

Time Traveling, Re-bodying and Collaborating through Narrative Theatre with Music

by

Jennifer Lauren Shouse

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Approved by
Advisor: Paul H. Ferguson
Reader: D. Soyini Madison
Reader: Joseph Megel

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ABSTRACT

JENNIFER LAUREN SHOUSE: Time Traveling, Re-bodying and Collaborating through
Narrative Theatre with Music
(Under the direction of Dr. Paul H. Ferguson)

Through a Narrative Theatre with Music production of The Time Traveler's Wife, I seek to produce and corroborate a performance aesthetic I call re-bodying (rendering a body into an alternate form). I will analyze how my collaboration with a composer/sound designer enabled the adaptation script to capture the spirit of Audrey Niffenegger's novel. I will also determine how rehearsal functioned as a method for studying the re-bodying aesthetic.

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Chapter One

Introduction

Live stage performance is an essential part of my daily life because it is where I feel the most alive. Director Hugh Wooldridge captures my feeling perfectly, calling it a “yearning”.¹ I go to the theatre because I yearn to be caught in a moment where I am outside my own skin, time traveling in worlds other than my own. Theatre keeps my yearning alive for knowledge, for truth, for something bigger than me. Like director Peter Brook, I don’t believe performance is limited only to being an essential part of *my life*² and so I search for a way to make it understood as a universal language.

I share this belief with many directors and art consumers, but I also share it with my collaborator and friend Shannon O’Neill. In the fall of 2004, Shannon and I began dialogue about a collaborative thesis project. With Shannon’s interest in writing original music and designing sound for the stage and my interest in writing and directing for the stage, we decided to create a Narrative Theatre with Music production.³ We found the material we needed in Audrey Niffenegger’s The Time Traveler’s Wife.⁴ This novel is a story about the

¹ Conversation with Hugh Wooldridge in Oxford on May 26, 2005.

² Heilpern, John. The Conference of the Birds: The Story of Peter Brook in Africa. New York and London: Routledge. 1977 “I don’t believe we grapple with the essential problem. How to make Theatre absolutely and fundamentally necessary to people, as necessary as eating and as sex? A theatre which isn’t a watered down appendage or cultural decoration to life ... Make believe is necessity. It’s this quality I’m searching for.” (p.22)

³ Coined at the University of North Carolina by Dr. Paul Ferguson (Conversation on October 21, 2005). Dr. Ferguson also uses Narrative Music Theatre, a variation on the term when there is more singing than spoken language.

⁴ Niffenegger, Audrey. The Time Traveler’s Wife. Orlando, FL: Harcourt, Inc. 2003.

victory of love over time in which Henry DeTamble has a genetic disorder that causes him to time travel into his past and future. Clare Abshire meets a thirty-six-year-old Henry in 1977 when she is six, and he continues to visit her from the future until she is eighteen. But when Henry meets Clare for "the first time" in 1991, his 28 year-old self has no memory of the woman who has been waiting for her life to start with the man she loves.

My artistic goals are to adapt a novel for the stage and direct a performance that explores multiple narrative perspectives and a single narrative voice for multiple actors, using chamber theatre techniques. More specifically, I am interested in a performed aesthetic language in which multiple bodies exist in the same time. I call this language the “re-bodying aesthetic”, and it specifically means to render a body into an alternate form. From the moment I picked up The Time Traveler’s Wife, I found myself in what director Ann Bogart describes as “aesthetic arrest”. She writes, “You are stopped in your tracks. You can not easily walk by it and go on with your life. You find yourself in relation to something you can not readily dismiss”.⁵ The Time Traveler’s Wife explores memory, disappearance, and time. I am interested in the ability Henry has to exist in another time and space. He has the ability to be re-bodied: to exist outside his own skin on the other side of his senses and his memory. Therefore, I believe one effective way to explore my re-bodying aesthetic is through a Narrative Theatre with Music production.

⁵ Bogart, Anne. A Director Prepares: Seven Essays on Art and Theatre. London and New York: Routledge. 2001. (P. 63)

History of Project

I discovered my interest in Narrative Theatre with Music as an undergraduate working with Dr. Paul Ferguson in classes exploring adaptation, performance, and direction of southern fiction. In the fall of 2004, Dr. Ferguson invited Shannon O'Neill and me to begin our collaborative journey by working on The Truth about Forever, a narrative theatre adaptation of Sarah Dessen's best-selling novel. In my role as assistant director and Shannon's role as sound designer, we studied the process of creating a full-length show that adapted the narrative voice for multiple actors. Through experimentation with staging and sound design, Shannon and I practiced the method we would use on our project. We had many discussions about how we could use sound design to guide the development of our story. We studied the process of staging the complexities of a bifurcated narrator. After completion of The Truth about Forever I wanted to take my research one step further and seek a novel that was told from multiple perspectives and involved multiple narrators. Shannon wanted to produce an all original sound design and possibly direct live music on stage. Working on The Truth about Forever had laid the groundwork, but we wanted more.

During this same semester I began working on a research project for Dr. Della Pollock's "Body in Performance" seminar. This project evolved out of my interest in researching memory, particularly how we remember human bodies. And yet, as I started to assemble an annotated bibliography, I found my work reshaping itself into something driven by everything "re". "Re" marked a *do over* or an *again*: re-do, re-vision, re-presentation, rehearse, re-member. The language of "re" suggested repetition and the culture of the copy; a culture of cloned sheep and reality television. I was also interested in whole bodies: human bodies, bodies of literature, and bodies of memory. So I focused my research on what I

termed “re-bodying”. And the concept of re-bodying allowed me to conceptualize bodies in alternate forms while responding to the question: *what is the original body and what is the copy?* My research project made me want to find a novel that would allow me to explore the re-bodying aesthetic in a production.

For some time I had been interested in Lois Lowry’s novel The Giver because it offered a narrative voice for multiple actors and the creation of a soundscape to signify remembered worlds. Yet, something was missing. I worked on a scene adaptation of the novel for Dr. Derek Goldman’s directing class, and though it touched on my interests, it didn’t provide the adaptation possibilities I needed. In spring 2005, I found the novel that did.

The Time Traveler’s Wife is written from two perspectives: that of Henry and that of Clare. And because Henry is a time traveler, the story is told in non-sequential order, spanning a time frame from 1968 to 2053. Audrey Niffenegger has written scenes where an older Henry time travels to visit not only his younger self, but his wife as a child. She has written a novel of puzzle pieces arranged only with a warning of the date and the age of Henry and Clare. Immediately, I knew Audrey Niffenegger’s novel was the material needed. Yet, there was a catch: both the movie and theatrical rights had been sold to New Line Cinema.

I began a process mirrored by Clare in The Time Traveler’s Wife’s: waiting. I first contacted Audrey Niffenegger who cordially informed me that my chances looked grim, but that I could contact her literary agent anyway. I sent a letter to the agent (Joe Regal) who cordially informed me that my chances looked bleaker than grim, but that I could contact New Line Cinema anyway. After three weeks of phone calls and a new friendship with the assistant to the Executive Producer of the project, I got a phone call through to New Line’s

legal department. I explained that I was seeking one-time educational performance rights to Audrey Niffenegger's novel and they said they would see what they could do. Two weeks later, the legal department called requesting a written explanation of what the project would involve. One week later an assistant called and asked for my address and fax number. I managed to rattle off my address and explain my lack of a personal fax machine though I was shaking. Before she hung up, I asked if the news was good or bad and all she answered was, "It's fine. You'll see". Thus began four excruciating days of waiting. On Friday, May 14, 2005 a letter arrived granting us one-time theatrical rights to The Time Traveler's Wife. The word "excitement" does not do justice to my mood that day.

Problem

Through a Narrative Theatre with Music production of Audrey Niffenegger's The Time Traveler's Wife, I intend to explore the re-bodying aesthetic and the collaborative approach that brought it to stage. My qualitative study will be both experimental and analytical. Heuristic in nature, my general goal will be to investigate how the process of creating narrative theatre (through adaptation, rehearsal and collaboration with composer/sound designer) contributes to the re-bodying aesthetic. Specifically my research questions will be: 1) How does Narrative Theatre with Music both produce and enable the performance aesthetic I call "re-bodying" (i.e. rendering a body into an alternate form)? 2) How does rehearsal function as a method for studying this aesthetic? 3) How does collaboration with a composer/sound designer enable the adaptation script to capture the spirit of the novel?⁶

⁶ Dr. Frank Galati coined the term "spirit of the novel" at Northwestern University in the late 1970's.

To begin addressing the problems of my study, I will further define what I mean by “re-bodying”. Re-bodying necessitates the question: *what is the original body and what is the copy?*⁷ A simple example would be my adaptation. I am taking a body of prose fiction and reshaping it into a play. The play is not necessarily a copy of the book but stands as another original work. The play is an original filtered through the meanings and associations that I thought captured the spirit of the novel. An audience will interpret the play as an original rather than a copy, yet it is a body rendered into an alternate form.

An actor’s job is to step into the body of another person and make an audience believe they are that Other. As a director, I often tell my actors to “be inside” the character or “to live in their world”. The re-bodying aesthetic provides actors the tool to reach this type of depth empathy.

Another layer of the re-bodying aesthetic involves the creation of a performance. The opening night in front of an audience commonly marks the original event. The company has worked up to an unveiling of *the* show; a show that will be marked as the original. Yet, making performance involves rehearsal. These rehearsals, however, are influenced by what will become the original. So the first night of rehearsal is marked by the presence of something that hasn’t happened yet. The repetition, the rehearsal, comes before the opening night, the original. We are left to question whether the rehearsal makes the opening night performance or whether the opening night performance makes the rehearsal.

Although it is beyond the scope of this study, the re-bodying aesthetic might also prompt us to analyze how the audience will re-body the performance based on the meanings and

⁷ The question is derived from: Schneider, Rebecca. “Hello Dolly, Well Hello Dolly: The Double and Its Theatre”. *Psychoanalysis and Performance*. Ed. Patrick Campbell and Adrian Kear. Routledge: New York, NY, 2001.

associations they received from it. Each person will leave a performance with both similar and different ideas of what it was about. These re-embodiments partly mark who we are and how we perceive the world. Re-bodying bodies is part of being alive, creating identity, and marking the experience, people, and other bodies that we can't live without.

Literature Review

My study of the re-bodying aesthetic will be assisted by a literature review of critical guiding texts. I will read scholars who are discussing performance, disappearance, memory, the culture of the copy and the language of "re". My goal is to connect their bodies of research to the re-bodying aesthetic of my own study.

Consulting texts in order to understand the re-bodying aesthetic begins with one scene in The Time Traveler's Wife. In this scene Henry tells Clare about his mother's death in a car accident. This particularly traumatic event in Henry's life is something he is forced to time travel back to over and over. He explains to Clare that this event has a gravitational pull and is an experience in his life that he literally visits again and again. In fact, he has seen it from every angle at all different ages of his life. This event is not a memory, but a moment of re-bodying, and it serves as a guiding metaphor for my research.

This scene leads me to Rebecca Schneider's *Hello Dolly, Well Hello Dolly: The Double and Its Theatre*.⁸ Schneider contends we live in a culture of the copy; having already cloned a sheep, we are a culture wrestling with the question: what is the original body and what is the copy? Schneider's question provides a guiding metaphor to my work as adaptor.

⁸ Schneider, Rebecca. "Hello Dolly, Well Hello Dolly: The Double and Its Theatre." Psychoanalysis and Performance. Ed. Patrick Campbell and Adrian Kear. Routledge: New York, NY, 2001.

In Mimesis and Alterity⁹, Michael Taussig adds to Schneider's metaphor by suggesting mimesis dances between sameness and difference, being like and being Other. Mimesis is not only about one imitating another being, but it is about being tempted by form and space. The dance between sameness and difference is part of what it means to re-member, re-present and re-body. Taussig implies that we want to exist in the excessive form that Dolly the cloned sheep gets to experience. We want to be caught up in a drama without boundaries, wanting to exist on the other side of our senses, outside of our thought, outside of our skin¹⁰.

Richard Schechner and Anthony Kubiak address this doubling experience in the world of theatre and provide a set of practical tools to an actor's work of re-bodying. Schechner's Between Theatre and Anthropology¹¹ identifies "restored behavior" as a main characteristic of performance. Restored behavior is living behavior that can be thought of as strips that are able to be rearranged, recovered, remembered or reconstructed. For example, actors trained in the Stanislavski method may restore a behavior of prejudice that they have experienced in their life in order to act out their character's prejudice. Actors trained in the Brechtian method may model their character's behavior after someone they have witnessed performing that behavior. Regardless of the method, the actor re-bodies behavior in order to become a character and they must repeat this re-bodying night after night.

Kubiak's essay, *As If: Blocking the Cartesian Stage*¹², points towards the body as "emotion's theatre" and offers the dichotomy between "as if" and "is". An actor re-bodying a

⁹ Taussig, Michael. Mimesis and Alterity: A particular History of the Senses. Routledge: New York and London. 1993.

¹⁰ Ibid, 36-37.

¹¹ Schechner, Richard. Between Theatre and Anthropology. University of Pennsylvania Press. Philadelphia. 1985.

¹² Kubiak, Anthony. "Splitting the Difference: Performance and Its Double in American

character may be acting “as if” they feel what the character is feeling. Or the actor may be recalling real life experiences from their past in order to create the character. The actor’s body re-bodies emotional states in order to play a character on stage. But the notion of emotional states being recorded onto the body is useful in physicalizing re-bodying. It’s why we get goose bumps when we listen to a really scary story; our body is full of remembered experiences that “stage” themselves on our body. Kubiak is talking in other terms about Schechner’s restored behavior.

Herbert Blau’s research contributes to the re-bodying aesthetic by defining theatre’s repetitive body as “ghosting”. In Take Up the Bodies: Theatre at the Vanishing Point, Blau defines “ghosting” as the idea that everything we are seeing is something we have already seen before. Blau writes, “For the ghost is the thing which is only a trace, the origin of the memory from which it appears, a shadow’s shadow”.¹³ Blau’s definition of ghosting extends beyond an actor’s experience with re-bodying to how entire performances can be re-bodied beyond their disappearance. Though a show may close, the traces of it remain in memory.

In chapter seven of Unmarked: Politics in Performance¹⁴, Peggy Phelan contributes to the re-bodying aesthetic by writing about disappearance. Performances never copy themselves, they repeat until they cease to exist. Through the process of forgetting (due to the disappearance), a person re-bodies the forgotten event or person with their associations and meanings that they remember. So to always move towards disappearance, whether writing,

Culture.” The Drama Review, 42.4, (Winter 1998): 91-114.

¹³ Blau, Herbert. Take Up the Bodies: Theatre at the Vanishing Point. Chicago, IL: University of Illinois Press. 1982. (p. 94).

¹⁴ Phelan, Peggy. Unmarked: Politics in Performance. *Chapter 7: The Ontology of Performance: representation without reproduction*. Routledge: London and New York, 1996.

performing, or re-bodying would be to make an original from the repetition, as Schneider suggests.

These guiding texts provide metaphors and methodological tools to the re-bodying aesthetic. As an adaptor/ director following the guidelines of Robert Breen's Chamber Theatre¹⁵, I have found these texts useful in expanding my thinking about doubling. Breen's discussion of bifurcation and the mirror convention¹⁶ provided practical guidelines that enabled my method through the re-bodying aesthetic.

Methods

Literary adaptation for the stage, composition, stage movement, music, sound, lighting, costumes, set design and collaboration will all be methods used in my study. The Time Traveler's Wife in performance explores what it means to re-body. I will be exploring what it means to have the character of Henry DeTamble living in two different bodies. Based on Breen's guidelines, I will bifurcate the narrative voice of this time traveling man into two separate roles: Traveling Henry and Present Henry. This adaptation choice will allow Henry to exist in multiple times and spaces, having to disappear and reappear as a time traveling body. For instance, his older self can time travel back to teach his younger self how to steal. The novel's convention of time traveling allows me to explore an original body and a copy of the body that can exist in the same time. Clare is a character who can only re-body past events through her memory. She can specifically tell Henry about the day they first met in the meadow. Henry's body, however, can actually time travel back to that moment in Clare's

¹⁵ Breen, Robert S. Chamber Theatre. Evanston, IL: Northwestern University. 1986.

¹⁶ Ibid, 8-18.

past. The metaphor of time traveling functions as a framing device for the re-bodying aesthetic.

I will contrast this bifurcated narrative voice by casting only one actress to play Clare. As a first person narrator, she will communicate her own thoughts to herself, and use dialogue in dramatic scenes with other characters. I am also creating a third narrator from Audrey Niffenegger's text: the role of Time. My aesthetic choice to create this character is part of re-bodying Niffenegger's novel based on the associations and meanings that I valued. For me, Time is one of the main controlling forces of this book and though Time is not a dramatic character in the novel, Time is the manipulator of Henry and Clare's lives. Therefore, Time will be able to penetrate these characters' thoughts and will be embodied on stage. A discussion of my adaptation choices in Chapter 4 will contribute to my study of re-bodying.

Organization

Chapter One will be an introduction that: a) explains the origins and history of this project; b) poses my research questions; c) identifies my method of adaptation; d) outlines my literature review; e) presents the limitations of this project; and, f) justifies the study.

Chapter Two will be a literature review that presents current research in performance, memory and doubling that will directly influence the project. Specifically, I will seek works that address the question: *What is the original body and what is the copy?* This literature review will also search these texts for what it means to "re-body" through performance.

Chapter Three will be a co-authored section that describes and analyzes the scripting and rehearsal process as it relates to collaboration with music and sound design. Shannon O'Neill and I will discuss how the development of the adaptation was enabled by collaborating with a

composer and sound designer. We will analyze how dependent the script and rehearsals were on music and how this dependency influenced the re-bodying aesthetic.

Chapter Four will present reflections and conclusions on the use of the re-bodying aesthetic by the adaptor/director. I will draw on the discoveries I made and the possibilities for future study as the re-bodying aesthetic continues to evolve.

I will include three appendices: 1) a copy of the adaptation, 2) my rehearsal journal, and 3) a video of the performance.

Limitations

My scope for this project is limited to the re-bodying aesthetic and the process of collaboration. Though this project involves adaptation of a novel resulting in a two hour performance, I will not seek to answer: what is adaptation? Several of my colleagues have taken up this question and used Breen, Ferguson, and others to further literature on this subject matter.¹⁷ Therefore, my writing will discuss adaptation as a tool (as Breen does) rather than outline how to adapt a novel.

The adaptation will include the performative elements of Audrey Niffenegger's novel that allow the spirit of the novel to play out on stage. The script will be based on my interpretation of the novel, guided by critical response to the novel. I will describe the choices I made in adapting this 536 page book into a two hour show. I will not be analyzing this novel in relation to other novels in similar science fiction or romance genres. I will merely be using the themes of the novel to create a stage adaptation that addresses the re-bodying aesthetic.

¹⁷ Whalen (2000), Spangler (1998), Boylin (1997), and Bird (1995)

My project will not address the subjects of sex and gender. Though I did cast a female to play the role of Time, I will not be discussing the implication of that choice as it is outside my scope. I will also exclude how or if men and women may re-body differently, although I will discuss both male and female actors.

Though I consider music and sound design to be essential to the script, I will not be writing about composing music or designing sound. Shannon O'Neill will describe these methods and together we will discuss how the music composition and adaptation work together to enable the production.

In relation to the re-bodying aesthetic, I will present only significant arguments helpful to the project and not a general discussion of memory, doubling, and performance. I will focus on the theorists responding to the question: what is the original body and what is the copy? I will not seek to prove how my adaptation of The Time Traveler's Wife validates my re-bodying aesthetic, since my project is a single case study and heuristic in nature.

While I may refer to the way in which an audience re-bodies a performance, I will not be conducting pre or post tests for audience response to The Time Traveler's Wife. Research on audience response is outside the scope of this study. I will only be referring to the audience as an example to help define the re-bodying aesthetic.

I will limit my own personal experience of re-bodying to my work as an adaptor and a researcher. As a director, I experienced re-bodying through memories, flashbacks, dreams, lack of appetite, and physical sickness. The show became part of my body and still is. Though other directors may have similar experiences with the re-bodying aesthetic, that investigation is outside the scope of this study. Instead, I will focus on how I observed re-bodying in rehearsal.

Justification

I want to introduce and contribute an aesthetic term, re-bodying, that can help navigate how we perceive certain performance experiences. By exploring a re-bodying aesthetic, I hope to identify a guiding metaphor for how multiple bodies can exist in the same theatrical space. I hope to contribute a set of tools that actors can use to understand their work of navigating self and other.

The collaborative nature of this thesis project is an experiment in making the solitary act of scholarly writing more focused on the inherently collaborative act of making theatre. Though many directors collaborate with sound designers, I have depended on Shannon from this project's conception and I consider her sound design and music permanent parts of the adaptation. Thus, the act of writing the thesis finds its foundation and life in collaboration.

Chapter Two

Literature Review

The current re-bodying aesthetic has been guided by key texts that respond to the question: *what is the original and what is the copy?* This chapter will connect these critical texts to specific moments in the development of the adaptation, in the rehearsal process, and in the public performances. By analyzing Breen, Schneider, Taussig, Schechner, Kubiak, Blau, and Phelan, I hope to further explain how the re-bodying aesthetic served the production of The Time Traveler's Wife.

Re-bodying and Adaptation

According to Rebecca Schneider¹⁸, we live in a time where the fear of doubling bodies is increasing. With the first clone of a sheep named Dolly in 1997, a moral outrage from the National Bioethics Advisory Commission (NBAC) rang out against the human manipulation of time and repetition. Cloning anxiety strikes a similar chord to the medium that constantly manipulates time through repetition: the theatre. The question we explore through cloning and through theatre is: what is the original body and what is the copy?

In a cultural fear of mimesis, we fear a copy will not only sully the original but would then become the original. The cultural fears lead to questioning origins. Schneider writes, “When only the mimic originates, scripting an original through articulating a copy, then

¹⁸ Schneider, Rebecca. “Hello Dolly, Well Hello Dolly: The Double and Its Theatre”. Psychoanalysis and Performance. Ed. Patrick Campbell and Adrian Kear. Routledge: New York, NY, 2001.

authenticity is deranged.”¹⁹ She suggests that in creating a double, we continually jeopardize the authenticity of the original work. In order to create a double, one must break something down in order to make it whole again.

Schneider’s analysis of cloning suggested a metaphor that helped me articulate my work as an adaptor using the re-bodying aesthetic. For example, in the cloning of Dolly, time travel becomes a central frame. Dolly was not cloned from an embryo but from an adult; therefore genetic material taken from a cell must go back in time to the moment of conception. A part was taken from the whole and then made into a new being. The scientists recreated the moment of the birth of this animal: a time travel that recreates an original through the appearance of sameness. Metaphorically, the work of these scientists is similar to the work of an adaptor of literature interested in doubling.

In chapter two of Chamber Theatre²⁰, Robert Breen defines the function of the double in adaptation. He writes, “the function of Chamber Theatre is to use the art of the theatre and all its theatrical devices ... in order to reflect, ‘the sort of world which mirrors itself,’ the world which has already been distorted by the narrative point of view.”²¹ The work of chamber theatre is to hold up a mirror to the world that reflects the doubled images of a narrator’s point of view. I used Breen’s method of adaptation and the metaphor Schneider provides to re-body Niffenegger’s novel.

In adapting The Time Traveler’s Wife, my goal was to capture the spirit of Audrey Niffenegger’s novel. As I was re-bodying characters, scenes and plot, I was constantly considering whether my doubling served the novel. Michael Taussig suggests the magical

¹⁹ Ibid., 97.

²⁰ Breen, Robert S. Chamber Theatre. Evanston, IL: Northwestern University. 1986.

