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Lust Gluttony Greed

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LUST GLUTTONY GREED

A collaborative Senior Project submitted to
The Division of the Arts
Of Bard College

By

Abigail Adele Matthews Adler

Annandale-on-Hudson, New York
May 2016

This project is dedicated to:

My Family: For energetically making the six hour drive, and for sitting in the perfect place for every single one of my performances.

CHURCH, my found family: Kedian Keohan, Daisy Rosato, Ethan Rogers, Dana Savage, Reeves Morris-Stan, and Antonio Irizarry. Trust in Us.

Johnny Cherichello and Emma Ressel: who have been there for me since the beginning.

Evan Brown: the roommate who taught me about humility, patience, and speaking my mind.

The 2016 Theater Makers, The Fisher Center Production Team, Jennifer Lown, Bob Bangiola, and the Building Services Team: for making the production feasible, and making the Fisher Center a home for artists.

Gideon Lester, Miriam Felton- Dansky, Jonathan Rosenberg, Geoff Sobelle, Lynn Hawley, John Kelly, and Caleb Hammons. Thank you for energetically saying “yes”, and patiently saying “try again”.

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Leah Rabinowitz, Salome Dewell, and Eleanor Robb (The Second Stepford Wives Club of the Yaya Sisterhood Number One Ladies Detective Agency of the Traveling Habit):
Look, we made something! Faced with the hurdle of collaboration, we embraced our differences and relied on our wit, kindness, intellect, and talent to pull this off. Thank you for the last year of my life. Bless you, sisters.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PAPER

ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE	1
<i>Welcome to Hell</i>	
HAVEN'T YOU REALIZED WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE?	3
<i>Research and Inspiration</i>	
CLUB DANTE	6
<i>September-November</i>	
FRAUD: JUST FRAUD	9
<i>This One's For You Dad</i>	
THE EMAIL	10
<i>Pulling it All Together and Rationalizing the Habit</i>	
IOS INFINITY	14
<i>Making Decisions and Tech</i>	
GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN	17
<i>Performance and Summation</i>	

PLAY

LUST GLUTTONY GREED	21
<i>Created in Collaboration by Abigail Adler, Salome Dewell, Leah Rabinowitz, and Eleanor Robb</i>	
APPENDIX A	35
<i>NUN STATEMENT</i>	
APPENDIX B	36
<i>GENERATED TEXT FOR FRAUD: JUST FRAUD</i>	
WORKS CITED	39
PERFORMANCE PHOTOS	40

ABANDON ALL HOPE, YE WHO ENTER HERE
Welcome to Hell

I make theater because it is social; a dialogical tool rooted in the interface between performer and audience. As an artist I seek community, a remedy for passivity, and movement between destruction and reification. I incorporate voice, text, sound, video, movement, politics, gender, spectacle, and tomfoolery, and I pursue joy in all I do. My four years at Bard pushed me to immerse myself in a craft that is constantly in flux and requires a willingness to explore. In February of 2015, the theater and performance faculty altered the senior project curriculum for the rising seniors; now, in order to participate in the SPROJ Festival in LUMA, we would need to devise pieces in collaboration. Before even beginning our projects we were faced with a major challenge.

I could have written a paper or maybe performed a solo piece in the Old Gym. I chose to collaborate. Prior to Bard, my training was rooted in intensely collaborative and ensemble-based environments, which pushed me to seek out communities that valued the same process. My freshman year marked the inaugural year of the department under the leadership of Gideon Lester, which resulted in an overhaul of the curriculum to emphasize collaborative devised work. For my senior project, it made the most sense to follow through with the department's trajectory, accept the challenge, and make original work with my fellow seniors. Additionally, the immense resources of the Fisher Center, such as a larger department budget, access to studios and the main stage, and working with a professional production crew, was incomparable to any other option. However, it was the forging of a community amongst the 2016 theater makers that ultimately pushed me to participate in the department festival. Our movement from individuals operating within the department to an entity came about when we met at Kedian Keohan's house following the curriculum change announcement. One by one

we spoke about how the change affected us, and what we had been planning for our senior projects prior to the announcement. From that moment, we established Blówcalo, bi-weekly meetings for the seniors in order to organize the festival.¹

Through these meetings, we decided to turn the festival into a massive, 20-person collaborative event, curated by the students. This had never been done before. We ultimately chose Dante's *Inferno* as a source text that would serve as a skeleton for the festival, uniting the pieces. *Inferno* was an obvious choice; it was already separated into sections for multiple groups, and it is a required book for First Year Seminar, meaning that all 20 seniors, as well as the audience, would be familiar with the text.

I first encountered Dante's *Inferno* in Honors Italian 4 my sophomore year of high school. I remember discovering the "*luce muto*" and "*La bufera infernal, che mai non resta*"; beautiful and terrifying images of Hell that challenged my own preconceived notions.² *The Inferno* appeals to me as a satire, a means of skewering the corrupt within our society and political system. As a female-bodied performer, I was particularly interested in means to explore desire and a gendered body on stage being consumed by the audience. It was by the end of March that we decided who would be working with what circles. Understanding my relationship with the text as well as understanding what I wanted to explore as a theater maker led me to put my name down for Lust, Gluttony, and Greed (Cantos 5-7), along with Salome Dewell, Leah Rabinowitz, and Eleanor Robb. Our initial meetings were incredibly productive;

¹ Blówcalo is a joke on the word Zócalo, the title of the bi-weekly Theater and Performance department colloquium which is required for all moderated students.

² Alighieri, Dante. *The Inferno*. Trans. Robert Hollander and Jean Hollander. New York: Anchor Books, 2002.
(93. 29-31)
Italian translates to: "Mute light" and "The hellish squall, which never rests-"

we narrowed down elements of the text that we wanted to focus on, as well as started a collection of images, texts, audio, and videos that inspired us. With Leah studying abroad in Berlin and the semester coming to a close, we separated for the summer, ready for rehearsals to begin in September.

By February of the following year, we would have an eight-part performance festival, involving over 50 Bard College students. LUST GLUTTONY GREED would eventually manifest as four nuns being punished in a basement establishing a new world order dedicated to self-improvement, updating, pleasure, and belting out karaoke.

“Haven’t You Realized We’re All Gonna Die?”³
Research and Inspiration

My initial spark of inspiration happened while studying abroad in Berlin in Fall 2014, when I discovered Anselm Kiefer’s *Lilith am Roten Meer* at the Hamburger Bahnhof museum. I became smitten with the mythical figure of Lilith, the first wife of Adam who was created from the same dirt and refused to remain a passive wife. To spite God after leaving Adam, Lilith drowned all of her children in the Red Sea, and for the rest of her life she became known as an angel of death and night.⁴ The amalgamation of lead, glass, and cloth that hung in front of me instilled a desire to question the stories we take at face value, as well as question who is afforded the power to dictate language that is passed down.

