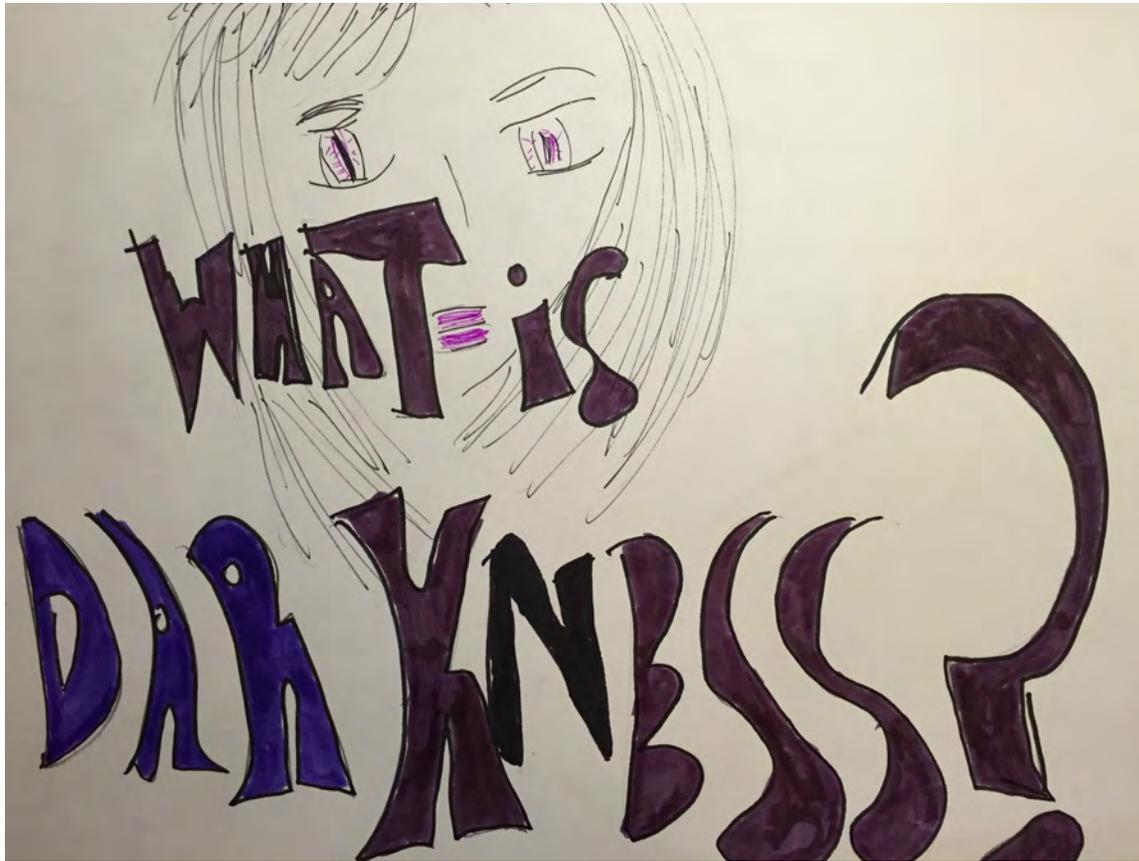
*I've attached the soundscape in 4 parts in the "additional" material.*

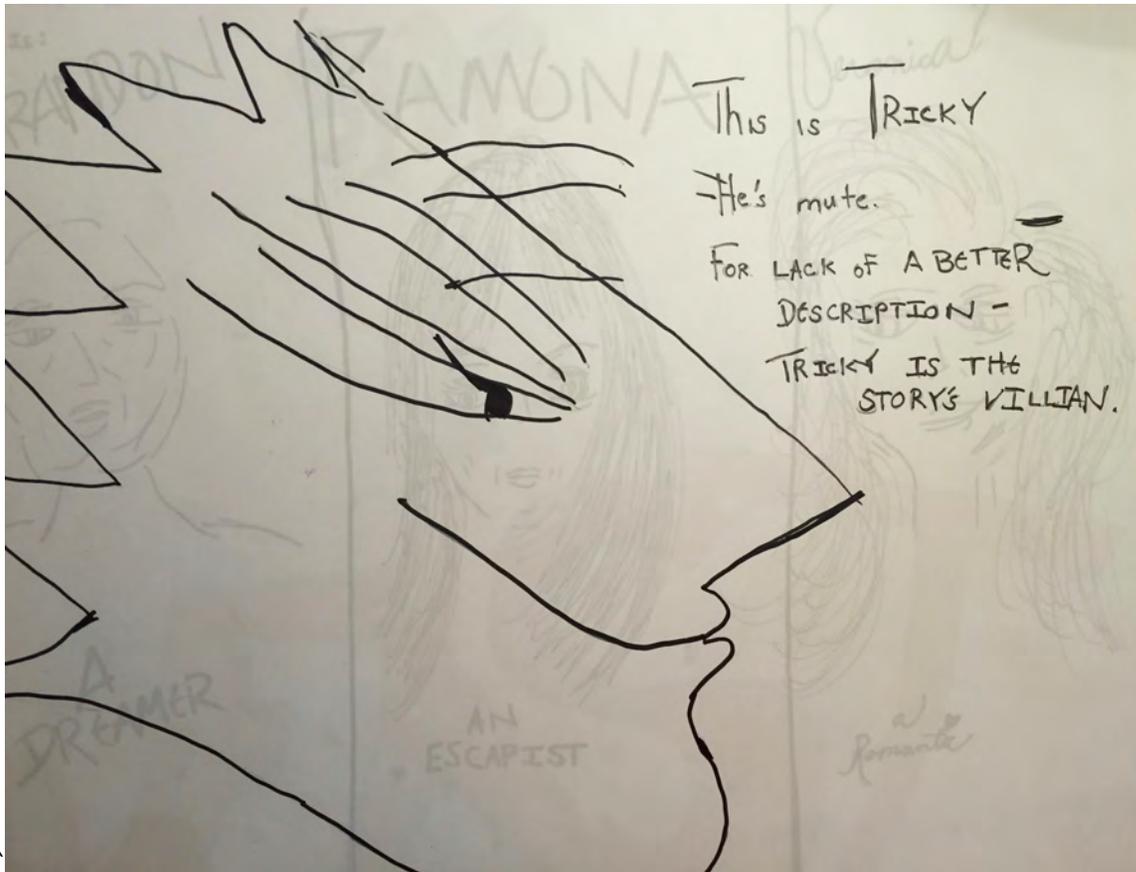
*I don't know if this is a very effective way to present this material, but if you are trying to catch the pace of the piece a good rule of thumb is to look at each image for approx. 10 seconds. Some require a bit more, some a little less.*

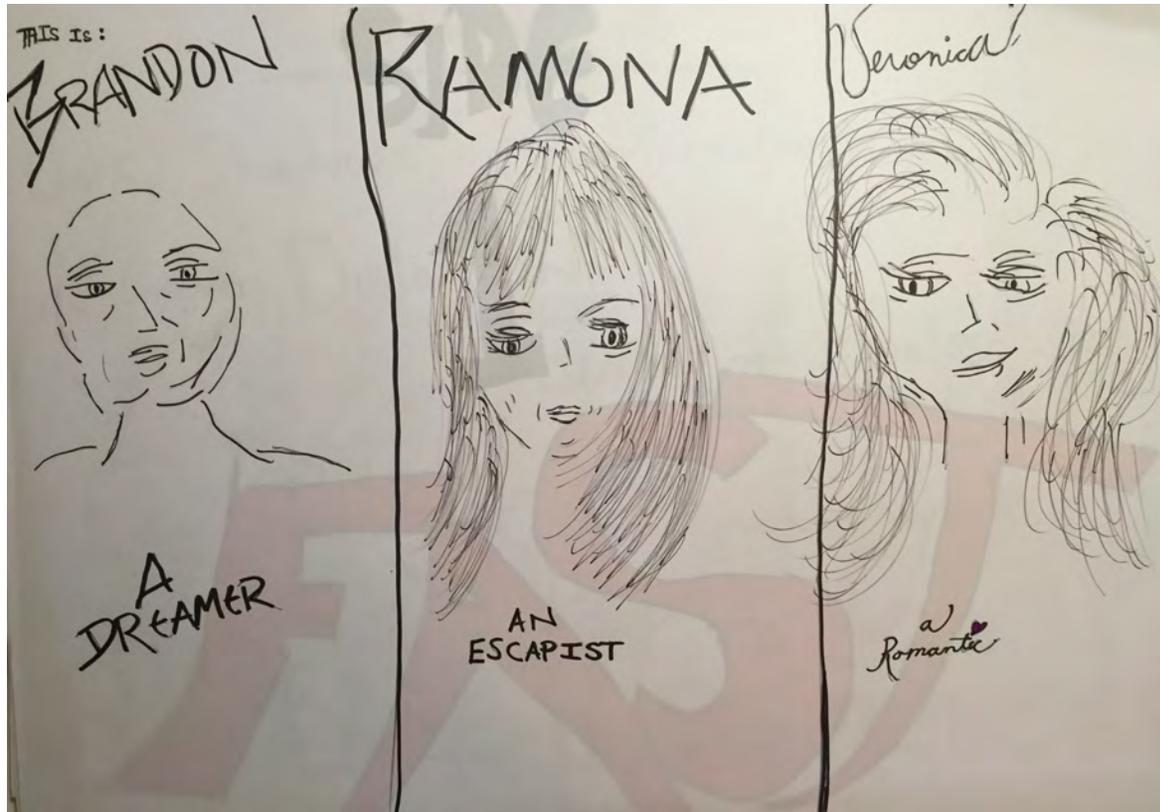


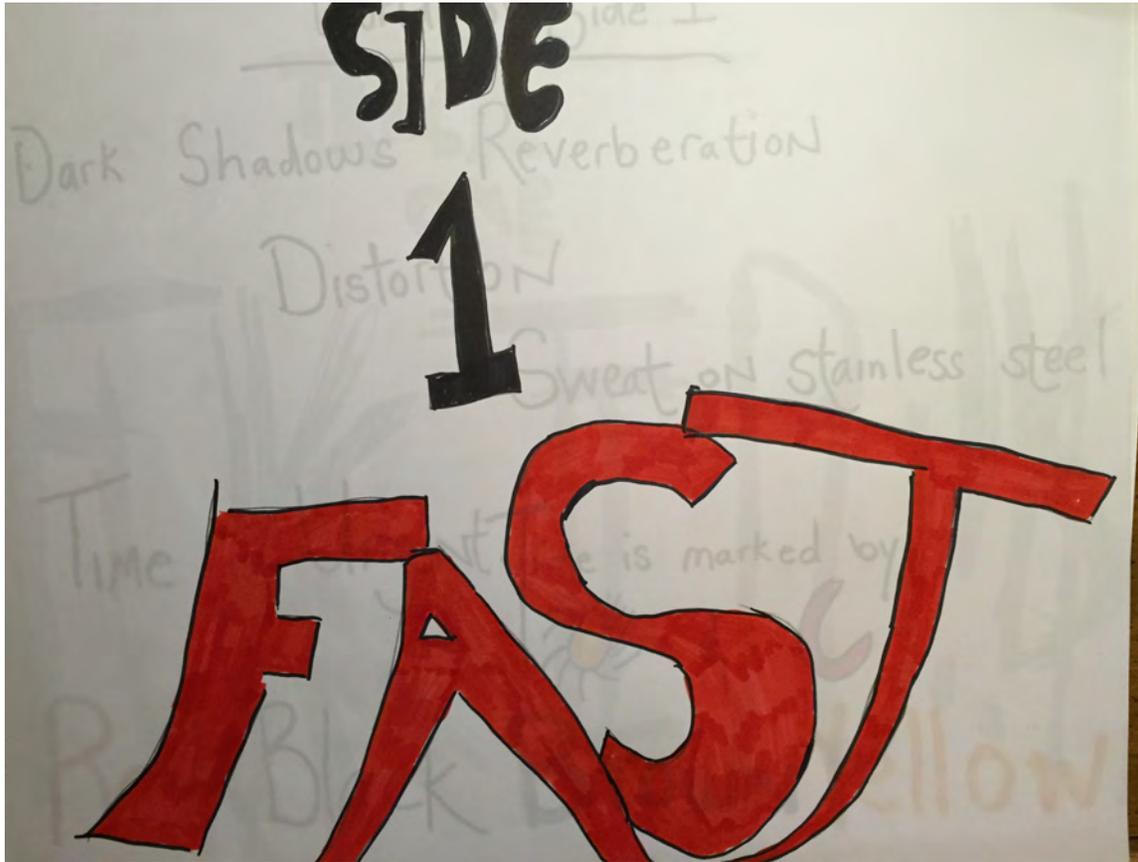
THIS IS A  
STORY about

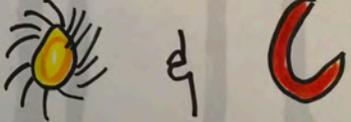


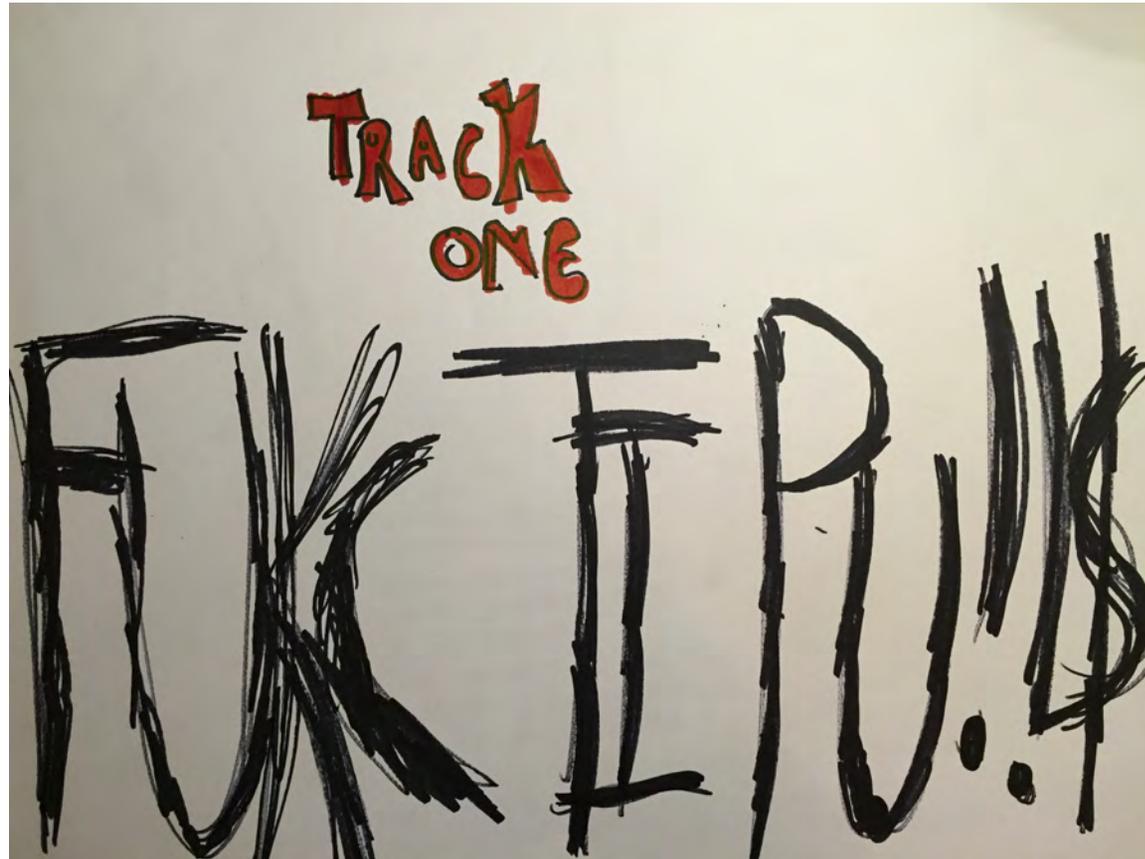


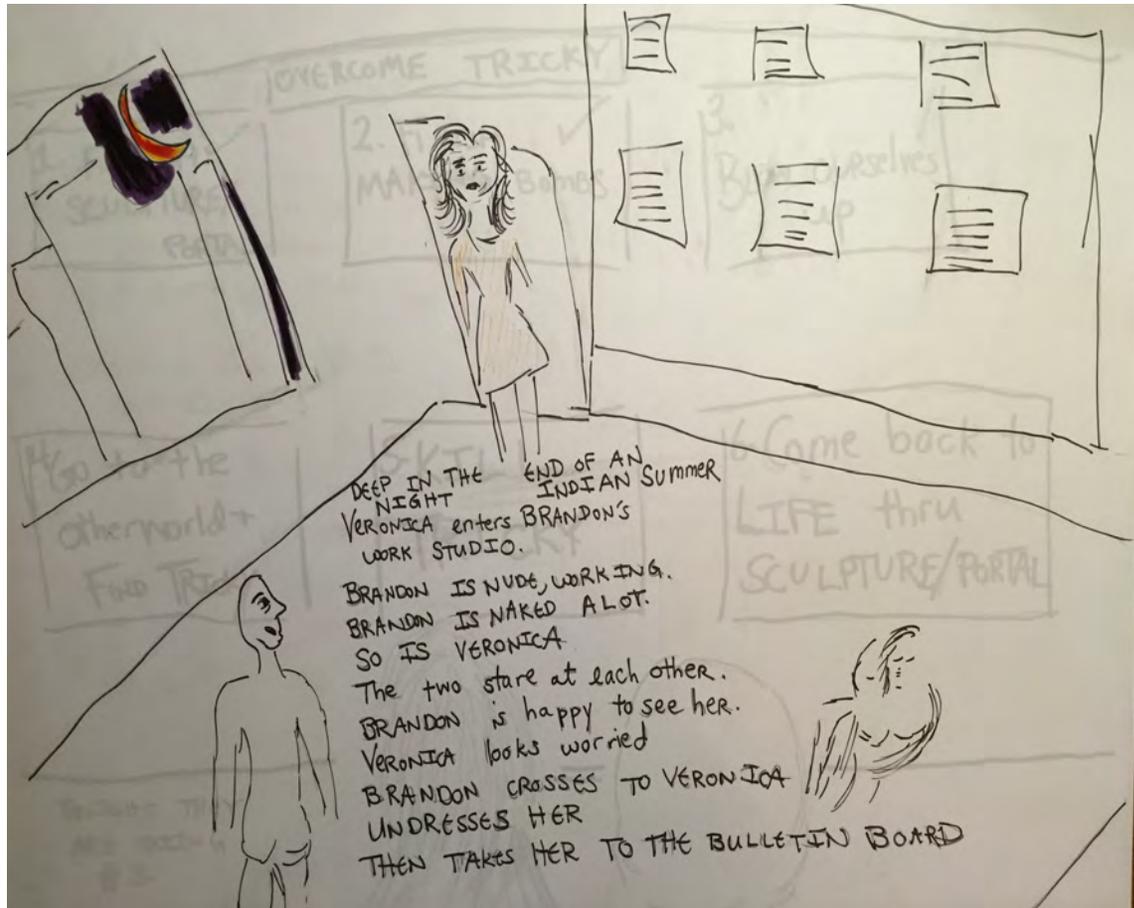






World of Side 1  
Dark Shadows Reverberation  
Distortion  
Sweat on stainless steel  
Time is Urgent. Time is marked by  
  
Red Black Brown Yellow





1. FINISH ✓  
SCULPTURE/  
PORTAL

2. FINISH ✓  
MAKING Bombs

3. Blow ourselves  
up

4. Go to the  
otherworld +  
Find Tricky

5. SKILL  
TRICKY

6. Come back to  
LIFE thru  
SCULPTURE/PORTAL

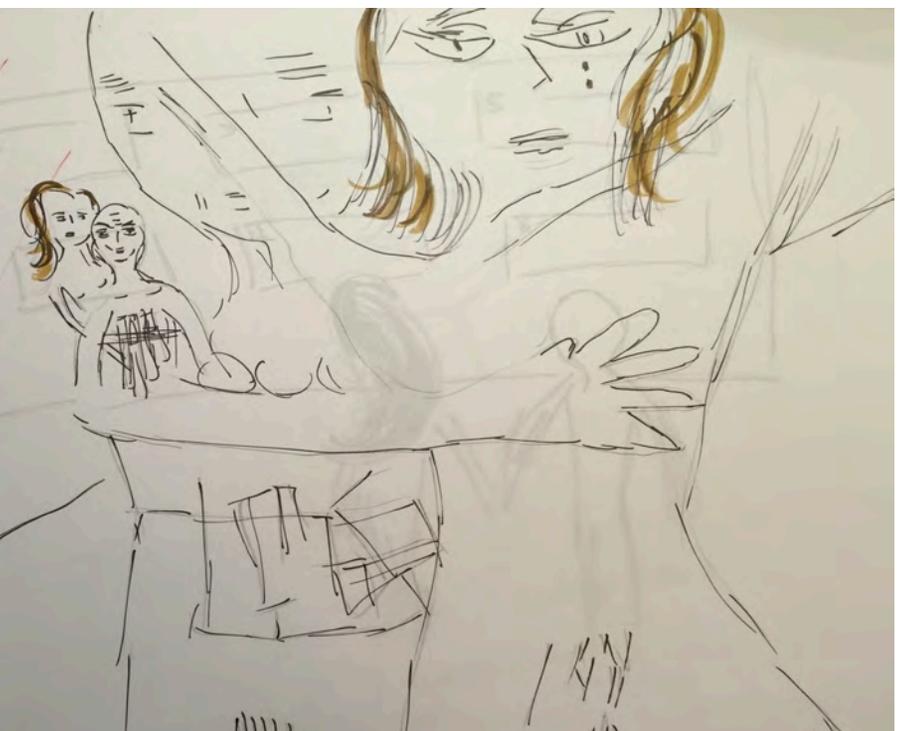
Tonight they  
are doing  
#3.



The two strap each other  
in bombs

BRANDON HAS TO BE  
STRONG ENOUGH  
FOR BOTH OF THEM.

VERONICA IS SCARED.  
HAS DOUBTS.



IID ↘

Sung like a mantra,  
a call to arms

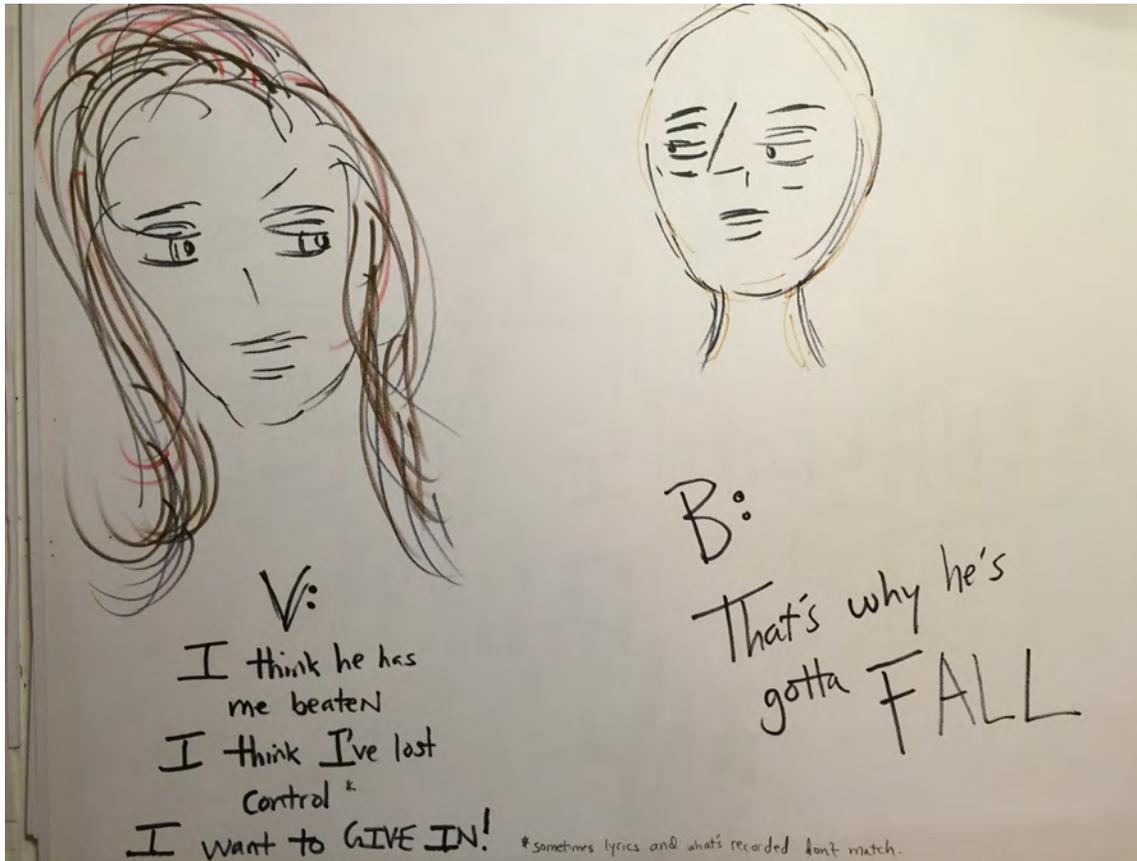
**BOTH:**  
 we're going  
 going to get HIM  
 we're not  
 gonna stop

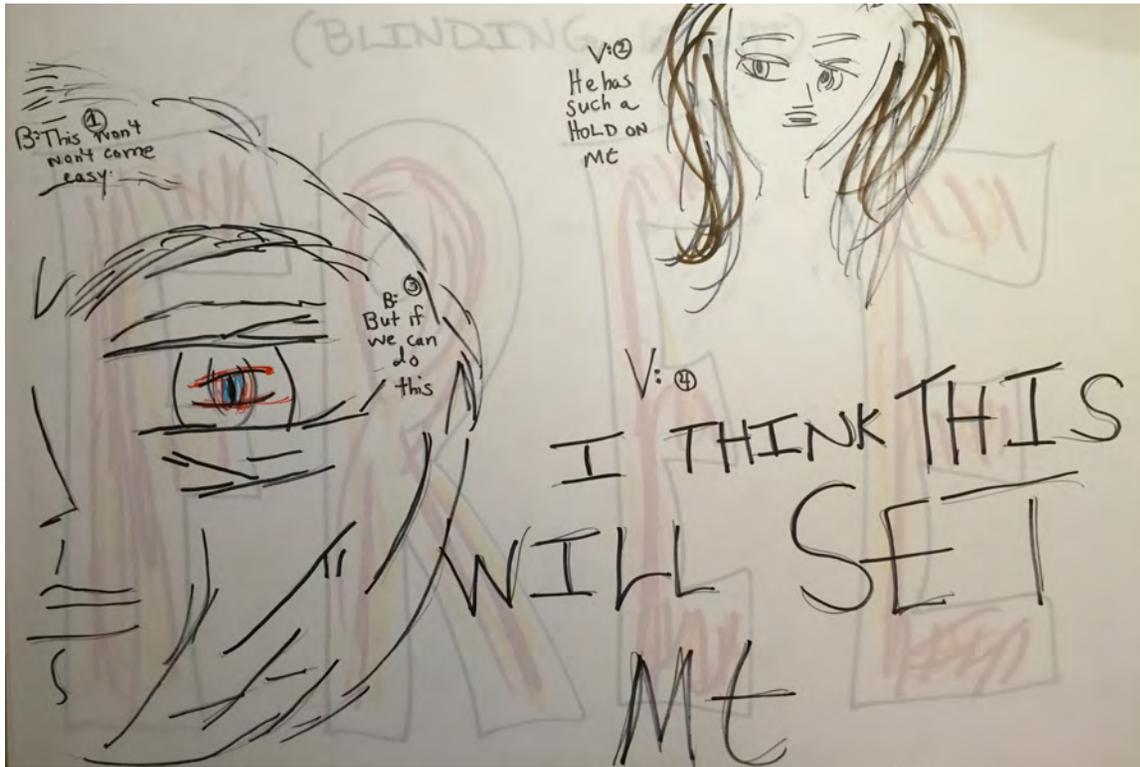
we're gonna  
 tear him  
 down

we're gonna  
 take TI PU!\$

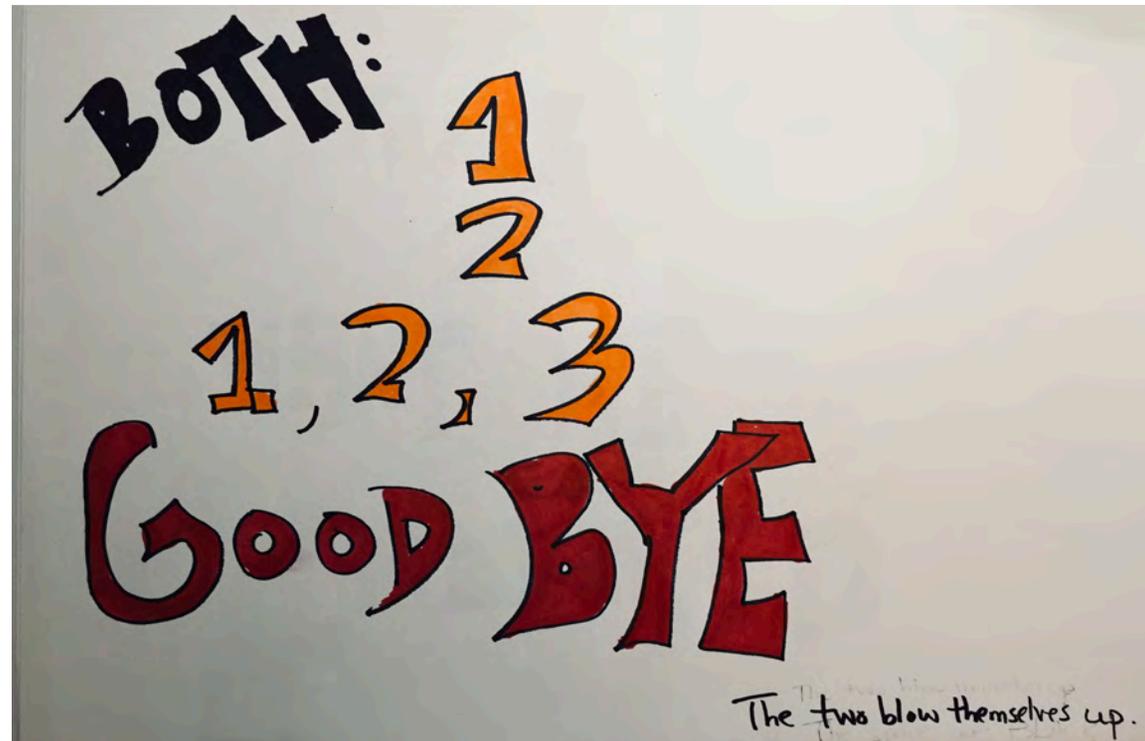
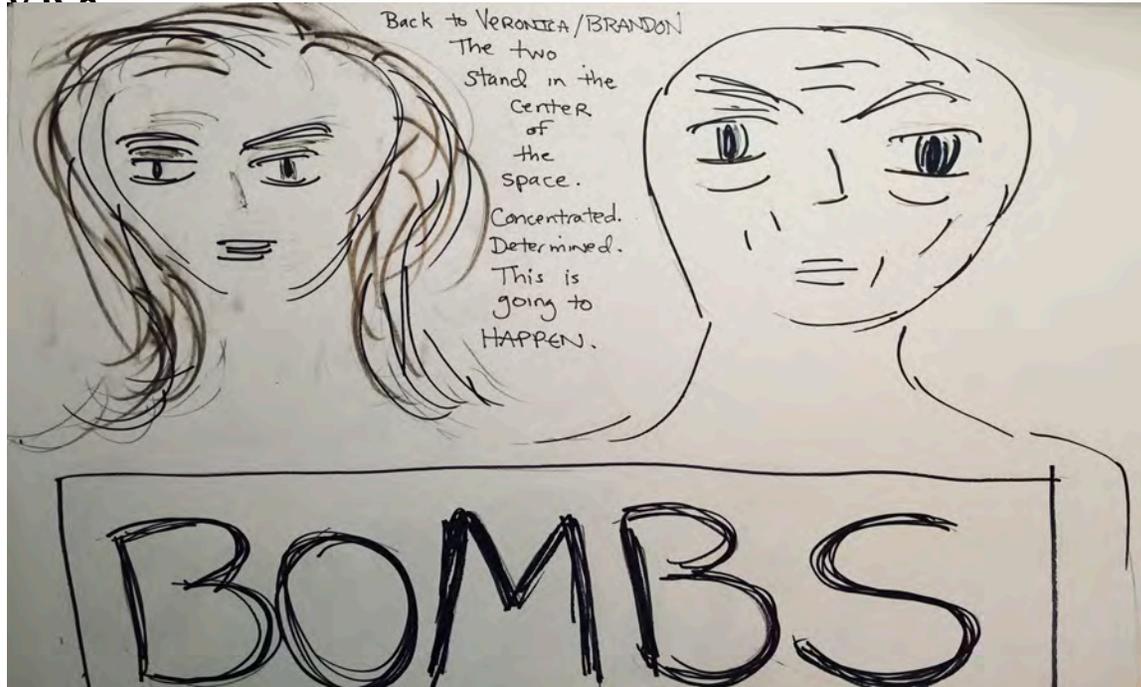
I think he has  
 me beaten  
 I think I've lost