²¹ Ibid., 13.

nature of the copy affects the original in such a way that the representation acquires the characteristics of the represented. So, mimesis “becomes an enactment not merely of an original but by an original”²². I began to dance, as Taussig suggests, between mimesis (sameness) and alterity (difference). Through the re-bodying aesthetic, I crafted outlines to inform my decisions of what would stay the same and what would be altered in the transformation of the novel to the stage.

I first had to decide what the body of Niffenegger’s novel was. So I wrote a paragraph that stated my personal synopsis of the story. For me, Niffenegger’s novel was about the power of love over time. Henry and Clare’s entire lives were manipulated by the challenges of time, yet their love prevailed. My goal was to take a 536 page book and condense it into a two hour play that told this story. Therefore I had to delete, condense and rewrite (i.e. alter) plot points, characters, and scenes that did not focus on this re-bodied story.

Michael Taussig’s work on mimesis and alterity helped me further the operational definition of re-bodying by providing a metaphor that enabled me to analyze the choices I was making regarding doubling. Mimesis is not only about one person imitating another person, but also about being tempted by form and space. According to Taussig, the mimic has the ability to possess a “presence,” a time outside his own grasp and thus he experiences a “spacing out” through mimetic excess (the idea that we can exist outside of our senses). This mimetic excess allows one to live “subjunctively as neither subject nor object of history, but as both at one and the same time”²³. Yet, flashes of recognition of the past are constantly presented in the here and now through memory recall. Though Taussig concerns himself with

²² Taussig, Michael. Mimesis and Alterity: A particular History of the Senses. Routledge: New York and London. 1993. Pg. 79.

²³ Ibid., 255

a social and historical re-bodying, his work relates practically to the choices I made as an adaptor.

Having studied Breen's research on bifurcation, I was able to harness this metaphor into my work. Breen writes, "In his psychoanalytic study of the double in literature Robert Rogers shows that much of what appears to be *intercharacter* conflict in literature can be seen as *intracharacter* conflict – the human mind at odds with itself."²⁴ The technique Breen offers in Chamber Theatre is to have two actors play the same character: one as the protagonist and the other as his mirrored opposite.

For example, I chose to double The Time Traveler's Wife's main character into two bodies. I bifurcated Henry DeTamble into two narrative voices: Traveling Henry and Present Henry. The choice to bifurcate the main character in the adaptation allowed a time traveling man the ability to travel back to himself literally. The choice also contributed a sense of time on stage. Traveling Henry was on stage only when Henry was time traveling. Present Henry lived Henry's life in sequential order and kept us grounded in the present struggles of the DeTamble's lives. Breen writes, "Although each performer clearly stands apart as a human being, there is a sense in which the self he or she represents is only function of the total character."²⁵ Taussig's analysis of mimesis and alterity provided a guiding metaphor for understanding bifurcation in terms of re-bodying. I gave Henry two bodies so the character could experience a simultaneous sense of self and other.

The many choices I made in adapting this novel were driven by the re-bodying aesthetic: an aesthetic that challenged me to dance between sameness and difference. The operational definition of the re-bodying aesthetic was grounded in the metaphors presented by Schneider

²⁴ Breen, 14.

²⁵ Ibid., 19.

and Taussig. The very work of re-bodying is the work of creating a double that harkens back to the original (the novel) through repetition (rehearsal and performance).

Re-bodying and Rehearsal

Performance is always becoming; every play comes into being through rehearsal. In Between Theatre and Anthropology, Richard Schechner introduces what he believes to be the main characteristic of performance and he calls it *restored behavior*. He suggests that humans have the ability to carry multiple and different identities simultaneously. At any moment, a person caught up in characterization, transformation, or imitation can be “not himself” and yet “not, not himself”²⁶. Restored behavior is living behavior that can be thought of as strips that are rearranged, recovered, remembered or reconstructed. Ultimately, performance is this twice-behaved behavior, never happening for the first time, but always allowing the self to act as another. Restored behaviors are also transitional: “elements that are *not me* become *me* without losing their *not me-ness*”²⁷. An actor playing anger can take on physical expressions of that emotion so they appear angry. Yet the actor is always an actor playing upon behaviors of anger. Restored behaviors offer an actor the chance to access a version of their past selves or to access a part they have always wished to be. The actor never fully disappears; he is always an actor caught in a moment of performance. When I (as actor) enter another state of being unlike me, I become “beside myself” or possessed by another²⁸. In this vein, performances are always indicative and subjunctive; one can say “I am

²⁶ Schechner, Richard. Between Theatre and Anthropology. University of Pennsylvania Press. Philadelphia. 1985. Pg. 4.

²⁷ Ibid., 111

²⁸ Ibid., 41

performing” but also “I am performing Hamlet”²⁹. In each case, the actor is caught up in a moment where the self is effaced to the character, but the self never disappears entirely. Instead, the actor’s body changes as he or she encounters the character’s behavior. It is the director’s job to push the actors to discover the restored behaviors and to challenge the actors to re-body these behaviors to create a full character.

In directing The Time Traveler’s Wife, I used Schechner’s restored behavior as part of the re-bodying aesthetic to push the actors to new places of discovery. For example, I asked two actors to restore childlike behavior in order to play children at different ages. Restored behavior aided the re-bodying aesthetic because I asked the actors to make specific choices based on past embodied experiences. In Chapter four, I will further explain how the re-bodying aesthetic worked in directing the actors’ development of physical and emotional states for characters based on re-bodying specific behaviors.

In his essay, *As If: Blocking the Cartesian Stage*, Anthony Kubiak theorizes how mise-en-scene negotiates the understanding of staging identity. The framework of theatre sets up a location of “as-if”... there is just as much going on “off stage” as there is taking place on stage. For example, in a sexually tense scene, the characters might exit offstage to consummate their relationship, and the audience would be left to visualize [or imagine] the action that will take place “offstage”. Though this imaginary action is not really occurring, “a replay occurs elsewhere; an elsewhere forever deferred, never realized – theatre as-if”³⁰. The next scene then plays as though the audience saw the imagined action. In many senses, this theatre is always occurring elsewhere; even when action takes place on stage it is never really

²⁹ Ibid., 55

³⁰ Kubiak, Anthony. “As If: Blocking the Cartesian Stage.” Psychoanalysis and Performance. Ed. Patrick Campbell and Adrian Kear. Routledge: New York, NY, 2001. Pg. 35.

happening, *really*. So what is it we are really seeing? Kubiak poses, “what is the relationship, if any, between the substance or contents of mind, and the world upon which the mind and its content reflect?”³¹ The thing about theatre is that it rests on the premise of something *seeming* to be something. And it is the actor’s challenge to make this seeming real: to make the “as if” become the “is”. I believe the re-bodilying aesthetic is one method of actualizing this challenge.

In rehearsal for Act I, Scene 16, I worked with the actor playing Present Henry on re-bodilying the contents of Henry’s mind so that the audience could see what the character is remembering. In the scene, Henry is telling his father that he has time traveled to see his mother before she died. Present Henry says, “I see her, on a regular basis. I’ve seen her hundreds of times since she died. I see her walking around the neighborhood, with you, with me. She goes to the park to learn scores, she shops, she has coffee at Tia’s. I see her at Julliard, *I hear her sing!*”. When the actor first started working on this speech, he flailed his arms as he spoke and directed his attention towards his father, but there was no emotional connection to the words he was saying. We took an hour to explore what Henry was experiencing in this moment. I asked the actor to stand still and place Henry’s mother in offstage focus. I asked him to visualize her; to respond to her image in that moment and to slowly move towards her. His entire body changed and he found a stillness that brought the emotion from within him, rather than having his body work to retrieve the emotion. The result was that I could see what he was seeing. He re-bodied a memory and brought it from the “as if” to the “is”. Kubiak suggests that for an actor, the body is “emotion’s theatre”, the

³¹ Ibid., 36

site on which desire is enacted. For the actor playing Traveling Henry, this was true. New emotional states were played out from the ones that already existed in his body.

Richard Schechner and Anthony Kubiak provide valuable contributions to an operational definition of the re-bodying aesthetic. For Schechner, the actor uses his or her bodily behavior to create emotional states and for Kubiak, an actor uses his or her emotion to conjure bodily movement. In directing The Time Traveler's Wife, I used both methods to help the actors make body and emotion co-exist onstage.

Though I will further discuss the rehearsal process in chapters three and four, this literature helped me to articulate the re-bodying aesthetic to my actors.

Re-bodying and the Performance

Performance has a hard time with representation because it lives in the present; performance can only be performed again; it can never be exactly repeated. In Take Up The Bodies: Theatre at the Vanishing Point, Herbert Blau defines theatre's doubled body as "ghosting": everything we are seeing is something we have seen before. Blau writes, "All of what is seen is but a mere trace, a trace of an entity becoming"³². During a performance, actors experience the ghostings of rehearsals past. The traces of their learning and understanding their characters through their bodies are made alive for the audience. And the audience believes the actor is experiencing or living for the first and only time. This is theatre's illusion. A character can die right before the audience's eyes, and in this moment he is in fact doing so. For Blau, the subject of theatre is disappearance³³. The actor must

³² Blau, Herbert. Take Up the Bodies: Theatre at the Vanishing Point. Chicago, IL: University of Illinois Press. 1982. Page 93.

³³ Ibid., 299

constantly ask himself whether he will show up tonight. Yet, by showing up, he means to ask whether his character will live on stage in the same way he did the night before. If he doesn't show up the play will not work; and if he does, he must always compete with the ghosts inside his own head. An actor will be thwarted by the thoughts that emerge: *Did I do that speech as well as I did the night before? I missed a line. That sucked!* Blau writes, "The Ghost is the thing which is not-a-thing, like the trace in the unconscious..."³⁴ The actor's body is haunted and strengthened by the ghosts that require disappearance through illusion. The actor must continually use his or her body to show that which was not there before. The responsibility is to create a world, a person and a yearning that did not exist before the curtain rose. Through the re-bodying aesthetic, an actor maintains the tools to live on stage in a manner that makes the disappearance of self the very illusion they are after.

In chapter seven of Unmarked: Politics in Performance³⁵, Peggy Phelan suggests performance is on the move from metaphor to metonym. The body of the performer occupying character, voice or self experiences a disappearance into the representation of art, dance, and character. Performance stages the desire an actor has to been seen by and from within the other³⁶. The performer is caught up in moving the "as if" into the "is" all the while restructuring the relationship between self and other. Robert Breen clarifies that "there is no tragic isolation of the self nor of the object: the object-self-character-actor is capable of metamorphosis, hovering between the subjective and the objective, between illusion and the

³⁴ Ibid., 95

³⁵ Phelan, Peggy. Unmarked: Politics in Performance. Chapter 7: *The Ontology of Performance: representation without reproduction*. Routledge: London and New York, 1996.

³⁶ Ibid., 151

reality.”³⁷ In short, in performance an actor is both self and other, performer and character, subject and object. Phelan offers another metaphorical principal to the re-bodying aesthetic by engaging how an actor is a subject to their own performance. Phelan’s work is useful in understanding that an actor can disappear into their character and yet maintain their subjectivity as an actor caught in a moment of performance.

Conclusion

This chapter fuses literature that helped me hone the re-bodying aesthetic as an adaptor and director of The Time Traveler’s Wife. In both roles I used the re-bodying aesthetic to be aware of mimesis and alterity, self and other. My responsibility in making this Narrative Theatre with Music production was to inspire the actors through the vision of the re-bodying aesthetic and to offer re-bodying as a tool for their work. In the following chapter, I will further discuss how this vision was part of a collaborative journey with my colleague Shannon O’Neill.

³⁷ Breen, 19.

Chapter Three

The Scripting and Rehearsal Process through Collaboration

One aim of this thesis is to connect the solitary act of scholarly writing to the inherently collaborative act of making theatre. This is an act of re-bodying in that we are rendering our collaborative production work as a collaborative written work. Through collaboration, Shannon O'Neill and I produced one thesis performance and two separate thesis papers. This chapter will bring together the words of the writer/director and the composer/sound designer to analyze the collaborative scripting and rehearsal process. Specifically, Shannon and I will examine: a) how the music was written into the adaptation script to advance the story, create connections or create scene; b) where music was used to guide the staging; c) why musical themes were created to represent characters; d) when our collaboration worked and when it broke down; and e.) our collaborative aesthetic. By intertwining the voice of the writer/director with the voice of the composer/musical director/sound designer, we intend to discover more about how the collaboration journey influenced our Narrative Theatre with Music production.

Personal Reflections

Music has a unique power to re-body emotion, thoughts, and memories because it evokes feeling. Shannon O'Neill and I share this belief and we had similar aesthetic principles in making The Time Traveler's Wife. As we charted a plan for the script, Shannon and I took

on separate but complimentary roles. I was the adaptor and would have final say on what scenes from the novel were included and how they would be written. As soon as I began to outline the adaptation, Shannon began to list music possibilities. She was the composer and was responsible for weaving the music compositions into my adaptation script. I used her as a “sounding board” as I developed the character of Time as a guiding narrator. We discussed scenes from the novel essential to the adaptation and how I was planning to write them. When I sat down at the computer to write the adaptation, I was alone, but I was constantly emailing pages to Shannon to find out what she thought. Shannon would continually present music ideas to me, playing a piece of music or singing it if she did not yet have it recorded. We continued to talk about the guiding visions for the script and music.

Our collaboration brought two artistic minds together on a shared work, but it did not require us to craft every moment of the show together. We brain-stormed together, but would then go our separate ways to work. Our collaboration would have failed if we had tried to accomplish every task together. For example, if I had tried to write music with Shannon, I would have inhibited her creative process because I know little about that task. Therefore, it was more productive to discuss our intended aesthetic choices and then do our individual work.

Some of our work as adaptor and composer overlapped with our work as director and musical director. We stated at the beginning of our collaboration just what we expected from each other and what our roles would be. As director, I was responsible for communicating with the actors in rehearsal, staging, and character development. Shannon, as musical director had responsibility for direction of the live music on stage and for producing the sound design. As we began rehearsing we faced significant challenges in negotiating our collaborative

roles, but we continued to learn from each other. To explore the collaboration further, we have chosen to co-write a dialogue. We have written in the vernacular in order to give the reader a realistic glimpse into our communication styles. Our voices are recorded in different fonts for clarity.

Reflections From the Writer/Director and Composer/Sound Designer

How was music written into the script to advance the story, create connections, or create the scene?

Shannon: Music was used as part of the adapted and performed text. More than half was original, and the compiled music was chosen to integrate with the character, plot and action.

Lauren: *Shannon and I used music to both enhance the emotional landscape of the scene and to create location. The music was integrated with stage composition, character development, and the storyline. As we were working on our separate tasks, we talked constantly so that the music and script blended together in a way that captured the spirit of the novel.*

Shannon: Often I would choose music and let Lauren listen to it to see what she thought. Before I even finished reading the novel, I knew that I wanted to include Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade* (*Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel*), a piece of music about a woman's desire for her lover, where the piano emulates the spinning wheel. As I read the scene where Henry's mother died (Act 1, Scene 12), I heard that music over and over in my head.

Lauren: *From the moment Henry's mother's death scene was included in the script, Shannon had a clear vision of what that scene would sound like. I had written the scene to be a long monologue by Traveling Henry that allowed Present Henry to witness his mother's*

death, while experiencing the emotions he felt at the time the event occurred. We needed music that brought the presence of Henry's mother into this scene. The moment Shannon played the music for me; I agreed Schubert lieder was a perfect choice. The music in this scene heightened the emotional stakes for the character. As Henry was talking about the memory of his mother's death, the music re-bodied Henry's mother.

Shannon: At first we were going to use the song with vocals, since the lyrics of the song reminded me of Henry and Clare's struggle to be together. Also, Henry's mother was an opera singer who sang Schubert lieder, so it was fitting that we used Schubert lieder in the scene. After I saw Lauren's thoughtful staging of the scene, however, it was clear that the words that Henry speaks were so important that using the lyrics would be distracting. Thus, we decided to use only the piano accompaniment and not the lyrics.

Lauren: *Without the lyrics, there remained a lack, an emptiness that resonated with Henry at that moment. The scene was simply staged. Traveling Henry was at center stage telling us the story, and his voice was the voice we ultimately needed to hear. Present Henry walked in a circle around the perimeter of the stage, seeing the death from every angle. The music did not overwhelm the moment, but underscored it and layered the emotional landscape in a way that evoked the mother's ghostlike presence.*

Shannon: The way the piano emulated the spinning wheel was an effective accompaniment to the scene, but it did not take attention away from what Henry was saying – it just helped to build tension.

Lauren: *For this particular scene, the music was written into the script early and the actor had a chance to rehearse with the music well before tech rehearsal. The actor said that the music helped him understand what his character was feeling and thus he was able to play*

the scene with deeper empathy and psychological investment. Another way we used music was to suggest locations, such as the Violent Femmes concert.

Shannon: The Violent Femmes were referred to in the novel and we discussed whether it was important to use them in the script. We both felt that it would help to establish the scene and the time period to have Violent Femmes music playing, so Lauren wrote it into the adaptation.

Lauren: *In staging the concert, we wanted the characters to be able to sing and dance with the band. The characters were upstage in a clump, moving with the song and working their way through the crowd. The music not only gave the actors context, but it helped them visualize the band on stage and suggested the high noise level in the club. Also, since the story skips around in time so much, it was nice to be grounded occasionally in familiar places and music helped us accomplish that goal.*

Shannon: My first work was to find a recording of the Violent Femmes live at the Aragon Ballroom in Chicago on December 22, 1991. I was unable to find any record that the Violent Femmes played the Aragon Ballroom on that date, and was therefore unable to find a set list. This gave me a bit more freedom in choosing songs for the scene – my one requirement was that the songs had to exist before December 22, 1991. I chose three specific songs: “Dance, Motherfucker, Dance,” “Blister in the Sun,” and “Add it Up.” “Dance, Motherfucker, Dance” opened the scene.

Lauren: *Shannon walked into rehearsal one day and exclaimed I was going to hate her choice of one song, but to give it a chance anyway.*

Shannon: I came in that day with “Dance, Motherfucker, Dance” and presented it in a lighthearted manner so that there wasn’t any pressure on Lauren to use the song.

Lauren: *In this case, she didn't let me pre-listen, but as we rehearsed the scene she pressed play and all I heard was "When I say dance, you best dance motherfucker." She presented it to me and the cast as experimental music for rehearsal so there was no conflict. We were just playing and trying things out as we usually did in our private meetings. This time we just happened to be working our ideas out in rehearsal. Needless to say, I found Shannon's selection appropriate and the cast absolutely loved it, so this phrase became the transition out of Henry's mother's death scene into the Violent Femmes Concert.*

Shannon: It worked because we were coming out of a dark, somber scene where Henry had discussed revisiting the gruesome death of his mother, and we wanted to dispel that mood.

Lauren: *In a transition meeting, Shannon and I decided that Time would say "When I say dance, you best dance motherfucker!" as the music came in and the scene was changing behind her.*

Shannon: The song and Time herself made a clear distinction between the two scenes and prepared the audience for a vastly different experience.

Lauren: *Some of the more important collaborations happened when music was written into the opening and closing of each act. For example, the first act used music to establish character identity and mood.*

Shannon: The first act opened with the sound of a clock ticking, then blended into the Time theme, and finally transitioned into Clare's theme. We used the Time theme and the ticking clock to identify Time the character. In many ways, the story is about Clare's relationship with Time, so it was important to include all of those themes in the opening to accompany the staging.

Lauren: *As her theme and ticking clock played, Time moved to center stage and took out a pocket watch. The combination of music and staging identified the character for the audience.*

Shannon: The relationship between the two characters led us to combine the themes in the opening scene to establish the main tension of the play (Clare versus Time). The original musical idea was that this was an exchange between Clare and Time. Though Clare doesn't "see" Time, she struggles with it throughout her life.

Lauren: *Clare hummed her theme as she sat in a rocking chair. The motion of the rocking chair accompanied by this theme re-bodied Clare's longing. By juxtaposing the two themes to open and close the show, Shannon underscored the tension that would haunt Clare's life. To close the show, Time's theme ends when the meadow theme reprises. The musical themes ended the journey, signifying that Clare's love outlasts time.*

Shannon: Tracking the journey of the story was essential in collaborating on the ending of Act One. Originally, our impulse was to use the "Time Theme" because Time was in control. After staging the scene we realized that it was more about Henry and Clare finally being together, and we needed to preserve that narrative arc.

We used David Bowie's "Modern Love" to end the act. The lyrics of the song suggest uncertainty and darkness; however the underlying music is upbeat, in a major key, and suggests a much happier mood.

Lauren: *At this moment, Clare is anxious that Henry will time travel and miss their wedding. Onstage, Clare's anxiety is juxtaposed against the excitement of her family and friends. The connection between music and lyrics in David Bowie's "Modern Love" supports the subtext of the scene. As the music changed, so did the staging. When we hear "to the*

church on time” and “terrifies me,” the characters crowd around Traveling Henry. The lyrics preserve the dark undertones of the scene as the characters celebrate that Henry has arrived; that this relationship can work, somehow, somewhere.

Where was staging used to guide the music?

Shannon: One of the clearest moments of the staging guiding the music was at the opening of Act 2. Lauren staged the opening scene as a waltz among Clare, Time, and the Henrys.

Lauren: *I wanted to open the second act with a staging metaphor that moved time forward and gave information about Clare and Henry’s married life. We decided to have Clare and Henry dancing, but Time would cut in. This staging gave the sense that, though happy, Clare and Henry are constantly being manipulated by Time – together and apart with every step they take. In rehearsal we began this staging with a waltz. Shannon saw the staging and immediately began working on a waltz variation of the Time Theme. It set a completely different tone for Act 2. The music added to the staging metaphor in the exact way I had hoped.*

Shannon: When I saw the rehearsal, I recorded a version of the “Time Theme” in 3/4 time, which is the time signature for waltzes. In this sense, the theme was a little more playful than it was in other sections when it appeared in 4/4 time, but it was still the Time Theme, suggesting that even though she was more playful, Time was still in control of the situation. This was emphasized in the staging, as well, since Time controlled Henry’s dancing with Clare.

Lauren: *Another area where the staging guided the music was in the scenes where the boom box was used.*

Shannon: As I watched some of the staging, I realized that the characters could actually interact with some of the music and control turning it on and off. The first instance of this was when Clare and Henry were about to make love in Act 1, scene 4 and Clare turned on Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get it On." The comedic value of this song was more effective when Clare herself turned it on rather than if it was piped through the speakers as underscoring. By using a boom box in the scene, we knew that the characters could hear this music and that Clare was in control of the situation.

Lauren: *We decided to mix live music and recorded sound to guide the pace of the show. Shannon wanted to use a boom box that the actors would manipulate as part of the scene and I really liked this idea. We ended up bringing back the boom box throughout Act 1 and even incorporated it into the subtext of the Proposal Scene. In Act 1, Scene 17, Henry and Clare have a little battle to demonstrate their moods. Clare wants the music loud to drown Henry out while he wants the music low so they can have a nice evening that will lead to his proposal.*

Why did we create musical themes to represent characters?

Shannon: During the script development process, Lauren and I discussed which characters deserved recurring themes and how these themes should be used. Without hesitation we both agreed that Time and Clare should have themes. As we talked about the story correlating with the musical composition, the character of Time seemed to be the person telling Clare's story of longing. Therefore, Time and Clare would have connected themes.

Lauren: *The themes Shannon composed created re-bodying. Each character or place was given presence through music, adding a texture to the actor's work on stage. Musical*

themes enhance the re-bodying aesthetic because they transport an audience into different emotional spaces. One of the characters re-bodied by a musical text was Alba.

Shannon: We struggled with the idea of whether or not Alba needed a theme.