While in Berlin I read Michel Foucault’s *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the*

³ Mwangi, Ingrid, and Robert Hutter, perf. "Burning Desire to Be Touched." Smithsonian National Museum of African Art, Washington DC. 18 July 2015. Performance.

⁴ "Anselm Kiefer: Lilith 1987-9. Illustrated Companion." *TATE MODERN*. Web. <<http://www.tate.org.uk/art/artworks/kiefer-lilith-t05742/text-illustrated-companion>>.

Prison, and discovered the panoptic prison; a structure theorized by Jeremy Bentham with cells (for prisoners) making up an inner ring that encloses a central tower (for guards). This structure allows the prisoners to be observed, but for the guards to remain invisible. Effectively, “visibility is a trap.”⁵ For the prisoners, the inability to see the guards but always see the mechanism that holds the guards results in:

a state of conscious and permanent visibility that assures the automatic functioning of power...the perfection of power should tend to render its actual exercise unnecessary, that this architectural apparatus should be a machine for creating and sustaining a power relation independent of the person who exercises it; in short, that the inmates should be caught up in a power situation of which they are themselves bearers.⁶

This form of self-regulation and awareness of gaze immediately made me think of performance. Even Foucault notes that the cells function like, “so many small theaters, in which each actor is alone, perfectly individualized and constantly visible.”⁷ This made me question power structures within performance; how can the gaze of the audience dictate the action of the performance and vice versa? As a member of a female-bodied SPROJ group, I began to wonder how gendered bodies are controlled and consumed by audiences in an ocularcentric society that lays claim to things simply because they are visible.

In Spring 2015 I took Devised Theater Lab with Gideon Lester. For the entire semester we used Kafka’s *Amerika (The Man Who Disappeared)* to generate original work that

⁵ Foucault, Michel. *Discipline & Punish: The Birth of the Prison*. Trans. Alan Sheridan. New York: Vintage Books, 1995. Print. 200.

⁶ Foucault 201

⁷ Foucault 200

punctured the façade of the America that we live in. During the lab, Gideon encouraged us to experiment with code making and code breaking; we would create worlds with succinct and established intrinsic codes, and then attempt to break or invert them throughout the piece. This exercise reflects a society that undergoes such massive social, political, and technological changes that it is impossible to keep up. In Canto 5, Minos judges sinners in Lust, Gluttony, and Greed for making, “reason subject to desire.”⁸ For me, this inversion of natural order is reminiscent of Plato’s tripartite structure of the soul. He postulates that a majority of the soul is dictated by desire, an appetitive urge, “where hunger, thirst, and sexual passion have their abode along with other irrational drives.”⁹ The other distinct part of the soul is reason, which sublimates desire through the application of the will.¹⁰ The inversion of the soul is present throughout *The Inferno*, but also apparent and applicable to the world that we live in, as we allow the market economy (a manifestation of desire) to dominate over reason. This code making, breaking, and inversion of order would come to dictate the structure of our final piece.

In July 2015 I was fortunate enough to attend the premier of *Burning Desire to Be Touched*, a performance installation by MwangiHutter presented as a part of the National Museum of African Art’s exhibit, ‘The Divine Comedy: Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell Revisited by Contemporary African Artists’. Like the Inferno Festival, the exhibit aimed to recontextualize and demonstrate, “the ongoing global relevance of the themes addressed

⁸ Alighieri, Dante. *The Inferno*. Trans. Robert Hollander and Jean Hollander. New York: Anchor Books, 2002.

⁹ Plato. *The Republic*. Trans. Richard W. Sterling and William C. Scott. New York: W.W Norton & Company, 1985. Print. (134. 439D)

¹⁰ Plato (133, 439D)

in...*The Divine Comedy*.”¹¹ The bodies of the performer were completely covered by robes, stripping the performers of their respective gender and race. They transcended into the formless sinners condemned to suffer in hell. I was struck by how defined the space was, despite the lack sets or props. They were able to create an environment void of comfort, faith, and ease through movement, gesture, and touch. I was also moved by the simplicity of the exhibit questions;

What do your fears look like? Are they located in the dark or in a blinding light?
Do they feel hot or hopelessly cold? And what or who is it that scares you or
deserves your condemnation... This is a hell in which we never see ourselves and
others fully but always in bits and pieces.”¹²

The question of light stuck with me throughout the process, as the Sins of the Body mark the official descent into hell for Dante, into a “place mute of all light/which bellows at the sea in tempest/tossed by conflicting winds”, particularly when light is associated with shame and good.¹³

Club Dante *September-November*

Before the start of the semester, we devised small rituals to signify the beginning of our time together. We burned incense with Leah, made our own holy water with Eleanor, sat a Wiccan ceremony with Salome, and took communion with Wheat Thins in a piece that I titled ‘My Dad is Jew-ish and my Mother is a Shiksa.’ This allowed us to experience an event

¹¹"The Divine Comedy: Heaven, Purgatory, and Hell Revisited by Contemporary African Artists." *Smithsonian National Museum of African Art*. Web.

¹² "Hell." *Smithsonian Museum of African Art*. <<http://africa.si.edu/exhibitions/past-exhibitions/divine-comedy-2/hell/>>.

¹³ Alighieri 93.28-30

together as a group and to acclimate to making work.

We began the process with the text firmly in our hands. We did not have a definite structure in mind, and we were more intent on generating content. For the first three weeks, each of us came in with a specific section of text or an image that we would explore through movement or free writes. In our first meeting with our advisor Jack Ferver, he emphasized the indicting power of text, and to allow that to influence our process. First, we gravitated towards Lust, then moved to experiment with themes of guilt and shame. I was particularly interested in who was given a voice in *The Inferno*, as many of the female-bodied figures in hell do not speak. We focused on Francesca, Cleopatra, Helen, and Semiramis, writing monologues for voiceless women. I led viewpoint exercises that gradually included text and speech in order to explore the ‘Hell’ presented in the text, and the ‘hells’ that are present in our own reality, and Salome routinely brought in text that employed us to embody grotesque images of satisfaction and punishment.

