

**“Wake Up to Healing Arts: Using Performance and Media for Direction,
Hope, Health, and Total Well-being”**

Character Casting Sides

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SIDE FOR FEMALE IDENTIFYING ARTIST (40s – 50s)
from “Writing Was My Muse” by Rosalind Royce

HER

What did art do for me?

Well.

I guess it got me out of my ugly world and put me in one that was beautiful and filled with people who wanted to create beauty. Not people who wanted to lie, hurt me and hurt others. Not people who wanted to control me, kill me. These people were a miracle. And working with them or for them was amazing. The art we created! And many of them became my friends, my family.

I went to The Chandler Gallery and on the wall I read, “Art making has the ability to move people along their journey of grief and loss into a more balanced place of healing and hope. In the face of tragedy, the creative process can help re-calibrate a mourner’s life.”

I was mourning my life, what I thought it was going to be versus what it became.

I needed something to help me move forward. I am going to keep writing.
For me. And you.

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SIDE FOR MALE IDENTIFYING ARTIST (age 15 - 25)
From “Can There Be Justice For TJ?” by Evonne Fields-Gould

TJ

Mamma, you're not a failure. Don't let what happened to me make you believe anything less of yourself. Just look back on how you cared for me when I was sick as a baby and you carried on when I had asthma. You are a miracle worker in your own right. No one showed you how to be a nurturer and a healer. You always showed us that loving person that you are. It is in you, Mamma, to be that way. That can never be taken away from you. Yes, you may need some help from others, but you can do it. Don't let my death keep you from being that loving mother for Little Man. Give him that strength and guidance you gave me to strive for the best things in life. Do this so he will care for and about others with a pure love only a few people understand and can give. You're that shining beacon, Mama, that will always light the way in his darkest hours. Let your light shine for Little Man.

TJ

Mama, I'm gonna make you proud of me, and when I graduate, I will take care of you and Little Man. And I'm gonna make sure Dad can have an early retirement.

I'm going to become a lawyer so I can fight for those who can't fight for themselves-- the less privileged people in our society. I want to be an example to others so they can have a positive outlook on the future.

I want to show how one person can make a difference in the world. I love you Mama.

SIDE FOR MALE IDENTIFYING ARTIST (age 25 +)
“Recrowning King” by Ife-Gail Young

KEVIN

I married Trinh Stubbs.

I would have followed her to hell and back again. So, when she said we could get ahead faster if we joined the service I said ‘okay’. Boy, I was stupid. I was a piano maestro at just 16! On my way to greatness. We’d hear people say our chances of going to Iraq was little to none before we joined and we believed it, but what’d they do? Sent my ass right over there. And she divorced me when I got back. She said, she couldn’t live with a man with one hand. How do you like that? Hey, don’t take offense, but we’ve been talking all this time and I forgot your name.

Rezina? Right. Rezina.

That was crazy what she said, wasn’t it, Rezina? She pulled me out of my career to go to war then said she couldn’t live with a one-handed man.

Umph, umph, umph.I still feel that pain every day. She didn’t even want me anymore. I love you Mama.

SIDE FOR MALE IDENTIFYING ARTIST (age 15 - 25)
“Can There Be Justice For TJ?” by Evonne Fields-Gould

TJ

Mama, I’m gonna make you proud of me, and when I graduate, I will take care of you and Little Man. And I’m gonna make sure Dad can have an early retirement.

I’m going to become a lawyer so I can fight for those who can’t fight for themselves-- the less privileged people in our society. I want to be an example to others so they can have a positive outlook on the future.

I want to show how one person can make a difference in the world.

SIDE FOR FEMALE IDENTIFYING ARTIST (age 40s – 50s)
from “That Guy” by Peter Anthony Fields

Gillian: How’s your play coming along? Are you working on it now? (Reading.) The wind howls fiercely and relentlessly as it batters the structure of the diner with rain and debris. The wind is howling. The rain is pouring. We’re in a diner. There is a flash of lightning, and then...Seriously? Do you think you’ll actually finish this one? You have about four or five works-in-progress. Stephen, be honest, are you okay? I mean, really? You’re not the ‘you’ you used to be. I mean, I’ve noticed a change in you from just three years ago when you stopped taking classes at the university. And I know you hate to hear this, too, but you need to get a job. Why you quit your job at Sal’s, I don’t know. Easy work. Paid pretty damn well for what it was.

Stephen & Gillian Scene – That Guy REVISED
Sunday 10/03/21

By Peter Anthony Fields

Gillian: Hey, do you know what you need?

Stephen: No.

Gillian: You need to get out of this apartment for a while.

Stephen: Uhm... I... I don't know. I'm comfortable here.

Gillian: That's why you need to get out. Yesterday you missed the preview of Katie's play that I invited you to. Everyone was looking for you.

Stephen: I'm sure not everyone was looking for me.

Gillian: Everyone!

(Stephen crosses to the kitchen area. As he walks, his feet shuffle and his posture is slightly bent with arms bent at the elbow.)