Lauren: *In rehearsal Alba's character arc is less defined than any other. Her identity is not revealed until the second act, and yet Alba wanders through several scenes in Act One. By introducing her theme when she enters, we wrote a musical text for Alba that would layer her character into the story.*

Shannon: Alba's theme established her as a character before she had been otherwise identified on stage. The Alba Theme played whenever she was on stage, and also any time that Henry and Clare spoke of having a child. Thus, we used Alba's musical theme to identify her character.

Lauren: *Music re-bodied Alba because it shaped her character, giving the audience a feeling for her before she even speaks.*

Where did collaboration work?

Shannon: One successful collaboration happened in our discussion and implementation of the transitions.

Lauren: *While we each prepared individually for our transition meetings, true collaboration occurred when we came together. Shannon provided ideas for staging and I gave suggestions about music. Through collaboration we were able to combine and expand our ideas.*

This collaborative energy created many successful moments on stage. The first was the Time theme mixed with "The Itsy Bitsy Spider." We used "The Itsy Bitsy Spider" because it was a familiar children's song that could be manipulated to resemble the dark undertones of the Time Theme.

Shannon: This instance illustrates another way our collaboration was successful. In Act 1, Scene 7, Clare and her friends use Time's hands as the Ouija Board game piece. In the story, Time has crafted this moment to reveal Henry is Clare's husband. As I was brainstorming musical ideas, I thought about using a children's song as a partner to the Time theme to create a dark, creepy feel. I was at a loss for what song would work, but Lauren helped me to figure it out by recommending "The Itsy Bitsy Spider." Her suggestion propelled me to jump back in and work on it, alleviating my frustration. In this way, our collaboration was a great success. Each of us was able to help the other at points of creative frustration by listening to ideas and providing suggestions.

Lauren: I was struggling with the character of Time. In my first drafts of the adaptation, Time only interacted with Henry. Though Shannon was a constant "sounding board" for me, she became a real help when she created a Time Theme. This tune (which she hummed to me in several variations before the final version) was a dark, controlling, strong melody. Inspired by this melody and a week of rehearsal, I was able to develop Time into a more complex character who had a relationship with both Henry and Clare. The music evoked a feeling in me that clarified how I should write the character. I needed my collaborator's music to activate an element of the adaptation that had been out of my reach.

Shannon: Another thing that helped create a successful collaboration is that Lauren and I have complimentary aesthetics and personalities. We were able to balance each other's strengths and weaknesses. Lauren is a calm soul and she often thinks on a more practical level than I do. She is much better with words than I am and she recognizes when my ideas get too eccentric or abstract, and when I need to focus my energy.

Lauren: *Shannon is a person with big ideas and she uses her energy to inject these ideas into her work. When I was hesitant about the practicality of an idea, Shannon encouraged me to think outside the box. She fueled our work with an idealism that pushed us to make discoveries. Together, we worked to establish a medium where we took appropriate risks guided by our similar aesthetics.*

Where did collaboration break down?

Lauren: *Even though our personalities compliment each other, there were times when we were not assertive enough with each other. It was in these moments where we weren't communicating as collaborators.*

Shannon: In the beginning, we were successful in including each other in our decisions. There was a bit of a struggle, though, with production meetings, as I wasn't always included or copied on e-mails. This was not Lauren's fault; other people who helped us produce the play rarely thought to include me. I asserted myself several times so that I could be in the meetings when set design and other topics were discussed. However, the fact that I needed to assert myself placed me on the outside of the collaboration.

Lauren: *I took too much responsibility onto myself to avoid burdening others and therefore pressured others to take on the same responsibilities. From the outset of the project, I denied Shannon the equal responsibility of the collaboration. I found the novel and secured the rights after Shannon was on board, but I wasn't exactly delegating responsibility to her. This power imbalance put us in an awkward situation when we defined roles for the production. I wanted Shannon to share in the creation so this was "our show" and so we defined the roles of director and musical director. The problem was we weren't doing a musical, so I would have to do more work with the actors and devise the stage compositions.*

The actors heard my voice more than they heard Shannon's because I had deemed it this way. So, after the first week of rehearsal, Shannon and I had separate areas of focus. She had music to write and I had a show to direct. We did not articulate what we needed from one another as rehearsal began. There just wasn't time for me to inform Shannon of every little decision I was making and sadly, when I began to make bigger decisions, my habits were already set.

Shannon: Communication also broke down at the end of the project. Part of the problem was that as opening night approached, we were both working on things that the other couldn't help with – I was finishing up music so that it would be ready for opening night and Lauren was solving lighting design problems and trying to make last-minute adjustments to staging. We were, essentially, cut off from each other. Because I was away from the rehearsal room working on music, I did not feel included in particular decisions or kept in the loop about what was going on and I became frustrated. I also believed that Lauren was taking many of the things that needed to be done onto herself, and not letting me know what I could do to help. I realize now that she was just trying to get things done quickly, but at these moments I felt like it was her show and not “our show”.

Lauren: *In the final week, Shannon had stopped coming to rehearsals in order to write music. Because the adaptation wasn't finished until the first week of rehearsal, Shannon had a limited time to develop music with the full script. Her full attention was on music. We were understaffed because we cast our production assistant in a lead role after we had to replace an actor. So I was painting the set, organizing costume lists, finding props, hanging lights and then re-lighting the entire show on top of teaching the new actor all the staging and subtext we had been working on for three weeks. Shannon, in her organized and methodic*

way, had a time schedule for writing music and couldn't put it aside to do all the things that needed to be done quickly. I should have delegated more responsibility and been assertive about what I needed from my collaborator.

Shannon: Another area that hindered our collaboration was the way we handled another voice coming into our rehearsals. In the last week of the rehearsal period we had a director from London critique the show. Unfortunately, most of his communication was with Lauren, and not with both of us. He made suggestions about the music and the sound design, but I was never able to discuss them one-on-one with my collaborator because he monopolized her time. I needed to hear my collaborator's voice in the suggestions and it was not there. I began to feel more disconnected from the production and was resistant to some of his suggestions, partially because of aesthetic differences, but also because I was angry that I did not have the chance to talk to my collaborator for several days. I grew more and more frustrated, but did not immediately say anything. By holding it in, I exacerbated the situation. Lauren knew there was something going on, but I wouldn't talk to her about it. I wasn't sure how to approach Lauren with it, especially with this other director there, and I wanted to make sure I could properly verbalize what my problems were before I spoke to her. This was a mistake on my part because it created more problems than it solved. If I had immediately addressed this with Lauren we may have solved the problems.

Lauren: *One problem with having the outside voice was his misunderstanding of the collaborative nature of the project. I had invited the director to attend rehearsals and give notes, but I did not make him aware this project was based on a more equal collaboration than most director/composer-sound designers share in other theatres. After receiving notes from the London director, I called Shannon to discuss some changes that I thought would*

benefit the production. She didn't explain why, but she was argumentative about the idea of writing new music. She had already scheduled her time and didn't know how to get it done. Her negativity in that moment was hard for me because I needed my collaborator to say, "yes, let's make this the best it can be and we'll get it done." But I felt resistance and a confrontation brewing. The nature of theatre requires adaptability and both of us had no idea how to fix the situation. So, I just had to do my work and she had to do hers. The production opened on time, but the tensions remained until we discussed how we felt about that last week of rehearsal. Though we had an established mediator, we neglected to go to him with these tensions.

Shannon: In our next collaboration, Lauren and I will set our responsibilities more clearly before we enter production. We will take turns warming up the cast so that my voice is heard, and there will be days when I run rehearsal. We will also work on asserting ourselves and speaking to our collaborator immediately when something is not going right. On this project we were apprehensive about approaching each other each because we were afraid it could damage the collaboration.

Lauren: *We will also work on our adaptability to each other. We will understand that there will be last minute changes and that we must support each other through them. Shannon and I have been able to analyze how last minute stress inhibited our collaborative productivity. One specific conflict happened when I made a suggestion about the closing moment of the show. I had received notes from the London director that the music did not match the staging. Instead of adjusting the staging, I was trying to adjust the music. Shannon was committed to the musical ending and did not take the note. In our next collaboration we*

will clearly articulate our reasons for these last minute changes and we will understand how important adaptability is.

Shannon: As far as communication is concerned, each of us will copy the other on e-mails and other forms of communication about the production. This will keep both of us more fully aware of things and help neither of us to feel left out.

Lauren: *We will establish a production meeting schedule where all technical crew are present and in direct communication with each other before rehearsal starts.*

Shannon: When other voices are brought into the mix, Lauren and I will be sure to make time for each other so no one feels left out. We will also make sure that both collaborators are involved when a guest provides critique.

Lauren: *And we will make certain that all outside voices understand the nature of our collaboration and we will be sure that notes sessions include both collaborators.*

Our collaborative aesthetic

After reflecting on our collaborative journey, we defined the collaborative aesthetic that enabled this Narrative Theatre with Music production. We each allowed our collaborator to become a part of our individual processes. Whenever I finished a draft of the script, Shannon offered feedback. Whenever Shannon completed a music composition, I listened to it and offered input. We were able to critique each other by stating what worked and what did not work. For example, I criticized Shannon's first draft of the "Meadow theme" as sounding too much like a polka. Shannon agreed that this sound was not working and she retooled her composition. In critiquing the first drafts of the adaptation, Shannon offered me feedback that a scene with Alba seemed out of place in the second act. Shannon suggested that the scene be

considered as part of the first act. I agreed and adapted this Alba scene into the Violent Femmes concert. As collaborators we were available for input, yet we respected each other's boundaries. Therefore, we were able to engage in a dialogue about the artistic and logistical goals of our production. This dialogue became the crux of our collaboration and we offer the following guidelines to future collaborators:

Do:

- Define roles from the beginning of the project, but be open to your collaborator's input.
- Check in with each other on logistics and delegate equal responsibility.
- Involve your collaborator in ALL communication relating to the project (i.e. emails, meeting with outside voices, etc.)
- Be adaptable to last minute adjustments.

Do not:

- Be afraid to express questions or concerns immediately.
- Forget to use a mediator: a neutral party who can address building tension.
- Deny the spontaneous energy of collaborative brain storming meetings.

Conclusion

In making The Time Traveler's Wife, Shannon and I foregrounded the inherently collaborative act of making theatre. Collaboration guided the production of the adaptation script, the musical composition and the staging. Upon reflection, we were able to articulate how we might approach this collaboration differently for our next production.

Chapter Four

Reflections and Conclusions from the Adaptor/ Director

This chapter will explore how I used the re-bodying aesthetic to make decisions as both an adaptor and a director during the scripting, rehearsal, and production of The Time Traveler's Wife.

Adaptation Reflections

In analyzing my adaptation choices, I have been able to see when re-bodying happened. I have also been able to understand how using the re-bodying aesthetic could have facilitated the writing of the script when problems arose. By reflecting on re-bodying the plot, re-bodying the characters for Narrative voice, re-bodying the characters through combination and deletion, and re-bodying the adaptation, I will clarify how my adaptation choices were directed by the re-bodying aesthetic.

Re-bodying the plot

The metaphor presented by Rebecca Schneider fueled my discoveries of what plot points should be included in the script and what plot points could be deleted. Schneider's question (what is the original and what is the copy) influenced my commitment to preserving the main narrative of the novel.

My adaptation of The Time Traveler's Wife proved to be a much lighter re-bodiment of Niffenegger's novel. The gritty darkness of the novel was given flesh in a way that transformed some of the horrors of Henry and Clare's lives into comedy and intense longing.

For instance, the novel contained more sex, drugs, and violence than the stage play. I did not want to water down Niffenegger's novel, but I had to carefully question how many of these dark and erotic escapades could support the narrative thread of the central love story. For example, the novel contains a scene where Henry is masturbating with himself, literally, and his dad walks in to Henry's embarrassment. Though this scene contains an intriguing dark humor and sets up more about Henry's relationship with his father, I had to leave it out of the script because it wasn't necessary to tell the Clare/Henry love story. The scene where a younger Henry has sex with Clare while his older self is in the same bed was a necessary scene because it marked the conception of their daughter Alba, and helped to preserve the darker side of their love story. Another darker storyline that was difficult to delete was Clare's relationship with Gomez. In the novel, after Henry dies, Gomez and Clare have sex; an act that leads her further into despair. I chose to leave this scene out because I needed to end the story as the novel does: at a point where love conquers time. Henry and Clare had already faced the obstacles of multiple miscarriages, of Henry losing his feet, and of Clare's constant separation from the man she loved. I chose to re-body the hope with which Niffenegger closes the novel rather than to open yet another wound in Clare.

Through the re-bodying aesthetic I was able to select the necessary plot to be adapted into the play.

Re-bodying the characters for Narrative Voice

One of the reasons I chose The Time Traveler's Wife was that it contained multiple narrators. In the novel, Niffenegger allows Henry and Clare to take turns telling the story. I wanted to keep this narrative device intact, while separating Henry's voice into more than one body. In the novel, Niffenegger writes scenes where Henry visits himself, where Clare is

with both Henrys at once, and where an older Henry narrates something that his younger self could not know. Since many of these scenes drew me to the novel, I wanted them to exist fully bodied in the stage adaptation. My original conception for the stage play involved three Henrys: Narrator Henry, Traveling Henry, and Present Henry. My idea was that three Henrys would strongly juxtapose a single Clare, and that she would constantly be pulled between multiple bodies and voices. However, at the first reading of the script, I quickly understood the excessiveness of my choice. The three Henrys were constantly competing with each other to tell the story and in certain places Narrator Henry was completely silent. In the scenes where Narrator Henry was silent, the relationship between Henry and Clare developed with momentum. The *telling* of the story through Narrator Henry was less compelling than the *showing* of the story between Clare and the two remaining Henrys. So I re-bodied Henry once again into a narrative voice for two actors: Traveling Henry and Present Henry.

Michael Taussig's analysis of mimesis and alterity enabled my thinking about multiple narrative voices. The choice to bifurcate a character balances on the understanding of self and other. Henry had the ability to see himself and talk to himself. Therefore, splitting Henry into two narrative voices and two bodies allowed Henry to experience mimesis and alterity because he was self and other simultaneously.

Another challenging element in writing the narrative voice of the adaptation was the creation of Time as a character. Early in my writing process, I decided that the central narrative thread of the novel was the power time had over Henry and Clare. Niffenegger uses time (dates and time of day) to frame her plot points, but she also makes time the antagonist in the story. Time is the power that keeps Henry and Clare apart for most of their lives. I wanted to give Time a body and a voice so that I could literally show the power of love over

time. Though my idea was supported by Niffenegger's subtext, it took me until the second week of rehearsal to fully understand Time's voice and her relationship to Henry and Clare. In the early drafts of the script, Time could convey both Henry's thoughts, but Traveling Henry was the only character aware of her presence. Even after she took many of Narrator Henry's lines, Time remained an ambiguous character because she did not have a relationship with Clare. I needed to re-body the element of time into a human body that could connect to the characters of this novel. After a week of witnessing Time in a physical body in rehearsal, I began to understand that Time was also telling Clare's story. By watching an actor struggle with re-bodying, I was able to understand that Time was constantly in Clare's life, manipulating her thoughts and actions. For instance, at the Violent Femmes concert, Clare becomes paranoid that Henry is kissing Ingrid. Instead of having Clare report her own insecurities, I allowed Time to speak to Clare as if Time was playing on Clare's fears. My rehearsal journal further explores some of the discoveries I made in understanding and re-bodying Time's narrative voice³⁸.

The re-bodying aesthetic helped me conceive multiple narrative voices by allowing me to adapt in the spirit of Niffenegger's novel. I was not tied to Niffenegger's original body of work as much as I was re-bodying the main narrative threads of the novel. Therefore, re-bodying enabled me to bifurcate Henry and create Time as a narrator.

Re-bodying characters by Combining and Deleting

Through the re-bodying aesthetic, I made choices to combine and delete characters from the text. Specifically, I gave Ingrid some of the lines and attitudes expressed by the novel's Celia (Ingrid's girl friend and Clare's friend). Celia and Ingrid shared similar perspectives

³⁸ See Appendix B, p.169 in entry dated September 8, 2005.

and voices in the novel. Therefore, by combining the characters' dialogue in several scenes, I re-bodied Ingrid into a character shaped by two similar characters in the novel.

I deleted Clare's brother Mark, Mark's wife Sharon, Ben (Henry's drug dealing friend) and Kimie (Mr. DeTamble's caretaker who acts as Henry's surrogate mother). These characters were deleted because they were not necessary to the main plot of the re-bodied story. Yet, in deleting characters, I had to re-body certain events of the novel. One of the major shifts in the story was Henry's death. In the novel, Mark (Clare's brother) shoots Henry when Henry is time traveling into the meadow. In the play, Mr. Abshire (Clare's father) is the one who kills Henry. Mr. Abshire was in the scene in the book as well, so I believe my choice was justified because a member of Clare's family was responsible for accidentally killing her husband. In the novel, Clare never implicated her father or brother for Henry's death, therefore my choice had no effect on other plot points or character development.

In adaptation choices such as these, I was able to render a body into an alternate form based on the needs of the story. I did not want to include characters who were not necessary to the story I was telling. As a writer, I was specifically making decisions that would facilitate the directing process.

Re-bodying the adaptation after Reflection

Most of the major adaptation changes were made during rehearsal as the writer (me) was present. But there are segments of the adaptation I would change. The hospital scene (Act II, Scene 14b) is at the top of this list. In this scene, a doctor and nurse enter Henry's hospital room to update Clare on the status of Henry's frostbitten feet. Every time I heard the scene read aloud I was troubled because it told the plot rather than showed it. I wanted the scene to

play like a film where we see glimpses of Henry as he is about to lose his feet. However, the scene presently over-dramatizes the event. I would re-write it so that Time is the one revealing the information rather than the nurses and doctors. Time is the character who is supposed to “tell” the story and she should deliver this scene as she delivers other pivotal plot points. Time could then re-body the urgency of the doctors and nurses without the scene sounding like a soap opera.

Another scene I intend to re-body for plot development is Act One, Scene 13. In this scene, Clare’s blind grandmother meets Traveling Henry in the meadow. I would correct the mid-scene transition from a front porch to the meadow. There are other places in the script where I made the characters travel unnecessarily in the middle of a scene. These moments only provided problems as they translated to stage. If I had been more aware of the re-bodying aesthetic in making decisions about writing location in the script, I would have selected key locations to anchor each scene in. I would have selected five or six locations rather than 12. By re-bodying a specific location, the characters would have been more settled into the non-linear plot because they could ground their body in a situated environment.

As an adaptor I learned about the challenges of writing a directable script. I continue to consider how the adaptation was guided by the re-bodying aesthetic and what changes could be made for future productions.

Directing Reflections

The adaptor of The Time Traveler’s Wife (me) presented the director (me) with multiple challenges. To get the adaptor’s vision on stage, the director had to stage time travel, guide

the characters through a non-linear plot, direct the actors to play a series of ages, and stage a script that had strong screenplay elements (a script with many short scenes that cut from one time to the next). Yet, from the moment I read the novel, I formed strategies of how I would stage this book. By analyzing my directing choices of staging illusions, re-bodying age through a non-linear plot, and re-writing the adaptor, I can see where re-bodying happened or needed to happen in directing this production.

Re-bodying through design illusions

On the first night of rehearsal, I was still unsure of how we were going to make Henry and Alba disappear. I had the cast work through some staging ideas as part of warm ups. Most of their ideas involved either smoke and mirrors or acrobatics. I knew we needed a theatrical device that could re-body time traveling throughout the show. I presented the problem to the scene designer³⁹, and together we brainstormed our way to a solution: using off set revolving panels for character entrances and exits⁴⁰. We designed three 6x10 panel frames that were covered in lycra. The panels rotated on a vertical axis and were set six inches apart when fully flat⁴¹. My responsibility was to use the panels to designate scene changes (i.e. using them as stacks in the library), and to create disappearance. I worked on re-bodying time travel through a design that allowed one character to spin into the scene while the other character disappeared from sight. I directed Henry to either enter through an opening in the lycra if he was crashing into a scene naked to create the immediacy of a time traveling entrance. I directed Henry to exit off stage as the panel was rotating to create a

³⁹ Rob Hamilton, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

⁴⁰ Joseph Megel used a similar set in directing Moliere's *The Miser* and his idea served as a spring board for developing the set we needed.

⁴¹ See illustration in Appendix A, pg. 162-164.

disappearing effect. In the most challenging transitions into time travel, I used Time as a facilitator of Henry's disappearance. For instance, Time would take Henry's arm and spin him toward a rotating panel. Considering our limitations, I believe this theatrical device suggested the re-bodied idea of time travel.

By using design to stage illusions, I was able to make the "as if" transform into an "is". The spinning panels re-bodied time travel and allowed me to render a body into an alternate form.

Re-bodying Age through a non-linear plot

My next challenge was to guide the actors through a non-linear story. For several actors, that meant jumping from a scene where their character is 6 years old to a scene where their character is 38. As I will discuss below, the contributions Schechner and Kubiak made to the re-bodying aesthetic were helpful in directing age specific behaviors for the Henrys, Alba, and Clare. I worked with the actors to use bodily behavior to create emotional states as Schechner suggests and I worked with actors to use emotion to conjure bodily movement as Kubiak suggests.

From the moment the actor playing Alba stepped into the rehearsal room she re-bodied her inner child. We began by experimenting with behaviors that she noticed in children around her and with behaviors she experienced as a child. Her shoulders slumped, her face widened with expressions of curiosity, her legs stomped and skipped. In rehearsal, we worked on creating age specific moments to differentiate Alba the toddler from Alba the 7-10 year old. In Act 2 Scene 12, Alba is a toddler at her mother's art exhibit. I directed the actor to re-body the energy of a child screaming through a crowd because she is too short to see her mother. Instead of having the adult actor walk on her knees through the whole scene, I

directed her to use her physical body to convey that energy. She tugs on Henry's arm, looks up when she is screaming and uses larger gestures to convey what she wants. So, although the actor is as tall as the actors playing Henry and Clare, she re-bodies the behavior of a tiny child needing her mother and her height is less significant. This scene contrasts with Scene 11 where we see Alba as a confident ten year old. Her strides are a little smaller, she looks up at a 45 degree angle instead of a 90 degree angle, and she twists and turns instead of stomps and pouts. Schechner's definition of restored behavior helped me articulate how an actor could recover behavior strips to re-body a character. The actor re-bodied a child fully even during her transitions on and off stage because she lived in the body of the other.

One of the harder tasks presented by the re-bodying aesthetic was directing the actor playing Clare through the ages of 6 to 83. Both extremes were easy for the actor and we created staging that enabled her to use her environment to re-body her character. Clare at six is on her stomach in the meadow kicking her legs back and forth while coloring with crayons. Clare at 83 is in a rocking chair, moving slowly. Kubiak's research helped me to articulate how we could use mise-en-scene to access behavior and emotional tones. The actor used her voice to create different emotional tones for the two extreme ages, but the real challenge came in differentiating 12 to 16 from 18 to 20. We had many conversations in and out of rehearsal about creating different bodily energies for each of these ages. The actor re-bodied how she personally felt at 18 versus how she felt as a 21 year old to distinguish that age gap. She also observed adolescents full of insecurity and budding sexuality to play the ages of 12-16. In Act I, Scene 8, a 12 year old Clare plays Twister in a way that requires insecurity about her sexuality. Instead of portraying confidence, she plays a curious girl wanting to be close to the man before her, but not in direct contact with him. The actor used

exaggerated body language as a youthful kid reaching for Twister squares to create a sense of childlike play. And curled her body into a ball to embody Clare's insecurity at age 12. Triggering these age specific behaviors in rehearsal allowed the actor to live more fully in character.