Not having an established working relationship with one another proved difficult from the beginning. In addition to generating content, we had to figure out how to make a space that encouraged discourse, disagreement, and creation; tasks are daunting for any artist. We were four individuals with different backgrounds, trainings, beliefs, and desires for the project. Because of my experience in Devised Theater Lab, I was more interested and comfortable with beginning with movement and smaller sections of text. In reading the energy in the rehearsal space early on, I noticed that there was a hesitation to participate fully in each others prompts, especially movement based ones. This did not discourage me at first as we were still becoming accustomed to working with one another.

In October, Leah brought in images from a “Nuns Having Fun Calendar”, which aims to

dispel nun stereotypes, akin to a ‘celebrities are just like us’ section in a gossip magazine. Real nuns are photographed laughing wildly as they wear roller skates, ride tandem bikes, and go swimming. Our first meeting with our advisor pushed us to seek out the systems of power that perpetrate the violence present in our Cantos. With the introduction of nuns, we had a method of addressing an institution (the Church) and stereotypes to expand upon. *The Inferno* is not a tale of woe, but rather a 14th century satire, intent on skewering every person and hegemonic power that wronged Dante during his life. Those who wronged Dante are sentenced to a life of pain; being blown by blustering gales, enduring raining feces, or being completely submerged in ice at the feet of Lucifer. To me, *The Inferno* only matters as an indictment.

The first iteration of text was generated on Google Drive over the fall break as we were all in different locations. We simply began writing under the premise that we could only add to what someone had written. In this first attempt, four nuns exited a club that they were lured into, and one promptly died. The other three embarked on a hero’s journey to Hell in order to save their sister’s soul. While a majority of the content was thrown out, the ‘nuns’ began to stick, and so did a loose structure. I was hesitant to begin writing a formal script, as it felt premature considering the limited content we had developed. Writing in November was very much a shot in the dark; we were only able to expand upon structure and not generate much text. We began to question everything rather than write it down.

Fraud: Just Fraud
“This One’s For You, Dad”¹⁴

In October, Kedian Keohan and Reeves Morris-Stan asked me to be a performer and collaborator in their festival piece, *Fraud*. Because of my extensive experience work with both of them, I said yes. I was the only senior to be in two performances, and while this undertaking took its toll on me, I appreciate the unique position I found myself in: creating my own piece while simultaneously being in a heavily devised piece without being the creative project head.

We began from a place of heightened performativity of the self, a task that required transparency and candor from the performers. Reeves and Kedian created an environment wherein I as a performer felt both challenged and comfortable lying and sharing truths. The structure of Kedian and Reeves’ rehearsals differed greatly from my own. Working with a cast of 10, Kedian and Reeves would generate element prompts, split us into small groups, and have us make multiple pieces in fewer than 10 minutes, all over the course of a four-hour rehearsal. At the end of the process we generated more than three hours of content, and all text in the final script was generated collectively.¹⁵

The *Fraud* process began more rooted in the text, but as it progressed, the focus shifted from hyper-performative-grotesque-talent show to the performative and gendered arena of American Football. This finally gave us a structure, format, and system that were readily available for us to embody and indict. As performers we strived to walk the line between the absurd and the human throughout the piece. Over the course of February, the piece changed

¹⁴ “This one’s for you Dad” derives from text devised for performance in *Fraud: Just Fraud*. February 2016.

¹⁵ See Appendix B for generated text samples from *Fraud: Just Fraud*

entirely, and as overwhelming as it was, Reeves and Kedian were incredibly generous and patient with the cast. The people I had the great fortune of working with were mostly underclassmen, whose dedication, humor, intelligence, and talent made me excited for the future years. The piece allowed me to explore my ego as a performer within a performative context, and reminded me of the joy that I find when I act. As demanding as it was having two-a-day rehearsals for over a month, it was fascinating to be a part of two projects intent on indicting systems of power with two completely different approaches.

The Email

Climb Every Mountain

In the weeks leading up to Thanksgiving break, Salome and I became worried by the general tone and trajectory of our piece. Personally, I was frustrated because we had become stagnant in rehearsals and had yet to solidify a guiding question for the piece. It became very hard to address these issues because at this point I did not feel supported by the group, nor did I feel as if I could offer any solutions to the problems we were facing. The events that occurred over the next few days are what we simply call, “The Email”, which began with this email:

Dear Jack,

Salome and I are experiencing some anxiety with how the project and its content are progressing. The group seems to be divided up into two separate camps with us on one side, and Leah and Eleanor on the other. Salome and I got together and talked tonight and articulated the concerns and ideas that we have for the piece. We do not feel comfortable sharing this with Leah and Eleanor though we realize that it is necessary to communicate for the piece to

move forward. Is there any way that Salome and I can meet with you this Sunday to discuss our ideas and figure out how we can present them to the rest of the group? We would appreciate if you did not discuss this meeting with Eleanor or Leah as we don't want to create further tension before we even have a plan.

Thank you so much,

Abby and Salome

On the last day of break, Leah texted our group to inform us that Salome accidentally sent the above email to both her and Eleanor. This became a case of textbook drama; secrets surfacing for the very people they were about, and all through Zimbra Webmail. This terrified me as I did not want the group dynamic to disintegrate.

While feelings were hurt and egos were bruised, the email led us to have one of the most honest conversations throughout the entire process. We were finally able to candidly address how the ways in which we were conducting ourselves in the process were unproductive; particularly our lack of transparency as collaborators. Due to the unlikely odds that the email even surfaced, we could not ignore the dark humor of the whole situation. This was a small success for our group as we were able to push past something that could have potentially fractured the group, all by channeling it into our process and product. Ultimately, we used this idea of 'The Email' in our final script as a reason for conflict amongst the nuns. If it happened in the process, we allowed it to influence the product.

With "The Email" now functioning as content, we began December with the hope of solidifying our question as well as breaking down beats for the piece. I was still struggling to rationalize our use of nuns, especially because we were unsure of what or whom past the

Church we were indicting. In an attempt to move away from nuns as a framing concept, Eleanor and I lead a viewpoints exercise that involved all four of us exploring the space while moving from reading the cantos aloud to silently exploring them physically. We ran the exercise for Jack, and it was an incredibly productive failure. Jack noted that it was the first time he had seen us not only listen to each other, but also take pleasure in the text. He told us to get mad at what we were talking about, to use our experience making the piece, and urged us to continue exploring nuns as it was our most solid and exciting structure yet.