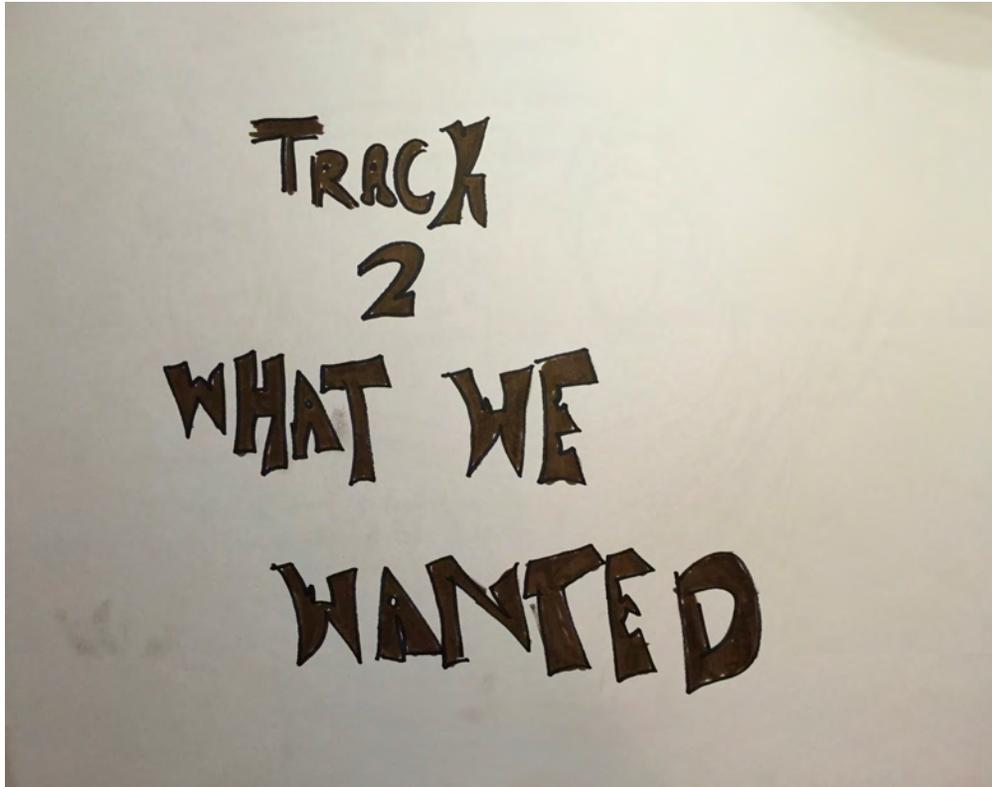
That's why he's  
 gotta FALL

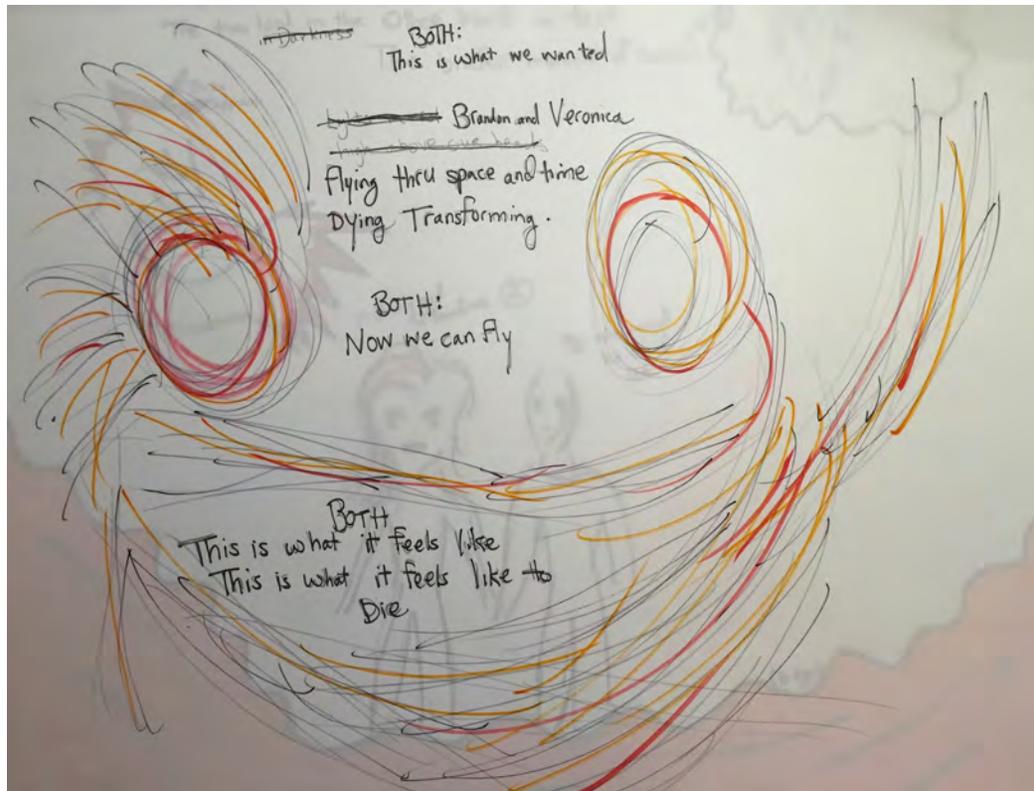


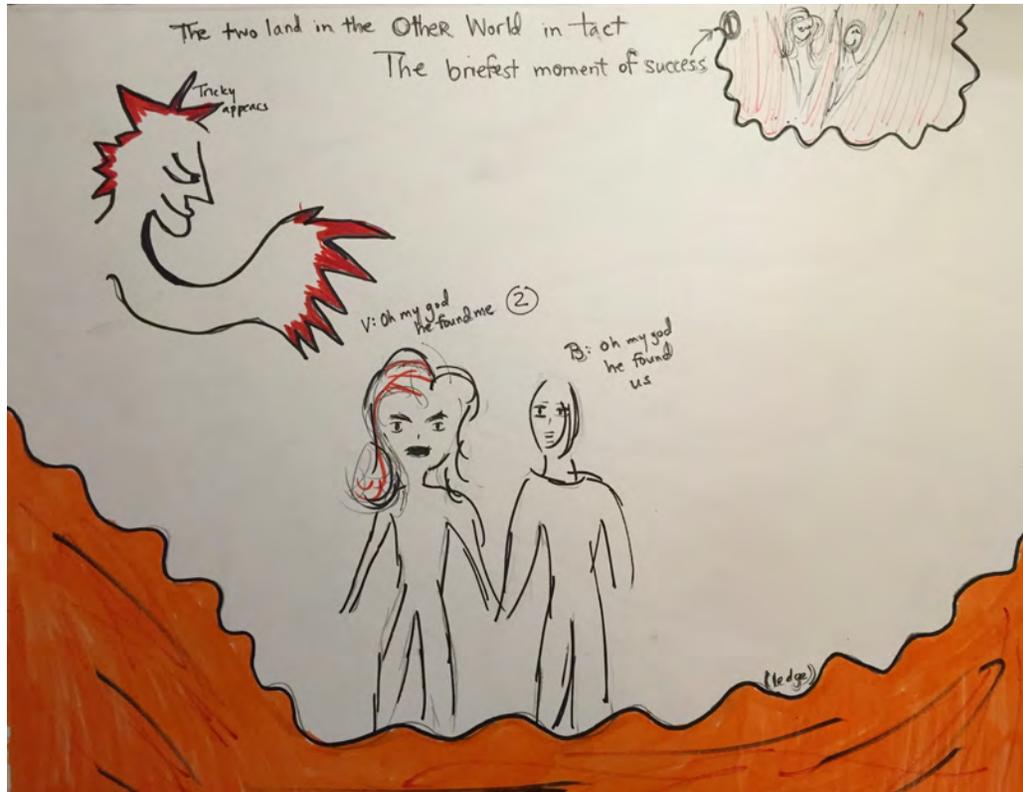


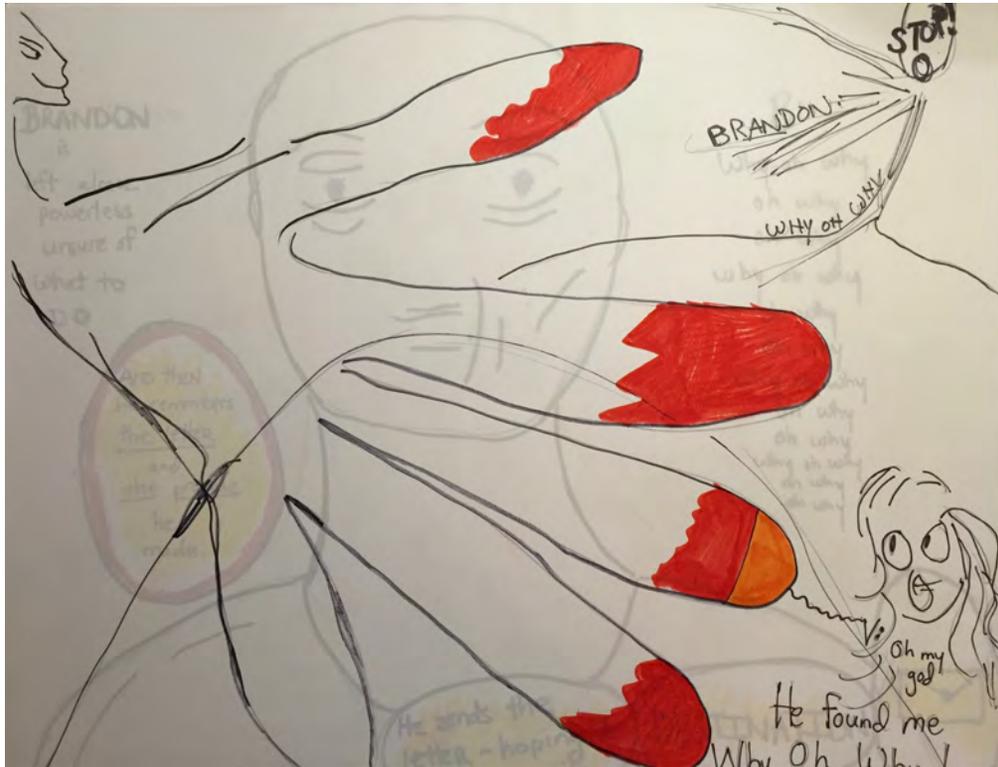


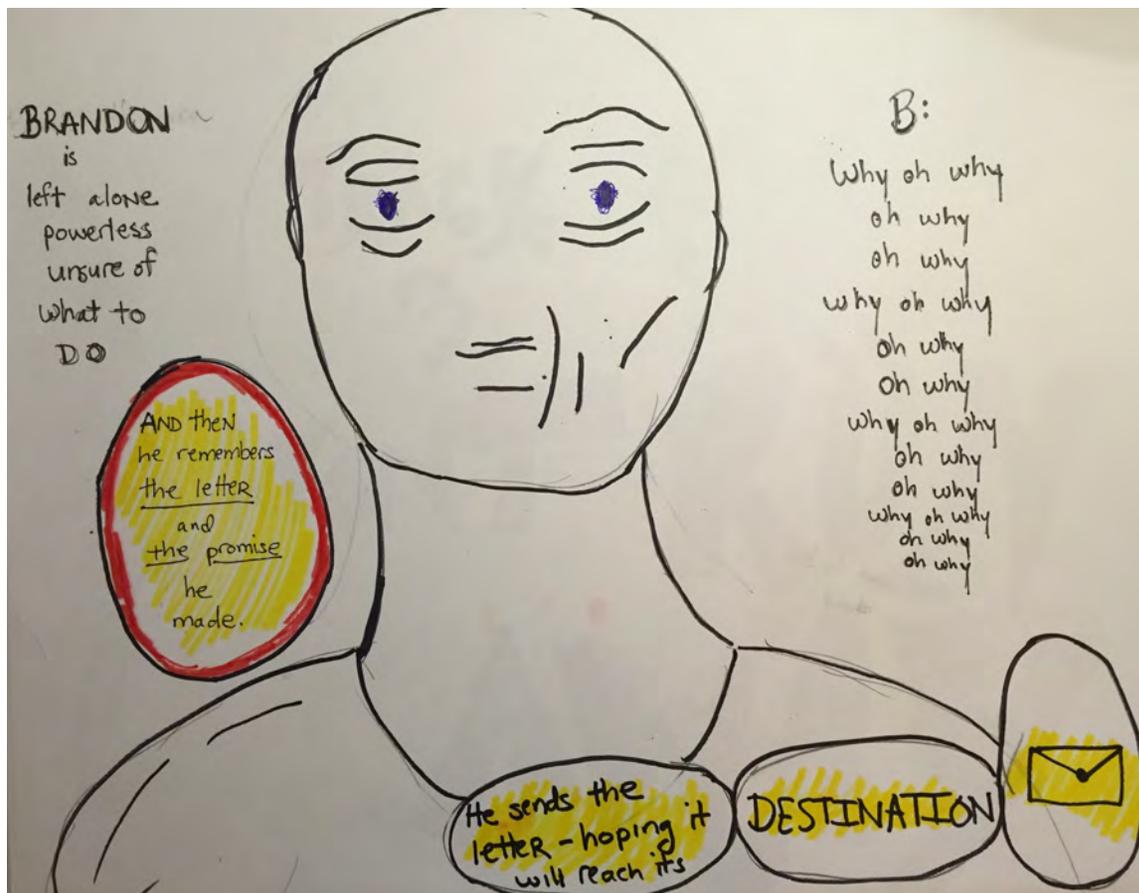


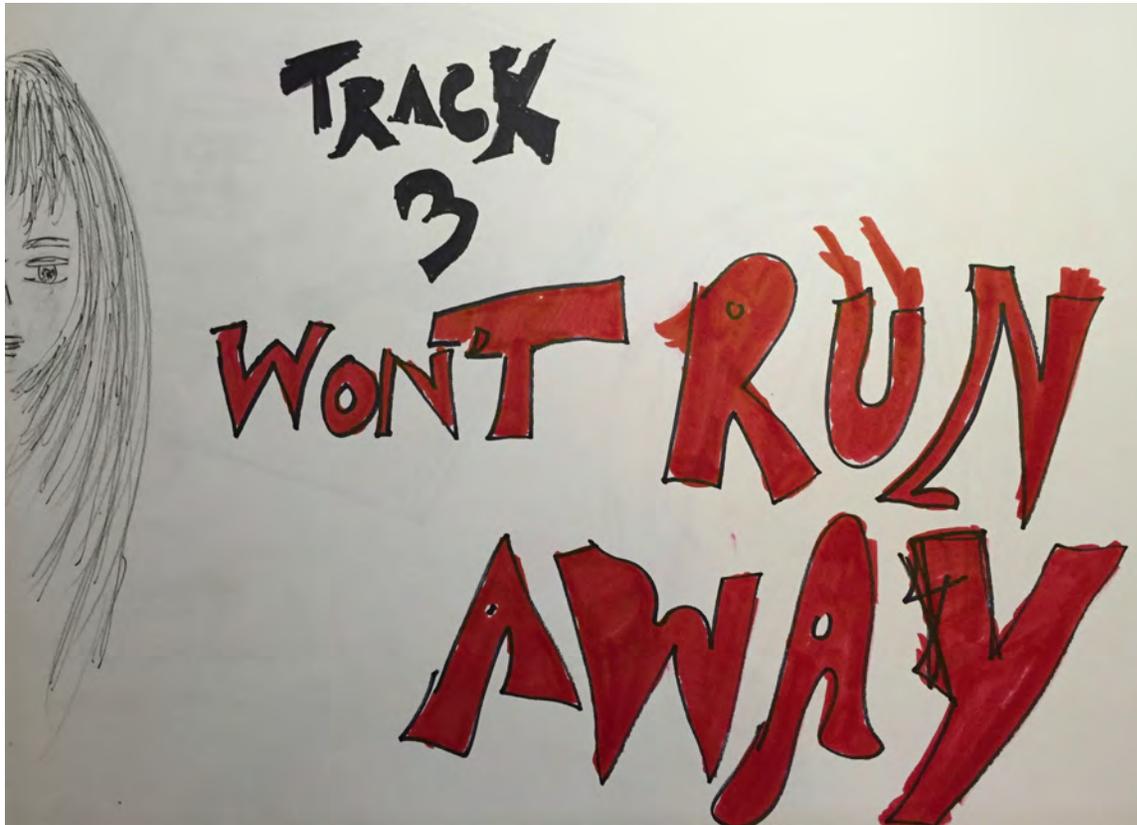


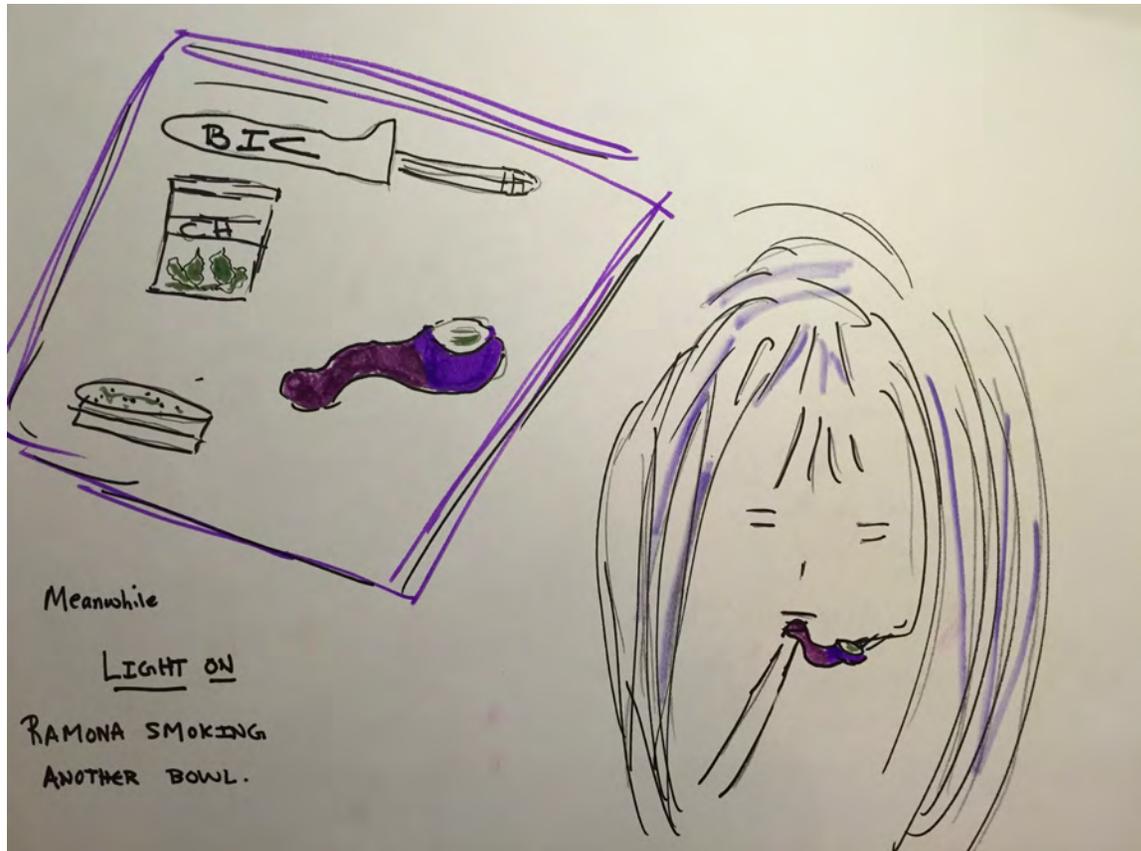


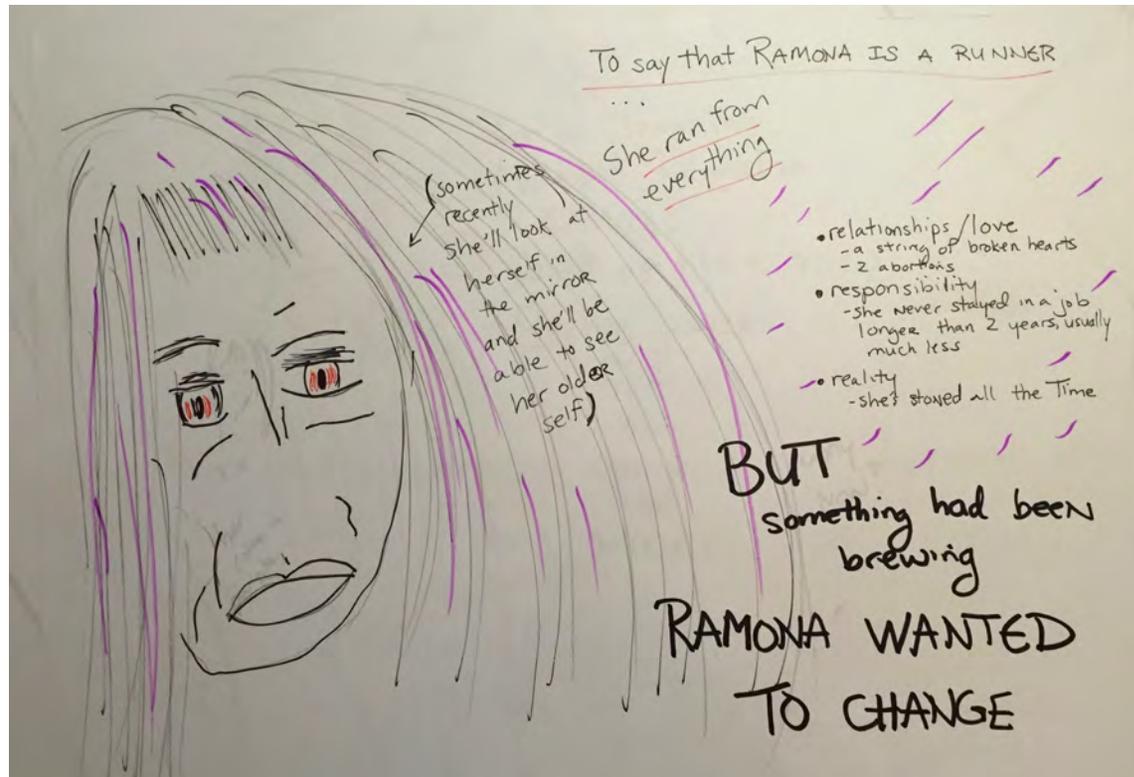


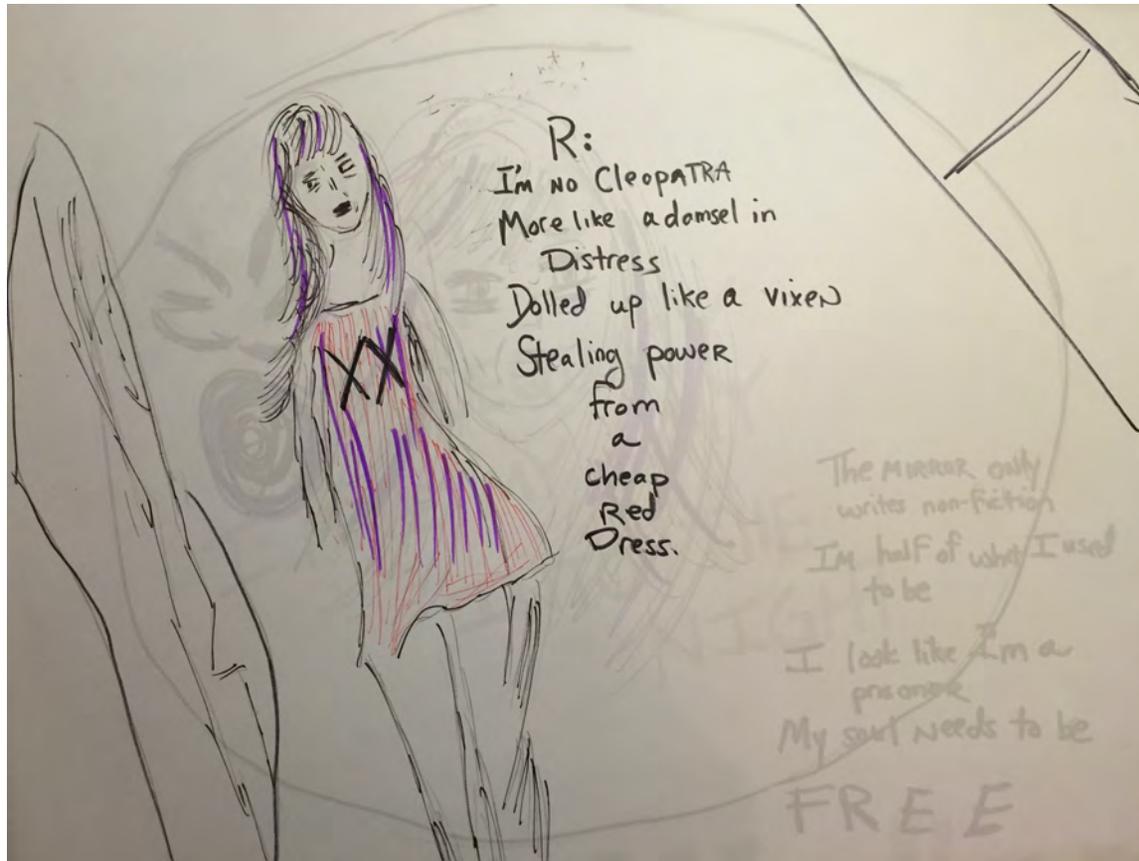


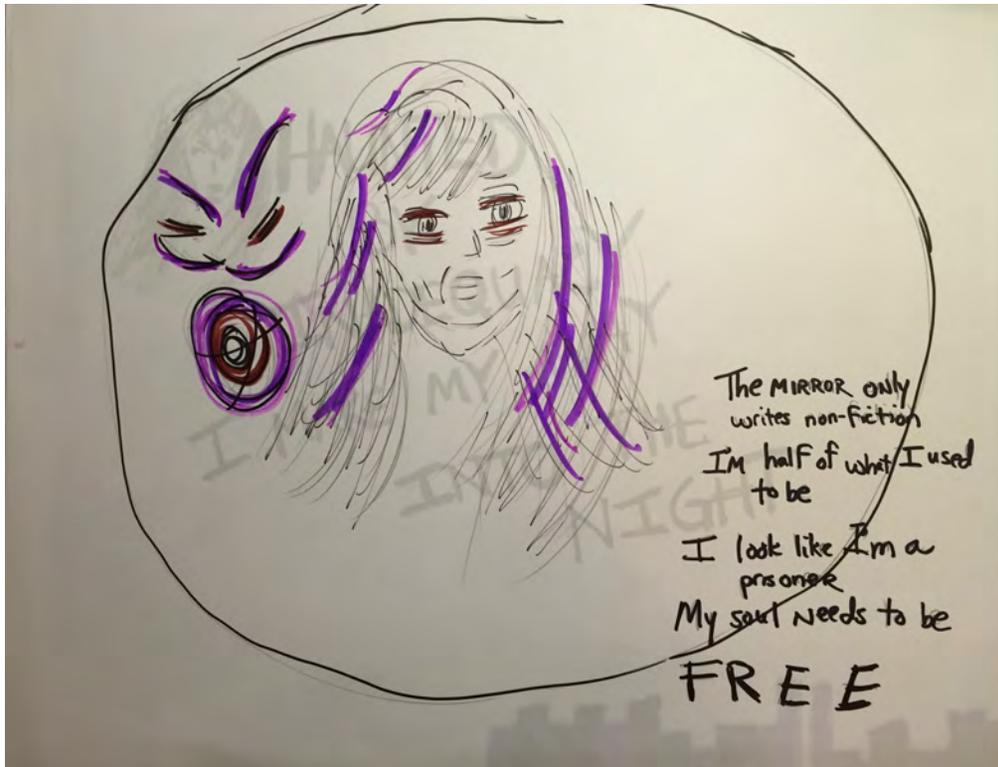


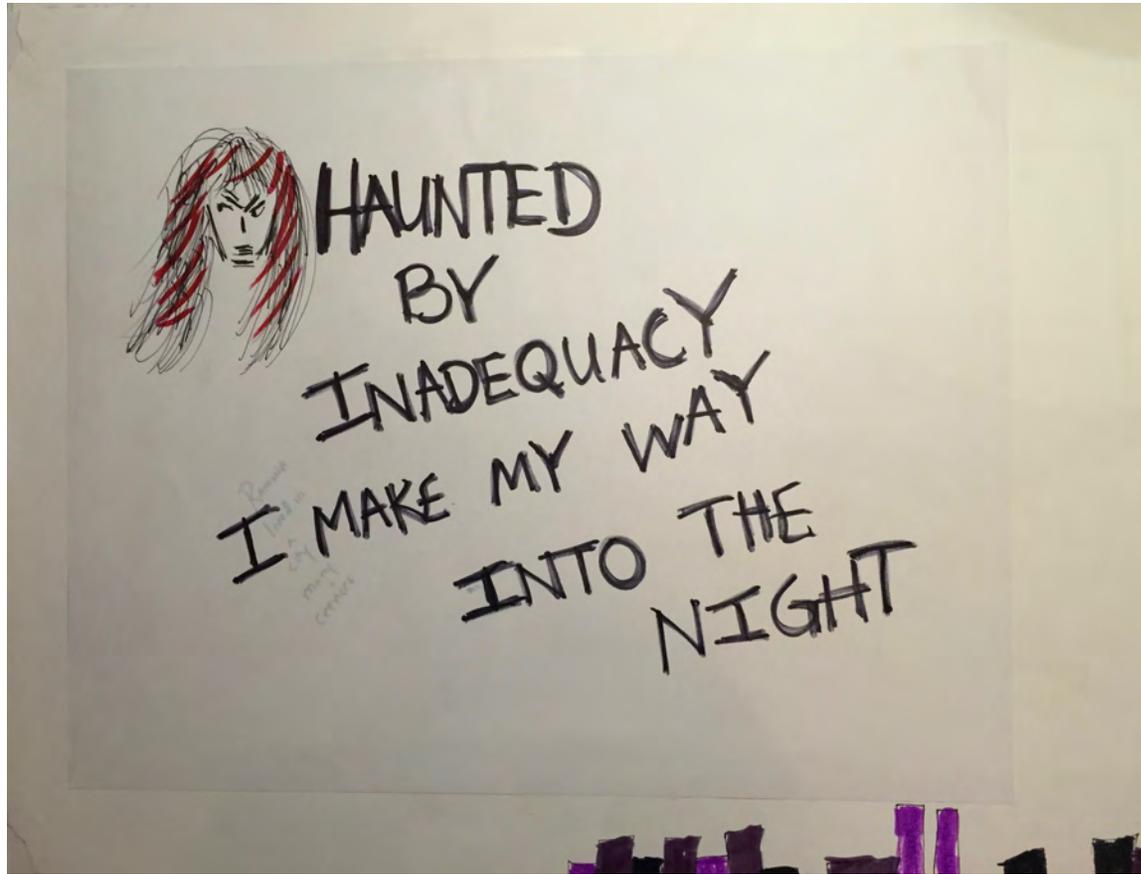




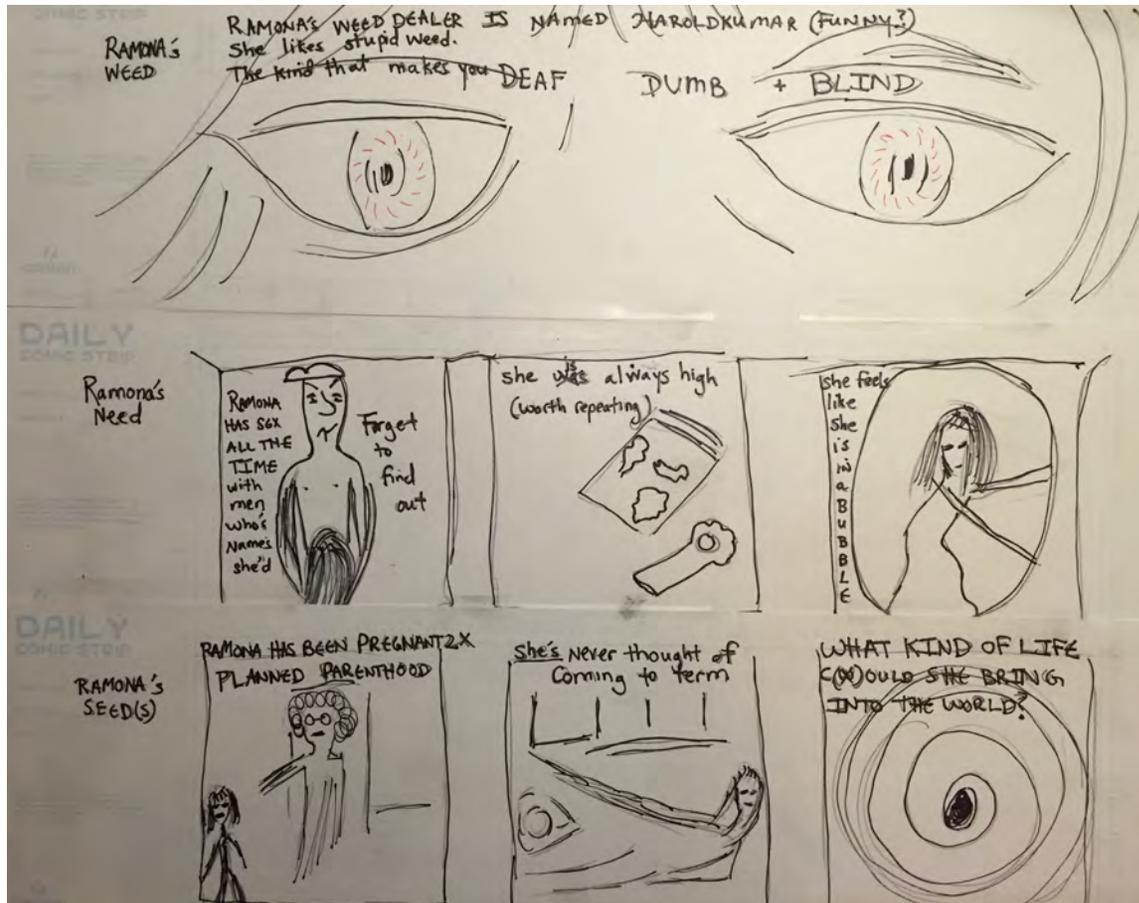


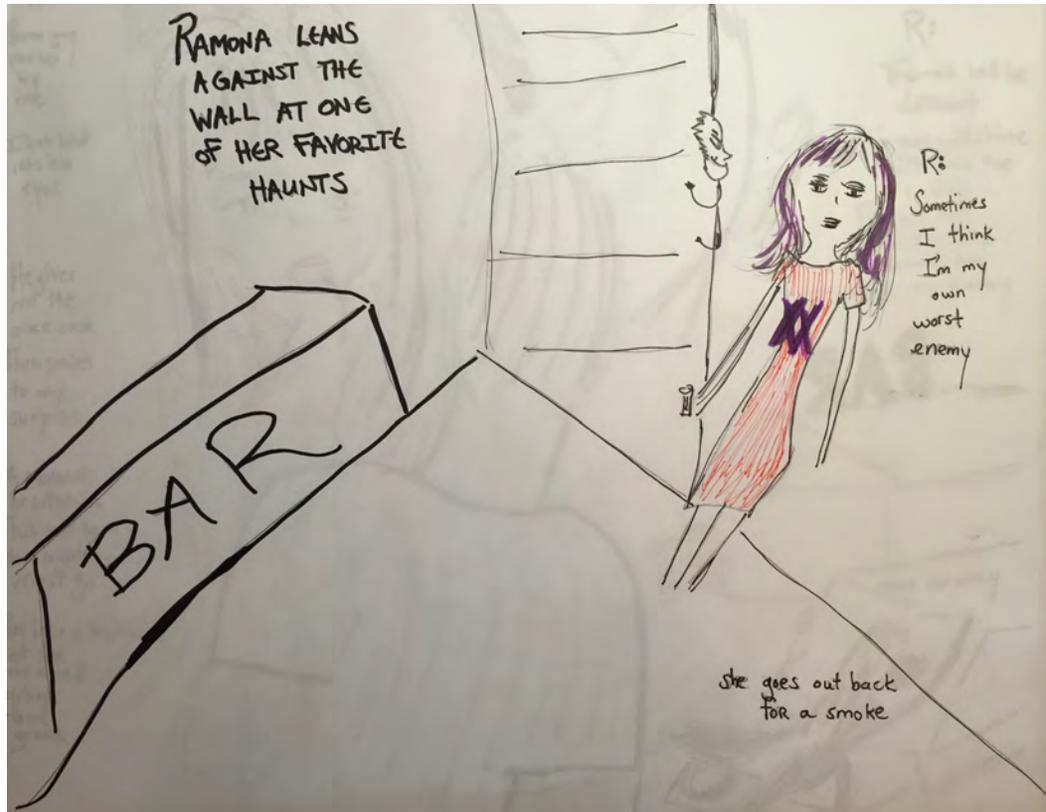




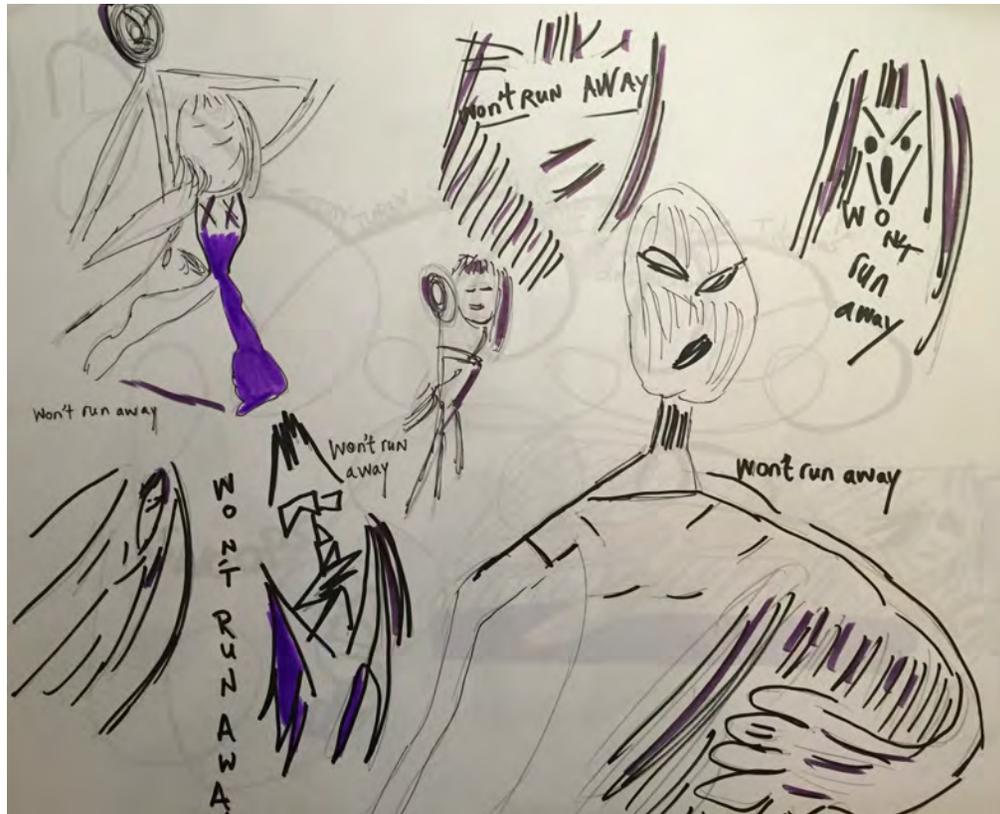


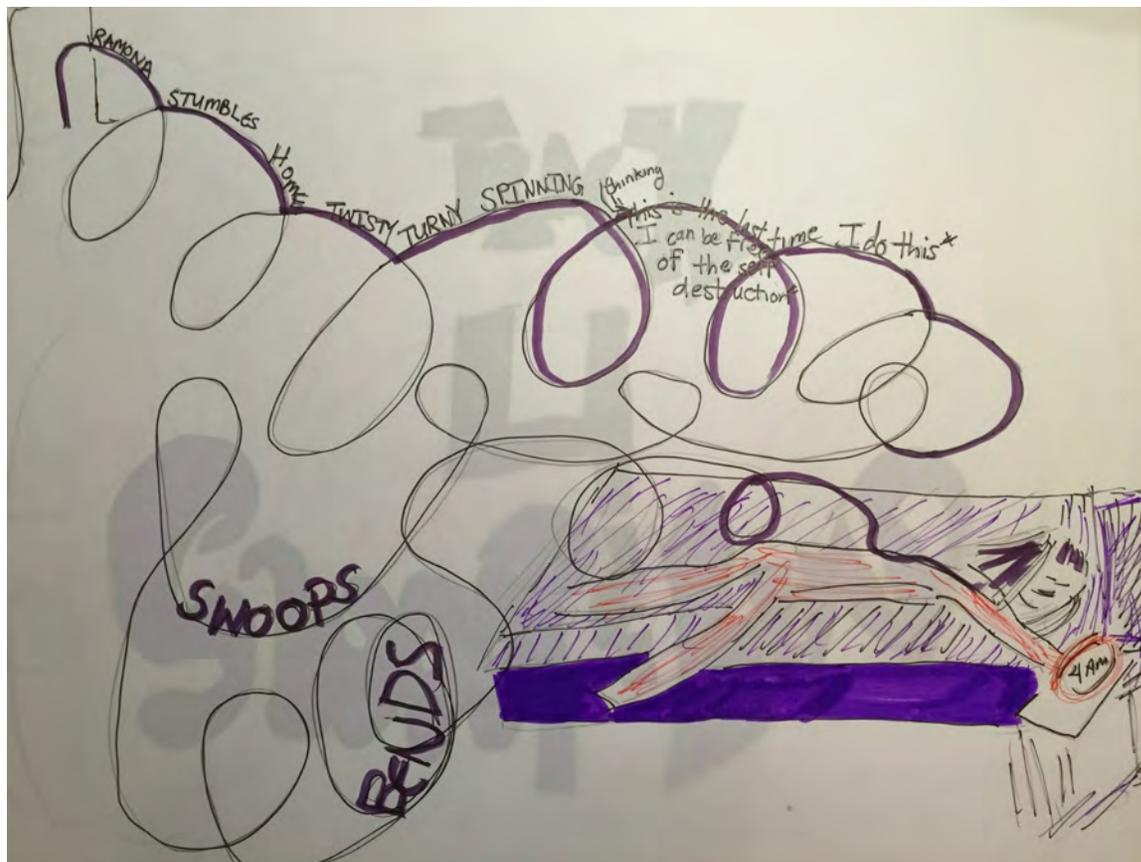




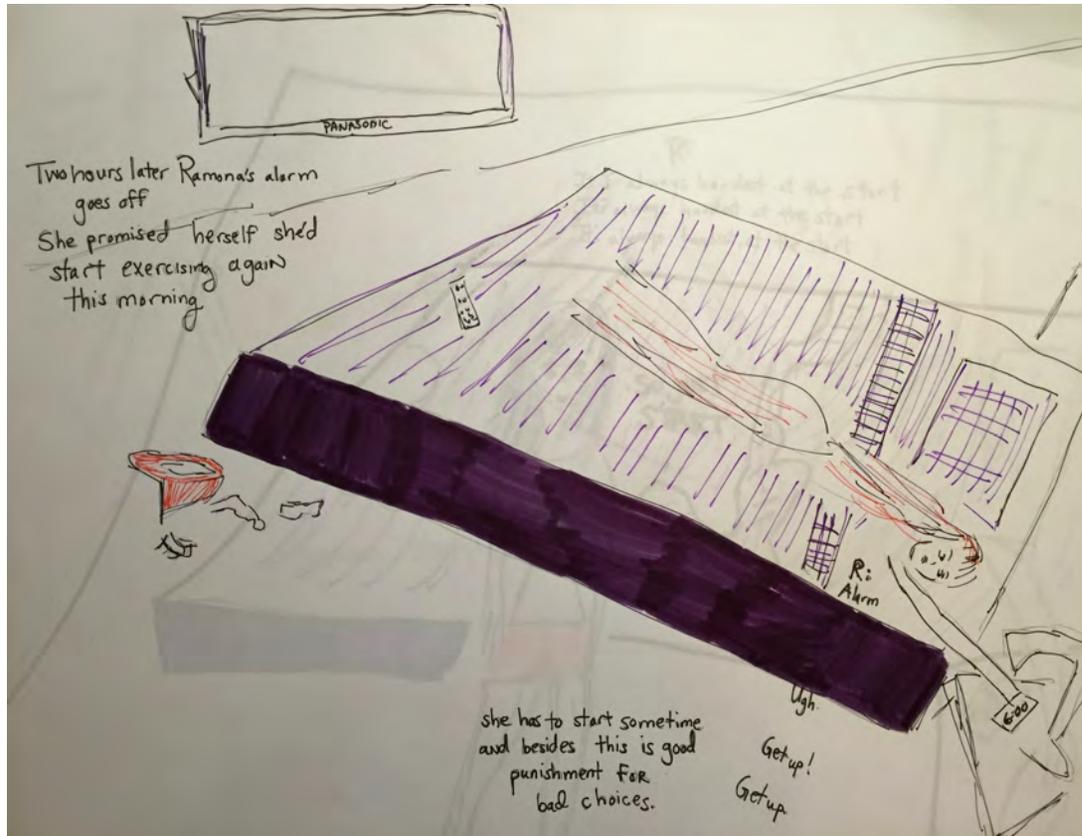


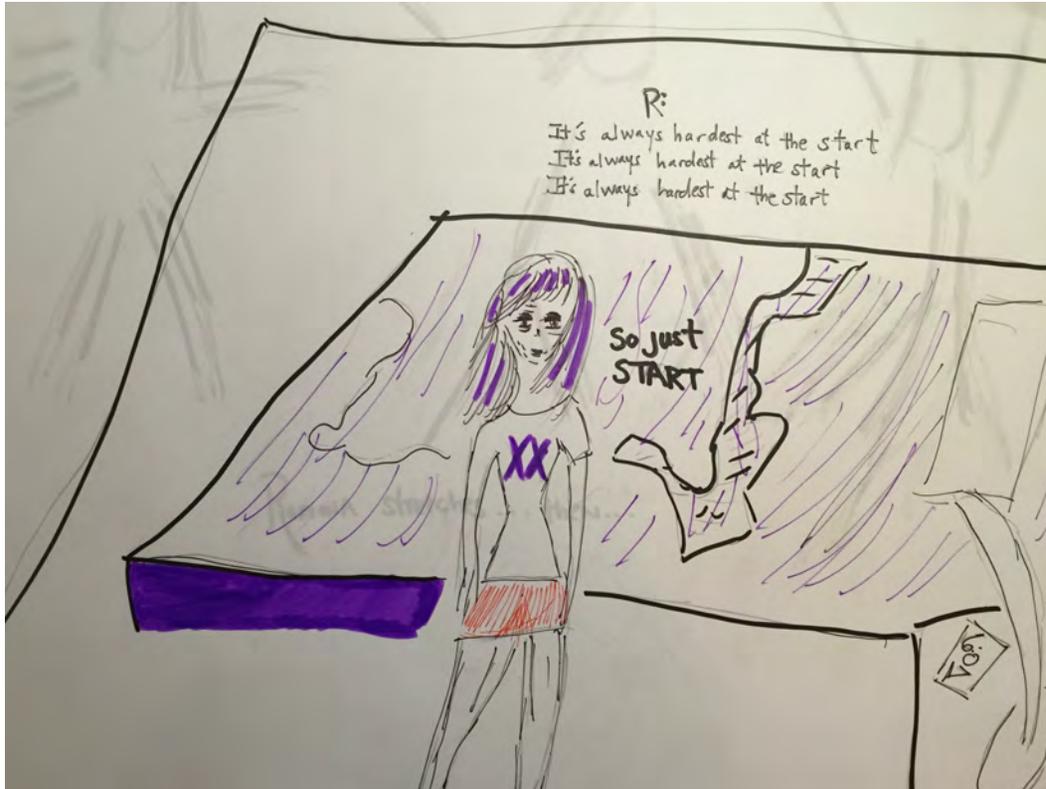


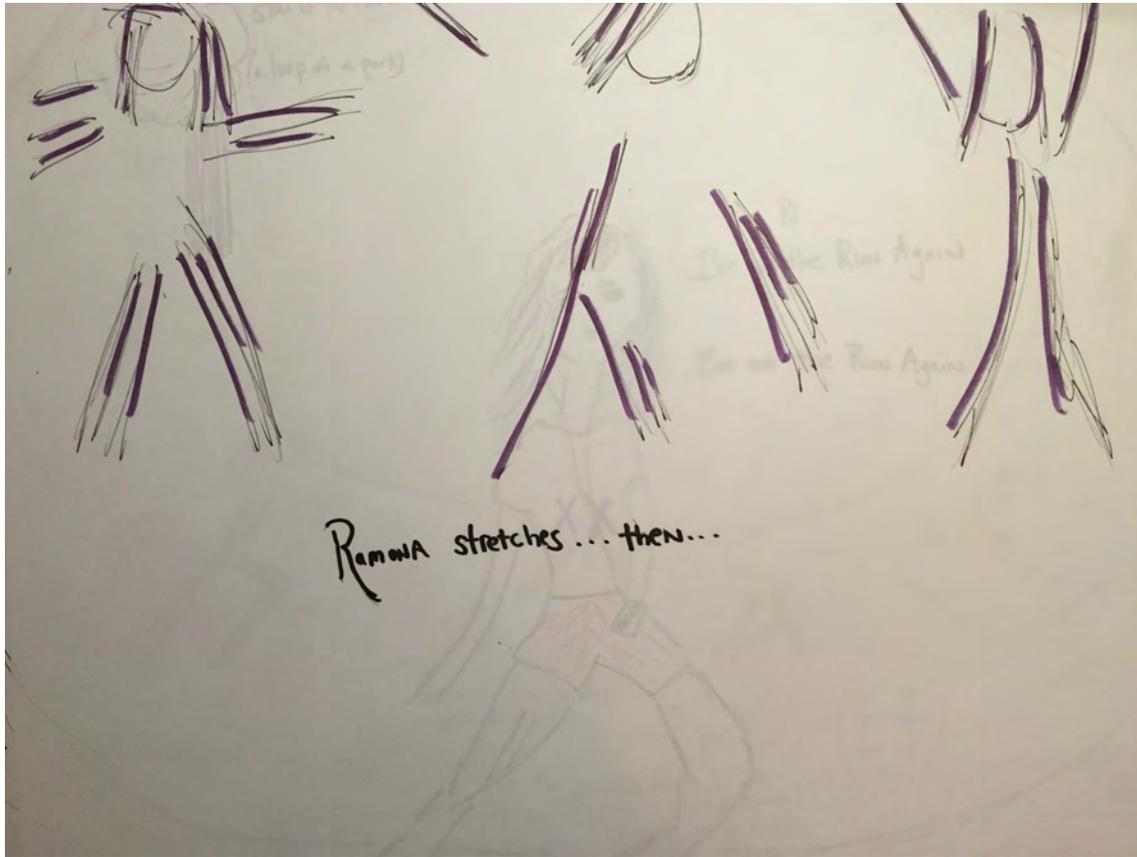


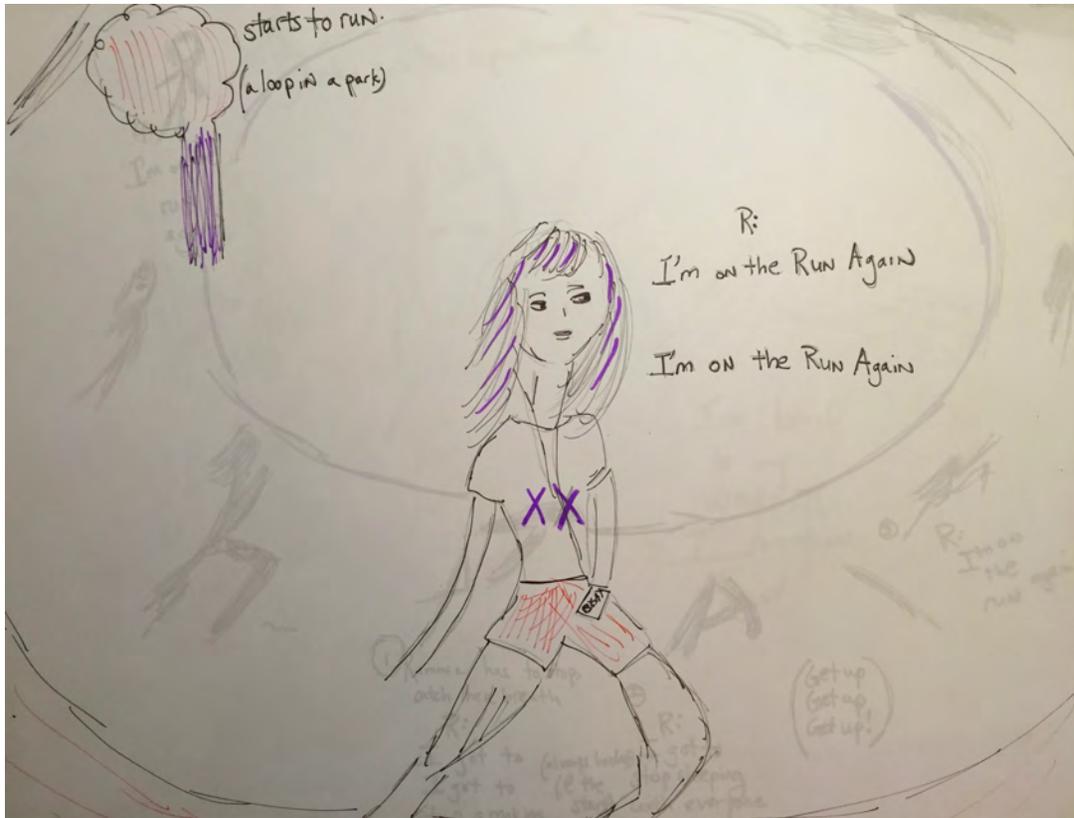


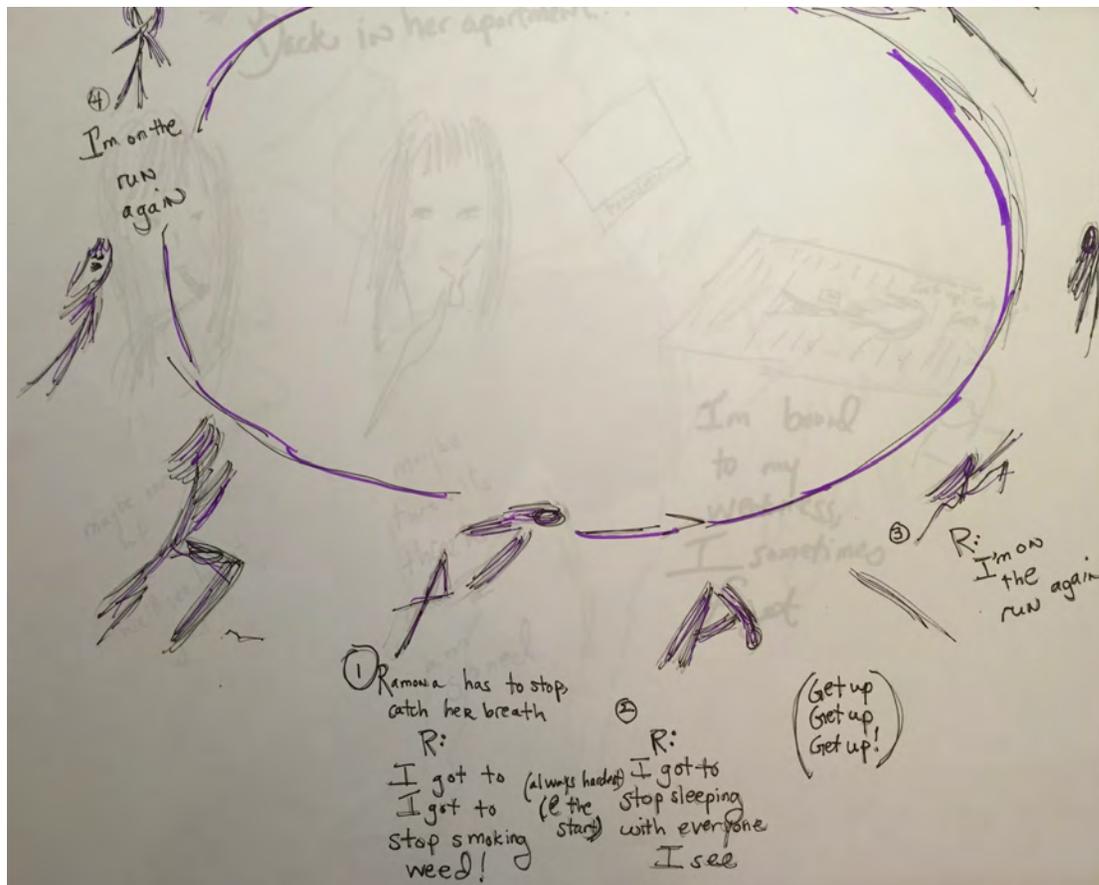




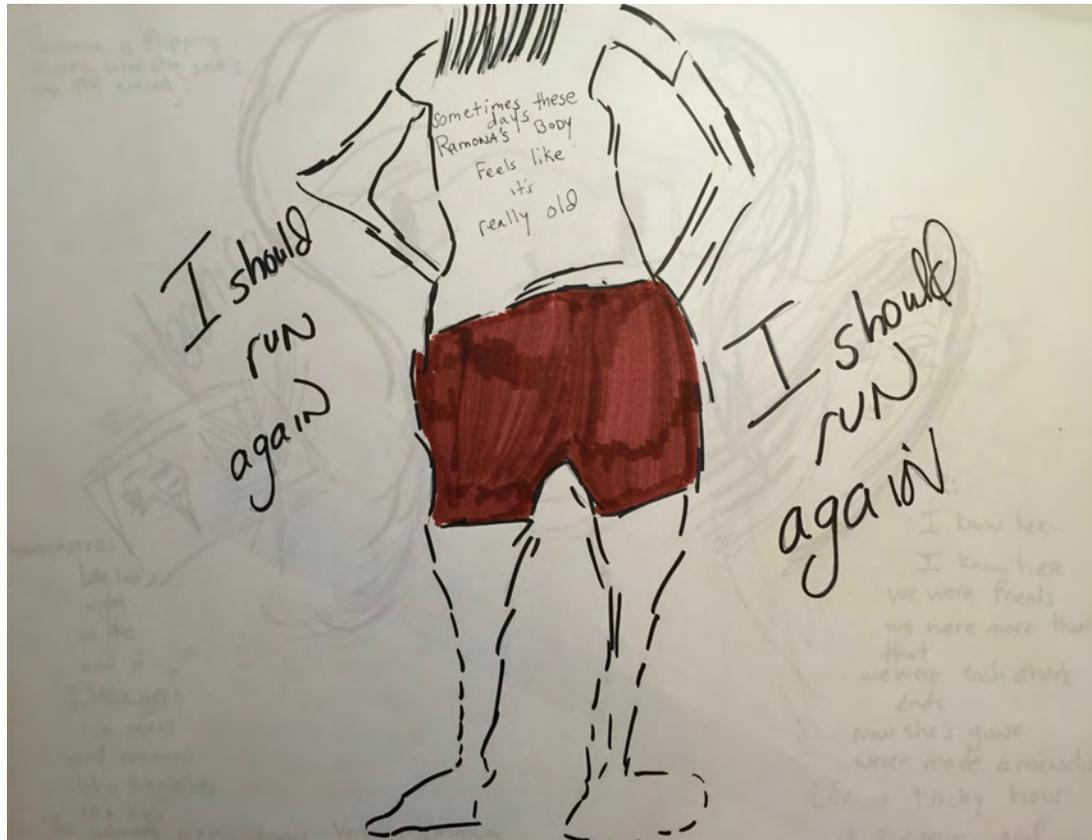


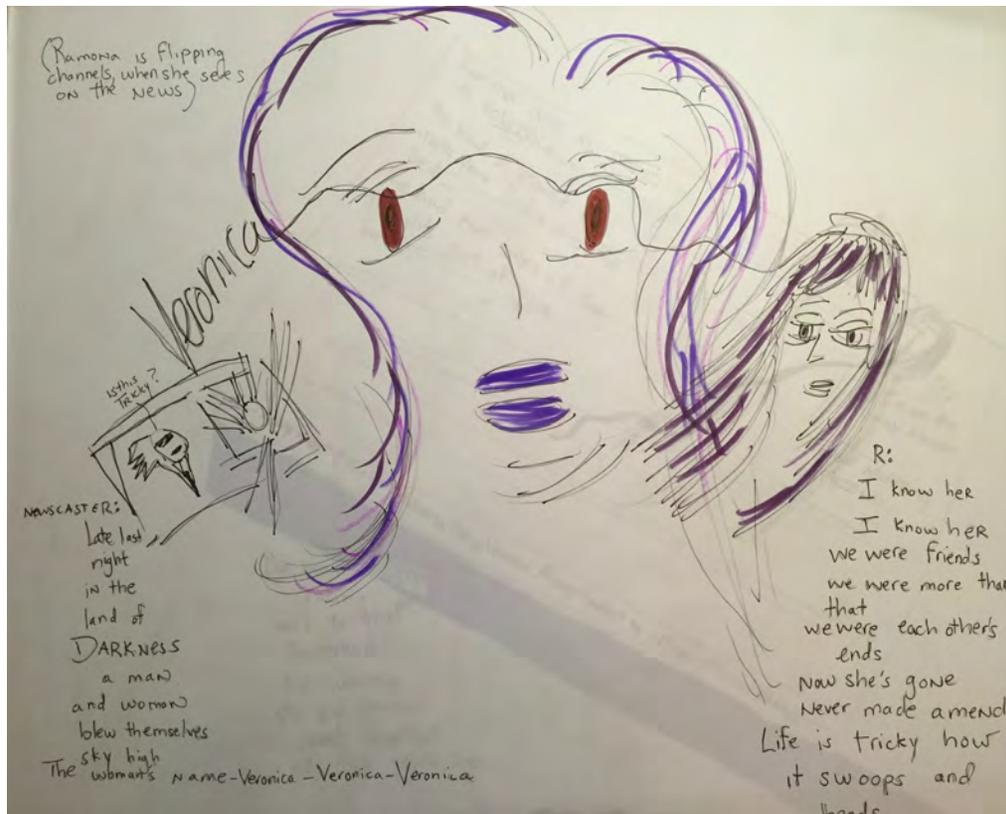


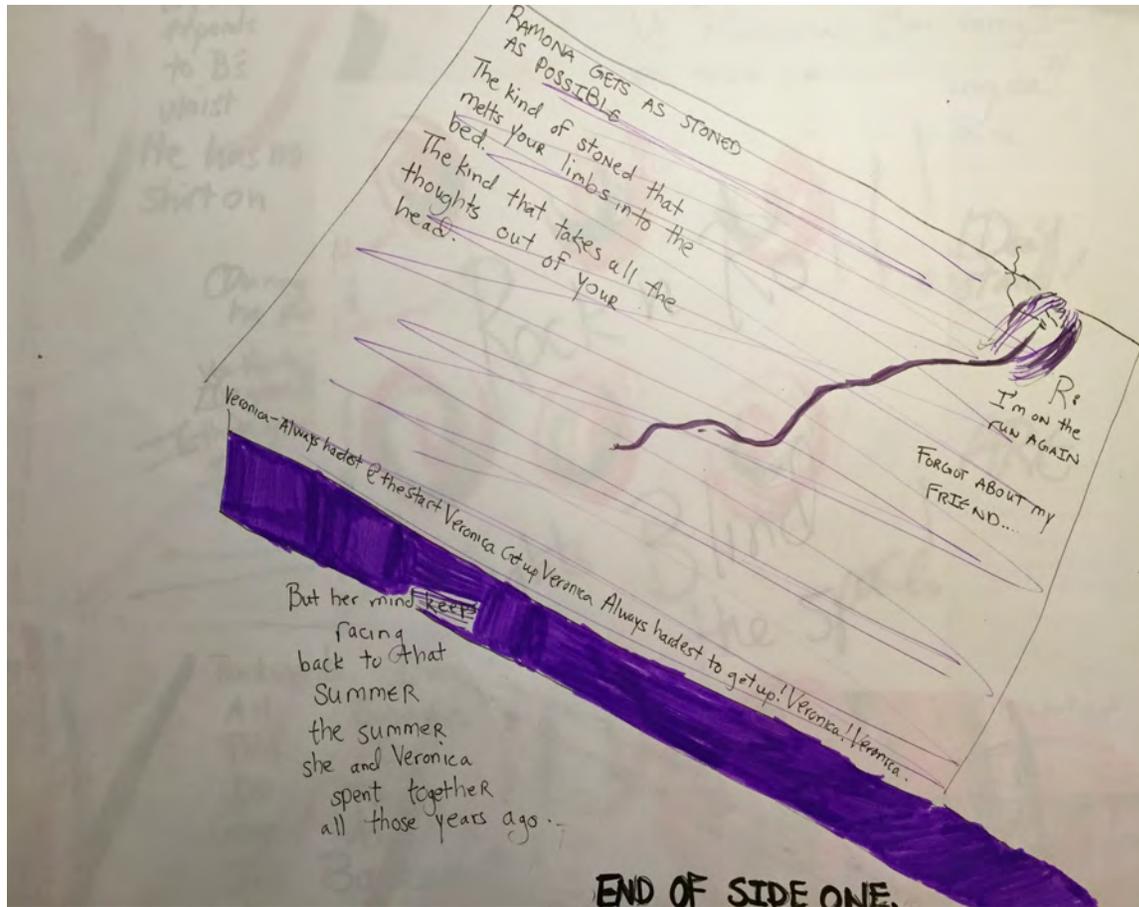






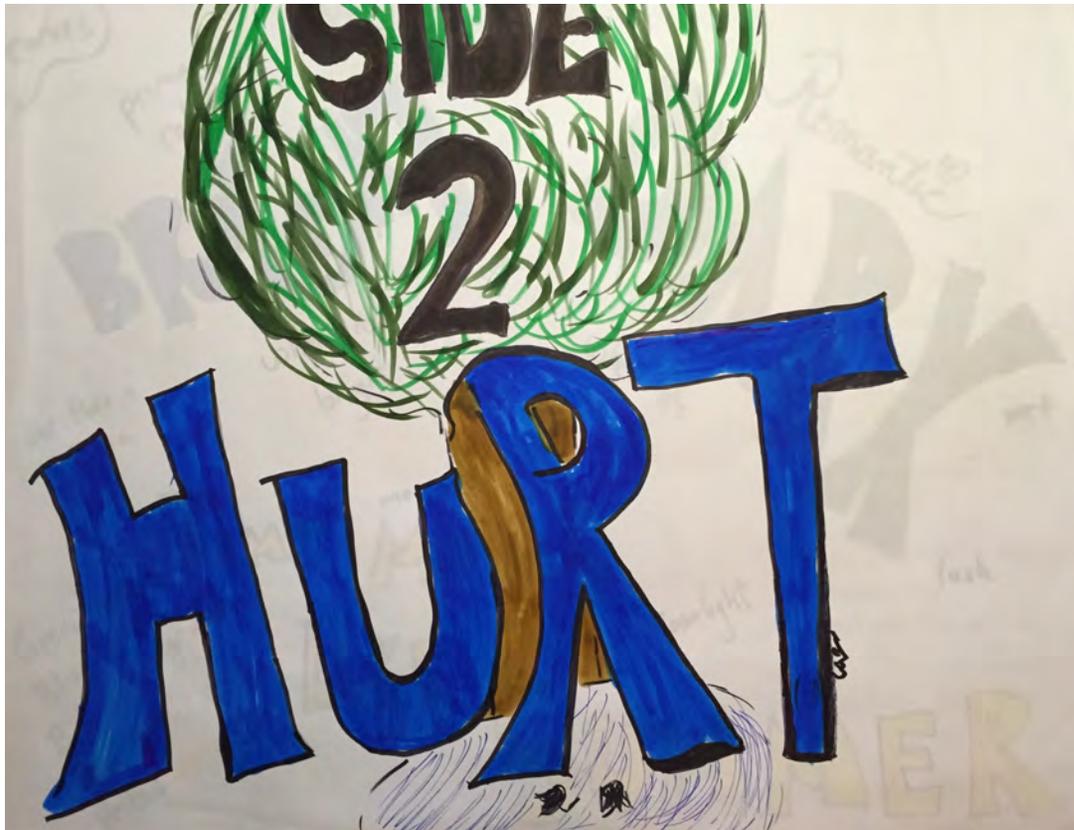






*As soundscape ends, THE HOST asks THE GUESTS to stand and find a new place on the couches. THE HOST then places the 2<sup>nd</sup> SIDE in front of them and starts SIDE TWO soundscape.*







**TRACK ONE**  
**SISTERS OF THE HEART**

RAMONA falls back into time (and into  
Teenagers. FREE. Veronica's car)

Veronica + RAMONA are in a  
convertible, singing @ the  
top of their lungs

**BOTH:**  
Driving in a CAR  
with the radio ON  
We are gonna go  
**FAR**  
We are gonna have  
**FUN**

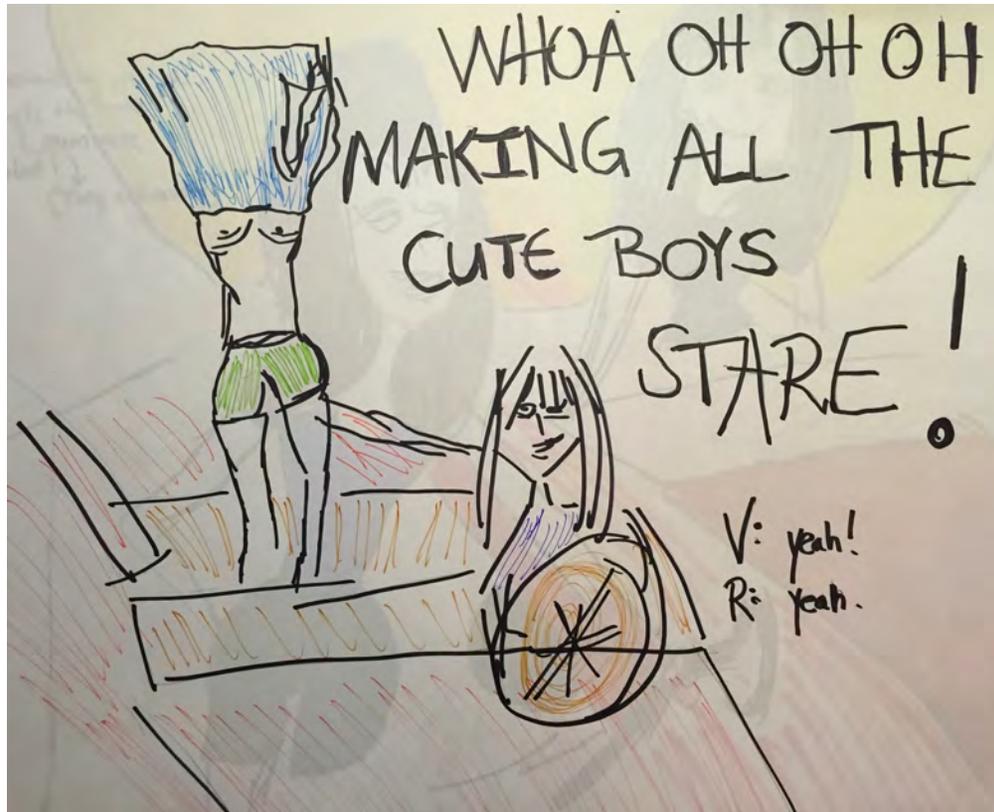
Don't know where we're  
**GONNA GO**  
We'll just go for a ride  
We can go **FAST** or **SLOW**  
we got nothing but time  
**DRIVING IN A CAR**  
**WITH THE RADIO ON**

**Ramona vs. Veronica**

- always wears xx shirt	- has wilder hair
- has bangs	- impulsive
- more introspective	- colorful
- quieter	- childlike
- purple	- big expressive eyes

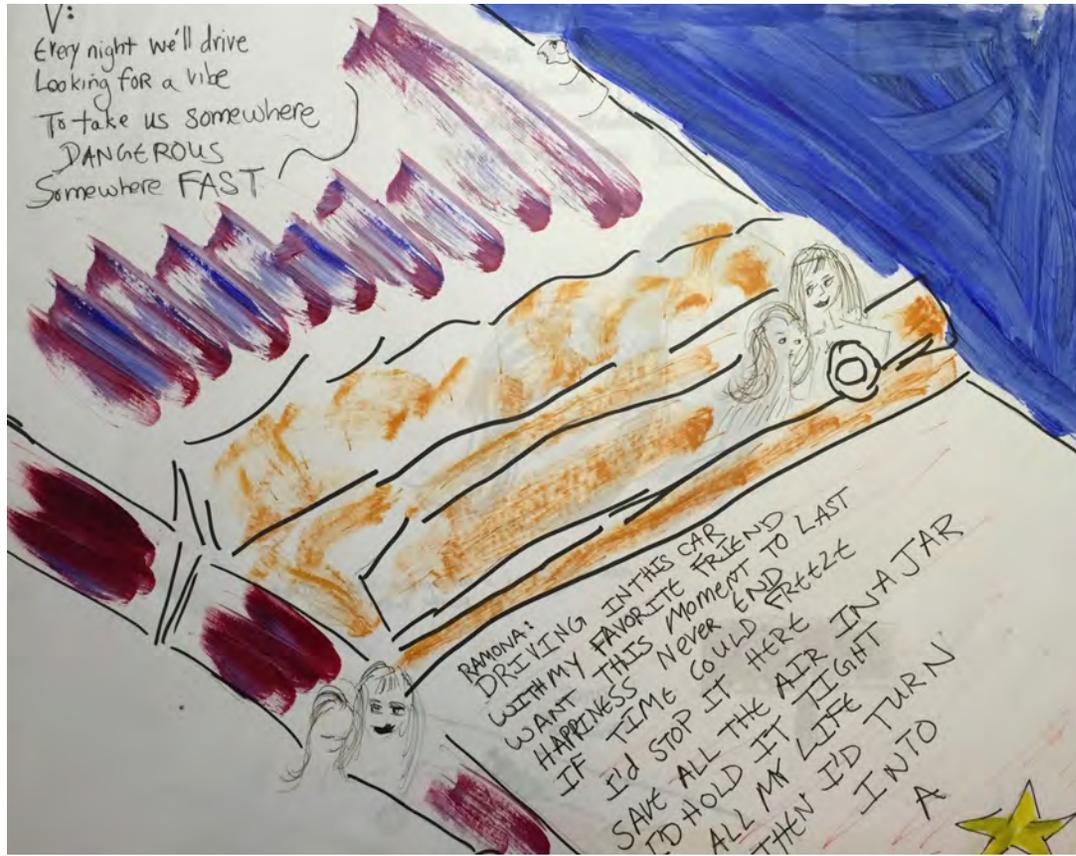




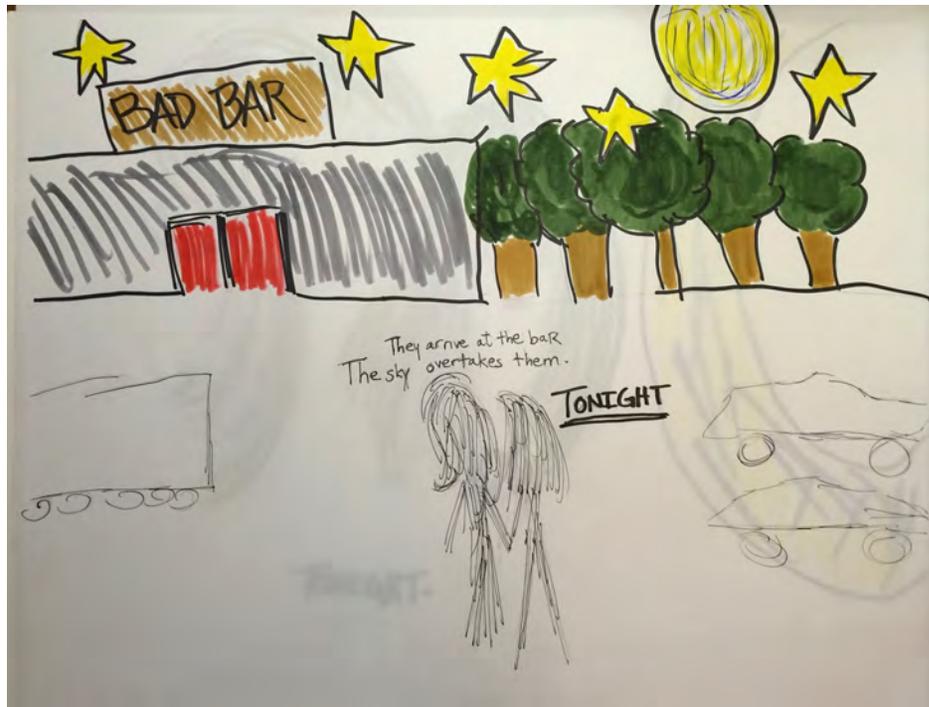










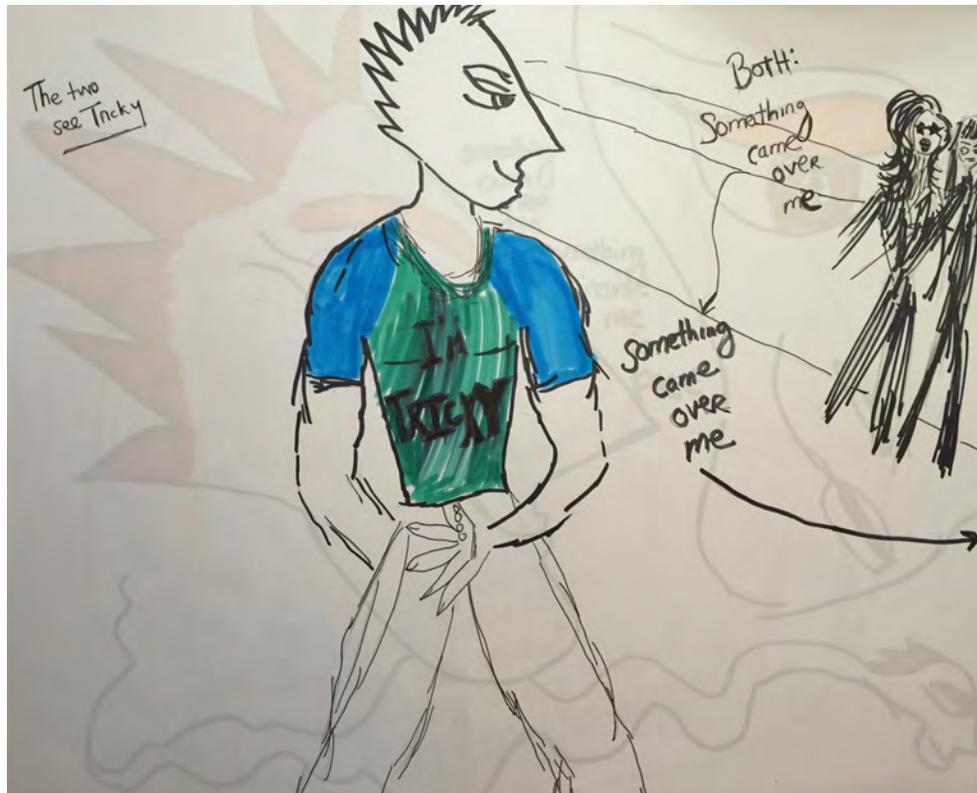


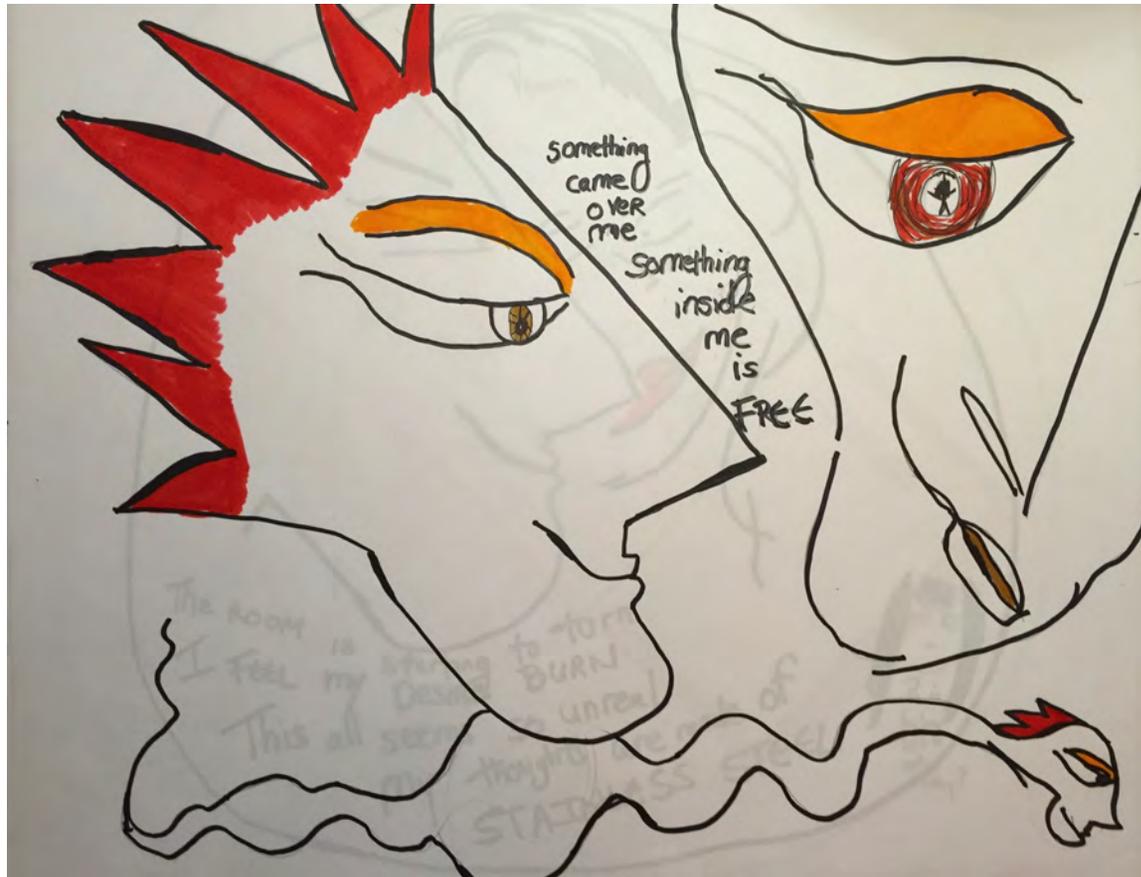


NOTE: Somewhere around here, something starts to happen to the lighting in the apartment. Could it be that the lights are dimming? It is very subtle and very slow and mostly the GUESTS don't notice. The HOST is sitting almost stone still, so it doesn't seem like the HOST is manipulating anything.

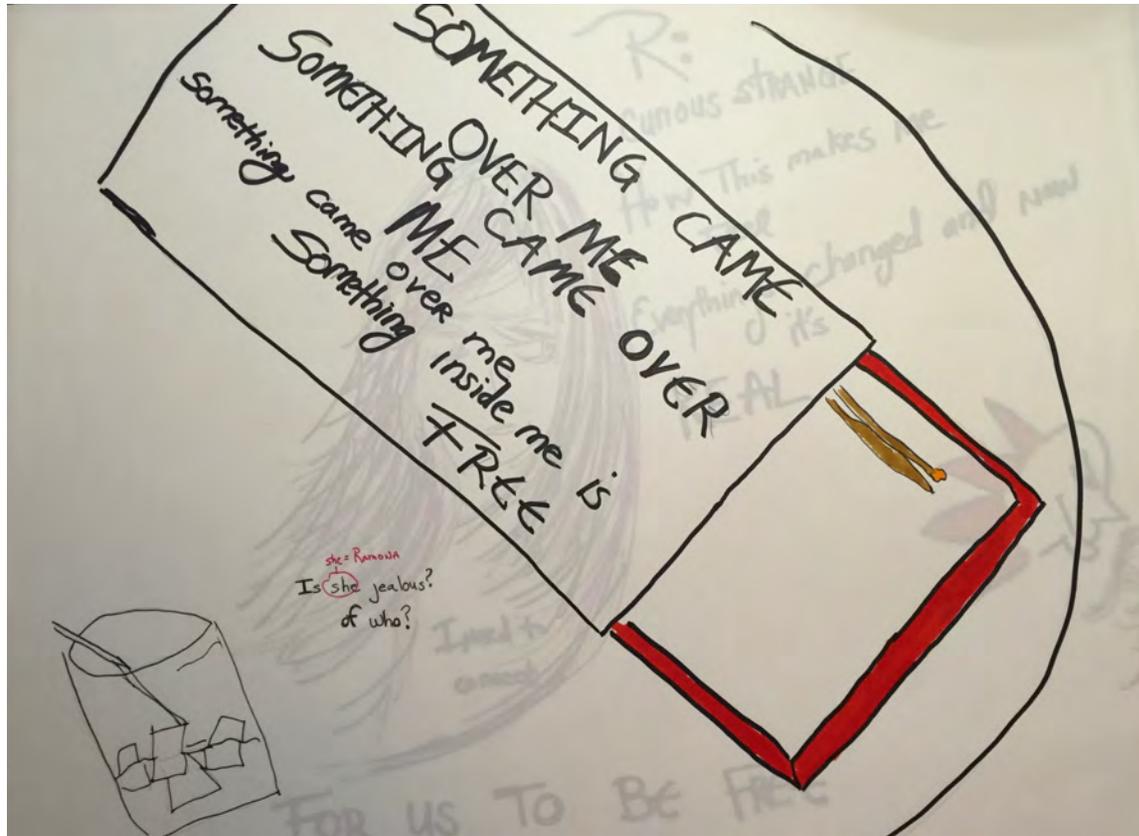


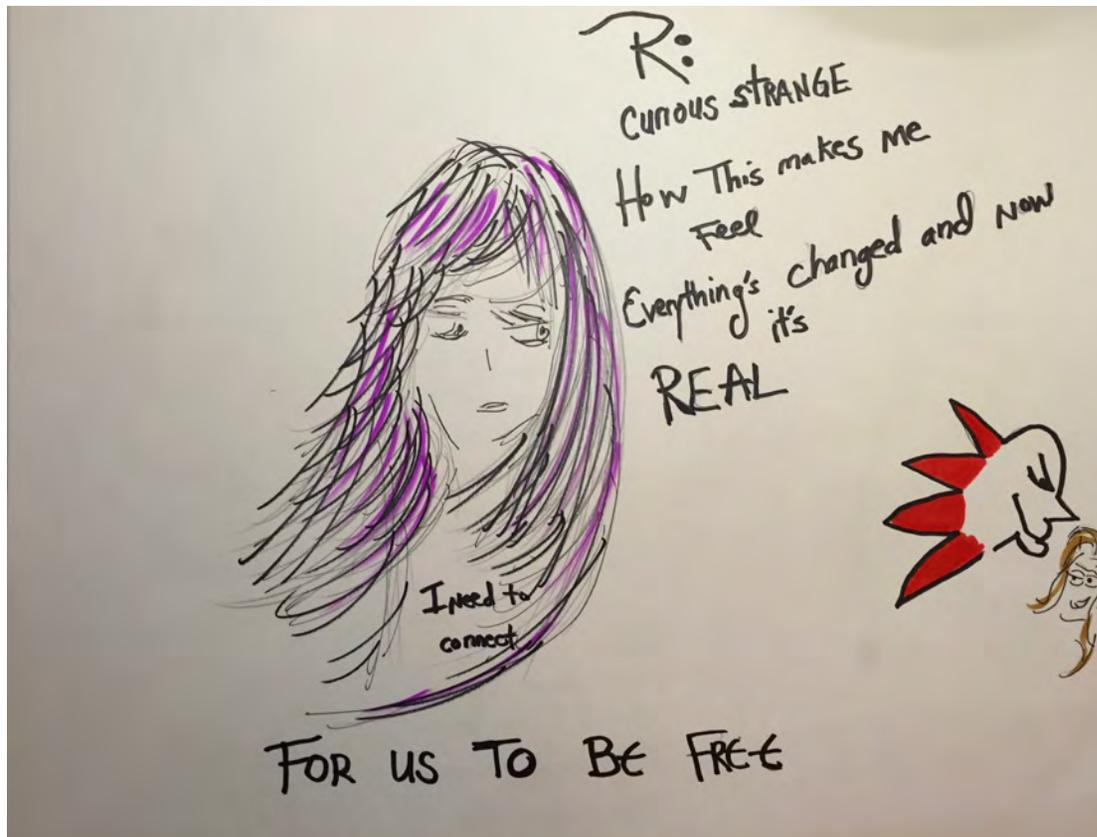


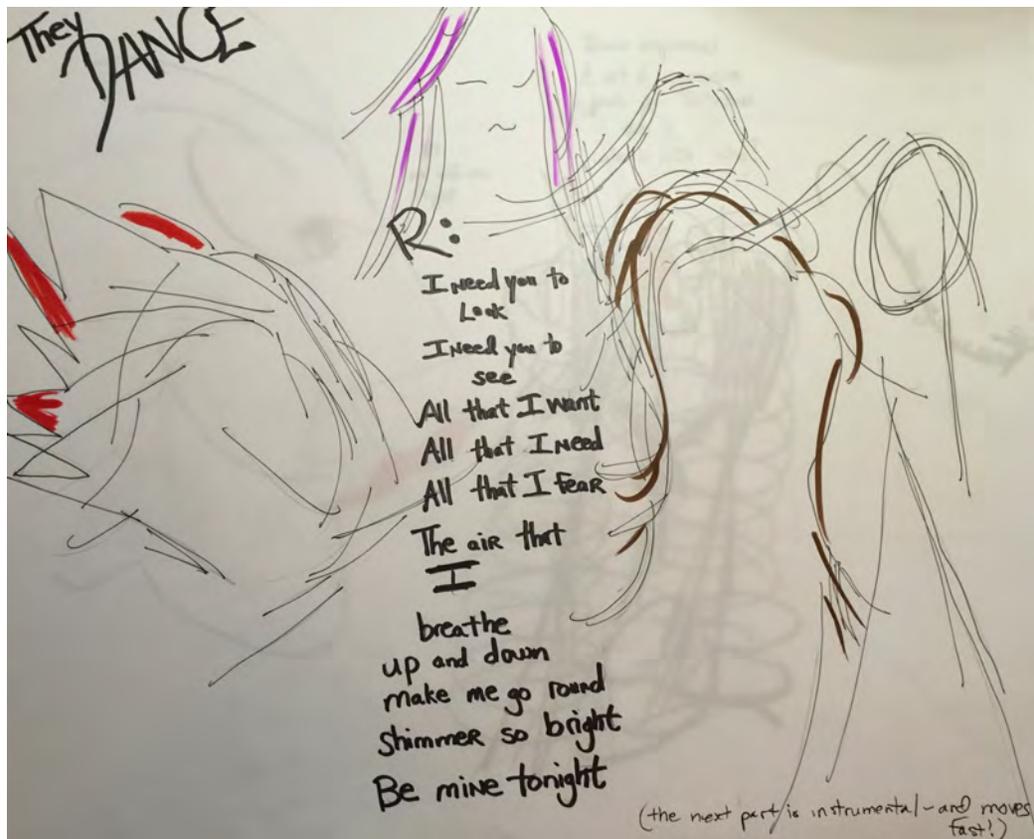


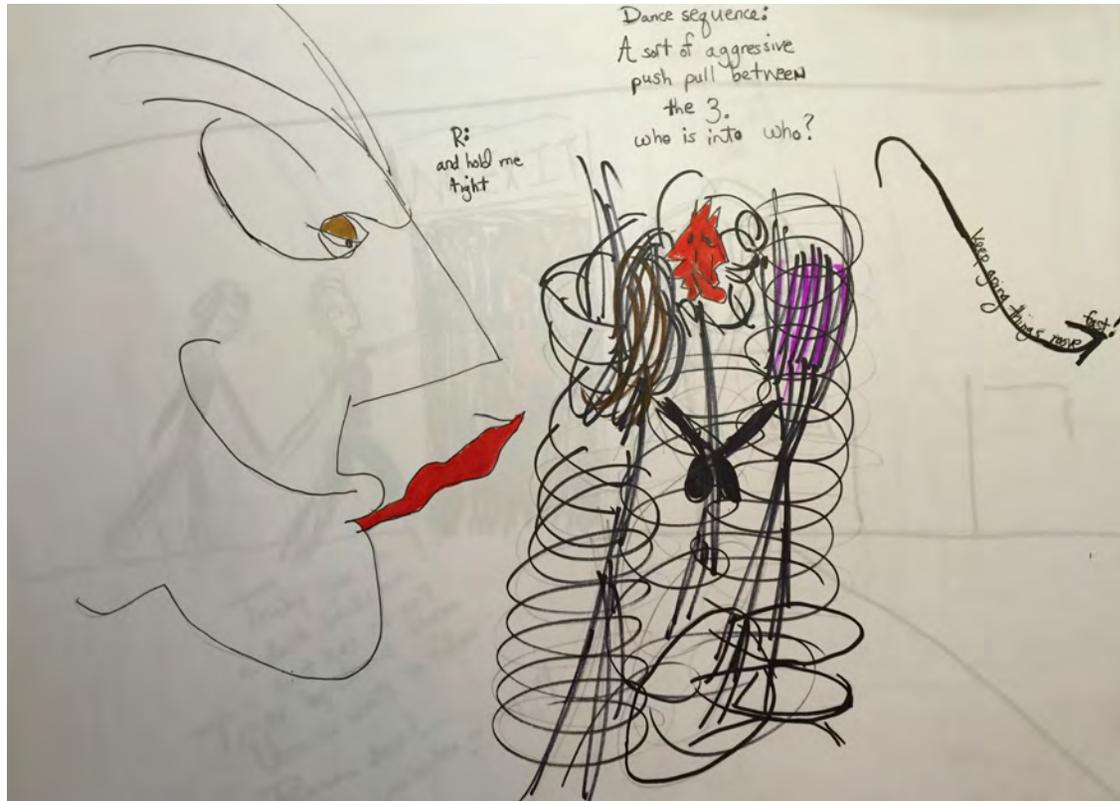


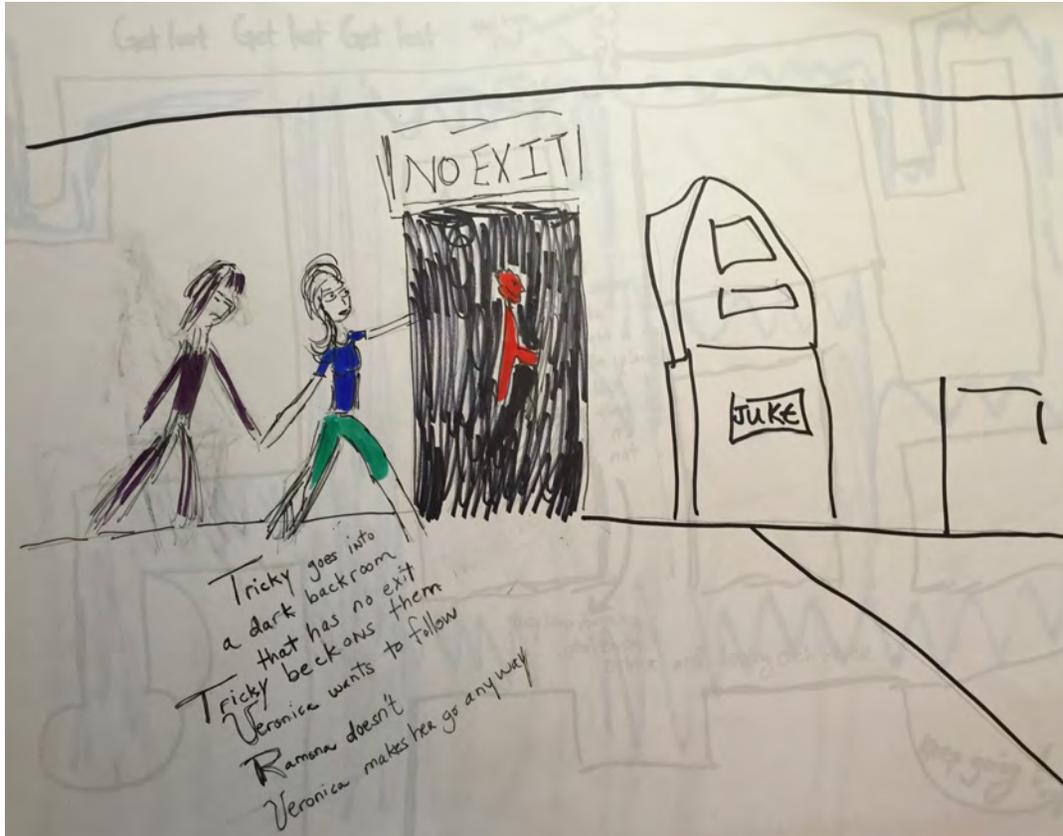


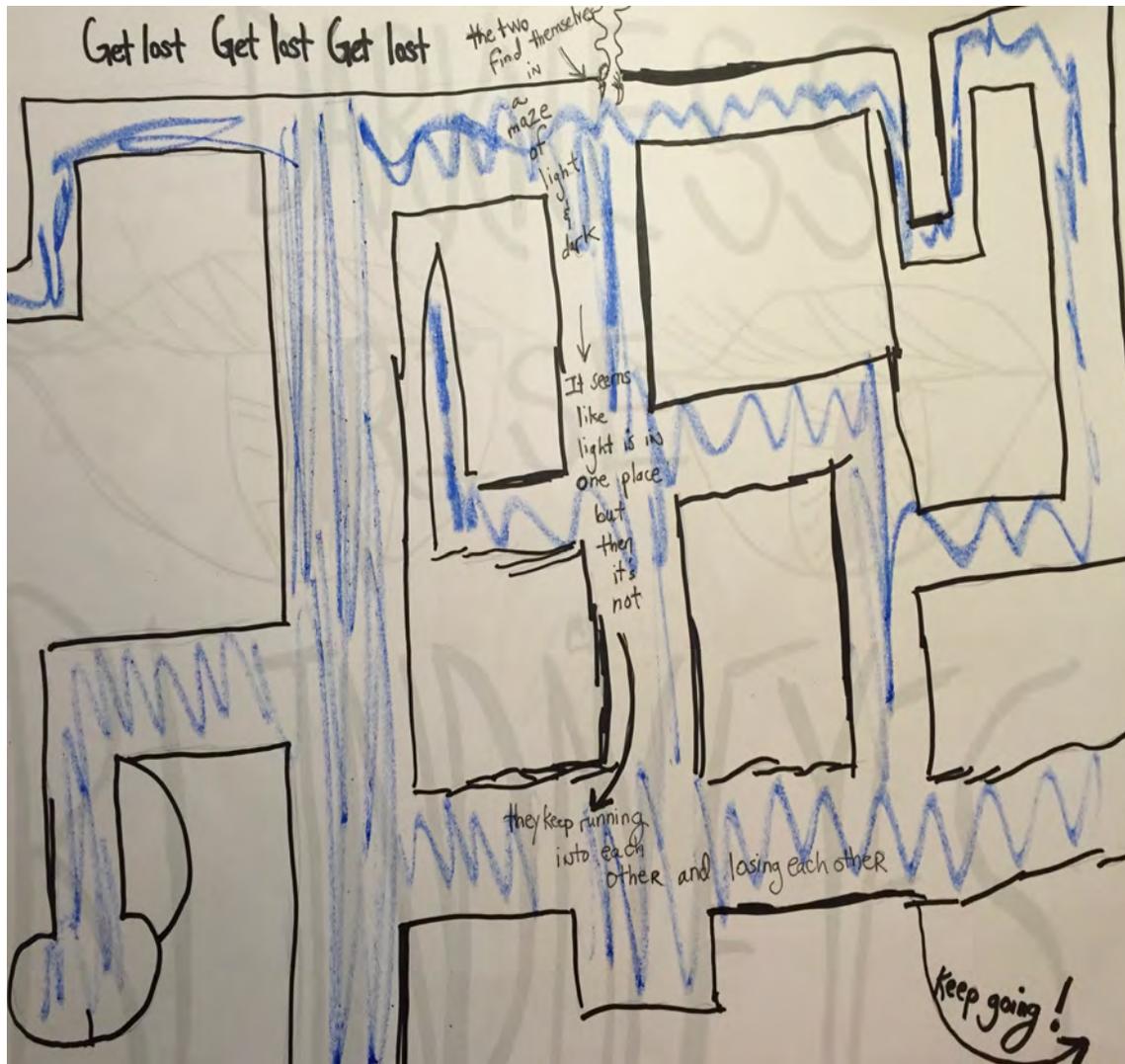


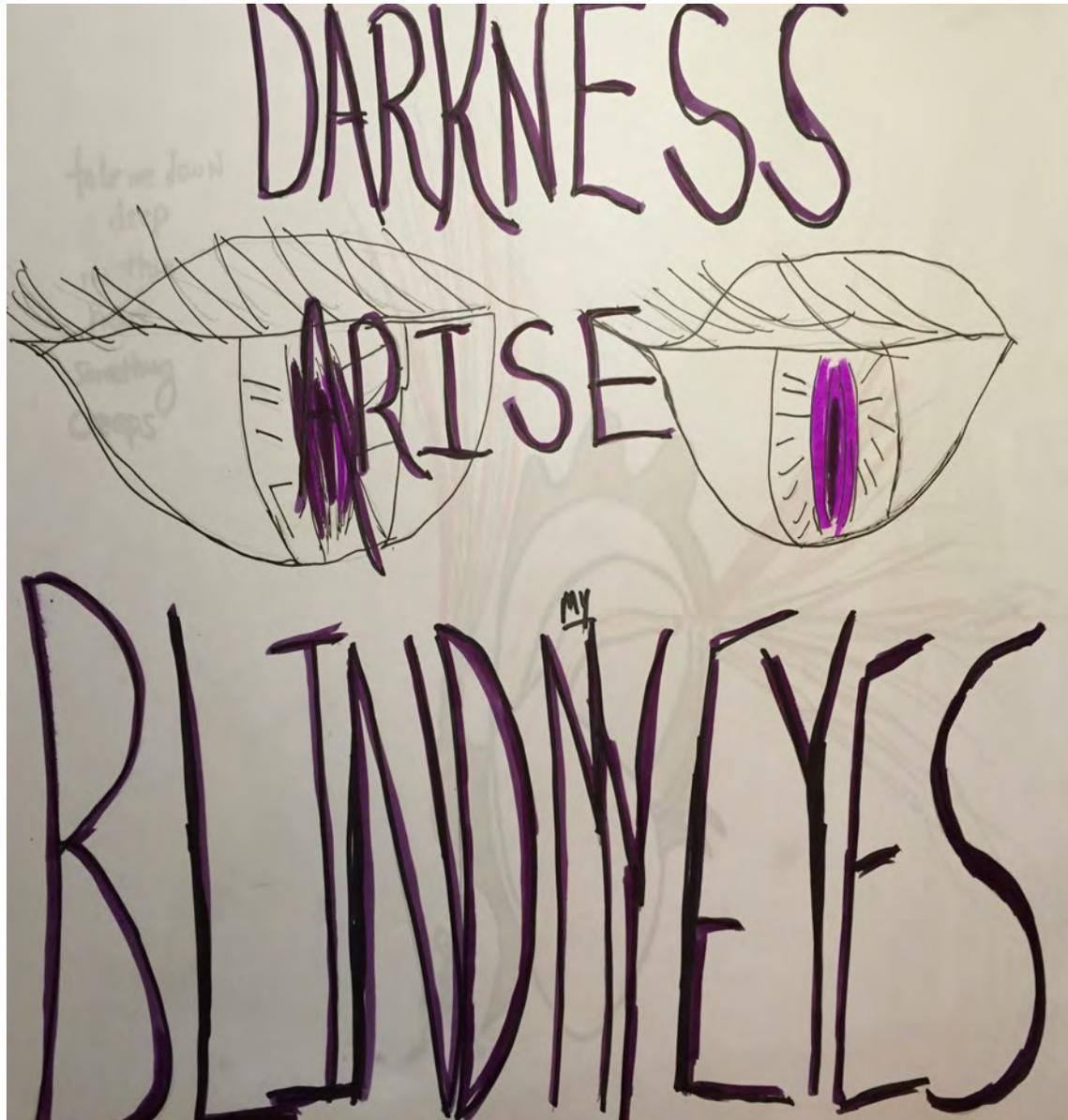


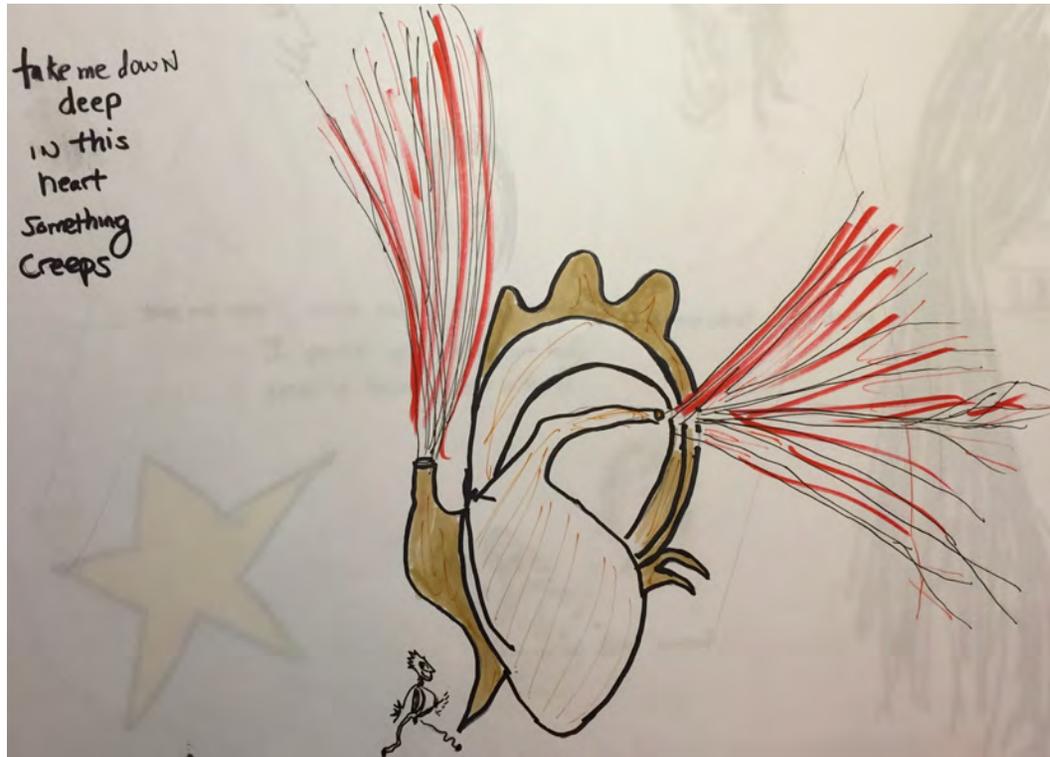


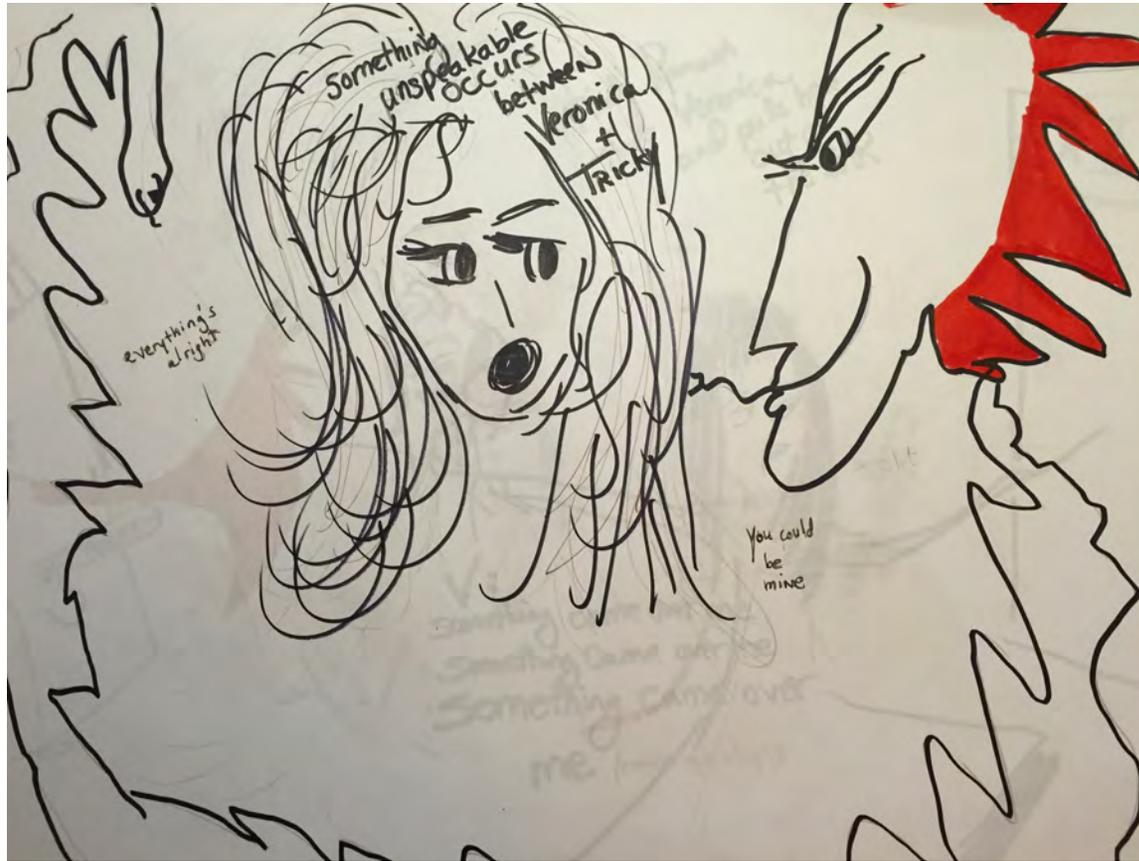


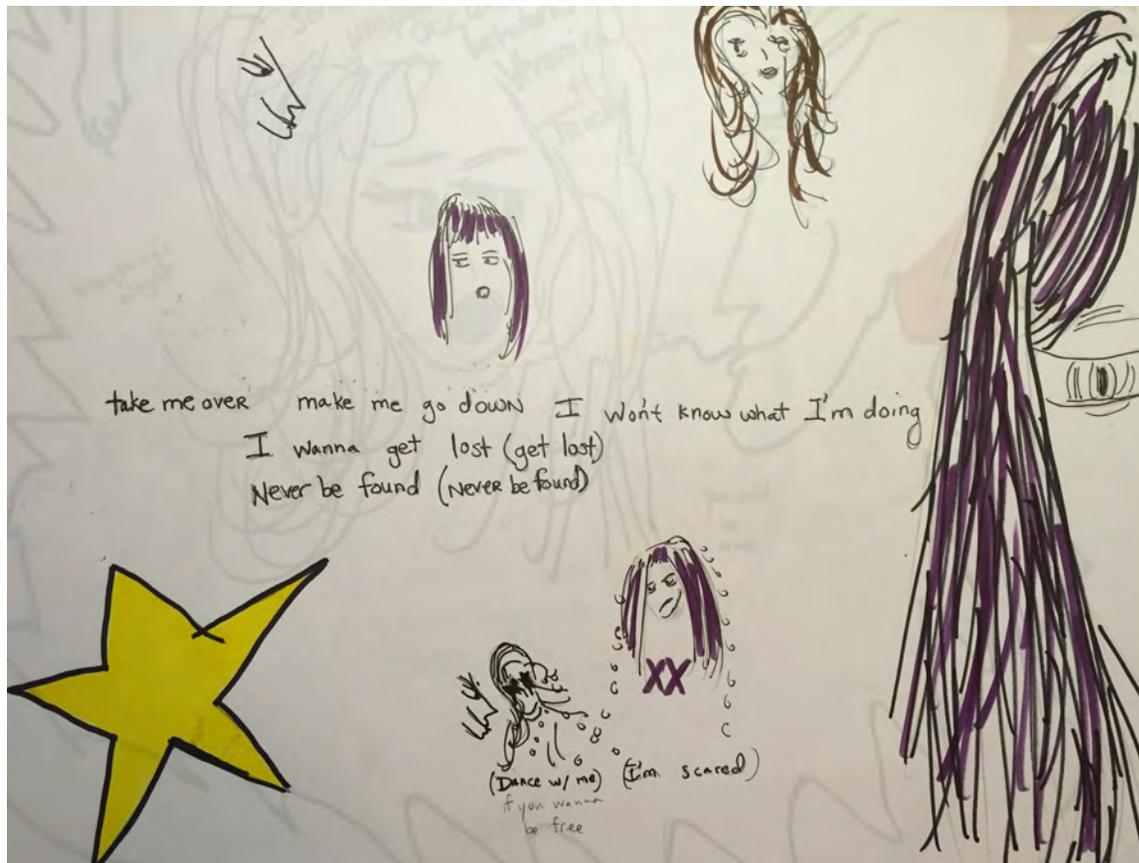


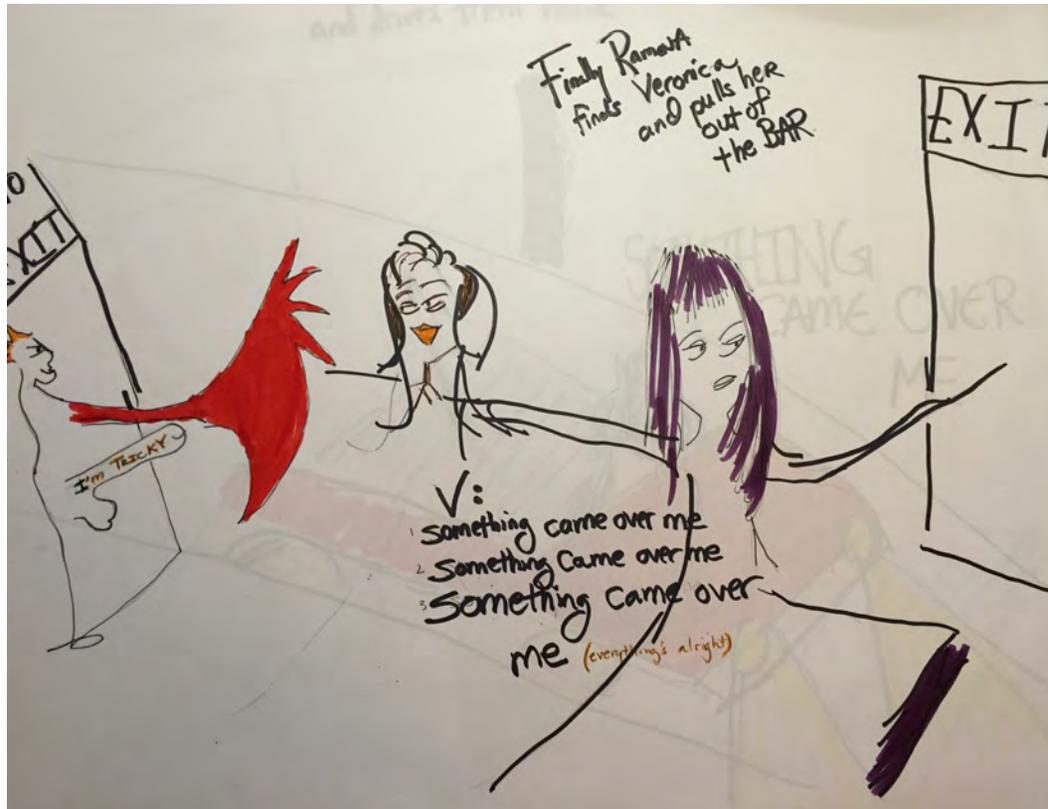




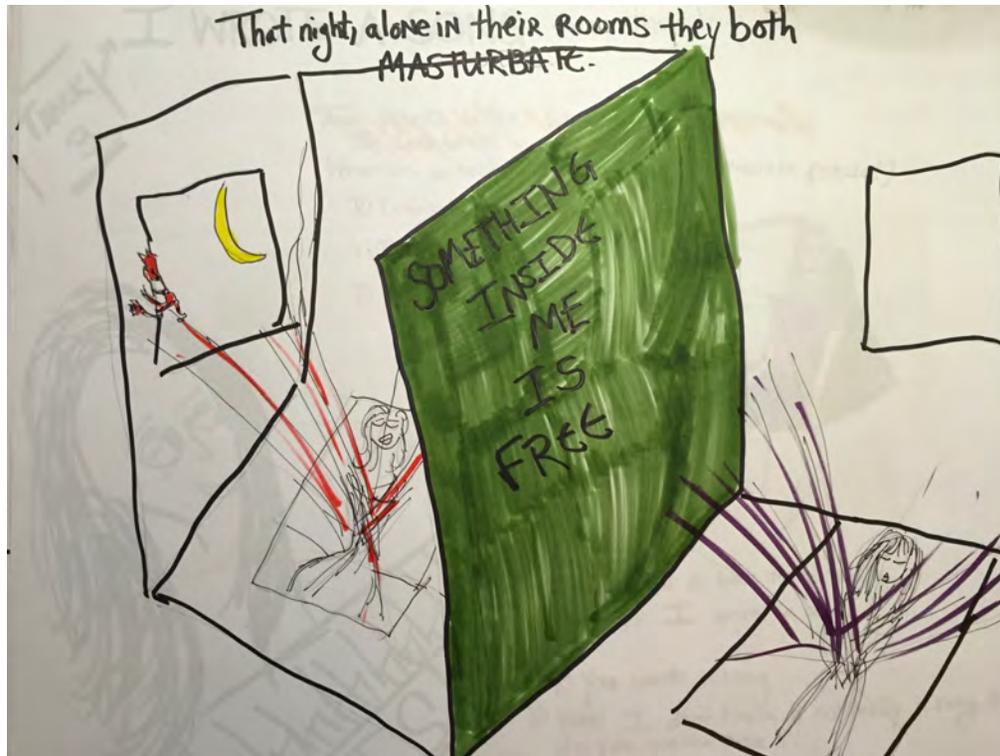










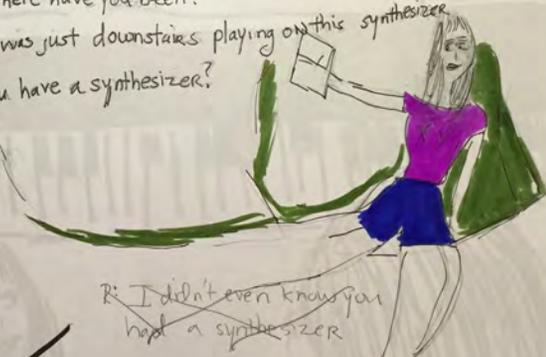


I WRITEN A SONG

TRACK 3

Two weeks later. Lazy summer afternoon.  
The Lakehouse  
Veronica is holding an 80's esgue synthesizer (CASIO!)

R: Where have you been?  
V: I was just downstairs playing on this synthesizer.  
R: You have a synthesizer?



R: I didn't even know you had a synthesizer.