In Act II, Scene 12b, a naive 18 year old Clare prepares to make love to a 40 year old Henry for the first time. In rehearsal we worked to have Clare "act" old and yet continually break into adolescent behavior. In Clare's line, "You don't remember, we worked it all out the last time you were here; because you said that today is our last day and also my birthday. You don't remember?" I directed the actor to play the first part as an impatient youth, and then to straighten up and act sophisticated by speaking the lines with an adult "proper" tone. In directing the actor, I would ask her how Clare felt at this moment and then I would ask her to put all that tension and anxiety into her body. The actor was then able to re-body an experience from her own life and apply it to playing Clare. Sometimes however, the re-bodying work hindered the growth of the character because we were seeing too much of the actor's emotions or habits. In rehearsal, we had to determine what re-embodiments belonged to the character and which ones belonged to only the actor.

The final transformation of Clare from child to adult happened in Act I, Scene 4 when Clare threw Henry around the bed, becoming a sexual predator. The central challenge in directing the actor through the stages of Clare's life was that her various ages were completely out of order, so we had to talk through the progression of Clare's life and then trigger those re-embodiments quickly and precisely. By directing the actor to engage specific bodily behaviors in each scene, she was able to place herself in the body of Clare at each specific age. On opening night the actor had created a Clare who lived nearly every age with

a different physical and emotional world, charged by the re-bodying aesthetic. These physical and emotional worlds helped the audience understand where the characters were in time, location and psychological state.

The Director Re-writing

Playing the role of adaptor and director could be frustrating at times, but it also had its benefits because the director always had permission to rewrite a scene if it was not working. One scene that was re-written to accommodate staging was Act 2, Scene 12c. In this scene, Clare tells Henry that she slept with Gomez. At the moment Clare mentions Gomez's name, the scene shifts back in time to the morning after Gomez and Clare had sex in 1990. In a film, this scene might have been done in flashback. In the play, I created flashbacks through a series of freezes and unfreezes. Time snaps her fingers and we shift back into 1990. She snaps her fingers again and we are in 2005. This staging required me to rearrange lines to make the scene fluid. Though I tried to be a director in rehearsal instead of the writer, there were moments like these where I allowed one part of me to consult the other part in order to create a better scene.

If I had been directing another writer's work I might have been contractually bound to working through the directing problems while keeping the script intact. But, because I was both adaptor and director, I was able to take short cuts. As the director, I ignored stage directions for many scenes. For instance, I thought a game of Twister would be a more interesting staging idea for Act I, Scene 8 than a game of chess. So I changed the script and wrote in lines to facilitate the game of Twister. In any other production, I would have had to consult the writer, but in this case I was able to take a short cut. I also had the benefit of having one-time rights to the novel without having to ask the source author about adaptation

changes. As the adaptor, I wrote stage directions that other directors might not understand, but I knew I could translate them. As a result, I have gone back to the script to clarify the stage directions should another director work on this script.

Directing Lessons and Insights

One of the most important lessons I learned as a director was that just because I understood something, it did not mean the audience would understand. For instance, one of my colleagues asked how the audience was supposed to know that the first character they see is Time. They shouldn't have to look in their programs to figure it out and thus I gave Time a pocket watch to open as she called the other characters on stage. I learned that although costume, sound and lighting can accent the understanding of a character, the director must reveal information the audience needs from the beginning, as must the play.

As a director I learned from my mistakes more than my successes. For example, during part of the rehearsal period, I relied on the actors to fill in gaps in the subtext. Most of the cast had read the novel and had a good grasp of their character, but there were moments, especially with the Henrys, where the actors were confused. And when they were not asking questions after we discussed a specific scene, I just assumed they knew how to play a line. Specifically, the Prologue was a scene where I thought the Henrys understood their relationship to each other and to Clare. The actors did not ask how their characters felt in that moment and I thought they knew based on how we staged the scene. But on the day of the preview, we worked on the scene and the actors put their words into their bodies. For instance, when Present Henry recalls the memory, "Clare, crafting huge paper sculptures of flying birds," Traveling Henry laughs as though he is recalling the memory too. Though we had talked about their connectivity, both actors said, *why didn't you tell us to do that before?*

I began to understand how important it was for me to never presume anything, but I have not yet resolved how much to say explicitly and how much to hold in reserve. I know I would have spent more time in the first week doing table work and talking through character development. I would have asked the actors specific questions about how they would re-body their character. By spending some time at a table and exchanging ideas, I think we would have had a deeper connection between character mind and body. But because we jumped directly into putting the character in the actor's body, we delayed a cerebral identification that fuels the re-bodying aesthetic.

Another benefit that would have helped character development is if we spent more time working through the characters' lives chronologically. As a director, I should have re-bodied the script for a rehearsal in order to allow the Henrys and Clare to play from their youngest age to their oldest. Though we had discussions of what time they were at in their lives during each scene, it might have been productive to have several rehearsals devoted to this type of chronological exploration. The actors had a more challenging time re-bodying their characters when they were constantly trying to place themselves in a time entirely different from the time of the previous scene. But if we had re-bodied chronologically first, then the actors may have been more connected to their characters' growth from the outset.

Scenes I would like to re-body after reflection

The final production contained unclear staging and if given the chance I would resolve the ambiguity of Henry's death scene. The question the audience wanted answered was, "how did Henry die?" Most people understood he was shot, but post-show discussions and a forum revealed they did not realize it was because he had time traveled back into the meadow where Mr. Abshire was hunting. The most complicated moment of this scene was that Henry

saw his death happen while he was time traveling so he was with Mr. Abshire in the meadow. The adaptation repeated three variations of this scene as the novel did. And each time, I created a specific stage tableau that I hoped would reveal to the audience the importance of this time traveling event. The tableau was a diamond with Clare, Time, Traveling Henry, and Mr. Abshire. The scene always started with the Henrys screaming “Clare!” from offstage. The tableau was underscored each time with a gun shot and the Time music theme. Yet, Henry’s death still remained ambiguous – as it was in the novel. If I had to direct the third tableau again, I would use a device such as Time’s finger snapping to take us out of the New Year’s party and back to the meadow for a longer period of time. I would use re-bodying to further stylize the scene in a way that clearly depicts Henry being shot by Mr. Abshire, while his time traveling self looks on. For example, instead of having Present Henry just see Time, I would have them touch. The exchange between Time and Present Henry accompanied by a clearer gunshot from Mr. Abshire could offer the clarity that was missing.

I believe I can grow from my directing mistakes on The Time Traveler’s Wife. I also believe the re-bodying aesthetic will help me better understand my process and help me better articulate my directing style in future productions.

Performance Reflections

As my actors prepared for the opening night of The Time Traveler’s Wife, I charged them to embrace their ghosts as Herbert Blau suggests rather than run away from them. Our preview performance the previous evening had been disastrous. In warm-ups for opening night, I re-staged the beginning and end of the show. And with twenty minutes until curtain, I pulled the company into a circle and said, “Let’s make last night a jumping off place. You

know these characters. You have been living inside them for a month. You know this world. You have been creating it for the past month. You know the transitions. You know how the panels spin. Now let go and just be inside it. For two hours, let's transform this space into the world of The Time Traveler's Wife and play it like it's the first time." These words were my final plea and my encouragement to the cast to re-body. I was asking the actors to become "other" for two hours and to take the audience with them. I can not presume that the actors took my speech to heart, but that night they embraced a collective re-bodying. They took everything they had learned in rehearsal, everything they felt inside themselves, and everything that was the possibility of what this performance could be. And they re-bodied it on stage.

The next five performances then became about making the illusion happen again and making it new each time. In the thirty minutes between our group warm-up and curtain I would walk back stage to study my actors' preparation methods. Most of them were running lines I had demanded they warm up, or they were studying the staging of their transitions. Some would walk through costume transitions or find a corner to rehearse their longest speech. They were preparing their body for the performance, so that all the details could become part of their collective re-bodying. One of my actors would lock himself in a coat closet. Inside, he would curl into a ball, close his eyes and become his character. By disappearing from the group, he would disappear from this world and enter into the world of the play. This actor was caught up in re-bodying as the actor disappeared and the character was brought to life. The nights where he did not emerge from the closet until one minute before curtain were his best performances. This actor made the re-bodying aesthetic work for him in a way that produced results night after night. Though every actor has a different

preparation method, I believe the re-bodying aesthetic is useful to understanding the transformation of what must happen as soon as the curtain rises.

Though our run of The Time Traveler's Wife included only six performances, each performance was entirely different. There were nights when Present Henry fully re-bodied his character, but Traveling Henry did not. There were nights when an actor dropped a line or a set piece broke. None of our rehearsals could have planned for these moments and yet the company was prepared. They were prepared when wheels continued to fall off our rolling tables and they would improvise *in character* dialogue about these events. As Peggy Phelan describes, the individual self and subjectivity disappeared into a collective subjectivity. Every night costumes were transitioned, panels were spun, and set pieces/props were placed by the cast. Everybody was in the right place at the right time with a sense of new energy in every moment. The company had finally begun to use the re-bodying aesthetic on and off stage.

Though the performance of The Time Traveler's Wife has disappeared from the stage, it exists in memory. Even as I write, I re-body the meanings and associations that remain in my body as part of that experience. Now that the show has closed, I understand that part of re-bodying for an actor is to re-body the personal self after the character is gone. The re-bodying aesthetic develops into a powerful tool for actors because it encourages the act of becoming other and finding self.

Directions for future study

The re-bodying aesthetic straddles the question: what is the original and what is the copy? Re-bodying offers actors a method based on a guiding metaphor. The re-bodying aesthetic

encourages the actor to be aware of self while creating an other. The actor need not personalize (method acting) every choice they make to the point where they become their characters; they need not disconnect completely from the world of their character either. In re-bodying, the actor never fully disappears because the actor's body is caught in a moment of performance where the lines between self and other are blurred. The actor's mind and body connect a feeling, behavior, or environment to the mind and body of their character. In performance, the character is made present in every moment as though the actor is recalling a memory. The re-bodying aesthetic embraces the metaphor that every moment of performance is about the "as if" becoming the "is". Spinning panels become library stacks, bedroom walls, and a meadow. A wooden table becomes a bed. A 21 year old actor becomes a six year old child. A body is rendered into an alternate form.

The re-bodying aesthetic is still evolving from metaphor into practice. Re-bodying began as the work of an annotated bibliography that guided my interest in adapting The Time Traveler's Wife. The work then evolved into a metaphor that allowed me to address the work of doubling. Now, re-bodying serves as an aesthetic that guides my adaptation and directing work. Though I am still fine tuning my aesthetic, I know I will use this research to push actors to make discoveries. Specifically, I will return to Schechner and Kubiak as I work with actors to re-body specific character behaviors. I will use the guiding metaphors presented by Schneider and Taussig to navigate my commitment to preserving the main narrative of a text. I will continue to investigate how Blau and Phelan contribute to the work of an actor disappearing into a performance. Through future study, I hope to expand the range of tools provided by the re-bodying aesthetic and I hope to consider how re-bodying affects the audience.

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APPENDIX A:

The Time Traveler's Wife

By

Audrey Niffenegger

Stage Adaptation by Lauren Shouse

Original Score and Sound design by Shannon O'Neill

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Character Breakdown

Clare Abshire – the wife of time traveling Henry DeTamble. She meets Henry when she is six years old and spends most of her life waiting for him to return to her.

Henry DeTamble is a time traveler bifurcated into two parts: Traveling Henry and Present Henry. Henry has a genetic disorder called chrono-displacement which means he disappears from his present and reappears in his past or future.

- **Present Henry** – the Henry who meets Clare for the first time in 1991 when he is 28 and she is 20. He will be constantly learning about his life as he lives it in sequential order.
- **Traveling Henry** – the Henry who time travels. He will always be time traveling, into his past or into his future.

Time – she is the embodiment of time and is the storyteller. She is the manipulator of Henry and Clare's lives and thus has the power to push and pull on their thoughts.

Alba – the daughter of Clare and Henry. She is also a time traveler.

Gomez – Henry's best friend who is also in love with Clare, but married to Charisse.

Charisse – Clare's best friend. (Doubled).

Ingrid – Henry's unstable ex-girlfriend. (Doubled).

Dad DeTamble – Henry's father whose wife was killed in a car accident. He is also a famous musician (Doubled).

Kendrick – Henry's doctor who will attempt to cure Chrono- Displacement. (Doubled)

Lucille – Clare's unstable mother. (Doubled).

Minor Characters who will also be doubled:

- **Daddy Abshire** – Clare's father.
- **Alicia** – Clare's younger sister.
- **Ruth and Helen** - Clare's childhood friends.
- **Nick** – Man Henry beats up.
- **Catholic School Group.**
- **Party goers** in club, art exhibit and New Year's party.

Time, Place, Setting

The story is set in Chicago throughout the 1990's and early 2000's. However due to the nature of time traveling, the characters occupy time from 1968-2053. Nothing is futuristic. Some scenes from Clare's childhood take place in a Meadow at her estate in Michigan. Clare and Henry are real people, occupying real spaces in a sieve of time.

Design

The set is a bare stage except for three 10 by 6 foot panels. The panels rotate on a vertical axis. When set is a flat diagonal line they will be half a foot apart from each other. The panels will be covered by white and cream Lycra fabric. Characters will sometimes enter and exit through the stretchy material. The panels will spin to create different locations and to enable the disappearance required by time traveling.

The ages of Henry and Clare are projected onto a screen along with the date. The screen is set to one side of the stage so the audience may choose whether to look or not.

Sound cues are noted throughout the script. "F.I." means "Fade sound in," and "F.O." means "Fade sound out."

Illustrations will be included at the end of this script.

SCENE ONE

PROLOGUE

Ticking/Overture in. We hear tick tock tick tock and Time's theme plays.

Time enters and pulls out a gold pocket watch. She motions for Clare to enter. Clare sits at center stage in rocking chair and hums her theme. Present Henry and Traveling Henry enter, standing behind Clare. Present Henry takes the pocket watch from Time and hands it to Traveling Henry.

Time: It's hard being left behind.

Clare: It's hard being left behind. I wait for you, not knowing where you are, wondering if you're okay.

Clare & Time: It's hard to be the one who stays.

Clare: I keep myself busy.

Clare & Time: Time goes faster that way.

Time: How does it feel?

Clare: I go to sleep alone, and wake up alone.

Present Henry and Traveling Henry: *How does it feel?*

Clare: Everything seems simple until you think about it.

Present Henry and Traveling Henry: There are clues, as with any disease,

Traveling Henry and Present Henry address audience as they move in a circle around Clare.

Clare: You vanish unwillingly, without warning.

Present Henry and Traveling Henry: there are patterns ...

Present Henry: exhaustion,

Traveling Henry: loud noises,

Present Henry: stress,

Traveling Henry: flashing lights:

Present Henry and Traveling Henry: any of these can trigger an episode. But,

Clare: I wait for you.

Present Henry and Traveling Henry return to places behind Clare.

Present Henry: All I ask for are humble delights.

Clare: Each moment that I wait feels like a year, an eternity.

Present Henry: A mystery novel in bed, cream dispersing in coffee, meandering the stacks of the library after everyone has gone home.

Clare: Through each moment I can see infinite moments, lined up,

Present/Traveling Henry: And Clare, always Clare.

Clare: Waiting.

Traveling Henry: Clare in the morning, sleepy and crumple-faced.

Clare: Waiting

Present Henry: Clare, crafting huge paper sculptures of flying birds

Time: Waiting.

Traveling Henry: the smell of Clare's red-gold hair, damp from washing,

Present Henry: the softness of the skin under Clare's breasts.

Clare: Why is love intensified by absence?

Traveling Henry: Clare's low voice is in my ear often.

Clare: Why have you gone where I can not follow?

Present/Traveling Henry: I hate to be where she is not, when she is not.

Clare: Why have you gone ... ?

Traveling Henry: And yet I am always going,

Clare & Traveling Henry/ Time: where I/she cannot follow.

Present Henry and Clare are separated by Time as she spins them into the next scene.

<p style="text-align: center;">SCENE TWO Saturday, October 26, 1991 (Henry is 28, Clare is 20)</p>
--

The panels spin into library stacks. Gomez and Charisse bicker in whispers as they search for a book. Alba walks through scene. Overture out.

Time: You have never been in the Newberry Library before.

Clare: *(To librarian)* I'm writing a paper for an art history class ... my research topic is Kelmscott Press *Chaucer*.

Present Henry: I'm at work in a small windowless humidity controlled room on

Librarian and Present Henry: The Fourth Floor

Present Henry: feeling bored and sorry for myself,

Time: in a way only a twenty eight year old librarian can after staying up half the night drinking over priced vodka

Present Henry: trying to win back the good graces of Ingrid Carmichael.

Clare goes to library catalogue. Henry is on the other side organizing the cards. They mirror pulling and pushing drawers.

Time: You spent the entire evening fighting...

Present Henry: I can't even remember what we were fighting about.

Clare: I can't find what I'm looking for because

Clare: *(together)* The catalogue is so confusing.

Present Henry: *(together)* The catalogue is so dull.

Present Henry: My head is throbbing.

Clare: I need help.

Present Henry: I need coffee.

Clare and Present Henry both pick up speed around catalogue and slam into each other.

Time: Calm, clothed, younger than you have ever seen him...

Clare: Here is ...

Present Henry: this astoundingly beautiful amber haired tall slim girl looking at me as though I was her personal Jesus.

Time: Henry, standing in front of you, in the present.

Present Henry: Lord only knows what I have said, done, or promised this luminous creature ...

Time and Clare: Here and Now.

Present Henry: So I am forced to say in my best librarianese — Is there anything I can help you with?

Clare: I can barely refrain from throwing my arms around him.

Present Henry: And the girl sort of breathes,

Clare: Henry!

Present Henry: in this very evocative way that convinces me at some point in time

Time: some future self of his has met this radiantly happy girl standing in front of him.

Present Henry: Have we met?

Time: You asshole.

Clare: The last time I saw you, you were sucking my toes at the meadow.

Present Henry: I'm sorry I ...

Clare: I am in love with this man ...

Present Henry: (*overlapping*) Don't know anything about her.

Clare: (*overlapping*) No memories of me at all.

Present Henry: (*overlapping*) Not even her name.

Clare: I'm Clare Abshire. I knew you when I was a little girl.

Present Henry: She is glowing at me

Time: although you are unshaven and hung over...

Clare: Come have coffee with me or dinner or something ... — Surely he has to say yes,

Time: this Henry who loves you in the past and the future must love you now
F.I. "Happy Clarinet Meadow"

Clare: and to my immense relief

Present Henry: I accept.

SCENE THREE

Friday, September 23, 1977 (Henry is 36, Clare is 6)

F.O. "Happy Clarinet Meadow"

Time: In the meadow,

Traveling Henry: I wait slightly outside the clearing,

Time: Naked

Traveling Henry: Because the clothes Clare keeps for me in a box under the stone

Time: Are not here ...

Traveling Henry: which means I have arrived

Time and Traveling Henry: in a time before Clare and I/you have met.

Clare enters, humming the Itsy Bitsy Spider. She lays out a colorful beach towel/blanket, crayons and starts to color.

Time and Traveling Henry: Clare!

Traveling Henry finds a new hiding place.

Traveling Henry: She is very young.

Time: She's six.

Traveling Henry: She's obviously not waiting for me.

Time: You're a thirty-eight year old stranger. I'm sure the first thing you learn in first grade is not to have any truck with stranger who

Traveling Henry: Shows up naked in your favorite secret spot

Time: and knows your name and tells you not to tell your m ...

Clare: Who's there?

Time: *(trailing off)* Mom and Dad ...

Traveling Henry: She looks like a really pissed off goose,

Time: all neck and legs

Traveling Henry: Greetings Earthling!

Clare: Mark, you

Clare & Time: Nimrod!

Clare picks up a shoe and hurls it at Present Henry to Time's delight.

Traveling Henry: *(in pain)* Please don't do that ...

Time: Clare is frightened now ...

Clare: Who is it?

Traveling Henry: Henry ...

Clare: Where's my brother?

Traveling Henry: Mark's not here. Now Clare, I won't hurt you so please don't throw anything else at me ...

Clare: Why do you know my name?

Time: The whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Traveling Henry: I came from the future. I am a time traveler. In the future we are friends ...

Clare: People only time travel in movies!

Traveling Henry: That's what we want to believe ...

Clare: Why?

Traveling Henry: If everyone time traveled it would get too crowded ...

Clare: Come out!

Traveling Henry: Loan me your beach towel ...

Clare chucks the beach towel at him. Henry comes out wrapped in the towel. F.I. "Happy Clarinet Meadow"

Time: Exactly the sort of thing you want to be wearing when you meet your wife for the first time!

SCENE FOUR

Saturday, October 26, 1991 ... first date, later that evening.

Present Henry and Clare are drinking wine on his couch/bed, relaxed. F.O. "Happy Clarinet Meadow".

Clare & Time: And that was the first time ...

Present Henry: Have I, uh, ever (*Rethinks what he is going to say*) met any of your family?

Clare: You met my Grandma Meagram right before she died, but she was pretty much blind by then. She was the only person I ever told about you. She knew we were going to get married and she wanted to meet you.

Present Henry chokes a little on his wine.

Present Henry: Married?! I mean are we going to get married?

Clare: I assume so. You've been telling me for years that whenever it is you're coming from, you're married to me.

Present Henry: This is too much.

He closes his eyes and breathes heavy. F.I. "Time Theme"

Time: The last thing you want is to lose grip on the here and now.

Fade sound down.

Clare: Henry? Henry, are you okay?

Time approaches him, and he keeps her at a distance. F.O. "Time Theme"

Clare: I'm sorry. I just can't get used to this. All my life you've been the one who knew everything and I sort of forgot that tonight maybe I should go slow.

Present Henry: Clare?

Clare: Yes?

Present Henry: Could we back up? Could we pretend this is a normal date between two normal people?

Clare reaches over and touches Henry's cheek.

Clare: It's just so good to see you ...

Present Henry throws his guard out the window and pulls her into a kiss which becomes hot and heavy fast.

Time: It's a very ... compatible kiss.

Present Henry: I wonder just exactly what we've been doing in this meadow of Clare's.
Present Henry moves his hand towards Clare's breast.

Time: Push the thought away...
Present Henry retracts his hand and pulls himself away to cool down.

Clare: Poor Henry.

Present Henry: Why poor Henry?
Clare presses play on boom box and Marvin Gaye's "Let's Get It On" plays.

Clare: I'm finding this evening highly entertaining. ... finding out where you live and what you do and what you wear.

Present Henry: Voila.
Clare flips him so she is now on top of him.

Present Henry: Clare?

Clare: Oui.

Present Henry: It seems a shame to gobble everything up all at once ... I mean a little anticipation ...

Clare: I'm sorry! But in my case I've been anticipating for years.

Present Henry: I now have an erection

Time: that is probably tall enough to ride some of the scarier rides at Great America without a parent.

Present Henry: You get your way a lot, don't you?

Clare: Always. Except you have been mostly impervious to my wheedling ways.

Present Henry and Time: To hell with virtue ...

Present Henry: I have figured out the mechanics of her dress.

SCENE FIVE

Sunday, June 16, 1968 (Traveling Henry is 24 and Present Henry is 5)

Time and Traveling Henry: The first time was magical.

Traveling Henry: How could I have known what it meant?

Time: It was your fifth birthday and your parents had taken you to the Field Museum of Natural History. But you had to leave early and all you wanted to do was go back.

Traveling Henry: Now where was I when I saw me? Henry ... Henry.

Present Henry enters from the shadows, covering himself.

Traveling Henry: It's okay Henry. I'm your guide. I'm here to show you around. I brought you a t-shirt so you won't get cold. Here, Catch.

We see Present Henry putting the too large dinosaur t-shirt on ... it comes down to his knees.

Traveling Henry: Everything changed, starting ...

Time: Now.

Present Henry: Who are you?

Traveling Henry: I have been sent here to give you a tour. My name is also Henry. Would you like a cookie? I always like to eat cookies when I look around museums. It makes it more multi-sensory.

Present Henry: *(mouthful of cookie)* Where's my mom?