From here we began to carve out our question, and we landed on consumption; a concept rooted simultaneously in satisfaction and depletion. Consumption manifests throughout our Cantos as an indicting quality; the lover consumed by sexual desire, gluttonous politicians consumed by the desire for power, and the greedy clergymen who sold indulgences, consumed by the desire to secure their ascension to heaven. The souls that give in to consumption, the ones that deplete resources and suck society dry, are punished savagely in hell. This made me wonder about consumption in my own life, and how the ease by which I consume the resources around me (food, clothes, music, text, knowledge) has no immediate consequences. I too partake in this depletion of resources and sublimate my own self to systems of power and control in order to relish in the ease of twenty-first century life. We began to devise text for some sort of engine that drives consumption, and landed on the structure of a grotesque charity gala. This event would entail us to be performers and auctioneers, continuously asking for and giving away what we don't have; an exchange of goods for currency until there is nothing left for us to take. We eventually threw this out because a gala is not rooted within a definite power structure, like nuns in a convent, and would have hindered our ability to move forward.

We had something in front of us, and we are afraid to make a decision. Anytime we deviated too far from the text we would run back to it, anytime we became too comfortable we would change our direction. This resulted in us aimlessly conducting rehearsals and not generating content. So we made the ultimate decision to explore the nuns and the convent further, and to not look back.

Eleanor suggested that we write mini-manifestos by writing what we knew, believed, and wanted when approaching the concept of nuns.¹⁶ These lists not only reinvigorated us; they reminded us about our own investment in the piece. With the semester coming to a close, we scheduled out the remaining two months we had of the process, and decided to return to Bard early from our break in order to write, despite the fact that Salome could not make it. We returned to the simple structure that we devised in November and expanded upon it:

1. The nun's would be working hard (their labor represented through repetitive gesture).
2. Rhythm begins to disintegrate.
3. With no more work, one nun walks to the cabinet, and begins to drink wine. She convinces the other nuns to join her in consuming the treats and experiencing the pleasures of the cabinet, a new Pandora's box.
4. Celebration: bacchanal; we have reached Mt. Olympus
5. Consequence: in a suspended moment, a giant eye opens above the heads of the nuns. They are no longer in private. The eyes of the priests are always on them.

The inclusion of the all-seeing eye tied the piece back to panopticism and the inferring of surveillance. While we did not write a final beat, we felt much more confident knowing that

¹⁶ See Appendix A for text sample of "I know, I believe, I want" sections.

we would soon all be going home for break.

iOS Infinity
Pulling it All Together and Rationalizing the Habit

The January intercession allowed me to take a step away from the piece, and to let the work breathe. Towards the end of the month we revisited the rituals we created in September, which sparked my interest in cults and brands. Eleanor, Leah, and I returned to Bard two weeks before the start of the semester in order to start writing the script, which would give us three weeks in February to rehearse. Unfortunately, Salome was only able to join us a few days before the start of the semester. In order to include her in this side of the process, we continuously sent drafts and received edits from her. She was incredibly flexible and willing to participate in her absence. Over the course of a week and a half we wrote the script, and the characters, rules, and world materialized in front of us.

What initially drew us to the nuns was their adherence to the Church and stringent belief codes. We then began to see that as a framework that could be warped and tampered with. The original structure gave way to fed up nuns who create a new world order. This actually excited me because I began to think back to Devised Theater Lab and the text when codes and natural order are inverted. Additionally the more I researched cults, the more we looked to brands like Apple or Lulu Lemon, companies whose sole purpose is to make a profit, but market themselves as lifestyles.

Using the structure of the 'I know/I believe/ I want' lists we made in December, we began writing the Mani-pedi Festo, a text that could be used by an enigmatic leader. It was during this that we moved towards the sisterhood of nuns giving way to a grotesque and

abstracted sorority-sisterhood dedicated to being the best one can be through constant updates. We titled this iteration of the text *iOS Infinity* as the updated nuns declare, “TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL. TOGETHER WE ARE CELESTIAL. TOGETHER WE ARE INFINITY.”¹⁷

Once the semester started we had three weeks until tech week. I am more accustomed to a three-week rehearsal period, and it allowed us to be less precious with the piece. Working from a position of “blocking the thing” rather than “devising the thing”, we were able to accomplish much more in a short period of time. The last three months of rehearsal proved that as a group we needed a text to ground us, or else we began to doubt all of our work. We approached our script from a practice rooted in realism in order to emphasize that the world of the Church basement mirrors the world of the audience. Ultimately we would employ elements of *commedia del’arte* as Eleanor and my characters became more like Zanni than nuns due to our ability to improvise well with one another. During these three weeks, we aimed to solidify the power dynamic between Leah’s ALPHA and the other nuns. She became more sinister; a demon intent on spreading her own gospel. Eleanor and my characters were easily seduced by frivolous goods like wine, doughnuts, and feather boas, yet Salome’s strictly adherent nun had to be broken. When given the space to play, Leah developed a character that was a cross between an enigmatic brand leader like Steve Jobs and an emotionally abusive sorority chapter president.

We turned to Jack for help with our ending. After reading off LEAH/ALPHA’s manifesto, the nuns, now BETA/GAMMA/THETA, carelessly sign a terms and conditions agreement in order to update to their best selves. We were struggling with what the update

¹⁷ See LUST GLUTTONY GREED script, page 32.

was, and if we even needed it. We kept asking: do we transcend, or are we stuck forever in the basement? Is it real or are these nuns so broken that they can't delineate between imagination and reality? I had the desire to explore the update through movement, especially because when we devised movement in the past we listened to each other and enjoyed it more than any other prompt. However, with little time on our hands, we decided that choreography would be too big of an undertaking.

After this meeting, we ended up staying in Olin for hours, breaking down the piece and really mining for what we were saying and why we were saying it. We were not agreeing on anything, we were angry, we were tired, we were sick of the process. So we molded our show to reflect that. At one point, Eleanor said, "I can't devise anymore. I just can't generate anymore." I very much felt the same way because I was experiencing two Senior Project processes simultaneously, both demanding me to continuously create. We were done. It was with this realization that Eleanor suggested karaoke, which in itself is an act of leisure and pleasure, and played 'Girls Just Want to Have Fun' by Cyndi Lauper. This became a declaration of both our shedding of Senior Project as Abby, Eleanor, Leah, and Salome; Bard Seniors, and the destruction of our nun personas for ALPHA/BETA/GAMMA/THETA. Having embodied characters within a rigid, patriarchal system, it felt right to have the last voice be that of Cyndi Lauper, who notes that the necessity of the song is not, "that girls just want to fuck...It just means that girls want to have the same damn experience that any man could have."¹⁸ Instead of resolution, we would have release.