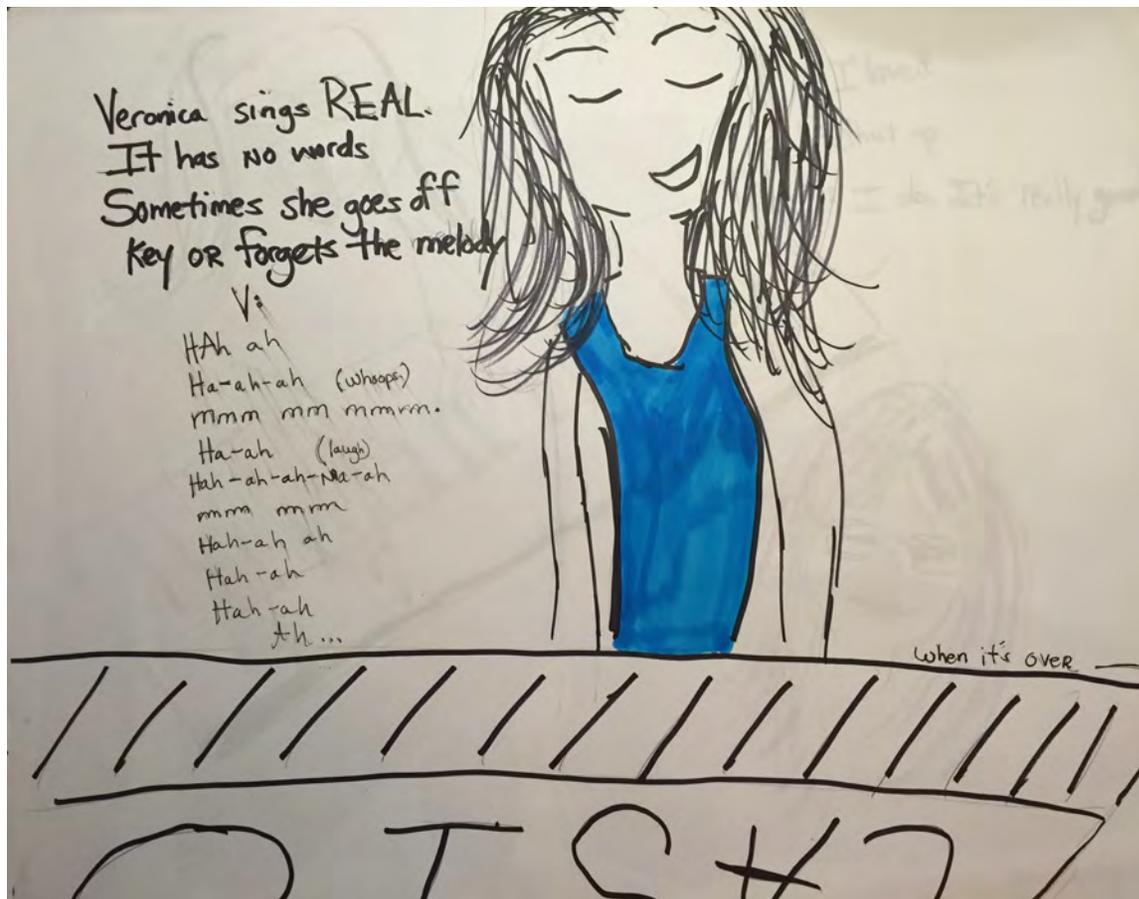
V: Yea. It's -  
I don't know it's been there forever.  
Anyway, I wrote a song

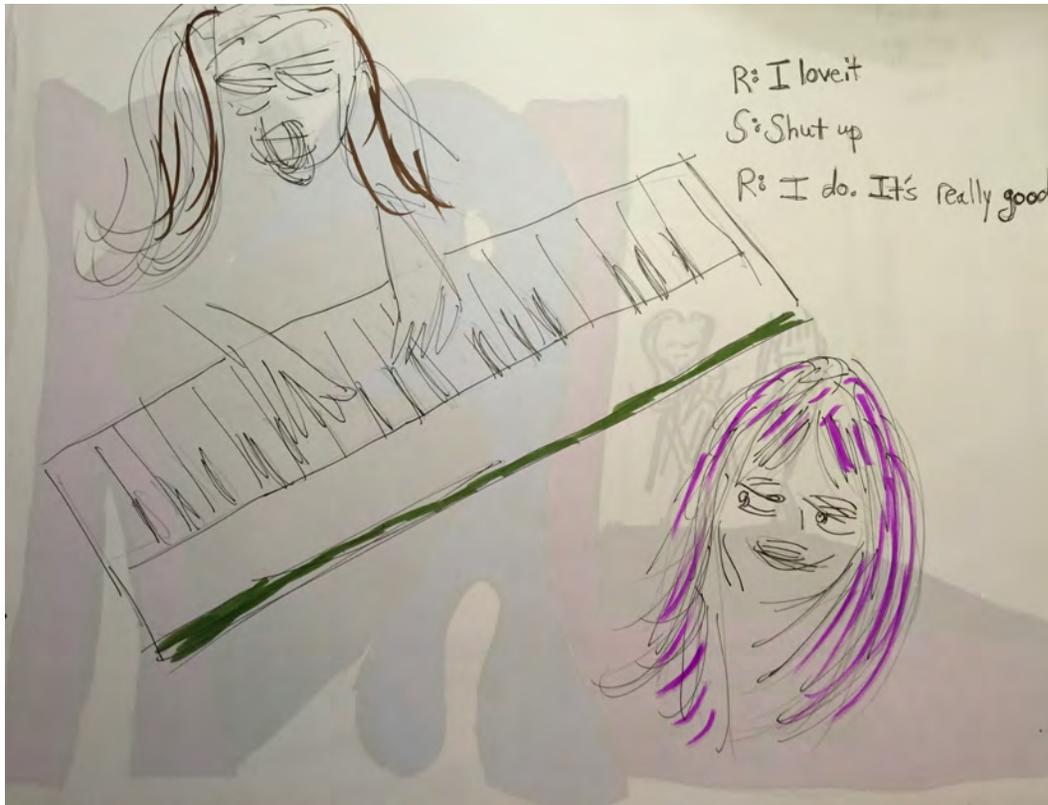
R: You wrote a song  
V: Well I don't know, it's not really a song, it's like  
do you wanna hear it?

I WRITEN A SONG

DISC







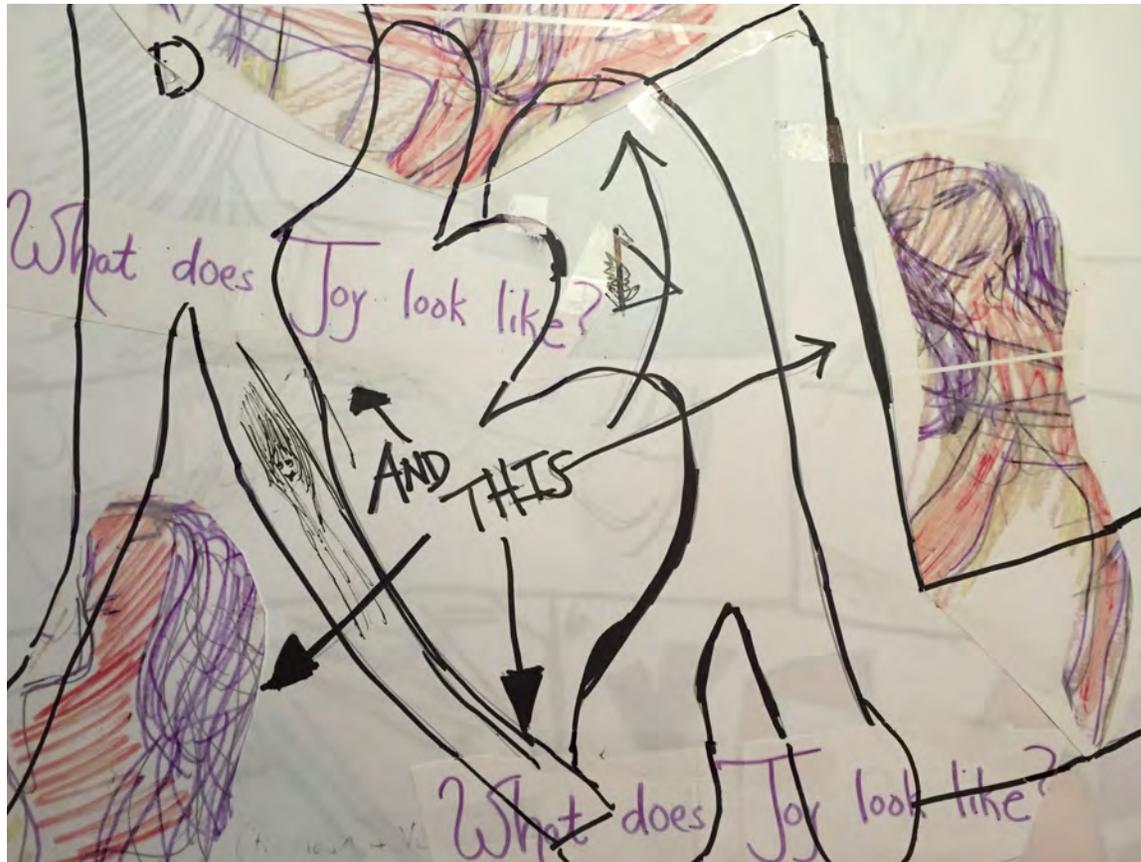


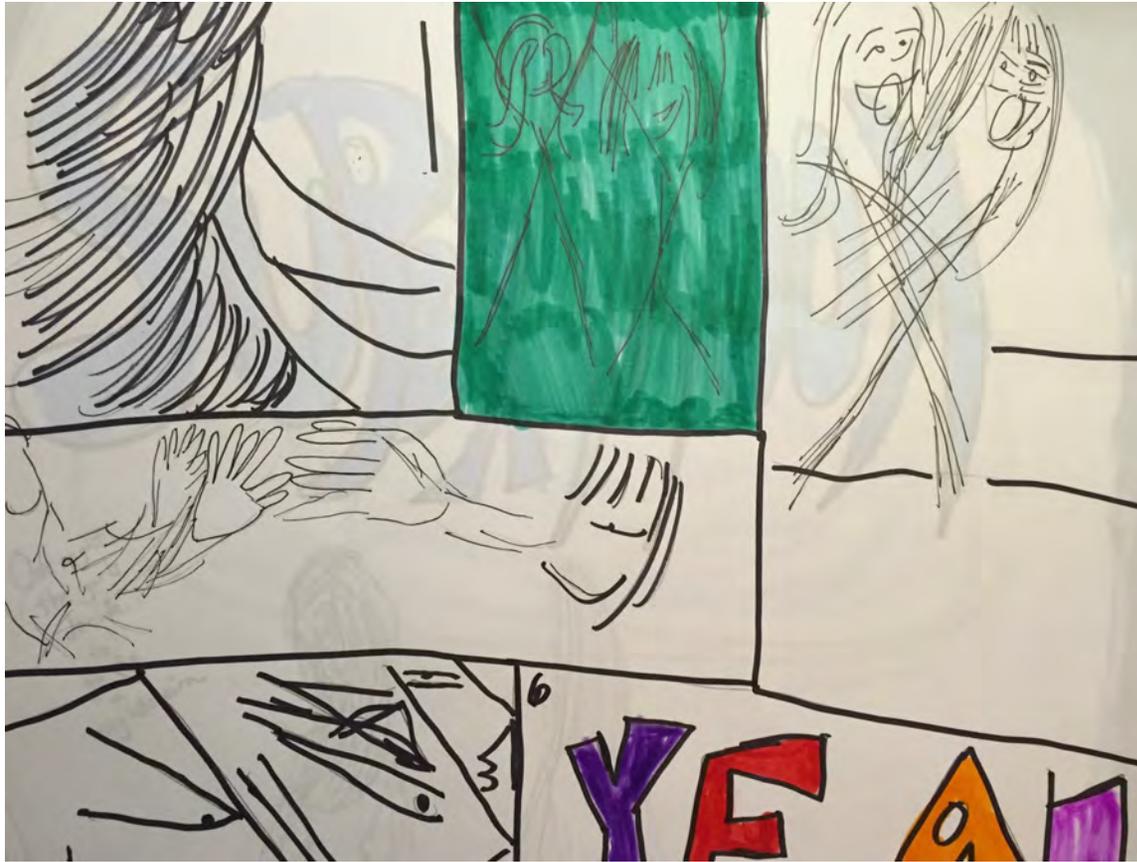




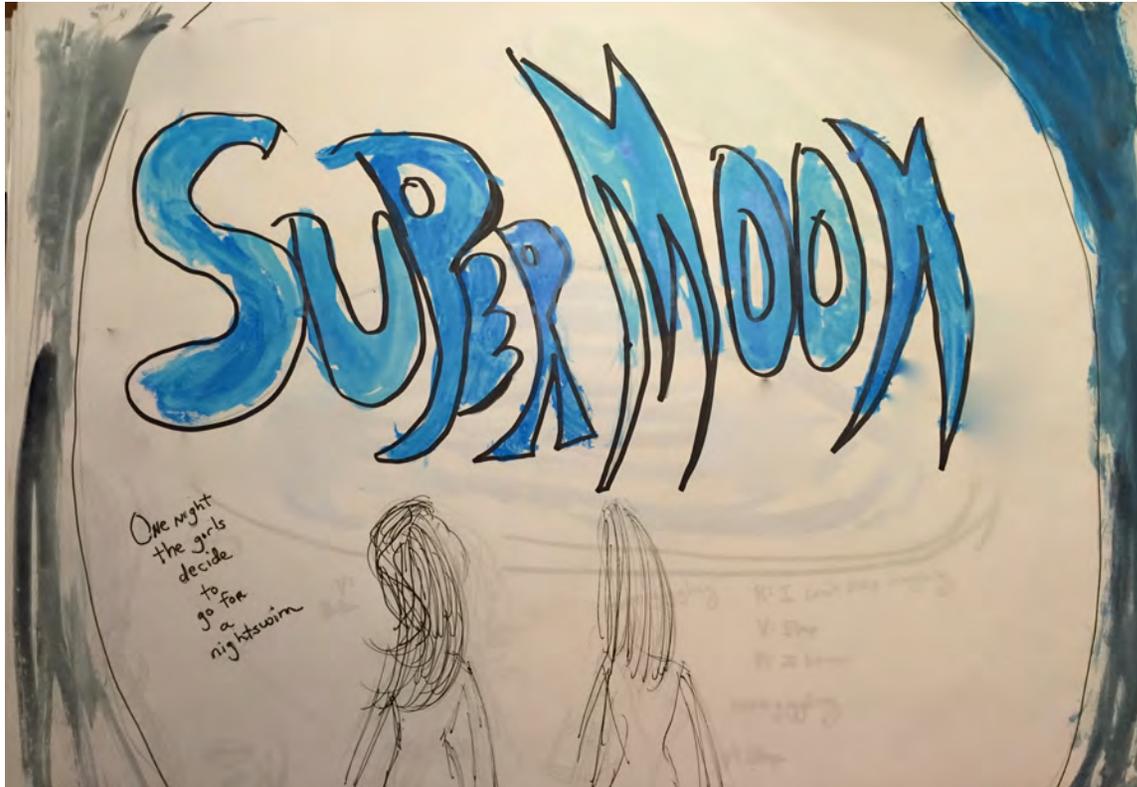


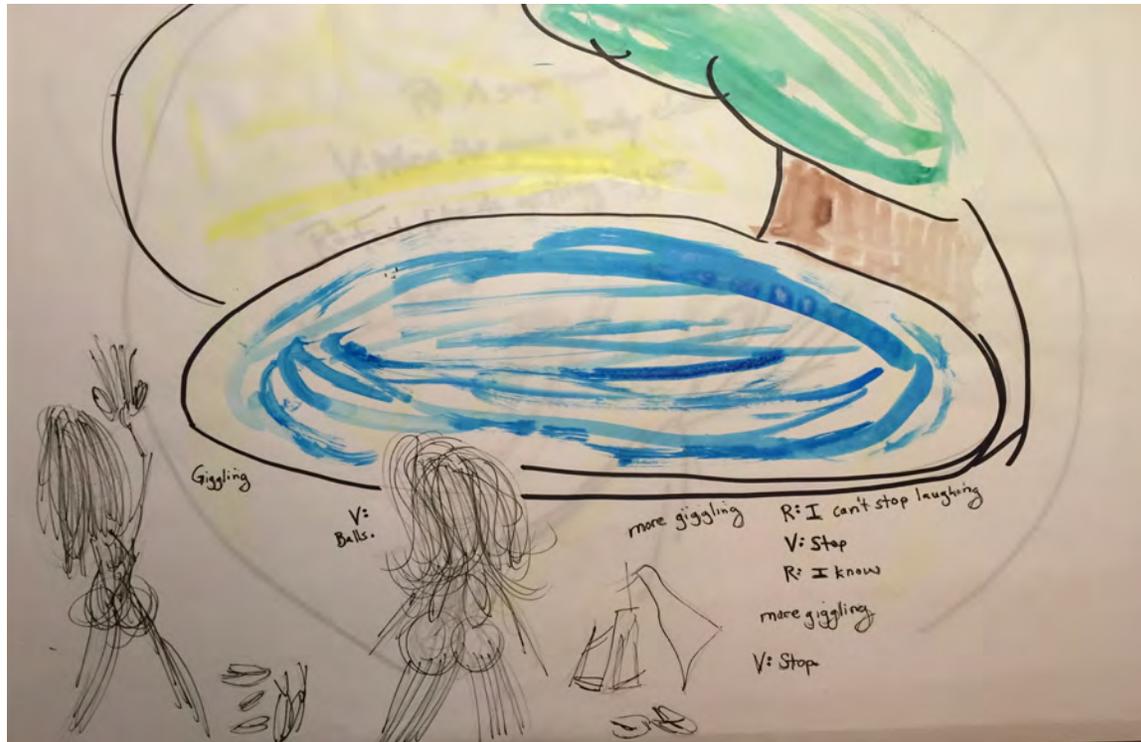


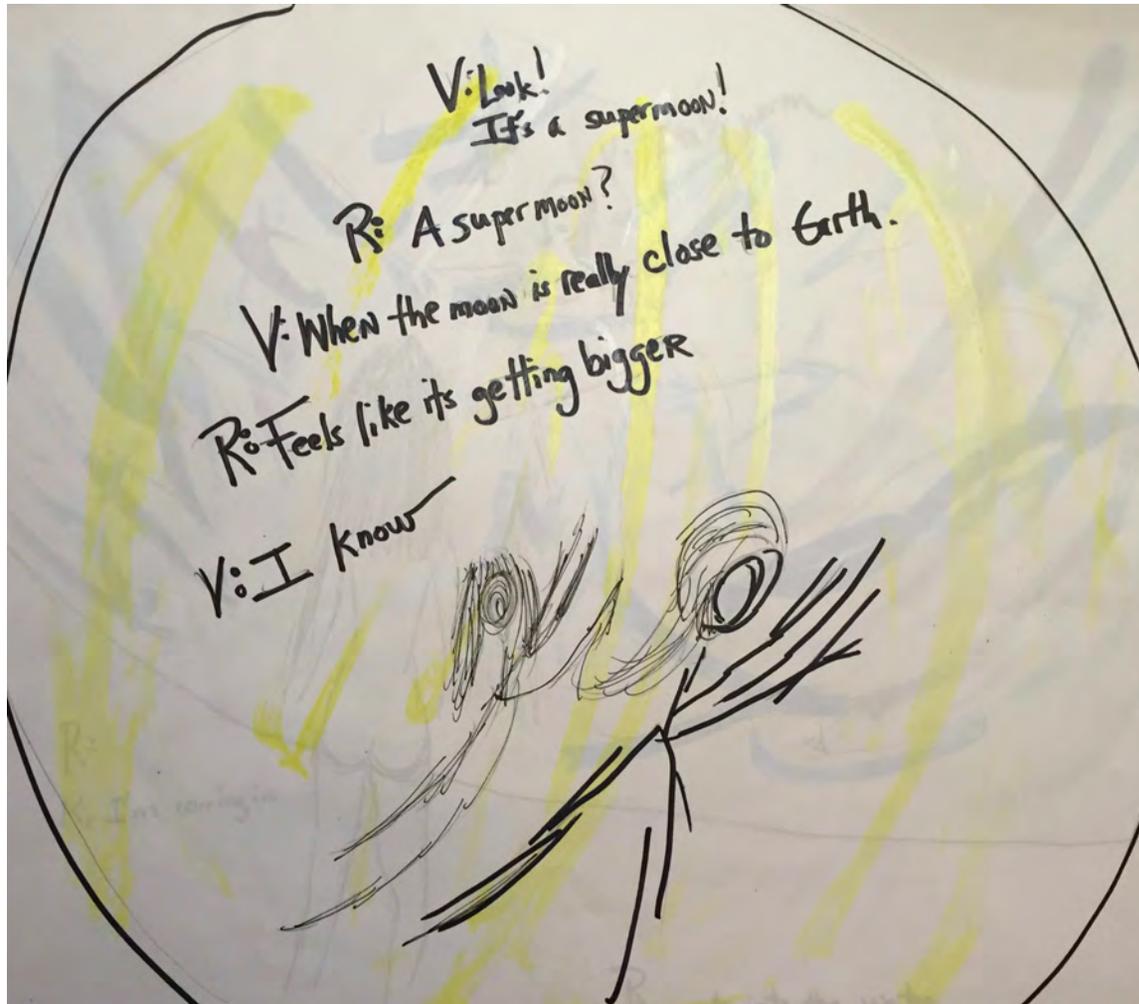


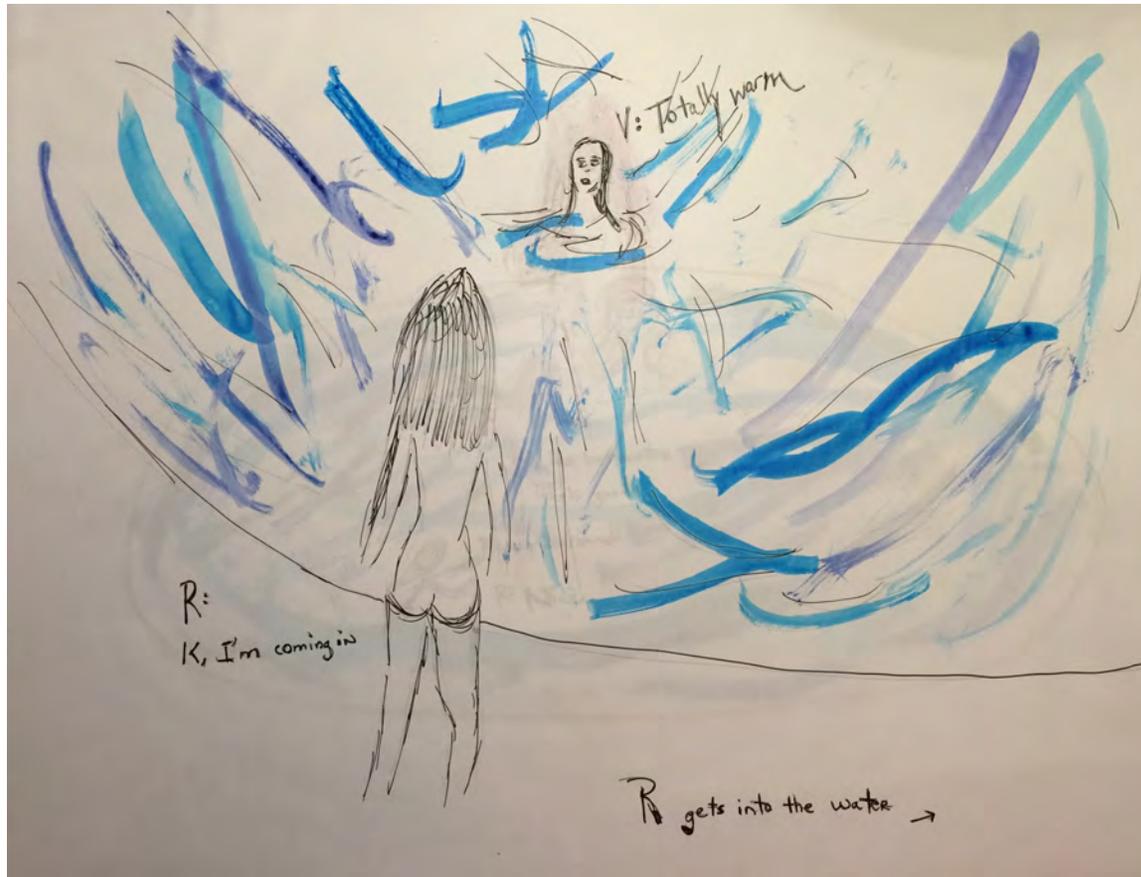


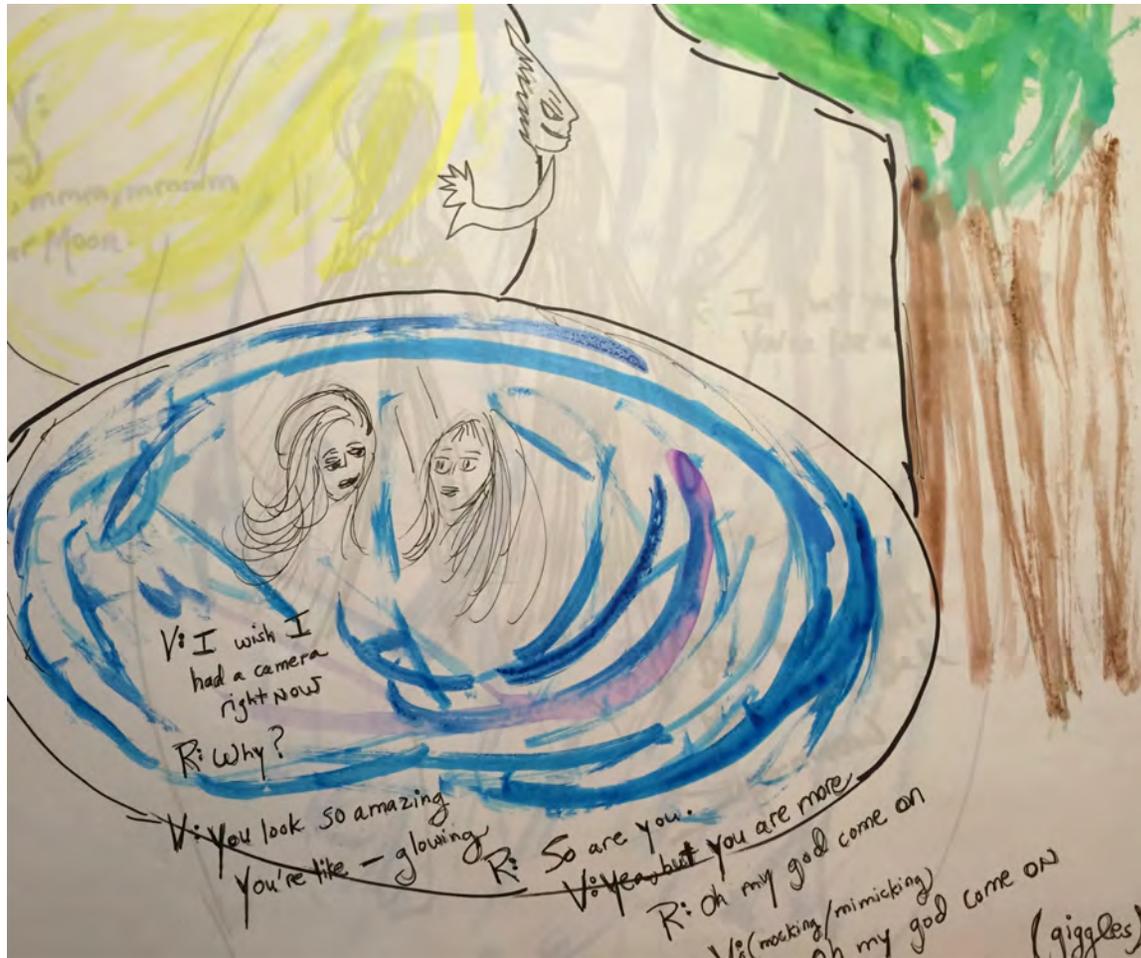
*NOTE: It is around this moment that the lighting in the space truly makes itself known. All of a sudden but also without noticing it, the lighting has transformed the space into a late night at the lake under a super moon. The sound as well, which started earlier in the evening coming out of one speaker from a computer, suddenly feels as if it is surrounding the GUESTS. From here on the lights and sound become more active elements, part of the ride, the immersion.*

