

Producer's Notes

Huh. What to write. I don't really know what hat I'm wearing right now. I don't know if I should talk about the last couple months of planning. The four years of school. The future. I don't really want to talk about any of it. I want to continue watching Gilmore Girls. Oh well.

Most people get to talk about how they found their play and how it inspired them.... I wrote my play. So any of that nonsense would sound totally conceited. But it seems weird, like maybe I didn't do it properly. I've spent 3 1/2 years listening to students talk about the show that grabbed them, the script they knew they had to do. Sometimes they'd've found it in their first year, sometimes in their fourth. But usually (amongst the people I talk to anyway) they'd find it and they'd know. And I never did.

The stories that I tend to get really excited about are TV shows or movies or novels or short stories. I seriously considered doing an adaption of Roald Dahl's Lamb to the Slaughter - wrote a draft serious. And the couple of times that I got really excited about a theatre production, they were ridiculously complicated musicals that didn't have a role for me even if I'd been crazy enough to attempt them (Book of Mormon, Nevermore). So I hemmed and I hawed and I was jealous of my classmates who had plays jump out at them shouting "Pick me! Pick me!" and I avoided making any sort of decision.

Somewhere in there I took Lucia's playwriting class. I started writing a play about a guy who owned a struggling bar and the girl that he hired to play the piano. Early on in the process, Lucia asked if I was writing this to do as my final project, because she knew I played the piano. I laughed and said "God no!" Then I stopped liking my play. So, I totally changed the plot and I cut all the characters who weren't Tracey and Katherine. I disliked it less after that but I still wasn't sure I liked it. And then, during the rehearsal for the Budding Playwright Festival - I loved it! The words weren't just in my head anymore and they weren't stupid either. They were nice and hopeful and way more romantic than I ever let myself be in life. This play, that I wrote, turned out to be the sort of story that I love, the sort of story that I try to get everyone else to love too. So, I guess I did get that moment; the one where I saw a play and I knew. It just seems a bit silly that I couldn't see it till I saw it.

Anyway, thanks for coming. I hope you enjoy this show, my show. I hope it warms your heart.