¹⁸ Green, Emma. "The Feisty Feminism of 'Girls Just Want to Have Fun,' 30 Years Later." *The Atlantic*. 1 Apr. 2014. Web. <<http://www.theatlantic.com/entertainment/archive/2014/04/the-feisty-feminism-of-girls-just-want-to-have-fun-30-years-later/359834/>>.

Girls Just Want to Have Fun *Tech, Performance, and Release*

We were incredibly precious with this piece throughout the rehearsal process, which resulted in a lack of an outside eye other than our advisor. We did not have another person in the space with us until the festival stage manager, Emily Tabachuk, joined us. In addition to her laughter, her willingness to answer questions about content was incredibly helpful to the final edits of the script. I had an atypical tech week experience. Despite teching two pieces, with the help of the incredibly patient and responsive production team, I found myself more at ease than I had been the entire process. Spacing was a simple transition, as our staging only required four chairs, four baskets, and a road box that we shared with Circle 1. Tech allowed us to set things and move on, releasing us from creative pressure. I began to remember why I enjoyed working with my group mates, which allowed me to find pleasure in what we created. This resulted in Eleanor and I feeling confident enough to really connect with our characters and make them deviant cohorts. Every time we performed ‘Girls Just Want to Have Fun’, I found myself miming during the musical break. It was a whimsical deadpan moment that I ended up turning into a mimed xylophone solo, and I truly feel as if it is a moment that is the truest representation of me in the piece. Even in tech, we were able to breath new life into our work because we actually took pleasure in the work.

The piece continued to grow in performance; we became more and more comfortable with the space, words, and each other as the weekend progressed. After our first performance, Jack gave us notes, many of which could not be applied for technical cue reasons. Dramaturgically, Jack suggested that we cut the section between the signing of the ‘terms and conditions’ and the start of the karaoke. Unfortunately, due to tech and cues, we could not do

this. I came to understand this note through performance because the section became too rooted in a logic that was only accessible to the performers, and ultimately diluted any energy leading up to the karaoke. In regards to his notes on Leah's character, we were able to place her higher on the ladder behind the road box, which she climbed onto during the manifesto, making her more of a sinister puppet master than before. We also augmented her blocking during the karaoke beat in order to compensate for her not having a standing microphone; rather than just stand there, Leah grabbed a glass of wine to drink from while dancing.

For an audience unfamiliar with devised theater, LUST GLUTTONY GREED was a more narrative-based piece that was accessible as it followed the more traditional structure that the audience was accustomed to. The BETA/GAMMA relationship was well received by audience members, with many commenting on our ability to easily improvise with text and props. Performing in *Fraud* was exhilarating. It was a release to be a performer and not a project head for a piece, and it felt wonderful to share with an audience the immense breadth of the cast's devised work. The two pieces also required me to embody characters that were polar opposites, allowing me move between a nun/sorority sister and Dick Goldfarb/my performative ego.

As a performer and collaborator, I experienced a yearlong intensive in patience. In revisiting Blówcalo notes from when we decided on circles, I realized that we placed more emphasis on the part of the text we were working on rather than who we were working with. This immediately started us on unequal footing with our collaborators, and made the delineation of roles difficult as all four of us continued to operate under the notion that senior project still had to serve the individual student. Senior Project, for everyone outside of the Theater and Performance department, values product over process, whereas our four years in

the Theater Department emphasizes the opposite. Despite friction, despite arguments, despite struggling to reconcile our original individual intent for the piece, Eleanor, Salome, Leah, and I were able to create something. We could have benefitted from a stronger delineation of role because when all of us attempted to direct, nothing was directed, and when all of us attempted to write, nothing was written. I will carry this experience with me in my future collaborations, and to do so I made notes on what I will demand of the people that I work with and of myself:

Show up: set a time to rehearse where everyone can make it, as well as make it home in a reasonable hour. Do the work that needs to be done to rehearse, and then leave everything outside of the project at the door.

Be present: When you show up, remain engaged for the entire rehearsal process. Turn your phone off, look your partners in the eye.

Invite: Seek the outside eyes for the project. Bring people into the room that you trust to see the piece objectively.

Intent: All opinions are valid, and how you choose to express them matters. Emphasize what is going to be the most productive thing for the group at the moment.

Safety: Both physical and mental safety are important in any space. Come prepared to share and listen, to support and challenge. Checking in with each other and yourself before the start of a rehearsal saves a lot of tears.

On closing night, we turned to each other and said, “We made a thing” over and over again. We were faced with a challenge, met it, and rose above it. Additionally, the senior class achieved something together. It was incredibly difficult meeting and deciding on sets, lights, titles, structure. It was also challenging to make concessions for my own work for the good of the festival and for other pieces. I learned how to schedule, how to give everyone equal

opportunity for contribution, how to suspend judgment of ideas before asking questions. Most importantly, I learned how to ask for help. Rather than internalize conflict or doubt, I began to reach out to friends, professors, and the production team. Rather than fracture when faced with a challenge, we united. We set it upon ourselves to meet as an entity, to design, to fundraise, and to curate. Senior Project became more than the individual; it was a culmination of the practices and teachings instilled in us over the last four years. I truly believe that we established a precedent and a model for collaboration for future Theater and Performance majors, as well as create a community that demanded respect, searched for answers, and encouraged curiosity.

LUST GLUTTONY GREED

A senior project submitted to the Division of the Arts at Bard College
Presented as a part of the INFERNO Festival

Created in collaboration by
Abigail Adler '16
Salome Dewell '16
Leah Rabinowitz '16
Eleanor Robb '16

Jack Ferver, Advisor

Cast of Characters

LEAH /ALPHA..... Leah Rabinowitz
ELEANOR/ BETA..... Eleanor Robb
ABBY/ GAMMA.....Abigail Adler
SALOME/ THETA..... Salome Dewell

(Darkness. There are four chairs on stage and a large cabinet upstage center. Three nuns are working. SALOME polishes silver, ELEANOR sews, ABBY peels potatoes. The fourth chair is empty. LEAH enters, holding her habit in her hand. She is unseen by the others. She claps her hands and florescent immediately flood the stage with light. There is a slight humming from the lights. LEAH sits, dons the habit, and surveys the nuns. She pulls out a star magazine and begins reading.)

SALOME

It would be sooooo nice if we could all devote our minds and bodies to the tasks at hand.

(LEAH takes no notice. ABBY and ELEANOR look over, interested.)

SALOME

The tasks at hand.

(LEAH still does nothing.)

SALOME

Put that thing down and sort, Sister. Or do you want extra time in the basement.

(Beat. LEAH tosses the magazine to the ground. When the nuns return to their work, LEAH picks up magazine again. Impressed, ELEANOR/ABBY sneak over to LEAH.)