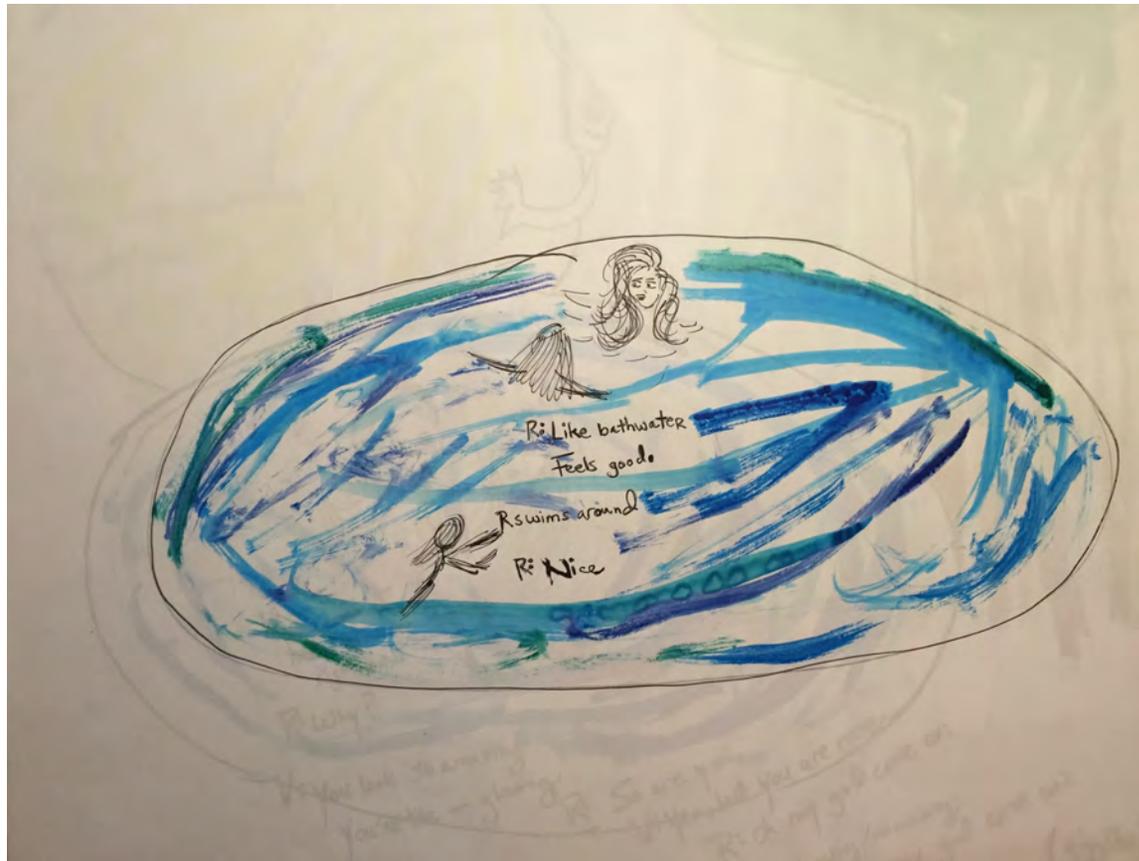


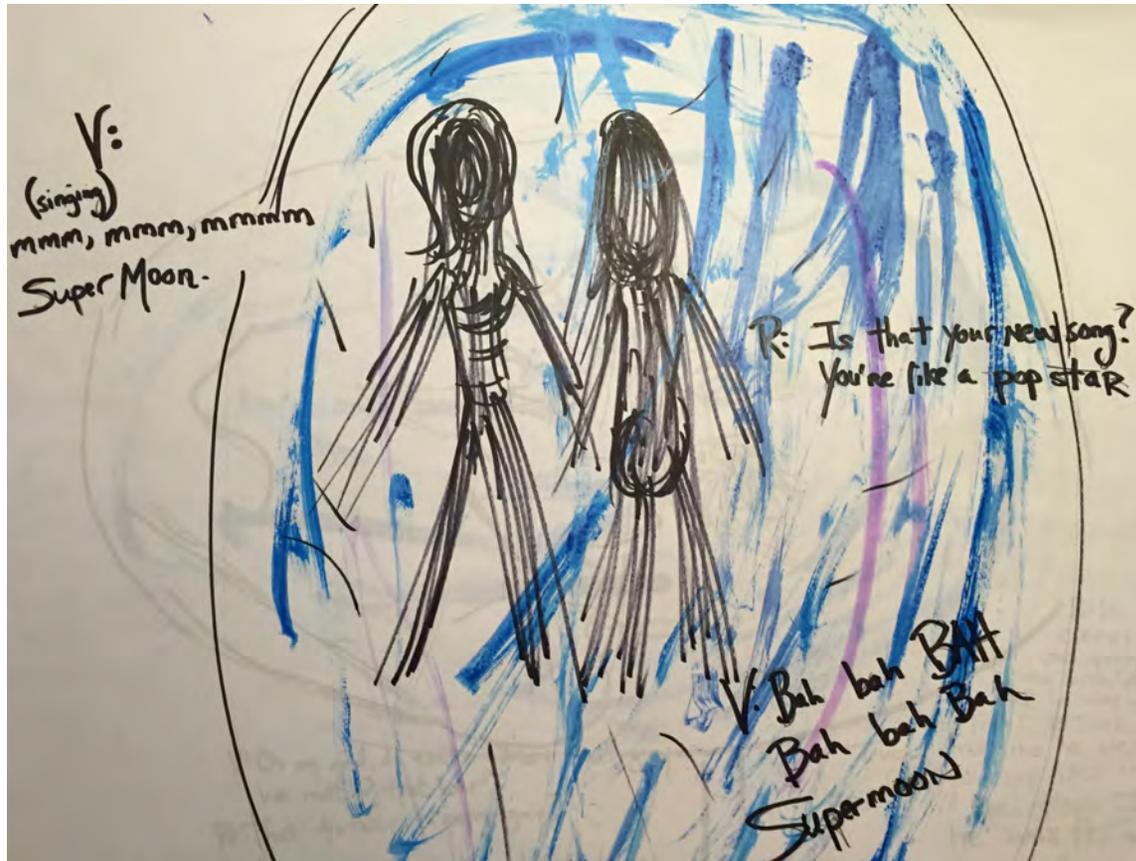


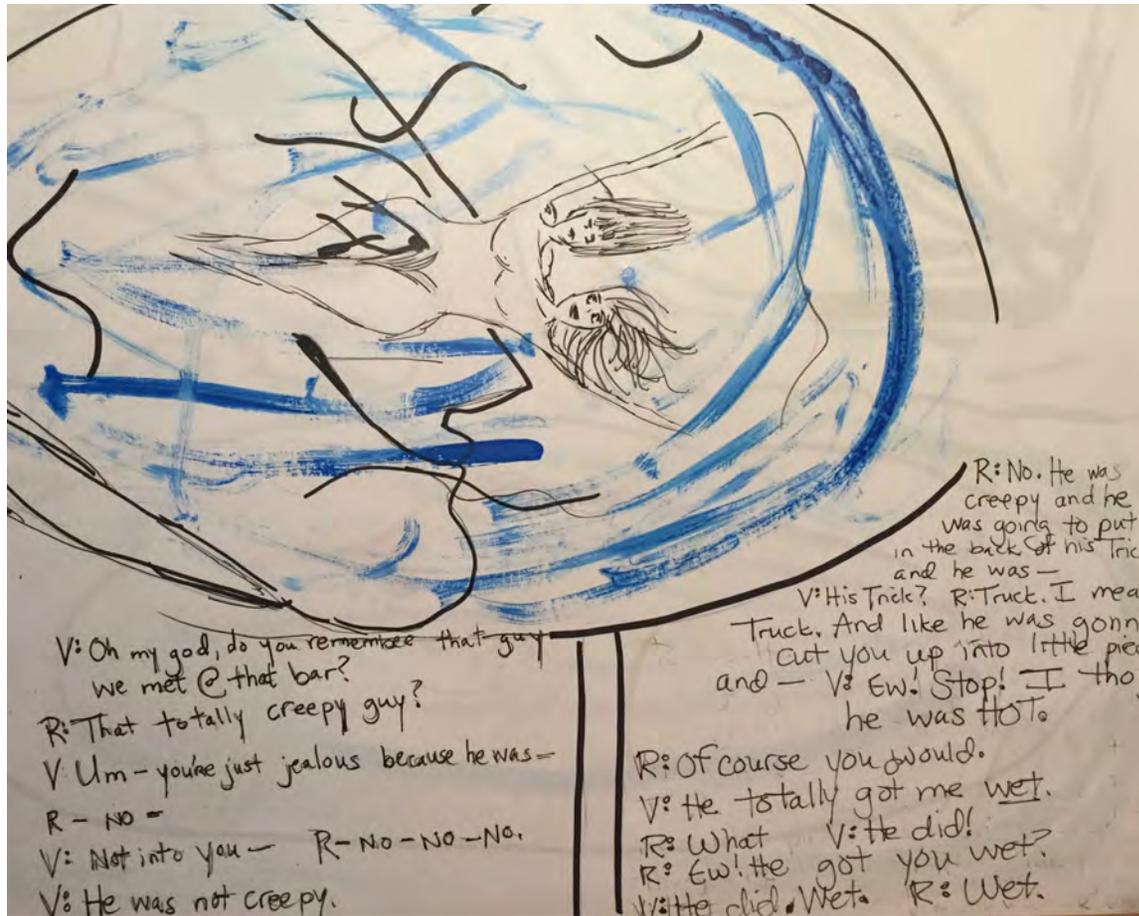


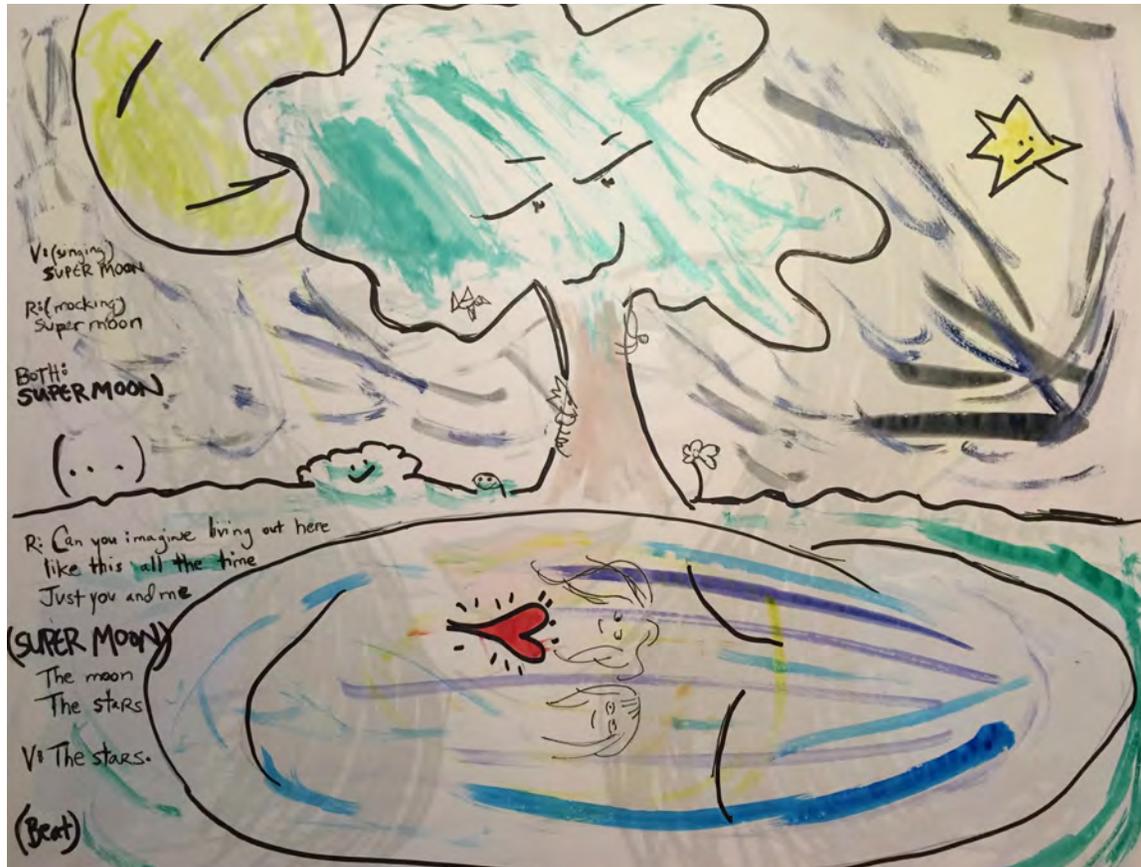






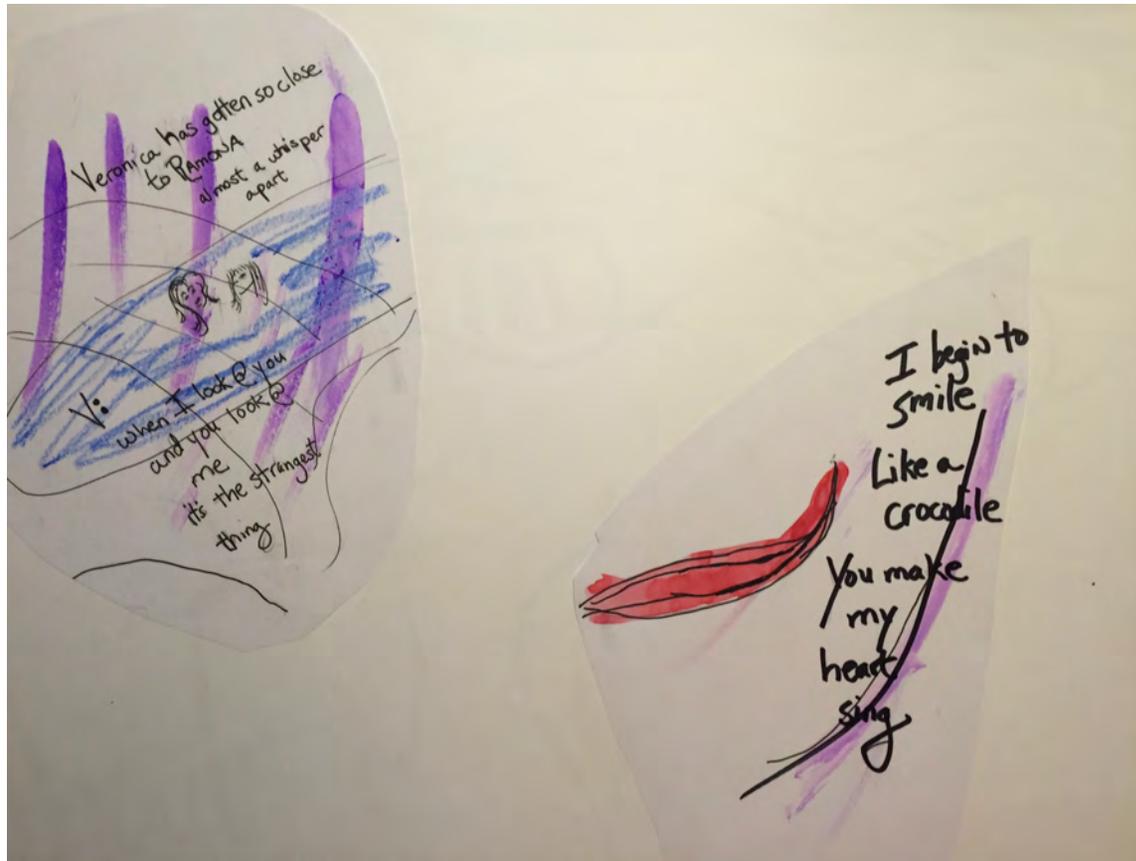


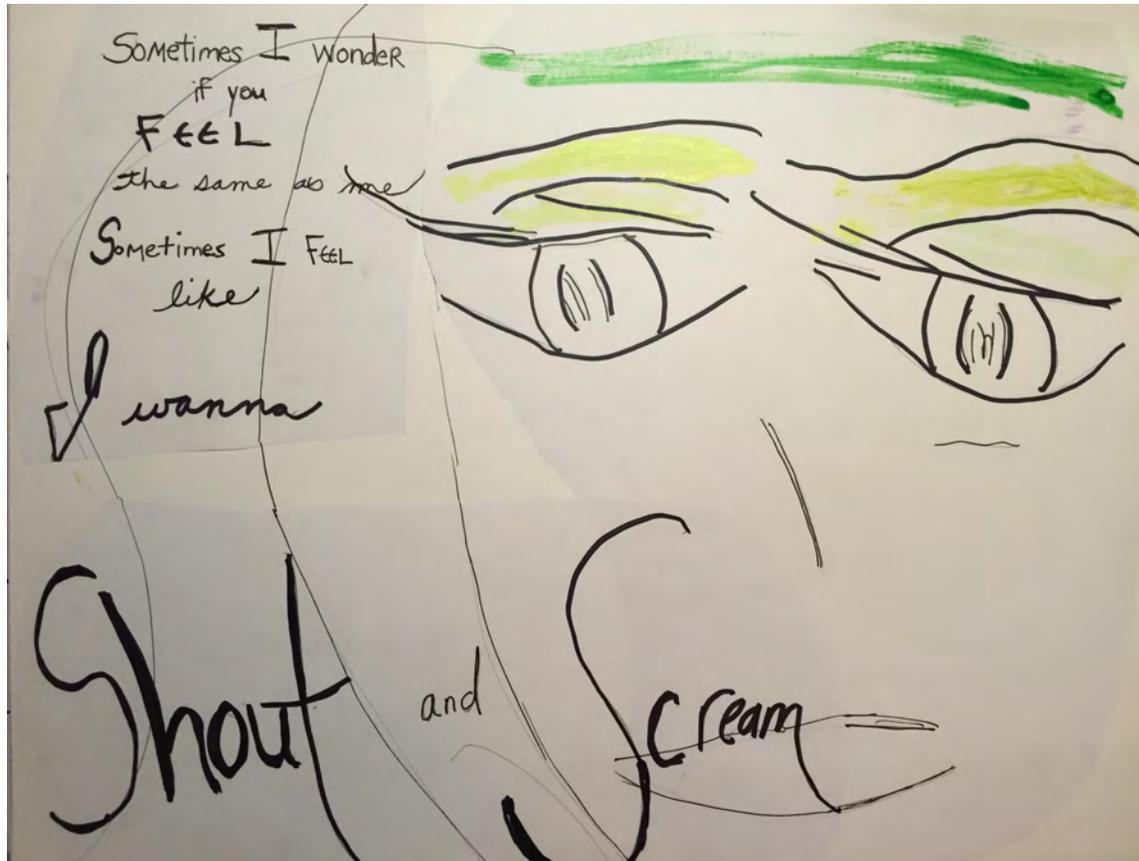


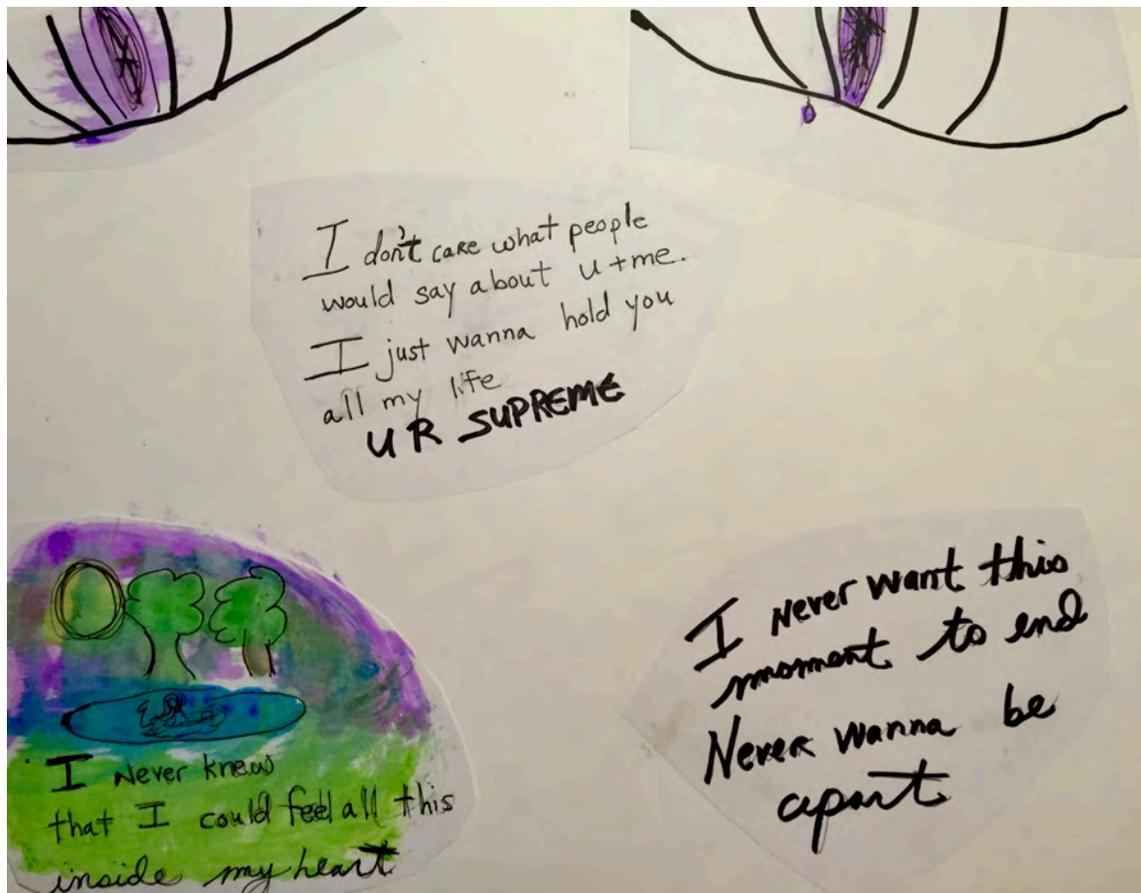


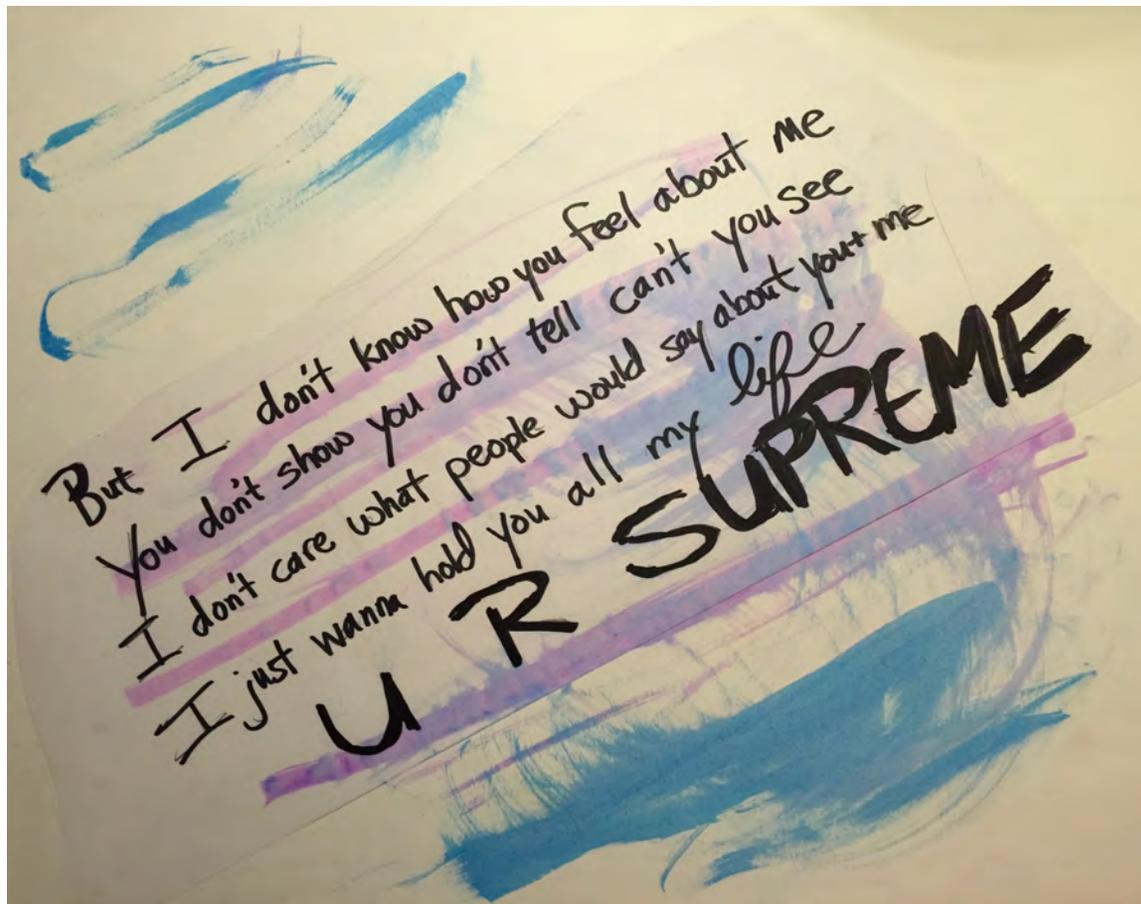


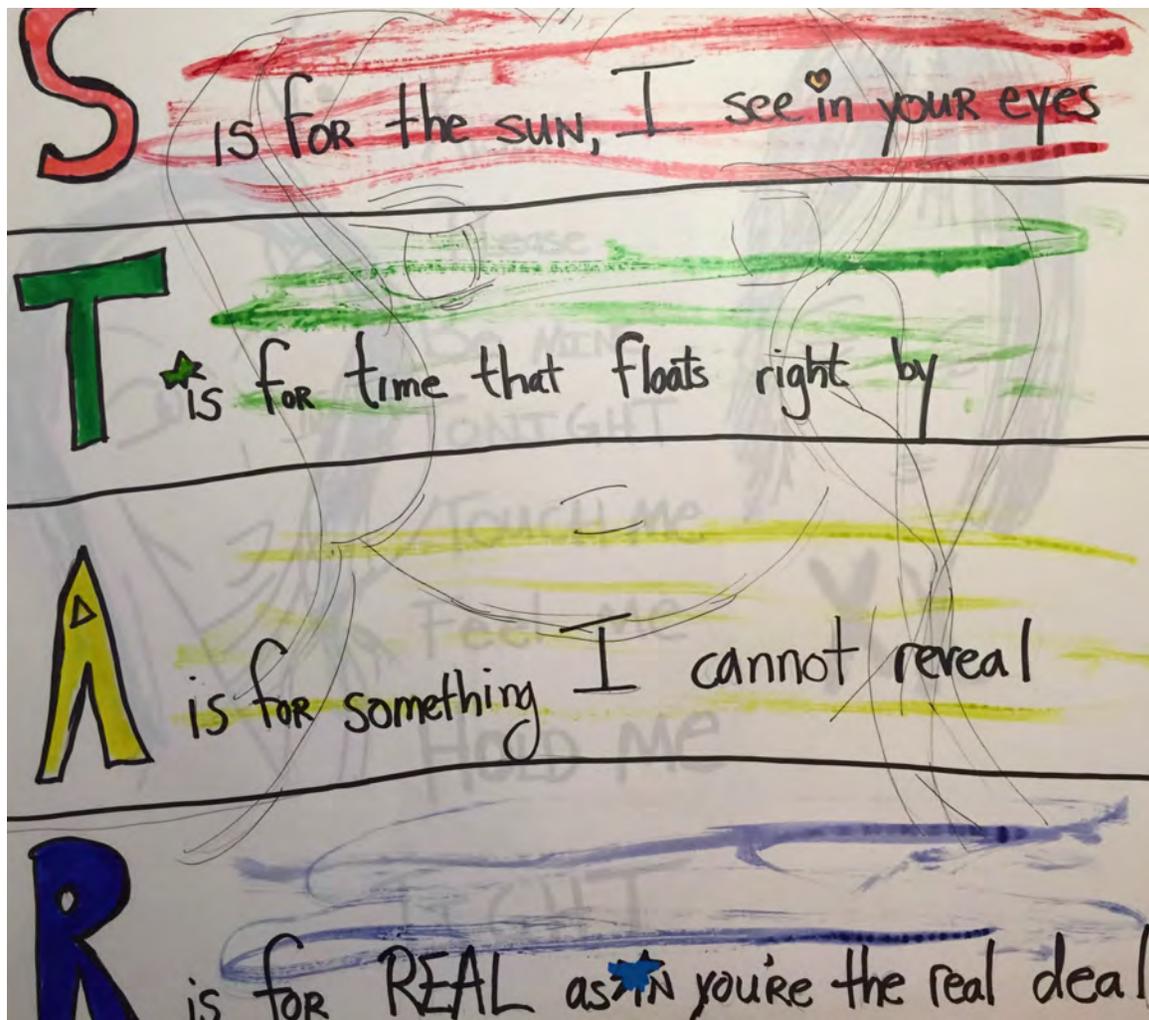


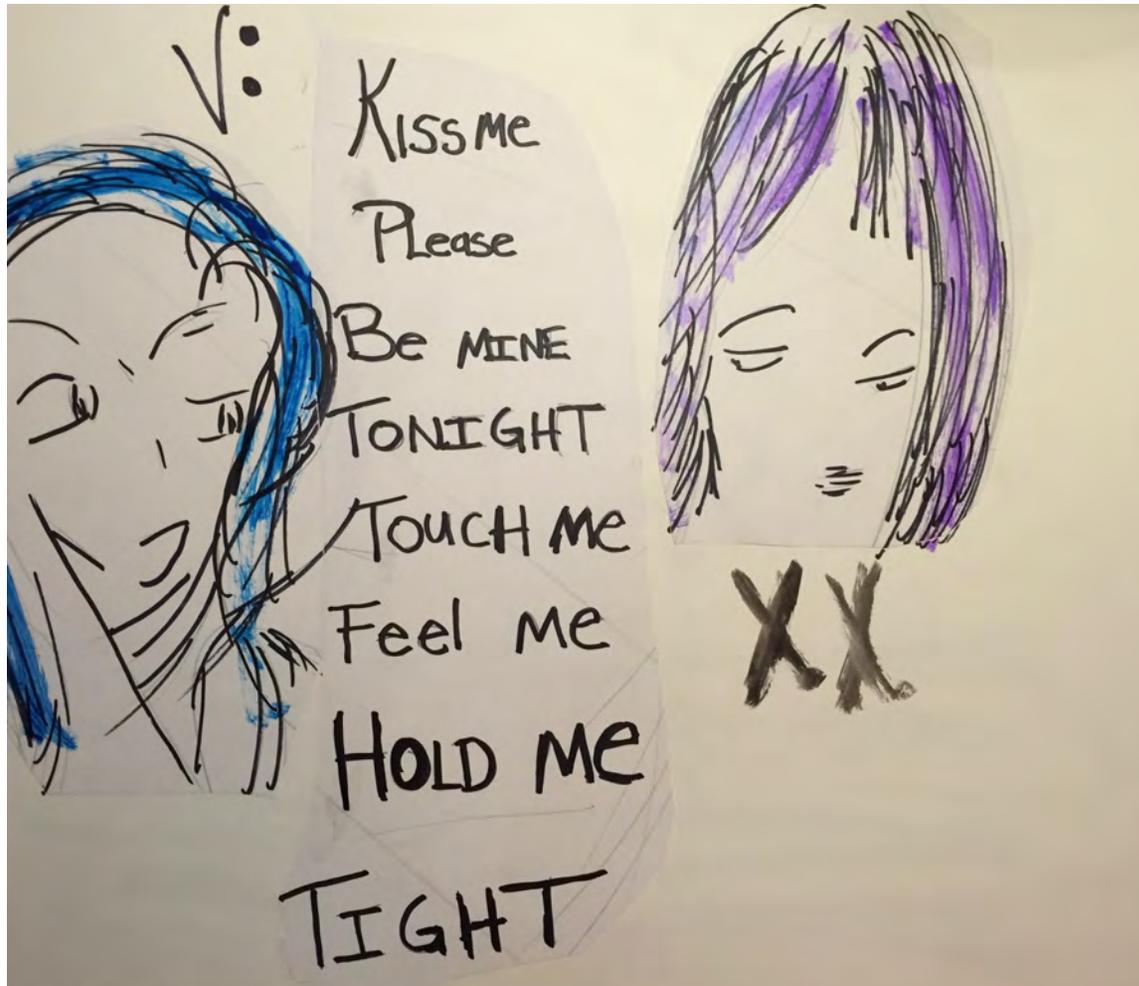


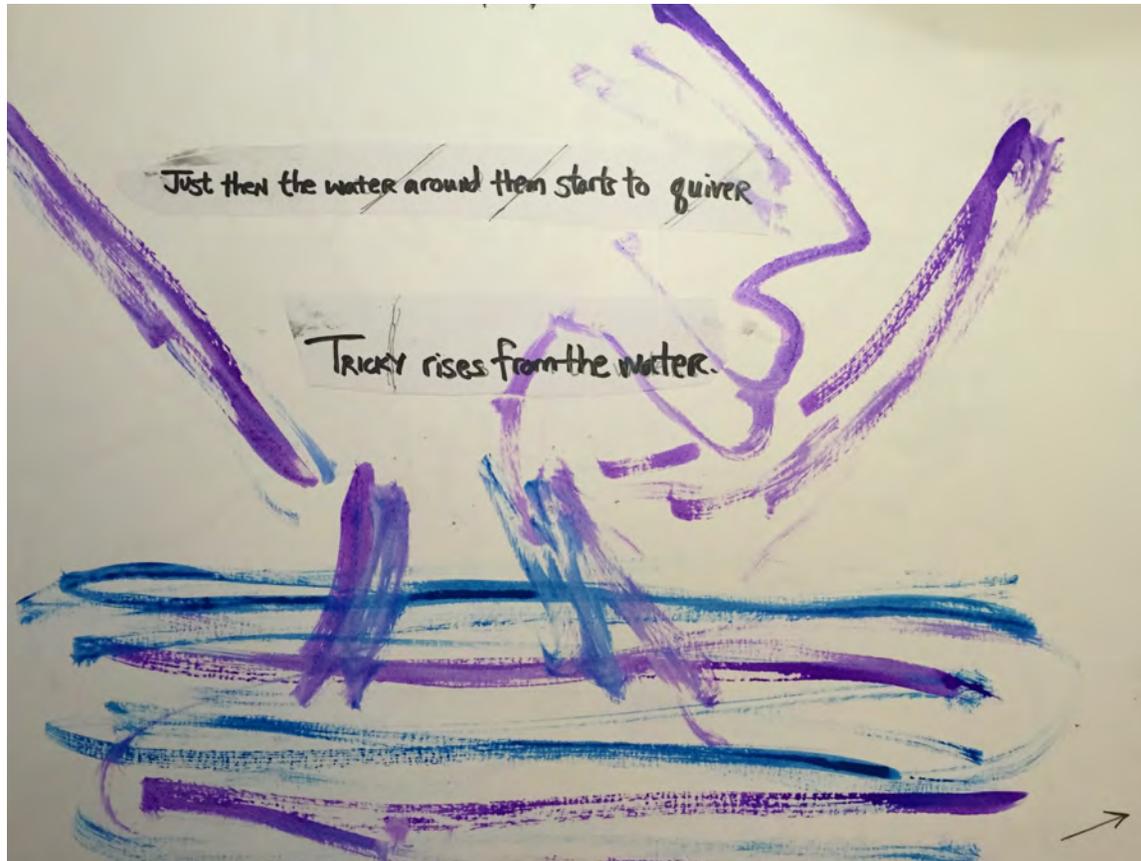


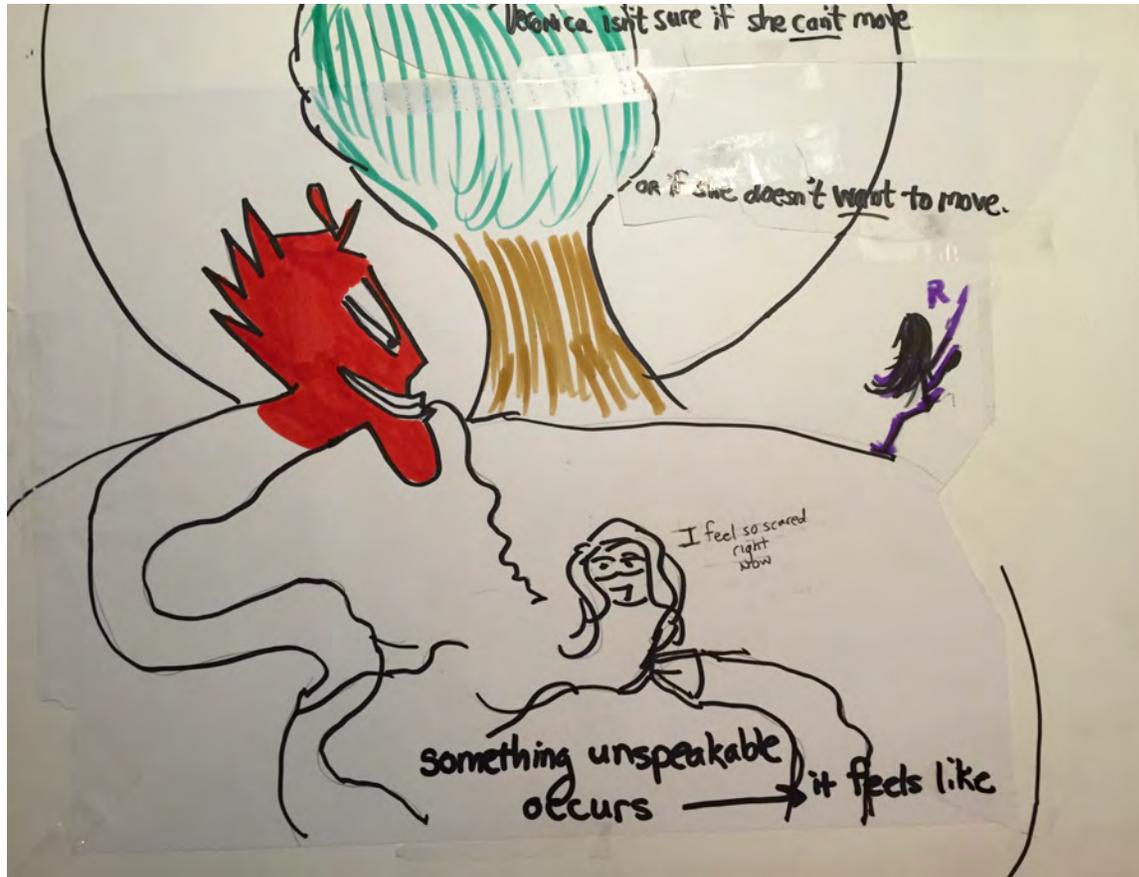


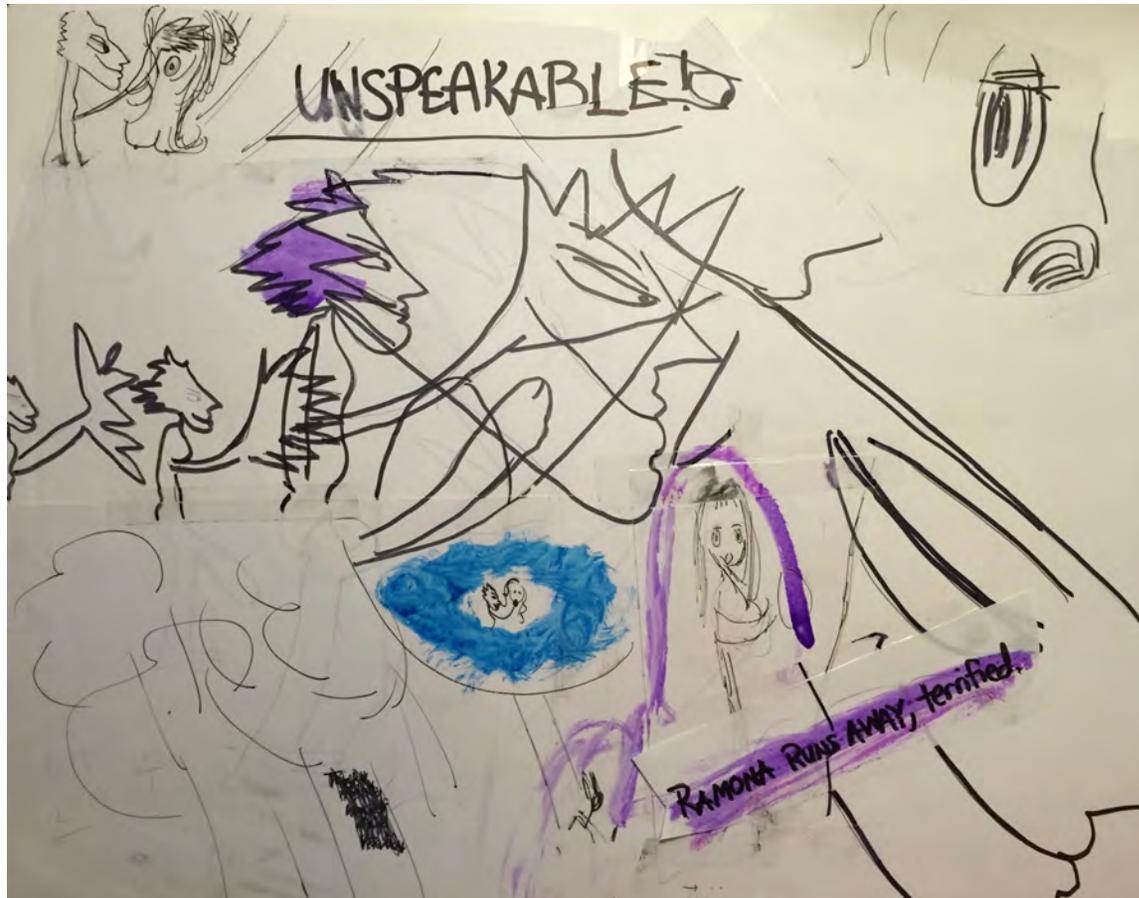


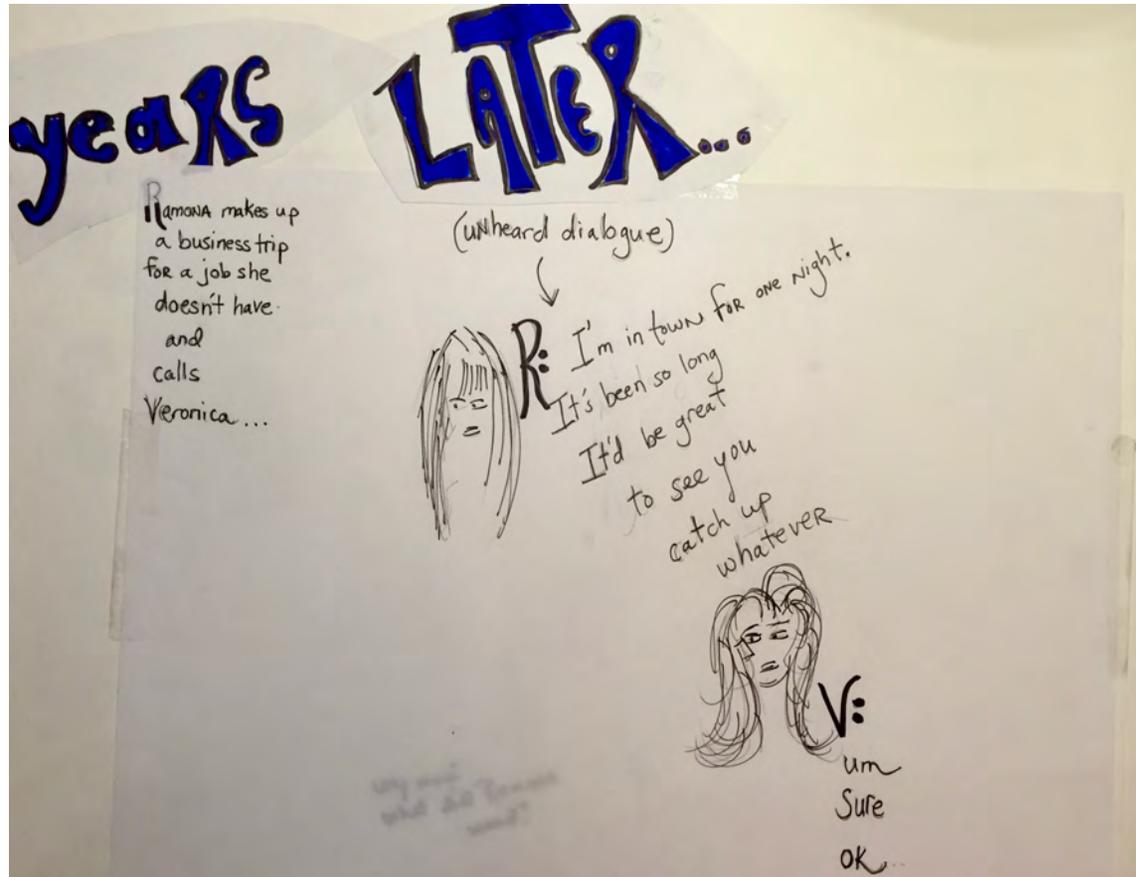


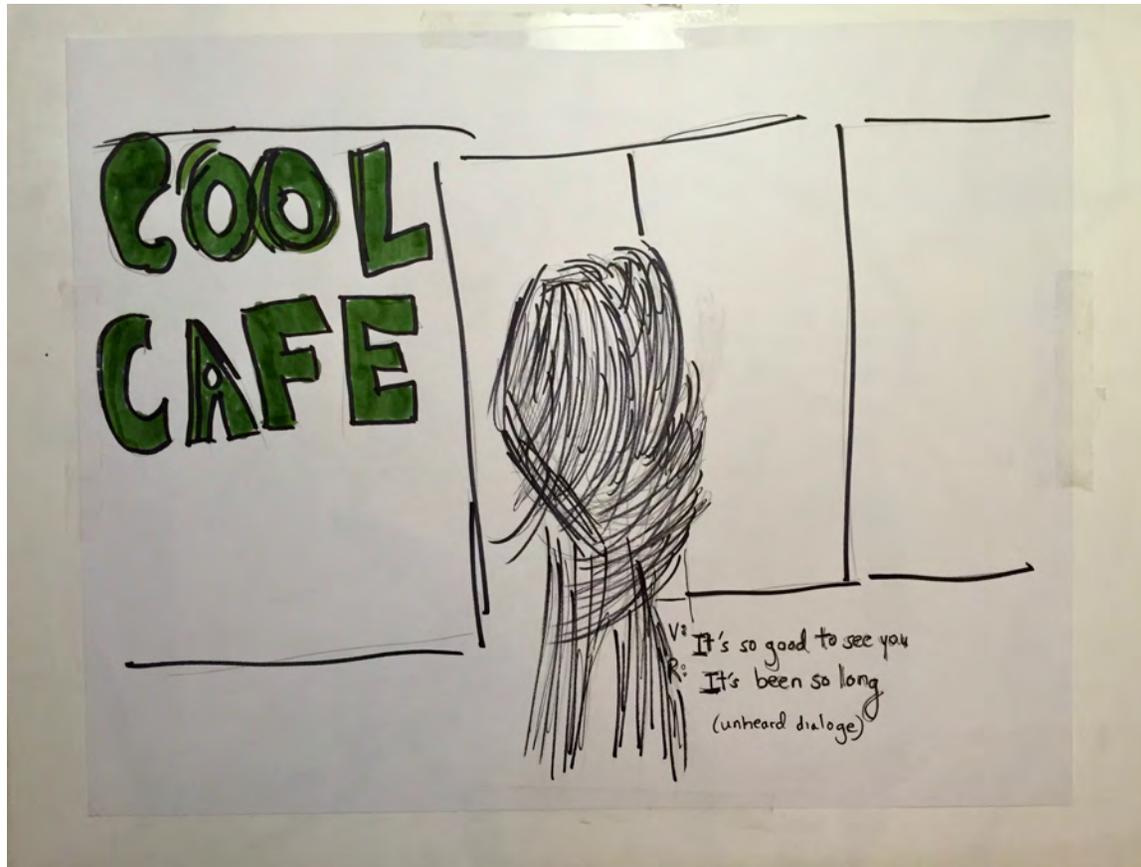


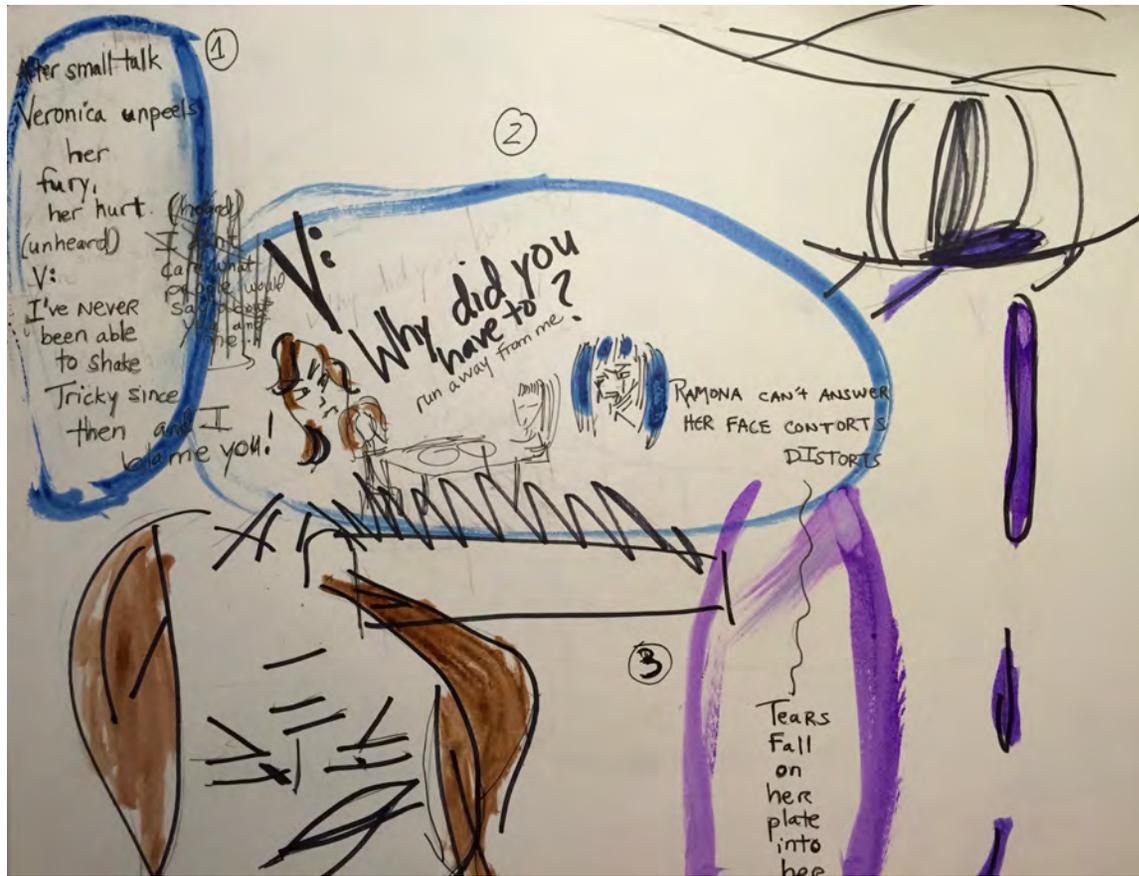


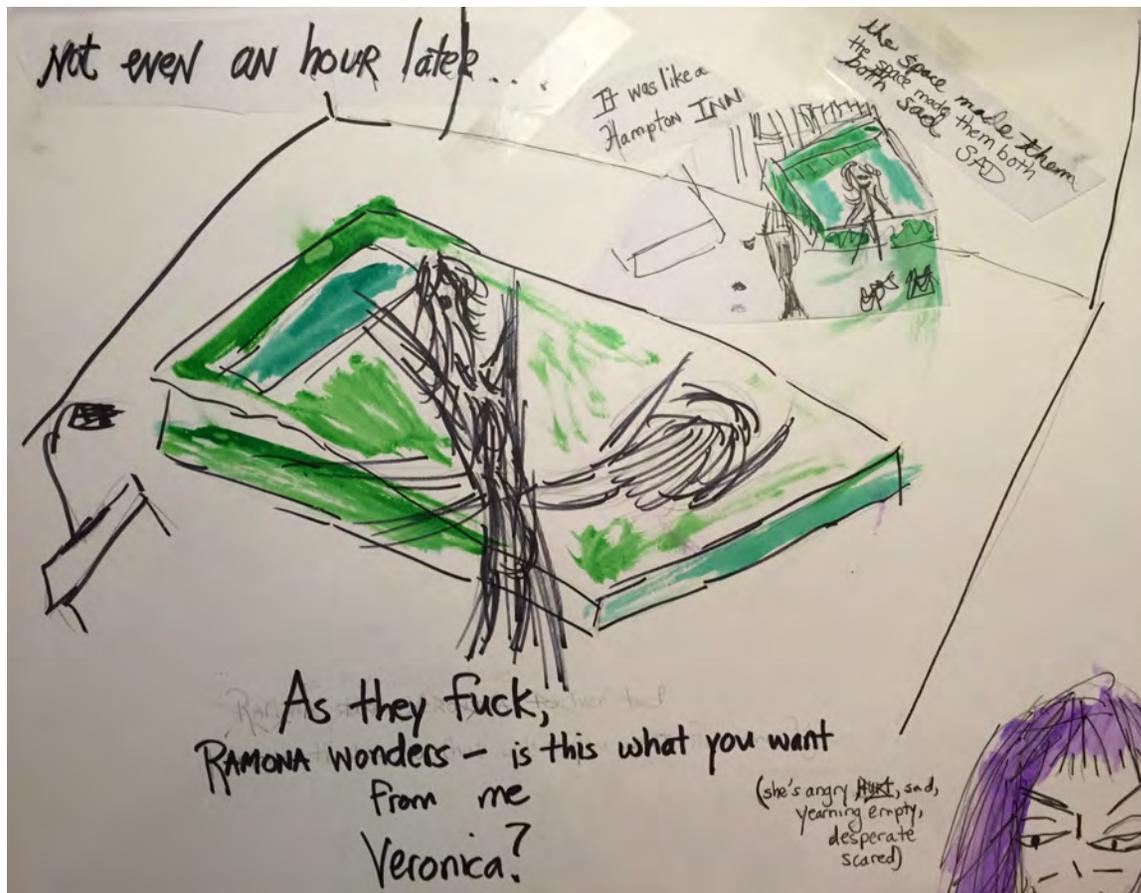


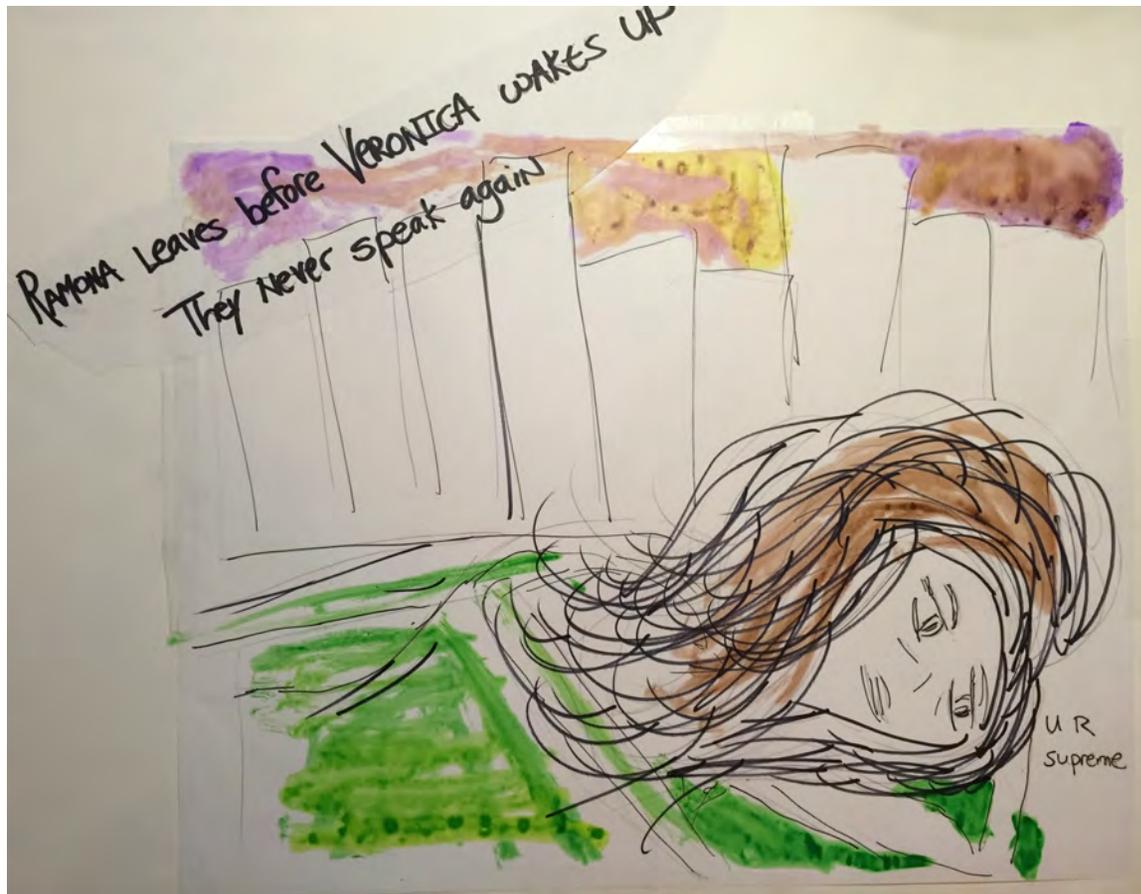


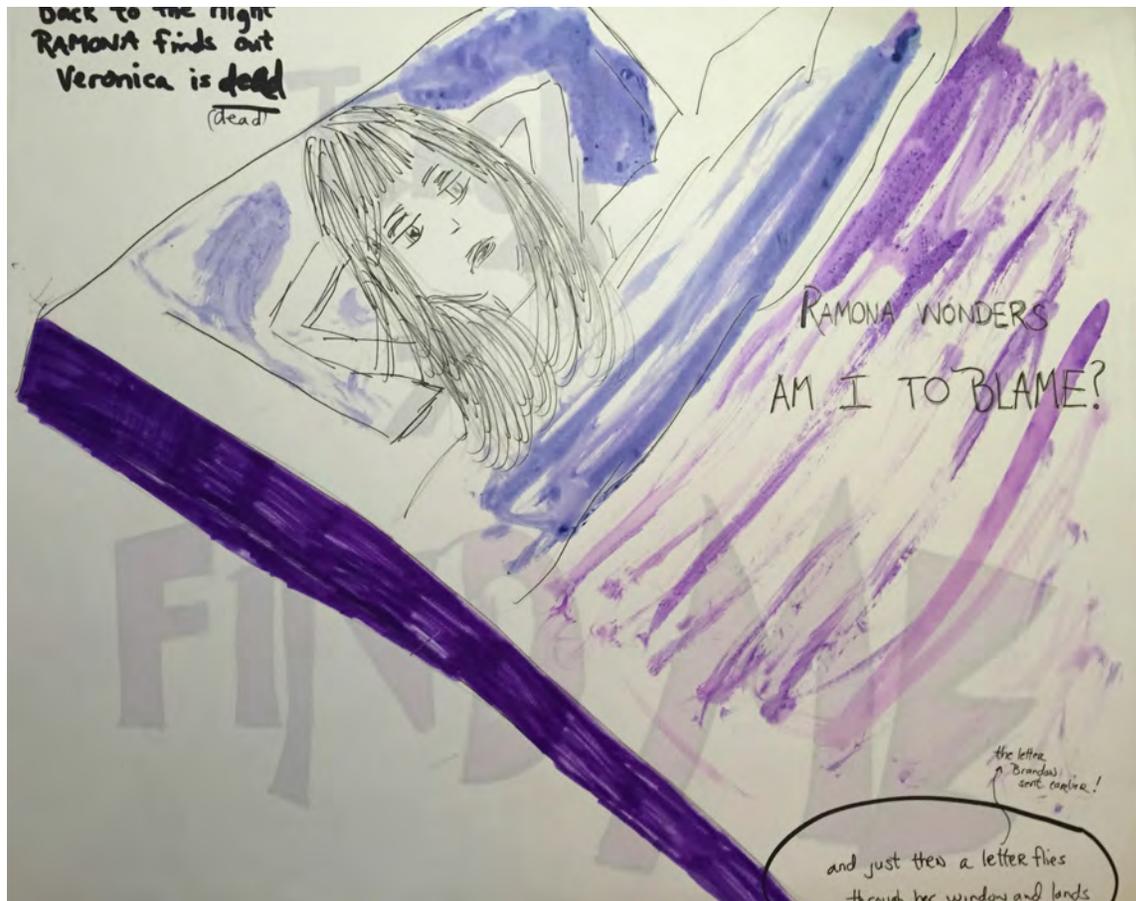


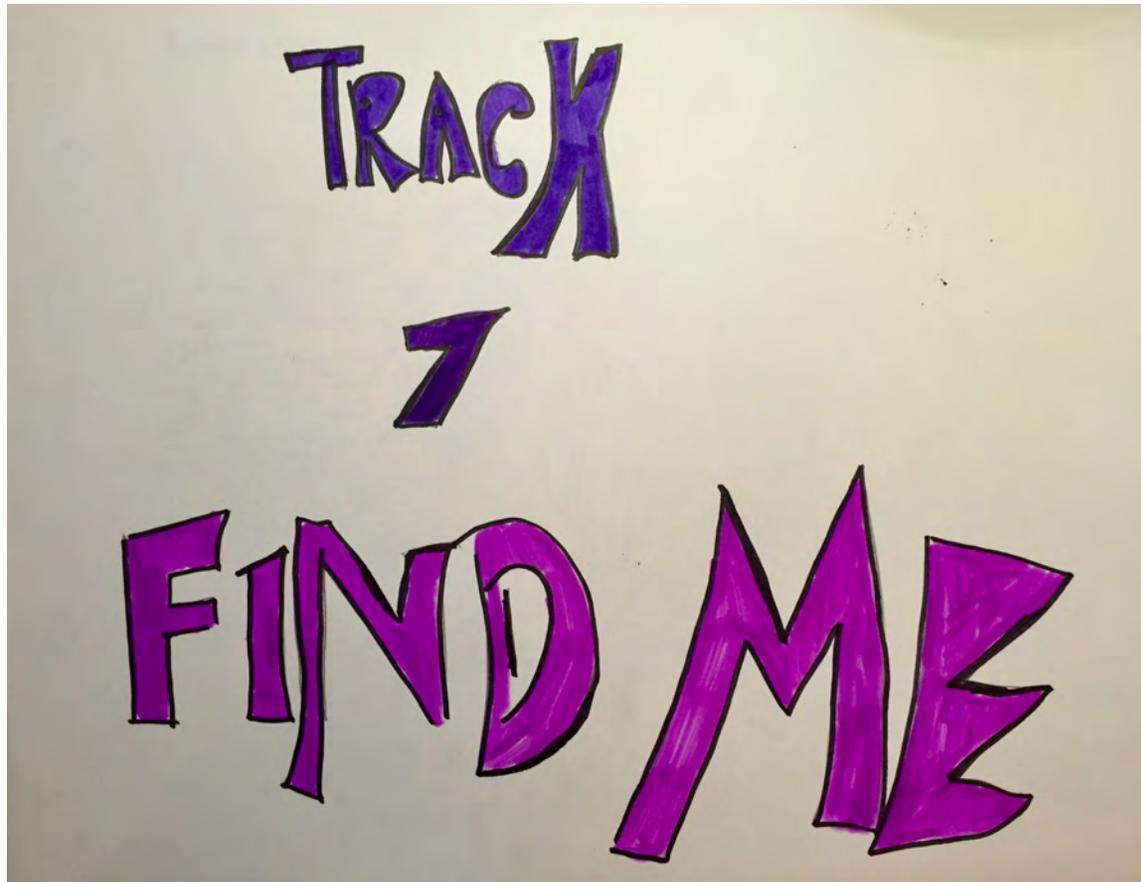


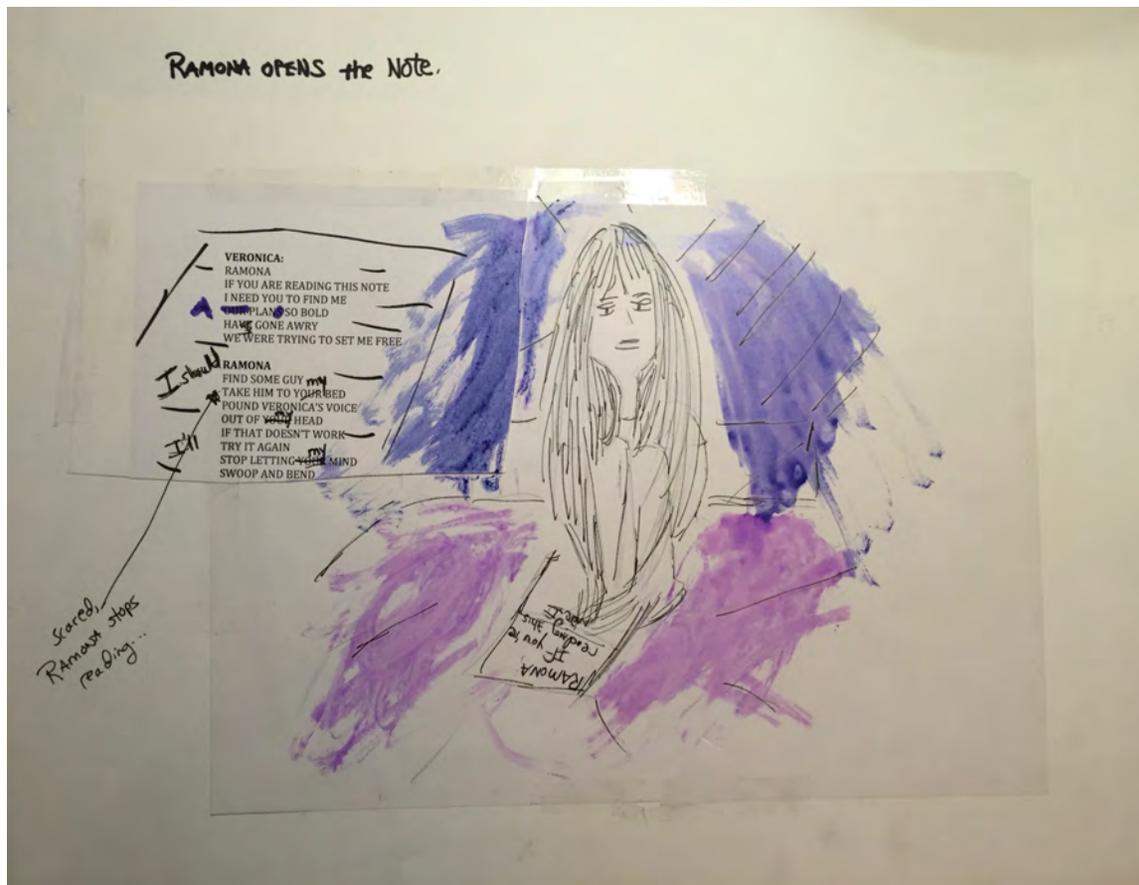


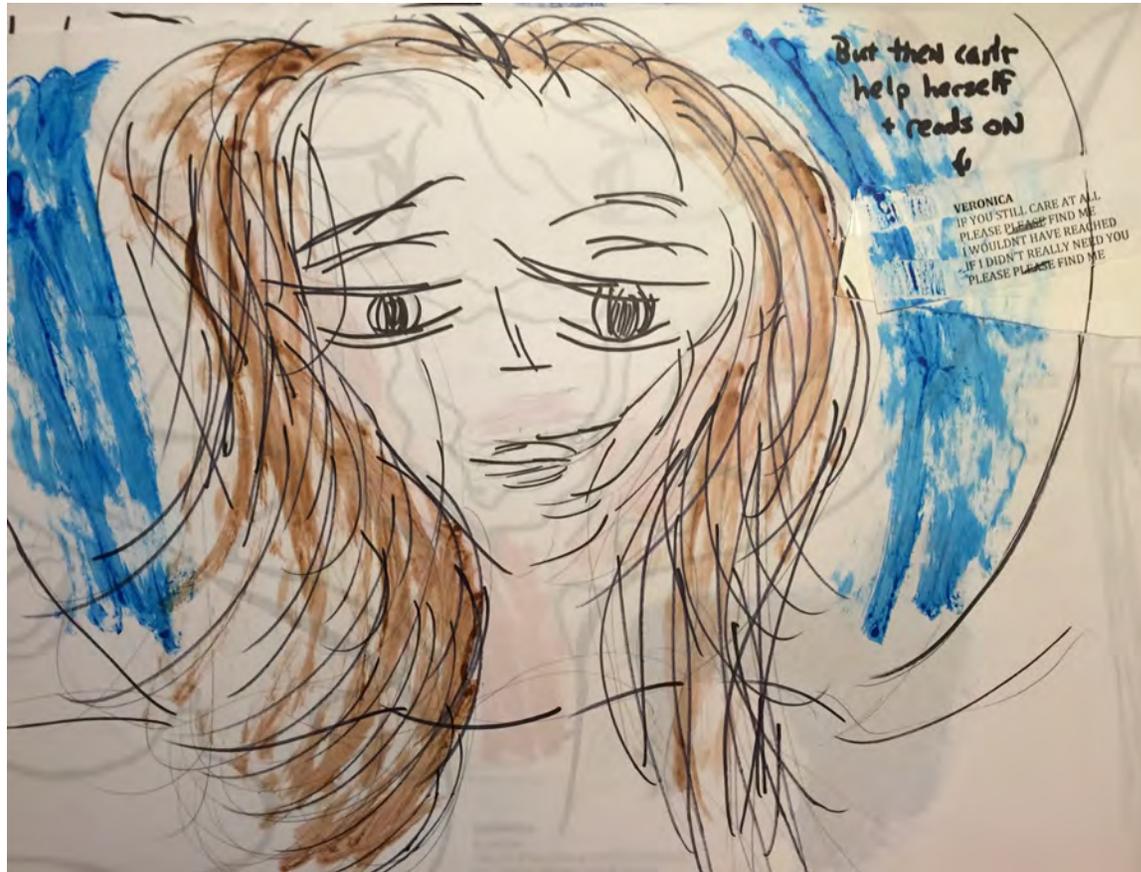


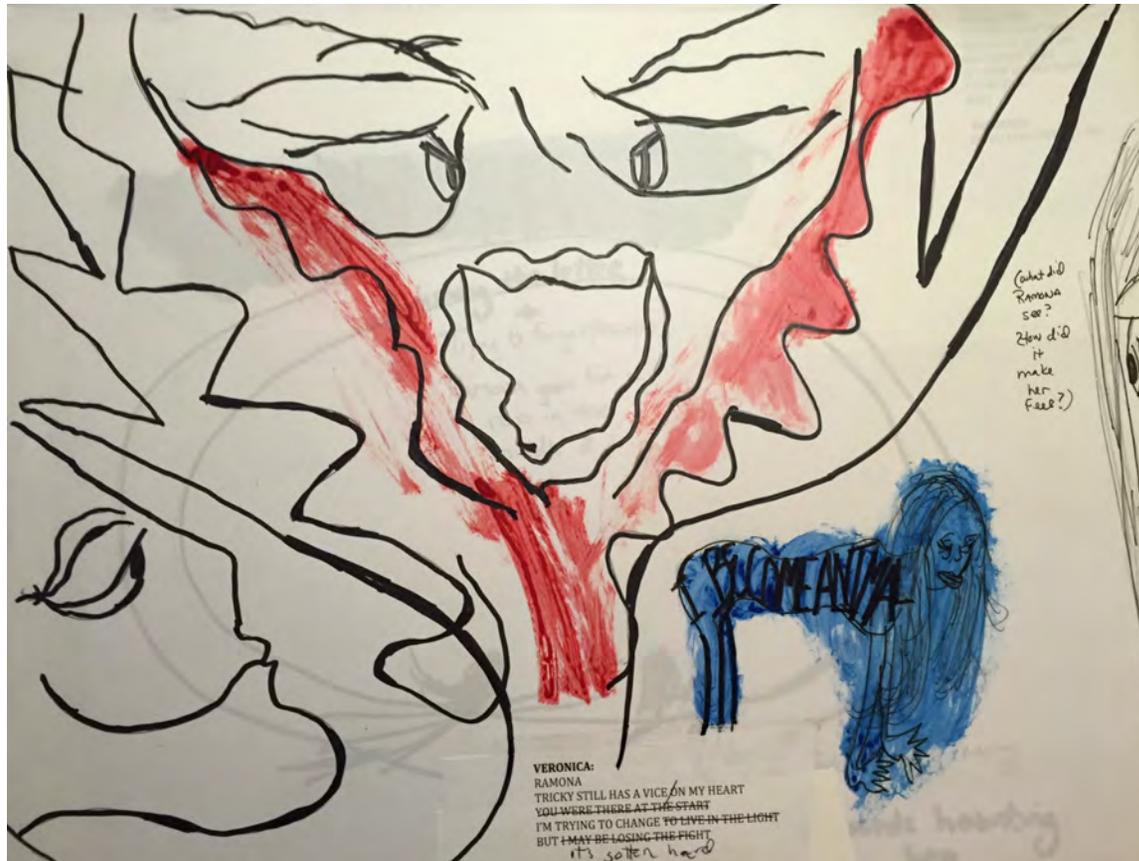


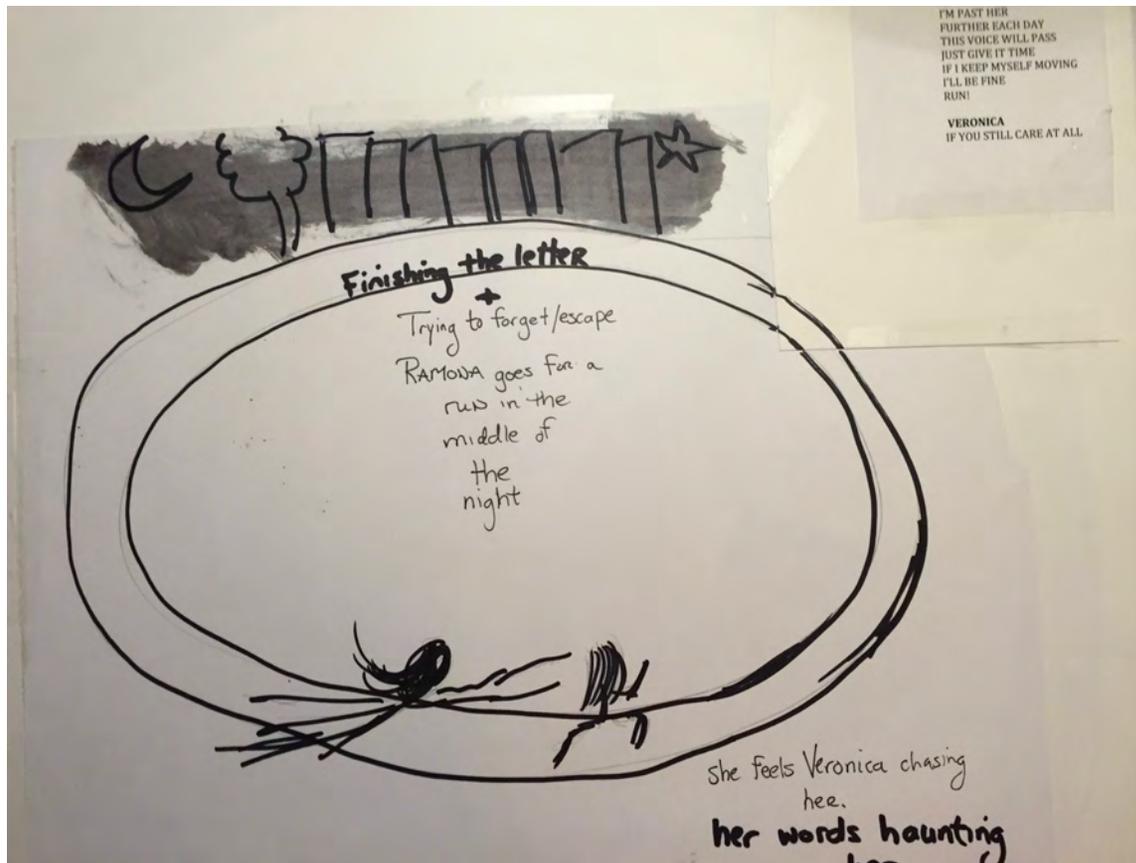


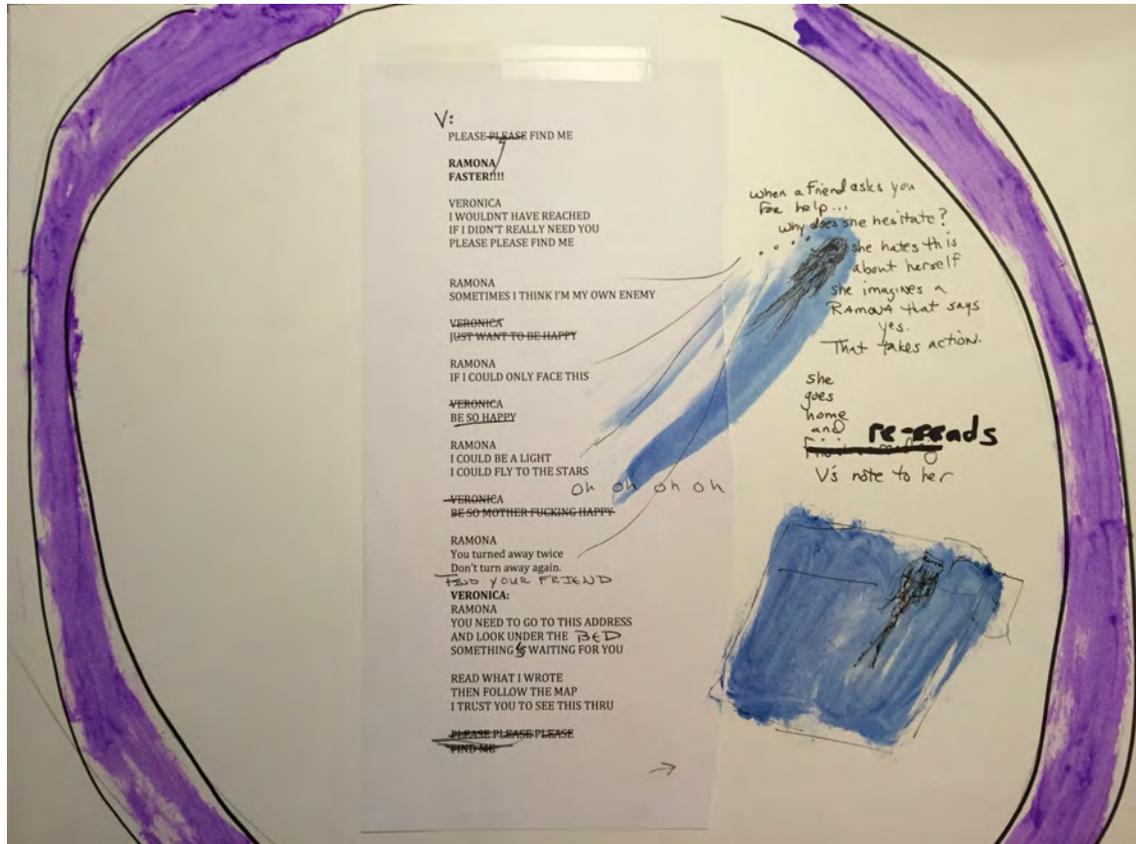
















*As the music fades, the lights restore to pedestrian apartment.*

#### THE HOST

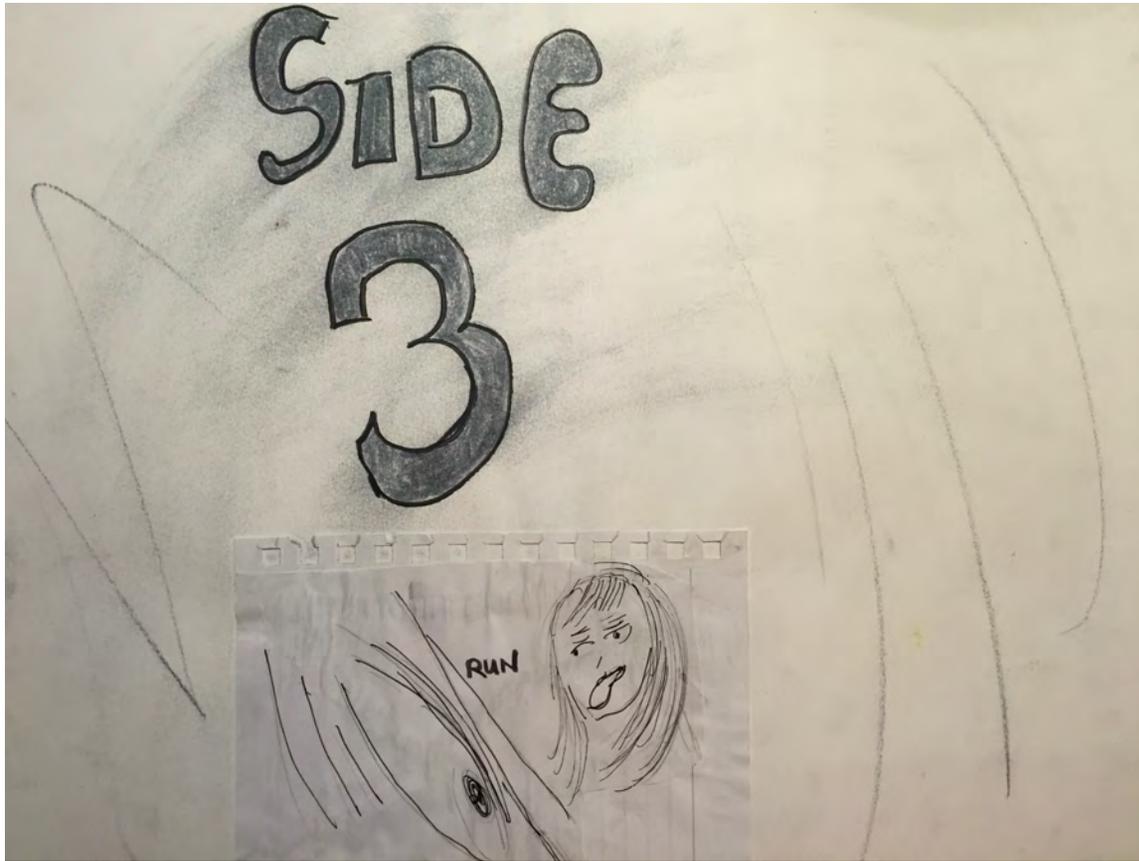
Let's take a quick break. Use the bathroom, have more wine and snoop snoop snoop around the apartment. Nothing is off limits.

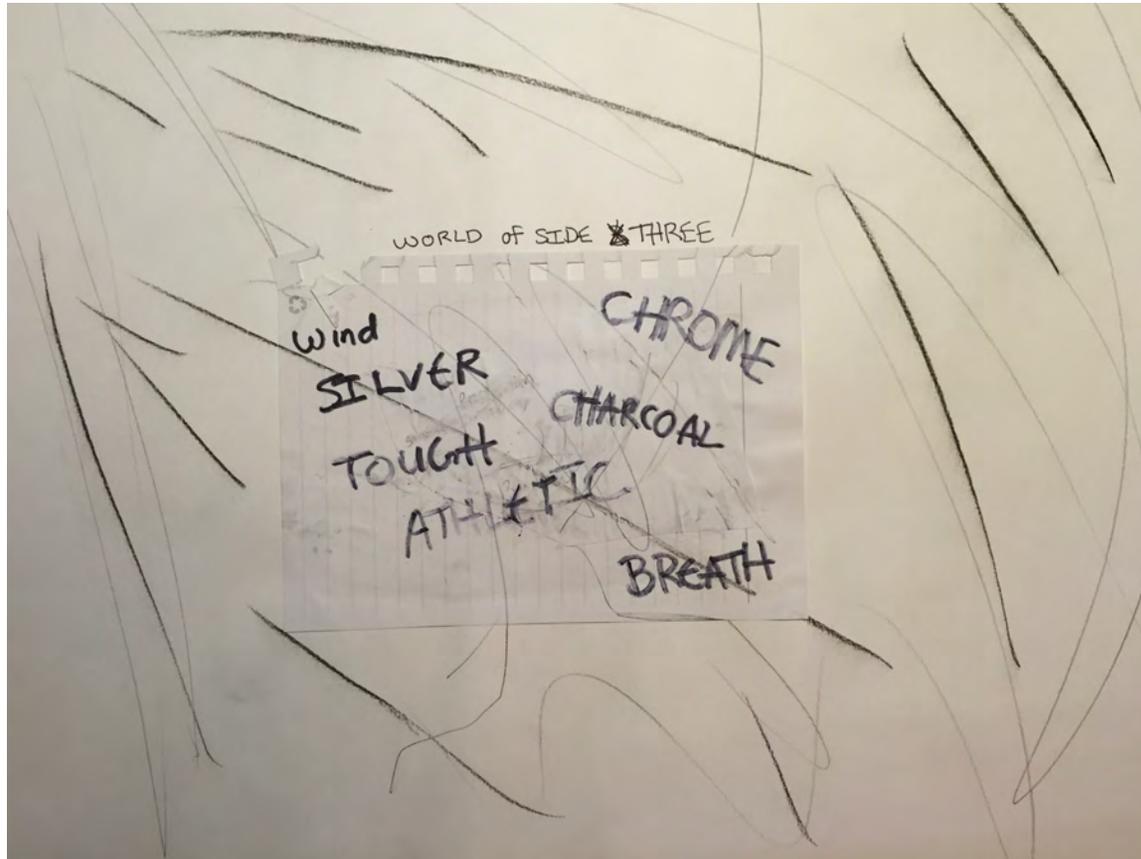
*The apartment is full of ephemera, secrets, and even a mini scavenger hunt.  
There is also a place where GUESTS can paint or write secrets.*

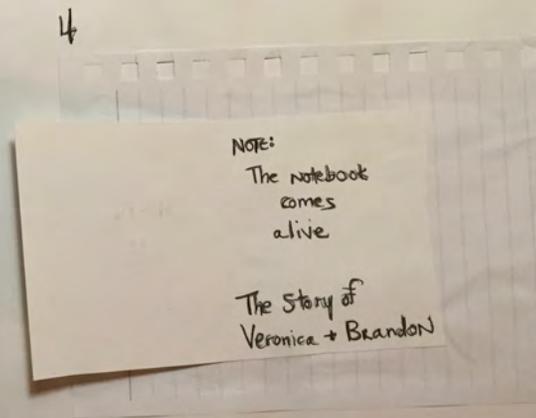
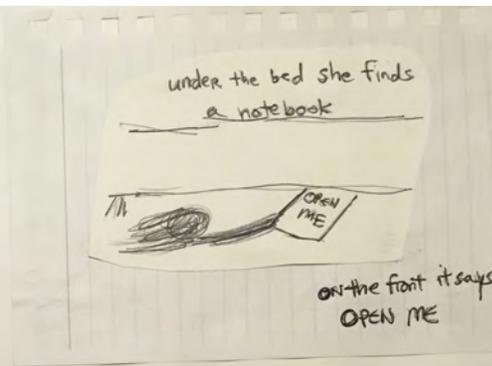
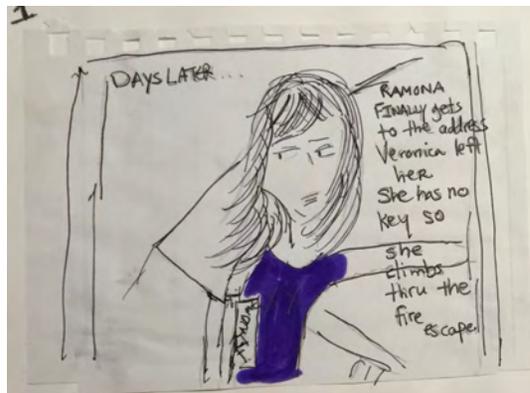
*Most times the GUESTS ignore the HOST during this break.*

*After this break, The Guests are asked to return to the couches and find a new spot to sit.*

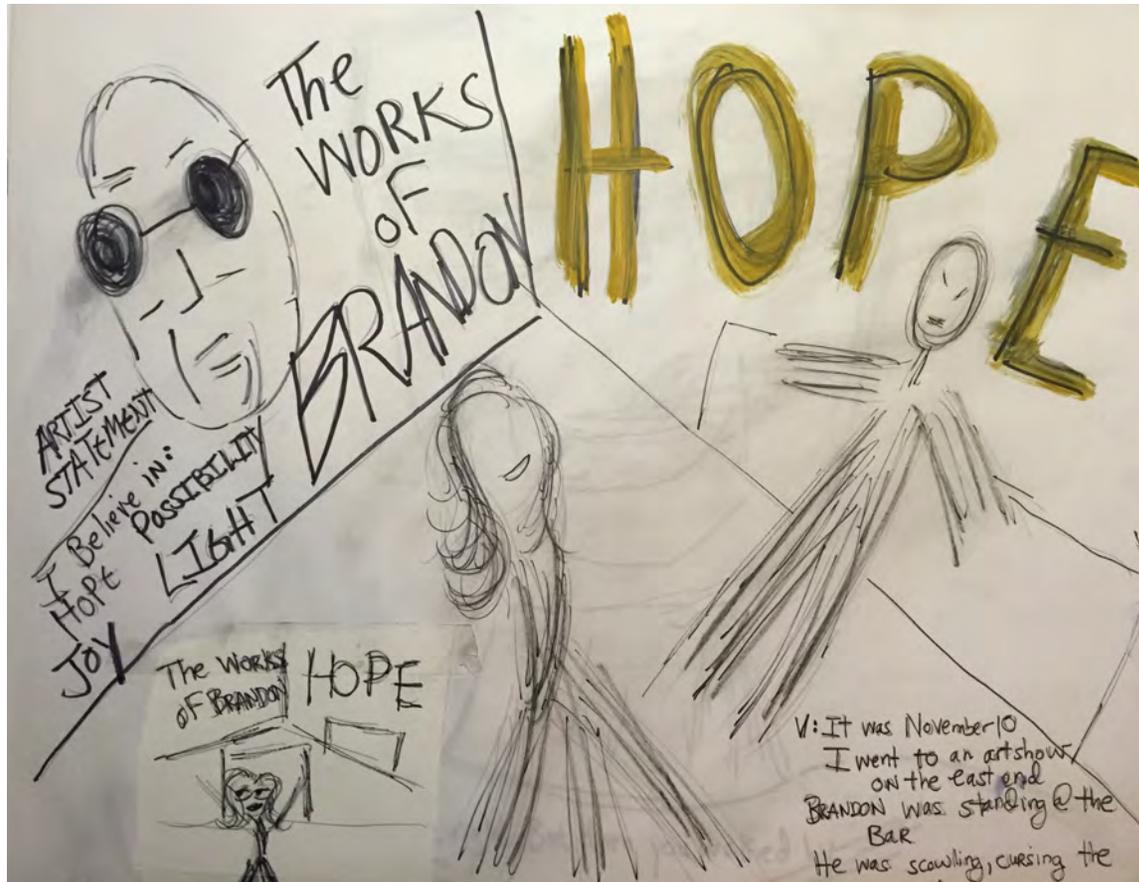
*Start soundscape for Side Three now. As soon as the sound begins the lights move into a more theatrical space.*

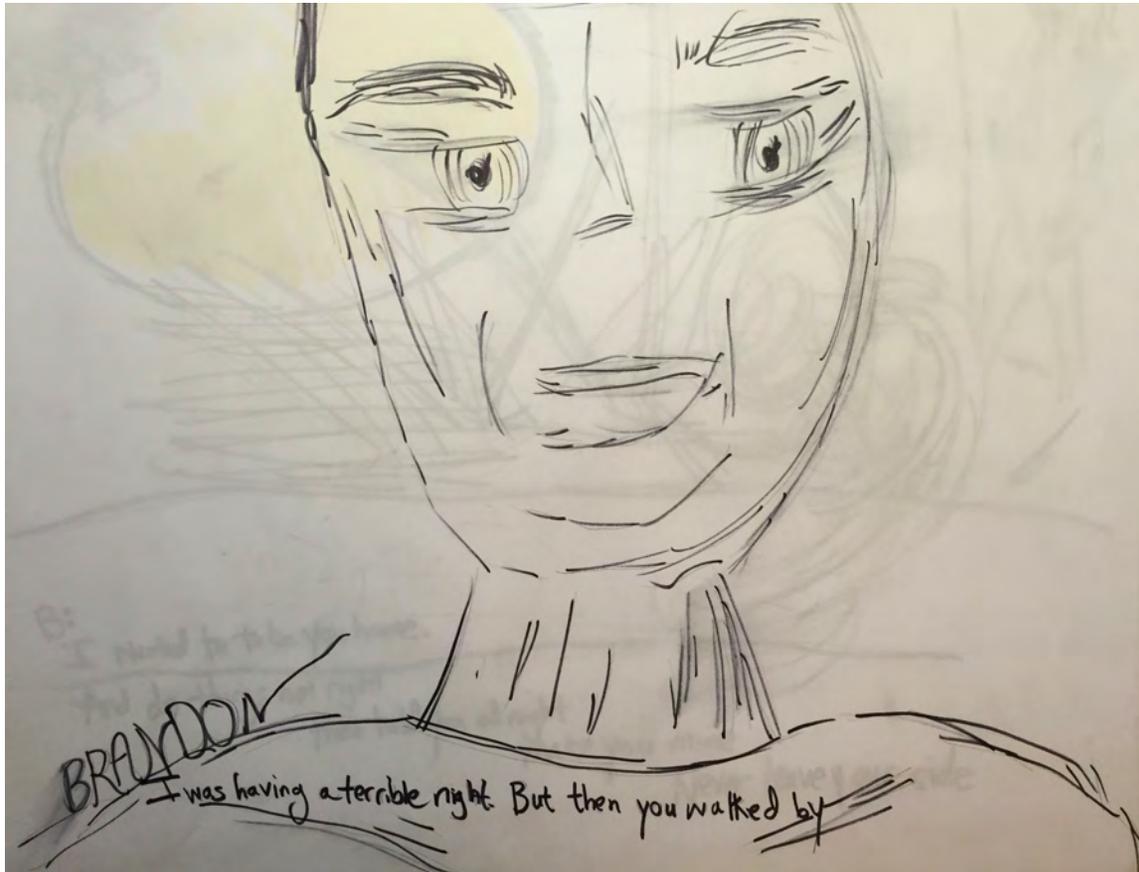


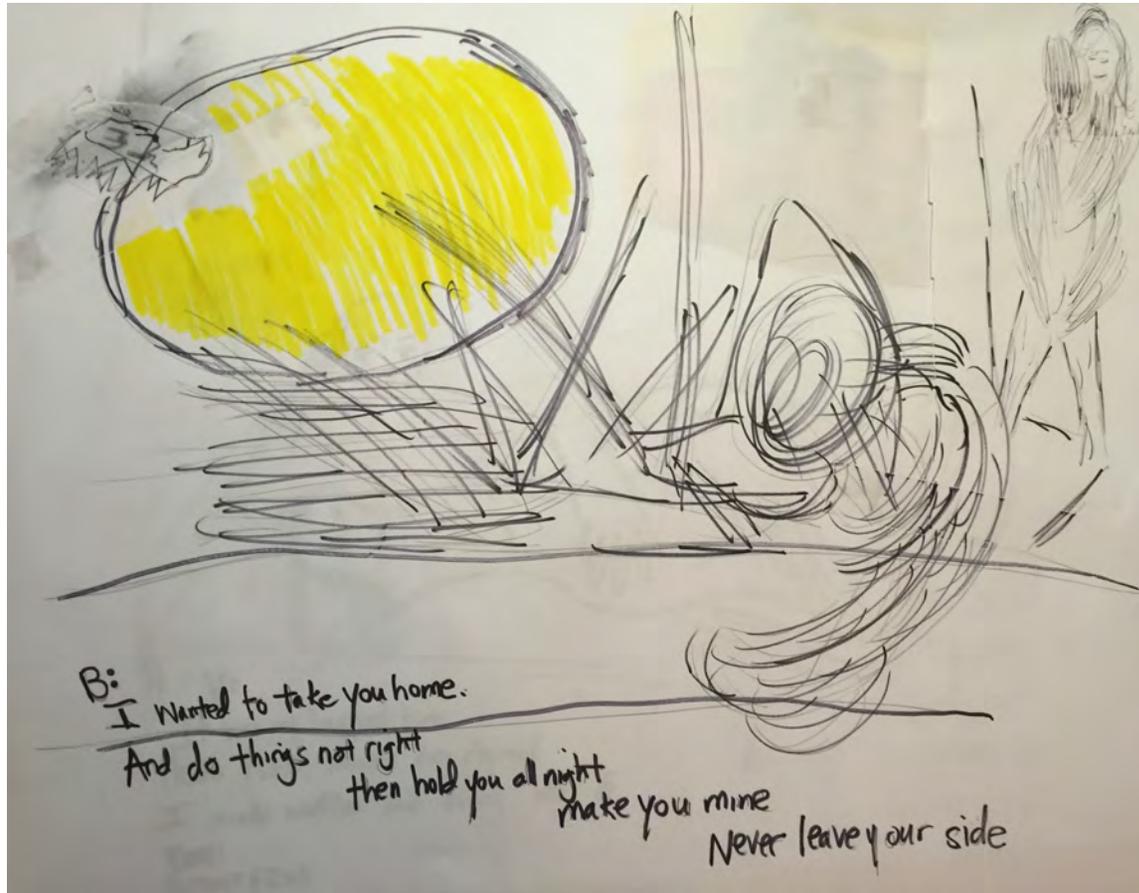




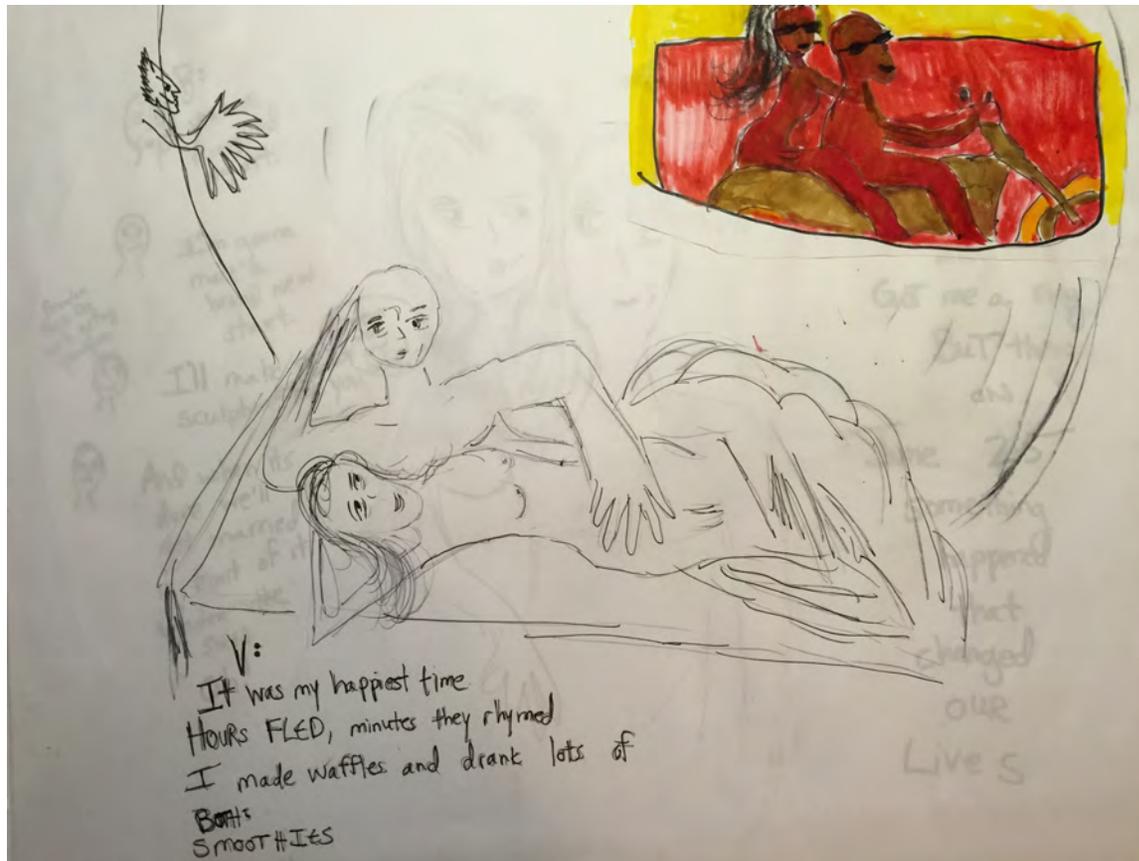


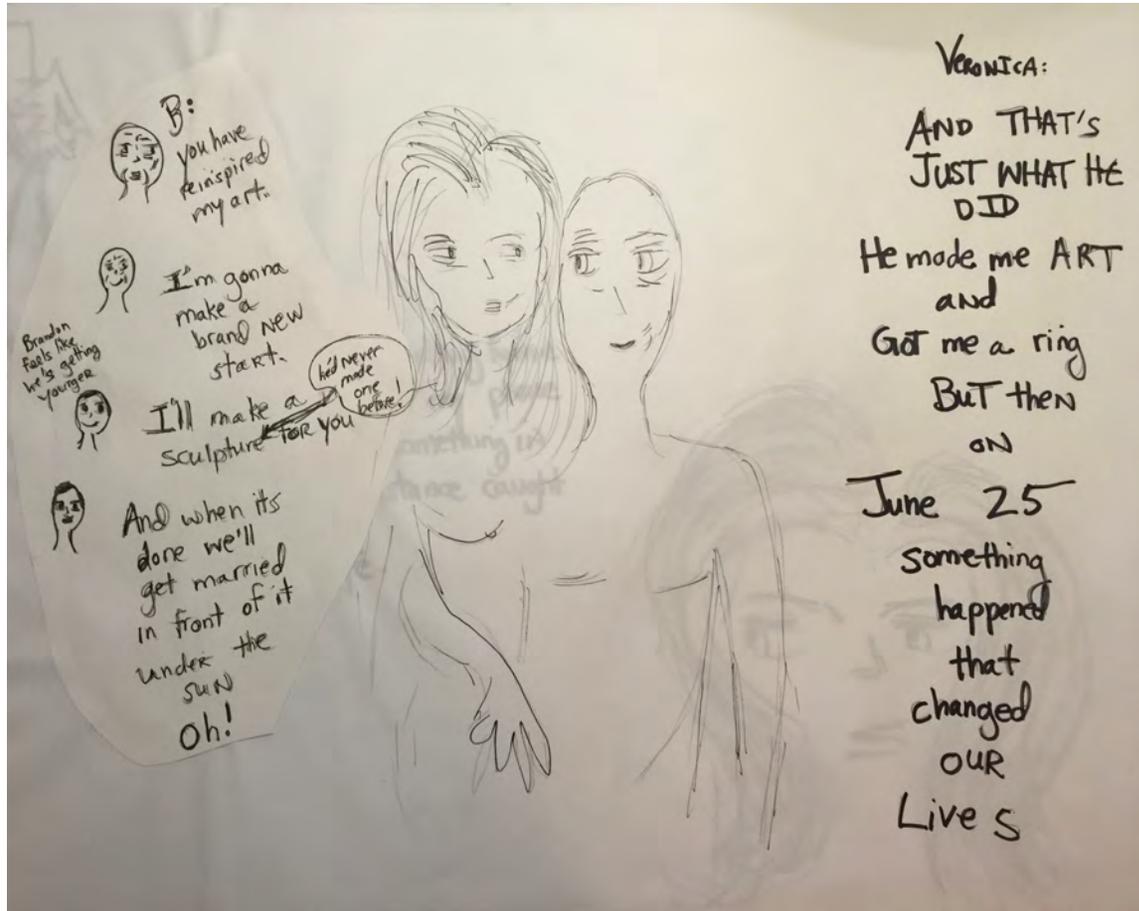


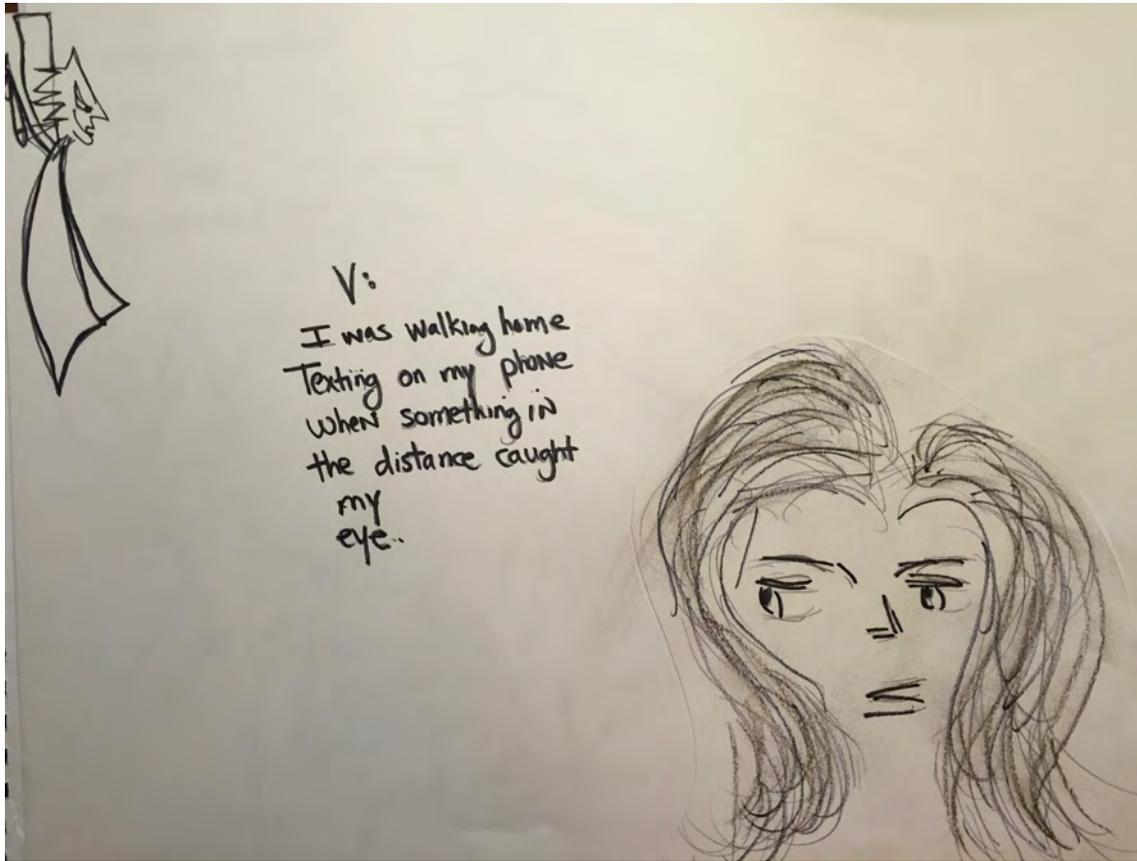


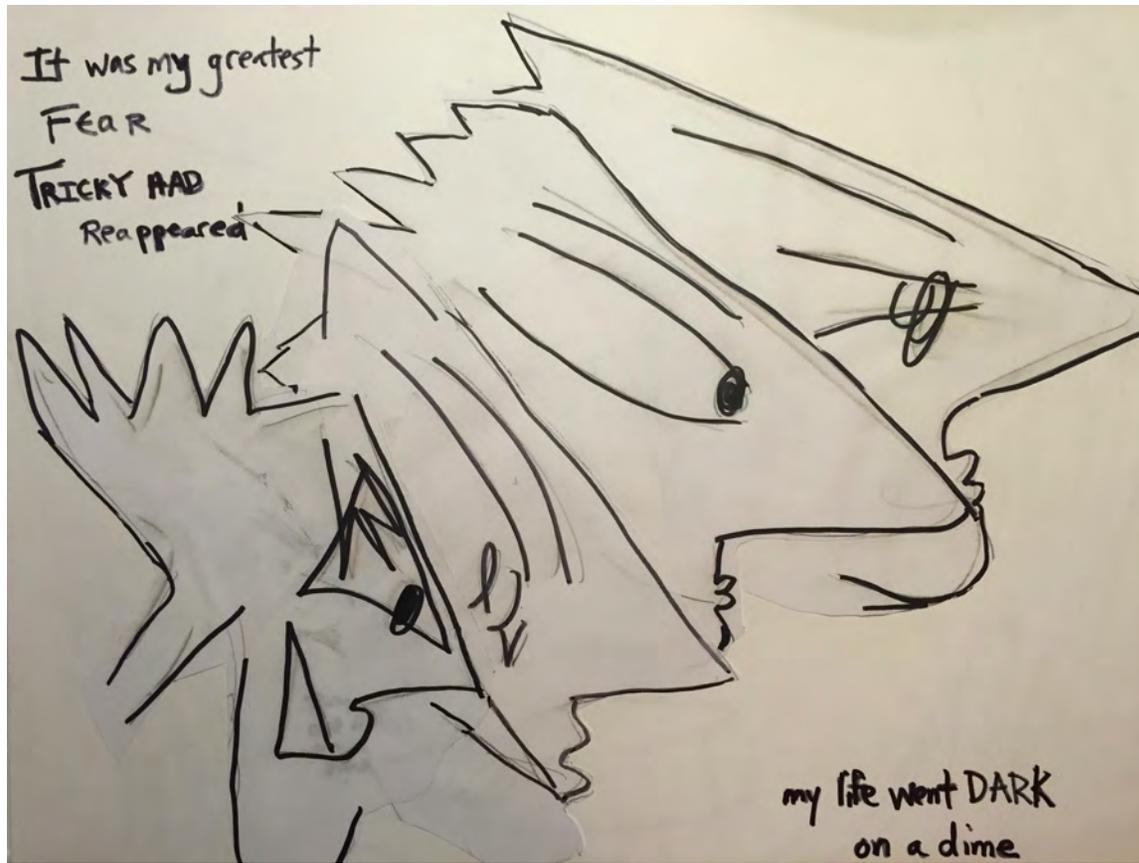


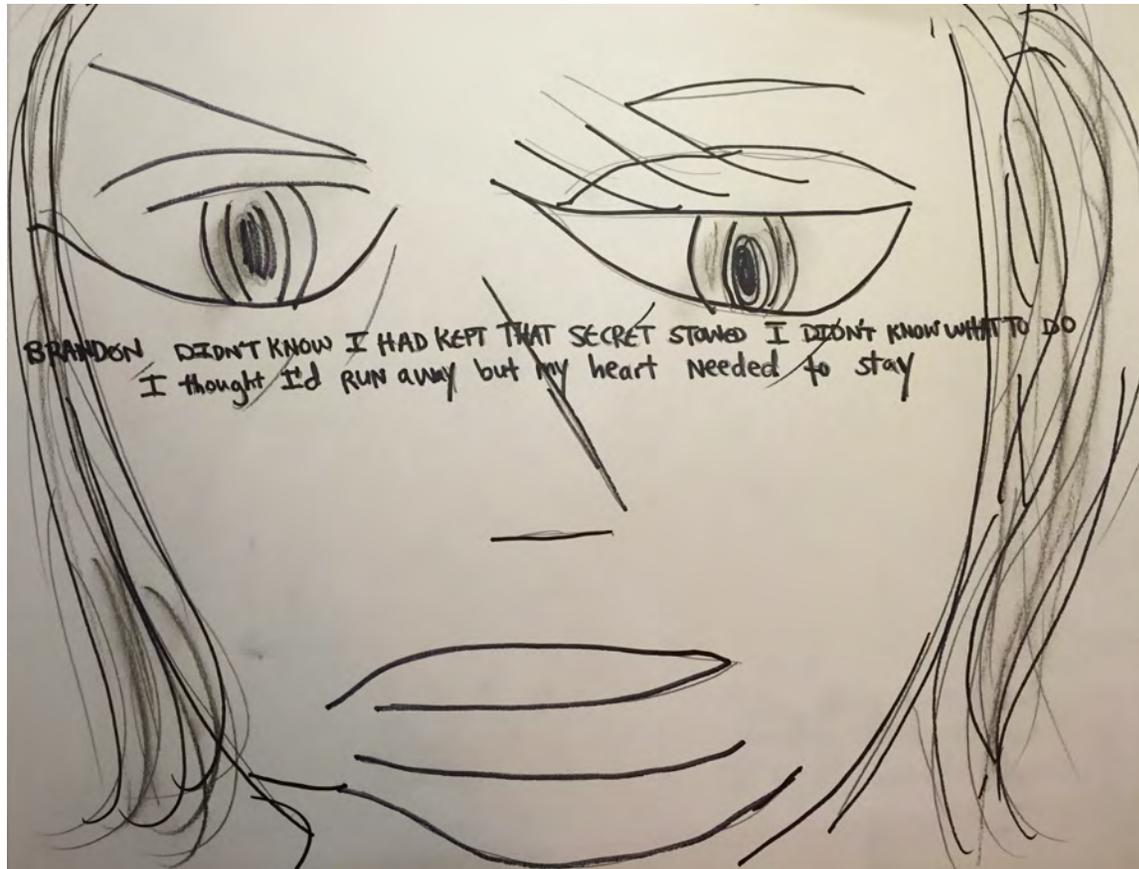
B:  
I wanted to take you home.  
And do things not right  
then hold you all night  
make you mine  
Never leave your side

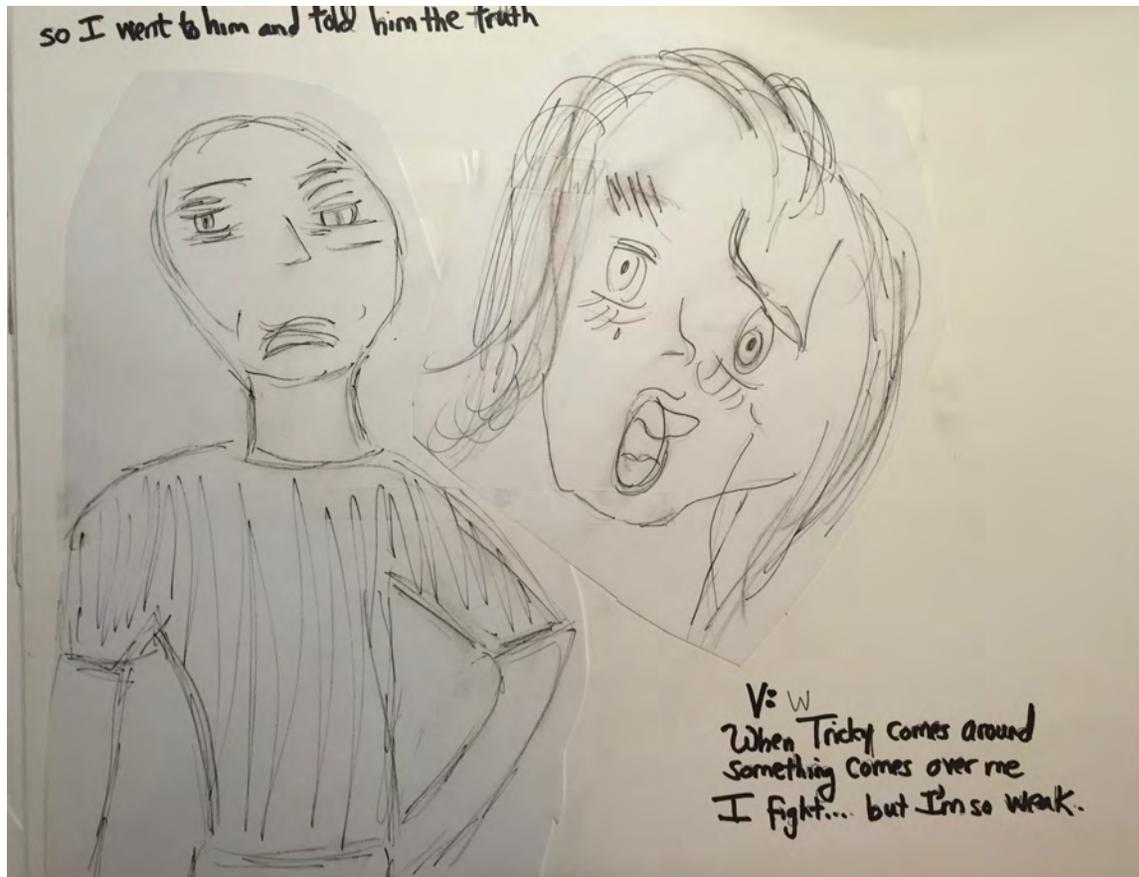


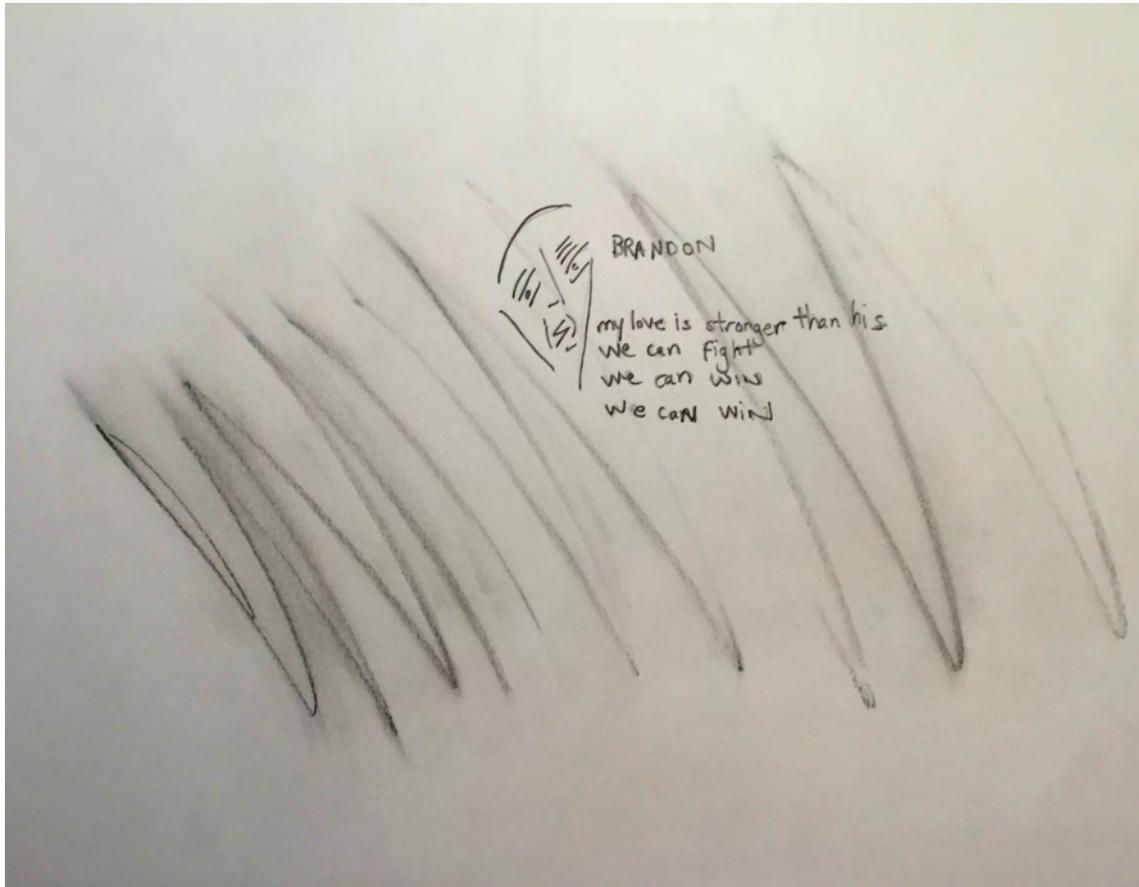


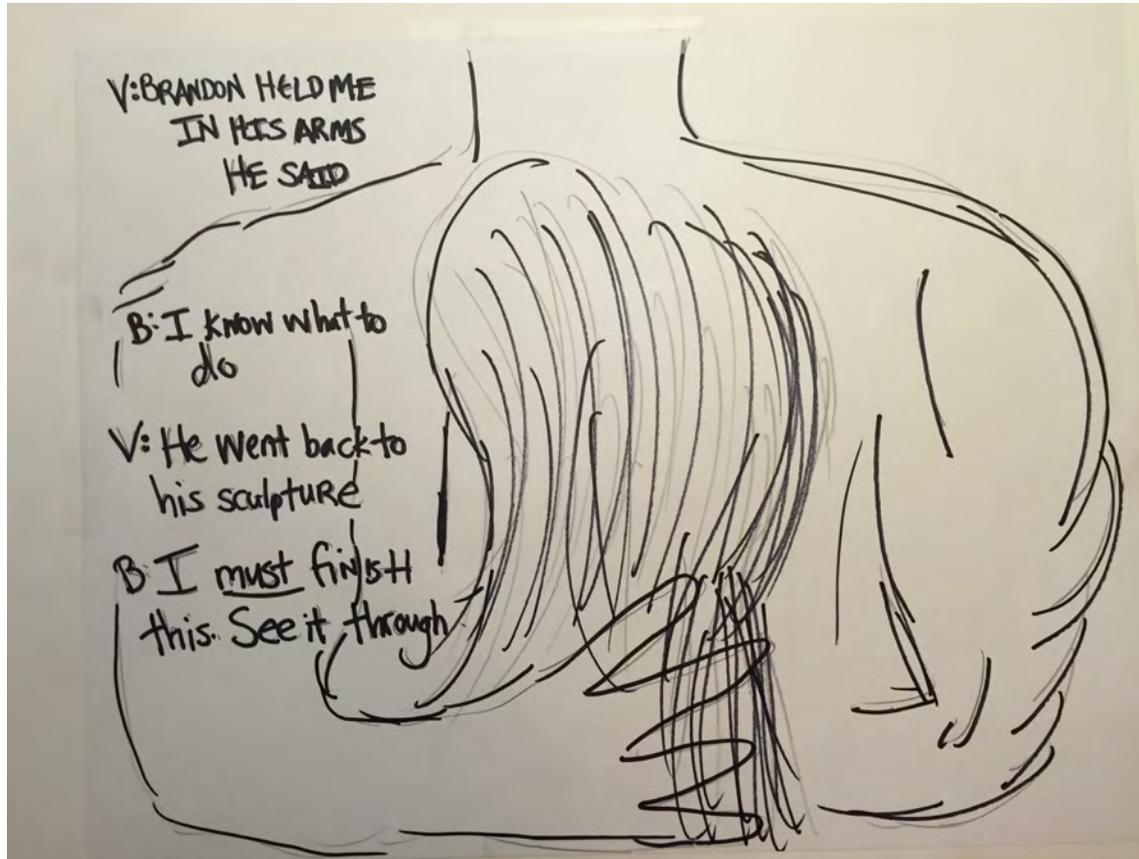










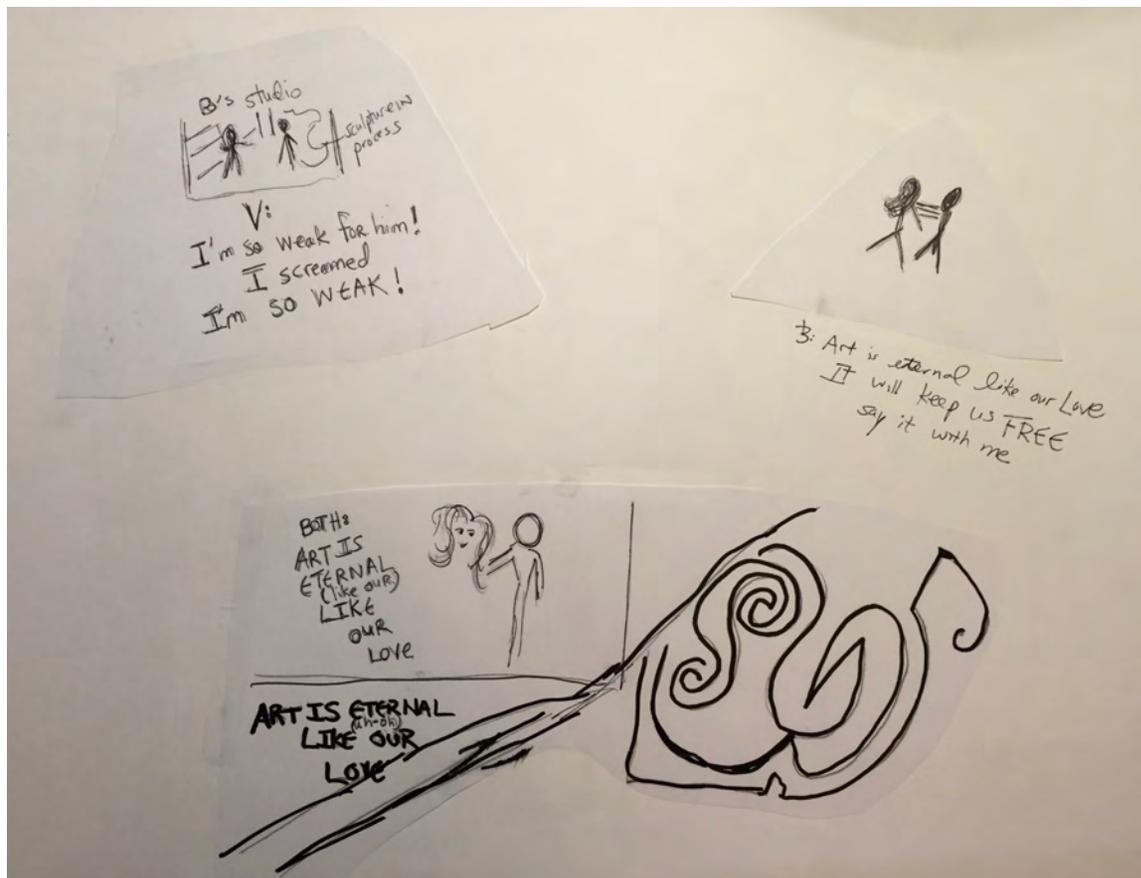


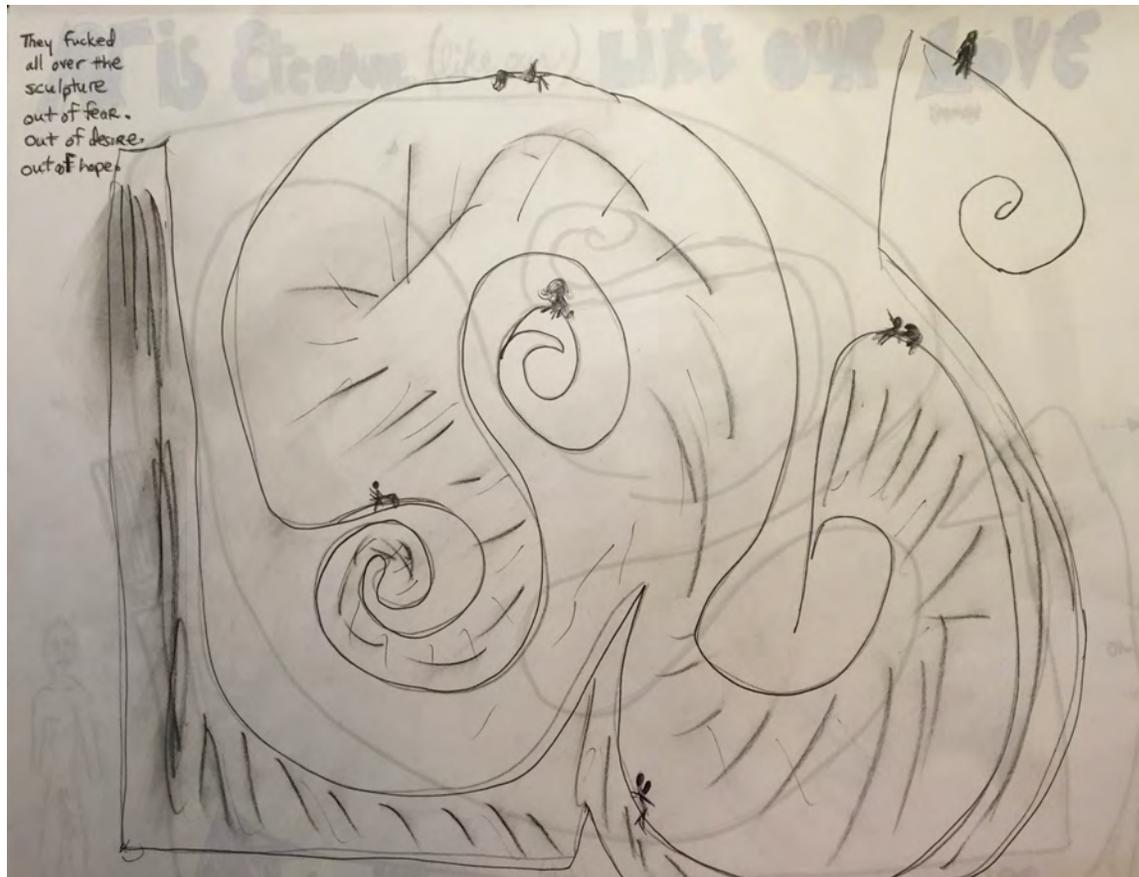
V: BRANDON HELD ME  
IN HIS ARMS  
HE SAID