Traveling Henry: She's at home.

Present Henry: But how did I get here?

Traveling Henry: Well, that's a secret. If I tell you, you have to swear not to say anything to anyone.

Traveling Henry nods.

Traveling Henry: Cross your heart and hope to die?

Present Henry: Uh-huh ...

Traveling Henry: Here's how it is ...

F.I. "Henry Travels to Self (HTTS)"

Time and Traveling Henry: you time traveled.

Traveling Henry: You were in your bedroom and all the sudden, poof! You are here and it's a little earlier in the evening so we have plenty of time to look at everything before you have to go home. Does that make sense?

Present Henry: But, ... why?

Traveling Henry: Well, I haven't figured that out yet. But I'll let you know when I do.

SCENE 5b

At center stage Clare is waking up. F.O. "HTTS"

Time: For a moment you forget where you are,

Clare turns.

Clare: But there's Henry, making coffee. So simple, as though I've been doing this all my life. Here we are.

Time: Here and Now.

Clare: Finally now.

Clare gets out of bed and goes to bathroom.

Time: There are two toothbrushes in the white porcelain toothbrush holder.

Clare: *(she opens the medicine cabinet)* ... razors, shaving cream, Tylenol, a blue marble?, deodorant, aftershave, tampons?, and lipstick!...

Ingrid enters as though Clare is staring in a mirror ... she wears the red lipstick.

Clare: The lipstick is a

Clare and Ingrid: very dark red.

Present Henry: *(now sitting up in bed)* Does it bother you?

Clare studies the lipstick on Ingrid's mouth.

Present Henry: Yes, it does. It does bother you. It was almost over anyway.

Clare: Almost?

Present Henry: I was about to break up with her. It's just bad timing. Or good timing, I don't know

Time: He's trying to read your face ... for what, forgiveness?

Clare: How could he know?

Present Henry: We've sort of been torturing each other for a long time. Do you want to know?

She studies Ingrid again.

Clare: No.

Ingrid exits slowly, fading into the background.

Present Henry: Thank you. I'm sorry. I didn't know you were coming or I'd have cleaned up a little more. My life, I mean, not just the apartment.

Clare takes coffee mug from Henry.

Present Henry: Am I very different? Than you expected?
Clare: Yes you're more ...
Time: selfish?
Clare: ... Younger.
Present Henry: Is that good or bad?
Clare: Different.
Clare & Time: Now everything begins.

SCENE SIX

Saturday, November 30, 1991 (Henry is 28, Clare is 20)

*Present Henry, dressed up with flowers and wine stands at door.
During transition Charisse brings on boom box playing Fine Young
Cannibals "She Drives Me Crazy"*

Time: Clare has invited Henry to dinner at her apartment.

Present Henry: (as if remembering) Charisse,

Time: Clare's roommate

Present Henry: and Gomez,

Time: Charisse's boyfriend will also be dining.

He presses the buzzer that makes a horrible sound and then:

Gomez: Welcome Library boy!

Present Henry: For a person named Gomez, he looks very ...

Time: Polish. His real name is Jan Gomolinski.

Present Henry: Comrade!

*He hands him the flowers and the wine. Loud Music comes from the
kitchen (Drive Me Crazy).*

Gomez: My kittens, I brought you a new toy. It answers to the name Henry but
you can call it Library Boy.

Charisse: Oh Gomez, do shut up. Hello Henry, I'm Charisse Bonavant. Please
ignore Gomez, I just keep him around to lift heavy objects.

Gomez: And sex. Don't forget the sex. Beer?

*Henry nods and takes a beer then goes to greet and kiss Clare on the
cheek.*

Present Henry: The kitchen looks like a Pillsbury dough factory has exploded in it.

Time: Clare doesn't know how to cook.

Clare: It's a work in progress.

Charisse: It's an installation piece.

Gomez: Are we going to eat it?

Present Henry: Do any of you know how to cook?

They all look at each other and then:

Clare, Charisse & Gomez: No.

Clare: Gomez can make rice.

Charisse: Only Rice-A-Roni.

Gomez: Clare knows how to order pizza.

Clare: And Thai. I can order Thai too.

Gomez: Charisse knows how to eat.

Clare & Charisse: Shut up Gomez.

Present Henry: Well, uh, what was that going to be?

Time: (*looking at cookbook*) Chicken and Shittake Risotto with winter squash and pine nut dressing. It's from Gourmand.

Present Henry: (*looking of Time's shoulder*) Do you have all the stuff?

Clare: The shopping part I can do ... it's the assembly that perplexes.

Present Henry: I could make something out of this.

Gomez: It cooks! Dinner is saved. Have another beer!

Clare: You're not mad?

Henry kisses Clare a tad longer than what is really polite in front of other people.

Present Henry: Give me an apron... (*He throws off jacket and rolls up sleeves*). You Gomez- open that wine.

Gomez: No problemski!

Present Henry: Clare, clean up all the spilled stuff, it's turning to cement. Charisse would you set the table?

Time: One hour and forty three minutes later,

Present Henry, Clare, Charisse & Gomez: (*sloppily and not fully together*) we are sitting around the dining room table eating Chicken Risotto Stew with Pureed squash. Everything has lots of butter in it. We are all drunk as skunks.

Charisse: As skunks!

Gomez: To the Revolution.

Present Henry: The revolution?

Gomez: The one where the proletariat rises up and the rich get eaten and capitalism is vanquished in favor of a classless society.

Present Henry: Oh that one! That seems rather hard on Clare and her family.

Charisse: We aren't really going to eat the rich. We are just going to redistribute their assets.

Clare is uncomfortable.

Present Henry: What about first we kill all the lawyers.

Gomez: No, you can't do anything without lawyers ... the revolution would get all balled up in ten minutes if lawyers weren't there to keep it in line.

Clare: But my dad's a lawyer so you can't eat my family after all.

Gomez: He's the wrong kind of lawyer. He does estates for rich people. I, on the other hand, represent the poor oppressed children —

Charisse: Oh shut up Gomez, you're hurting Clare's feelings.

Present Henry: What about the Categorical Imperative?

Gomez: Say what?

Present Henry: The golden rule! Don't eat other people unless you are willing to be eaten!

Clare: I'm going to clear the table.

Gomez: I'll help you.

As Clare walks into the kitchen she staggers forward and Gomez grabs her. They stand pressed together, his hands on her waist.

Gomez: You're drunk Clare.

Clare: I know, so are you.

Gomez's breath tickles Clare's ear.

Gomez: He's the same guy.

Clare: What do you mean?

Gomez: That guy I warned you about. Henry- he's the guy

Charisse and Henry enter with more dishes, etc.

Charisse: Can we help?

Gomez and Clare separate quickly.

Present Henry: There's something about this guy that bugs me. I know I've ...

Time: Seen him before?

Present Henry: You look very familiar.

Gomez: Mmmm, yeah. I think we've seen each other around.

Present Henry: *(to Gomez)* Iggy Pop at the Riviera theatre?

Time: He looks startled.

Gomez: Yeah, you were with that blond girl, I always used to see you with... Ingrid Carmichael.

Gomez smiles at Clare. She looks away, but not at Henry.

Charisse: You saw Iggy without me?

Gomez: You were out of town.
Clare looks at Gomez again. Awkward.

Charisse: I miss everything! I missed Patti Smith and now she's retired ...
I missed Talking Heads ...

Present Henry: Patti Smith will tour again ...

Charisse: How do you know?
Clare and Present Henry exchange glances.

Present Henry: Just guessing.

Time: The evening winds down without much further ado
Clare walks Henry out.

Clare: I'm sorry.

Present Henry: Oh, not at all. It was fun. I didn't mind cooking.

Clare: No,
Clare's looking at her shoes.

Clare: about Gomez.

Present Henry: *(wrapping his arms around Clare)* What about Gomez?

Time: Something on your mind?

Clare: *(shrugs)* It'll be okay.
They hold each other for a moment and Clare turns to go. Quick In:
"Time Theme 90 BPM"

SCENE SEVEN

Thursday, June 7, 1973 (Henry is 27 and 9)

Saturday, May 14, 1983 (Clare is 11)

Older Henry teaches younger Henry how to steal. Use audience members. Clare and friends are center stage around Ouija board, humming "The Itsy Bitsy Spider" in a minor key in tandem with the "Time Theme 90 BPM". Time is Ouija Board. Music out as girls put down their seats and sit.

Traveling Henry: It's not so hard. Now pay attention.

Helen: Here Clare, you and Ruth try.

Traveling Henry: Look for someone who is distracted. Figure out where the wallet is. Most men use their back pocket. With women you want the purse behind their back.

Clare: I don't know what to ask.

The girls all laugh.

Present Henry: I saw a movie where they practiced with a suit of little bells ...

Traveling Henry: Yeah. You can try that at home. Now follow me.

Time: How many possible questions are there?

Clare: Is Mama going to be okay? Why was Daddy yelling at Mark this morning? Is Henry a real person?

Ruth: What boys like Clare?

Clare gives a mean look but puts her hand on the board anyway.

Traveling Henry bumps into woman audience member and "steals" her wallet.

Traveling Henry: I'm so sorry, forgive me, I wasn't looking. Are you alright?
I smile and walk, walk ... (*shooing younger self along*)

The girls move Time's hands.

Present Henry: That was weird, Why'd she look at you like that?

Traveling Henry: She's lonely.

Time and Clare: H.

Traveling Henry: Okay, now you try.

Clare and Time: E, N

Present Henry: I can't.

Clare and Time: R, Y.

Traveling Henry: Sure you can. Look around. Find someone.

All girls: Who's Henry?

Present Henry: Not here.

Traveling Henry: I remember this all vividly. I was totally terrified.
I'm smiling because I know what comes next.

Helen: Come on Clare, ask, "Ouija, who is Henry?"
Traveling Henry approaches a man in audience with the wallet they just pilfered.

Traveling Henry: Sir is this yours?
In the distraction, Present Henry has lifted the Man's wallet and passes it to Traveling Henry.

Clare and Time: H

Clare and Girls: again?!

Present Henry: I did it!

Clare and Time: U ...

Traveling Henry: ... You were brilliant!

Clare and Time: S, B

Present Henry: Henry, I don't like to time travel by myself. It's better with you.

Clare and Time: A, N

Present Henry: Can't you always come with me?

Traveling Henry: Poor small self: he is waiting for an answer and

Clare and Time: D ...

All girls: HUSBAND?

Traveling Henry: I know what I have to tell him.

Clare: I'm not married. I'm only eleven!

Traveling Henry: I reach out and gently turn him to the mirror. — Look. — (*F.I.*
"HTTS") I pull my hair back from my face to show him the scar from the accident.
Traveling Henry mimics his gesture ... both touch the scars.

Present Henry: It's just like mine. How did you get it?

Traveling Henry: The same as you. It is the same ...

Ruth: But who is Henry?

Traveling Henry: We are the same.

Clare: Husband?

Traveling Henry: I didn't understand

Present/Traveling Henry: and then I did.

Clare: Husband.

Traveling Henry: I want to be both of us at once,

Time: losing the edges of yourself... seeing the admixture of future and present for the first time,

Traveling Henry: remembering and knowing that my friend my guide, my brother was ...

Present Henry: You're me

Traveling Henry: When you are older.

Present Henry: But ... what about the others?

The girls giggle again at a sheepish Clare.

Traveling Henry: (*Shaking his head*)
Only me.

Traveling Henry disappears. Quick Out "HTTS"

Present Henry: Only me?

Time: And the loneliness of it.

(F.I.) "Low Clarinet Meadow"

SCENE EIGHT

April 12, 1984 (Henry is 36, Clare is 12)

Clare takes off her shoes and joins Traveling Henry playing Twister in the meadow. Time moves arm as spinner.

Clare: You're making me into a freak.

F.O. "Low Clarinet Meadow"

Traveling Henry: Uh, no I'm not.

Clare and Time: You are so.

Traveling Henry: Am not ... I'm not making you into anything.

Clare: Yu huh, like telling me I like coffee with cream and sugar.

Traveling Henry: That's just personal taste.

Clare: But how am I going to figure out if that's what I like or if I just like it because you tell me to like it?

Traveling Henry: It's all got to do with free will, Clare.

Clare: I thought free will had to do with sin.

Clare falls.

Traveling Henry: No, why should free will be limited to right and wrong? I mean, you just decided of your own free will to take your shoes off. (*Clare looks at shoes.*) It's not sinful or virtuous and it doesn't affect the future, but...

Clare: But sometimes you tell me something and I feel like the future is already there, you know? Like my future has happened in the past and I can't do anything about it.

Traveling Henry: It's like this ... who's your favorite Beatle?

Clare: I like Paul best.

Traveling Henry: See, a choice, free will.

Clare: Who do you like?

Traveling Henry: John of course.

Clare: No I mean who do you like, like now?

Traveling Henry: Is twelve too young?

Time: Better to have her fantasizing about beautiful unattainable Paul McCartney than to have to contend with

Time and Traveling Henry: Henry the Time Traveling Geezer.

Henry falls.

Clare: Henry?

Traveling Henry: Yeah?

Clare: Are you married?

Traveling Henry: Yes.

Clare: To who?

Traveling Henry: A very beautiful, patient, talented, smart woman.
Clare's face falls.

Clare: Oh, that's nice.

Traveling Henry: What's wrong?

Clare: Nothing. Your turn.

Time: Right foot on blue.

Clare: Am I married?

Traveling Henry: You're pushing your luck today.

Clare: Why not? You never tell me anything anyway. Come on Henry, tell me if I'm going to be an old maid.

Traveling Henry: You're a nun.

Clare: Boy I hope not. Okay so how did you meet your wife?

Traveling Henry: Sorry. Top secret information.

Clare: Were you time traveling? When you met her?

Traveling Henry: I was minding my own business.

Clare: It's not fair that you know everything about me but you never tell me anything about you.

Traveling Henry: True. It's not fair.

Clare: Is your wife a time traveler too?

Traveling Henry: Nope. Thank god.

Clare: Why 'thank god'? I think that would be fun. You could go places together.

Traveling Henry: One time traveler per family is more than enough. It's dangerous Clare.

Clare: Does she worry about you?

Traveling Henry: Yes. She does.

Clare: Do you love her?

Traveling Henry: Very much.
They are face to face.

Time: She's a child and then she isn't.

Traveling Henry: Clare, what's wrong?

Clare: It's just that I thought maybe you were married to me.

Traveling Henry: For just a moment I forget that she is young,

Time: that this was long ago;

Traveling Henry: I see Clare, my wife, superimposed on the face of this young girl and I don't know what to say to this Clare

Time: who is old and young and different from other girls,

Time & Traveling Henry: who knows that different might be hard.

In: "Ticking/Low Ominous Sound"

SCENE NINE

Saturday, October 27, 1984 (Clare is 13, Henry is 43)

Red light sets the stage and grows deeper in color as the scene progresses. We hear a gunshot and then:

Present Henry and Traveling Henry offstage: CLARE!

Clare wakes up suddenly

Time: There's a noise. Someone's calling your name.

Daddy Abshire, Time and Traveling Henry create diamond around Clare. All off-stage focus.

Clare: Henry!

F.O. "Ticking/Low Ominous Sound"

Time: What if it was Henry? Where is he?

Clare: There's Daddy in his hunting clothes and there's a man with him. What is Henry doing with Daddy?

Mr. Abshire: Sweetheart, what are you doing out here so early?

Clare: I heard my name.

Time: You look at Henry to see if he will explain ...

But he just shakes his head and puts his finger to his lips.

Traveling Henry: Shhh, don't tell Clare.

Clare: I want to see what you're looking at.

Mr. Abshire: Go back to bed Clare, it was just a dream.

Traveling Henry: It's okay Clare, I'll explain later.

Mr. Abshire: Go on Clare, go back to bed.

Time: You look back again but you don't see Henry.

Clare: I still don't know what just happened,

Time: but you know it was bad.
It was very, very bad.

In: "Shit Kickin' Music"

SCENE TEN

Saturday, December 14, 1991 (Traveling Henry is 36)

Traveling Henry is punching Nick. He is dressed in jeans and baby blue sweater with ducks on it and a neon red down vest with pink tennis shoes.

Traveling Henry: I'm stomping the living shit out of a large drunk suburban guy who called me a faggot and then tried to beat me up to prove his point.

Time: We are in the alley next to the Vic theatre.

Traveling Henry: I'm having a rotten evening and this fool ...

Time: Is taking the brunt of your frustration.

Gomez: Hey Library boy!

"Shit Kickin' Music" Out. Traveling Henry puts Nick down and turns.

Traveling Henry: Comrade. How goes it?

Gomez: Gee, ah, I don't want to disturb you or anything, but that's a friend of mine you're dismembering there.

Traveling Henry: *(To Time)*
Oh surely not.
(Time nods and Henry addresses Gomez)
Well, he requested it. Just walked right up to me and said, 'Sir, I urgently need to be firmly macerated'.

Gomez: Oh. Well, hey, well done. Fucking artistic actually.

Traveling Henry: Thank you.

Gomez: Do you mind if I just scoop up ol' Nick here and take him to the hospital?

Gomez struggles to pick Nick up.

Traveling Henry: Be my guest. — Gomez?

Gomez: *(lugging Nicks body offstage)* Yeah?

Traveling Henry: What's the date?

Gomez: December 14.

Traveling Henry: What year?

Gomez: 1991. You must be drunker than you look.

Gomez exits with whimpering Nick in fireman's carry.

Time: Today is ...

Traveling Henry: not that long after Clare and I started dating,

Time: therefore

Traveling Henry: Gomez and I hardly know each other.
Gomez reappears. And they walk together.

Gomez: I made Trent deal with it. Nick's his brother. He wasn't best pleased. Forgive me for asking dear Library boy but why on earth are you dressed like that?

Time: Really, its not surprising that someone would feel they needed to hit you.

Traveling Henry: It's the best I could do at the time.

Time: You are outside the Army-Navy surplus store.

Traveling Henry: Normal clothing...
He looks at Gomez, then to time.

Time: He'll get over it.

Traveling Henry: Comrade, this will only take a moment; I just need to take care of something. Could you wait at the end of the alley?

Gomez: What are you doing?

Traveling Henry: Nothing. Breaking and entering. Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain.

Gomez: Mind if I come?

Traveling Henry: Yes.
Gomez looks crestfallen.

Traveling Henry: All right if you must. This is the third time I've broken into this place,
F.I. "Alba Theme"

Time: although the other two occasions are both in the future at this moment.
Alba walks by and she and Gomez share a look. Henry is unawares.

Traveling Henry: I've got it down to a science.
Henry has some trouble with the lock.

Time: First, open the insignificant combination lock, then pick the Yale lock with safety pin you found earlier on Belmont and use a piece of aluminum between the double doors to lift the inside bolt.

Time and Traveling Henry: Voila!

Gomez: *(in awe)* Where did you learn to do that?

Traveling Henry: It's a knack.
Time feels unappreciated. They spin into the store, Henry gets new shirt.

Traveling Henry: Don't touch anything Gomez.—

Time: Gomez looks like a dog who's waiting to see if you have anymore lunch meat.

Traveling Henry: Which reminds me. — I'm ravenous (*Q.F.I. Aretha Franklin's "The Weight"*); let's go to Ann Sather's.

Gomez: Ann Sather's? I was expecting you to propose bank robbery or manslaughter at the very least. You're on a roll man, don't stop now.
They sit down at a restaurant and Gomez pulls out a flask.

Gomez: Do you mind?

Traveling Henry: Yes, but go ahead.
F.O. Aretha Franklin's "The Weight"

Gomez: Henry, I may look like a chump but in fact your Uncle Gomez is not completely sans clues. I have been paying attention to you for some time: before our little Clare brought you home, as a matter of fact. I know a lot of people who know you. People; well, women. Women who know you. They say some pretty strange things.
Waitress arrives with coffee.

Time: Throw caution to the winds.

Traveling Henry: What would you like to know Comrade?

Gomez: Everything. I want to know why a seemingly mild-mannered librarian beats a guy into a coma over nothing while wearing kindergarten teacher clothing. I want to know why Clare had a photograph of you before she actually met you. I want to know why you look ten years older right now than you did two weeks ago.
Henry gives Time a look.

Time: This is only the second time you and Gomez have met.

Gomez: I want to know why you can pick a Yale lock. I want to know why Ingrid Carmichael tried to kill herself eight days ago.

Traveling Henry: Ingrid. Do you actually know Ingrid?

Gomez: I know some of her friends.

Traveling Henry: Dear me, you do keep strange company. How did Ingrid try to kill herself?

Gomez: An overdose of valium.

Traveling Henry: 1991? Yeah, okay. That would be Ingrid's fourth suicide attempt.

Gomez: What!?

Traveling Henry: Ah, you didn't know that?

Gomez: Henry-

Traveling Henry: You said Clare had a photograph of me before 1991?
Gomez gives him an out with it look.

Traveling Henry: Ok, here goes nothing. Time travel.

Gomez: This is a pretty sick joke library boy.

Traveling Henry: I met Clare for the first time in

Traveling Henry and Time: October, 1991.

Traveling Henry: She met me for the first time in

Traveling Henry and Time: September, 1977;

Traveling Henry: she was six, I will be 38. She's known me all her life. In 1991 I'm just getting to know her. By the way, you should ask Clare all this stuff. She'll tell you.

Gomez: I already did. She told me.

Traveling Henry: You didn't believe her?

Gomez: No, would you?

Traveling Henry: So? What kind of proof are you looking for?

Gomez: Clare said you disappear.

Traveling Henry: Yeah, it's one of my more dramatic parlor tricks. Stick to me like glue and sooner or later, I vanish. I'm very reliable that way.

Gomez: Do we know each other in 2000?

Traveling Henry: Yeah, we're good friends.

Gomez: Tell me my future.

Time: Oh no. Bad idea.

Traveling Henry: Nope.

Gomez: Why not?

Traveling Henry: Gomez, things happen. Knowing about everything in advance makes things ... weird. You can't change anything anyway.

Gomez: Why?

Traveling Henry: Causation only runs forward. Things happen once, only once. Look, you'll be the best man at my wedding. I'll be yours. You have a great life Gomez but I'm not going to tell you the particulars.

Gomez: Stock tips?

Time: Yeah, why not?

Traveling Henry: Ever heard of the internet?

Gomez: No.

Traveling Henry: Write this down: Netscape, America Online, Yahoo, Microsoft, Amazon.com.

Gomez: Dotcom?

Henry gets a wave of nausea.

Traveling Henry: Follow me.

Henry is running for the men's room. Sweat is streaming down his face he throws up in the sink.

Gomez: Damn, Library—

The center scrim revolves and Clare enters as Henry disappears.

Gomez: he vanished. And I was standing there and I just had to — believe.

Clare: The disappearing is pretty impressive. I remember the first time I saw him ... he was shaking my hand and then poof! He was ...

Gomez: Don't marry him Clare.

F.I. "Clare Theme"

Clare: He hasn't asked me yet.

Gomez: You know what I mean.

Clare: I love him. He's my life. I've been waiting for him my whole life and now he's here. With Henry I can see everything laid out, like a map, past and future, everything at once. I can reach into him and touch time ... we're part of each other ... it's happened already. All at once.

Gomez: Clare. I like him, very much. He's fascinating but he's dangerous. All the women he's been with fall apart. I just don't want you blithely waltzing into the arms of a charming sociopath.

Clare: Don't you see you're too late? You're talking about someone I've known since I was six. I know him. You've met him twice and you're telling me to jump off the train. Well I can't. I've seen my future. I can't change it and I wouldn't if I could.

Gomez: He wouldn't tell me anything about my future.

Clare: Henry cares about you. He wouldn't do that to you.

Gomez: He did it to you.

SCENE ELEVEN

Friday, June, 10 1987 (Clare is 16, Henry is 38)

(F.O. "Clare Theme")

Time: Clare's been waiting all day for you. She got her driver's license yesterday and her Dad said she could take the Fiat to Ruth's party tonight. Lucille doesn't like this at all.