ABBY

Where did you find that?

LEAH

Around.

ELEANOR

Around where?

LEAH

I have my ways.

(LEAH/ELEANOR/ABBY crowd around the magazine. They gasp, giggle, and point at images. SALOME looks up.)

SALOME

(interrupting)
What did I just say?

LEAH

Relax, I'm just taking a break.

SALOME

I swear to God in Heaven. When you are punished, you will do the work you are assigned, *without* breaks.

LEAH

Do you think you have that much authority to tell me what to do? Please. You don't even know how to send a confidential email.

SALOME

What?

LEAH

If someone just knew how the "reply all" function worked, and I hadn't read it, none of us would be here.

SALOME

All I ask is that we just do what we've been told so we can finish and continue our worship, which I'm sure, is in everyone's best interest.

ELEANOR

It was a little unfair of you to send that email from the library computer; after all we were working just as hard as you...

SALOME

Really? I can't believe you're still talking about that it happened, it was a mistake, get over-

ABBY

Stop! Stop it. Please.

(Silence)

LEAH

(tossing the magazine to center stage)

You ladies can finish this magazine, I've got plenty more. I'm thirsty.

ABBY

There's a water pitcher in the corner....

LEAH

I'm *thirsty*. I'm getting something to drink.

ELEANOR

What is there to even drink down here?

LEAH

Let's play a game. Ladies, what do we drink on Sundays?

ABBY

Water.

ELEANOR

Ooh! Another glass of milk at dinner?

LEAH

NO. At communion....

ABBY

Oh, the blood of the Lord!

ELEANOR

Oh right, yeah! Wine!

LEAH

Exactly.

ELEANOR

So what? We literally drink that every Sunday.

LEAH

Yeah, one mouthful. You gotta drink a little more for the real fun.

ELEANOR

But, like, *how*?

LEAH

Have you ever wondered where all the sacraments were kept when they weren't being used for church?

ABBY

I've never really thought about it.

LEAH

What if I told you that there was more than working—more fulfillments, more gratitude, and better sisterhood some other way?

ABBY

What does that have to do with communion?

ELEANOR

What do you mean?

LEAH

Open the cabinet.

(ABBY/ELEANOR look back at the cabinet, suddenly trepidatious.)

ABBY

How? We can't do that. We don't have the key.

LEAH

Don't worry sisters; I'll make sure you can do anything you want.

(LEAH pulls a bobby pin from under her habit and holds it up, lit by a single spotlight. Mesmerized, ABBY/ELEANOR rush to it. When ELEANOR grabs it, the lights immediately return to fluorescents. Both run UPSTAGE to the cabinet.)

ABBY

Are you sure this is supposed to work?

LEAH

Turn clockwise.

(ELEANOR and ABBY turn to the cabinet and attempt to pick the lock. Murmurs of frustration are heard. Eventually, ELEANOR is successful.)

ELEANOR/ABBY

TA-DA!

LEAH

Satisfaction awaits.

SALOME

What are you talking about? Who do you think you are?

LEAH

You'll see.

(ABBY and ELEANOR open the CABINET. It is a Pandora's box, only it's filled with some sort of mash up between a sorority closet and a dusty church contraband cabinet. LEAH has decked it out with stolen tea lights, wine, crackers, candy, and sparkly outfits. This was premeditated. ABBY/ELEANOR gasp with delight as LEAH hands them glasses filled with wine. SALOME grabs her silverware and runs to the DOWNSTAGE LEFT chair. LEAH follows and leaves the glass at SALOME's feet, then crosses center.)

LEAH

A toast. To a new sisterhood.

(ELEANOR and ABBY move to flank LEAH. They toast and down all of the wine. SALOME looks on in horror and begins to pray.)

LEAH

I'm hungry.

ABBY

Is there something to eat in the cabinet?

LEAH

Come sit with me. I'd love to share.

(ELEANOR and ABBY move their chairs to form a gossip corner upstage right. Throughout this conversation, LEAH continuously moves back and forth from the chairs to the cabinet, bringing ELEANOR and ABBY treats

from the cabinet as they divulge personal information. SALOME continues her fervent prayer and polishing.)

LEAH

Here, eat some of these

(She hands over a tray of communion crackers. ELEANOR and ABBY grab as many as they can and eat)

ELEANOR

I can't believe we're eating these.

ABBY

I've never had more than one at a time! They're not that good when you eat more than one I think...

ELEANOR

Yeah, they're a little dry...

LEAH

Oh, do you want something else?

ABBY

Do you have something else?

ELEANOR

We wouldn't want to impose...

LEAH

No, not at all! Please, I want you to have satisfaction.

(LEAH brings a tray of doughnuts and grapes. ELEANOR and ABBY once again stuff as many as they can in their mouths.)

LEAH

Abby.... how do you feel about peeling potatoes all day?

ABBY

Well, I guess this isn't the worst punishment I ever received here. I used to fill my bed with spare robes so I could sneak out of my room to smoke, but one day I forgot, and that's how she found me smoking Marlboros in the bathroom at 3 in the morning. I was on toilet duty for months after that.

LEAH

Oh no!

ABBY

It's better than when we had to shovel the sidewalk after that huge snowstorm because we talked during Monday night services, and we didn't have anything covering our faces-

LEAH

That seems like overreacting.... Eleanor, this isn't your first time being punished right?

ELEANOR

No! Remember that time when I slept through the trip to the shrine and had to wake up for the next week two hours before everyone else and scrub the floors? My fingers were so dry and red, and so painful!

LEAH

How excessive.

ABBY

Right?

ELEANOR

That's what we're saying! One time, we tried to argue a punishment for being late to dinner and then we got doubly punished.

ABBY

Or that time....

(ABBY stops talking, clearly upset by the memory she was about to share.)

LEAH

Abby, you can tell me anything. I'm here for you.

ABBY

That time when.... they hit me....

(It's quiet for a second. ABBY shakes her head, and shoves another doughnut into her mouth.)

ELEANOR

I guess we always seem to be getting in trouble...This is probably the best punishment we've ever had.

LEAH

You both deserve it.

ABBY

Thanks for listening to us. No one here really does.

LEAH

It was my pleasure.

ELEANOR

Hey what else was in that cabinet? Do you really mean when you say.... fulfillment?

LEAH

Oh, has being a novice not provided contentment for you?

ELEANOR

Well, not exactly... Joining the convent I thought I was getting the best of both worlds- sisterhood and serenity. But with all this work and all these punishments, I feel like I've lost sight of who I am... And I'm scared that... this isn't my true path.