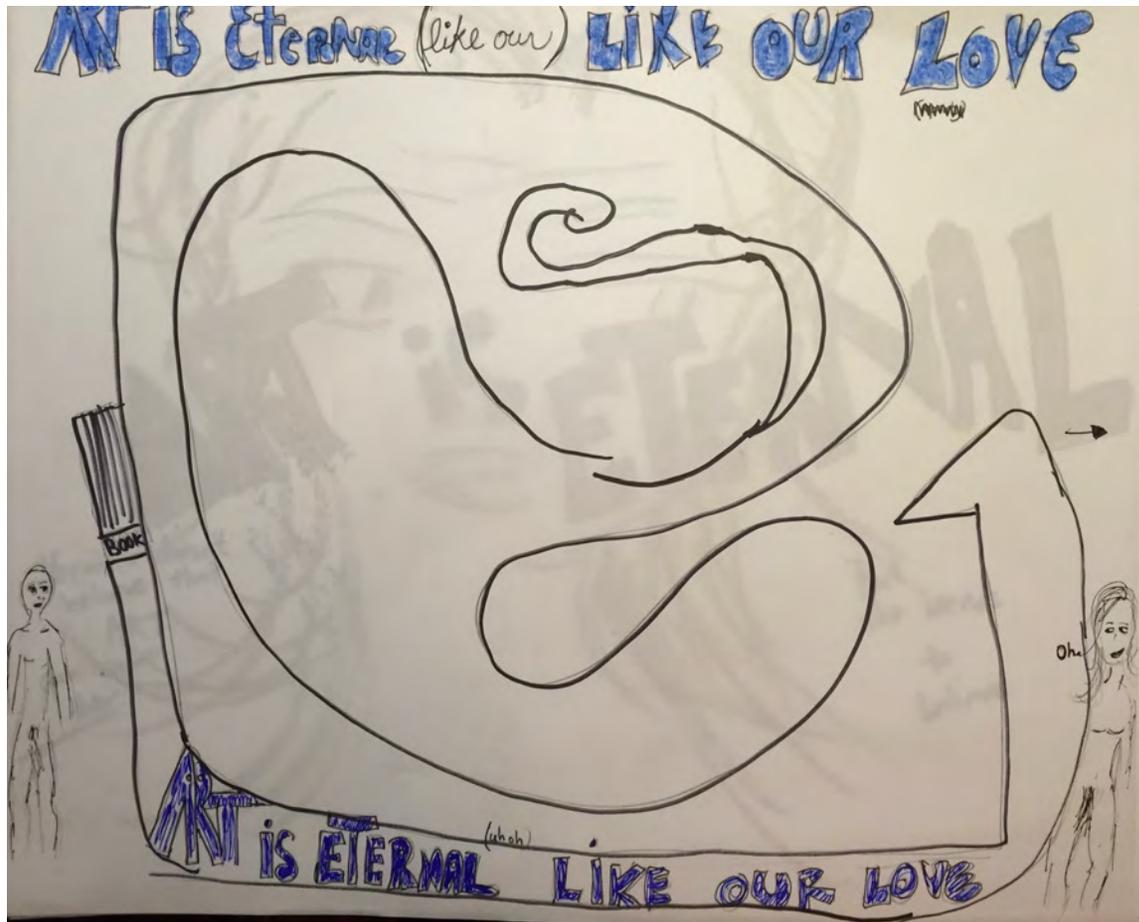
B: I know what to  
do

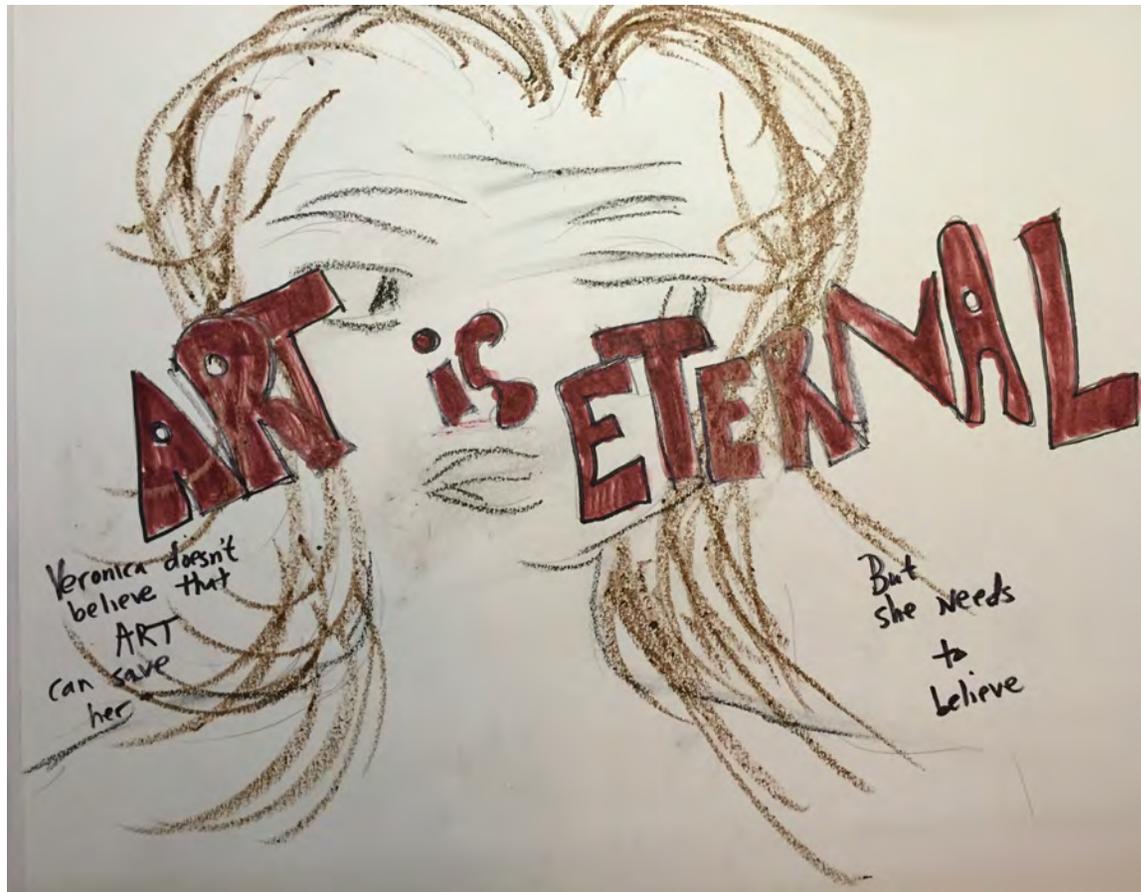
V: He went back to  
his sculpture

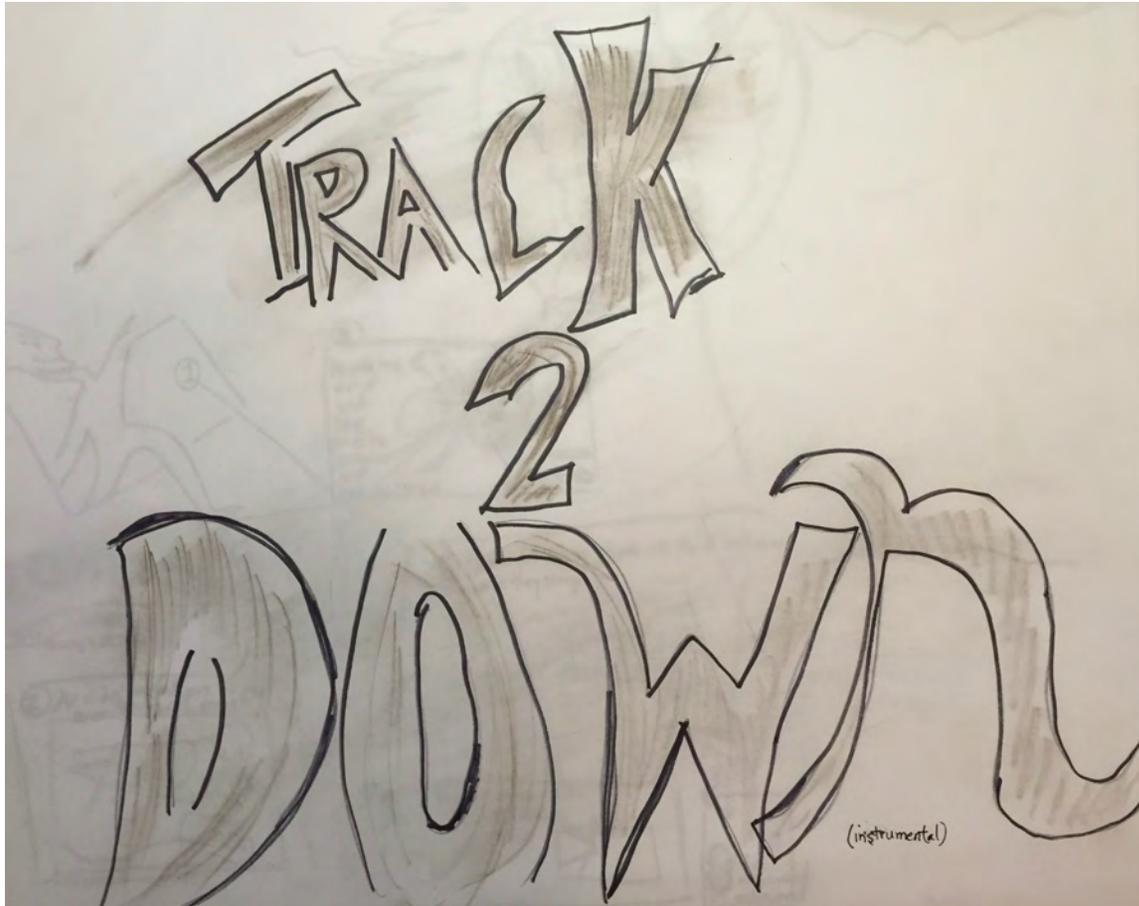
B: I must finish  
this. See it through

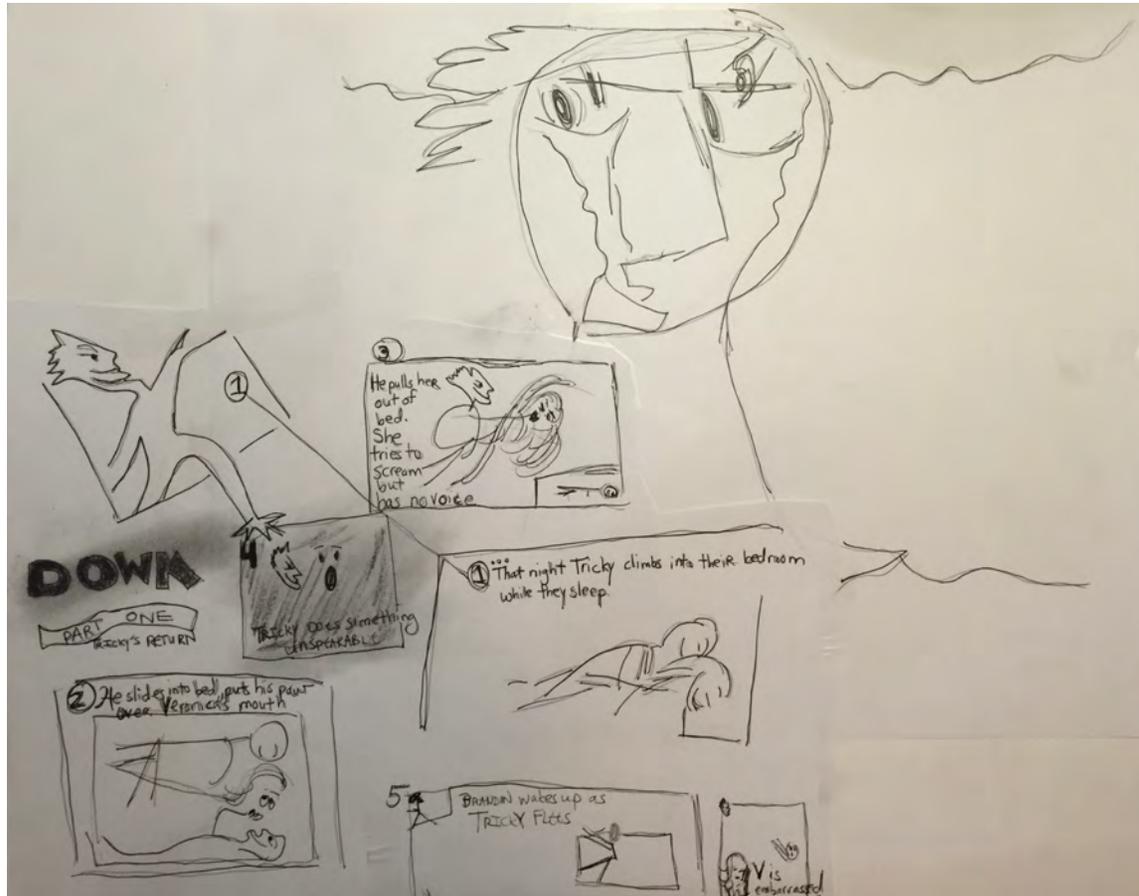


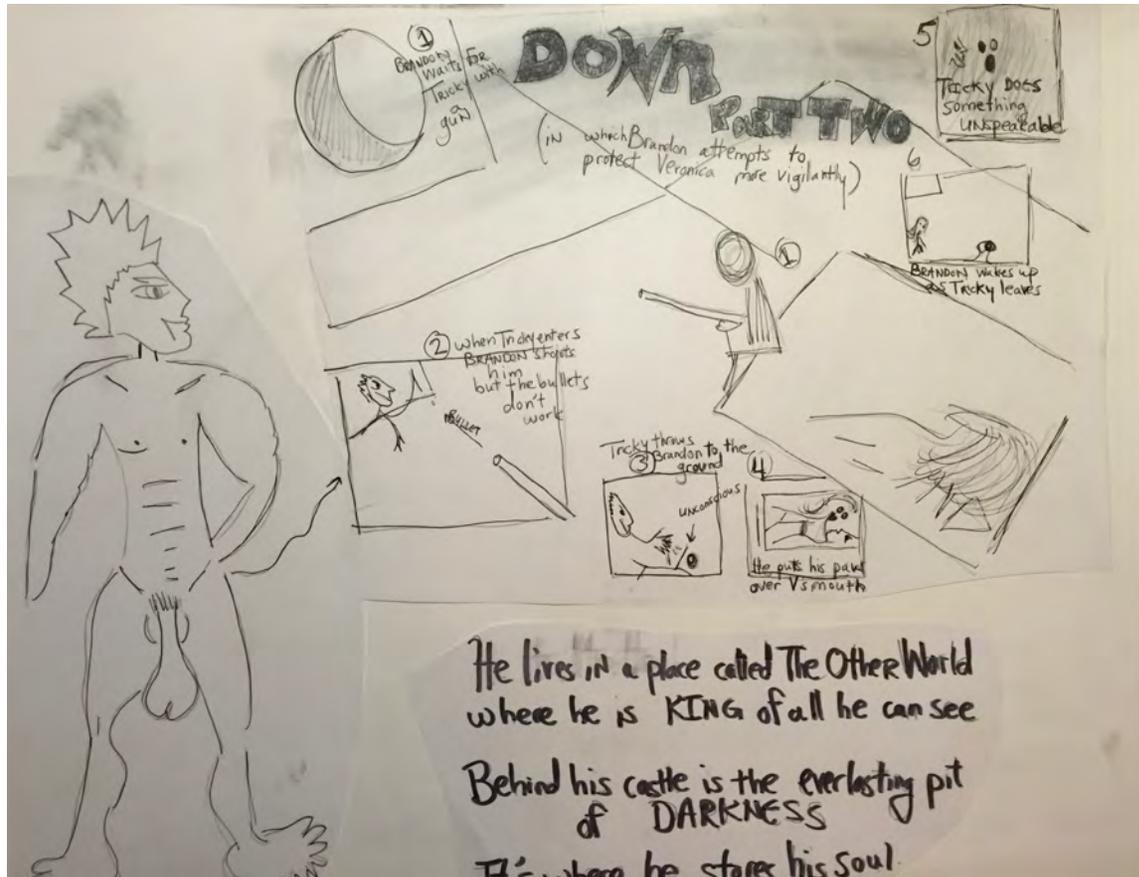


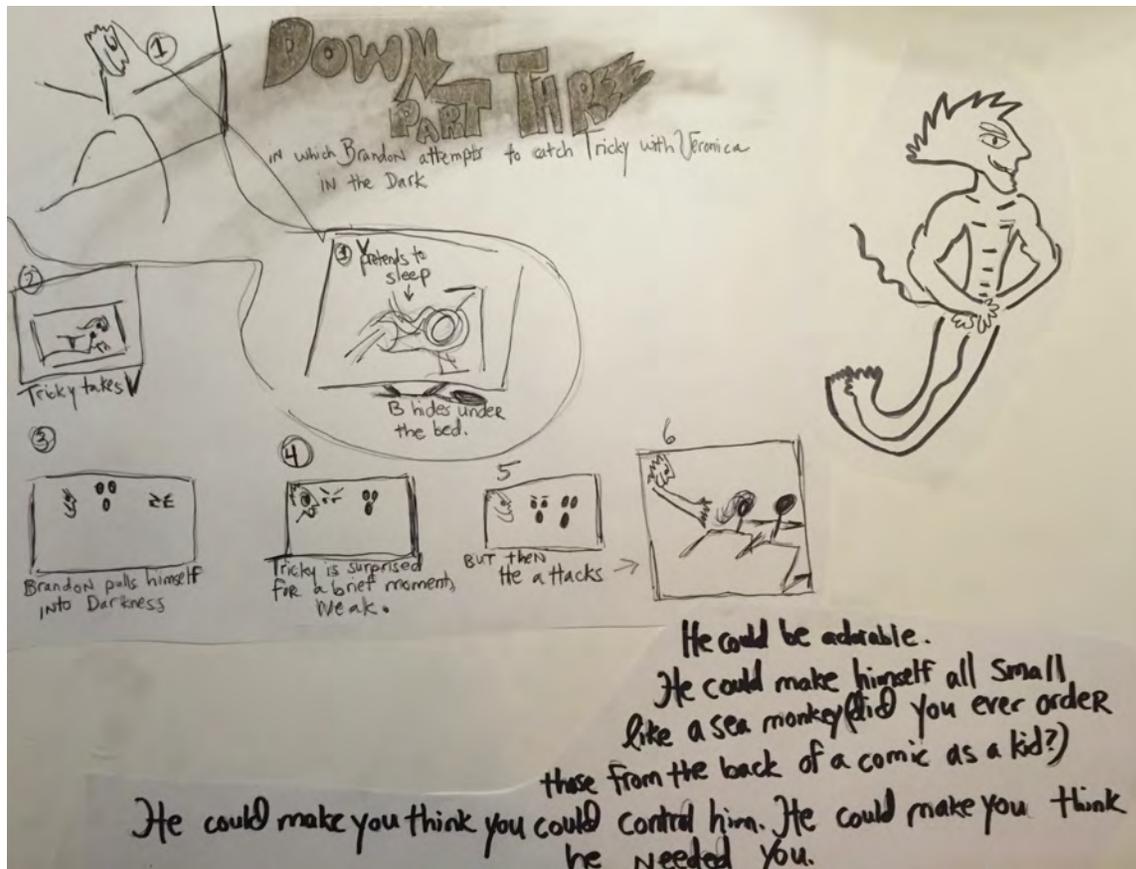


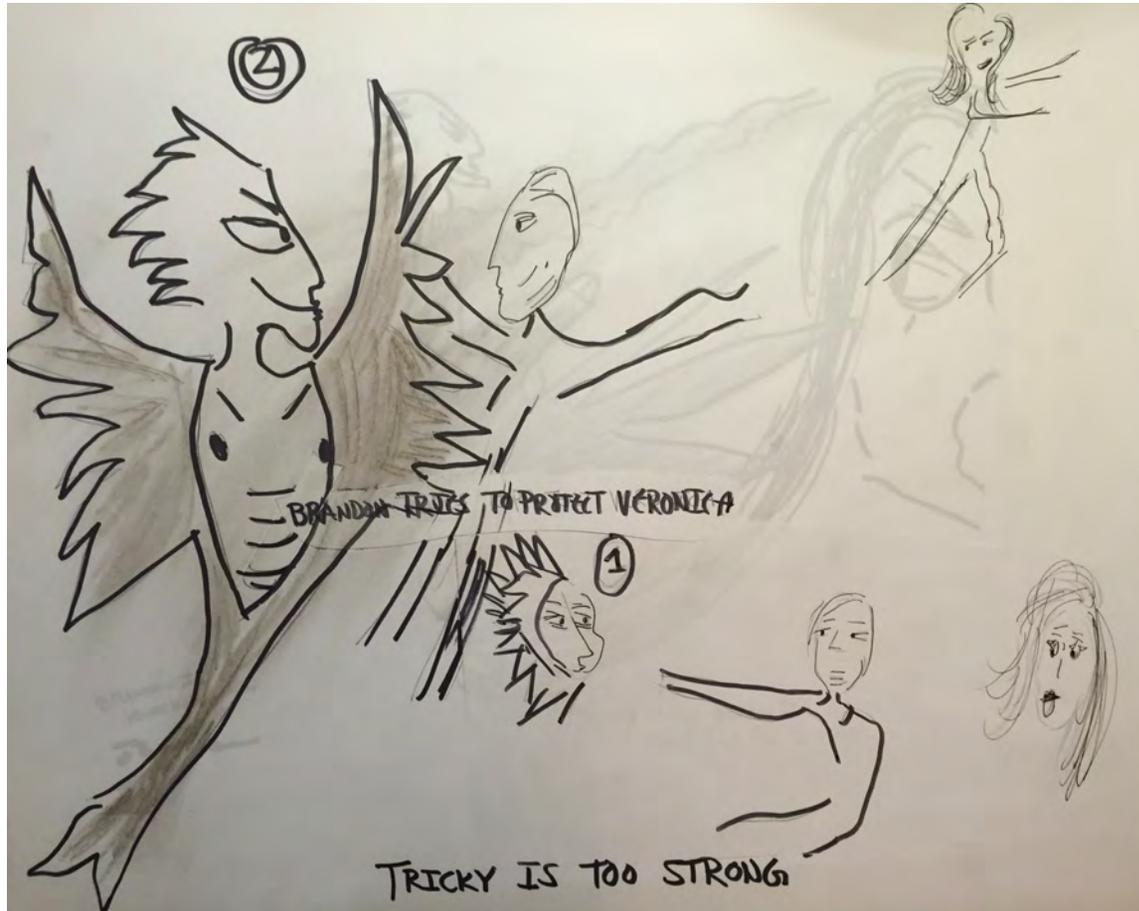




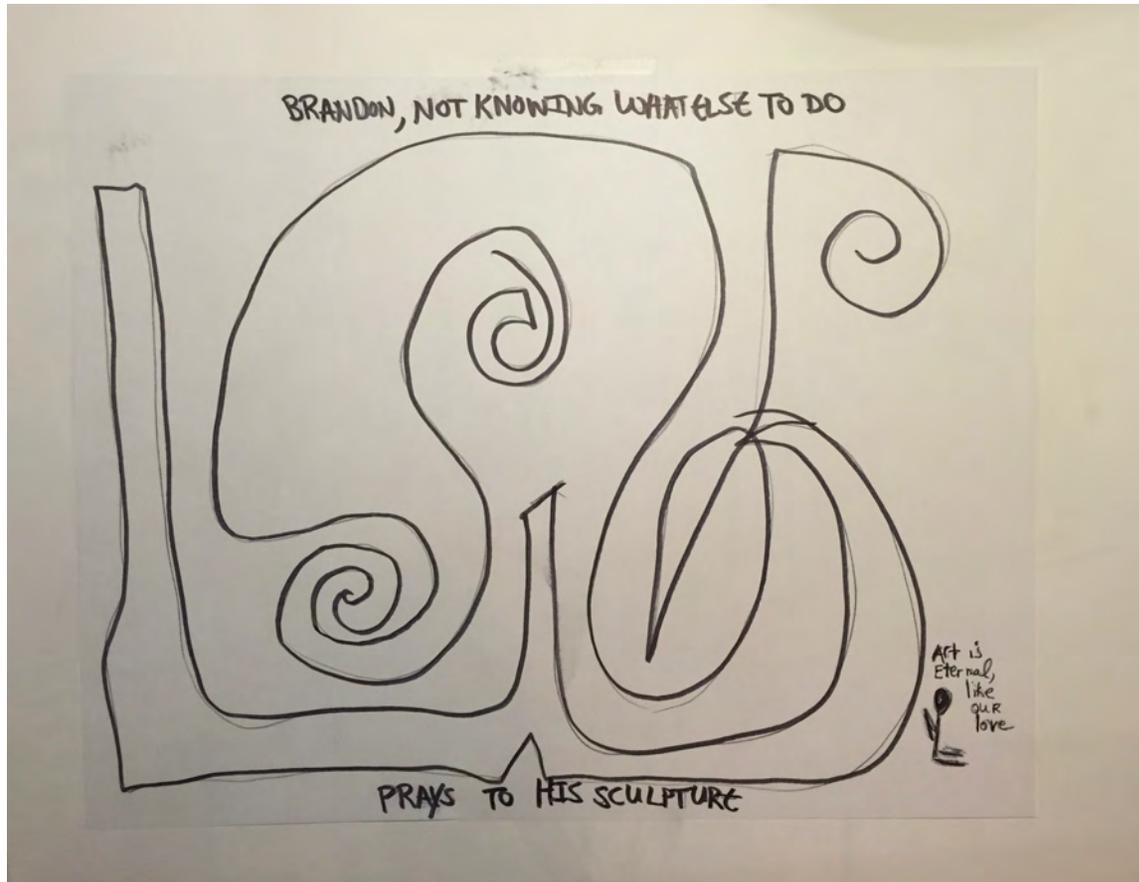


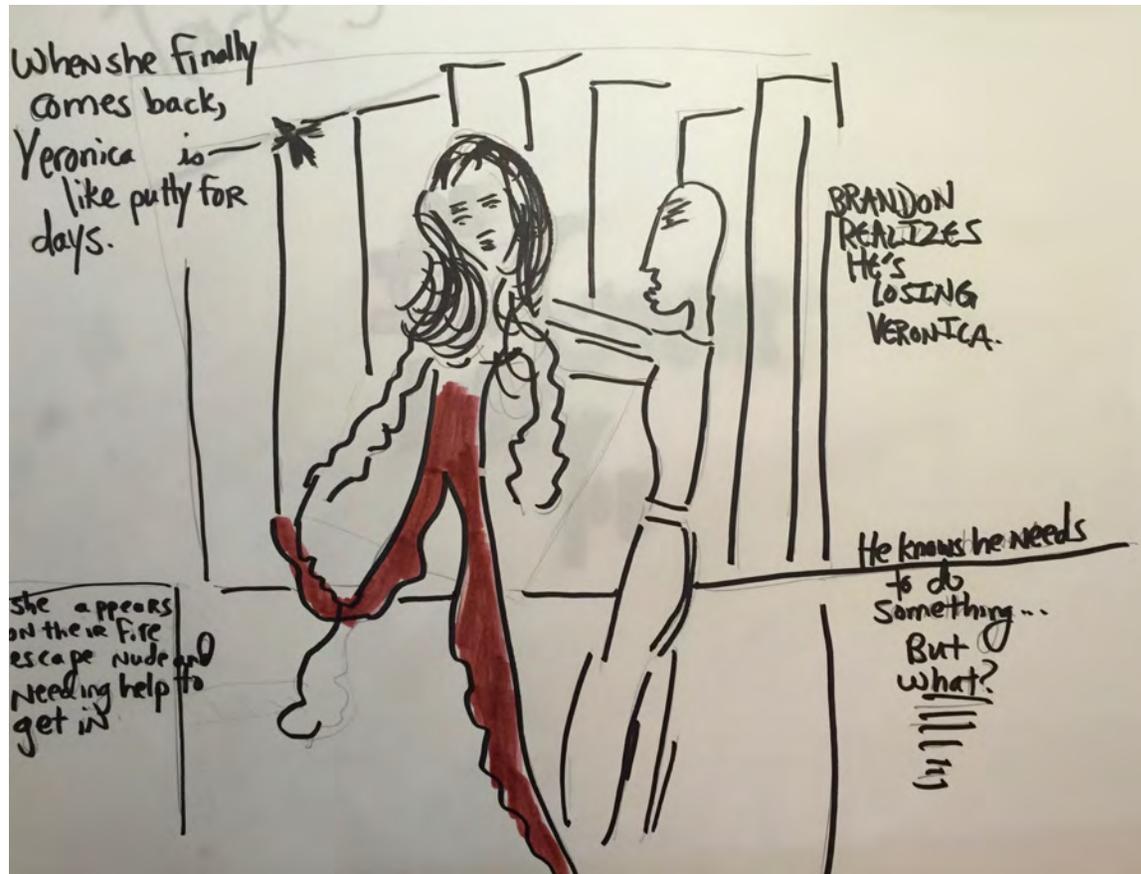


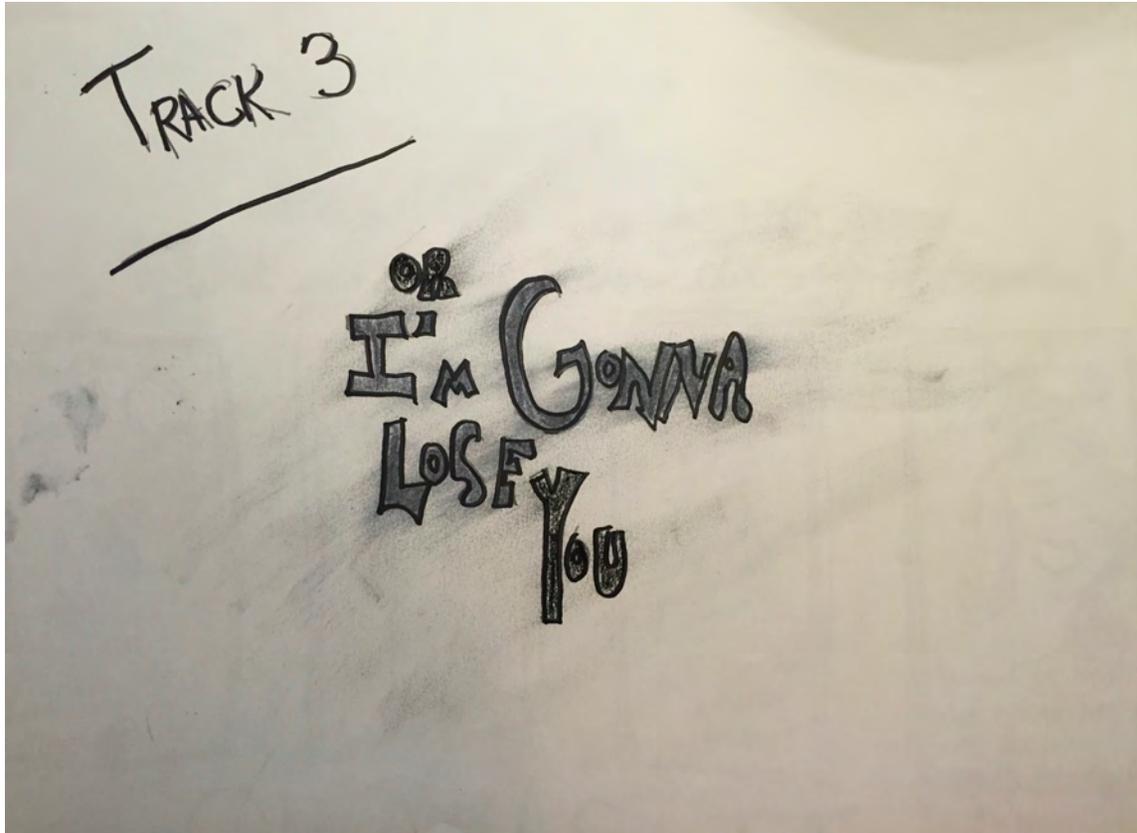


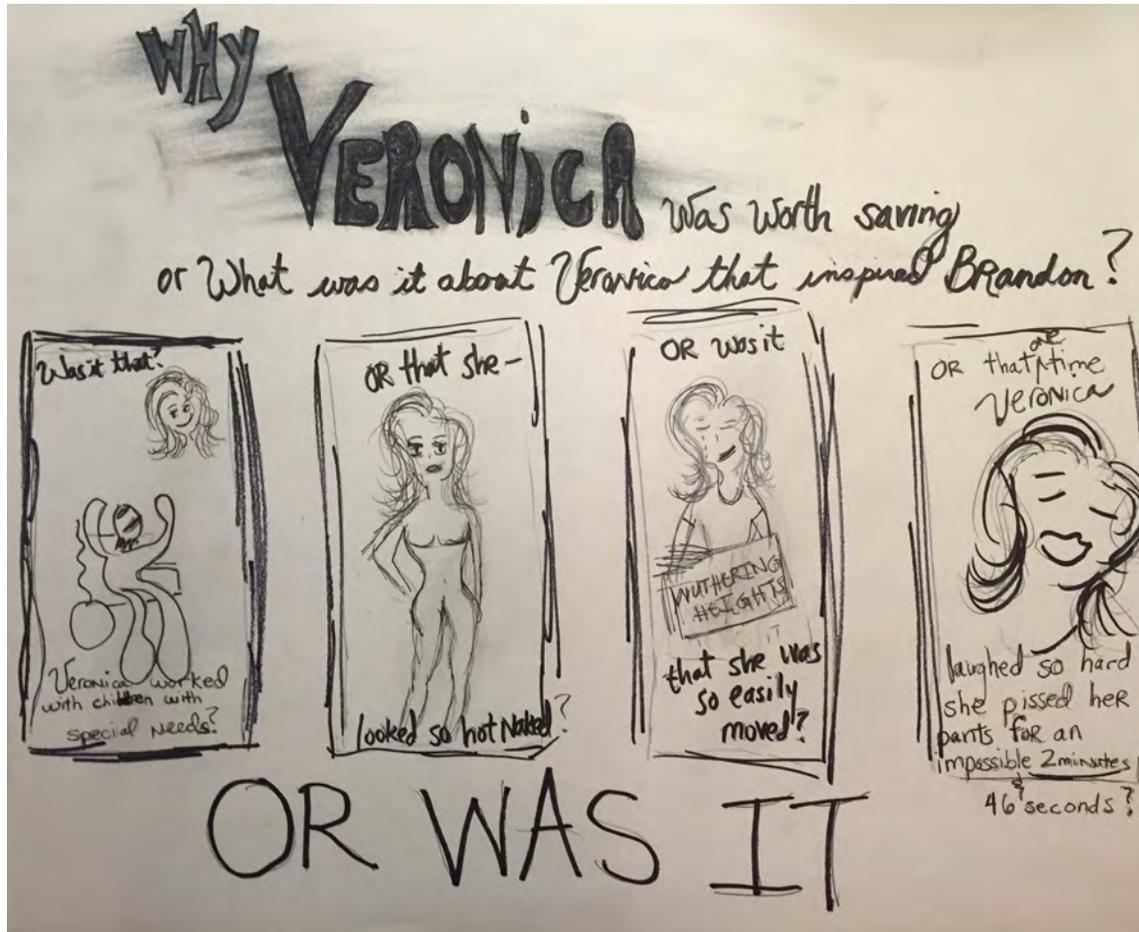














① Finish sculpture portal

art travels thru time, space, breaks reality, defies logic

**ART IS ETERNAL!**

② Make Bombs  
We must BLOW OURSELVES up to get to the OTHER WORLD!

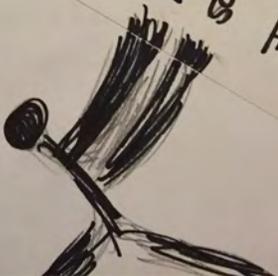
③ BLOW OURSELVES UP

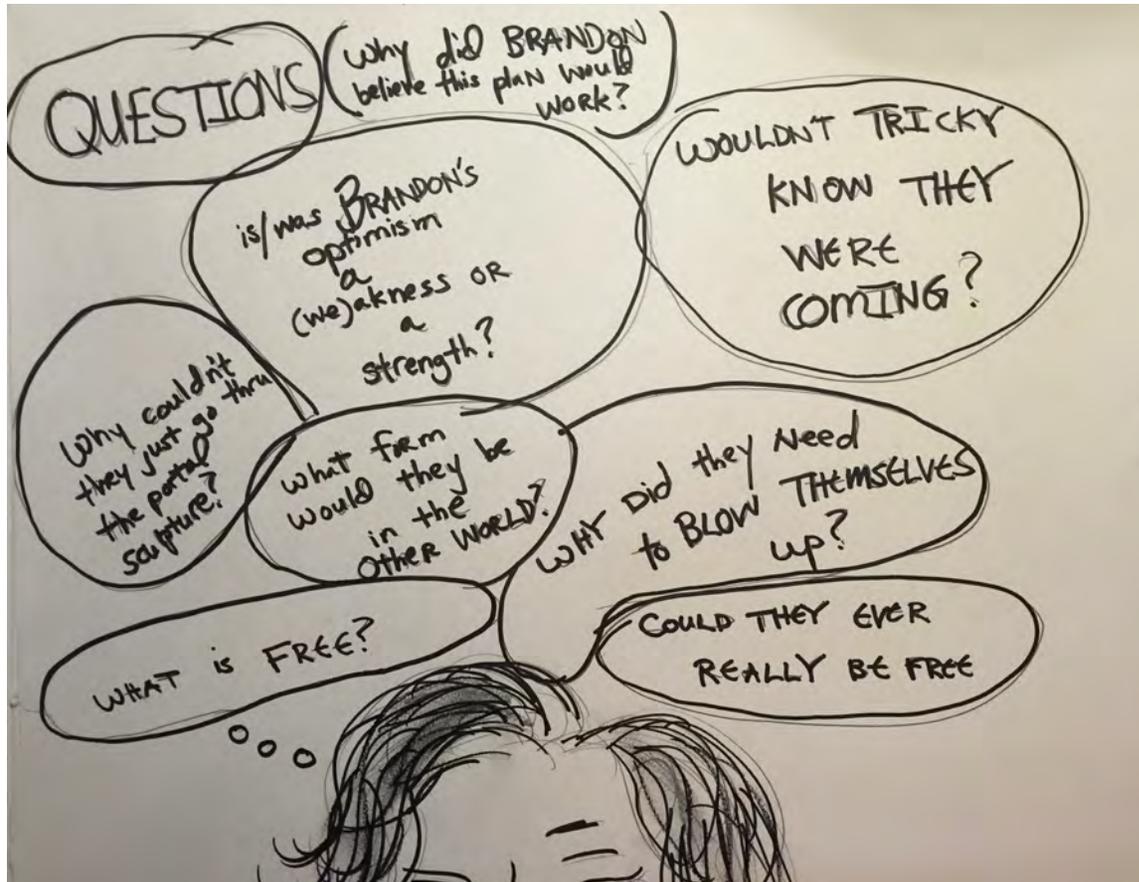
④ Go to other WORLD+ FIND TRICKY

⑤ KILL / DESTROY TRICKY

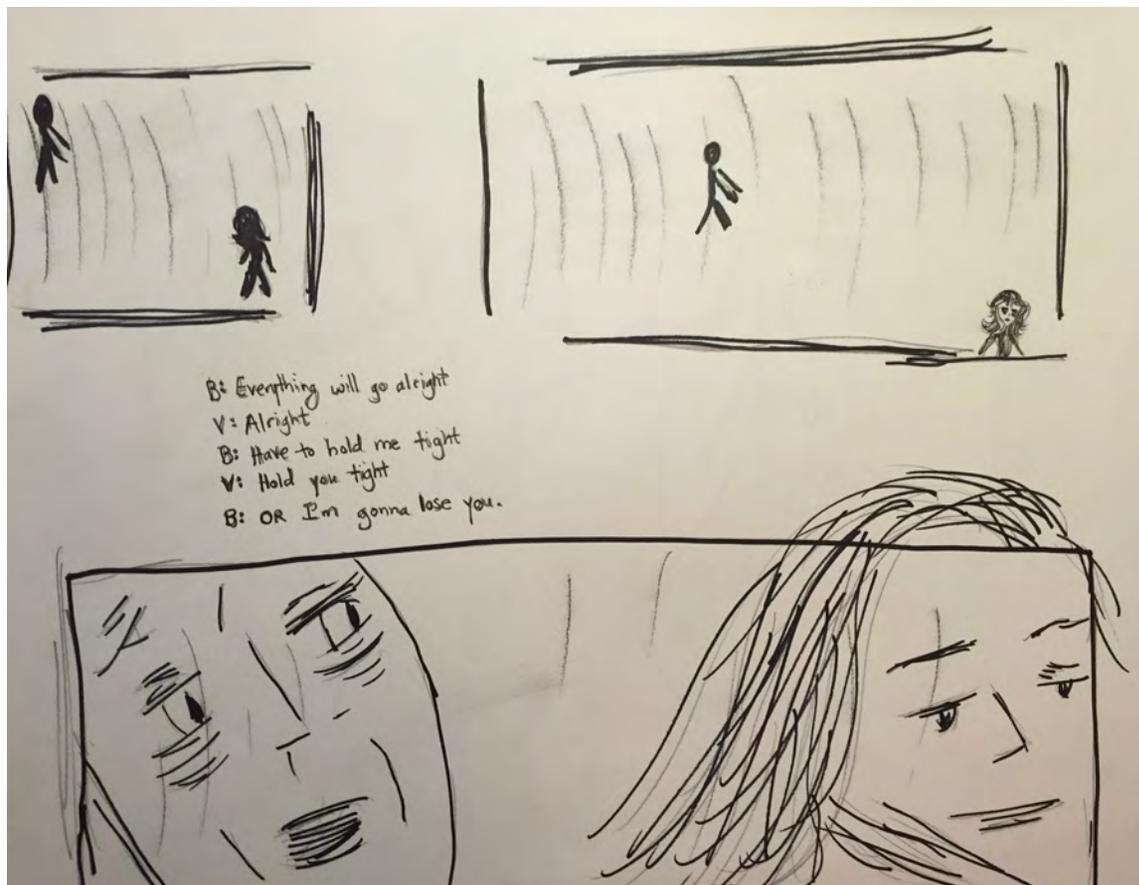
⑥ Come back to LIFE thru sculpture / portal FREE!

B:  
GOT TO THINK OUTSIDE OF THE LINES  
Do something without rhyme  
OR I'm gonna lose you