Clare spins into scene while Mr. and Mrs. Abshire are in shadow on opposite sides of her.

Mrs. Abshire: You could have asked me-

Mr. Abshire: It seemed harmless Lucille!

Mrs. Abshire: I am just utterly disregarded in this family!

Mr. Abshire: Oh, hush ...

Henry looks tired and unshaven. Clare brushes hair out of his face.

Clare: When are you coming from?

Traveling Henry: 2001. October.

Clare: What are we up to in 2001?

She puts her hand on his inner thigh. Henry quickly removes her hand into his, more appropriately.

Traveling Henry: Big things, exhausting things.

Traveling Henry: What was going on up there?

Clare: What do you think?

Traveling Henry: Your mom *was* never able to let things go.

Clare: Was?

Traveling Henry: Is.

Clare: Why did you say, was?

Traveling Henry: No reason. Lucille is fine. Don't worry.

Time: He's lying.

Traveling Henry: *(to Time)* I can not believe I have made a slip of that magnitude.

Clare: You're lying.

Traveling Henry: I wish I could go back to the present for just a minute and consult Clare, to find out what I should say to her,

Time: at sixteen about her mother's death?

Traveling Henry: It's because I'm not getting any sleep. If I was getting some sleep ...

*Clare wraps her arms around my knees and puts her head down. F.I.
“Time Theme”*

Time: But Clare,

Traveling Henry: the most truthful person I know

Time: is acutely sensitive to even small lies

Time and Traveling Henry: So now the only alternatives are:

Traveling Henry: to refuse to say anything

Time: which will make her frantic

Traveling Henry: or to lie

Time: which she won't accept

Traveling Henry: or to tell the truth

Time: which will upset her and do strange things to her relationship with her mother.

*Traveling Henry gives Time a sarcastic look that says “Thanks.” F.O.
“Time Theme”*

Clare: Tell me.

Traveling Henry: I can't, Clare.

Clare: Why not?

Traveling Henry: There's nothing to tell.

Clare: — She killed herself.

Traveling Henry: *No. No. Absolutely not.*

Time: Can't tell if he is telling the truth?

Traveling Henry: I can't leave Clare with this ...

Time: If you could only read his mind ...

Traveling Henry: *(very quietly)* Ovarian cancer

Clare: Thank God.

SCENE TWELVE

Saturday, December 24, 1988 (Henry is 40, Clare is 17)

Time: It's funny how memory erodes.

Traveling Henry: If all I had to work from were my childhood memories, my knowledge of my mother would be faded and soft. When I was five I heard her sing Lulu at the lyric opera. I remember sitting with mom at Orchestra Hall watching Dad play Beethoven under Boulez. I remember endless series of hotel rooms and planes ... her performance at the Lincoln Center is on television ... I watch it with Gram and Gramps in Muncie ... *(F.I. the piano accompaniment to Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade")* I am six years old and I hardly believe that's my mom in black and white on the small screen. She is singing Schubert Lieder.

Traveling Henry walks through memory world ... watching Mom in shadow singing.

Traveling Henry: One of the best and most painful things about time traveling has been the opportunity to see my mother alive. — It was almost Christmas ...

Clare: What year?

Time: Clare is convinced she can find you in real time if you would only dole out a few facts.

Traveling Henry: The year I was six. It was the morning of Christmas Eve and we were on our way to pick up Dad at the airport. It was a gray, snowy morning and the streets were covered in ice. Mom was a nervous driver. She hated express ways... So we got in the car,

Clare: What kind of car?

Traveling Henry: It was a white 62 Ford Fairlane.

Clare: What's that?

Traveling Henry: Look it up. It was built like a tank. It had fins — My parents loved it — had a lot of history for them.

As Henry tells the story he gets up and lights dim and flash as though headlights are passing over a dark street. Present Henry enters and circles the stage, out of the light: we should only hear his voice and make out his figure.

Traveling Henry: I sat in the front passenger seat, we both wore our seat belts. It was hard to see so we were driving 15, maybe 20 miles an hour. My mother stayed in the right lane when we got on the expressway. We were behind a truck, well behind it, giving it plenty of room up there. As we passed an entrance, a small car,

Present/Traveling Henry: a red corvette, got on behind us,

Traveling Henry: The corvette which was being driven by a dentist who was only slightly inebriated at 10:30 a.m. got on just a bit too quickly and because of ice on the road and hit our car,

Present Henry: hit our car. (*other echos*)

Traveling Henry: My mother was

Traveling Henry, Present Henry: pumping the break

Traveling Henry: but nothing was happening. We hit the truck practically in slow motion

Traveling Henry: We were going about 40. The truck was an open pickup truck full of scrap metal. When we hit it

Traveling Henry: a large sheet of

Present Henry and Traveling Henry: steel

Traveling Henry: flew off the back of the truck, came through our

Present Henry and Traveling Henry: windshield

Traveling Henry: and my mom's head...

Sound out. Lights return.

Clare: No.

Traveling Henry: It's true.

Clare: But you were right there, (... *then she realizes*) you were too short.

Time and Traveling Henry: No, that wasn't it.

Traveling Henry: The steel embedded in my seat right where my forehead should have been.

Present/Traveling Henry: I have a scar

Traveling Henry: where it started to cut my forehead. The police couldn't figure it out. All my clothes were in the car...

Clare: You time traveled.

Traveling Henry: It was only the second time it had ever happened to me.

Clare: So ...

F.I. "Gretchen am Spinnrade" Special lights return: red.

Present/Traveling Henry: So mom died, and I didn't. I was completely absent from the scene

Present Henry, Traveling Henry & Time: for ten minutes and forty seven seconds.

Traveling Henry: Traffic came to a halt, paramedics were ...

Clare: But Henry- you were- you said you don't remember. And how could you know ... ten minutes and 47 seconds? Exactly?

Traveling Henry: You know about gravity right? The larger something is the more mass it has, the more gravitational pull it exerts? It pulls smaller things to it and they orbit

Traveling Henry and Time: around and around ...

Clare: Yes.

Traveling Henry: My mother dying ... it's the pivotal thing ... everything else goes around and around it ... I dream about it and I also ... time travel to it.

Time and Traveling Henry: Over and over.

Traveling Henry: If you could be there and hover over the scene of the accident- if you had enough time to really look at everything,

Present/Traveling Henry: you would see me.

Traveling Henry: I am in cars,

Time: behind bushes,

Present Henry: on the bridge,

Traveling Henry: in a tree.

Present and Traveling Henry: I have seen it from every angle.

Traveling Henry: I am even a participant in the aftermath. I paged my

Traveling Henry and Present Henry: father

Traveling Henry: with a message to come immediately to the hospital. And as I watched my father walk through the

Traveling Henry and Present Henry: hospital

Traveling Henry: on his way to find me, I thought ... I thought ...

Clare: What, what Henry?

F.O. "Gretchen am Spinnrade"

Traveling Henry: I thought, *I should have died too.*

Clare wraps herself around Henry and rocks him as he cries. She kisses his face and wipes away the tears.

Traveling Henry: I'm sorry Clare; I didn't mean to put all this sadness on you.

Clare: I'd rather know. I mean if I know things about your life, you seem more ... real. Even terrible things. I need to know ... as much as you can say.

Wait one beat, then: IN Violent Femmes' "Dance, Motherfucker, Dance." TIME says "When I say dance you best dance, motherfucker" with music.

SCENE THIRTEEN

Saturday, December 22, 1991 (Henry is 28 and 33, Clare is 20)

Time: It is the Violent Femmes Concert in the Aragon Ballroom.

Clare: The noise is phenomenal.

Henry seems tense, on guard as he holds Clare's hand but stares into the crowd. Henry leans over and yells in her ear. Gomez and Charisse dance.

Present Henry: Do you want something to drink?

Clare: Just a coke

Fade Down "Dance Motherfucker, Dance"

Time: Henry is gone for a long time. Finally, you see...

Present Henry and Ingrid are standing close ... looks like they are kissing almost. But they are looking at a little girl.

Ingrid: Henry.

Present Henry: What!?

Time: The intimacy of their pose takes your breath.

Ingrid: There's that little girl again.

F.O. "Dance, Motherfucker Dance"

Present Henry: What little girl?

Ingrid: She's maybe seven or eight; too young to be out alone in the middle of the night.

Time: She is blond and beautiful in a very German way, tall and dramatic.

"Alba Theme" In

Ingrid: Are you okay? Are you lost?

Alba: I was lost, but now I've figured out where I am. Thank you.

Ingrid: Where's your mom?

Time: He is standing close, too close.

Alba: She's at home. I was looking for my Daddy, but I'm too early I guess. I'll come back later.

Alba looks at Henry for a moment and then runs off. F.O. "Alba Theme"

Present Henry: That was strange.

Ingrid: Henry, for a smart person you can be pretty damn dense sometimes.

Present Henry: What's that supposed to mean?
Ingrid moves in to kiss Henry, maybe mouths something to him.

Clare: *(relieved)* They aren't kissing; they are fighting.

Present Henry: I can't Ingrid, I just can't! I'm sorry.
He walks away from her as Ingrid grabs him.

Ingrid: Henry!
Ingrid is running after Henry when they both see Clare. Henry is grim as he takes Clare's arm and they walk away quickly.

Present Henry: I'm sorry, I never made it as far as the bar and I ran into Ingrid.

Clare: *(to self)* Who is Ingrid?
F.I. Violent Femmes' "Blister in the Sun," cued to the chorus.

Time: Henry's bathroom, red lipstick...
Clare turns and sees her standing, watching them, helpless and intense. Violent Femmes music ... "Blister in the Sun".

Present Henry: Do you want to leave?

Gomez: There you are!!
They join Charisse and Gomez who wildly dance and sing to the music.

Clare: I'm going to the ladies room. I'll be right back!
F.O. "Blister in the Sun." In the ladies room, Ingrid is sitting on a sink, crying. She stares at Clare bleak and drained. Ingrid is wasted, sloppy.

Ingrid: What's your name?

Clare: *(hesitates)* Clare.

Ingrid: Clare. A word to the wise. You are mixing in where you are not wanted. Henry, he's bad news, but he's my bad news. You hear what I'm saying?

Clare: What are you talking about?

Ingrid: We were going to get married, then he breaks it off, says he's sorry. He drinks like we ain't making it no more, disappears for days and then comes around like nothing happened, sleeps with anything that stands still long enough. That's Henry. When he makes you moan and cry, don't say nobody told you.

Clare: I'm sorry — *(she flees)* I wish I could send a postcard to the past, to this cad that I don't know. Do nothing. Wait for me.
Traveling Henry pops out from behind.

Traveling Henry: There you are. I thought I'd lost you.

Clare: My! ... favorite chrono-displaced person.
She jumps into his arms.

Traveling Henry: Oomph- hey, glad to see you too ...

Clare: I've missed you

Traveling Henry: You've been with me almost non-stop for weeks

Clare: I know but- you're not you, yet — I mean you're different. Damn.
He kisses her.

Clare: You asshole. You're trying to distract me from your infamous behavior-

Traveling Henry: What behavior? I didn't know you existed. I was unhappily dating Ingrid. I met you. I broke up with Ingrid less than 24 hours later. I mean infidelity isn't retroactive you know?

Clare: You were going to marry Ingrid?! She said I should run. She said you drink all the time, fuck around and are basically a bad person.

Traveling Henry: Well, some of that is actually true. I did fuck around, a lot, and I have been known to drink rather prodigiously. But, we weren't engaged.

Clare: But then why-

Traveling Henry: Clare, very few people meet their soul mates at age six. Ingrid was willing to put up with odd behavior, in hopes that someday I would marry her martyred ass. When I met you I was wrecked, and I am slowly pulling myself together because I can see that you are a human being and I would like to be one, too. But, you have to work at me.

Clare: Yes, but it's hard. I'm not used to being the teacher.

Traveling Henry: Well, whenever you feel discouraged, think of all the hours I spent, am spending with your tiny self. New math and botany, spelling and American history ...

Clare: But I bet it's easier to teach all that than to teach how to be- happy.

Traveling Henry: But you make me happy. It's living up to being happy that's the difficult part. *(He twirls her hair.)* Listen Clare, I'm going to return you to the poor imbecile you came in with. I'm sitting upstairs feeling depressed and wondering where you are.
F.I. Violent Femmes' "Add it Up," cued somewhere in the middle of the song.

Time: You have forgotten your present Henry - the strange boy who is becoming a man before you.
Clare turns and sees Present Henry fling himself into a group of slam dancers.

SCENE FOURTEEN

Saturday, April 8, 1989 (Clare is 17, Henry is 40)

F.O. "Add it Up" as Grandma Megram enters

Grandma: Read that one again, child.

Clare: Nineteen Across ... don't stick your elbows out so far. Ten letters, second letter U.

Grandma: Burma Shave! Before your time.

Time: You haven't seen Henry in almost two months;

Clare: Things are different with us.

Time: You are approaching the time when you won't see him for more than 2 years.

Clare: I want you to say something, do something

Time: that proves this hasn't all been some kind of elaborate joke?

Clare: I want. That's all. I am wanting.

Grandma Megram smiles and holds out her hands.

Grandma: Do you know child, I'd like to go for a walk.

Clare: I was just thinking the same thing.

Grandma: Let's go to the Orchard.

Clare: It's almost a mile to the Orchard, Grandma.

Grandma: Well, Clare. There's nothing wrong with my legs.

Clare: Okay.

Clare takes her arm and away they go.

Time: In the meadow, you see ...

Clare halts when she sees Henry.

Grandma: What is it?

Clare: Nothing.

Grandma: What do you see?

Clare: There's a hawk circling over the woods.

Henry stands very still.

Grandma: Who's there?

Clare: No one,

Grandma: There's a man, there.

She nods towards Henry.

Traveling Henry: Go ahead. Tell her.

Grandma: Clare.

Traveling Henry: Introduce us.

Time: She is still waiting.

Clare: It's okay Grandma. This is my friend Henry. *(Henry holds out his hand and Clare places Grandma's hand in his.)*
Elizabeth Meagram.

Grandma: So you're the one.

Traveling Henry: Yes.

Clare: Yes.

Grandma: May I?

Clare guides Grandma's hand to Henry's face.

Traveling Henry: That tickles.

Grandma: Sandpaper. You're not a boy.

Traveling Henry & Time: No.

Grandma: How old are you?

Traveling Henry: I'm eight years older than Clare. Twenty five.

Time: Somewhere out there, it's true.

Grandma: In my day gentleman came to dinner and met the family.

Traveling Henry: Our situation is ...

Time and Traveling Henry: unorthodox.

Traveling Henry: That hasn't been possible.

Grandma: I don't see why not. If you're going to cavort around the meadow with my granddaughter you can certainly come up to the house and be inspected by her parents.

Traveling Henry: I'd be delighted to, but right now I have a train to catch.

Grandma: Just a moment young man,

Traveling Henry: Mrs. Meagram it was great to finally meet you. Clare, I'm sorry I can't stay longer.

Clare reaches out to Henry, but ... he is already gone.

Grandma: What happened?

Clare: He vanished Grandma, he's a time traveler.

Grandma: But Clare, he must be a demon.

Clare: But Henry is good. He doesn't *feel* like a demon. Don't you think a real demon would be sort of — demonic?

Grandma: I think he would be nice as pie if he wanted to be.

Clare: Henry told me once that his doctor thinks he's a new kind of human. You know, sort of the next step in evolution.

Grandma: That is just as bad as being a demon. Goodness Clare, why in the world would you want to marry such a person? Think if the children you would have, popping into next week and back before breakfast.

F.I. "Clare Theme"

Clare: But it will be exciting. Like Mary Poppins or Peter Pan.

Grandma: Think for a minute darling: in fairy tales it's always the children who have the fine adventures. The mothers have to stay at home and wait for the children to fly in the window.

Clare looks at the pile of clothes lying crumpled on the ground where Henry left them. She picks them up and folds them.

Grandma: Do you ever miss him?

Clare: Every day, every minute.

Grandma: Every minute. Yes. It's that way, isn't it?

Clare: *It's that way isn't it?* Isn't it.

They share a moment of complete understanding. F.O. "Clare Theme"

SCENE FIFTEEN

December 24, 1991 (Clare is 20, Henry is 28)

Clare and Henry enter singing Christmas carols. Henry sings out of tune.

Time: It's Christmas Eve and Henry has agreed to spend the holiday with Clare's family.

Present Henry: Mr. Abshire sits at the head of the table and my first impression is that, he is deeply disturbed by me.

Clare: *(introducing Henry)* My mother.

Present Henry: Mrs. Abshire.

Mrs. Abshire: Oh, but you must call me Lucille, everyone does.

Alicia makes a private hand signal.

Clare and Alicia: *Watch out for Mama, she's messed up.*

Mrs. Abshire gets up to call the cook. Henry and Clare take seats.

Clare: Alicia, what's wrong with Mama.

Alicia: She's pissed off about Sharon.

Clare: What's wrong with Sharon?

Alicia: She's pregnant. And now that she's marrying Mark, Mama thinks she's white trash because she's the first person in her family to go to college. And now Mark won't come to dinner.

Mrs. Abshire re-enters. Mr. Abshire clears his throat.

Mr. Abshire: Bow your heads. Heavenly Father, we give thanks on this holy night for your benevolence and your mercy, for health, happiness, family and new friends. We thank you for sending your Son to guide us and redeem us. And we thank you for the baby Mark and Sharon will be bringing into our family. We beg to be more perfect in our love and patience with each other. Amen.

He begins to pass the food. Everyone starts to chatter.

Clare: Uh Oh.

Time: Now he's done it.

Mrs. Abshire is still and silent, until

Mrs. Abshire: Henry, Clare tells us you're a librarian.

Present Henry: We have a chipper little discussion about the Newberry and people who are Newberry trustees.

Mrs. Abshire: You know Avi?

Present Henry: Sure. He and my dad sit right next to each other.

Mrs. Abshire: Sit next to each other?

Present Henry: Well, you know. First and second violin.

Mrs. Abshire: Your father is a violinist?

Present Henry: Yeah.

Clare: Don't embarrass me

Mr. Abshire: What does your mother do?

Time: Didn't you tell them anything?

Present Henry: My mother was a singer.
She's dead.

Clare: Henry's mother was Annette Lynn Robinson.

Present Henry: She might as well have told them my mother was the Virgin Mary.
Mr. Abshire lights up and Mama makes a fluttering motion with her hands.

Mrs. Abshire: We have all her recordings. I met her when I was young. My father took me to see Madame Butterfly and he knew someone who took us backstage afterwards, and we went to her dressing room and she was there with all these flowers! And she had her little boy- why, that was you!
Henry nods, trying to find his voice.

Present Henry: Yes.
Lucille begins to sob silently, her shoulders shaking her head turned away. Then Phillip sees her and the whole table falls quiet. He's on his feet by her side.

Mr. Abshire: Lucy, what is it?

Present Henry: I'm sorry, I...

Mrs. Abshire: No, no, no

Clare: Come on mama, it's okay, Mama.

Mrs. Abshire: *(in between sobs)* All wrong.

Clare: Hush.

Mrs. Abshire: Ruin his chances.

Clare: Mama.

Mrs. Abshire: Mark just can't...

Mr. Abshire: Lucille sit down.

Mrs. Abshire: *(shouting now)* I am just utterly disregarded in this family ...
Hypocritical!

Alicia: Mama! You did the exact same thing and I don't think it ruined
Daddy's chances at all!

Lucille runs off.

Present Henry and Time: Clare knows everything,
Time: your future, your past, everything.
Present Henry: Everything.
Everyone leaves to check on Mama leaving Clare and Henry alone.

Present Henry: What's wrong with your mom?

Clare: She's manic depressive.

Present Henry: Has she always been?

Clare: She was better when I was little. Then she had a baby that died when
I was seven. She tried to kill herself. I found her in the bathtub....

Present Henry: How come you didn't tell me?

Clare: But you knew ...

Time: How could he know?

Clare: I'm sorry. It's just- I told you when it happened, and I forget that now
is before then and so I think you know all about it.

Present Henry: Well, I've sort of emptied the bag as far as my family is concerned and
I was just surprised ... I don't know.

Clare: But you haven't introduced me to him ...

F.I. "Gretchen am Spinnrade"

SCENE SIXTEEN

Saturday, May 9, 1992 (Henry is 28)

Time: The best strategy is to just ask straight out; either he says yes or no.
Henry starts to knock but door opens.

Present Henry: Hey, Dad? You home?

Mr. DeTamble: GO AWAY!

Present Henry: Ugh!

Time: Something is rotting in here.

Present Henry: There are papers all over.

Time: junk mail, newspapers, scores ...

Time & Present Henry: utter chaos
*In the kitchen Mr. DeTamble sits at the table with his back to Henry.
He doesn't turn around. F.O. "Gretchen am Spinnrade"*

Present Henry: Hi, Dad.

Time: Silence.

Present Henry: Mrs. Kim says you're not doing too good.

Time: Silence.

Present Henry: I hear you're not working.

Mr. DeTamble: It's May.

Present Henry: How come you're not on tour?

Mr. DeTamble: I'm on sick leave.

Present Henry: Are you sick?
He answers by holding out his hands.

Present Henry: You're hands are shaking.

Time: He's done it, finally.

Present Henry: Twenty-three years of determined drinking and he's destroyed his ability to play the violin. -- Oh, dad, oh god, what does the Doctor say?

Mr. DeTamble: He says that's it. The nerves are shot and they aren't coming back.

Present Henry: Jesus.

Time: You're beginning to understand.

Present Henry: he has nothing.

Time: There is nothing left to hold him, to keep him, to be his life.

Present Henry: First Mom, then his music,
Time: gone.
Present Henry: Gone. — What happens now?
Time: Silence. Nothing happens now.
Present Henry: Well, you can't just stay up here and drink for the next twenty years. What about your pension? worker's comp? Medicare? AA?
Time: He's done nothing.
Present Henry: Look, dad, you have to let me do some things for you, okay? You need to let me see your pension documents and bank statements. You need to let Mrs. Kim and me clean this place. And you need to stop drinking.
Mr. DeTamble: No.
Present Henry: No what? Everything or just some of it?
Silence.
Present Henry: I'm starting to lose my patience
Time: So change the subject.
Present Henry: Dad. I'm going to get married. —
Time: Now you have his attention.
Mr. DeTamble: To who?, who would marry you?
Present Henry takes out his wallet to show a picture of Clare.
Present Henry: Her name is Clare Abshire. She's an artist.
Mr. DeTamble: Well, she's pretty.
Time: This is as close as you'll get to a paternal blessing.
Present Henry: I would like ... I would really like to give her mom's wedding and engagement rings. I think Mom would have liked that.
Mr. DeTamble: How would you know? You probably hardly remember her.
Henry gets upset. F.I. "Gretchen am Spinnrade"
Present Henry: I see her, on a regular basis. I've seen her hundreds of times since she died. I see her walking around the neighborhood, with you, with me. She goes to the park to learn scores, she shops, she has coffee at Tia's. I see her at Julliard, *I hear her sing!*
Time: You're destroying him.,
Present Henry: I have spoken to her. Once I stood next to her on the train, touching her.
Mr. DeTamble is crying now.

Present Henry: It's not always a curse, okay? I *needed* to see her, and sometimes I *get* to see her. She would have *loved* Clare, she would have *wanted* me to be happy, and she would *deplore* the way you've fucked everything up just because she died.

He simply lowers his head letting the tears stream from him. F.O.
"Gretchen am Spinnrade"

Time: The price of losing your temper.

Mr. DeTamble: Why didn't you tell me?

Present Henry: What do you mean?

Mr. DeTamble: Why didn't you tell me you could see her? I would have liked ... to know that.

Present Henry: Why didn't I tell him?