LEAH

Our lives can seem as if there is no direction or –

SALOME

(Interrupts LEAH, stands up)

You don't mean that, you cannot mean that.

ELEANOR

I think I do, I've never really been able to say it in words before, especially surrounded by all these sisters all the time. I feel like I'm trapped, that someone tipped an empty glass over me, so even if I screamed... no one would hear me.

ABBY

Anytime we expressed ourselves, it seemed like we were punished. We sit and work all day and the public views us from behind a gate.

ELEANOR

We are the amorphous voices filling the church every Sunday. And for what?

ABBY

Forgive me for thinking this can't be it.

SALOME

Think of the beauty. You are good and virtuous and pure-

ABBY

No. Our routines repeat an endless cycle-

SALOME

Your entire life is an endless cycle! It's all endless cycles- that is how life is. Heaven will free you from that. Just listen, just open your mind, He is speaking so clearly-

LEAH

Have you ever heard Him?

(LEAH claps. ELEANOR and ABBY immediately fall to the ground in a trance. There is a spotlight on SALOME, and LEAH makes her way over to SALOME slowly throughout this conversation.)

SALOME

How can you ask me that? Every night I pray, every waking moment I hear His voice ringing in my ears-

LEAH

What does He say to you?

SALOME

Everything. He reminds me of everything that I can be for Him, of all of the ways that I can do more, be more.

LEAH

So you're never enough.

SALOME

Of course not. If any of us were ever enough there would be no reason to live. I have always known I was meant for this. I have known ever since I was a child that when I became a nun, I would be the most devout, the most beautiful. I would strive for perfection. I can always improve, always do better. There is always more for me to reach for and to find.

LEAH

You'll always be empty. You will always be starving for more. Always hungry.

SALOME

This is the life I chose. This is the only life. This is the life I chose. I can always be better, I can always do more-

LEAH

You have no control, you have no meaning, you will never have satisfaction when you give away your power.

SALOME

I...

LEAH

You are powerless, why do you do this to yourself? Why do you think this is ok? This hierarchy that you subscribed to is holding you back, keeping you from the perfection you seek. It makes you dependent. It makes you pathetic.

SALOME

I am doing my duties, I work so hard, and I'm doing this for the greater good-

LEAH

No you're not, you're just a cog in the large machine and you will never benefit from that. Why don't you believe me?

SALOME

Because I'm terrified!

LEAH

I was once like you. I thought those same things. I thought I was worthless, this place made me feel worthless. But I have found the way to make all of those feelings evaporate. You can be someone. You can be complete. You can be so much better. You mean something to me.

(LEAH claps again. ELEANOR and ABBY sit up. SALOME stands up from her chair. LEAH stands on it to deliver her keynote address.)

ABBY

Ohhhhhhhhhhh. My legs are PINS AND NEEDLES!

ELEANOR

I FEEL DRUNK

LEAH

Yeah, you are. On Sisterhood. You're being asked to constantly produce. Create for the greater good placed well above your station. In this damp basement you toil, and for what? Some salvation that will be given to you once you die? But I've figured something out. I've heard it in the buzz of these lights, the undeniable current of energy that runs throughout our world. Who says we can't be in charge of our own production? I say we produce ourselves. Make us the most fulfilled, curious, most innovative, happiest people in the world. We can indulge in our pleasure, eschewing these stifling robes and confines for a higher calling. Our basement becomes our kingdom, and we will thrive. Trust me.

SALOME

I trust you.

ELEANOR

How will we "thrive" in this musty basement?

LEAH

I have prepared everything to give you the tools you need to emerge, a beautiful, rewarded, devout BETA.

ELEANOR

A BETA?

LEAH

YES, part of this emergence is through creating a new self. Your new self is the best version- the prime model, the most up to date. I have that power.

ABBY

What would I be??

LEAH

You would become the supreme version of you- free of guilt and punishment, a GAMMA.

ABBY

Wow... A GAMMA

SALOME

And what would I be?

LEAH

A THETA.

SALOME

What does that mean?

LEAH

You'll be the best you. No more doubt. No more fears. A THETA. Confident and strong.

ELEANOR

And what will you be?

LEAH

I am the ALPHA.

ELEANOR/ABBY/SALOME
(à la "The Clawwww" from 'Toy Story')

ALPHA

LEAH

Now, do you pledge to follow my teachings and view me as your ALPHA?

ELEANOR/ABBY/SALOME

Yes.

ALPHA

Good. Let's begin.

(ALPHA claps. BETA/GAMMA/THETA take their places for affirmation. Above the Cabinet, a projection of the scrolling manifesto begins to play. LEAH moves from her chair to standing behind and above the cabinet. The manifesto is delivered in the style of Steve Jobs meets Soul Cycle Trainer. The movement incorporates yoga and intense gesticulation.)

ALPHA

Each of you please read one of your new life-affirming positive messages to live by.

BETA

Make updating a habit. Any moment you doubt yourself, you are a lesser version. Don't hesitate-innovate.

GAMMA

Your five senses are the only things that are real. Thrive in the beauty of truth, excellence, and tech.

THETA

ALPHA is the ultimate update. Strive to be like her, but remember that ALPHA created you.

ALL

WE'VE BEEN BEGUILED BY THE IDEA THAT ANYONE ELSE IS IN CHARGE OF OUR PRODUCTION. WE'VE BEEN SUBMERGED BY FRUITLESS PIETY. WE RENOUNCE OUR

PAST SELVES TO BECOME OUR BEST SELVES. WE WERE POWERLESS AND THE ONLY WAY TO REGAIN CONTROL IS TO LISTEN TO OUR ALPHA.

BETA

There is a pain that hurts and a pain that changes you. Expel the pain that hurts.

GAMMA

There is an update that controls and an update that changes you. Expel the update that controls.

THETA

There is a god outside and a god inside of you. Expel the god outside of you.

ALL

WE ARE REPROGRAMING OUR SYSTEMS. WE HAVE BEEN LIVING OUR BEST SELVES FOR OTHERS. WE ARE RECLAIMING SELFISHNESS. WE ARE REINVENTING SISTERHOOD. WE ARE REDUCING OUR DEPENDENCY ON OTHERS AND NATURAL GAS. WE WILL BE HYBRIDS OF NEW TECHNOLOGY.

BETA

I thought I would be saved by the church, but now I've found salvation.

GAMMA

I thought I would be fulfilled by the church, but now I've been fulfilled.

THETA

I thought I would be nothing without the church, but now I'm somebody.

