Thanks

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*recess*
by Adam Zabarsky

3 Sketches For A Pep Band
Song Cycle*

Back Covers

Doctor/Patient

Directed by
ZULIEKHA ALLANA

Lighting Design by
ALEXANDRA S. DEWEZ

Set Design by
MELISSA GORMAN

Costume Design by
DOUG PALARDY

Stage Managed by
NELL COCHRANE


Cast
Shawnette Sulker
Todd Tarantino
Stuart Zanes
Rachel Lewis
Willa Carroll
Susannah Keebler
Amber Lee
Jennie Lord

* 1993-94 John Hendrick Memorial Commission Premiere

Musicians

Chorus
Erica Beloungie
Audra Haskell
Raven Myers
Dusan Misevic
Diana Whitecage
Bryant York

Oboe/English Horn
Lindon Moors
Matthew J. Derrick
Angela Blemker
Alex Huberty
Gwen MacDonald
Lisa Paul
Dave Brandt

Cello

Violin

Trumpet

French Horn

Flute

Percussion

Pep Rally Choreographed in collaboration by Willa Carroll,
Susannah Keebler, Amber Lee, and Jennie Lord.

Production Crew

Light Board Operator
Julia Fahey

Make-Up
Stacey Seronick

Floor Crew
Wendy Lawrence
Josh Morency
Maureen Platt

Costume Construction
Layla Taylor
Jenn Winters

Paint and Decoration
Adnan Iftekhar
Sibyl Kempson
Amir Raza

Program Design
Michael Buhl

Poster Design & Titles
Amy Sillman
And the Patient said

You're the doctor.

The Fourth Visit

CHORUS

On the fourth visit the Doctor said

DOCTOR

How can you expect to attract anyone with all that flab?
You’ve got to want to be cured, you know,
I can’t do everything.
Surely liposuction of the fatty tissue will make you feel better.

CHORUS

And this time the Patient started to say something but didn’t.

The Fifth Visit

CHORUS

On the fifth visit the Patient said

PATIENT

With all these changes, things that seemed clear before
Now don’t seem so clear.

CHORUS

And the Doctor said

DOCTOR

You’re too close minded,
Sometimes it seems like you’ll never be cured.
It’s not one little dick that needs fixing,
You have to learn to think in a different way.
A tube up the ass should make you see things my way.

The Sixth And Last Visit

CHORUS

On the sixth visit the Doctor went to speak and the Patient said

PATIENT

I felt ill before,
But now I’m a freak!
Look what you’ve done to me!
My friends can’t look me in the eyes!

CHORUS

And the Doctor said

DOCTOR

Don’t blame me.
I made no guarantee of your recovery.
Growing pains are natural.
Side effects are to be expected.
Don’t blame me.

SONG CYCLE

Nursery Rhyme
Anonymous

There was an old woman
And nothing she had.
And so this old woman
Was said to be mad.
She’s nothing to eat,
She’s nothing to wear,
She’s nothing to lose,
She’s nothing to fear.
She’s nothing to ask,
She’s nothing to give
And when she did die
She’s nothing to leave.

Song For The Mother’s Of Suicide Pilots
Anonymous

You are the suicide pilot’s mother
So please don’t cry
Laugh as you send us off
We’ll show you how to die
Mother, oh Mother

excerpts from
The Bath
by Raymond Carver

At an intersection,
without looking,
the birthday boy stepped off the curb,
and was promptly knocked down by a car.
He fell on his side,
his head in the gutter
his legs in the road moving as if he were climbing a wall.
Of course, the birthday party never happened.
The birthday boy was in the hospital instead.
The mother sat by the bed.
She was waiting for the boy to wake up.

BACK COVERS

Back to School With Betsy
by Carolyn Haywood

Betsy and Billy are in the third grade and, in school and out, have just the kind of good times children love to read about. They also get into scrapes that are almost more fascinating than the good times.
"Does heroin give you pimples?" Tucker asked.
"All junk docs. Junkies love sweets," Dinky answered authoritatively. "I never met a junkie who didn't verge on bulbous acne."
"How can you eat and talk about bulbous acne?" Tucker said.
"I'm not finicky," Dinky answered.

You can't ask Alice anything anymore. But you can do something--read her diary. Strong, painfully honest, nakedly candid. The actual story of a desperate girl on drugs and on the run who almost made it.

Margaret was a bit confused about religion. When she moved from the city to her new home, she didn't know whether to join the Y or the Jewish Community Center. What made matters worse was that going on twelve, she had plenty to talk over with God. She had a bra but needed to grow a bit to put something in it. Nancy and Gretchen had already had their period. What was taking her so long? Sometimes she got so frustrated she ignored Him--until the next time she really needed someone to listen.

"I've waited three whole years for these pink toe shoes!"
No wonder Susie is excited. At last she is to dance on her toes! Surely this will be her happiest year at ballet school. Perhaps she will even win the dance scholarship!
Then the new girl comes--unpleasant Mimi who is such a fine dancer. Because of Mimi and her pet monkey, everything seems to go wrong for Susie. Especially when Susie sprains her ankle--just before the big recital.
There is a big surprise ending to this delightful story. It proves that nothing can stop a girl who wants to dance as much as Susie does.

A Doctor's Office.
A Patient, Doctor & Chorus.

The Patient came to the Doctor once and said
I'm not as virile as in my youth,
I tire easily, and always feel as though a cold is coming on.

And the Doctor said
It's lack of self-esteem that's your problem.
You feel as though you've lost your sex appeal.
That can be fixed easily enough.
Surely Silicon breast implants will make you feel better.