Time: Because any normal father would have figured out by now that the stranger haunting their early married life was really his abnormal, time-traveling son.

Present Henry: Because he hated me for surviving.

Time: Because you were scared to...

Present Henry: — Because I thought it would hurt you.

Mr. DeTamble: Oh. No. It doesn't ... hurt me; I ... it's good to know she's there, somewhere. I mean ... the worst thing is that she's gone. So it's good that she's out there. Even if I can't see her.

Present Henry: She seems happy, usually.

Mr. DeTamble: Yes, she was very happy ... we were happy.

Present Henry: Yeah, you were like a different person. I always wondered ...

Mr. DeTamble stands up slowly leaves the room.

Present Henry: Dad ...

Mr. DeTamble comes back with a small satin pouch, reaches into it, withdraws a dark blue jeweler's box and places it in Henry's palms.

Present Henry: They need wearing and I know just the girl to wear them.

Transition music comes from boom box on stage. Bob Dylan's "Just Like a Woman."

SCENE SEVENTEEN

Sunday, May 24, 1992 (Clare is 21, Henry is 28)

Clare emerges in Henry's bathrobe and turns up music on stereo.

Time: It's Clare's 21st birthday.
Henry is swearing at the blender in his tiny kitchen.

Present Henry: Perfect timing; dinner is nearly served.
Henry turns down stereo volume.

Clare: Take your time; I need to get dressed.
Clare turns it up.

Present Henry: You're fine as you are, really.
Henry turn it down and Clare immediate turns it up as she sits. .

Clare: Mmmm. Dinner will get cold.

Present Henry: Dinner is cold. I mean it's supposed to be cold.

Clare: Oh ... well let's eat. —

Present Henry: Okay.
Henry turns volume down.

Present Henry: Vichyssoise. This is my grandmother's recipe.
Clare turns music off and then:

Clare: Henry, do other people have as much sex as we do?

Present Henry: (*considering*) Most people ... no, I imagine not. Only people who haven't known each other very long and can't believe their luck, I would think.
Is it too much?

Clare: I don't know, maybe.

Present Henry: Clare, I'm so sorry. I didn't realize. I wasn't thinking.
Clare bursts out laughing.

Clare: I spent my entire adolescence begging you to fuck me and now I'm telling you it's too much.

Present Henry: Well ... from now on you just have to say, 'Not tonight dear, we've already done it twenty-three times today and I would rather read *Bleak House*'.

Clare: But how much sex is enough?
He rests his head in her lap.

Present Henry: For me? Oh, God. My idea of a perfect life would be if we just stayed in bed all the time. We would only get up to bring in supplies, you know, fresh water and fruit to prevent scurvy, and make occasional trips to the bathroom to shave before diving back in bed. Once in a while we could change the sheets and go to the movies to prevent bedsores. And running. I would still have to run every morning.

Clare: How come running? Since you'd be getting so much exercise anyway?

Present Henry: Because quite frequently my life depends on running faster than whoever's chasing me.

Clare: (*playfully*) I knew that. It's why your feet are like leather.

Present Henry: I am a beast of the hoof. If anything ever happens to my feet you might as well shoot me.

Clare: But how do I put this? — you never seem to go anywhere- that is, since I met you here in the present you've hardly time traveled at all. Have you?

Henry gets up, flustered.

Present Henry: I think it has something to do with wanting that much sex. I mean, I realize it's not practical. But I feel so different. I just ... feel so connected to you. And I think that it holds me here, in the present. Being physically connected the way that we are, it's kind of rewiring my brain. I have something for you.

He drops to a knee. Henry takes Clare's hands and looks at her gravely, pulling out the ring box. F.I. "Meadow Love Theme"

Time: It's come to this.

Present Henry: Clare?

Clare: Yes?

Present Henry: You know that I love you. Will you marry me?

Clare: Yes

Clare and Present Henry: I have an overwhelming sense of déjà vu —

Clare: But you know really ... I already have.

SCENE EIGHTEEN

Sunday, May 31, 1992 (Clare is 21, Henry is 28)

F.O. "Meadow Love Theme"

Mr. DeTamble: Annette's ring looks well on you.

Clare: It's beautiful. Thank you for letting me have it.

Mr. DeTamble: You know, I only saw Annette cry twice: once when I gave her that ring and the other when she had Henry.

Clare: You were very lucky.

Mr. DeTamble: Well, we were and we weren't. One minute we had everything we could dream of, and the next minute she was in pieces on the expressway.

Clare: But you don't think, that it's better to be extremely happy for a short while, even if you lose it, than to just be okay for your whole life?

Mr. DeTamble: I've often wondered about that. Do you believe that?

She studies Henry.

Clare: — Yes. I do.

Mr. DeTamble: You know Henry isn't calibrated to bring peace to anyone's life. In fact, he is in many ways the opposite of his mother — unreliable, volatile and not especially concerned with anyone but himself. Tell me Clare — why on earth would a lovely girl like you want to marry Henry?

Henry stiffens, tension in room.

Clare: Because he's really, *really* good in bed.

Mr. DeTamble: Touché, my dear.

IN: David Bowie's "Modern Love"

SCENE NINETEEN

Saturday, October 23, 1993 (Clare is 22, Henry is 30 and 38)

Traveling Henry: I'm walking along highway 12,
Time: about two miles outside of South Haven.
Fade Down "Modern Love"

Traveling Henry: It's an unbelievably awful day,
Time: weather-wise.

Traveling Henry: I am soaked to the skin! I have no idea where I am in time
Time: And you are headed for the Abshire House, hoping to dry out in the reading room.

Traveling Henry: I see the pink neon light of the Cut-Rate Gas For Less sign.
Time: Go in and catch your breath.
Salesclerk checks out Henry as he reads newspaper.

Salesclerk: Quite a day to be out in.

Traveling Henry: Yep.

Salesclerk: Car Break down?

Traveling Henry: Huh, Umm, no.

Salesclerk takes a good look at Henry, noting the bare feet and unseasonable clothing.

Traveling Henry: Girlfriend threw me out of the house.
Time points at newspaper.

Time: Today is,

Time and Traveling Henry: Saturday, October 23, 1993.

Traveling Henry: Our wedding day.
Time 1:10.

Traveling Henry Gotta run.
Time: And he does.
"Modern Love" OUT. They exit and Clare enters wearing white and surrounded by bridesmaids and Mrs. Abshire. Present Henry and Gomez are on opposite side of the room.

Time: Clare is standing in her fourth grade classroom wearing her wedding dress.

Present Henry: Oh, God let today be a normal day.

Clare: The bodice is tight but the skirt is huge. I feel like I could fit 10 midgets under it.

Present Henry: Let me not startle anyone, especially myself.

Clare: I feel like a parade float.
Mrs. Abshire bustles around Clare, fixing her hair and make-up.

Present Henry: Let me be normally befuddled, normally nervous.
Gomez is pacing back and forth, smoking.

Charisse: I feel like an oddly assorted girl scout in sage green.

Present Henry: Let me get through our wedding day with no special effects.

Time: Gomez looks terrific in his tux.

Present Henry: Deliver Clare from any unpleasant scenes.

Time: You look like you're impersonating a game show host.
Gomez starts humming "Going to the Chapel".

Present Henry: Your making me more nervous than I already am!
Charisse is eyeing the bouquet.

Charisse: Will you let me catch to bouquet?

Present Henry: You've got the ring?

Gomez: Yeah. For the gazillionth time. I've got the ring.
*Gomez stops pacing for a moment and looks at Present Henry.
Present Henry thinks something is wrong as Gomez searches his jacket pocket.*

Clare: Charisse, you shouldn't even be trying to catch it.

Charisse: Insurance. With Gomez, you never know.
Gomez produces ring in one hand and flask in the other.

Gomez: Want a drink?

Present Henry: Yeah!
Present Henry takes a swig and hands it to Gomez who seriously tips it back.

Present Henry: I am sweating and my head aches.

Time: The room is very warm.
Time opens the window, and Henry hangs his head out, F.I. "Ticking"

Time: Breathe! Breathe!
Clare has finished getting ready and is waiting to walk down the aisle.

Mr. Abshire: Let's get this show on the road

F.I. "Modern Love," cued to the chorus. Mr. Abshire knocks on the door of the room Henry's dressing in. Gomez sticks his head out and says,

Gomez: Give us minute!

Mr. Abshire: We don't have a minute. It's time.

Clare: Oh God, ... not today.

Mrs. Abshire: Where is Henry?

Clare: Maybe I could say that there was an emergency?

Mr. Abshire: I don't know.

Charisse: Is everything okay?

Clare: ... that he had amnesia and has wandered away ...

Charisse: *(reading Clare's look)* Oh, I'll just go check on ...

Dad DeTamble walks towards the door and just as he is about to enter, Traveling Henry appears, doing up his cuff links.

Clare: He's wet,

Time: dirty and unshaven.

Clare and Time: He looks about forty.

Clare: But he's here!

Time: He's here ...

Fade UP "Modern Love." Everyone converges on Henry with energized voices, slapping him on the back, etc as we fade to black.

Fade out "Ticking" and "Modern Love" just after blackout, once characters are offstage.

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE

Fade In "Ticking" as house lights fade. Then Fade In "Time Waltz".

Fade Out "Ticking" once Waltz levels are set.

Clare and Traveling Henry come together in a waltz.

Traveling Henry and Clare: *(together)* And so we are married.

Time: *(together)* And so they are married.

Traveling Henry: When you live with a woman, you learn something new everyday.

Time cuts in and Clare waltzes with Present Henry.

Clare: We agree that it is okay for me to listen to Joni Mitchell

Present Henry: and for me to listen to the Shaggs

Clare and Present Henry: as long as the other person isn't around.

Time spins Traveling Henry off stage.

Time: Head phones were invented to preserve spouses from each other's musical excesses.

Clare and Present Henry separate. Fade out "Time Waltz"

Clare: The hardest lesson

Present Henry: is Clare's solitude

Clare: is your absence.

Present Henry: Sometimes I see an expression on Clare's face that is like a closed door.

Clare: Sometimes you disappear unobtrusively; I might be walking from the kitchen into the hall to find a pile of clothing on the floor.

Present Henry: She has gone inside a room of her mind and is sitting there knitting or something.

Clare: I open my door to find you naked, bleeding from the head.

Present Henry: I have discovered that Clare likes to be alone.

Clare: When I was a child I looked forward to seeing you. Every visit was an event.

Present Henry: I come home to find Clare shaping coils of wire and rolls of paper into flying birds. Our bedroom windows are full of abstract blue shapes, making a sky for the birds Claire has painted on our walls. It's beautiful.

Clare: Now every absence is a non-event, a subtraction, an adventure I will hear about when you materialize at my feet, bleeding, whistling, smiling or shaking.

Present Henry: When the woman you live with is an artist, every day is a surprise.

F.I. "Time Waltz"

Clare:

Now I am afraid when you're gone.

SCENE TWO

Friday, February 3, 1995 (Clare is 23, Henry is 31 and 39).

Music OUT on "Mindfuck"

Time: Gomez, Charisse, Henry and Clare are playing *Modern Capitalist Mindfuck*. It's a game Gomez and Charisse have invented.

Gomez: Okay everybody. What Modern technological invention would you deep-six for the good of society?

Clare: Television.

Charisse: Fabric softener.

Present Henry: Motion detectors.

Gomez: Gunpowder.

Clare: That's hardly modern.

Gomez: Okay, the assembly line.

Present Henry: You don't get two answers.

Gomez: Sure I do. What kind of lame ass answer is motion detectors anyway?
CRASH. *They all jump up.*

Present Henry: Sit down.
Present Henry runs to the kitchen and Clare follows. He kneels on the floor holding a dishcloth against the head of Traveling Henry.

Time: The cabinet that holds the dishes is on its side; glass is everywhere.

Clare: Let's call an ambulance.
*Clare starts to pick the glass out of Traveling Henry's skin.
Gomez and Charisse enter.*

Traveling/Present Henry: Don't.

Gomez: Holy cats.
Present Henry rolls Traveling Henry over, covers his private parts with a towel.

Charisse: Oh Henry, don't worry about it. I've drawn a gazillion models...

Present Henry: (*snaps*) I try to retain a modicum of privacy.

Traveling Henry: Can I get a drink?

Gomez: Listen Henry —

Clare: Everyone please shut up! — What happens?

Traveling Henry: I'll be gone in a few minutes. I want a drink.

Present Henry grabs flask from Gomez.

Gomez: Is that wise?

Traveling Henry: Don't know. Don't care. This hurts like hell.

Present Henry: Stand back, close your eyes.

Gomez: Why?

Traveling Henry is convulsing on the floor as though he is being electrified. His head is nodding violently and he yells.

Traveling Henry: Clare!

There is a noise like a bed sheet being snapped but much louder and then there is a cascade of glass and china everywhere. Traveling Henry disappears.

Charisse: Oh my God.

Clare: That was different, Henry. That was violent and ugly. What is happening to you?

Present Henry: Whatever happens, we both know that I live to be at least forty-three. So don't worry about it.

Clare: What happens after forty-three?

Present Henry: I don't know Clare, Maybe I figure out how to stay in the present.

Charisse: *(brushing glass off)* What's with the glass?

Present Henry: Anything that's not part of my body gets left behind. So whenever I went back to, they won't have to sit there and pick the glass out with tweezers.

Gomez: *(picking glass from Charisse's hair)* No, but we will.

Clare and Time: He has a point.

F.I. "HTTS"

SCENE THREE

Monday, March 11, 1996 (Henry is 32)

Present Henry: I have tracked down Dr. Kendrick. He is affiliated with the University of Chicago hospital and He will be my doctor

Time: because in the future he is your doctor.
Kendrick enters from behind with chart. F.O. "HTTS"

Kendrick: Good morning, Mr. DeTamble. What can I do for you?

Present Henry: He is younger than I thought he would be.

Kendrick: I don't seem to have any information about you here? What seems to be the problem?

Present Henry: Dasein.

Kendrick: Dasein? Being? How so?

Present Henry: I have a condition which I am told will become known as chrono-impairment. I have difficulty staying in the present.

Kendrick: I'm sorry?

Present Henry: I time travel. — I like him. He is attempting to deal with me in a manner befitting a sane person,

Time: although I am sure he is considering which of his psychiatric friends to refer you to.

Kendrick: But why do you need a geneticist? Or are you consulting me as a philosopher?

Present Henry: It's a genetic disease although it would be pleasant to have someone to chat with about the larger implications of the problem.

Kendrick: Mr. DeTamble, you are obviously an intelligent man ... I've never heard of the disease. I can't do anything for you.

Present Henry: You don't believe me.

Kendrick: Right. I don't.

Present Henry: No one ever believes me. — I feel horrible about this

Time: but it has to be done.

Present Henry: You and your wife are expecting a child next month?

Kendrick: Yes. How did you know?
F.I. "HTTS"

Present Henry: In a few years I look up the child's birth certificate. I travel to my wife's past, I write down the information in this envelope. She gives it

to me when we meet in the present. I give it to you, now. Open it after your son is born.

Kendrick: We're having a daughter.

Present Henry: No, you're not actually. (*F.O. "HTTS"*) But let's not quibble about it. After you read it, call me, if you want to. — I am deeply sorry for him,

Time: but there's no other way to do this.

Kendrick opens the letter and reads:

Kendrick: Colin Joseph Kendrick. April 6, 1996 1:18 a.m., 6lbs, 8oz. Caucasian male.

Kendrick and Time: Down syndrome.

The day changes to Sunday April 7 1996.

Present Henry: Kendrick's door is open. He stands with his back to me.

Kendrick: Henry DeTamble.

Present Henry: Hello.

Kendrick: (*turning*) Why did you come to me?

Present Henry: I am shocked by the difference in his face. Ravaged is not the word.

Time: He is emptied, something has gone that was there before.

Present Henry: Because I had to come to you. It wasn't a matter of choice.

Kendrick: Fate?

Time: Call it whatever you want.

Present Henry: Things get kind of circular when you're me.

Kendrick: How did you know?

Present Henry: I told you before. I saw the birth certificate.

Kendrick: When?

Present Henry: 1999.

Kendrick: Impossible.

Present Henry: Explain it, then.

Kendrick: I can't. I've been trying to work it out and I can't. Everything — was correct. The hour. The day, the weight the ... abnormality...
(*He looks at Henry desperately.*)
What if we had decided to name him something else — Alex or Fred or Sam?

Time: But you didn't.

Present Henry: I won't go so far as to say you couldn't, but you did not.

Kendrick: Do you have any children?

Present Henry: No. Look, I'm sorry about Colin, but he's really a wonderful boy.

Kendrick: How does it work?

Present Henry: What?

Kendrick: This supposed time travel thing that you supposedly do. You say some magic words? Climb into a machine?

Present Henry and Time: No.

Kendrick: Well, what do you want me to do about it?

Present Henry: I want you to find out why and I want you to stop it.

Kendrick: Why would you want to do that? It seems like it would be quite handy for you. Knowing all these things other people don't know.

Present Henry: It's dangerous. Sooner or later it's going to kill me.

Kendrick: I can't say I would mind that.

Time: There's no point in continuing.

Present Henry: Goodbye, Dr. Kendrick. —

Time: Clare is waiting for you outside.

Present Henry: There is such anticipation in her face that I am dreading telling her..
Present Henry disappears. Kendrick comes running towards Clare.

Kendrick: Your husband —

Clare: Just vanished in broad daylight.

Kendrick: Yes!

Clare: You seem surprised.

Kendrick: yes, well...

Clare: Didn't he tell you? He does that.

Time: So far he's not very impressive, but persevere.

Clare: You must be David Kendrick. I'm so sorry about your baby, but Henry says he's a darling kid and that he draws well and has a lot of imagination. And your daughter is very gifted as well...

Kendrick: We don't have a daughter — just Colin.

Clare and Time: But you will.

Clare: Her name is Nadia.

Kendrick: (*beginning to cry*) I'm so sorry ... it's just all been a shock.
At that moment Henry reappears covering himself with a hubcap or something.

Present Henry: Hi Clare, have you got my clothes?
(To Kendrick as putting his clothes back on)
Hello.

Kendrick: Where were you?

Present Henry and Time: 1971.

Present Henry: I was drinking Ovaltine with myself, as an eight year old, in my old bedroom, at one in the morning. I was there for about an hour. Why do you ask?

Kendrick: Unbelievable! You mean you became eight years old?

Present Henry and Time: No.

Present Henry: I was in 1971, just as I am, thirty-two-years-old in the company of my self at eight.

Time: This is pointless.

Present Henry: Good bye Dr. Kendrick, good luck with Colin.
They start to go.

Kendrick: Wait! ... This is a genetic disease?

Present Henry: Yes. It's a genetic disease and we are trying to have a child.

Kendrick: A chancy thing to do.

Present Henry: We're used to taking chances.

Kendrick: Do you have health insurance?

Present Henry: I'll pay for everything myself.

Kendrick: No, no. You can be my little science experiment, hitchhike on my NIH grant for this.

Present Henry: For what?

Kendrick: To find out whatever it is. Whatever you are.

Time: Whatever you are.

Present Henry: Whatever I am. *What am I?*
F.I. "Alba Theme"

SCENE FOUR

Spring 1996 (Clare is 24, Henry is 32)

Time: When Henry and Clare had been married for about two years, they decided, without talking about it very much, to see if they could have a baby.

Traveling Henry: I know without knowing that this is
F.O. "Alba Theme"

Traveling Henry and Time: very unlikely.

Time: And you are not asking him why this might be because you are afraid he has seen you in the future without any baby. You are completely drunk with the notion of a baby.

Traveling Henry: A child of mine is almost certainly going to be the "One Most Likely to Spontaneously Vanish" ...
F.I. "Clare Theme"

Time: The first time it happens Henry is away. It's the eighth week of the pregnancy and Charisse is over for dinner. Henry has been gone almost two hours,

Traveling Henry: sitting in Appleton, Wisconsin in 1966, thinking about Clare and our baby. I want to give Clare a baby, a normal baby who will do the things normal babies do...

Charisse: Clare, what's wrong?

Traveling Henry and Time: suck, grasp, sleep,

Clare: I'm bleeding.

Traveling Henry and Time: shit, laugh

Charisse: What kind of bleeding?

Traveling Henry and Time: talk in nonsense mumblings

Clare: Like a period. I think I need to go to the hospital.

Traveling Henry: I want to see my father, awkwardly cradling a tiny grandchild. I have given my father so little happiness — this would be a large redress, a balm.

Charisse: Oh God Clare, stay calm, I'm sure it's not a...
F.O. "Clare Theme"

Time: Miscarriage?

Clare: This is what is going on?

Time: This is what it's called.

Traveling Henry: And a balm to Clare too; when I am snatched away from her, (*F.I.*
“Clare Theme with Vocals”) a part of me would remain.

Time and Clare: gone.

SCENE FIVE

February 16, 1998 (Clare is 26, Henry is 34)

Clare and Present Henry sit in Kendrick's office looking at a clipboard. F.O. "Clare Theme with Vocals"

Present Henry and Time: He's done it. Kendrick has done it.

Clare: *(looking over his shoulder)*
new gene=time traveler??

Present Henry: I can't believe it.

Time: He's made time traveling mice...
Kendrick enters.

Present Henry: Congratulations!

Kendrick: I'm being published in next week's issue of Nature.

Present Henry: How long are they usually gone and where do they go?

Kendrick: About ten minutes or so, they go to the animal lab in the basement.
They drive the technicians nuts ... always escaping.

Clare: How did you do it?

Kendrick: Well, Celera has been sequencing the whole mouse genome. It told us where to look for the four genes we were targeting. We started by cloning your genes and then we snipped out the damaged portions of DNA. We put those pieces in the mouse embryos. That was the easy part.

Present Henry: Sure, of course. Clare and I do that all the time in our kitchen. So what was the hard part?

Kendrick: The hard part was getting the mother mice to carry the altered mice to term. They kept dying, hemorrhaging to death.

Present Henry: The mothers died?

Kendrick and Time: The mothers died and the babies died.

Kendrick: The embryos were traveling out of the womb and then in again and the mothers bled to death internally. It was very frustrating.

Clare: We can relate.

Kendrick: Ye-ess. But we solved the problem.

Clare: How?

Kendrick: Well, we suppressed the mother's immune systems and it worked like magic.

(F.I. "Time Theme")

Time: Like Magic!

Clare: It's worth a try.

Present Henry: Lots of dead mouse moms before they figured it out.

Clare: But it worked! Kendrick made it work.

Present Henry: Yeah.

Time: It worked like magic.

Clare: Like magic.

SCENE SIX

Saturday, March 13, 1999 (Henry is 35, Clare is 27)

F.O. "Time Theme"

Time: Charisse and Gomez have just had their third child.
Gomez answers the door, stepping over toys.

Time: Their house looks like a Toys R Us store has moved through.

Gomez: Don't look. None of this is real. We're just testing one of Charisse's virtual reality games. We call it Parenthood.

Charisse: Gomez, is that Clare and Henry?
Charisse is sitting with baby. Clare goes over to coo.

Clare: She's beautiful.

Present Henry: Charisse looks awful.

Clare: And you look great. *(Clare picks up the baby).* Rosa Evangeline, that's so pretty.

Charisse: Gomez wanted to name her Wednesday but I put my foot down.

Gomez: Well she was born on a Thursday anyway.

Present Henry: Seeing Clare with a baby in her arms, the reality of our miscarriages grabs me and I hope I'm not about to

Time: time travel?

Clare: Henry, would you like to hold Rosa?

Present Henry: No, I'm not feeling so hot.
He leaves quickly.

Present Henry: What have we been doing?

Time: You've been losing children.

Present Henry: Where are they, these lost children, hovering around, confused?

Gomez: *(approaching from behind)* You okay?

Present Henry: Don't mind me.
Gomez pulls out a cigarette.