ALL

I DON'T WANT TO BE THE OLD ME, I WANT TO BE THE BEST VERSION OF ME. I AM MYSELF 2.0. I AM INVINCIBLE IN MY NEW DESIGN. I AM SUPREME. TOGETHER WE ARE BEAUTIFUL. TOGETHER WE ARE CELESTIAL. TOGETHER WE ARE INFINITY!

(They scream as ALPHA raises her arms, reveling in the chaos. ALPHA rolls out an incredibly long scroll of paper over the top of the cabinet.)

ALPHA

Now sign that you agree to the terms and conditions.

GAMMA

But it's so long!

BETA

Just sign it!!!!

(They sign on the dotted line. All three turn and walk upstage to ALPHA, anxiously awaiting her blessings.)

ALPHA

Bless you, my LETTERS.

(ALPHA blows kisses across her followers. They turn to face the audience, reveling in their new sisterhood.)

ALPHA

Let's begin the first update.

(BETA/GAMMA/THETA hold hands and march upstage, giggling. This is their Miss America moment. They are the sisters. They have earned it. Before the update can begin, loud footsteps emanate from above. BETA/GAMMA/THETA freeze, and look up. They suddenly become aware that they are still in the basement.)

THETA

How would we ever go back up there?

BETA

Why would we ever go back up there?

ALPHA

We will never go back up there. They aren't alphas, betas, gamas, or thetas up there. They are not as shiny as us. Our glows will not be diminished. We will pray to ourselves, rejoicing in my creation of you. The communion is now our body and our blood. This basement is our heaven, real and here. We are saved. We can be godly together.

(A blue screen with karaoke countdown bars appears. It counts down from eight to one. Nothing happens. It counts down again. Nothing happens. As it continues to count down, BETA/GAMMA/THETA walk offstage right and return with three standing microphones.)

ELEANOR

I don't think I can generate anymore.

LEAH

Well, you have to.

(LEAH claps. The four of them smile with wide and empty eyes. The karaoke screen finally works. Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" blares over the speakers. They sing.)

[Blackout]

APPENDIX A

I Know/I Believe/ I Want

ABBY

I know that nuns are women
I know that nuns wear habits
I know that nuns live communally
I know that nuns devote their lives to something more than themselves
I know that some nuns experience sexual abuse at the hands of male church superiors and other nuns
I know that abuse goes unreported
I know that being a nun is something I could never, would never do
I believe that nuns can see things that I can't
I believe that I can see things that nuns can't
I believe that nuns strive for perfection
I believe that nuns strive for perfection because their souls depend on it
I believe that nuns get a bad rep
I believe that nuns can gossip
I believe that being a nun is hard
I want to do a pub crawl with nuns
I want nuns to scream

APPENDIX B

Text generated for *Fraud: Just Fraud*

Dick and Vern

Written and devised by Gideon Berger and Abigail Adler

(DICK and VERN, two old sportscasters, stand center stage.)

VERN

Thank you Kimberly for those wise words your husband told you this morning.

DICK

The network really does love a pretty face

VERN

That's for damn sure.

(He pats DICK on the back)

What would I do without you Dick?

DICK

Well Vern, this would be a one-handjob.

(An atonal hum begins. DICK and VERN raise their hands to their mouths and begin licking them. Slowly they are turning into cats. They groom themselves while playfully meowing. After hissing at one another twice and DICK coughs up a hairball, they slowly stand and prepare. VERN draws a line in the 'sand', DICK crosses it and lazily mimes pushing VERN. This pattern continues all the way across the stage, at which point DICK pulls VERN up and they reposition themselves at the start line. They begin the same movements as the first time, but with more vigorous miming. DICK mimes pulling VERN across the stage back to the starting position. On the third and final round, DICK is full on slapping, pushing, and shoving VERN, and drags him by his feet to center stage. They both look out.

DICK/VERN

AAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNNNDDDDDD WEEEEEEEE'RRREEE BACK!

BLIMP

Written and devised by Kirsten Harvey, Abigail Adler, Anya Kopischke, and Susie Yugler

All dialogue is said with immense disinterest. Similar to the SNL "We're Not Pornstars Anymore" skit.

ABBY
We're going all the way

ANYA
I can't believe you spent money on that Pat's hat

KIRSTEN
True

ABBY
At least I'm not from Wisconsin. At least I don't eat cheese

KIRSTEN
You eat cheese

ANYA
The Packer's invented football

KIRSTEN
Go Giants

ABBY
Said no one

KIRSTEN
Said a lot of people

ANYA
Stupid people

ABBY
Boo

ANYA
I don't think we can be friends anymore

(Susie emerges from behind the partition as BLIMP.)

KIRSTEN
I don't think you understand the meaning of friendship

ABBY
I don't think any of us were friends to begin with

(Anya shuts them up. All three look up in wonder as BLIMP floats by.)

ALL

Wow. Look at that blimp

KIRSTEN

(pointing)

Look. We're on a screen.

ALL

(turning towards screen)

Look at me Daddy

(Kirsten kisses Anya. Kirsten kisses Abby. Anya and Abby Kiss. They look out. Susie crawls with the blimp between Kirsten's legs. They all mount the blimp.)

Bud Light Lime Superbowl Commercial

Written and Devised by Kirsten Harvey, Abigail Adler, Gideon Berger, and Susie Yugler

The theme for Brokeback Mountain plays. Everyone is suddenly transported back to 2005 and they are emotionally vulnerable.

Three hikers (SUSIE, GIDEON, KIRSTEN) finally find the perfect place to stop for the night. Oh what a beautiful sight! There's a lake in the distance. Wow! Is that a bald eagle in the distance? They gather kindling and build a fire. As they sit, feeling toasty and safe, SUSIE looks in her bag for libations. Lo and behold, there's nothing there. Despair ensues as GIDEON and KIRSTEN realize that they too left beers at home. As soon as they settle into melancholy, a MOUNTAIN MAN appears and frightens the hikers. The MOUNTAIN MAN assures them that he is not dangerous, and to prove it, opens up his bag to reveal that he has beers. Joy ensues. They toast to happiness. SUSIE and KIRSTEN pour beer into GIDEON's mouth. It is rather sensual. Having completed his task, the MOUNTAIN MAN gathers his things to return to the mountain. The hikers say goodbye to their new friend. As they return to their merriment, the MOUNTAIN MAN turns to the audience.

MOUNTAIN MAN

When the most unlikely of friends, come around the sharpest of corners, Bud Light Lime.

Mountain Man exits as the music swells. Lights out.

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PERFORMANCE PHOTOS

Photographer: Doug Baz