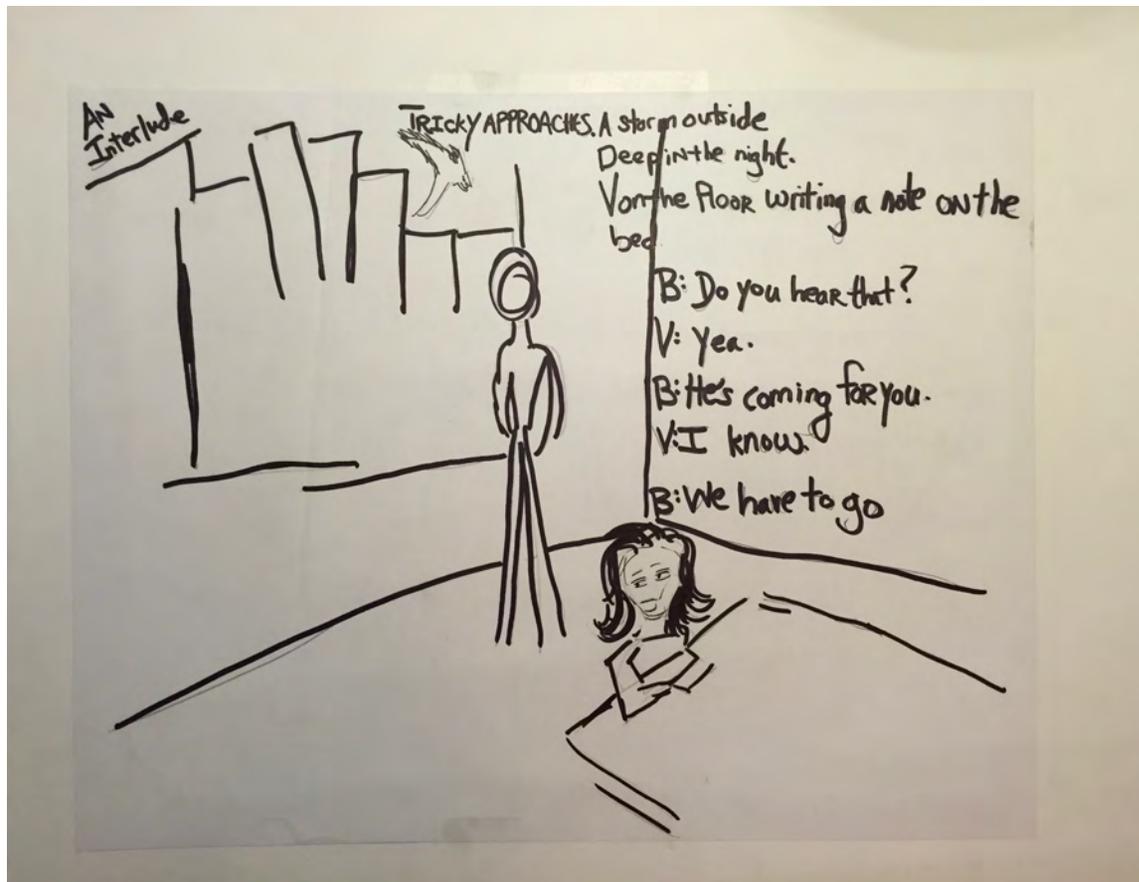


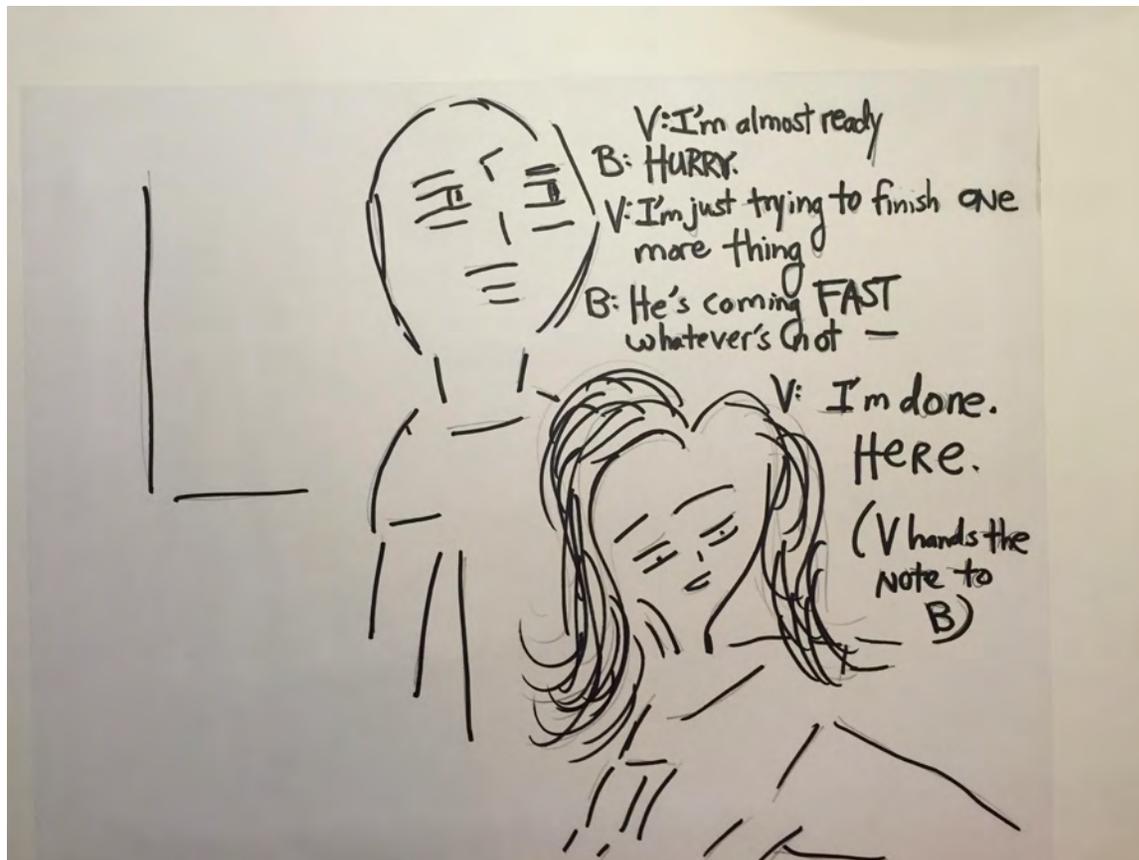


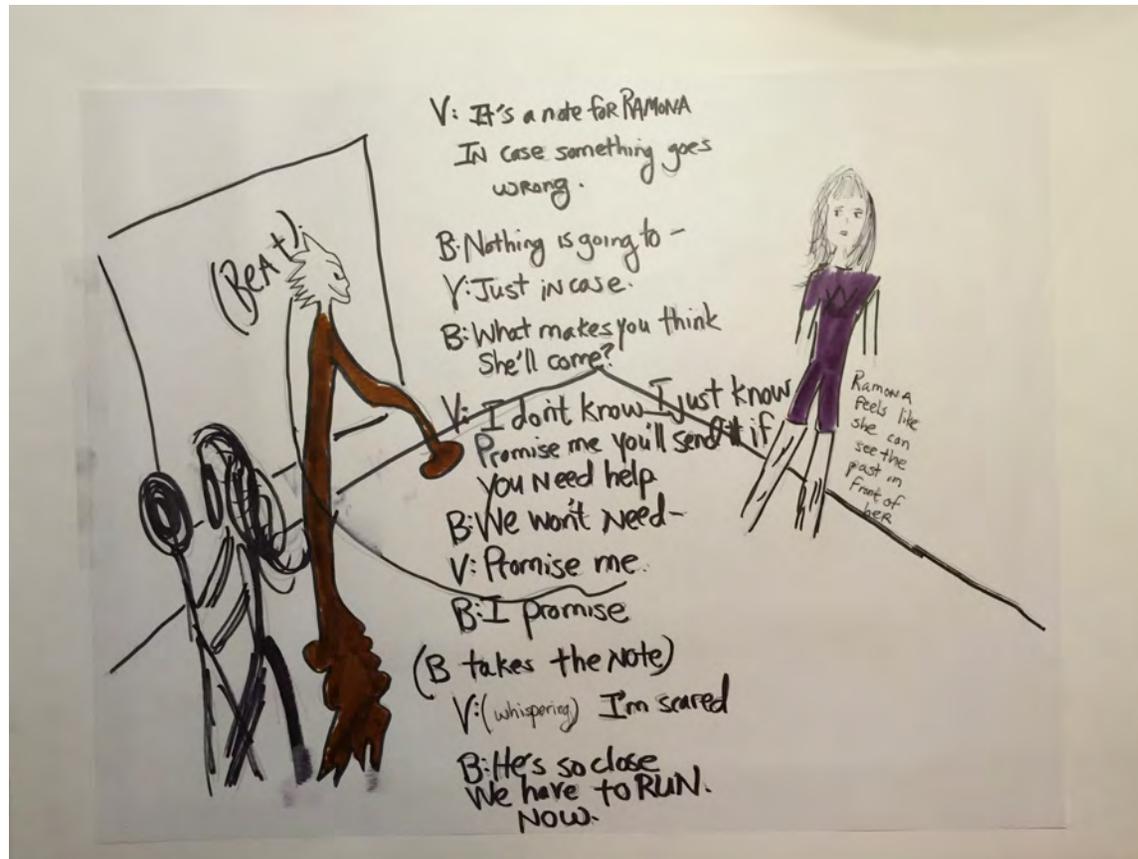


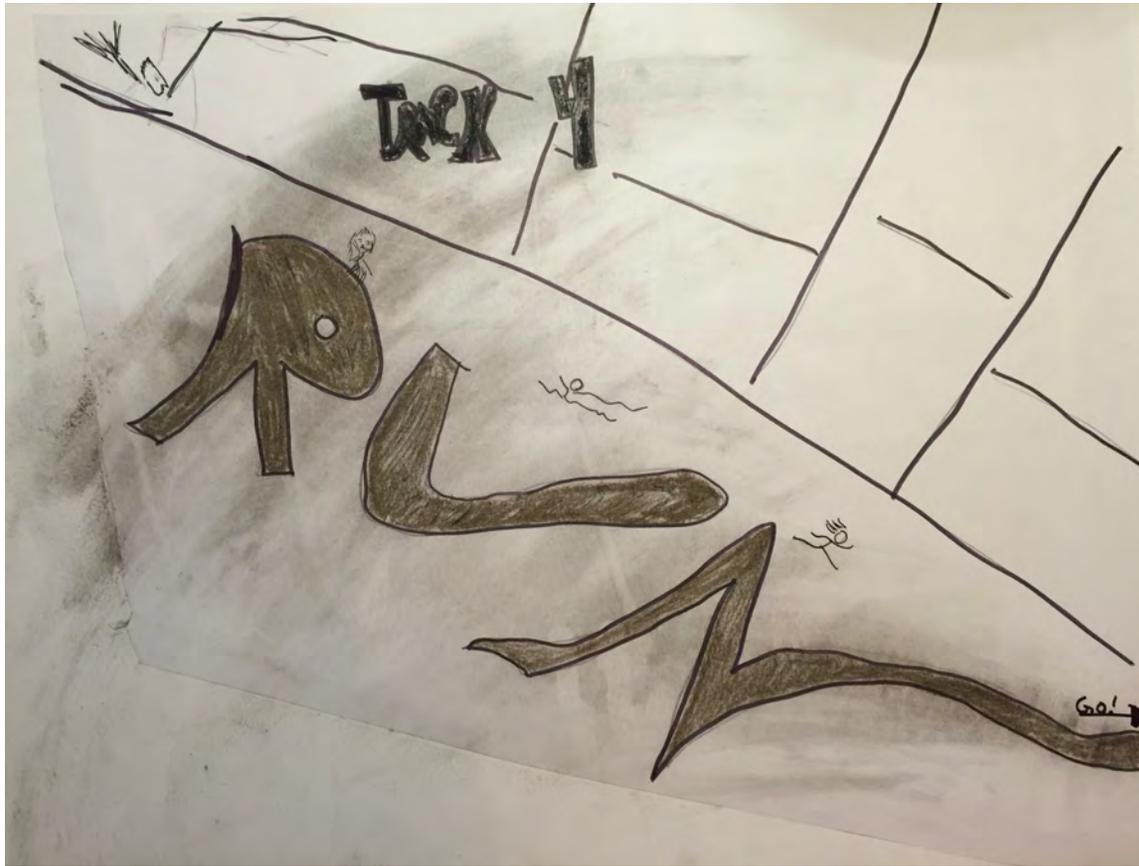


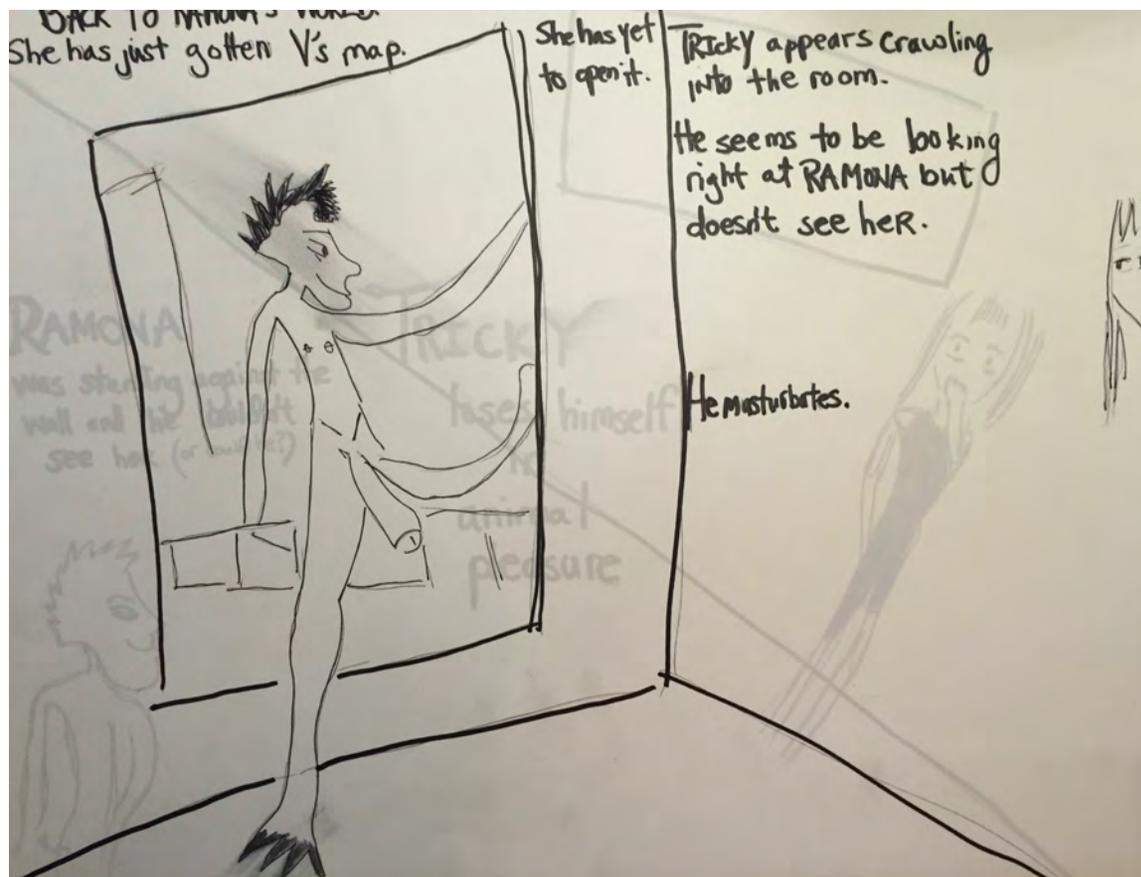


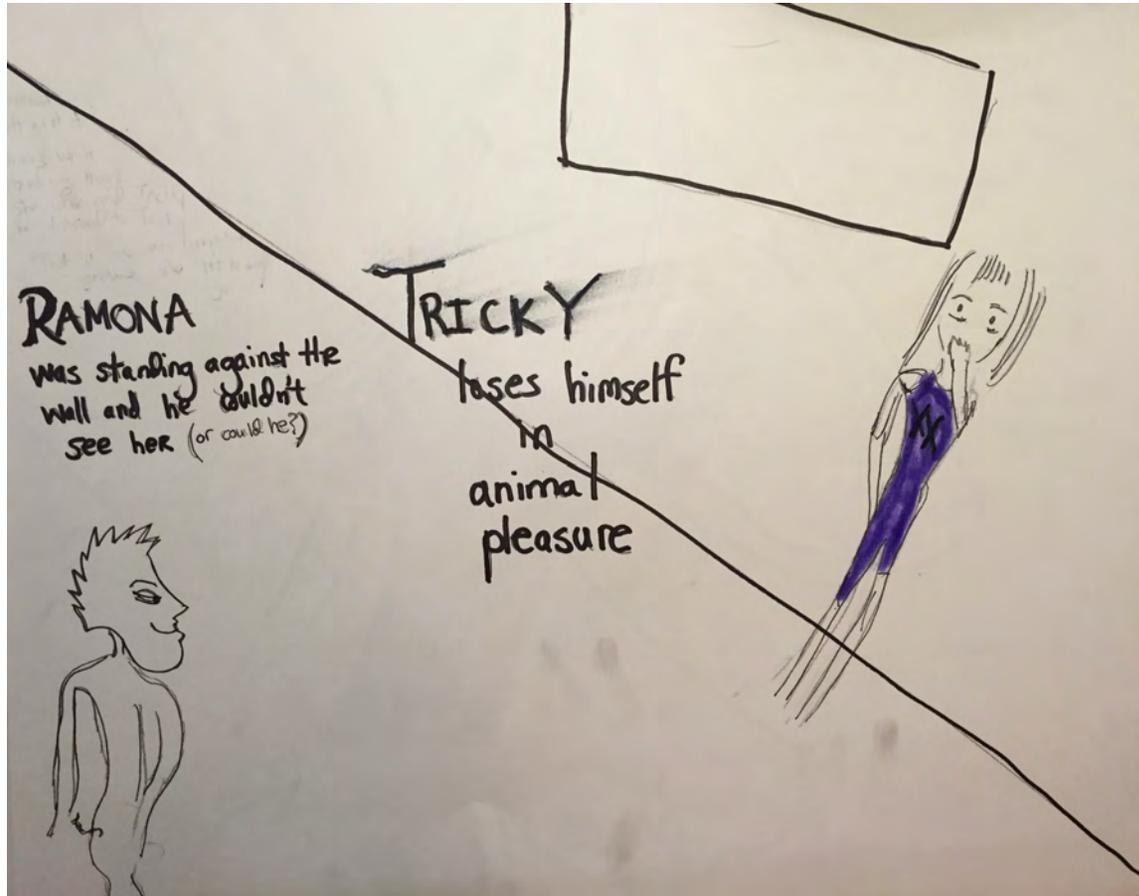


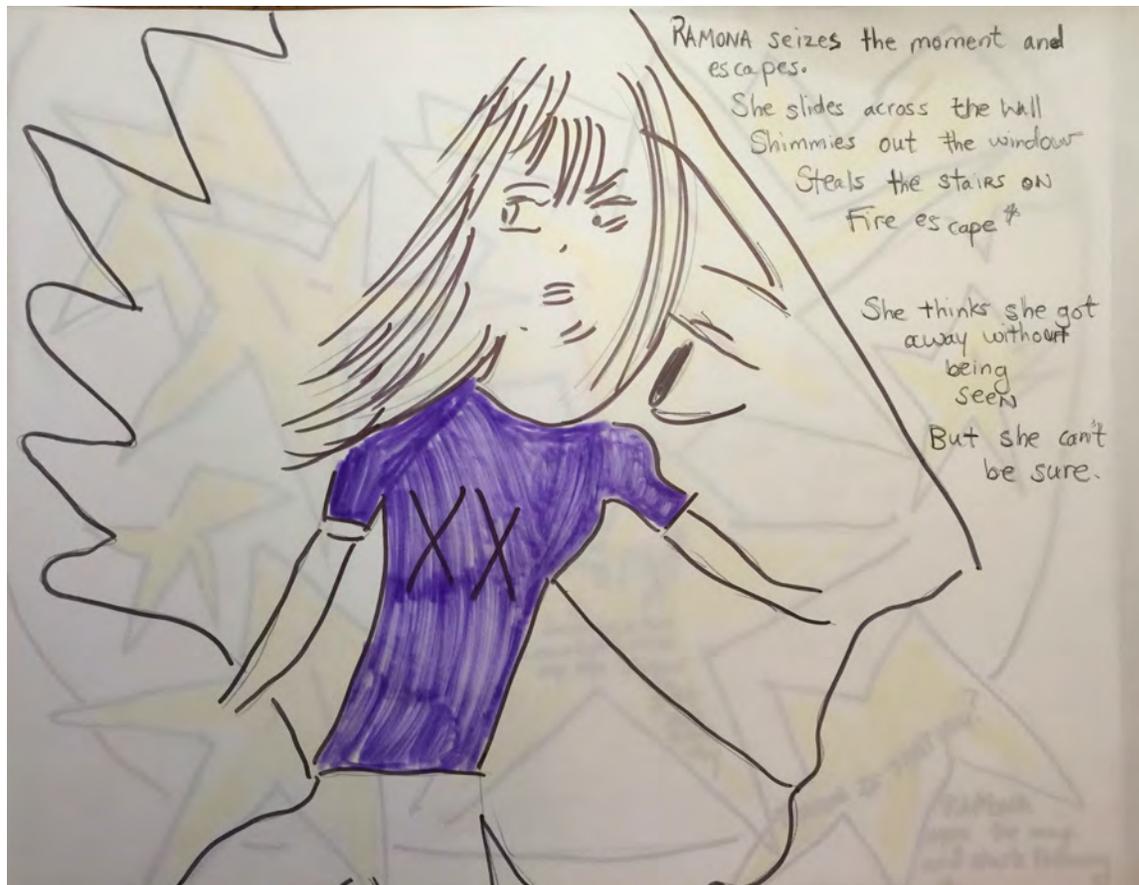


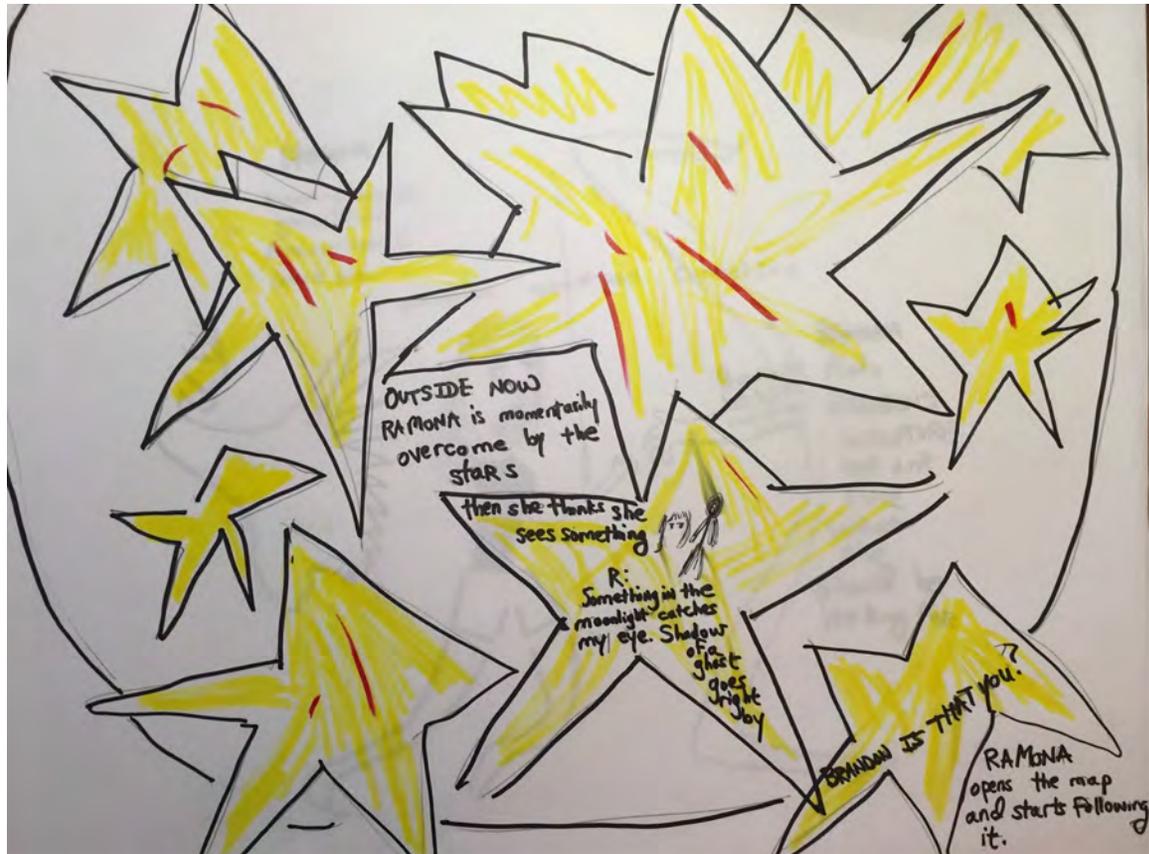


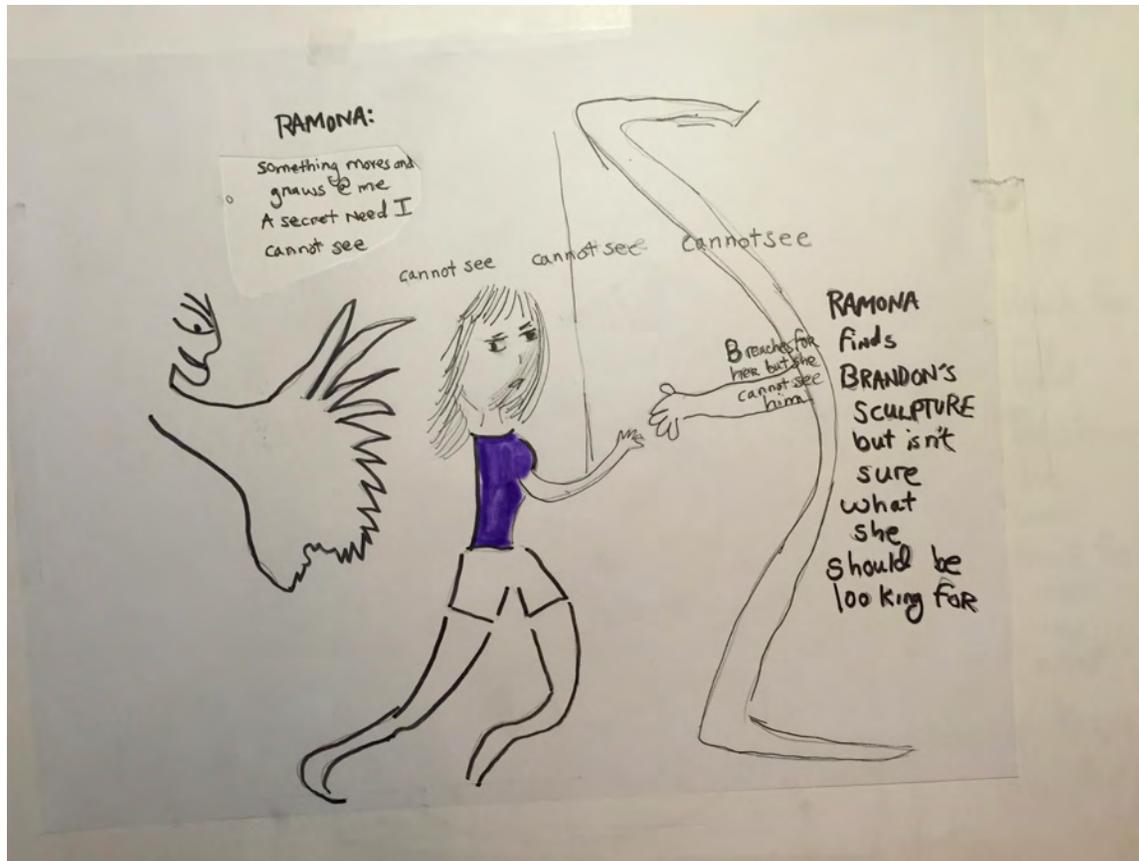


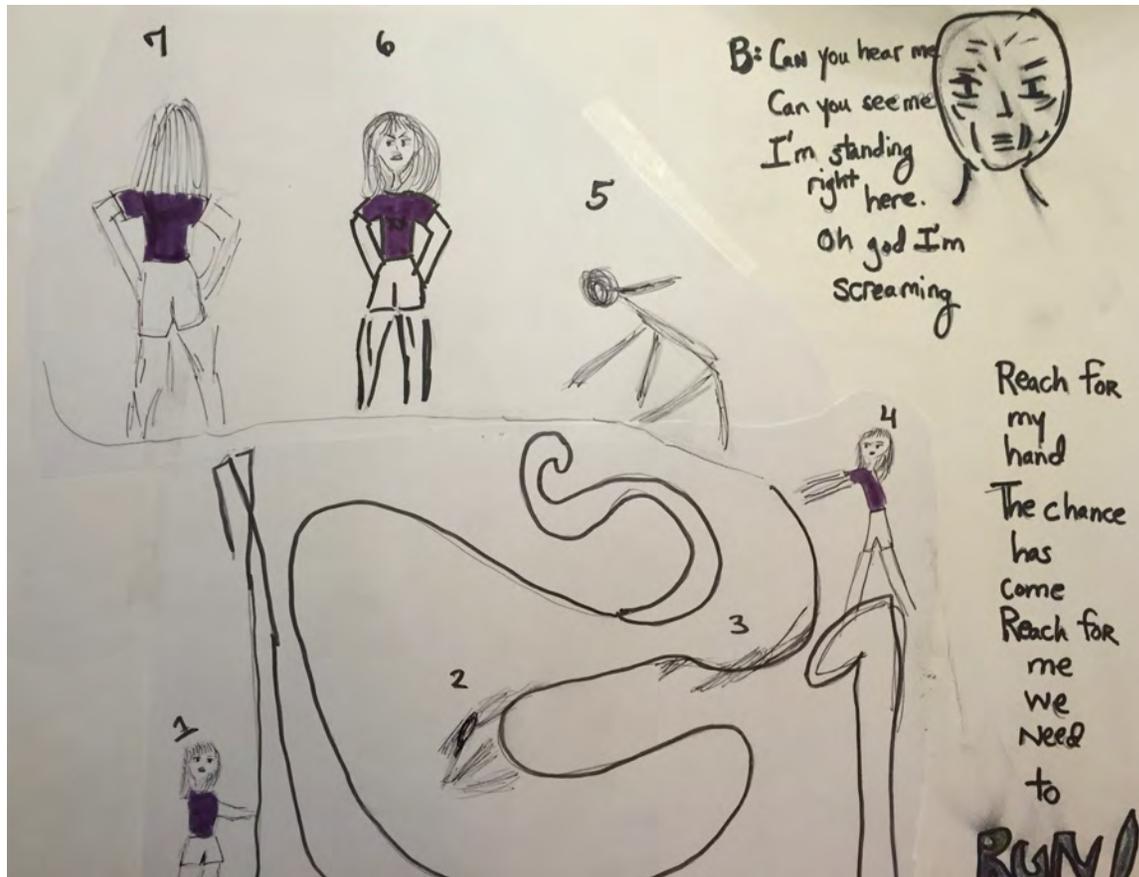




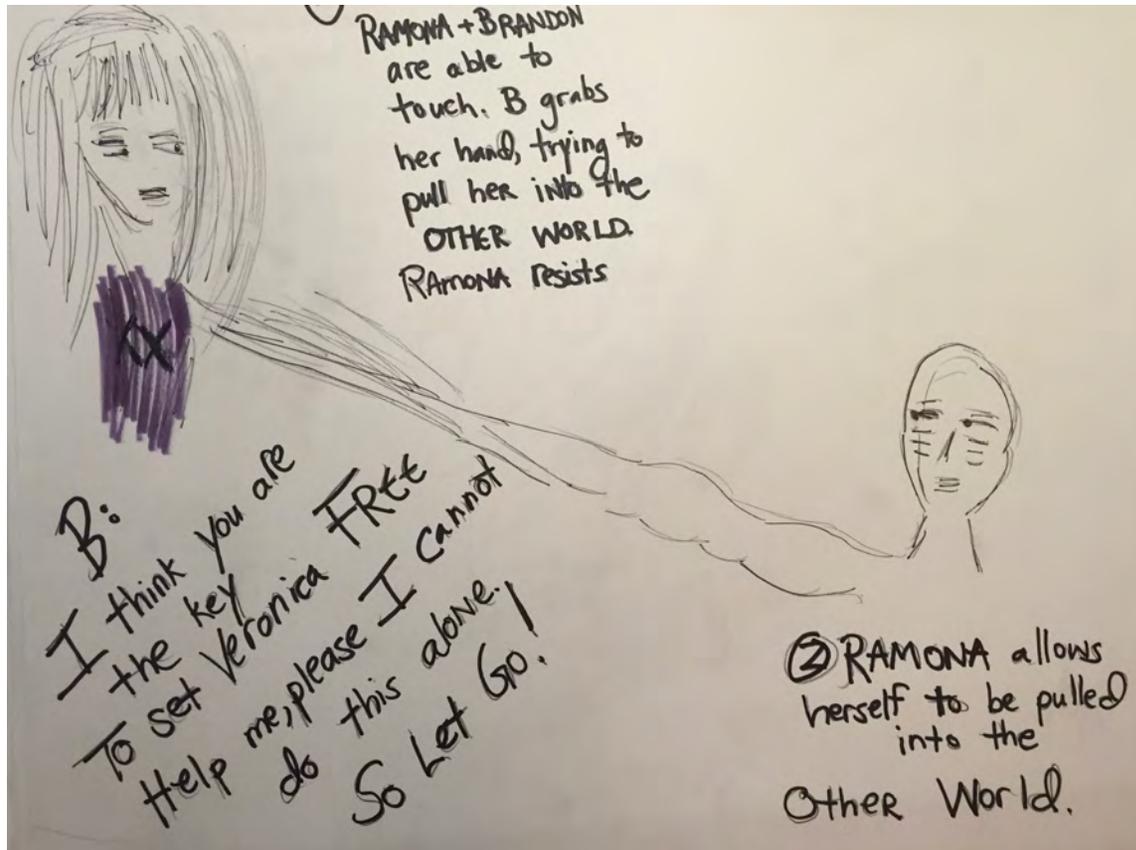




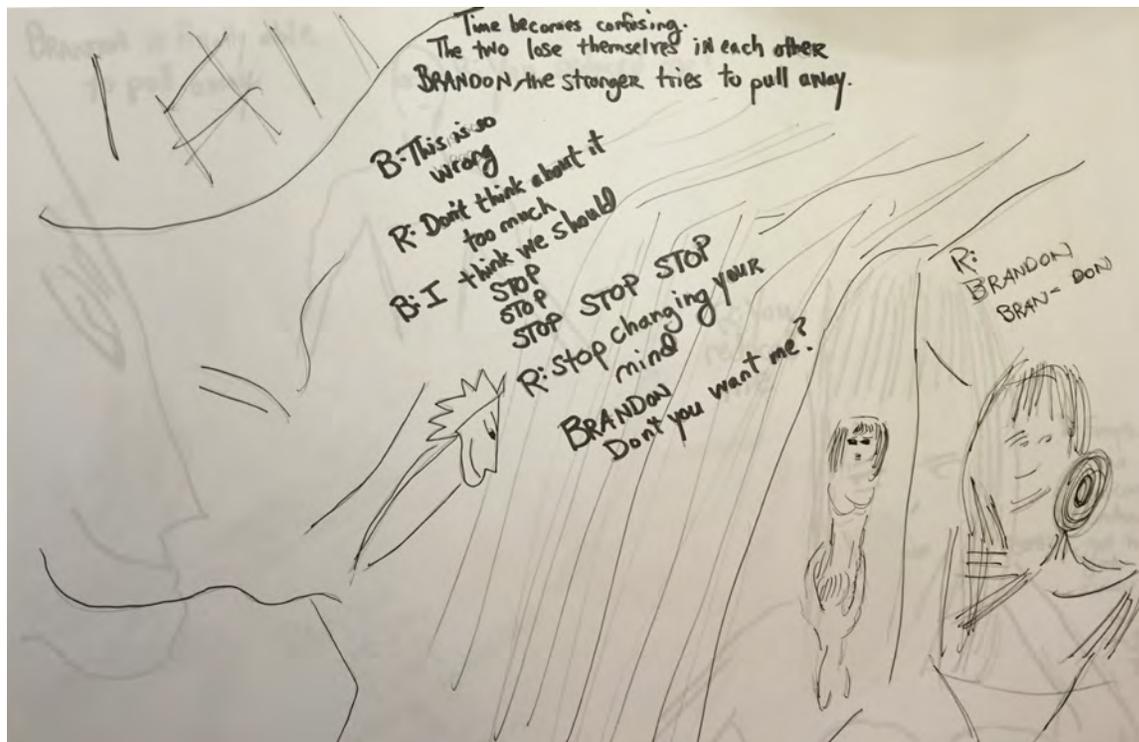


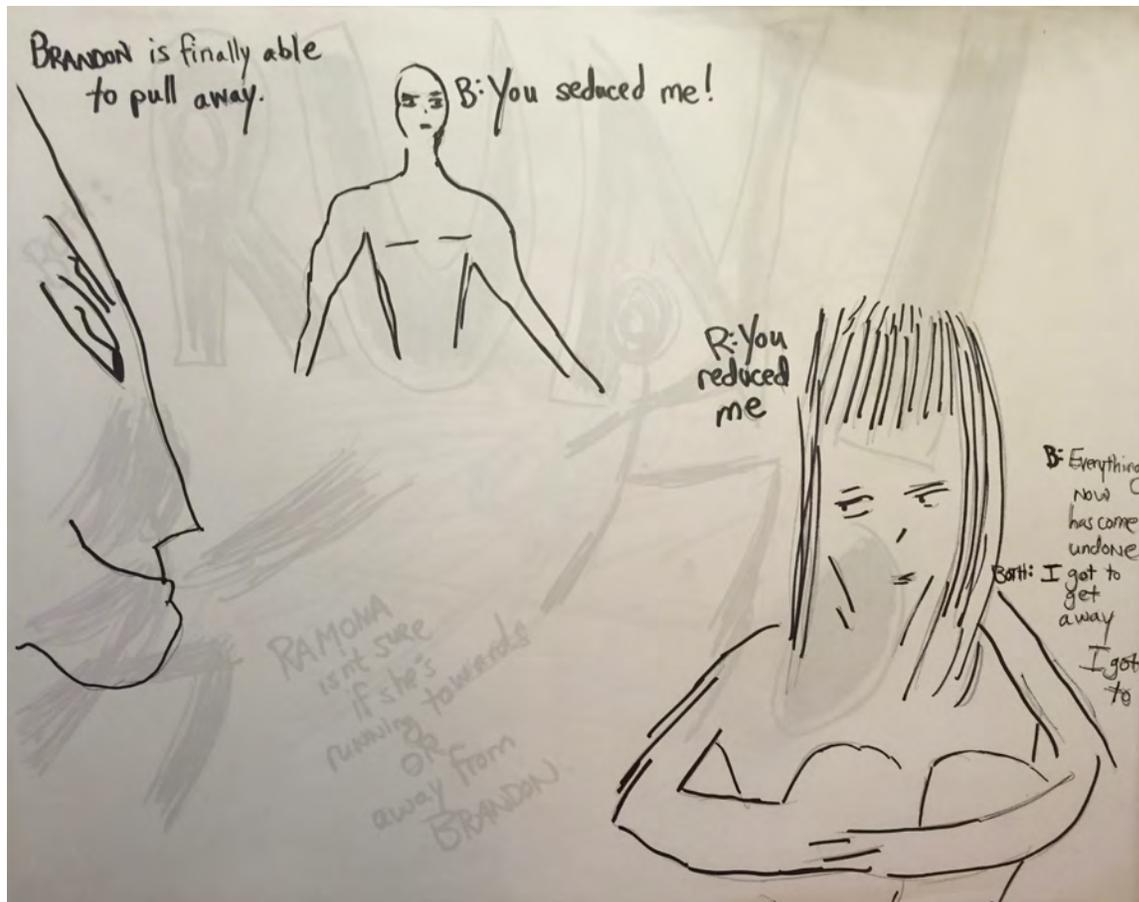


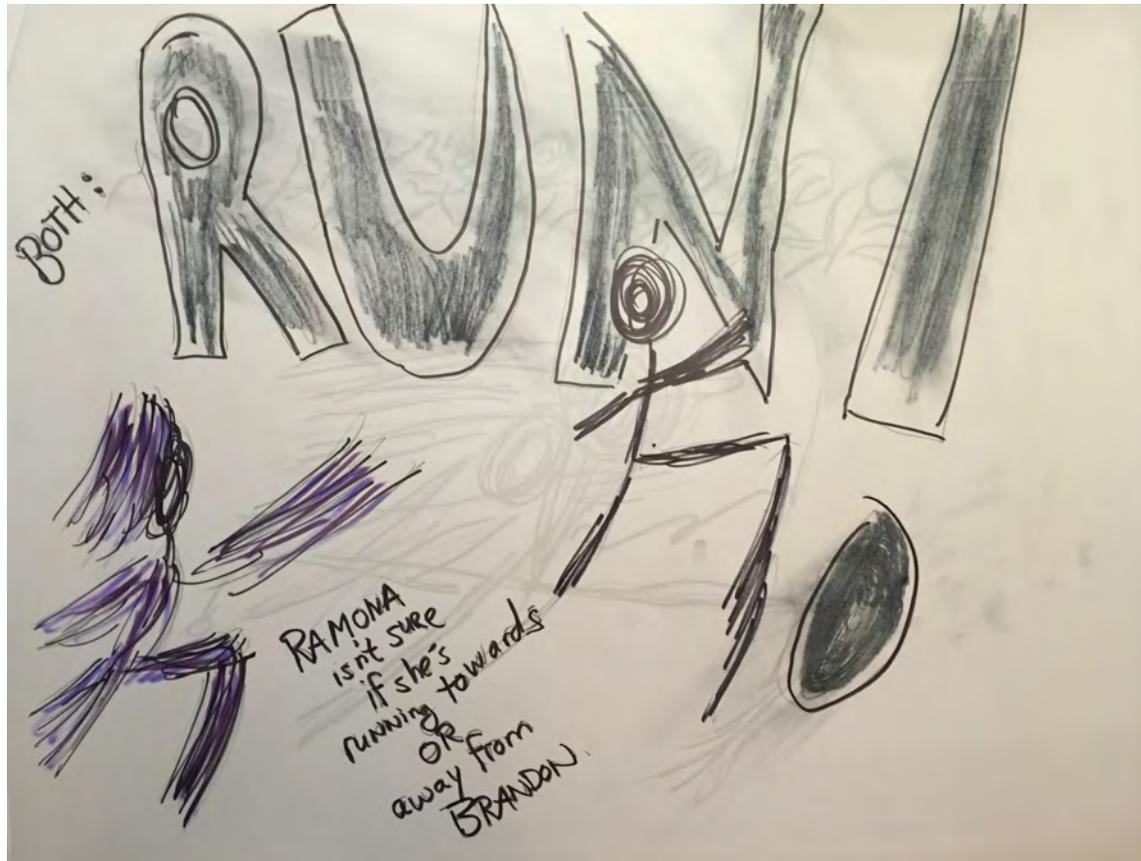


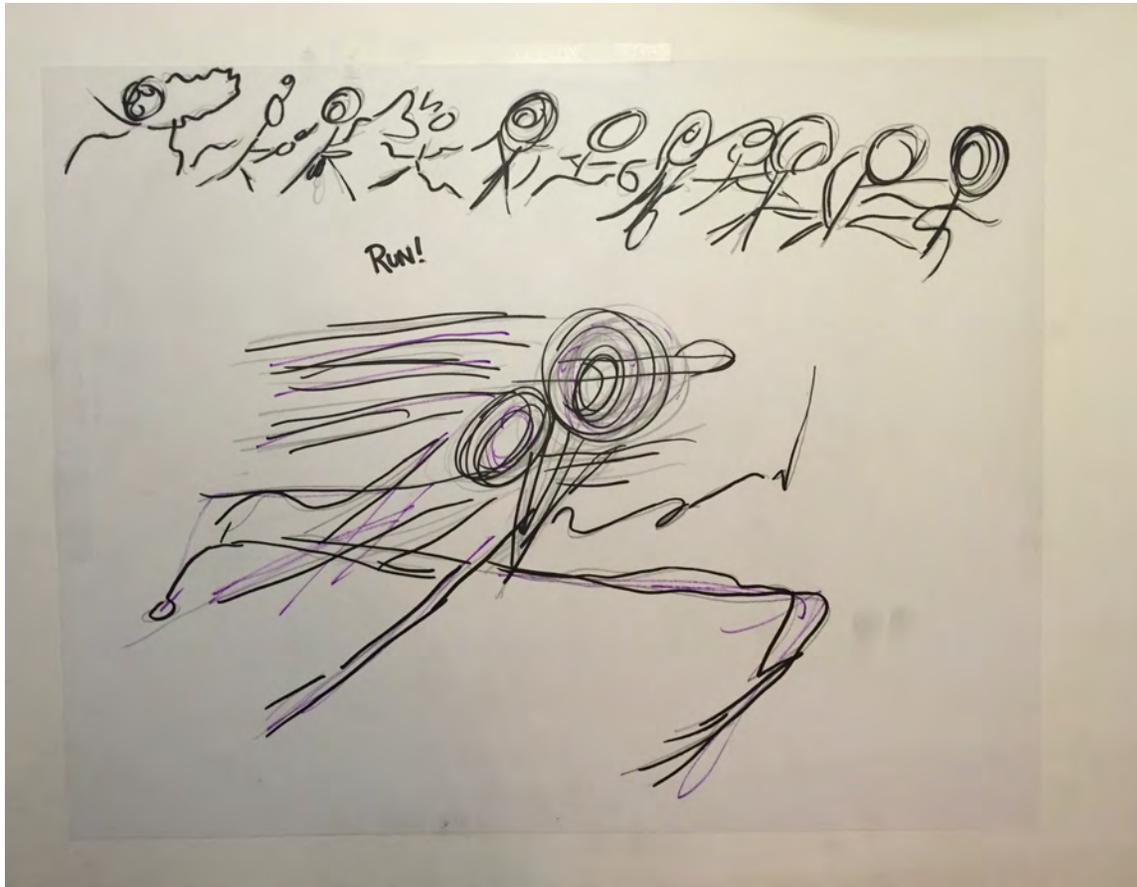


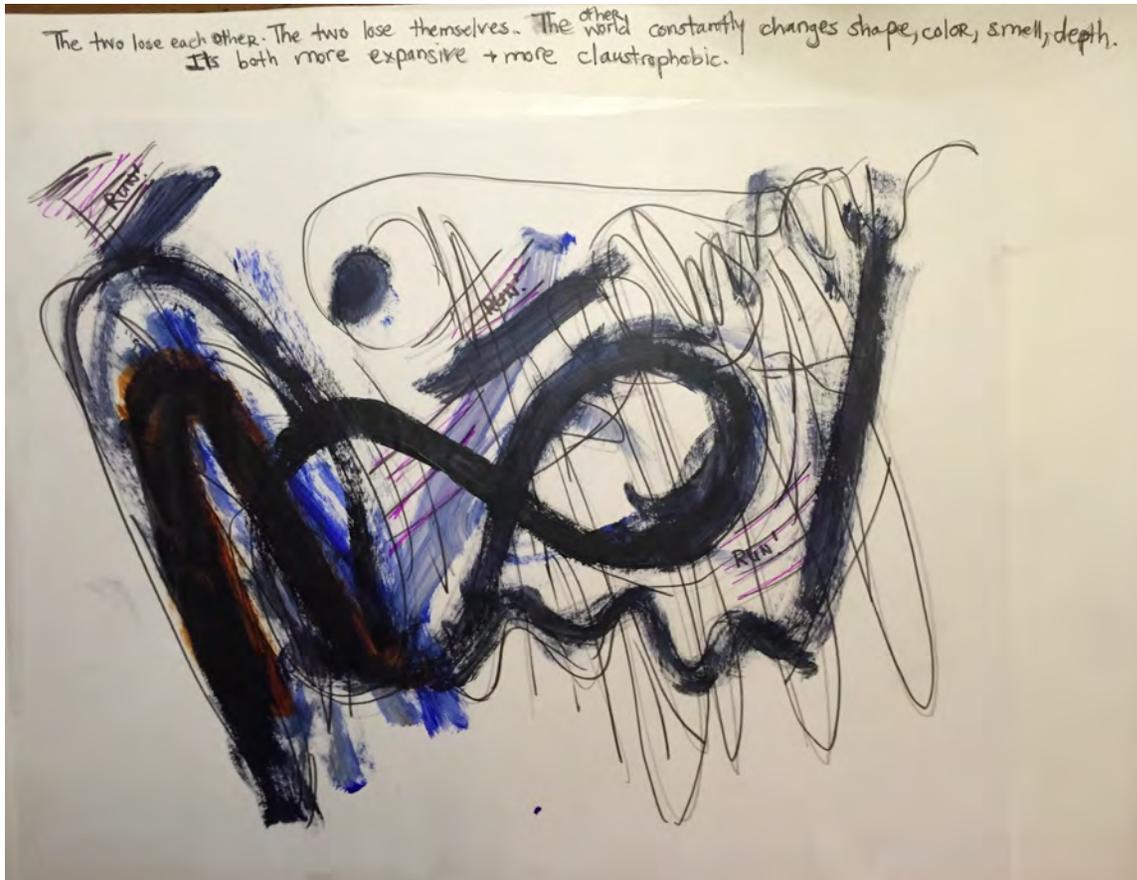


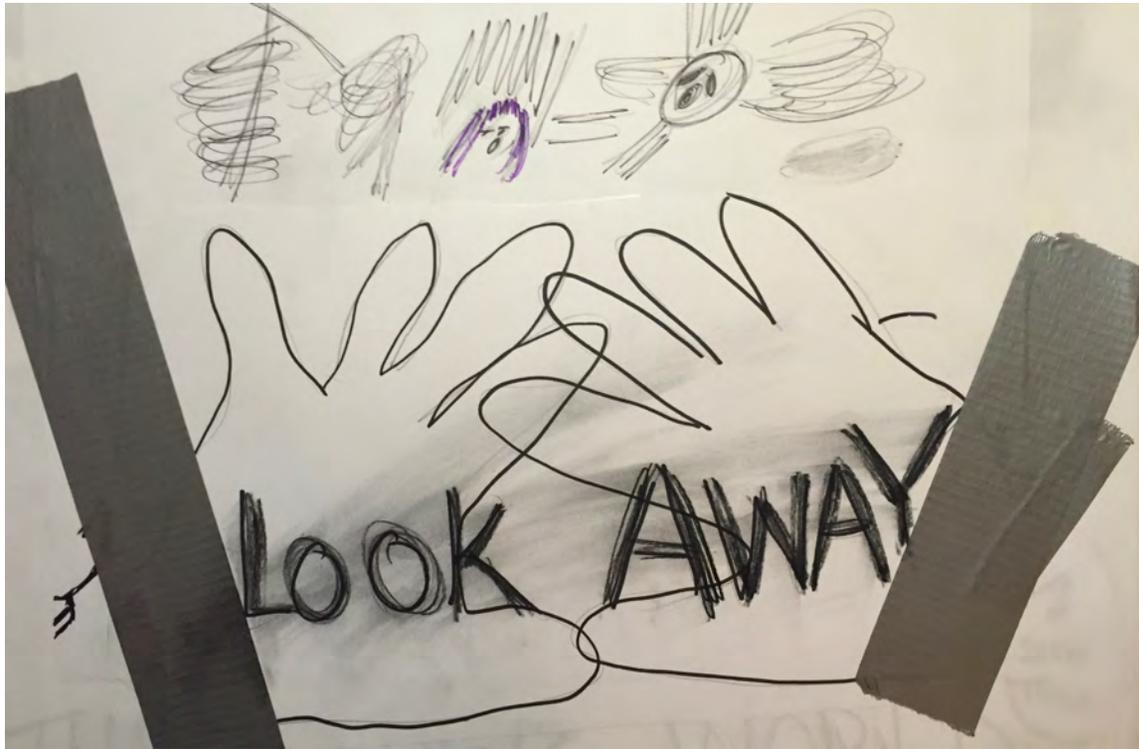


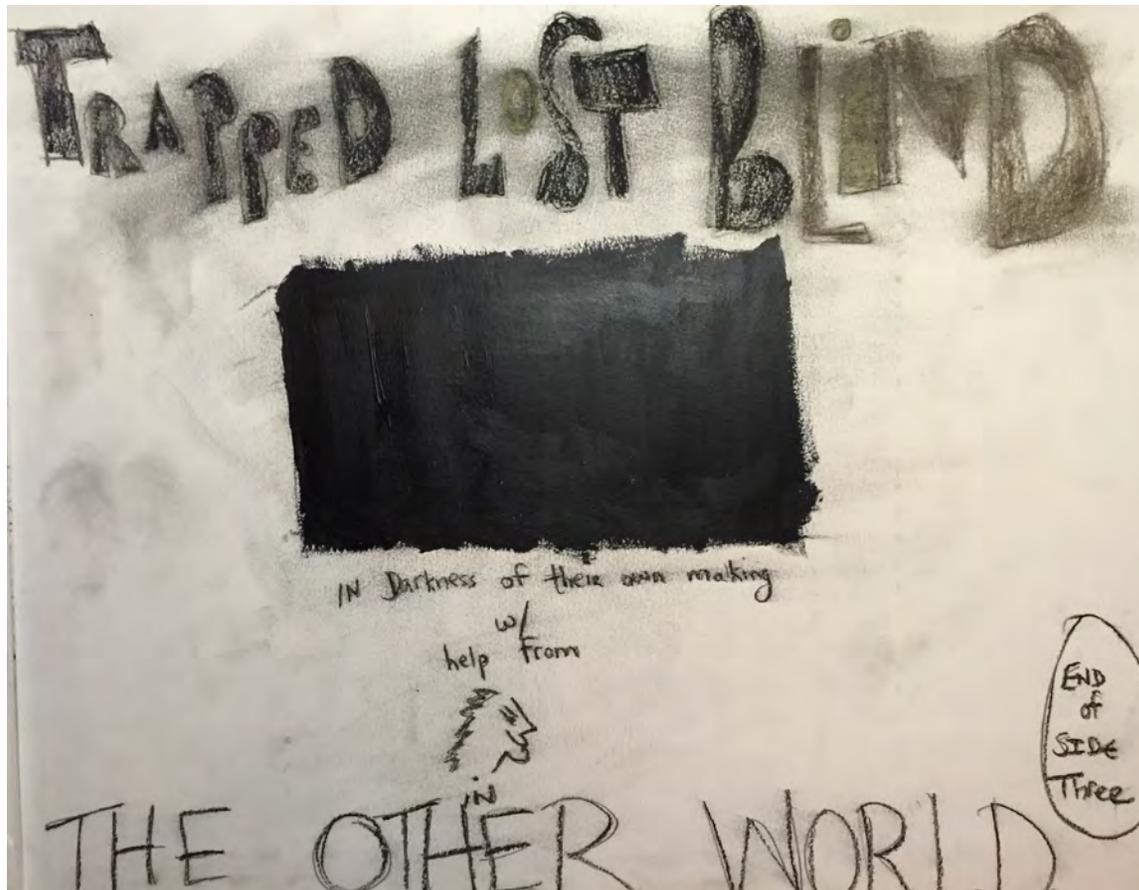






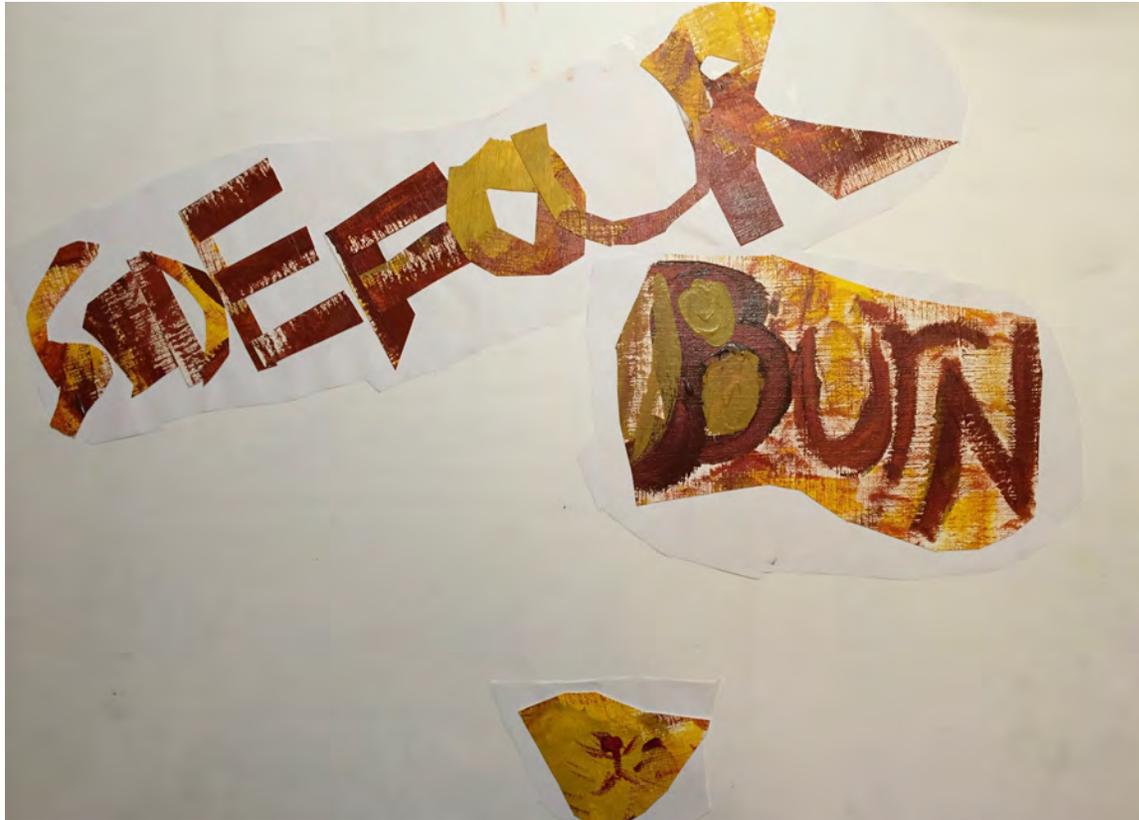


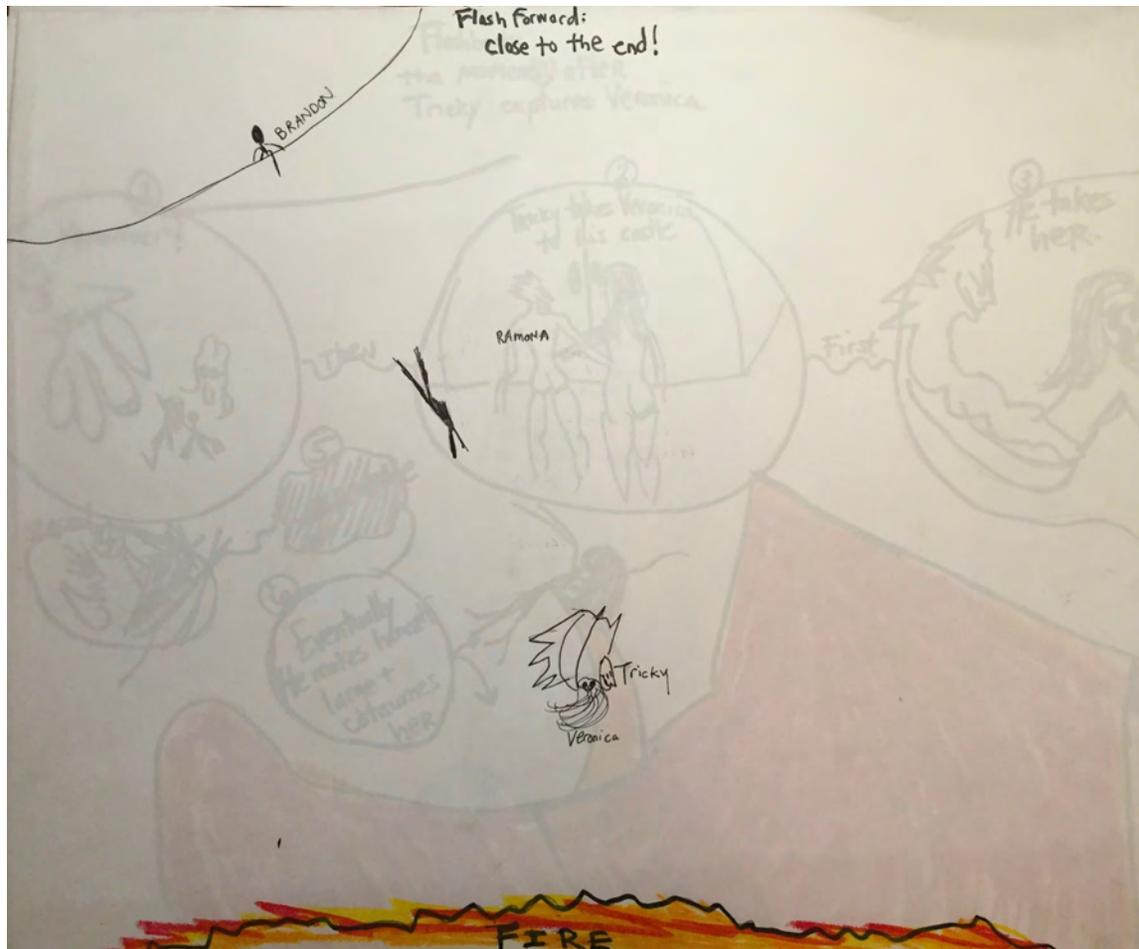


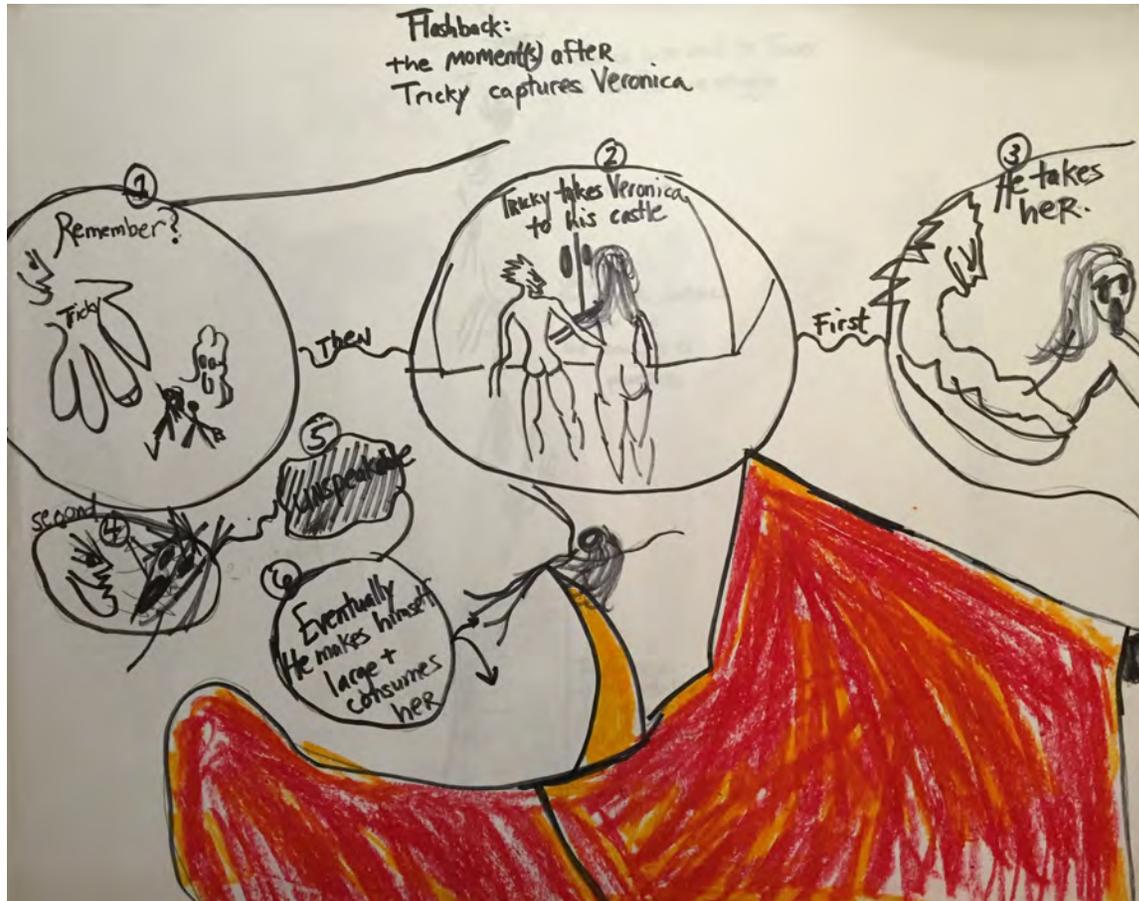


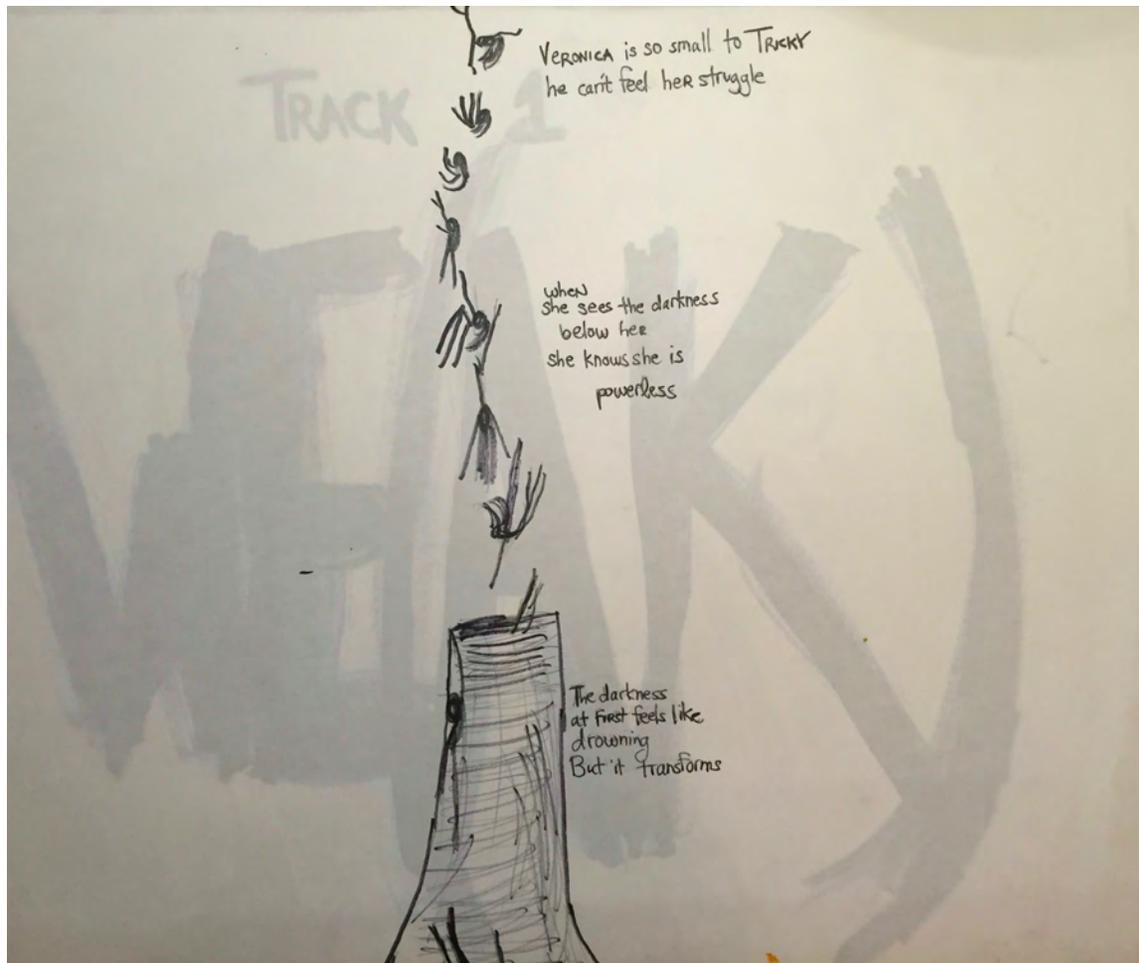


*Side Four is continuous from Three. There is no time to change seats.*

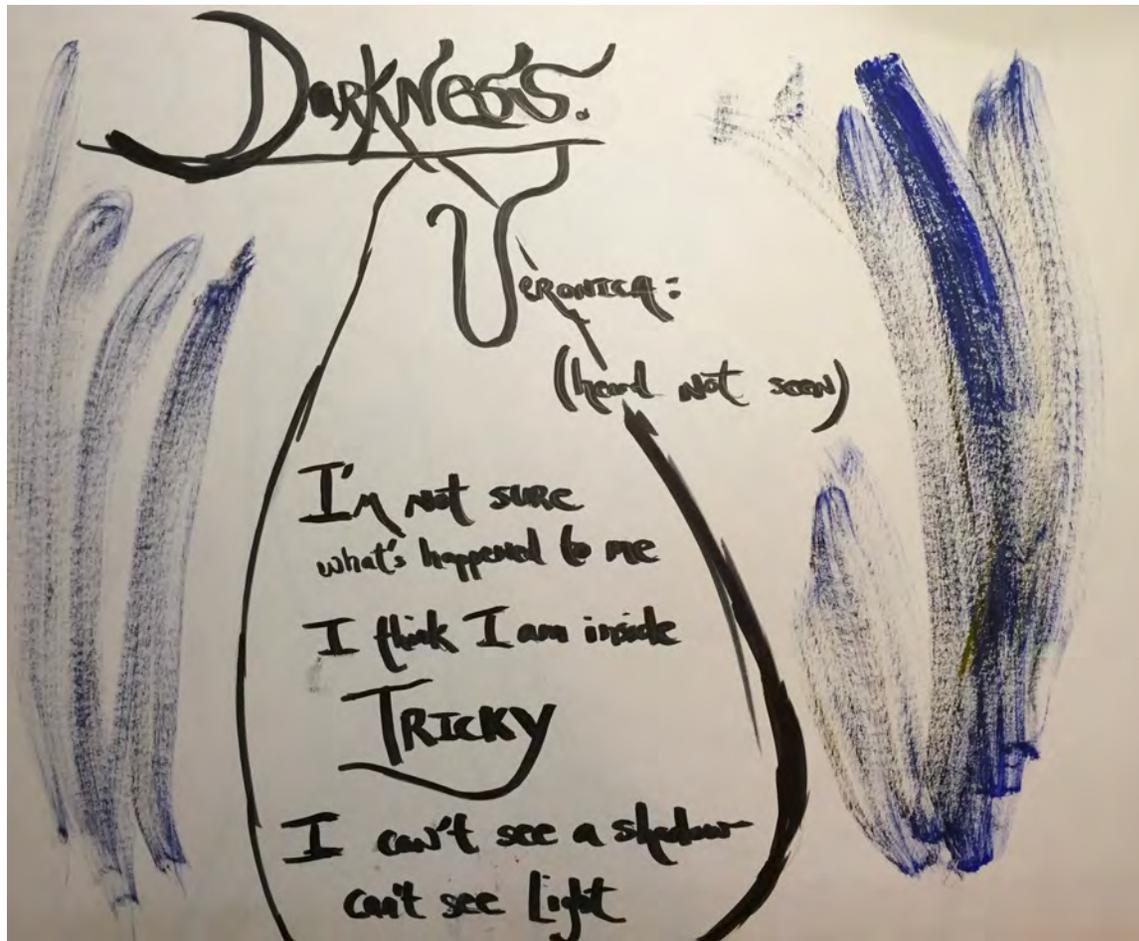


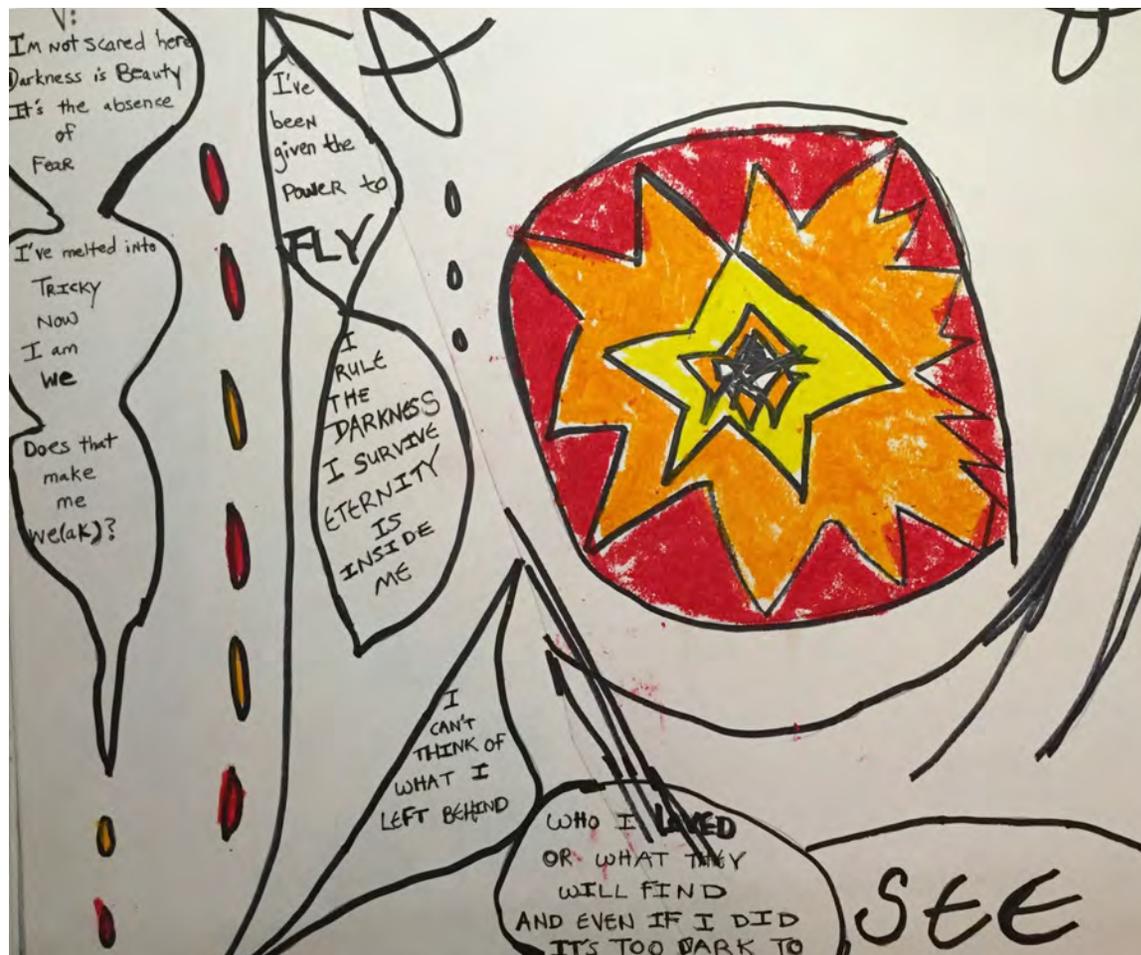


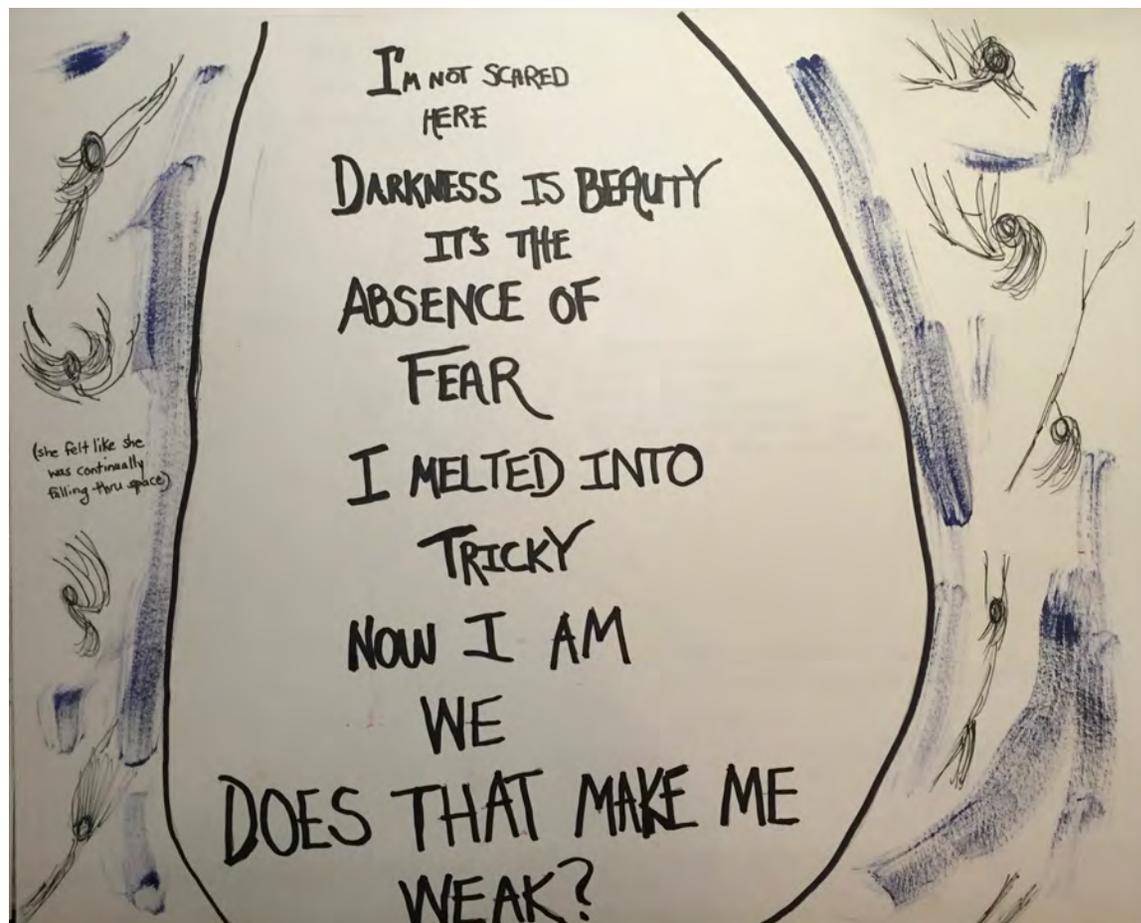


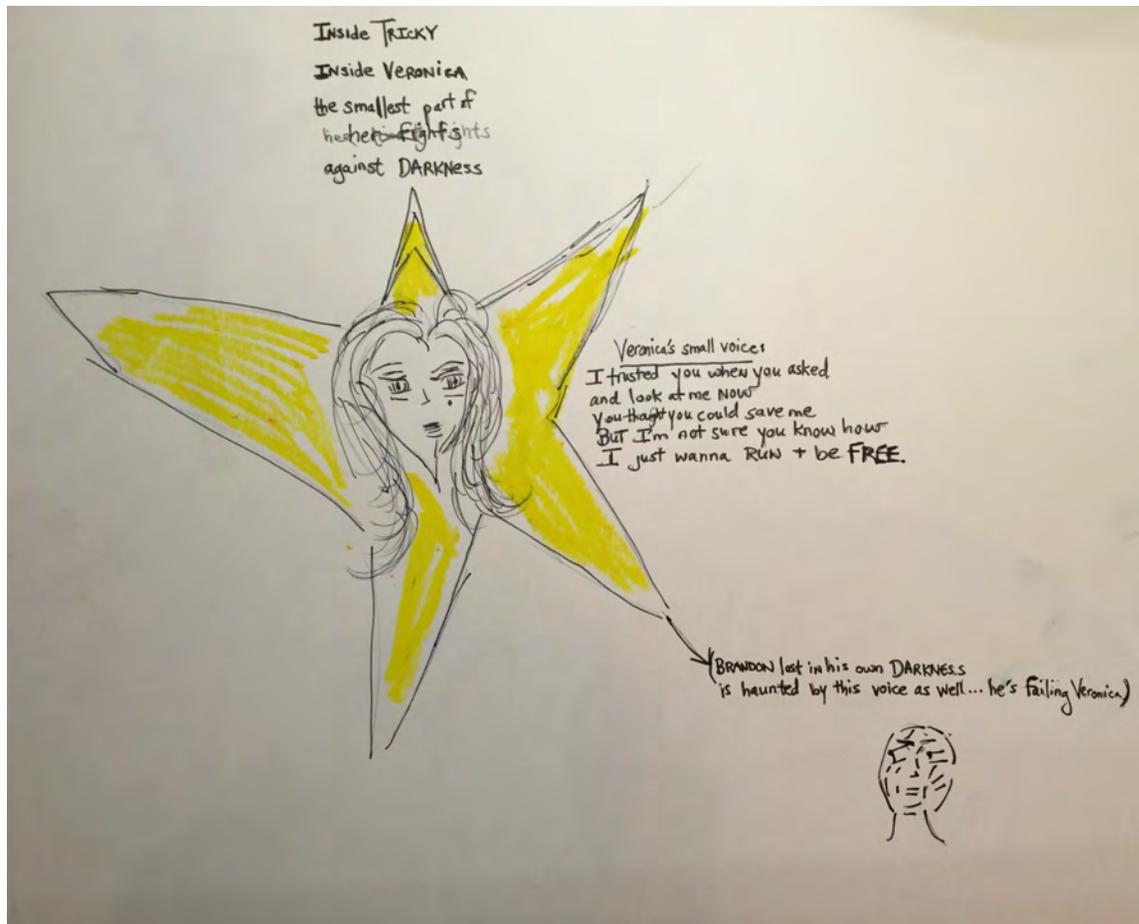




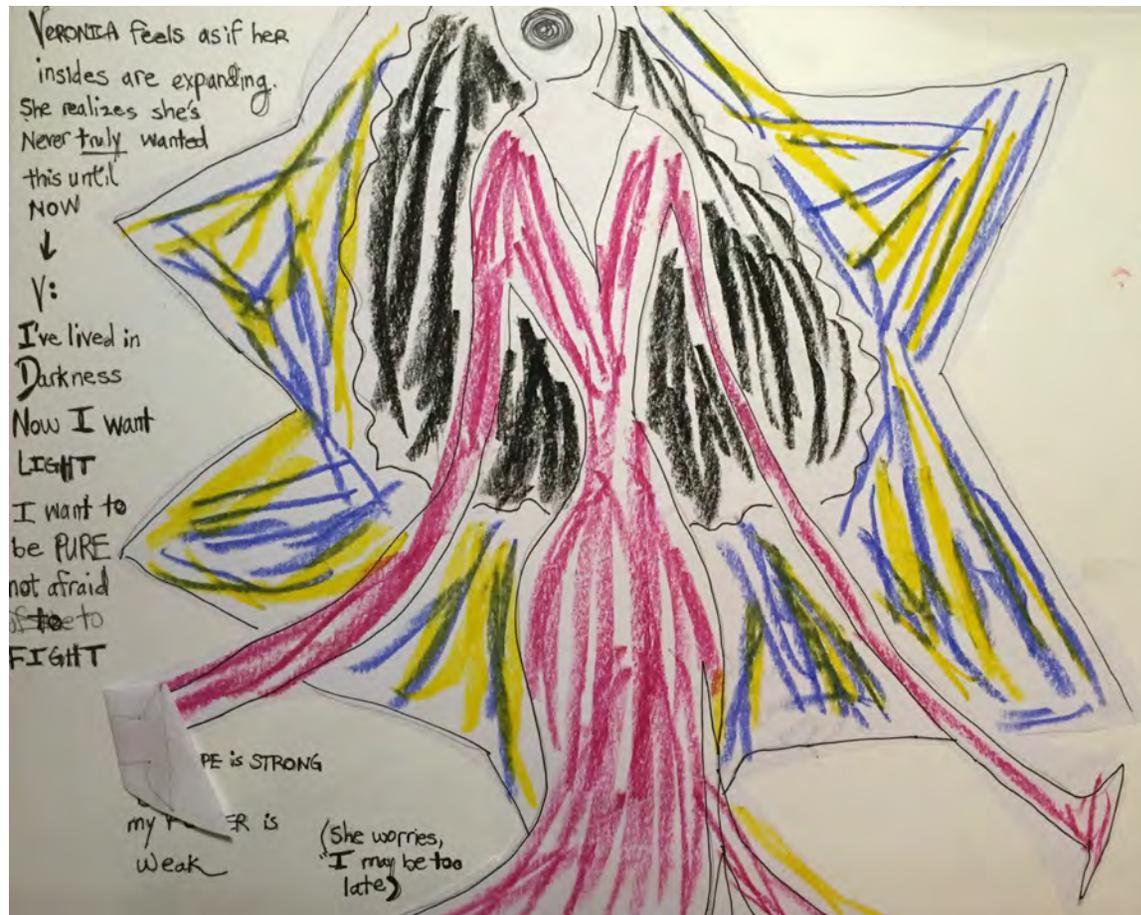












RAMONA + BRANDON still lost, faraway from each other  
somewhere in the Other World.

**Track 2**  
**Hesitation**

BRANDON  
This is my part of the story  
To tell

RAMONA  
I'm  
**Scared**

BRANDON  
**DARKNESS**

RAMONA  
I wanna give in

BRANDON  
I feel like I can't breathe

Overcome by *fear*

RAMONA  
I wanna *disappear*

Alone

BRANDON  
My lost  
Is

**FAILURE**

I play it again and again in my mind  
The ways I failed  
The ways I fail  
I never live up to anybody's  
expectations  
I always fail myself

But then I heard a voice  
Veronica's voice  
(does that make me weak?)

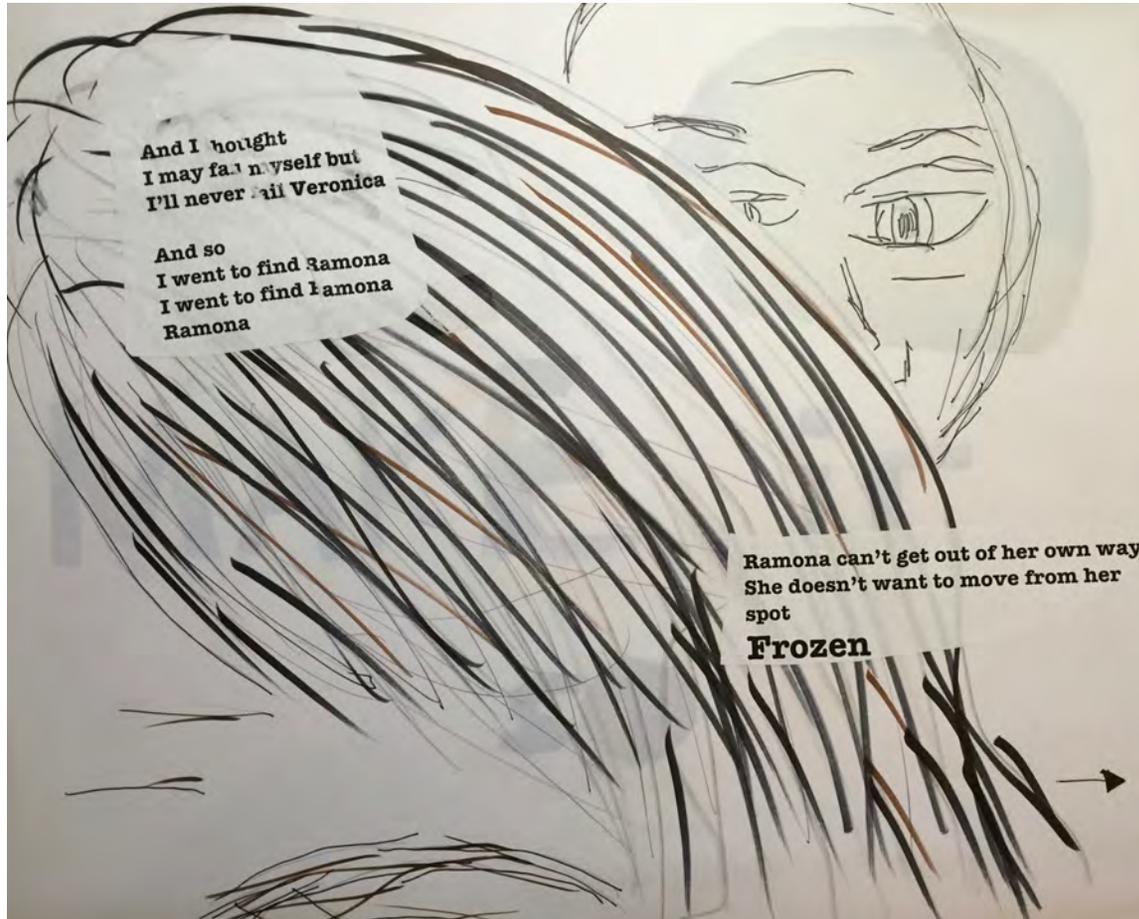
This consumed me for a long time

*I wanna stop  
stop stop  
stop stop  
stop...*

*Before I*

*na disappear -*

*Fuck it up*





special guest vocal K:  
Kayla, the Goddess  
of GRIT

B takes K into the other world

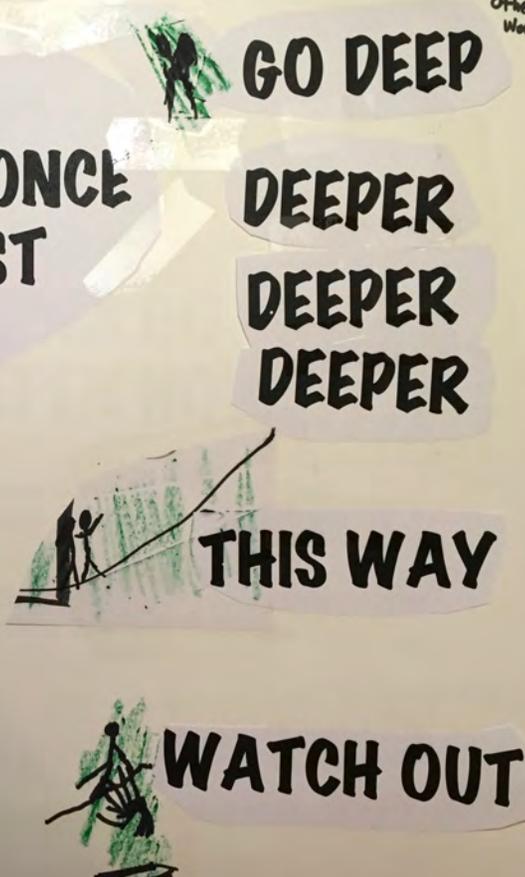
**I WAS SCARED ONCE BUT I JUST DID IT**

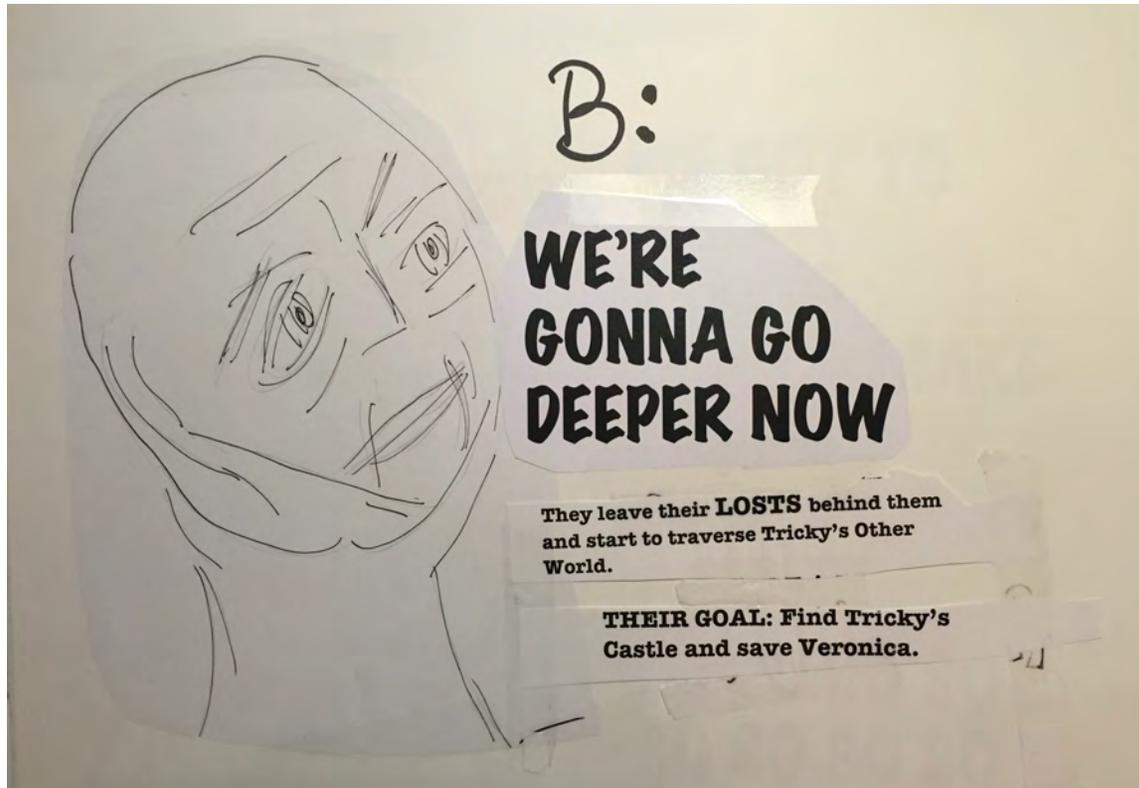
**GO DEEP DEEPER DEEPER DEEPER**

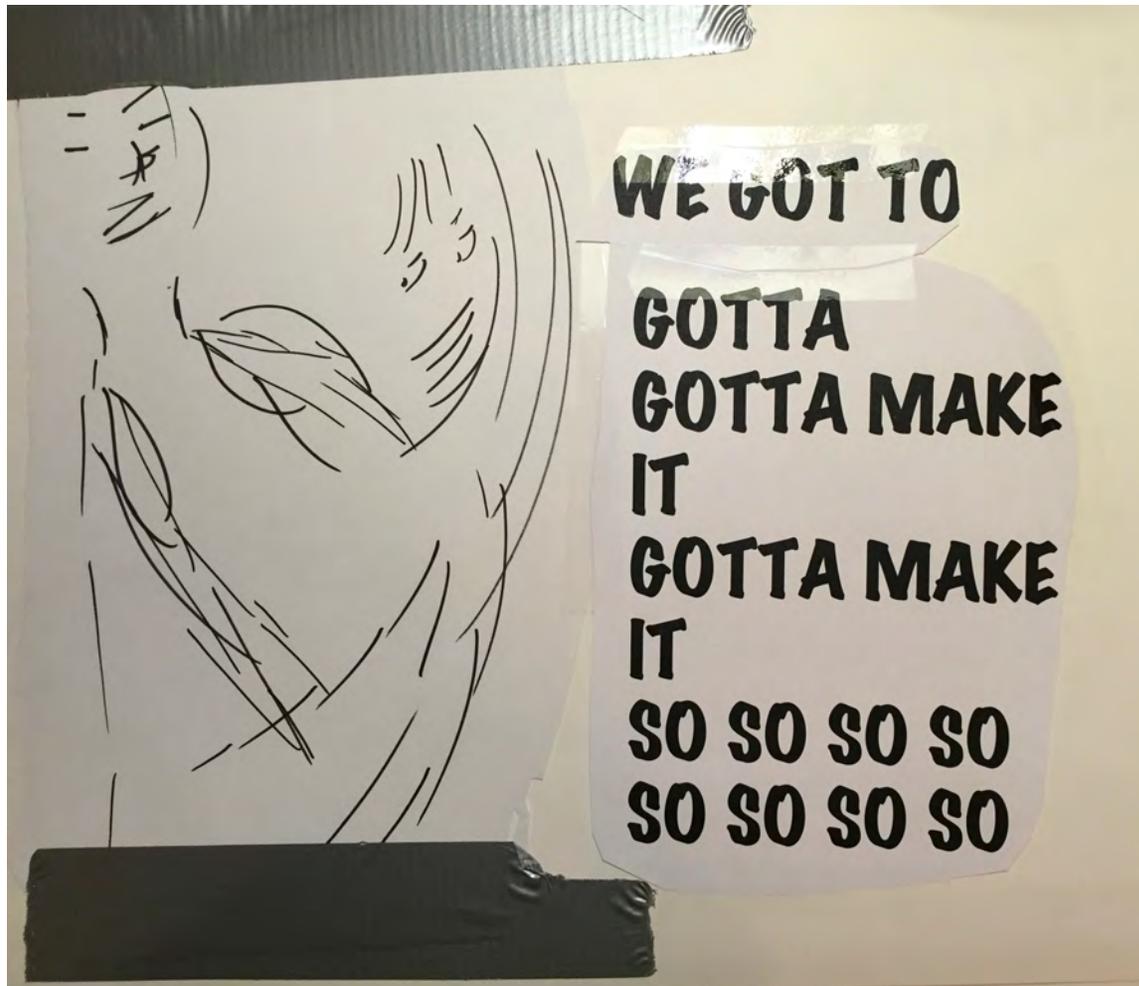
**THIS WAY**

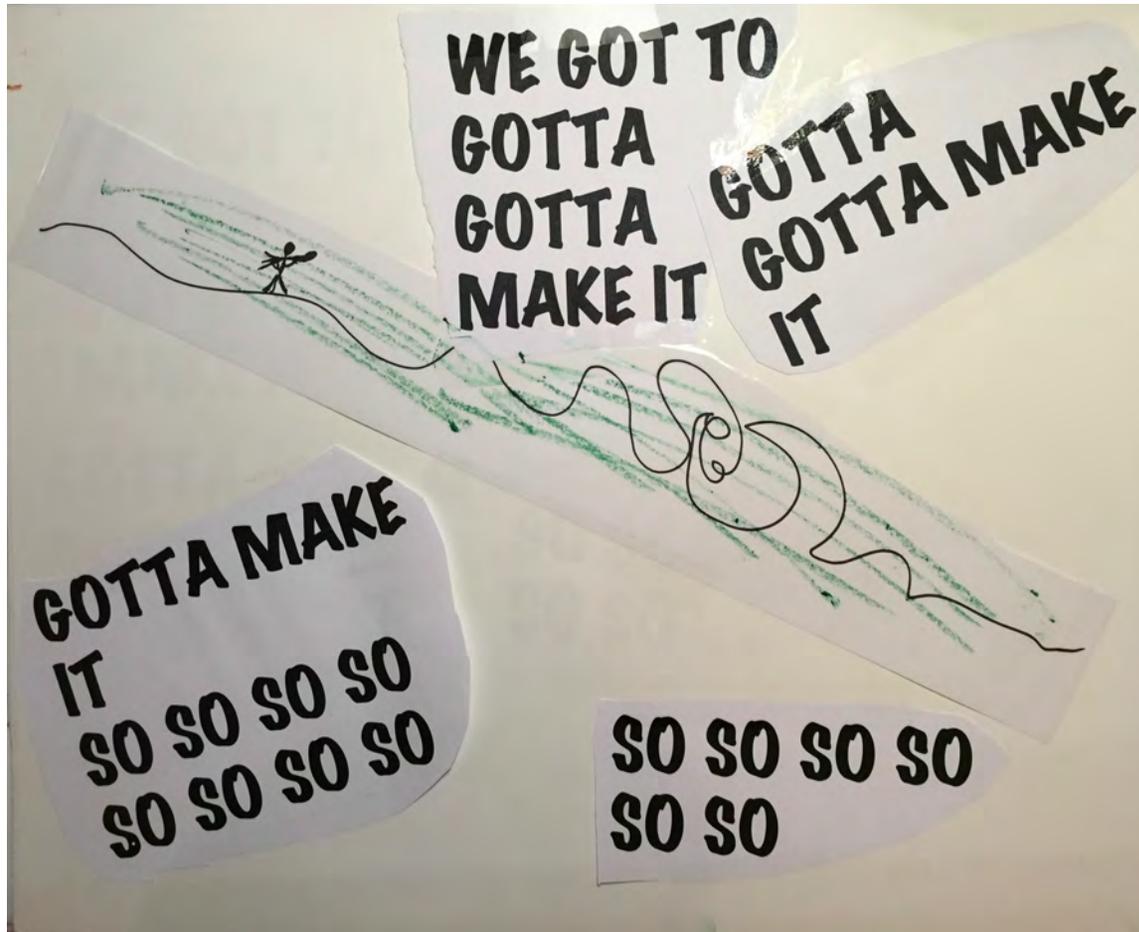
**WATCH OUT**

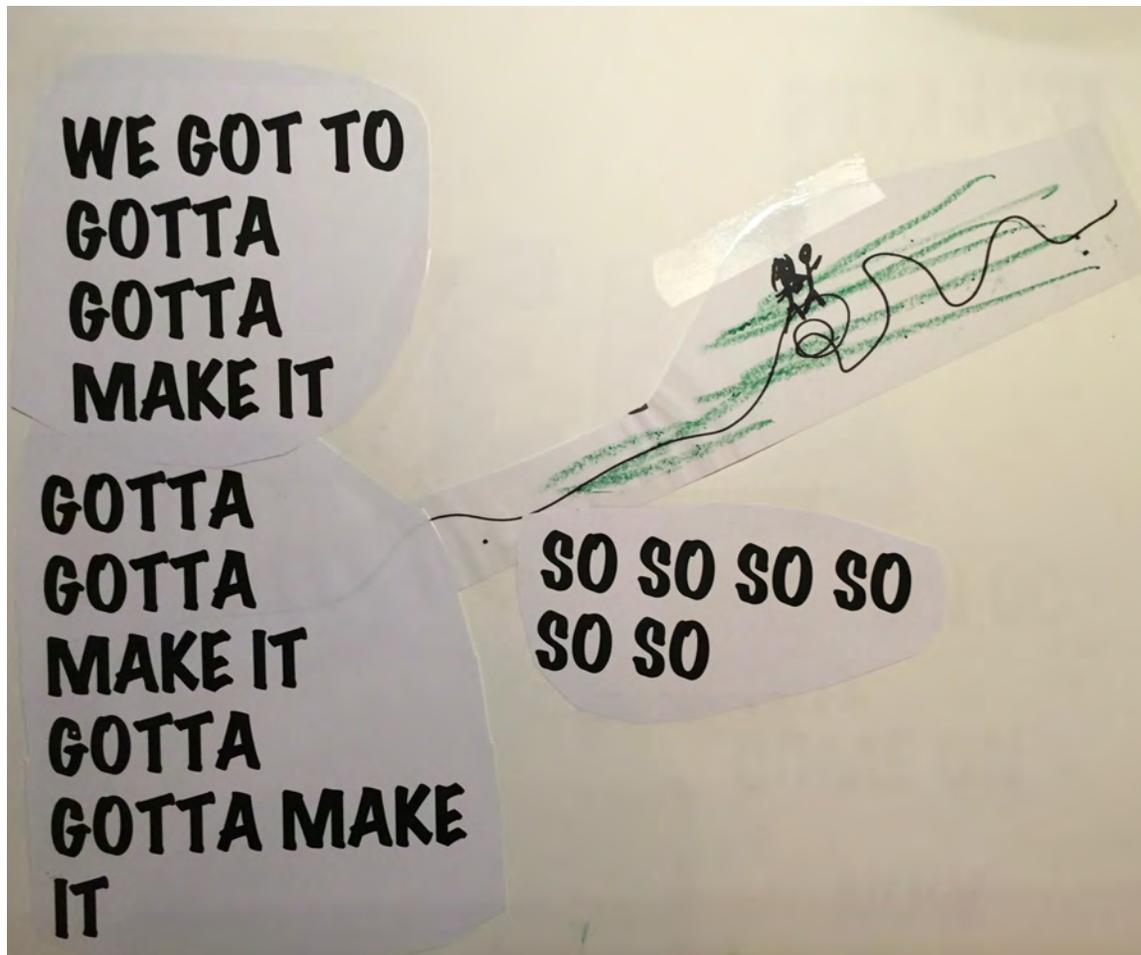
Note  
This track moves fast  
Trust your instincts