Stephen: Do you want some coffee? Tea? Juice?

Gillian: No, thank you, I'm fine. Why are you walking like that?

Stephen: Hhm? Oh, I don't know. I think I'm just tired. Haven't been sleeping too well. I'm gonna see the doctor tomorrow. I hate going to the doctor.

Gillian: Me too. You know, it looks kind of like...

Stephen: What?

Gillian: Nothing.

(Baby birds outside of the window begin to chirp. Stephen looks out of the window.)

Stephen: Did you know the birds hatched this morning?

Gillian: Did they?

Stephen: Yeah. It's like... a life affirming moment, you know. The promise of new life, a new day... a clean slate. Do birds usually lay eggs at this time of the year? Is there a specific time of the year for them to lay eggs?

Gillian: I'm not sure.

(Gillian adjusts Stephen's laptop so that she can see the screen.)

Gillian: How's your play coming along? Are you working on it now?
(Reading.) The wind howls fiercely and relentlessly as it batters the structure of the diner with rain and debris. The wind is howling. The rain is pouring. We're in a diner. There is a flash of lightening, and then...

(Gillian looks at Stephen for a moment.)

Gillian: Seriously?

Stephen: Oh. No. I mean, yes. Yeah, this is just... it's a rough draft. I'm just getting started.

Gillian: Do you think you'll actually finish this one?

Stephen: What do you mean? Of course I'll finish it. I already have the characters outlined. It's a work in progress.

Gillian: You have about four or five works-in-progress. Stephen, be honest, are you okay? I mean, really?

Stephen: I hate it when people ask me that question...

Gillian: You're not the 'you' you used to be. I mean, I've noticed a change in you from just three years ago when you stopped taking classes at the university.

Stephen: It was too stressful.

Gillian: And I know you hate to hear this, too, but you need to get a job. Why you quit your job at Sal's, I don't know. Easy work. Paid pretty damn well for what it was.

Stephen: Also, too stressful.

Gillian: You were a dishwasher! Okay, look, let me show you where you were...

(Gillian takes out her smartphone.)

Stephen: No, I don't need you too... I know where I was...

Gillian: No, I don't think you do. I still have this file on my phone, okay. From three years ago... this is a father talking to his adult son who is about to off himself, so the dad is trying to talk him down. It's an amazing piece of writing...

Stephen: For godsake, Gill...

Gillian: Shut-up and listen.

Stephen: I don't have to listen; I wrote it.

Gillian: (reading) You admit that you're imperfect; you make mistakes. You say the wrong things, sometimes... or the right things in the wrong way. There are a lot of times you try to be helpful, but end up being an annoyance. Sure, you're strange, you're weird, and you never quite fit in... But, I'm going to tell you the truth... on this great, big earth, which holds billions of people, in our vast solar system and beyond its borders, throughout the whole of space with trillions of stars, and planets, and moons... in a vastness that challenges and defies comprehension... there is, and ever will be, only one you. That uniqueness is staggering, almost incomprehensible. Do you feel the weight of what I am saying? Do you appreciate the power, the awesomeness of its truth? That's the real truth. For all of your flaws and disappointments, you should always celebrate yourself, because you are one-of-a-kind. This time that you've been given, is your time to affect the world positively, to do good, to live and to give... love.

(They are both silent for a moment.)

Gillian: That's writing. And it's beautiful. Compare this to...

(Gillian gestures to Stephen's laptop.)

Gillian: Whatever you call that.

Stephen: Maybe I just don't have it, anymore.

Gillian: You're a good writer.

Stephen: Uh-huh.

Gillian: You know that, don't you?

Stephen: Uh-huh.

(A moment.)

Gillian: Did you ever go out with that guy you were interested in? What was his name? Adam?

(The Characters collectively GROAN.)

Stephen: Uhm... A... Aaron. Yeah, we went out early last month. I think that was the last time I actually went out. We went to that place called... uhm... Healthy Drinks: Bar and Market, where they serve drinks made from wheatgrass and organic fruits and vegetables.

Gillian: Yeah... and?

Stephen: And... by the end of our... our outing... I felt like a complete idiot.

Gillian: Why? What happened?

Stephen: Turns out he's not gay. Big surprise!

Gillian: Oh, I'm sorry, Stephen.

Stephen: Meh. It's okay. That's my life. It's to be expected.

Gillian: It's not okay. And I don't want you to give up. There's someone out there for you... and you for him. Promise me you'll try again.

Stephen: Try again at what, exactly?

Gillian: At love. At life.

Stephen: Well, I've come to the realization that maybe I'm not meant to be with anyone... that love is not meant for me. And as far as life goes, my writing is my life.

Gillian: You've come to the realization...

Stephen: Yes.

Gillian: Honey, in order to come to a realization, you have to start from a place in reality.

Stephen: What does that mean?

Gillian: It means... I'm saying that love is meant for everyone. And writing shouldn't be your life; it should only be a part of your life.