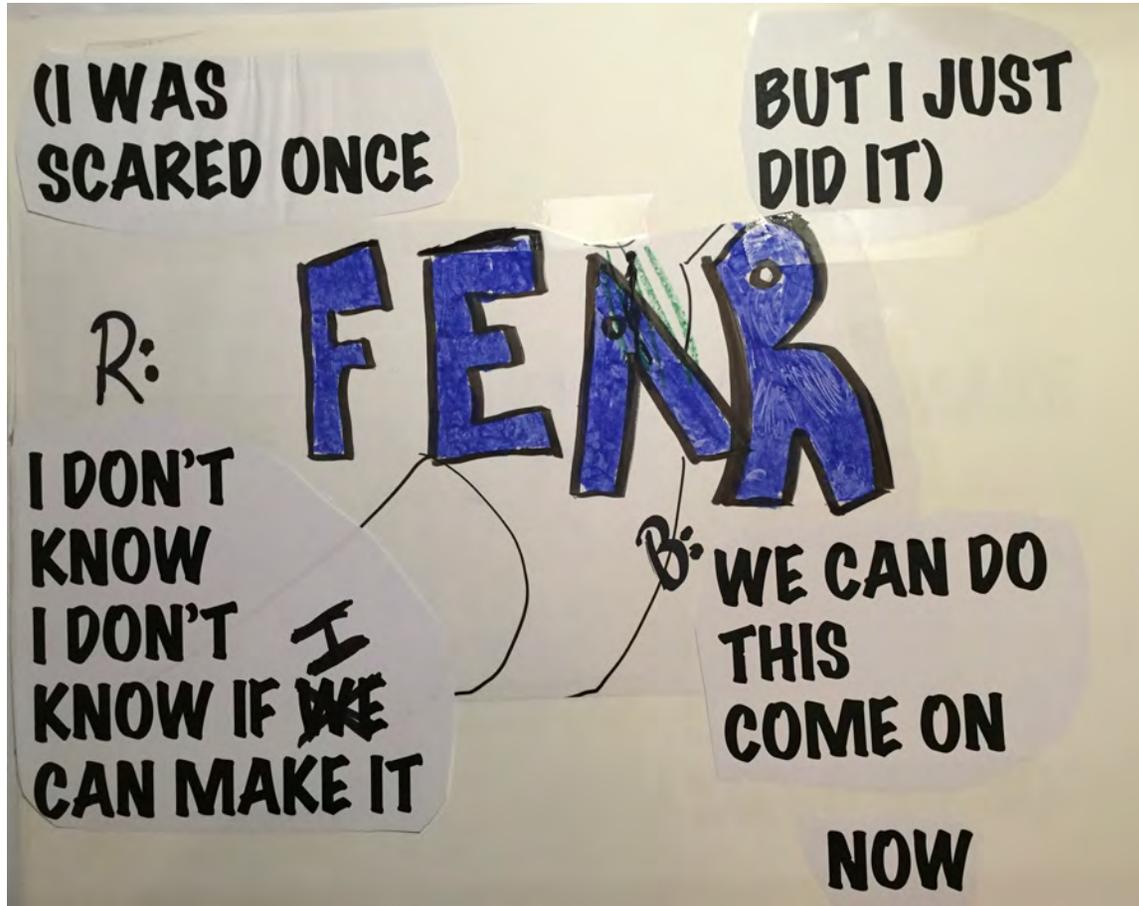


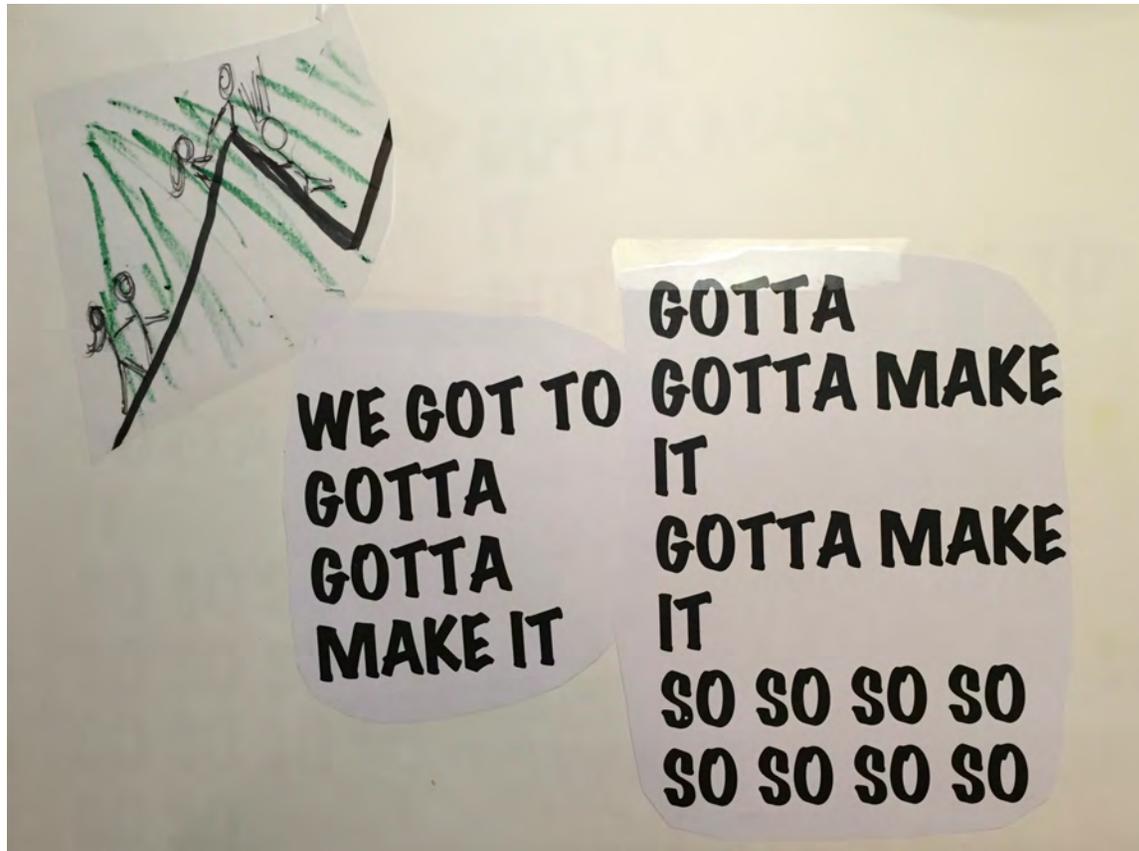
WE GOT TO  
GOTTA  
GOTTA  
MAKE IT

GOTTA  
GOTTA  
MAKE IT  
GOTTA  
GOTTA MAKE  
IT

SO SO SO SO  
SO SO

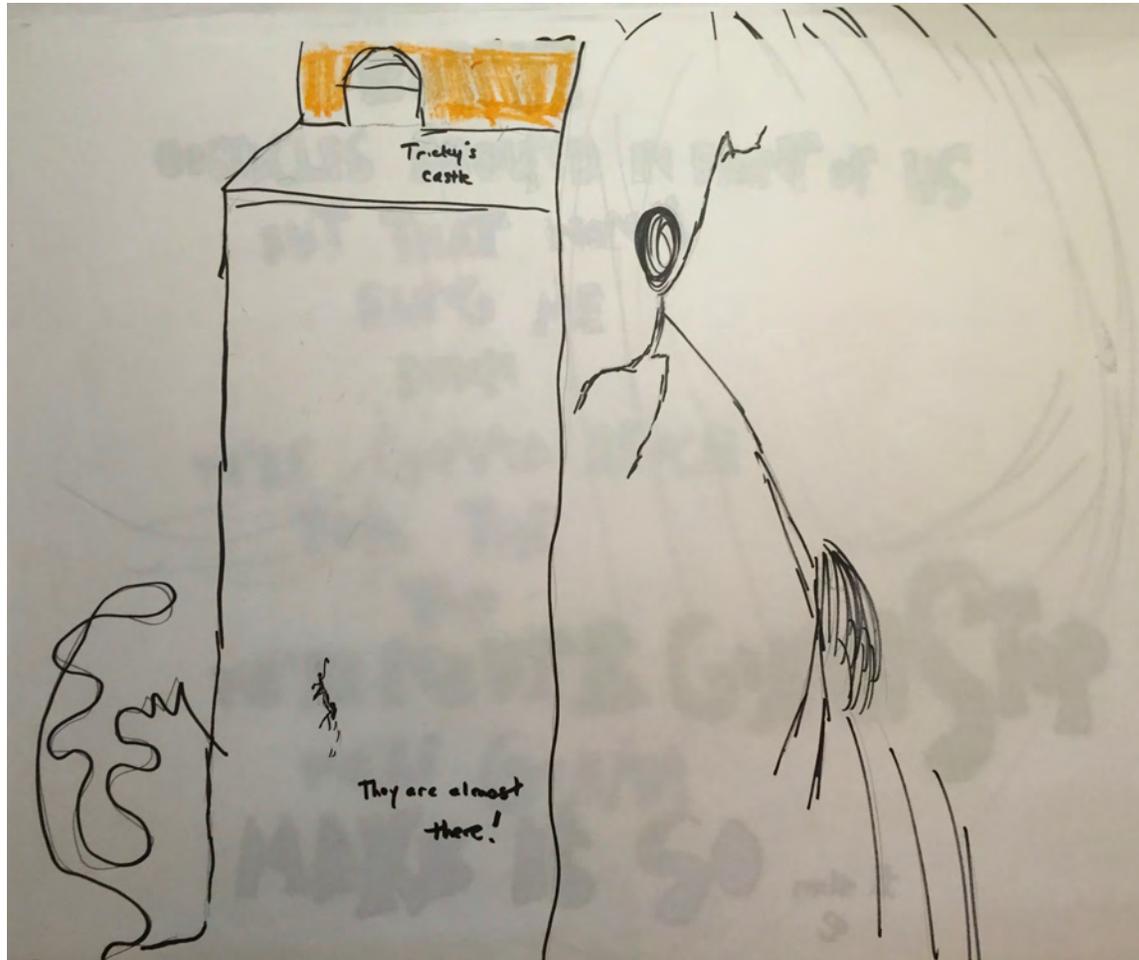


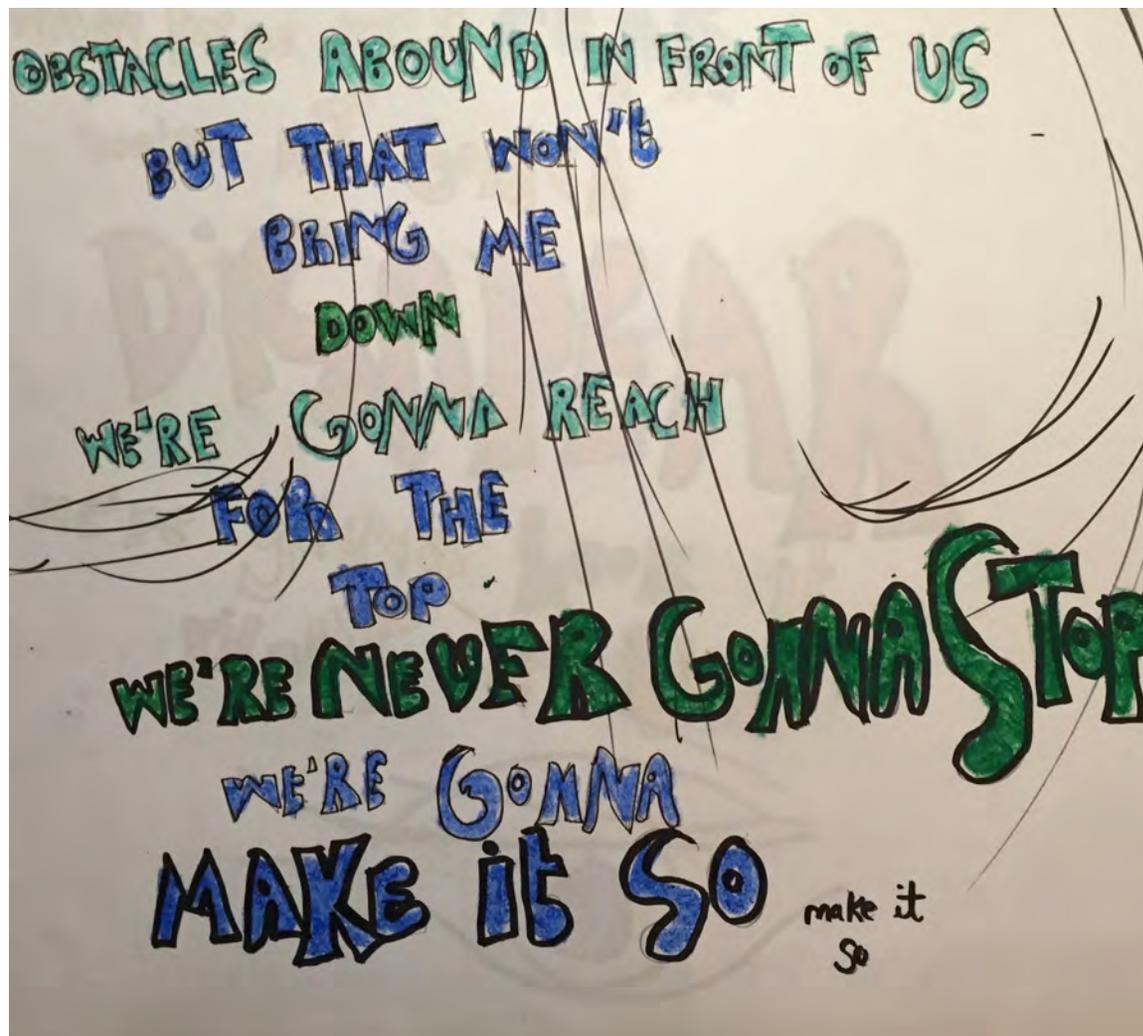






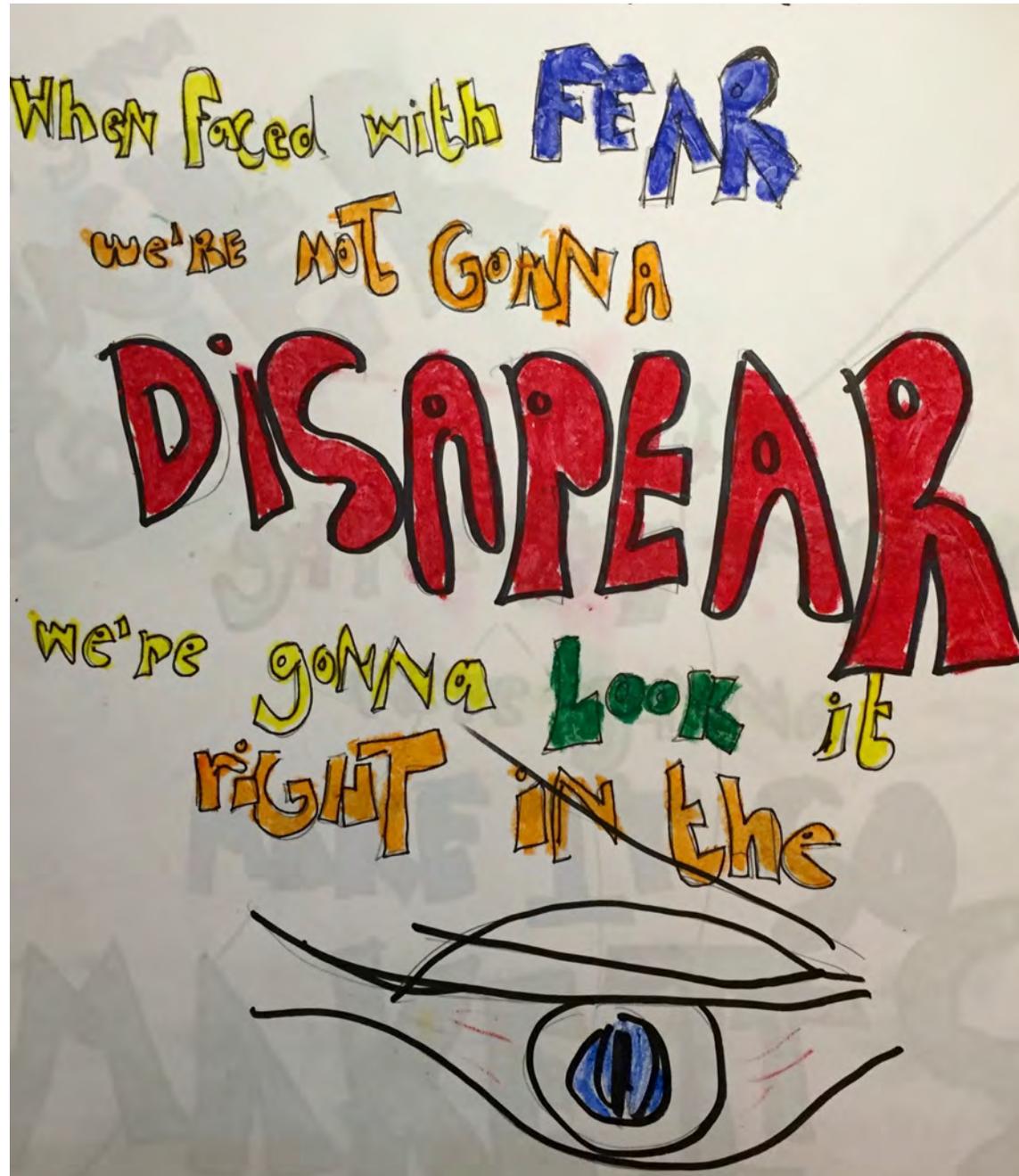


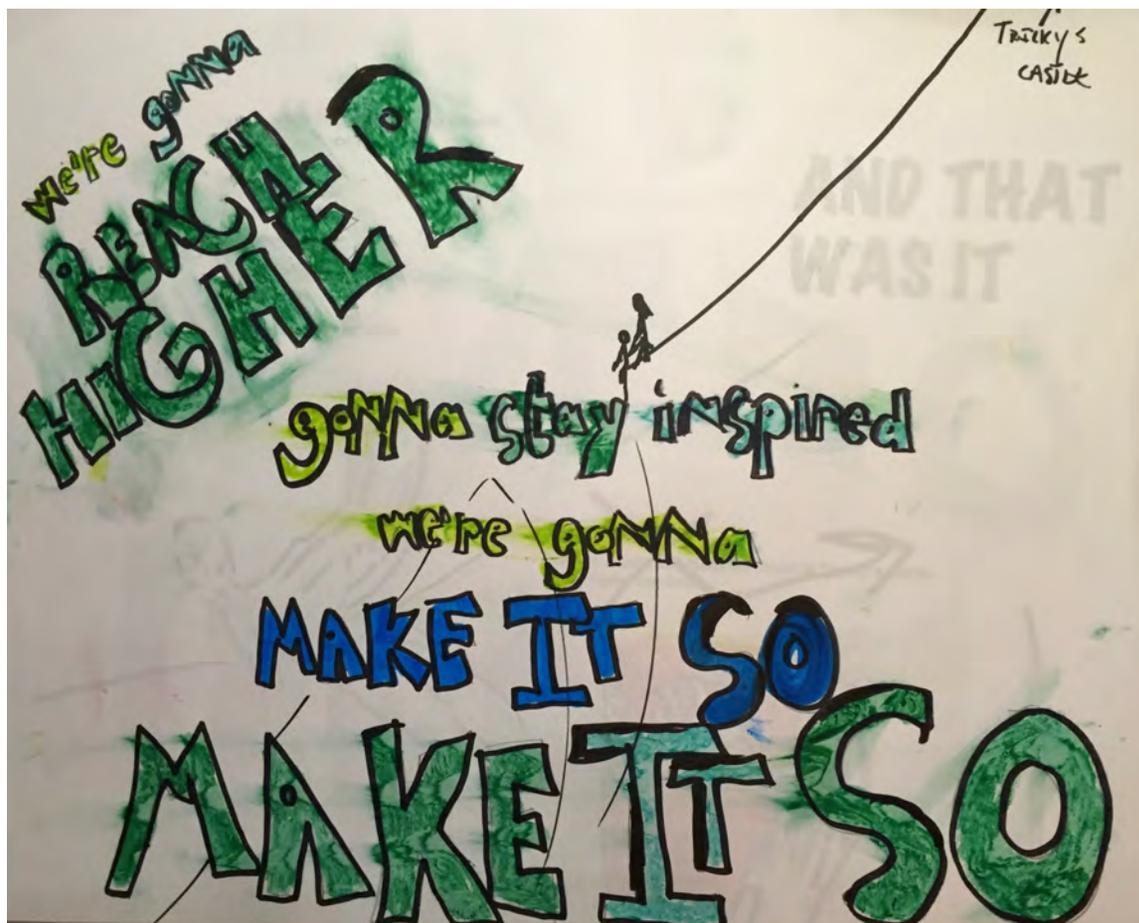


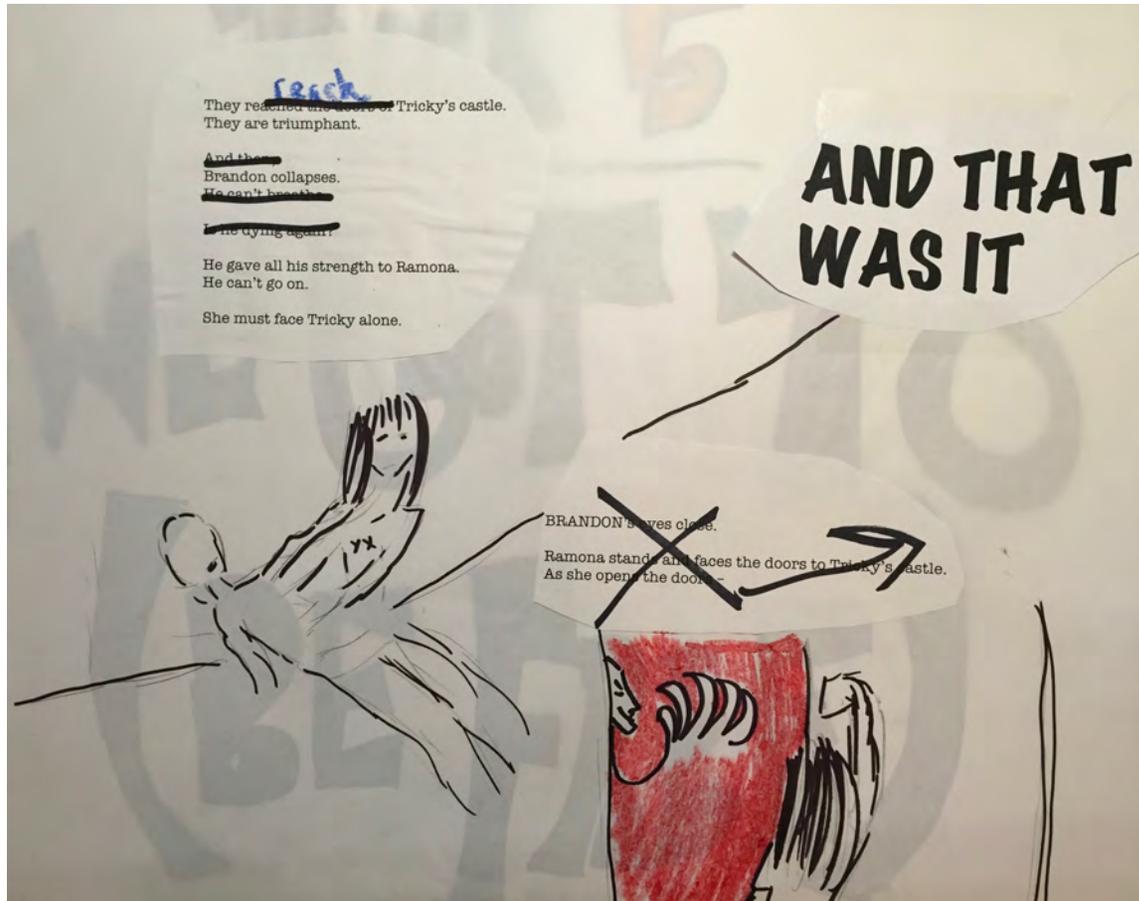


OBSTACLES ABOUND IN FRONT OF US  
BUT THAT WON'T  
BRING ME  
DOWN  
WE'RE GONNA REACH  
FOR THE  
TOP  
WE'RE NEVER GONNA STOP  
WE'RE GONNA  
MAKE IT SO

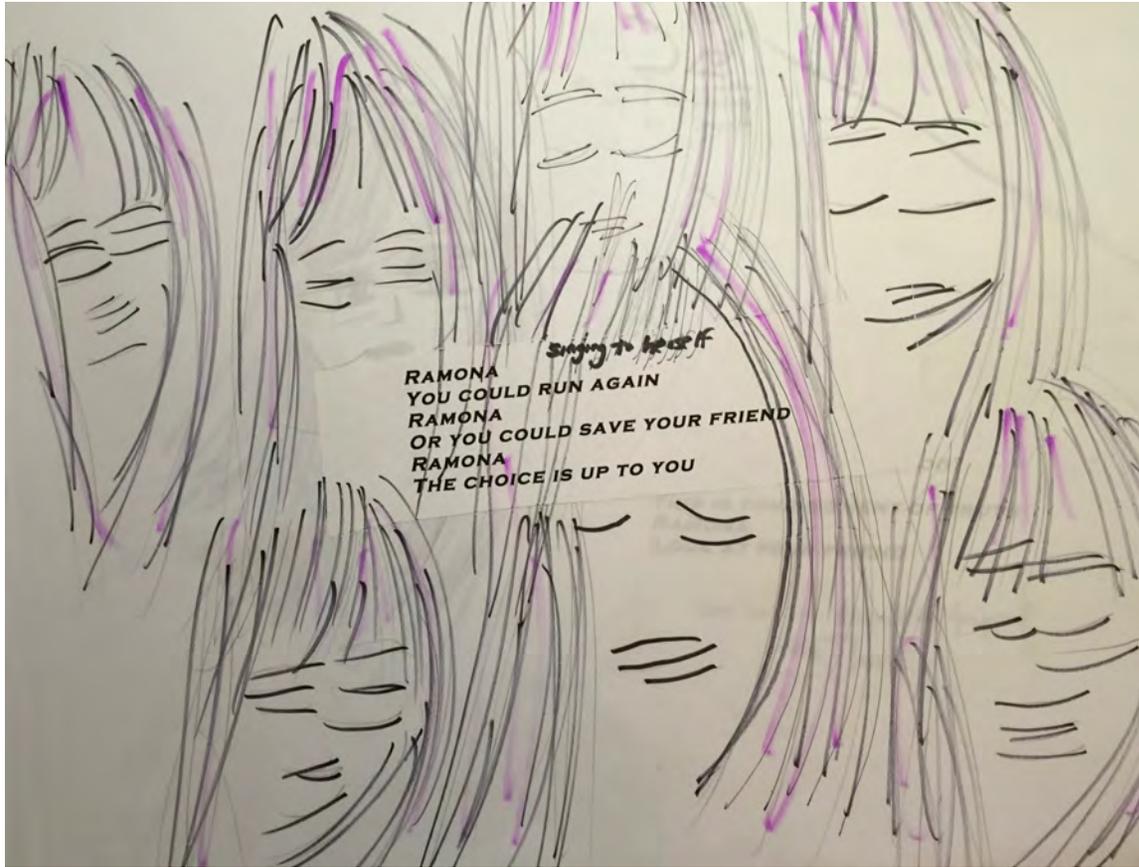
make it  
so

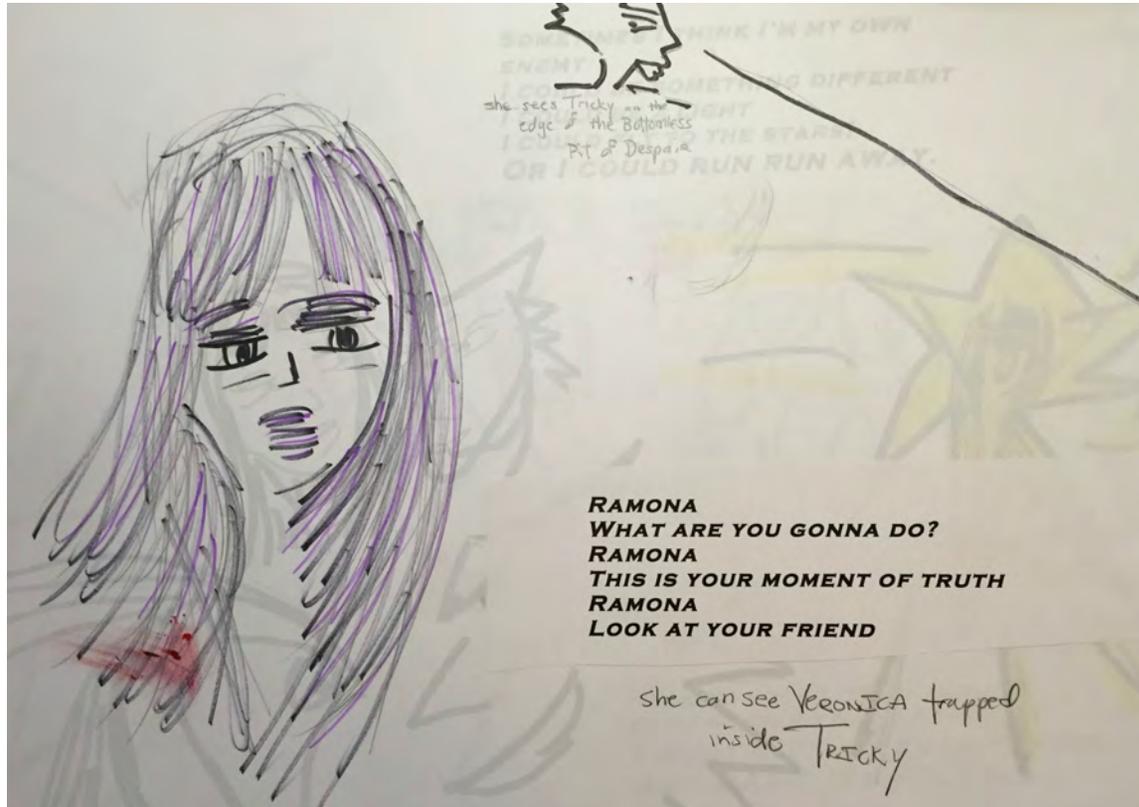


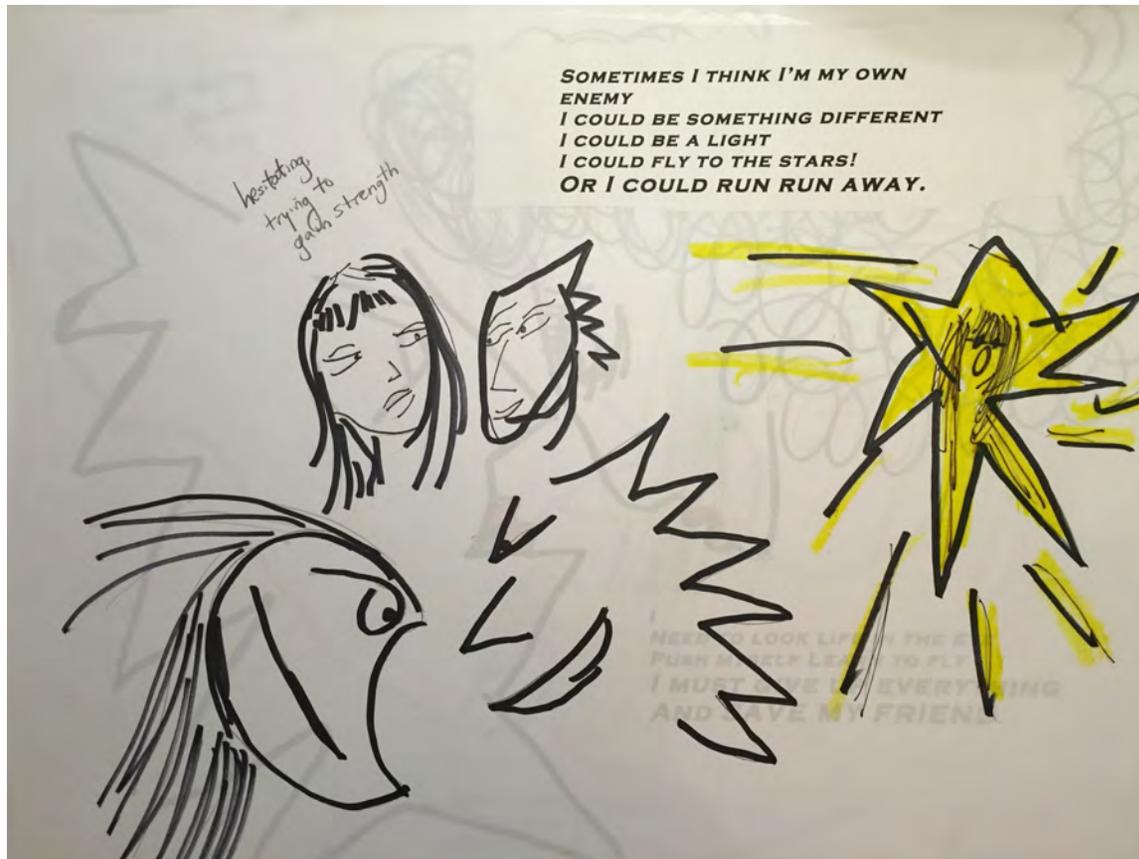


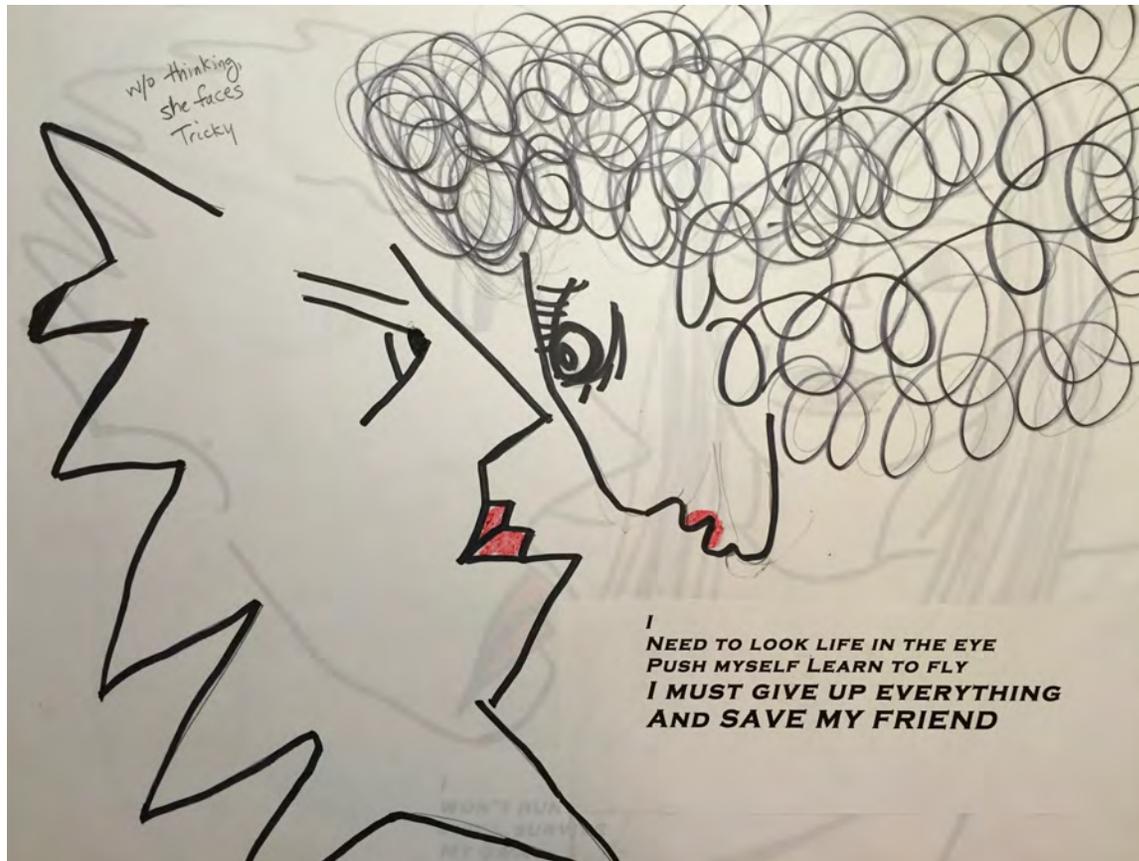


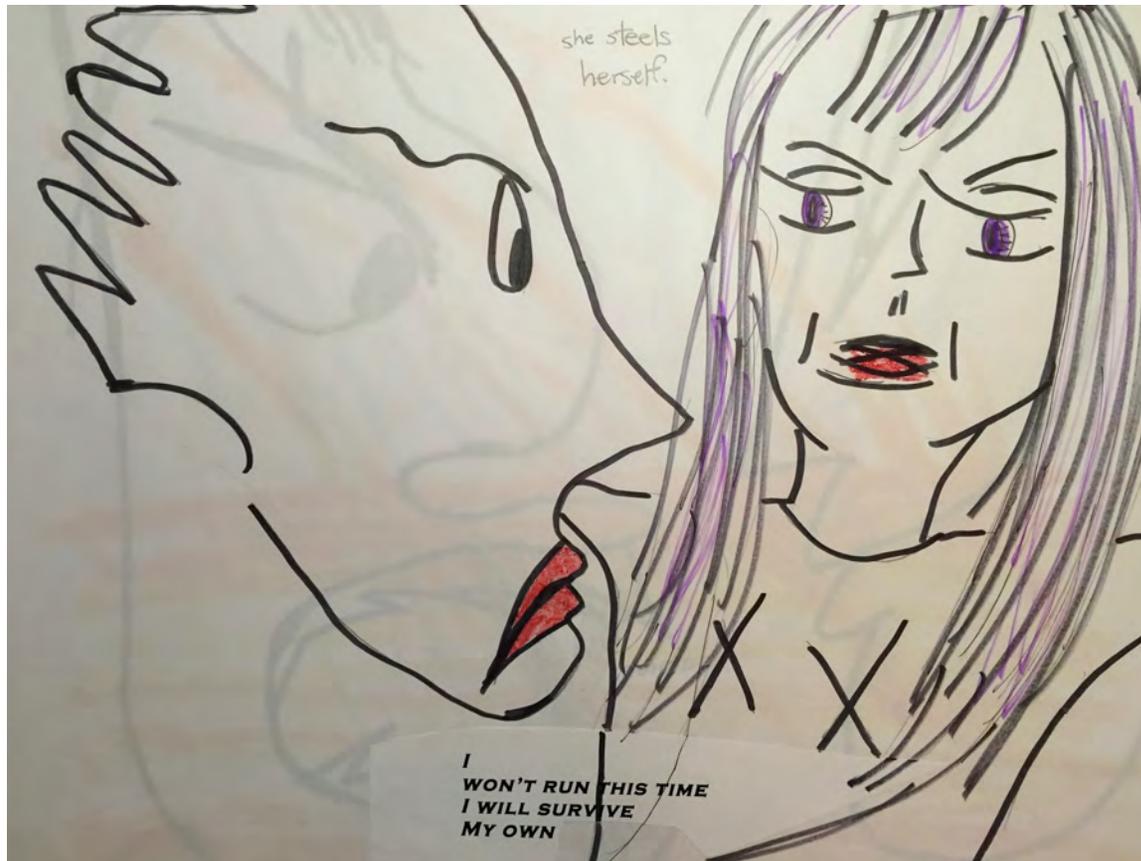
TRACK 5  
WE GOT TO  
(BE FREE)



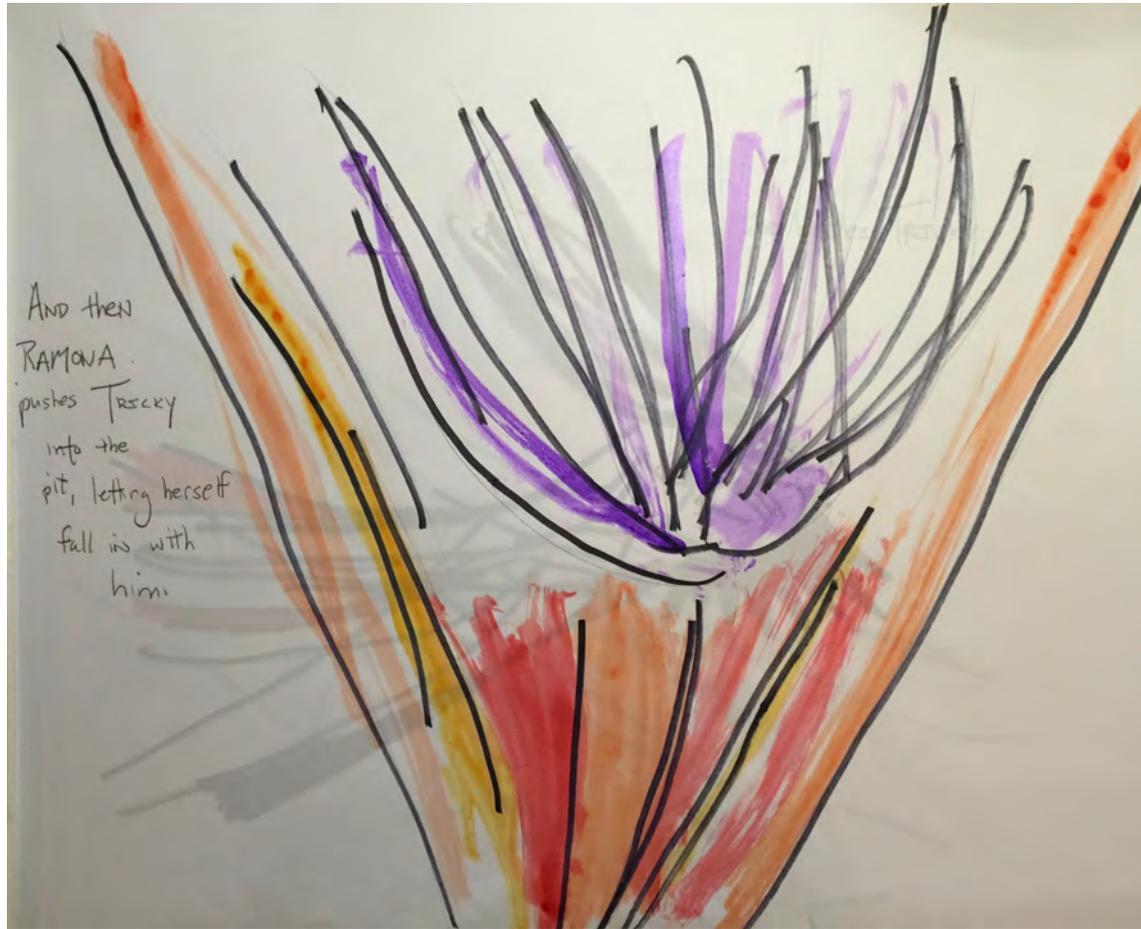


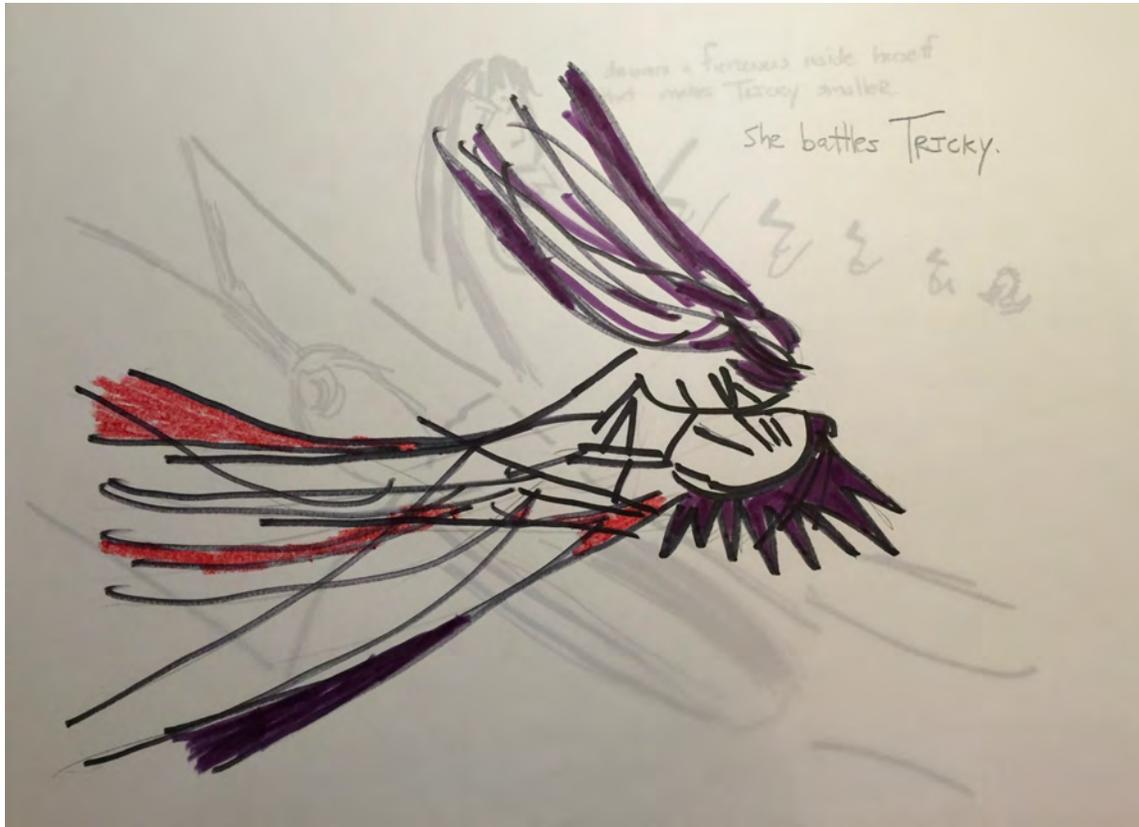


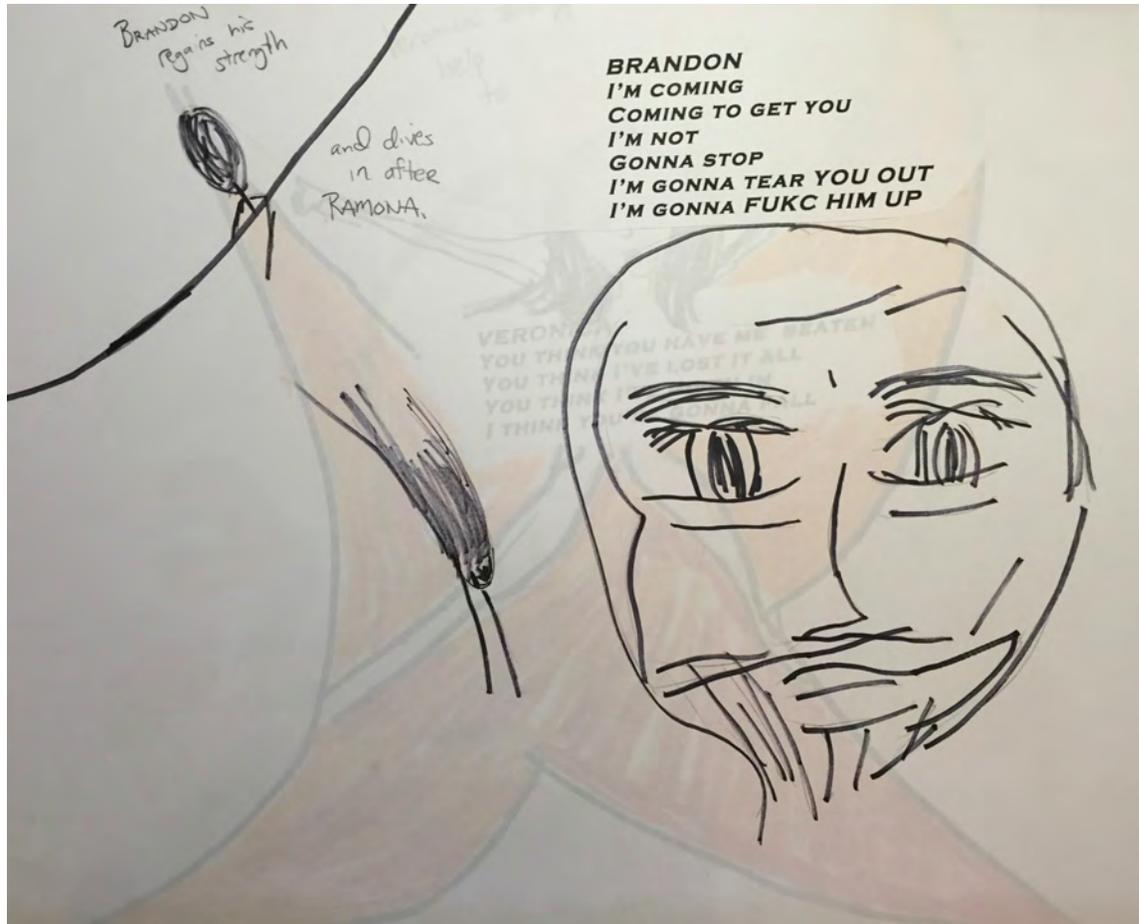


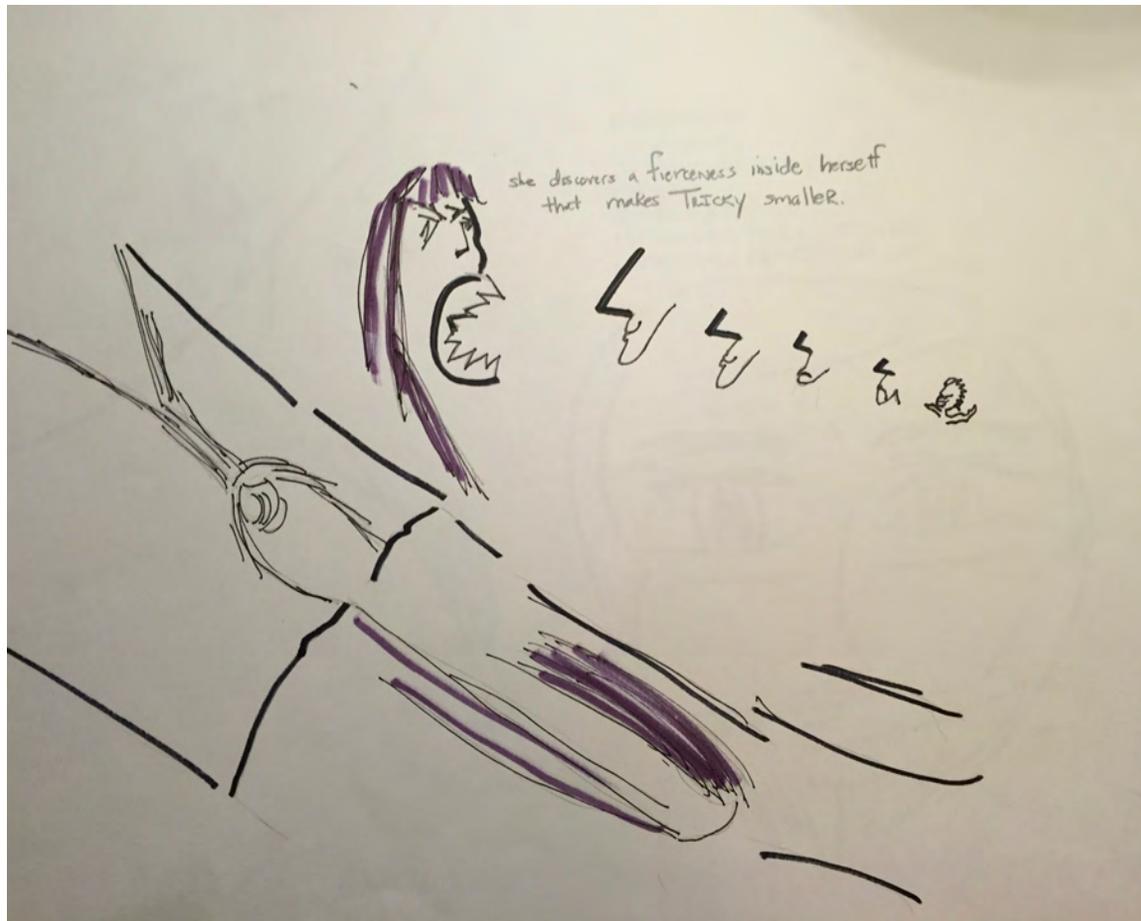




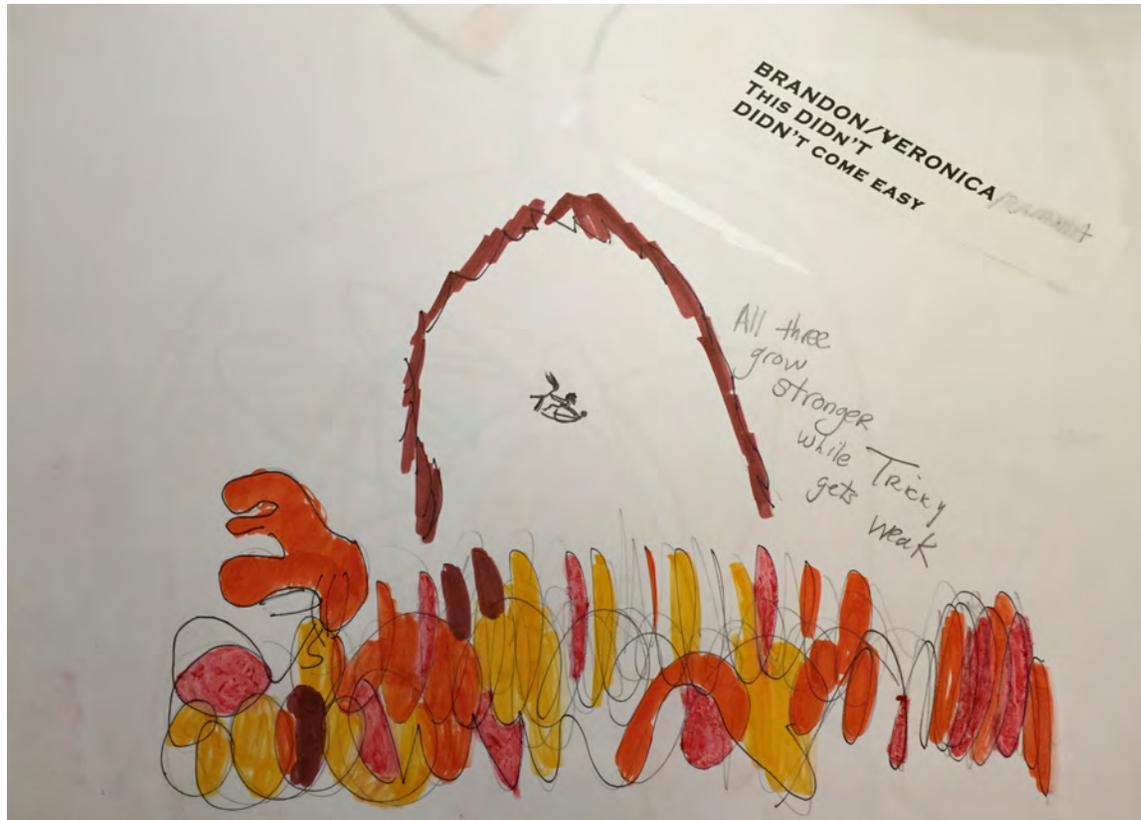


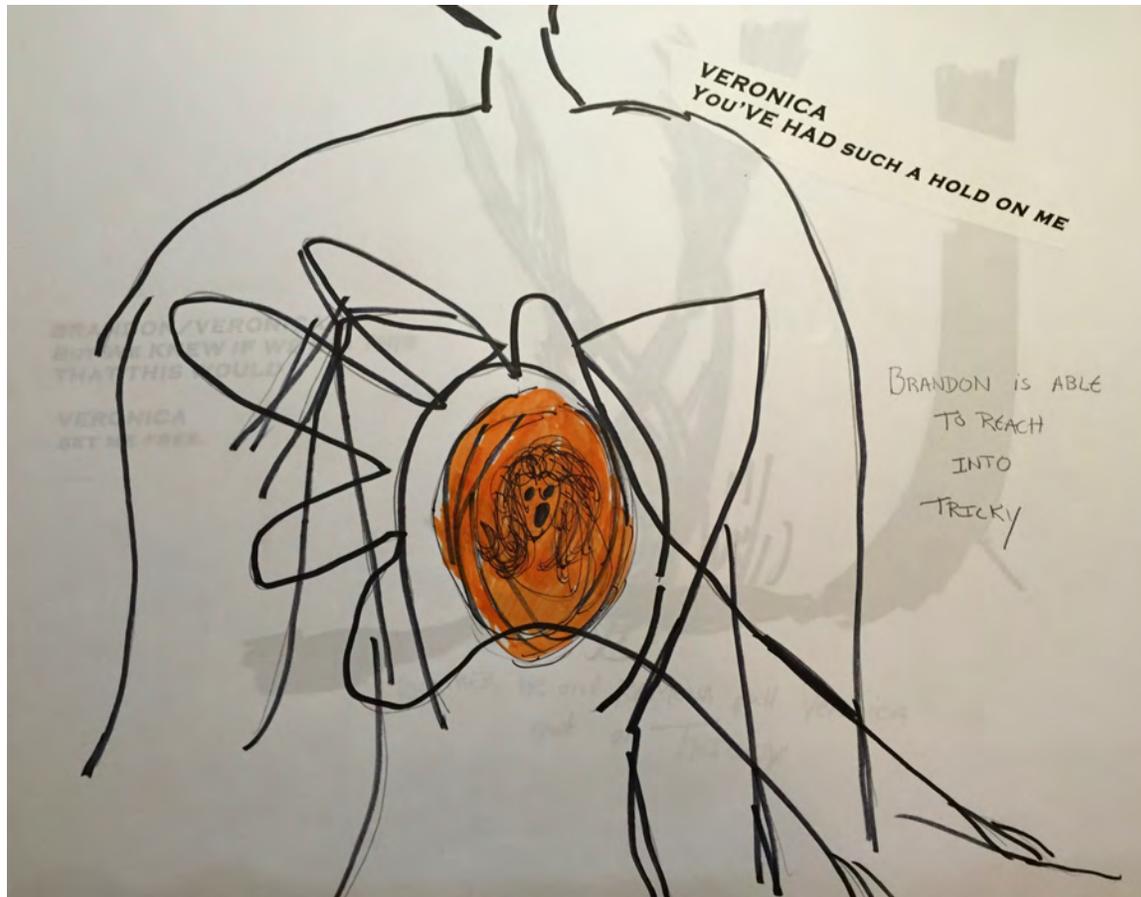


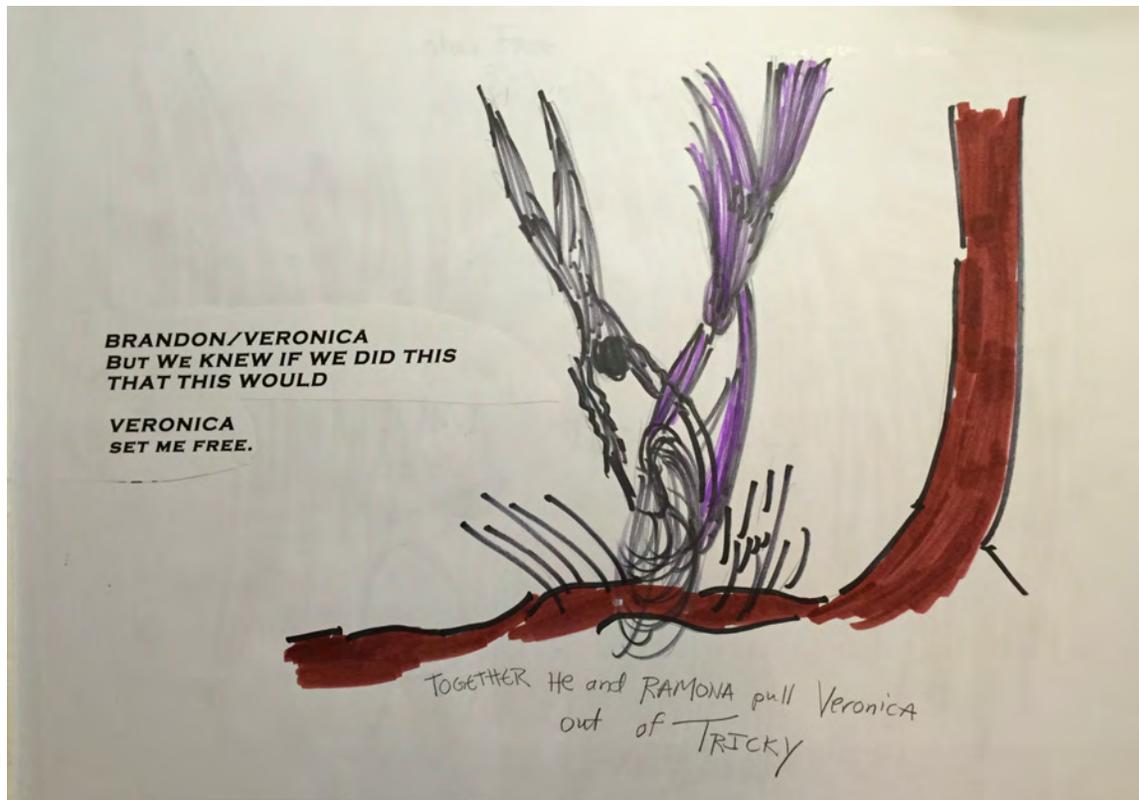






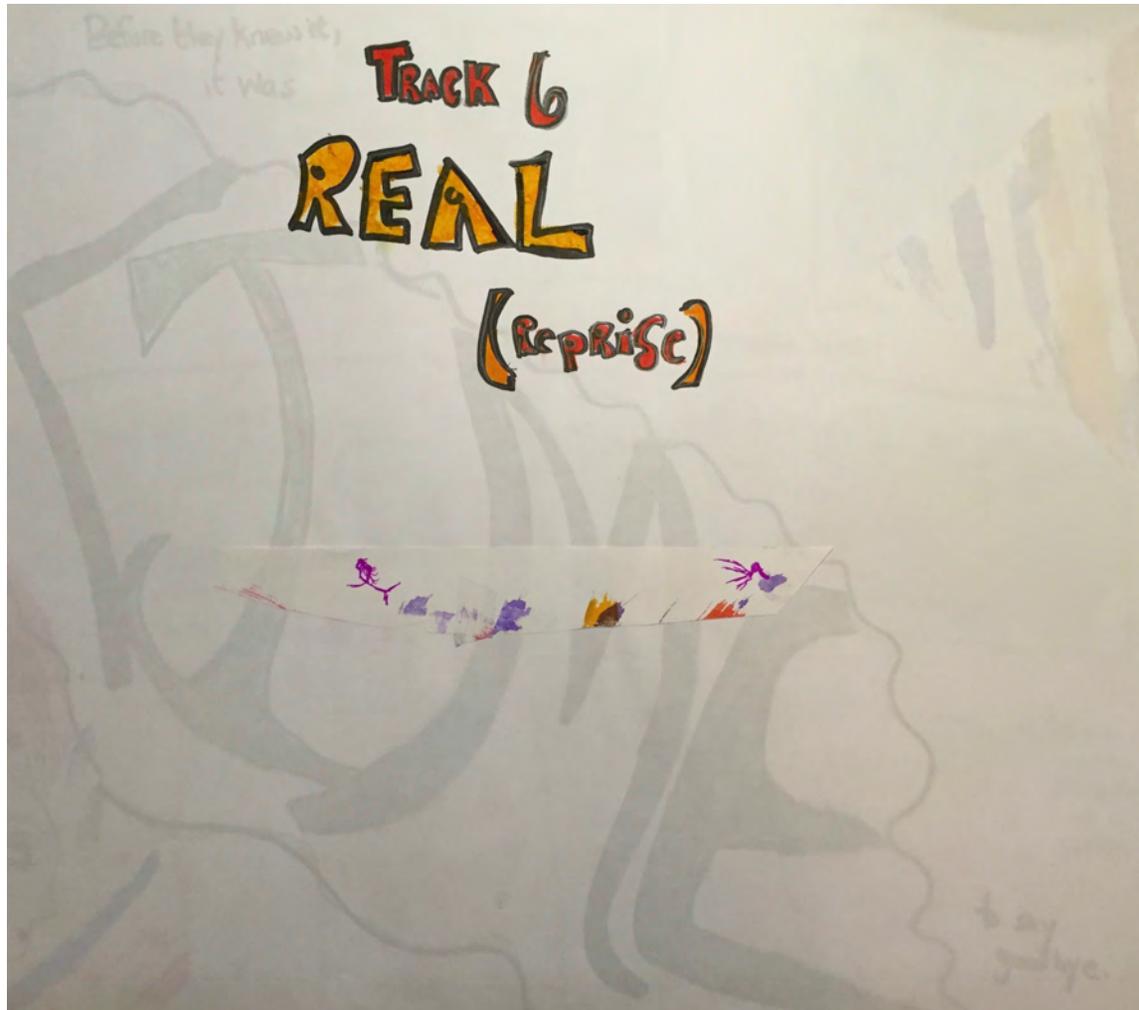


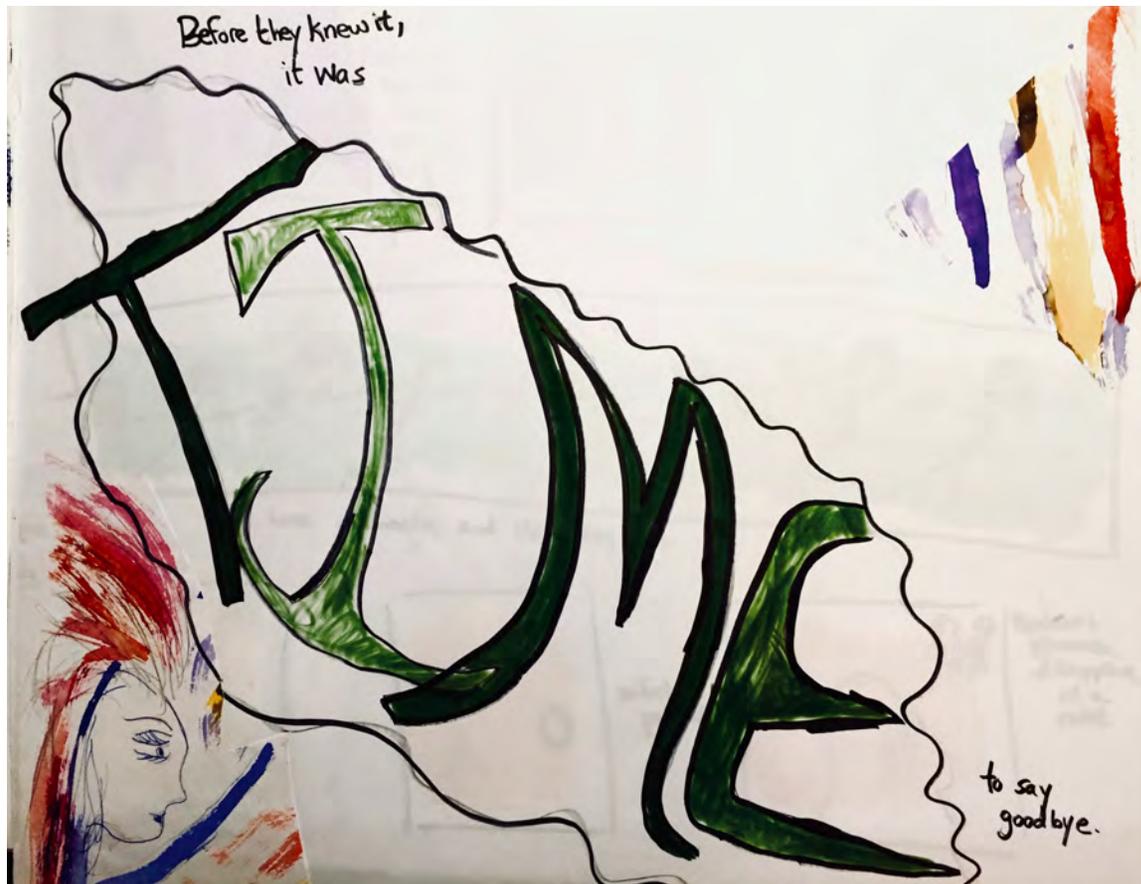




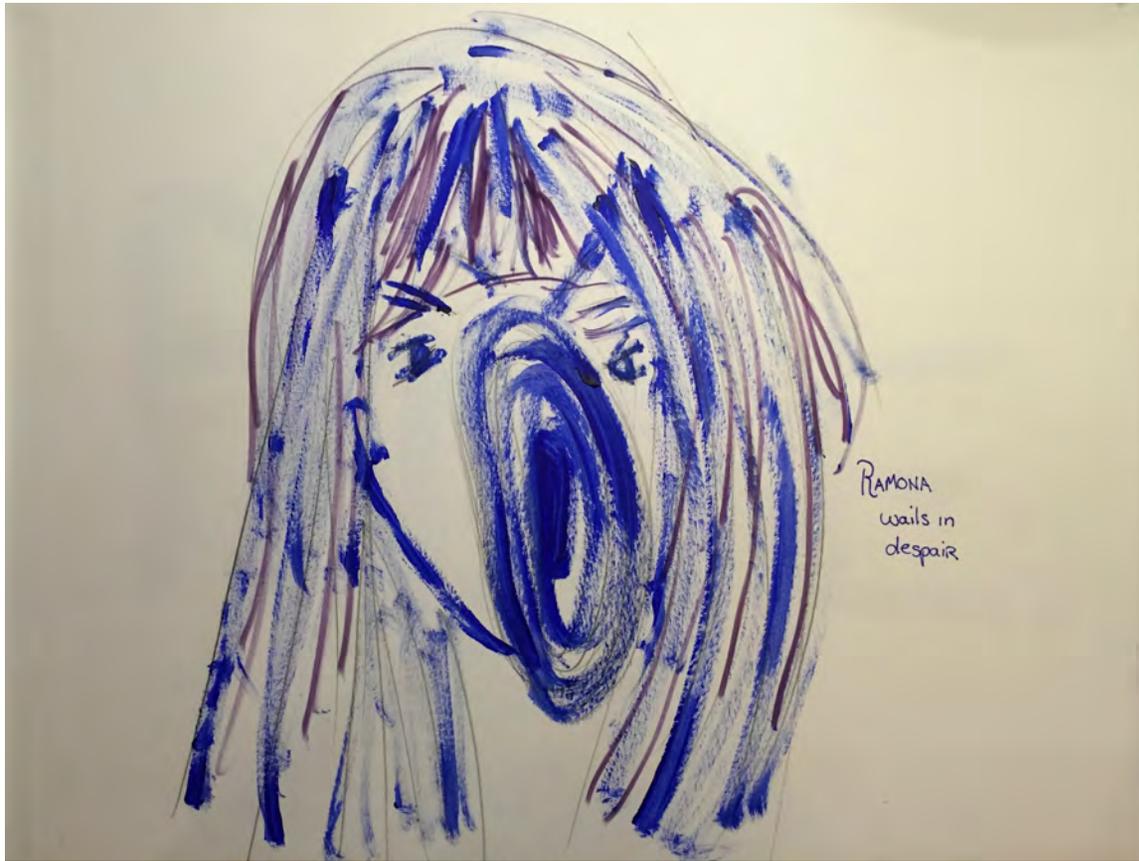


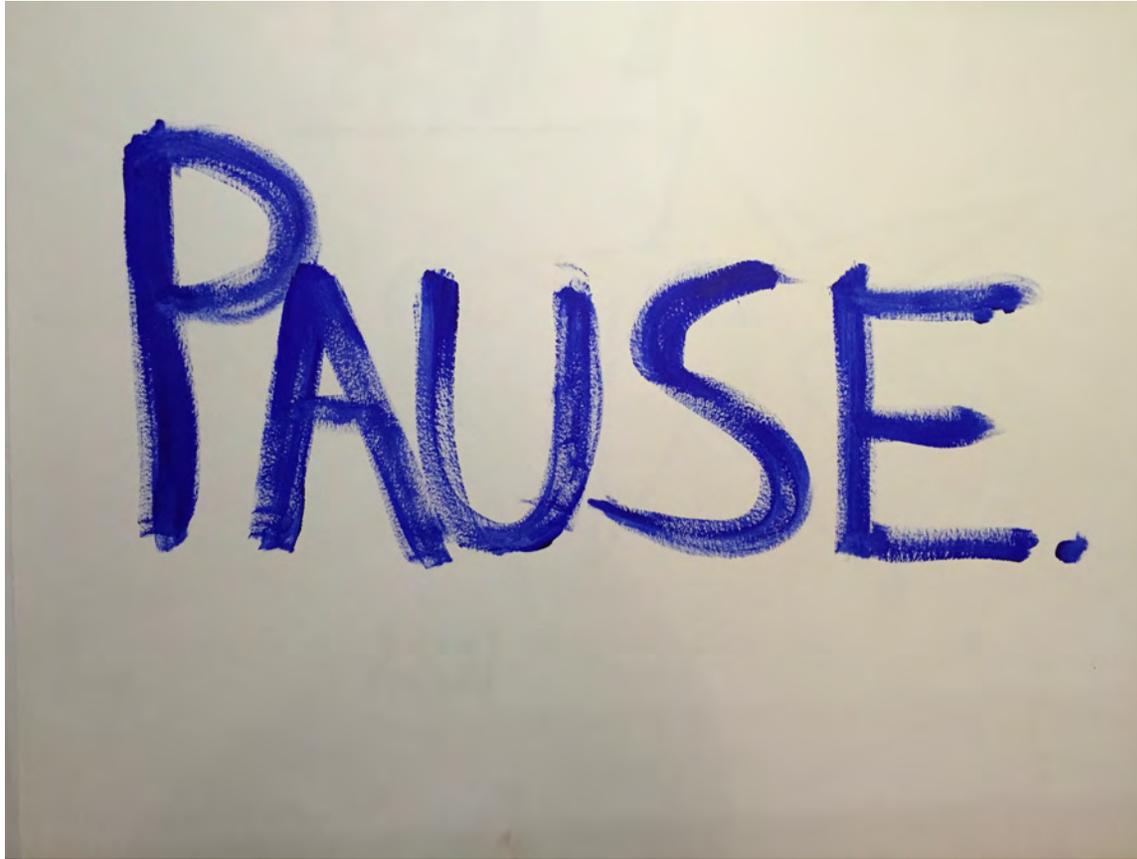




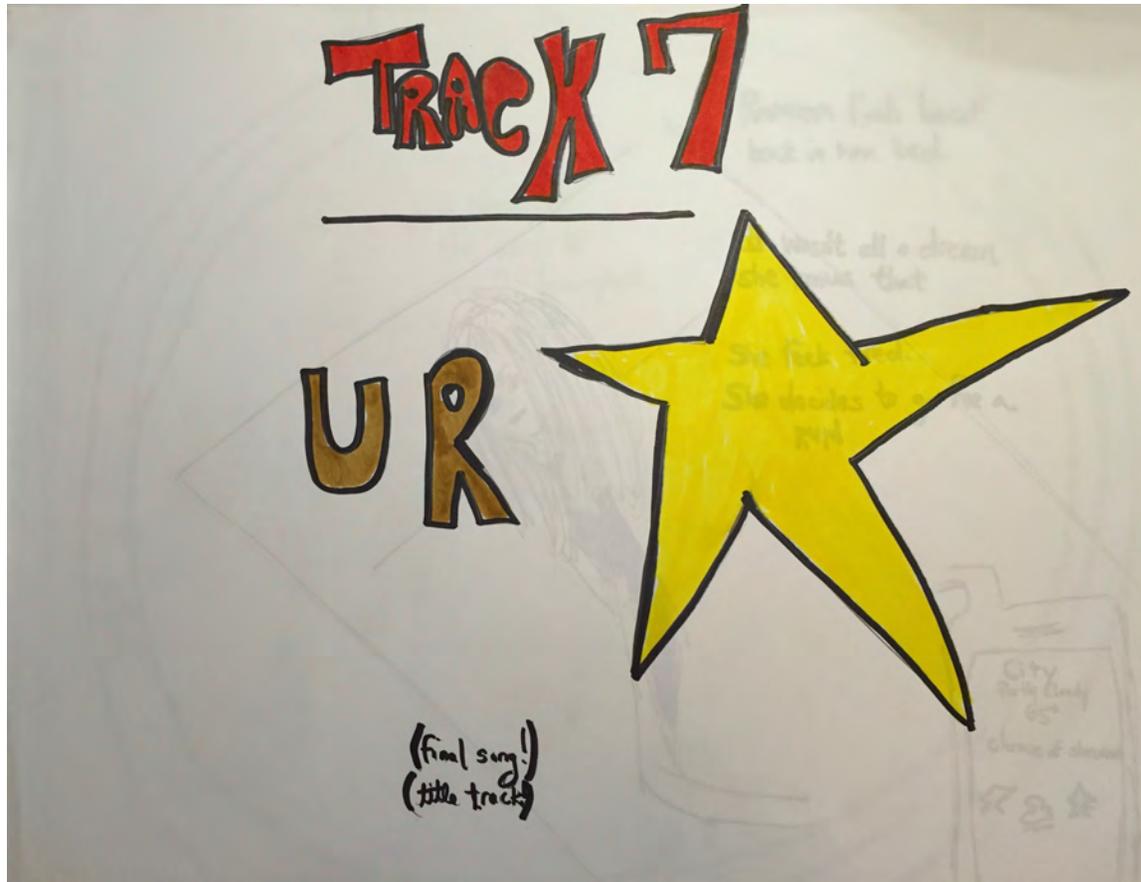


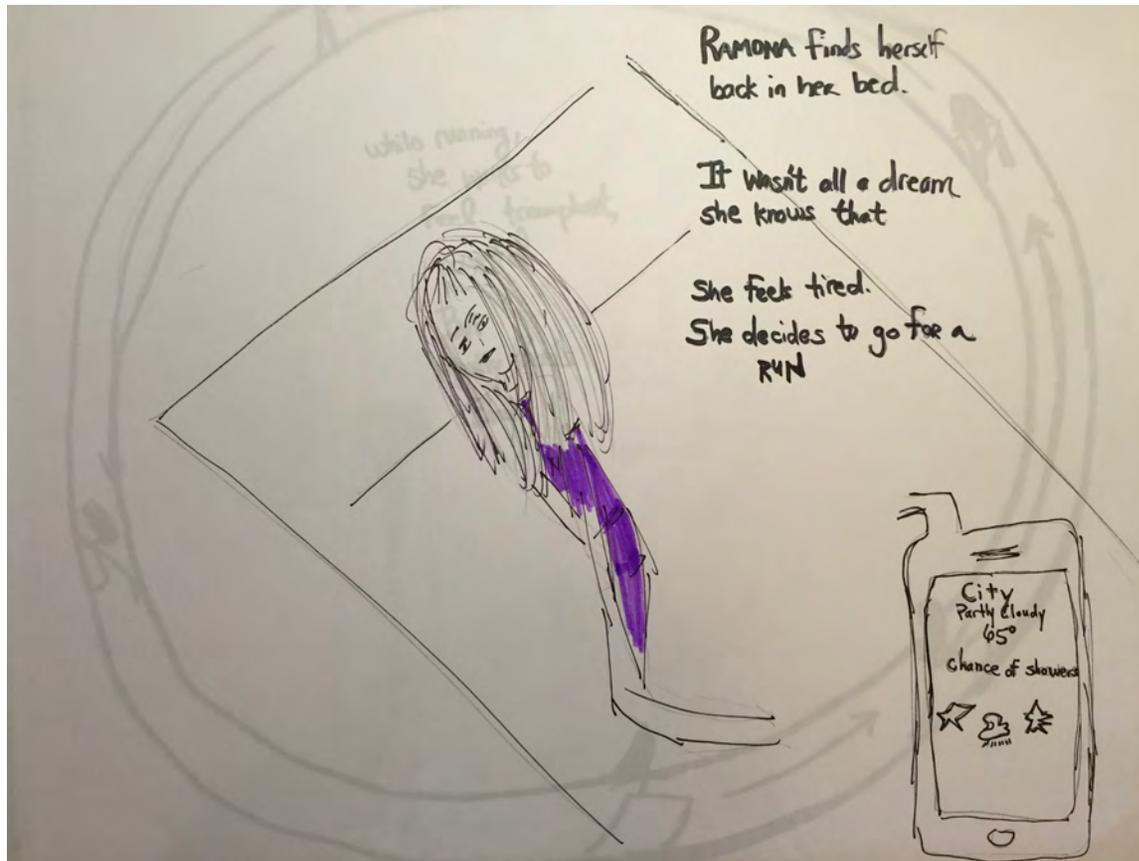


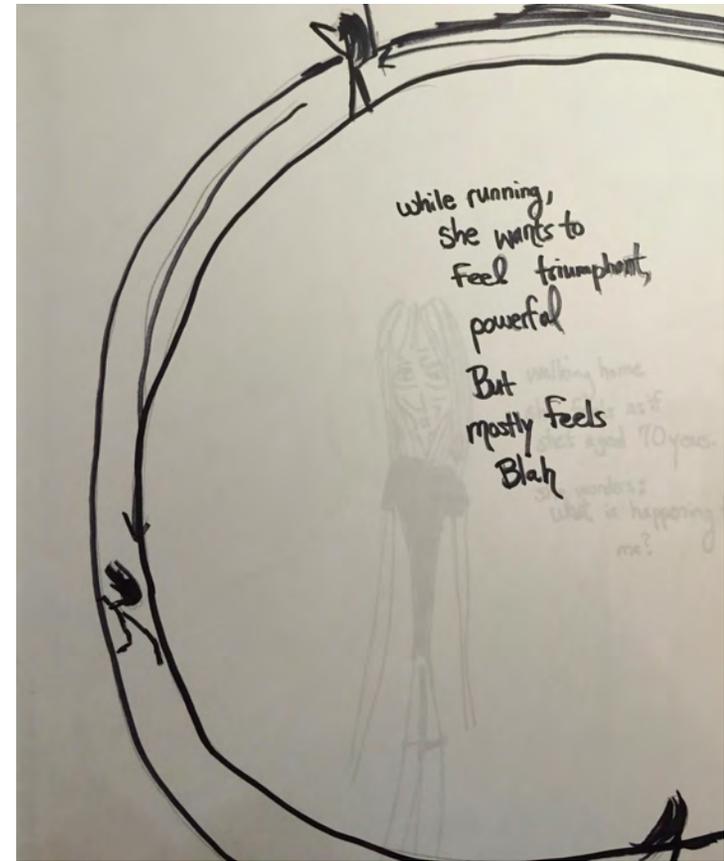
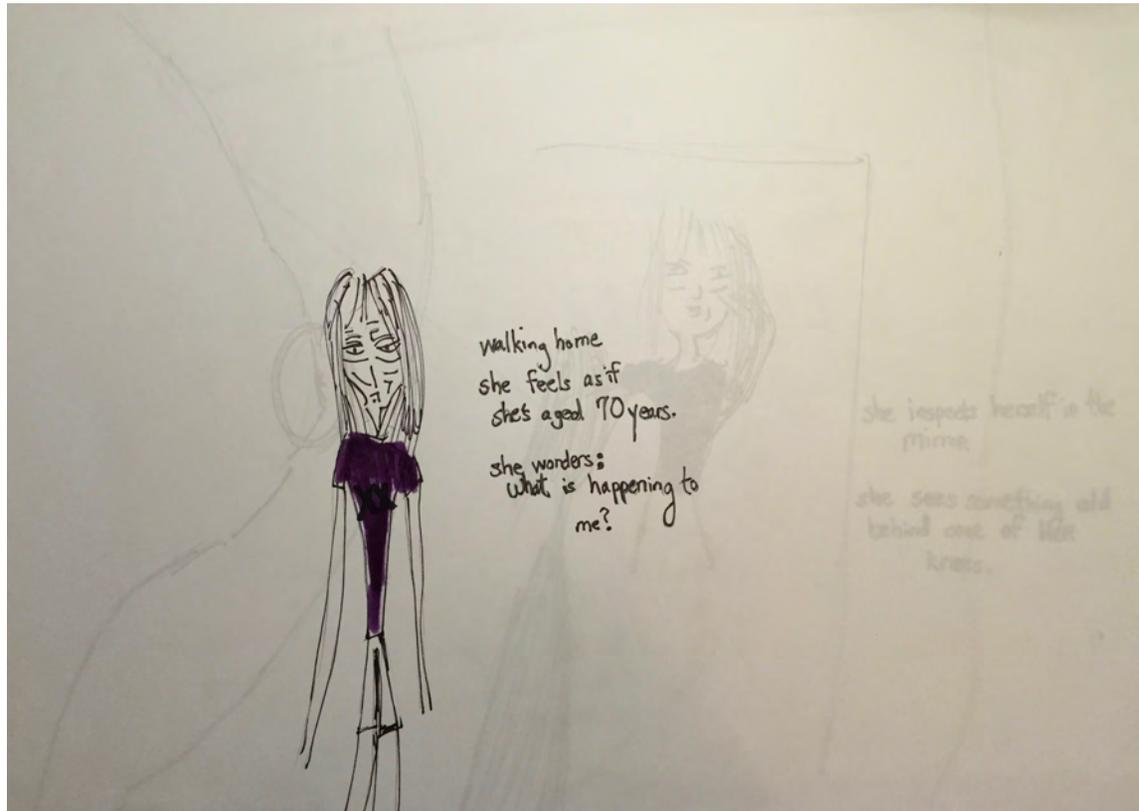


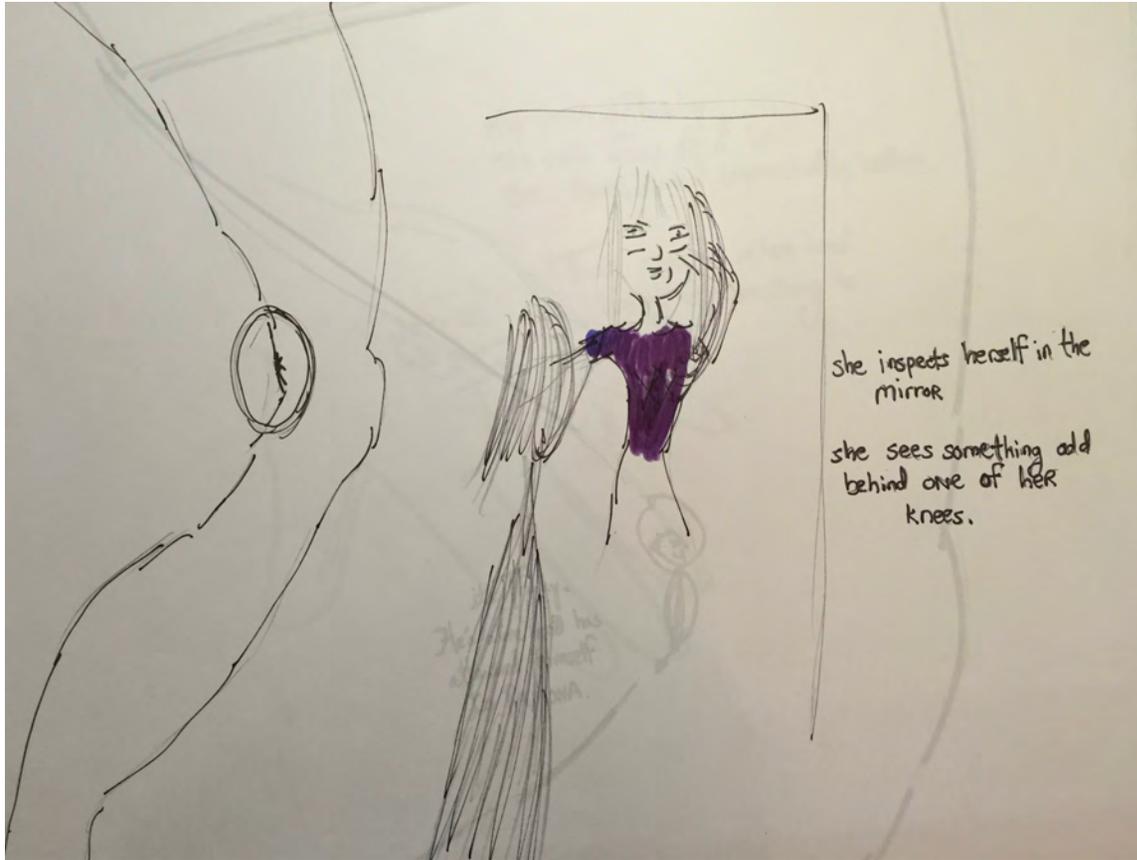


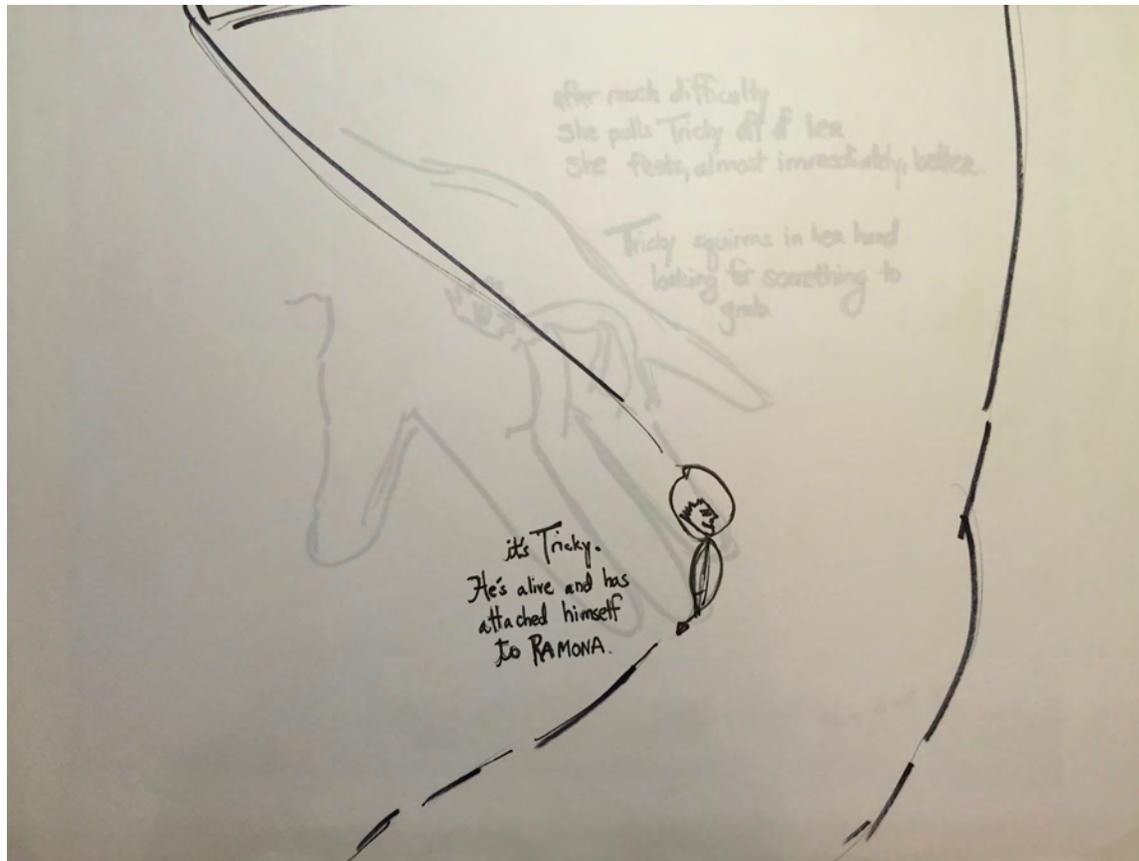
*At this moment, the room is in darkness, the HOST moves back to the stool closest to the GUESTS. Lights come up. As promised the HOST will now turn the pages for the last part of the story. Unexpectedly, the HOST now performs the last sung/spoken parts of the story live.*

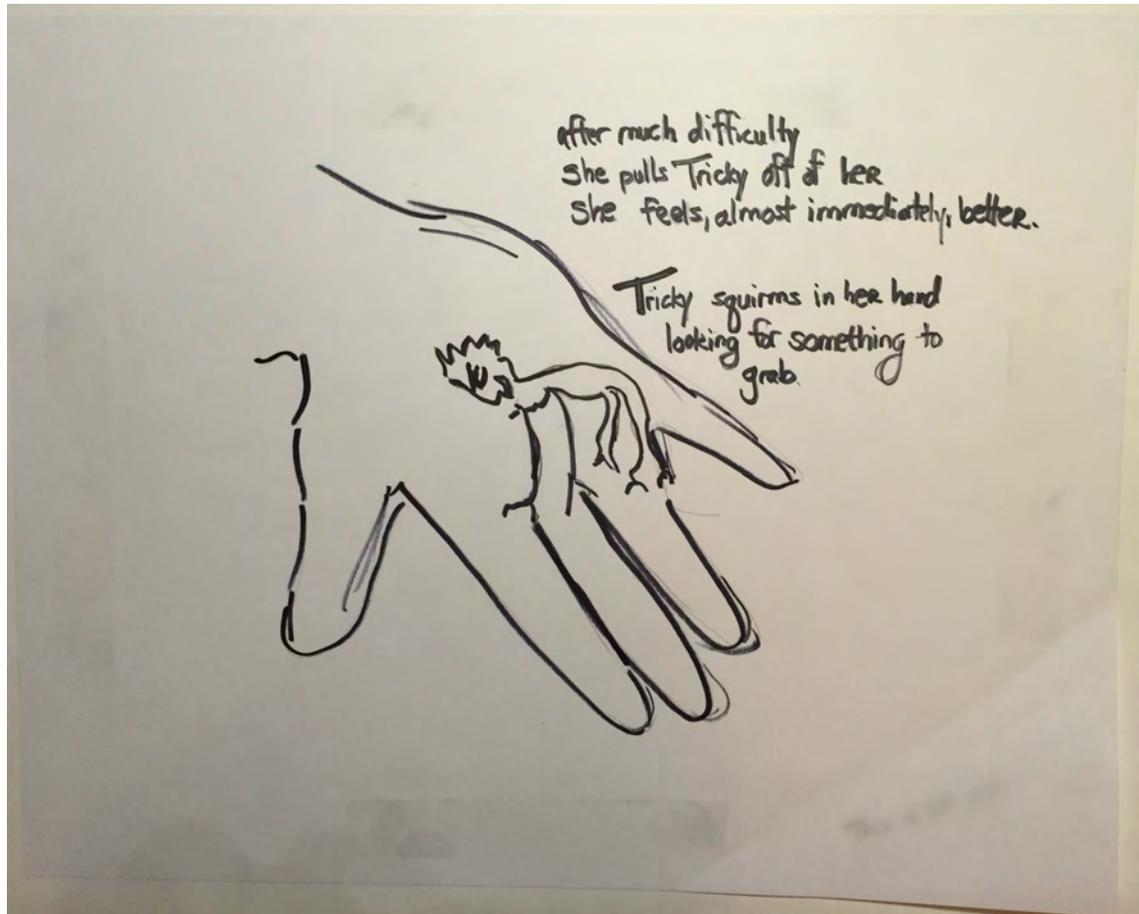


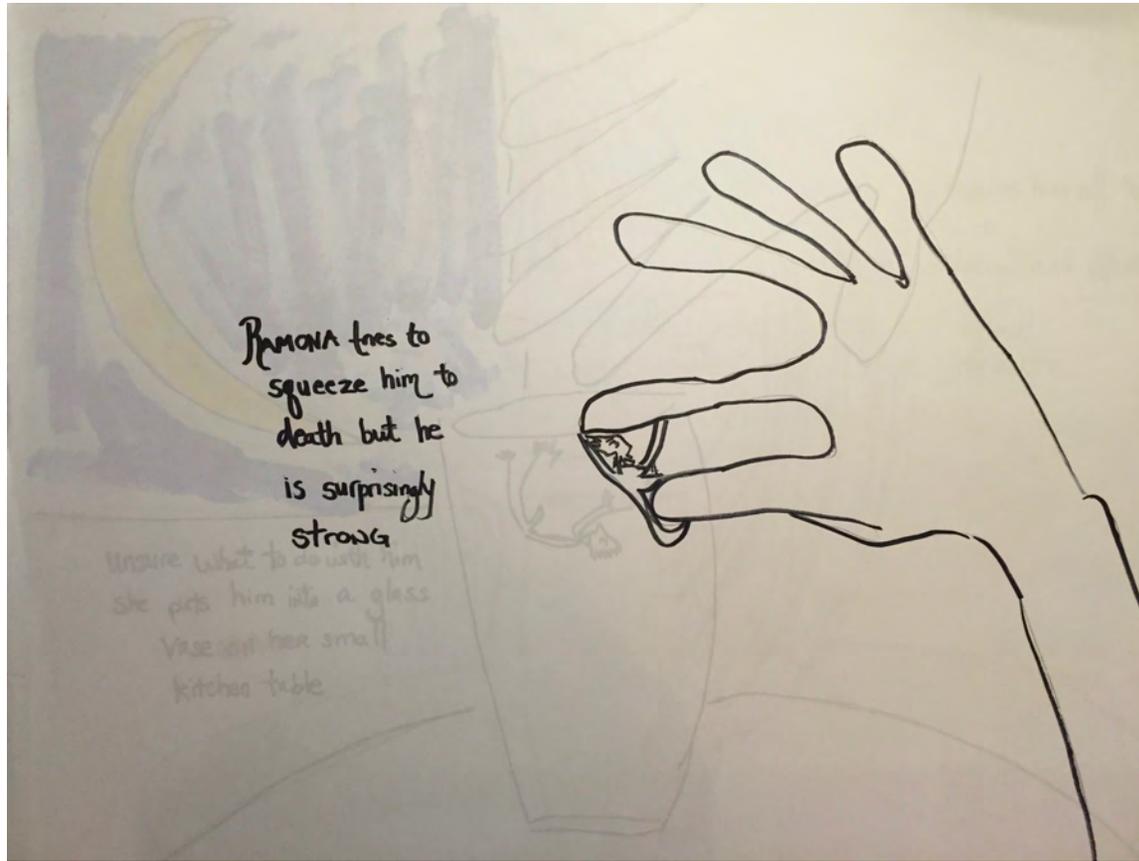


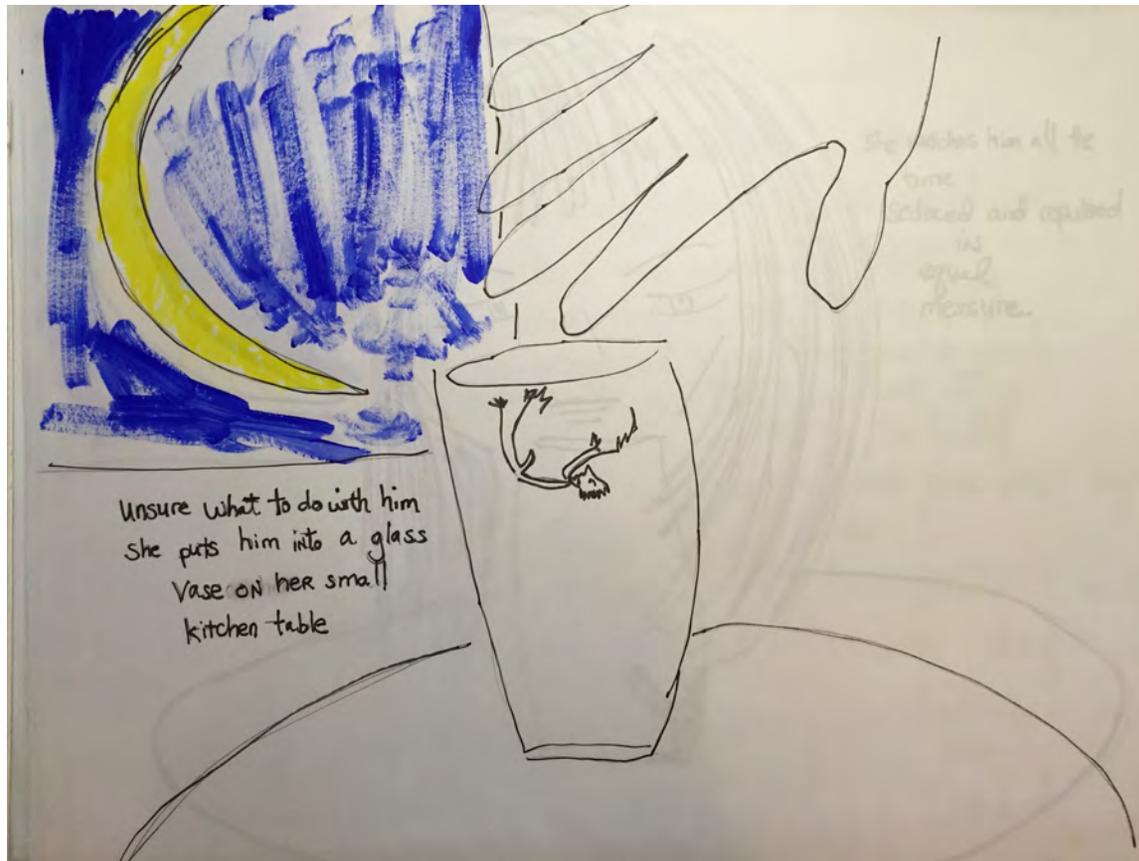


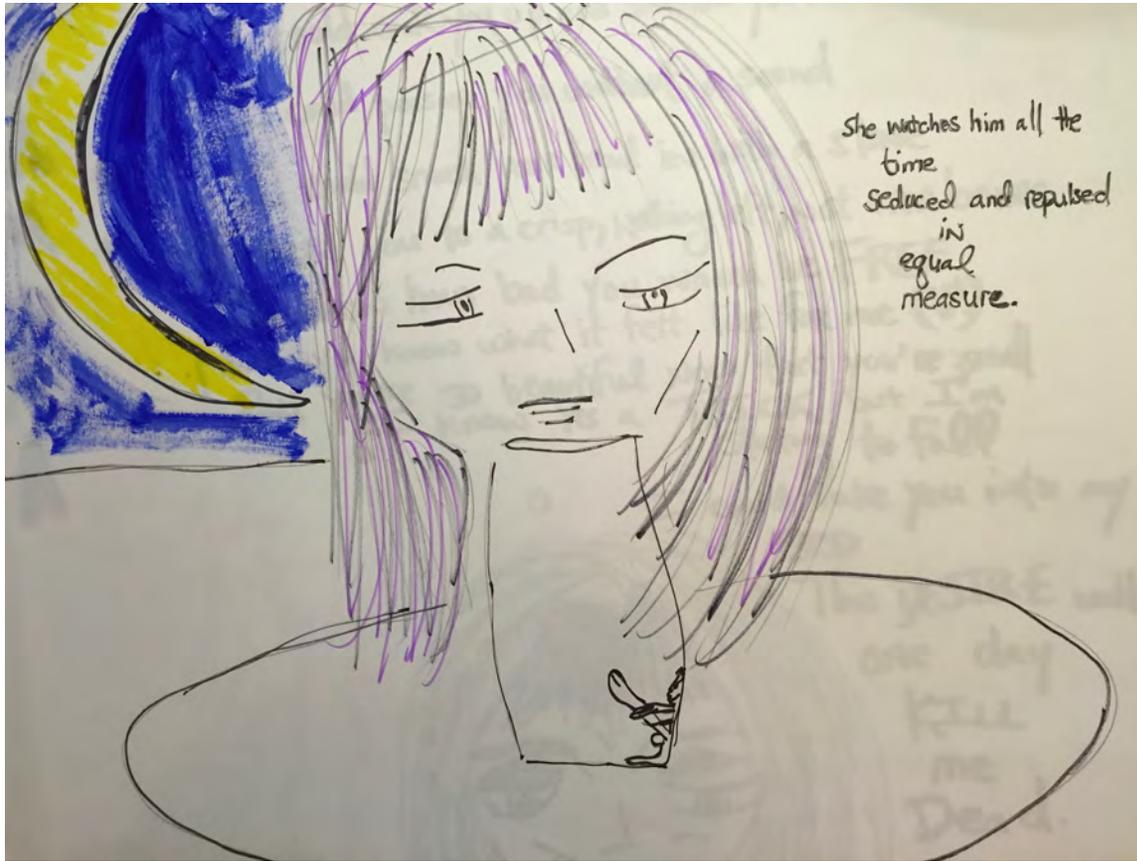


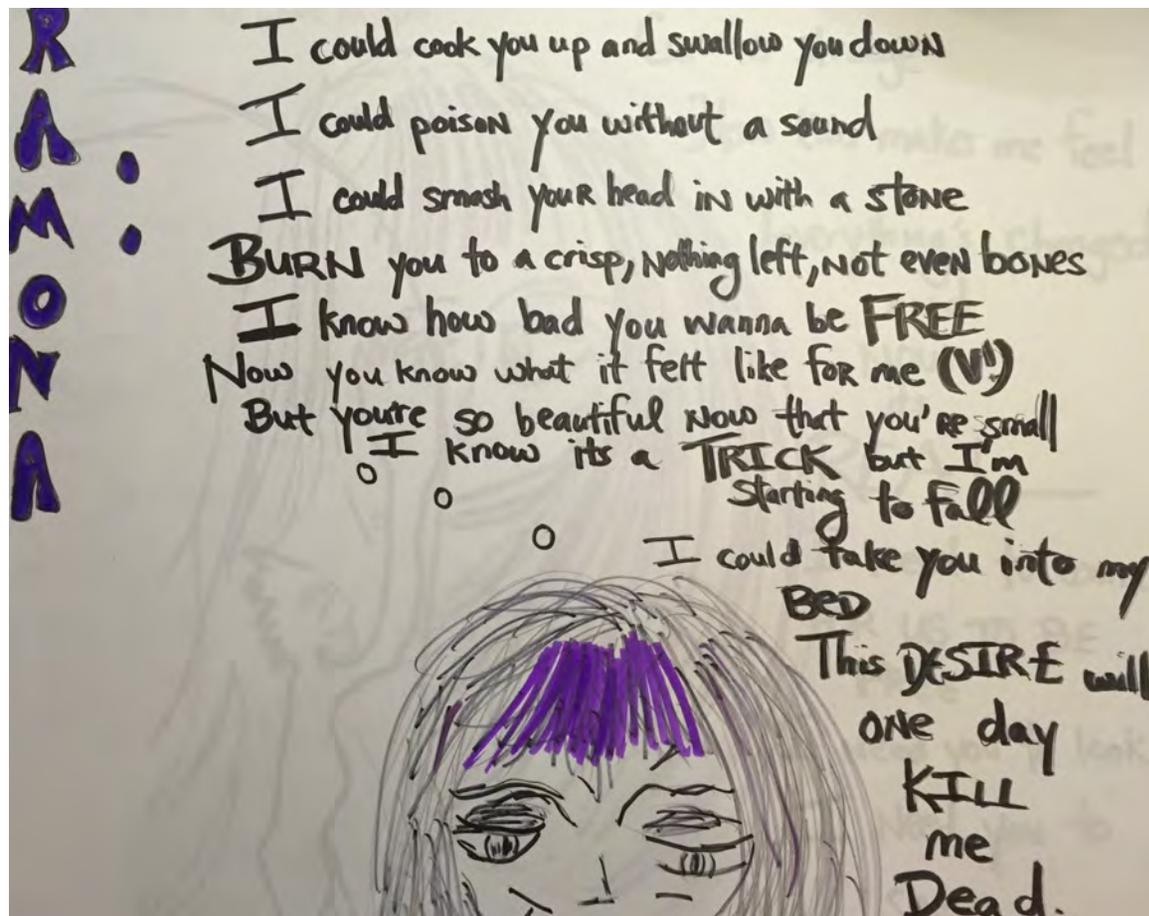


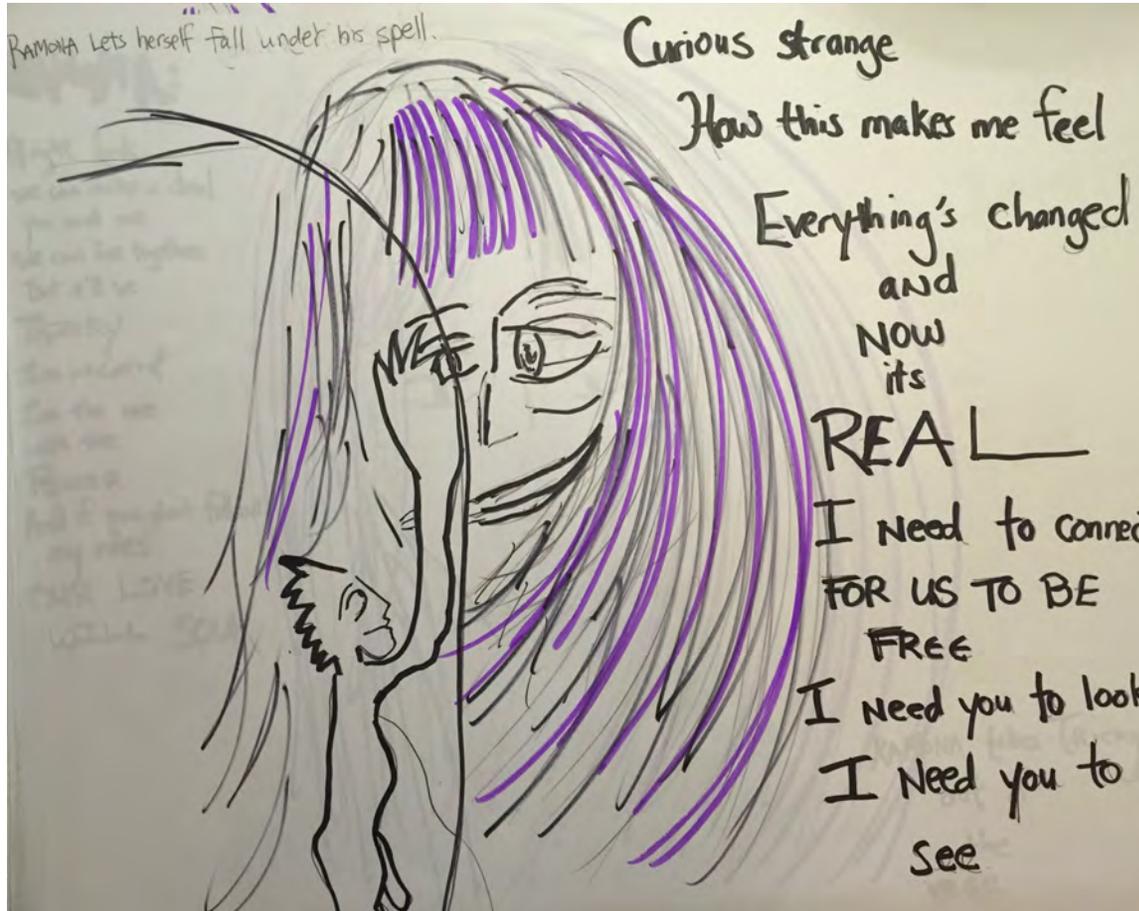






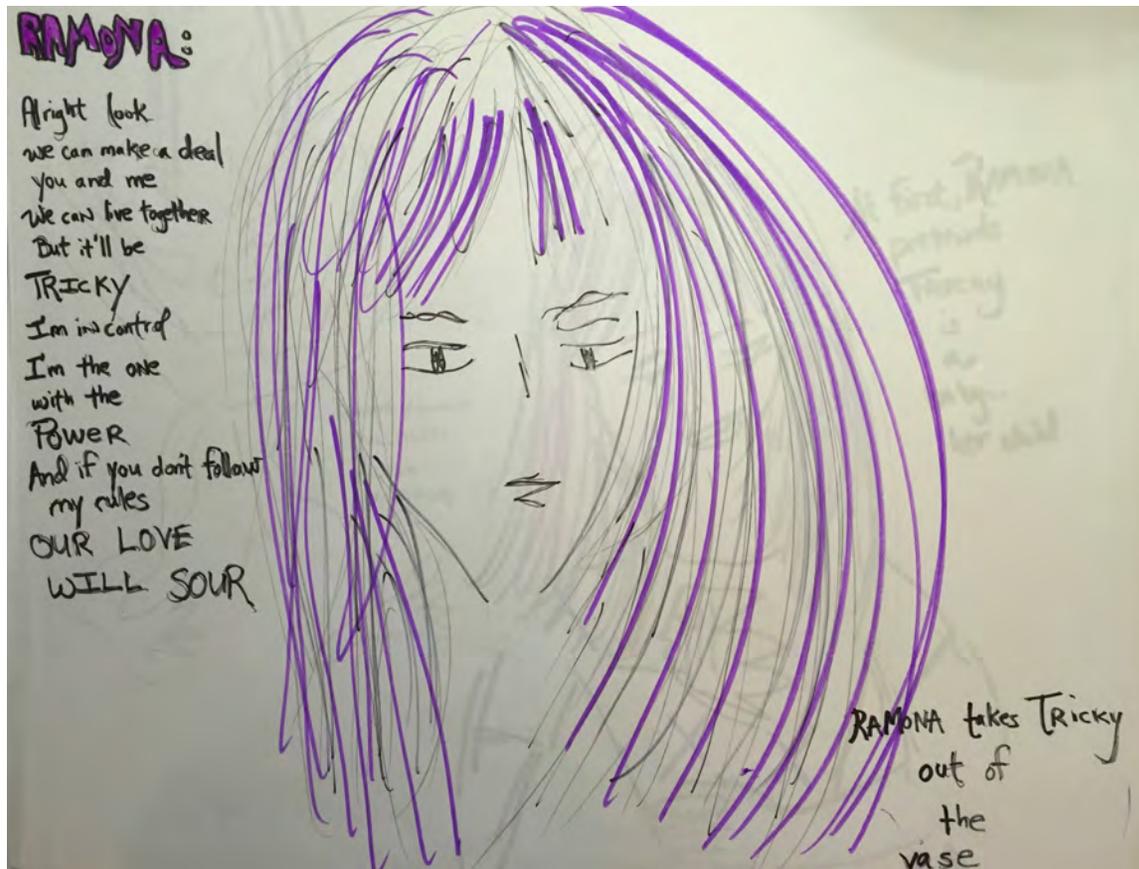






Ramaa Lets herself fall under his spell.

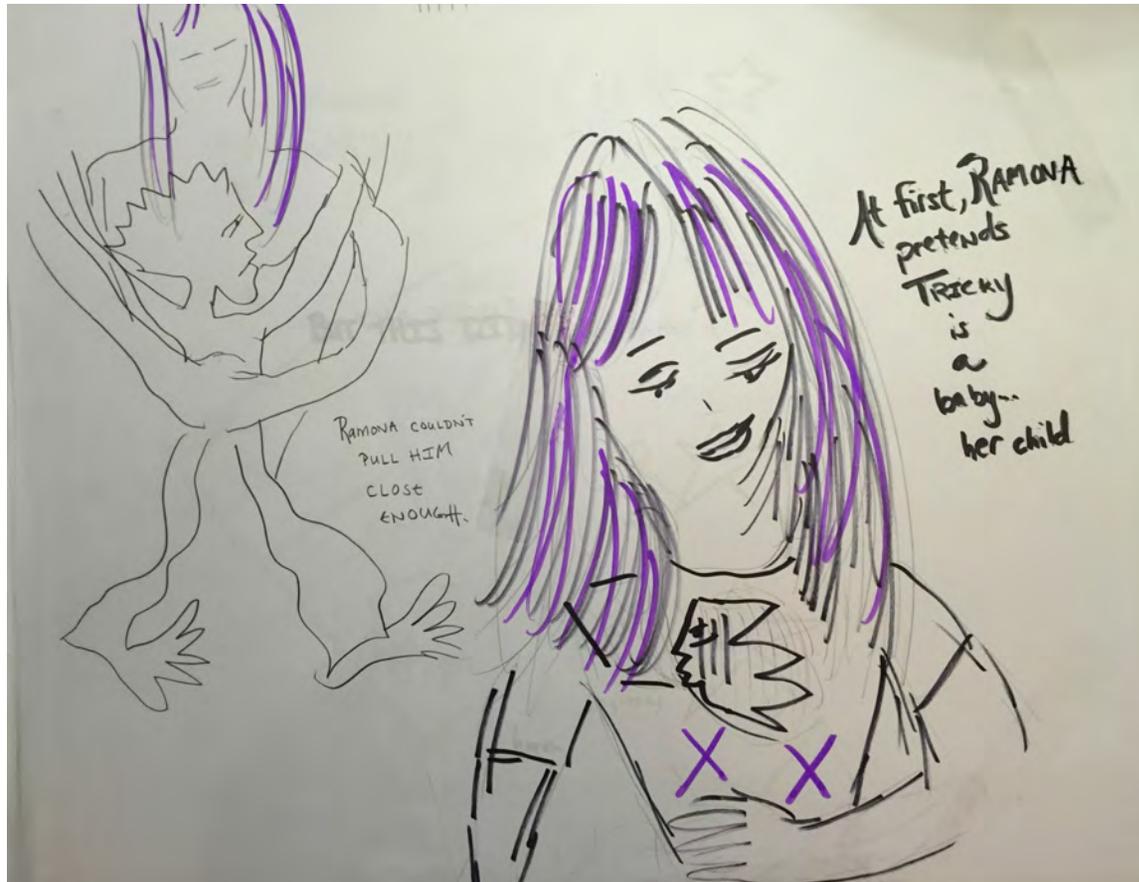
Curious strange  
How this makes me feel  
Everything's changed  
and  
NOW  
its  
REAL  
I Need to connect  
FOR US TO BE  
FREE  
I Need you to look  
I Need you to  
See



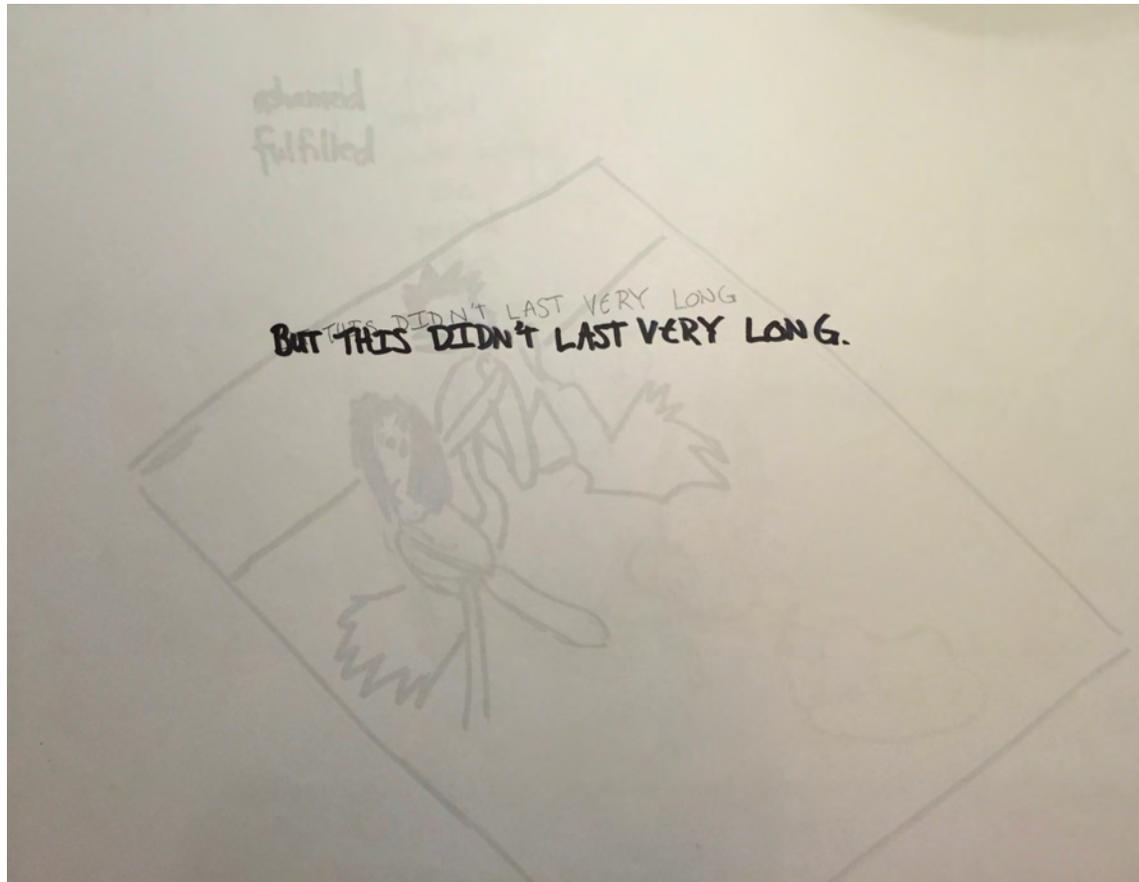
**RAMONA:**

Alright look  
we can make a deal  
you and me  
we can live together  
But it'll be  
**TRICKY**  
I'm in control  
I'm the one  
with the  
**POWER**  
And if you don't follow  
my rules  
**OUR LOVE**  
**WILL SOUR**

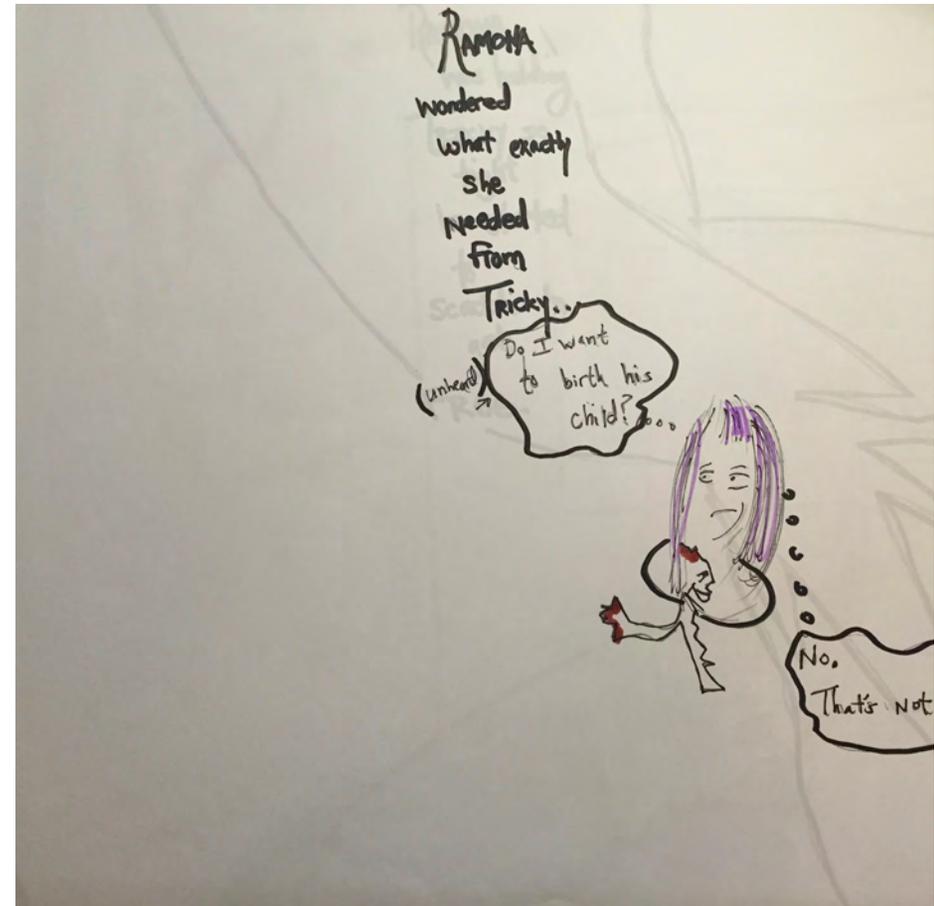
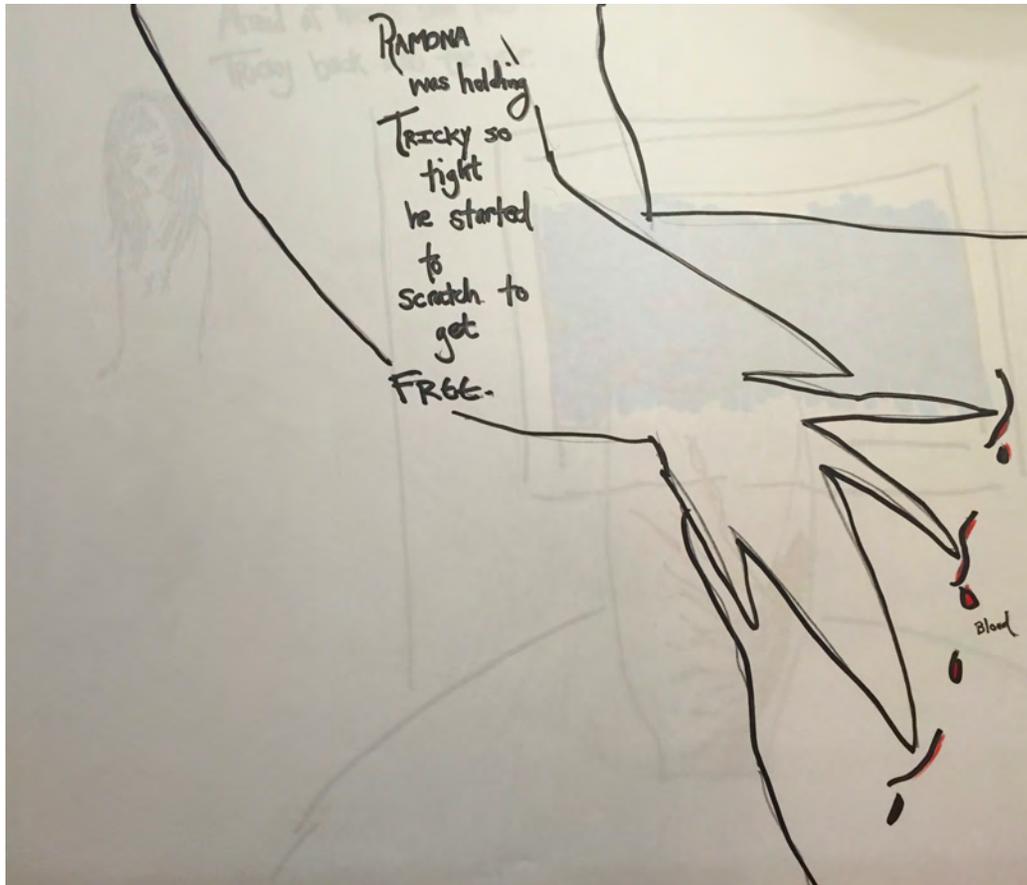
RAMONA takes Tricky  
out of  
the  
vase

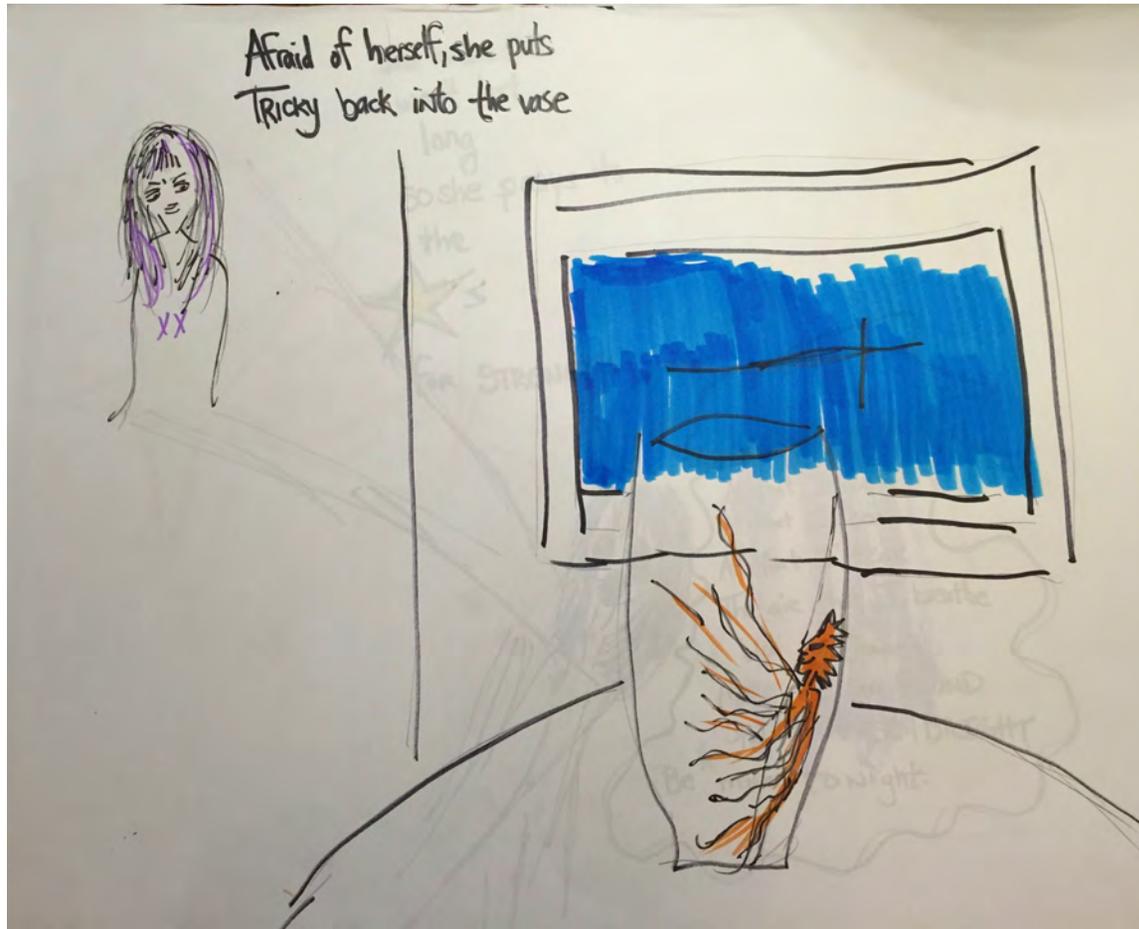


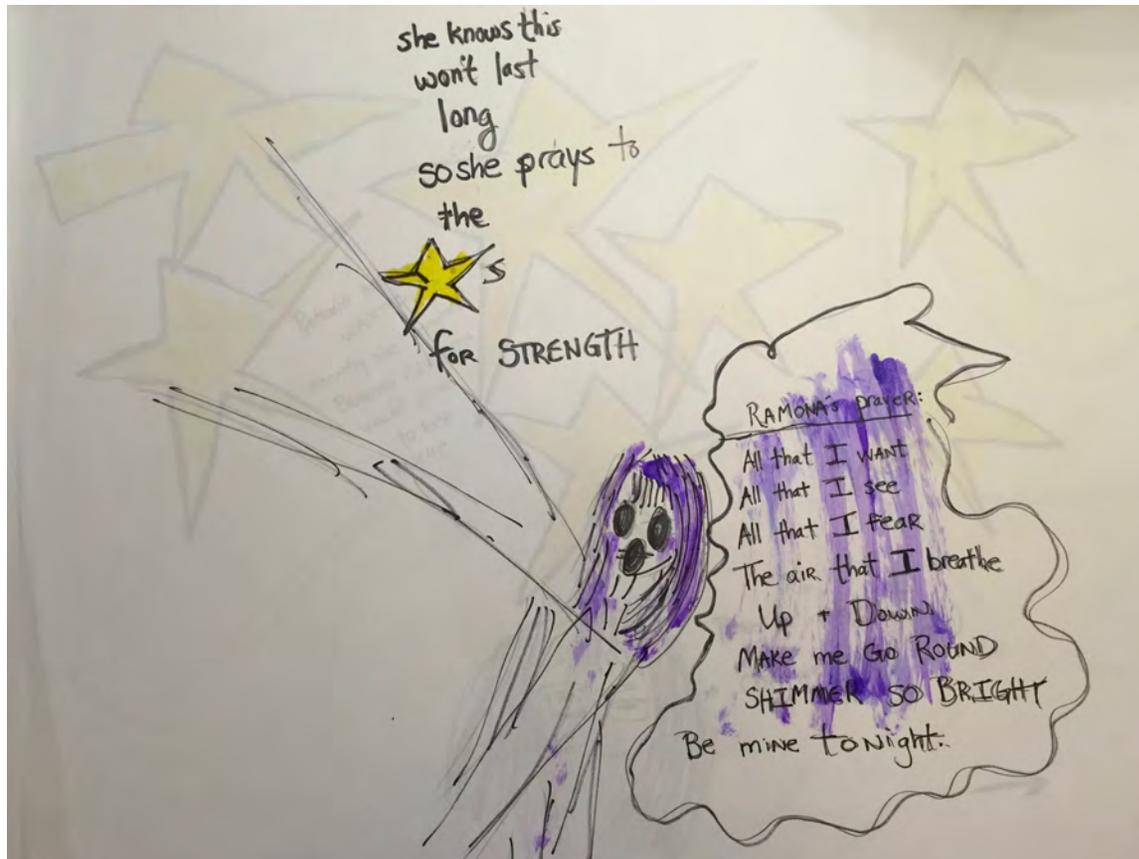


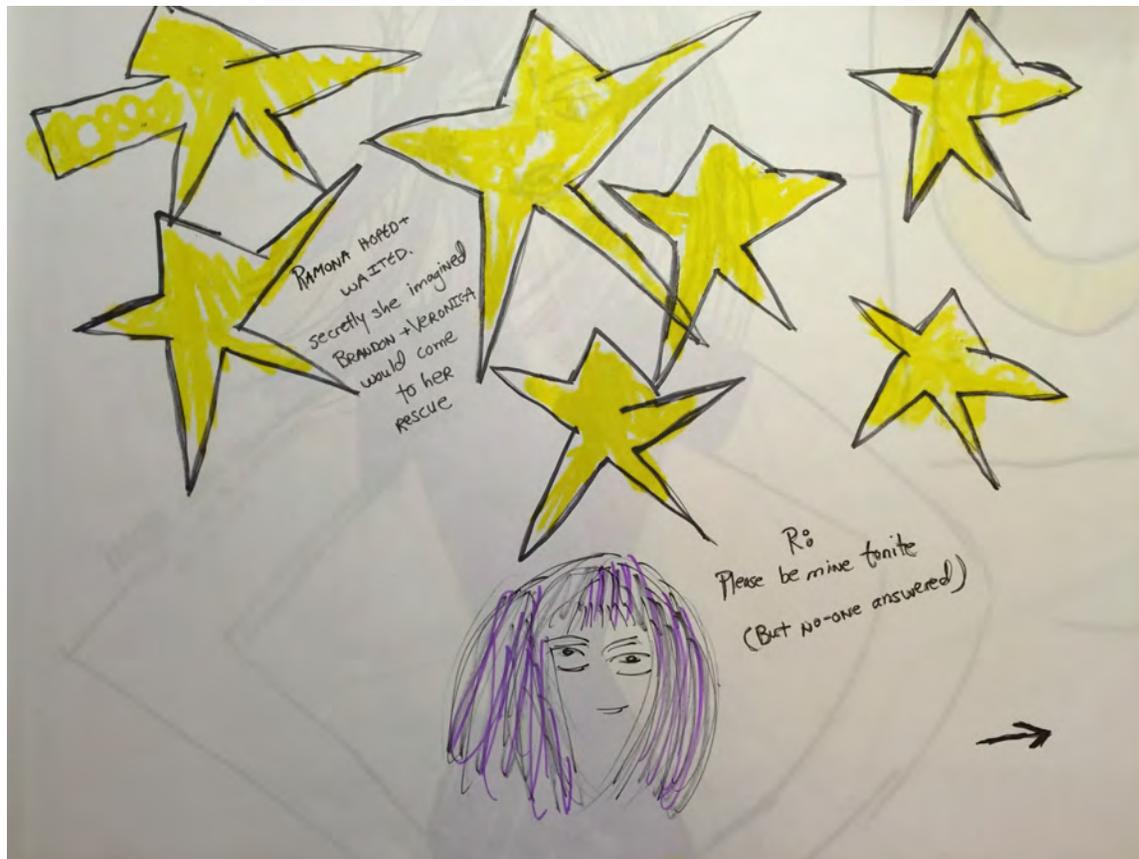




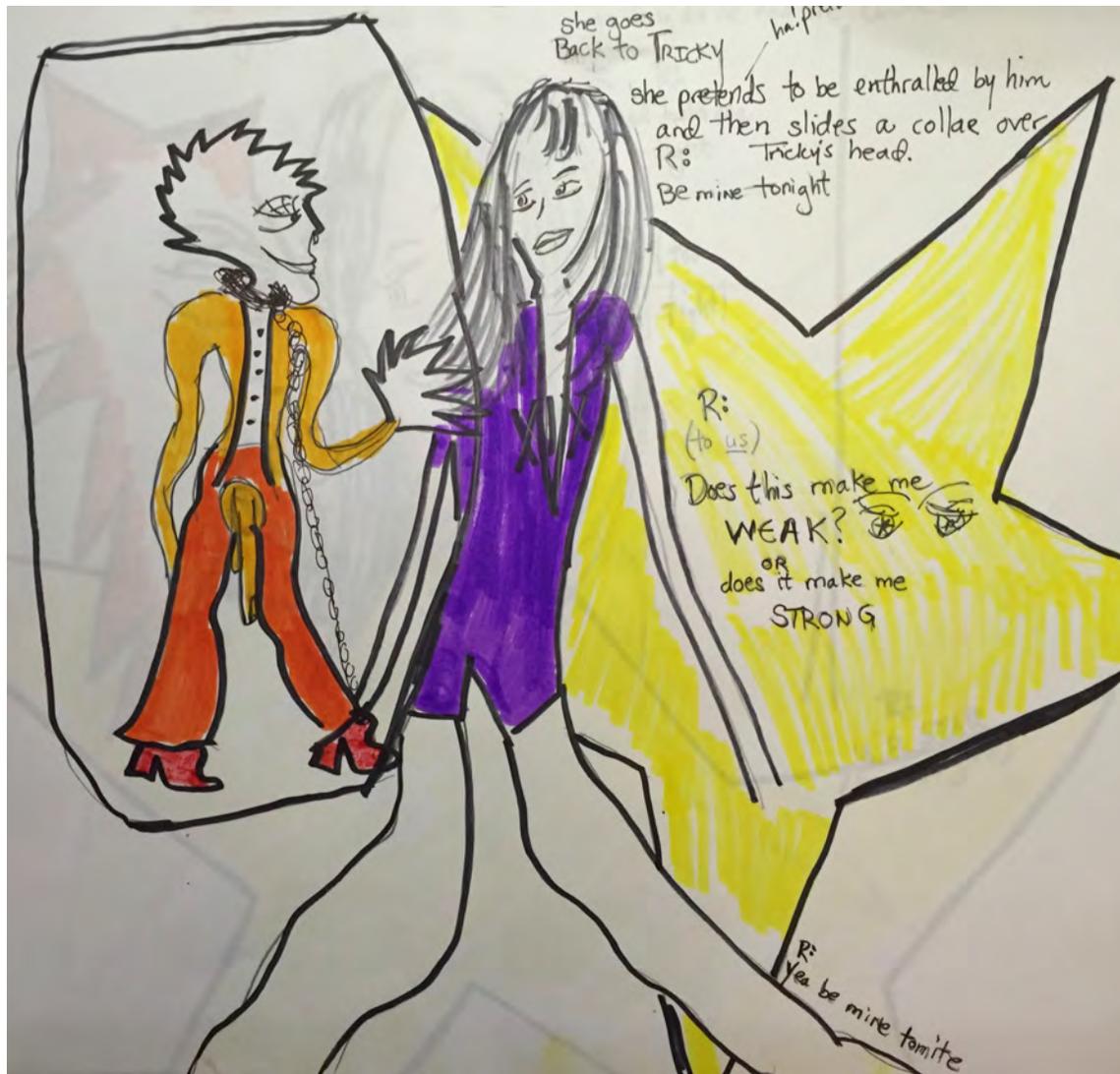


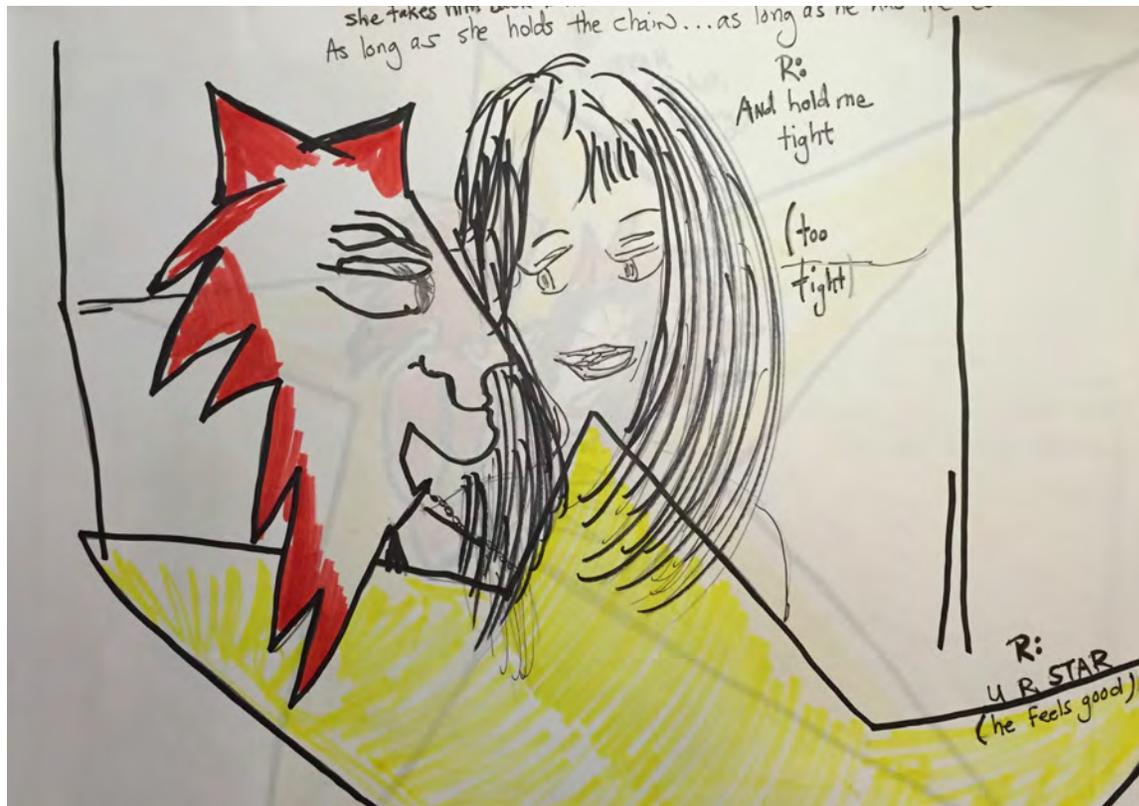


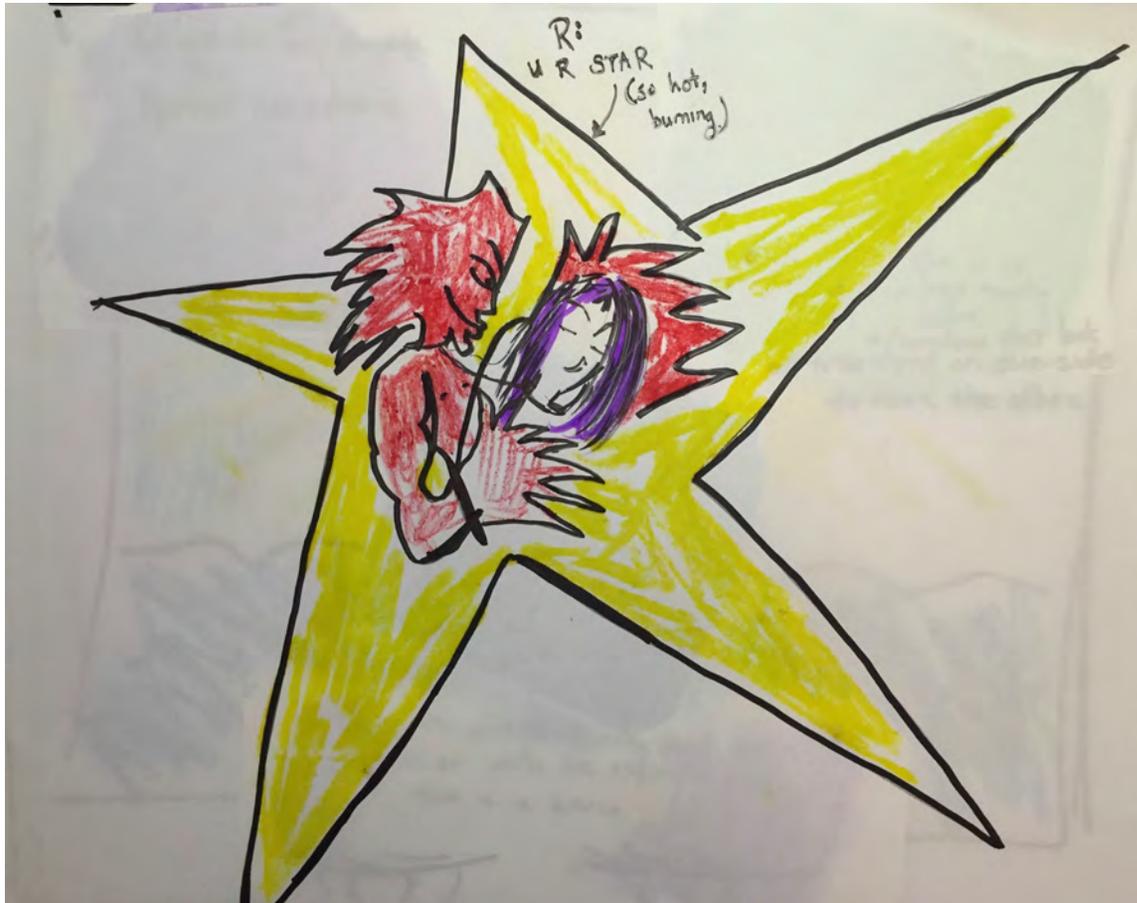


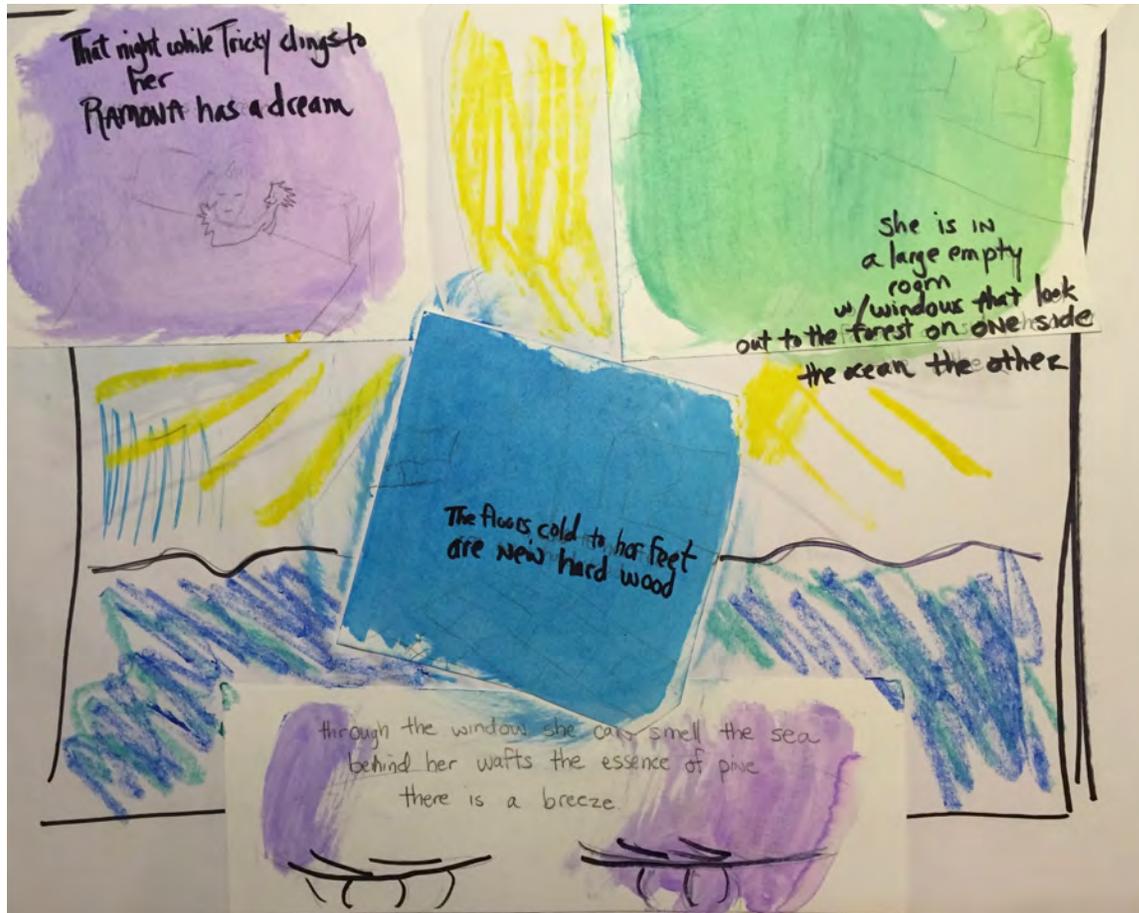




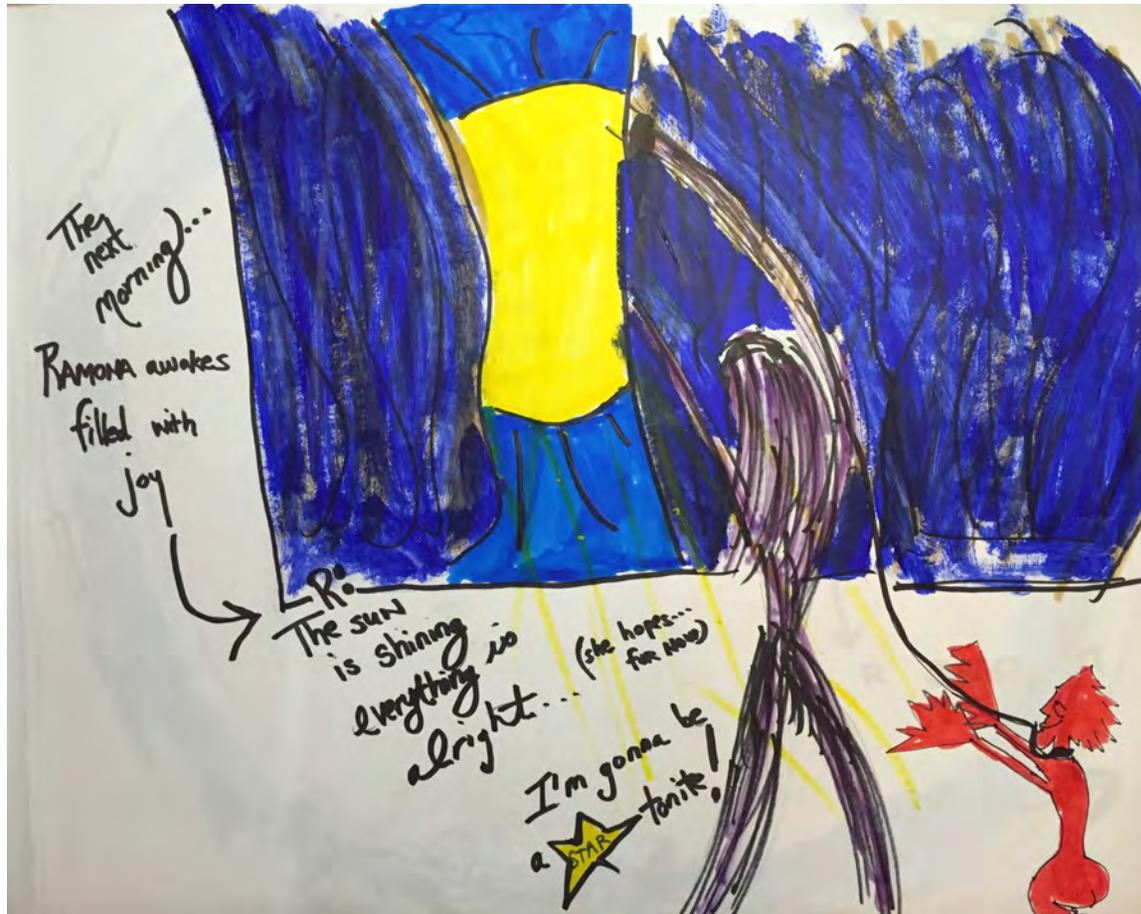


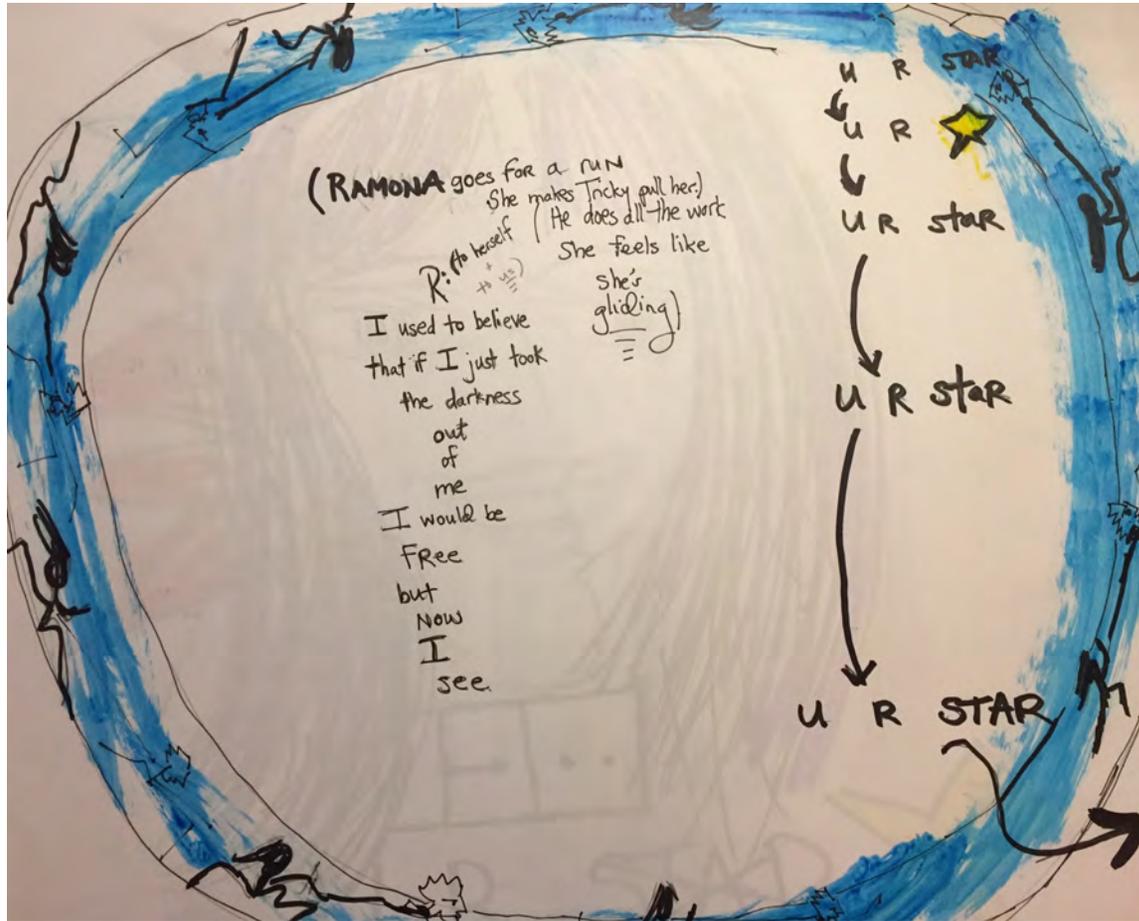




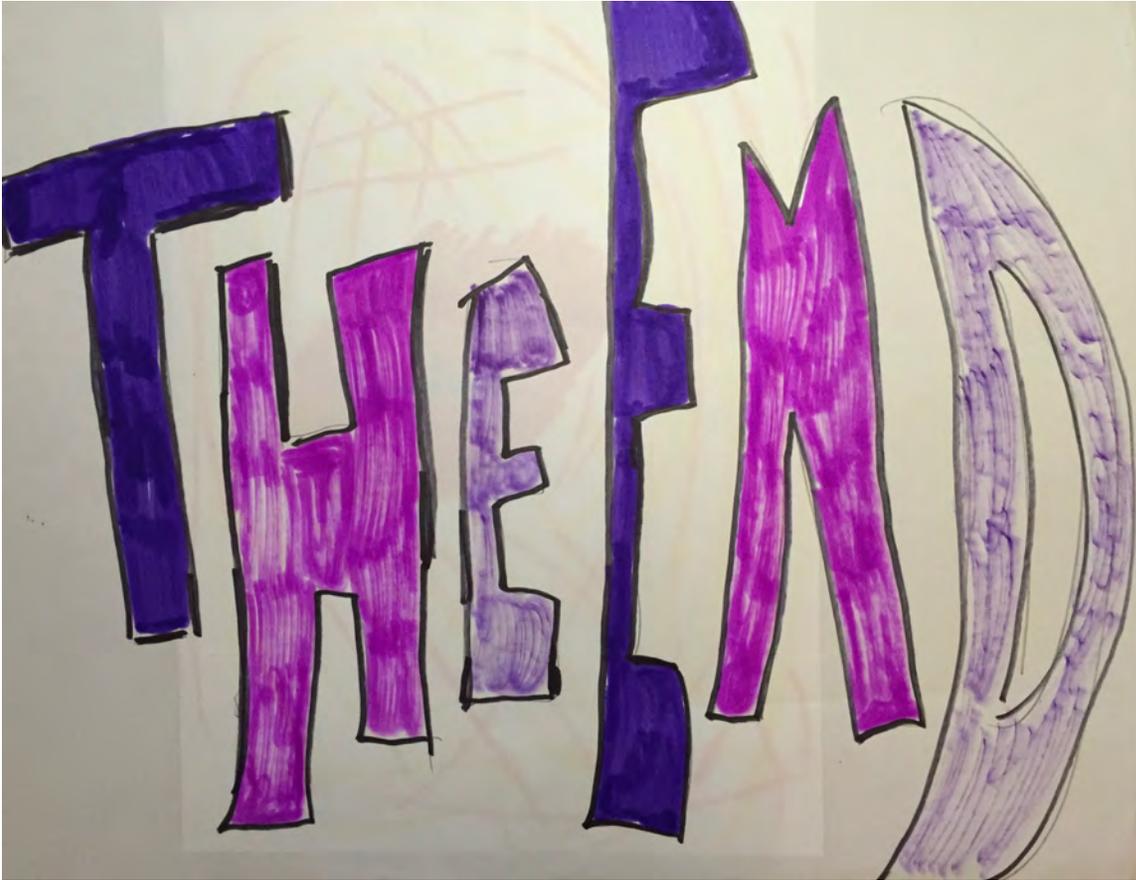












*After the soundscape ends, the light has transformed to darkness.  
The HOST and GUESTS sit in silence in the dark for a moment before the Curtain Call music starts.  
As it begins lights restore back to “real” apartment lighting.*

**THE HOST**

Thank you for coming.

You are welcome to stay as long as you'd like and talk.  
You are welcome to stay as long as you'd like and not talk.  
You are also welcome to leave at any time.

I have a sign in, well sign out book and if you are willing I'd love for you to sign your name.  
You'll see in the book that many of my previous guests have left messages or drawn pictures, you are free to do the same.  
I have markers and watercolors and pens if you'd like.

*Oftentimes GUESTS stay and ask questions about the process of creating the experience.  
Sometimes GUESTS stay and share personal stories.  
Sometimes GUESTS have nothing to say.*

*The performance is not over until all the GUESTS leave.  
Then the HOST is left alone but this isn't part of the performance.*