Gomez: You guys still trying to have a kid?

Present Henry: I am a bit startled by this until I realize Clare probably tells Charisse everything

Time: and Charisse probably tells Gomez nothing.

Gomez: Is Clare still upset about that miscarriage?

Present Henry and Time: Miscarriages. Plural.

Present Henry: We've had five.

Gomez: To lose one child, Mr. DeTamble, may be regarded as a misfortune; to lose five looks like carelessness.

Present Henry: That's not really funny Gomez.

Gomez: Sorry. So how bout those Cubs?

Present Henry: Shut Up. Neither of us follows baseball.

Max: *(from offstage)* Daddy!

Gomez: Just a second, Max!

Gomez and Henry share an awkward moment before Gomez pats Henry on the back and exits. Henry turns to Time. F.I.
"Time Theme"

Present Henry: Nature is telling us to give up. Nature is saying.

Time & Present Henry: Henry, you're a very fucked-up organism and we don't want to make any more of you.

Present Henry: And I am ready to acquiesce.

Time: Even though you have spent a lot of time with your young self, even though you spent a lot of time with Clare as a child?

Present Henry: I don't feel like my life is incomplete without one of my own. No future self has ever encouraged me to keep plugging away at this. I mean...Are we ever going to have a baby?!

Time: You just have to live it.

Present Henry: *(yelling to no one)* Just tell me!

Time: You just have to live it.

SCENE SEVEN

Thursday, May 11, 2000 (Henry is 39, Clare is 28)

F.O. "Time Theme"

Time: Clare stands in front of the vintage clothing store, looking at a display of baby clothes.

Traveling Henry goes up behind her and a startled Clare turns.

Clare: I thought you were at the movies with Gomez?

Traveling Henry: I probably am. I should be at work in 2002.

Clare puts it together.

Clare: Henry, I quit. I give up. It isn't going to happen.

Time: Your sixth miscarriage was three weeks ago.

Traveling Henry: Is there anything to stop me from giving her what she needs?

Time: I can't think of a single reason not to tell her.

Traveling Henry: All I remember is her certainty which I am about to create.

Time and Traveling Henry: Persevere Clare.

Clare: What?

Traveling Henry: In my present we have a baby.

Clare: Thank you. Thank you.

Traveling Henry: I remember the tiny head full of black hair crowning between Clare's legs and I marvel at how this moment creates that miracle, and vice versa.

Clare: Did you know?

Traveling Henry: No. Not only did I not know, I did everything I could to prevent you from getting pregnant again.

SCENE EIGHT

Friday, June 9, 2000/ November 19, 1986 (Henry is 36, Clare is 15)

Present Henry: I've decided to get a vasectomy. Clare doesn't know I'm here. This is necessary and a good thing I am about to do.

Time: You are not a traitor.

Present Henry: I am not a traitor! I am saving Clare from horror and pain.

Nurse: Mr. DeTamble.

Present Henry: Now I feel really sick.
F.I. "Minor Meadow Theme." Present Henry vanishes and Traveling Henry appears, throwing up.

Time: You're in the clearing, in the meadow.

Traveling Henry: Where's the clothes box?
Traveling Henry starts pulling on clothing from the clothes box.

Time: Looks like mid-eighties ... Clare is about fifteen or sixteen.

Traveling Henry: I can't face Clare's youthful exuberance right now.

Clare: Henry —

Traveling Henry: I can't talk to her.
He turns his back and walks away from her.

Clare: Henry — what did I do? Why won't you talk to me?
F.O. "Minor Meadow Theme"

Traveling Henry: I tried to do something for you, something important but it didn't work. I got nervous and ended up here.

Clare: What was it?

Traveling Henry: I can't tell you. I wasn't even going to tell you about it in the present.

Time and Traveling Henry: You wouldn't like it.

Clare: Then why did you want to do it?

Traveling Henry: I thought we could stop fighting if I did it.

Clare: What are we fighting about?

Traveling Henry: It all began when the wife of your ambassador slapped the mistress of my prime minister and...

Clare: Henry!

Traveling Henry: Yes?

Clare: Just once, just once, would you stop making fun of me and tell me something I am asking you?

Traveling Henry: I can't.
Clare slaps him. Hard.

Traveling Henry: Hit me again. Please Clare.

Clare: No. Why would you want me to hit you? I wanted to hurt you.

Traveling Henry: I want you to hurt me. Please.

Clare: What is the matter with you?

Traveling Henry: Everything is terrible and I can't seem to feel it.

Clare: Tell me what is going on!
F.I. "Minor Meadow Theme"

Traveling Henry: Don't ask me.
Clare bites him.

Clare: Tell me!
(Their faces are inches apart and Henry pulls her into an angry kiss.)
That wasn't very nice!

Traveling Henry: What is wrong with me?

Time: Clare at fifteen is not the same person who's been torturing you for months, refusing to give up on having a baby, risking death, turning lovemaking into a battlefield.

Traveling Henry: — I'm sorry. I'm very sorry. Clare, it's not you. Please.

Clare: You never kissed me before.

Traveling Henry: Oh, no. I can't believe it.
(Clare laughs.)
Oh, Clare. Just forget that okay. Just erase it. It never happened. Come here. Take two, yes? Clare?
Clare nods and he gently kisses her. Present Henry enters from behind as Traveling Henry releases Clare and vanishes. F.O. "Minor Meadow Theme"

Present Henry: Do you remember the first time I kissed you?

Clare: Vividly.

Present Henry: I'm sorry.

Clare: What were you so upset about? You were trying to do something and it didn't work and you said I wouldn't like it.

Time: The original elephant child.

Clare: Are you going to tell me now?
Present Henry: No.
Clare: Why not?
Present Henry: Because I am exhausted and I don't want to fight tonight.
Clare: You went to get a vasectomy.
Present Henry: How did you know?
Clare: I was afraid that might be it.
Present Henry: You got me.
Clare: I can't do this anymore either. I give up. You win, we'll stop trying to have a baby.
Present Henry: You're not yelling at me. Thank you.
Clare: You're welcome.

F.I. "Ticking"

Once "Ticking" is barely audible, F.I. "HTTS"

SCENE NINE

Thursday, December 28, 2000 (Henry is 33 and 37, Clare is 29)

Dark. Blue Light. Clare and Present Henry are in bed asleep.

Traveling Henry: I am standing in our bedroom, in the future. I look down on Clare and myself, sleeping. It feels like death. I am sleeping tightly balled up, knees to chest, mouth slightly open. I want to hold me in my arms.

F.O. "Ticking"

Time: But it won't happen that way.

Traveling Henry walks over to Clare's side of the bed.

Traveling Henry: I will myself to forget the other body in the bed, to concentrate on Clare.

Time: She isn't sure where we are.

Traveling Henry: Neither am I.

Time: Here, Now.

Traveling Henry: I want to be connected to Clare, here, now.

They begin to kiss, lightly and Traveling Henry moves on top of Clare.

Time: Here, now.

Time & Traveling Henry: Here, now.

Traveling Henry: I wish I could stop her from turning her head,

Time: but she will turn her head any minute now.

Clare turns her head and sees Present Henry. She cries out and then looks back at Traveling Henry.

Time: She remembers, accepts it.

Traveling Henry: It's okay.... and in this moment I love her more than life.

SCENE TEN

Monday, February 12, 2001 (Henry is 37, Clare is 29)

F.O. "HTTS"

Time: Something is wrong with Clare.

Clare comes close to him and stops, not saying anything.

Present Henry: What's happened?

Clare: I'm pregnant.

Present Henry: How can you...

Time: You know exactly how.

Present Henry: Never mind, I remember. — For me that night was years ago

Time: but for Clare it is only weeks in the past.

Present Henry: Big surprise.

Clare: Yeah. I'm scared.

Present Henry: You were never scared, before.

Clare: I was crazy before. Now I know...

Present Henry: What it is.

Clare: What can happen.

Present Henry: she wants this,

F.I. "Alba Theme"

Time: she actually hopes that seven will be your lucky number.

SCENE ELEVEN

Monday, August 20, 2001 (Clare is 30, Henry is 38)

Wednesday, November 16, 2011 (Clare is 40, Henry is 38)

Time: The baby is due in two weeks and they still haven't settled on a name for her. They've been avoiding the whole subject superstitiously.

F.O. "Alba Theme"

Present Henry: (*Holding a dictionary of names*) Any thoughts?

Clare: Jane.

(reacting to his face)

I used to name my dolls and stuffed animals Jane.

Present Henry: Let's have something a little unusual ... how about Philomele? It means red-haired.

Clare: But what if she isn't? Also the horrible nickname issue — (*F.I. "Alba Theme"*) Philly? — What about Alba?

But when she turns around Henry is gone. Traveling Henry enters, wearing long coat.

Traveling Henry: I'm in the surrealist galleries of the Art Institute,

Time: in the future.

Traveling Henry: As I take in the Joseph Cornell boxes, a Catholic school group comes in. The students are all about ten or so, and there's a girl in the back row who seems more engaged than the rest. I can't see her face. (*F.O. "Alba Theme"*) But every time the docent asks a question,

Alba's hand shoots up in the air and waves around with some oo, ooo, oooo's.

Traveling Henry: The girl is getting fed up.

Docent: Why do you think Mr. Cornell made these Aviary boxes?

Alba's hand shoots straight up and waves in the air again. Docent overlooks her and points to a boy in the front.

Boy: He must have liked birds.

Traveling Henry: This is too much for the girl.

Alba stands up with her hand in the air and talks fast.

Alba: He made the boxes because he was lonely. He didn't have anyone to love, and he made the boxes so he could love them, and so people would know that he existed, and because birds are free and the boxes are hiding places for the birds so they will feel safe, and he wanted to be free and safe. The boxes are for him so he can be a bird.

Traveling Henry and Time: This is a ten year old who can empathize with Joseph Cornell.

Traveling Henry moves around to see her face.

Docent: That's very perceptive, Alba.

Time: the dark hair, those eyes ...

Traveling Henry: I am looking at...

Alba notices Henry and runs over shouting:

Alba: Daddy, Daddy!

Everyone rushes over and surrounds them as they embrace. Alba is still shouting Daddy.

Docent: Alba, who is this? Sir, who are you?

Traveling Henry: I'm Henry DeTamble, Alba's father.

Alba: He's my daddy.

Docent: Sir, Alba's father is dead.

Time and Henry exchange a look.

Alba: He's dead, but he's not continuously dead.

He finds his wits.

Traveling Henry: It's kind of hard to explain.

Alba: He's a CDP. Like me.

Traveling Henry: This seems to make perfect sense to the teacher though it means nothing to me. Ah, Ms.

Docent and Alba: Cooper.

Traveling Henry: Ms. Cooper, is there any possibility that Alba and I could have a few minutes here to talk? We don't see each other much.

Docent: Well ... I just ... we're on a field trip ... I can't let you just take the child away from the group and I don't really know that you are Mr. DeTamble, you see.

Alba: Let's call Mama.

Alba runs and gets a cell phone from her bag. She dials and is talking to Clare before we know it.

Alba: Mama! ... No, I'm okay ... I'm at the Art Institute ... Mama!, Daddy's Here! Tell Ms. Cooper it's really Daddy, k? Yeah, k, bye.

Alba shoves the phone toward Henry.

Traveling Henry: Clare?

Clare: Henry, Oh god, I can't believe it. Come home.

Traveling Henry: I'll try...

Clare: When are you from?

Traveling Henry: 2001. Just before Alba was born.

Clare: Maybe I should come down there?

Traveling Henry: That would be faster. Listen, could you tell this teacher that I'm really me?

Clare: Sure — where will you be?

Traveling Henry: At the lions. Come as fast as you can, Clare.

Time: It won't be much longer.

Clare: I love you.

Traveling Henry: I love you, Clare.

He hands the phone to Ms. Cooper, who does some nodding and finally:

Docent: Yes, that's fine.

Henry and Alba walk hand in hand toward the museum entrance.

Traveling Henry: My mind is racing. What to ask first?

Alba: Thank you for the videos. Mama gave them to me for my birthday. I can do the Yale and the Master and I am working on the Walters.

Traveling Henry and Time: Locks. She's learning to pick locks.

Traveling Henry: — Great. Keep at it. Listen, Alba, what's a CDP?

Alba: Chrono-Displaced Person.

Traveling Henry: She looks exactly like me at ten. — You know, this is the first time I've met you.

Alba: How do you do?

Traveling Henry: She is the most self-possessed child I've ever met. — Do we see each other much?

Alba: Not much. It's been about a year. I saw you a few times when I was eight.

Traveling Henry: How old were you when I died?

Alba: Five.

Traveling Henry: *(to self)* Jesus! I can't deal with this!

Alba: I'm sorry. Should I not have said that?

Traveling Henry: It's okay. I asked didn't I? ... How's Clare?

Alba: Okay. Sad.

Time: You don't want to know anything more.

Traveling Henry: What about you? How's school? What are you learning?

Alba: I'm not learning much in school, but Mama and I are reading Lord of The Rings and I am reading all about early instruments and I'm learning a tango by Astor Piazzolla.

Traveling Henry: Violin? Who's your teacher?

Alba: Gramps.

Traveling Henry: I was never any good at music.

Alba: That's what Gramps says. I heard Grandma Annette sing, she was so beautiful!

Traveling Henry: Which recording?

Alba: I saw her for real. At the lyric. She was singing Aida.

Traveling Henry: *He's a CDP, like me.* Oh, shit — You time travel.

Alba: Sure. Mama always says you and I are exactly alike. Dr. Kendrick says I'm a prodigy. Sometimes I can go when and where I want.

Traveling Henry: Can you not go at all if you don't want to?

Alba: Well, no. But I like it. I mean sometimes it's not *convenient* but ... it's *interesting*, you know.

Traveling Henry: Yes. I know.
F.I. "Clare Theme"

Alba: There's Mama!

Traveling Henry: Let me stay, God, Father Time, Santa, anybody who might be listening. Just let me see Clare.

Clare: Henry!
Clare is running toward him and Henry collapses to his knees. Time moves the panel between them and he vanishes.

Traveling Henry: Damn. Damn.
F.O. "Clare Theme." Present Henry returns from time traveling, searching the house for Clare. Scrim spins and Clare is pregnant again, reading book.

Present Henry: Clare, Clare!!....

Clare: In here ... you okay?

Present Henry: I was so afraid I missed Alba!

Clare: Alba?

Present Henry: I went forward and I was really there, you know, coming in strong and I ran into our little girl.

Clare: Oh my god, I'm so jealous. Wow.

Present Henry: Yeah. She was about ten. Clare, she is so amazing — she's smart and musical and just ... really confident and nothing fazed her...

Clare: What does she look like?

Present Henry: Me. A girl version of me.

Time: She has your personality though.

Present Henry: She was talking about Joseph Cornell's Aviary boxes and she said something heartrending and some how *I knew who she was*. And she recognized me.

Clare: Well I would hope so ... Does she - Is she...?

Present Henry and Time: Yes. She does. (*Clare reacts*)

Present Henry: She said she likes it. (*F.I. "Alba Theme"*) She said it was interesting.

Clare: Alba. Alba DeTamble.
And they both start to laugh.

SCENE TWELVE

Friday, May 7, 2004 (Henry is 40, Clare is 32)

F.O. "Alba Theme"

Time: It is the opening of Clare's art exhibit at the Chicago cultural Center.

Present Henry: She has been working non-stop for a year

Time & Present Henry: building huge, ethereal bird skeletons out of wire.

Clare: There are masses of people.

Alba and Present Henry are by the back wall, out of the crowd.

Gomez: Congratulations Clare.

Charisse: The show looks great.

Alba: *(bouncing to try and see)* I want Mama!

Clare: My face hurts from smiling.

Present Henry: Mama's busy Alba. —

Time: feeling queasy?

Alba: No, I want Mama!

Present Henry puts his head between his knees and Alba pulls his ear.

Present Henry: Don't Alba.

Clare: Everyone I know is here.

Dad DeTamble makes his way through the crowd and Present Henry pushes her towards him.

Present Henry: Go, go see Grandpa.

Alba: *(starting to whimper)* I don't see Grandpa. I want Mama!

Present Henry & Clare: I hear Alba screaming

Alba: MAMA!

Present Henry vanishes.

Clare: Where is Henry? *(The crowd parts to let Clare through. She finds Alba with Grandpa. Alba buries her face in Clare's stomach.)*
Where's Daddy?

Alba: Gone.

IN: "Low Clarinet Meadow"

Wednesday, May 24, 1989 (Henry is 40, Clare is 18)
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*Traveling Henry is getting dressed in a tux jacket and formal wear.
Clare is sitting prim and proper. F.O. "Low Clarinet Meadow."*

Traveling Henry: Clare we're not getting married today or anything insane like that, are we?

Clare: Hello, Henry.

Time: She says it as though you have just dropped in for tea.

Traveling Henry: — Because I know for a fact that our anniversary is in the fall. October. Late October.

Clare: How male.

Traveling Henry: You look immaculate.

Clare: Today is May 24, 1989.

Time: Think fast.

Traveling Henry: Happy birthday.

She pulls out a bottle of wine.

Traveling Henry: I hate to be obtuse ... I mean obviously it's your birthday ...

Clare: My eighteenth birthday ...

Traveling Henry: Um, well, to begin with I'm really sorry I don't have a present for you...

Time: Getting warmer.

Traveling Henry: But you know I never know when I'm coming and I can't bring anything with me...

Clare: You don't remember, we worked it all out the last time you were here; because you said that today is our last day and also my birthday. You don't remember?

Traveling Henry: Oh. I haven't been there yet. I mean that conversation is still in my future. I wonder why I didn't tell you then. Clare, what exactly did we decide on the last time you saw me? What were we planning to do for your birthday?

Clare: Well, this. *(she gestures at clothes and picnic)*

Traveling Henry: Anything else? I mean this is wonderful.

Clare: Well ... Yes.

Traveling Henry: Yes?

Time: There's an awkward pause.

Clare: We decided to make love.

Traveling Henry: Ah.

Time: Today Clare is legally, if perhaps not emotionally an adult...

Traveling Henry: and surely I can't warp her life too much. That is to say I've already given her a pretty weird childhood just by being in her childhood at all,

Time: appearing at regular intervals buck naked before her eyes...

Clare: So?

Traveling Henry: What the hell. Yes.

F.I. "Meadow Love Scene." They both stand up and move toward each other in for an awkward kiss.

Traveling Henry: Clare?

Clare: Mmmm?

Traveling Henry: You're absolutely sure we're alone?

Clare: Paranoid?

Traveling Henry: Never mind...

Clare: We could go to my room.

Traveling Henry: God, it's like being in high school.

Clare: What?

Traveling Henry: Never mind.

Henry leads her to the ground, throws off his jacket, pulls off his shirt.

Clare: I've never seen you get undressed. Not a pretty sight.

Traveling Henry: You wound me. Come here and let me wipe that smirk off your face.

He playfully takes her to the ground and starts to unbutton her shirt or unzip her dress. They laugh.

Time: You want, if at all possible, for her to feel the sense of wonder you felt when you met her and made love for what you thought was the first time.

He becomes still over Clare.

Traveling Henry: You okay?

Clare: I'm afraid.

Traveling Henry: That's okay. I swear to you the next time we meet you will practically rape me. I mean you are really exceptionally talented at this.

Clare: I am?

Traveling Henry: You are incandescent.

Lights go down on them as they kiss.

Traveling Henry: Had we but world enough and time.

F.O. "Meadow Love Scene." Traveling Henry exits as Present Henry enters, whistling, skipping. He pulls a pensive Clare out of bed and they start dancing around the room.

Present Henry: Why didn't you tell me? You vixen, you minx!

Clare: May 24, 1989?

Present Henry: Yes, oh yes!

Clare: You didn't know so I couldn't tell you.

Present Henry: What happened after I left?

Clare: I was into my work, my friends and I even got asked out quite a bit.

Present Henry: Oh?

Clare: Sure.

Present Henry: Did you go? Out?

Clare: Well, yeah. In the spirit of research. And because I occasionally got mad that somewhere out there you were obviously dating other women.

Time snaps and Ingrid enters behind Present Henry and freezes.

Present Henry: Any nice pretty young art boys?

Time snaps again and Gomez enters behind Clare and freezes.

Time: — If you're ever going to say it, now's the time.

Clare: I can't. He'll hate me. It was a mistake.

Present Henry: Hey, where are you?

Clare: I slept with someone.

Present Henry: Who?

Clare: I was drunk. We were at a party and Charisse was in Boston —

Present Henry & Clare: Gomez?

Time snaps and Gomez unfreezes while Present Henry freezes.

Gomez: Good morning kitten!

Gomez goes to embrace Clare and she jumps back and then bursts into tears.

Gomez: Whoa. Kitten. Clare, baby, hey, hey...

Clare weeps into his arms.

Gomez: Clare, baby, what's wrong? Clare, have you had sex before? (*Clare nods*) Is it Charisse? You feel bad about it cause of Charisse? (*Clare nods*). Did I do something wrong? (*Clare shakes her head*) (*F.I. "Clare Theme"*) Clare, who is Henry?

Clare: (*recoiling*) How did you know? — Shit.

Gomez: You were talking in your sleep to someone named Henry.

Clare: — What did I say?

Gomez: Mostly just Henry over and over, like you were calling someone to come to you. And you said 'I'm sorry' and 'well, you weren't here,' like you were angry. Who is Henry?

Clare: Henry is my lover.

Gomez: Clare, you don't have a lover. Charisse and I have seen you almost everyday for six months, and you never date anyone, and no one ever calls you.

Clare: He's been gone for a while and he'll be back in the fall of 1991.

Gomez: Where is he?

Clare: I don't know —

Time: But you were determined to make him believe you.

She pulls out a picture. (*F.O. "Clare Theme"*)

Gomez: I've seen this guy. Well, no. Someone a lot like him. He's a maniac, an alcoholic and he's just ... I don't know, he's really rough on women or so I hear.

Clare: What's his last name?

Gomez: I don't know. Listen, Kitten, this guy would chew you up and spit you out ... he's not at all what you need.

Clare: What do I need?

Gomez: Me. Except you don't seem to think so.

Clare: You have Charisse. What do you want me for?

Gomez: I just want you. I don't know why. Clare I —

Clare: Don't say it. I don't want to know.

Gomez: Clare, don't be mad.

Clare: I'm not mad at you. I'm mad at myself.

Gomez: This guy must be really something if he can walk away from a girl like you and expect you to be around two years later.

Clare: He is ...

Time snaps and Gomez freezes, Present Henry unfreezes.

Present Henry: When was this?

Clare: 1990.

Present Henry: Clare don't do that to me, shit, I thought you were talking about something that happened like, last week.

Time snaps again and Clare freezes. Gomez enters in scene with Ingrid and Present Henry.

Gomez: Henry?

Present Henry: Yeah?

Gomez: Clare says hello.

Ingrid: Who the hell is Clare?

Present Henry: Sorry wrong number.

Gomez: Sorry. You must have a double out there somewhere.

Gomez passes by Clare and exits. Ingrid grabs Present Henry.

Traveling Henry: My place?

Ingrid: *(high as a kite)* Brilliant.

SCENE THIRTEEN

Sunday, June 12, 2005 (Clare is 34, Henry is 41)

Present Henry turns and watches Alba with older Alba — about seven, wearing a dirty long t-shirt and barefoot). He beckons Clare over. The Albas are singing “The Itsy Bitsy Spider.”

Alba and Older Alba: The itsy, bitsy spider crawled up the water spout....

Clare: Who is that?

Time and Present Henry: That’s Alba.

Clare: Yes, but who’s with her?

Present Henry: Clare, that’s Alba when she’s older.

Time: She’s time traveling.

Clare: My God. Should we go out there? I’d love to meet her...

Time and Present Henry: Better not....

But as he speaks the two girls run inside holding hands.

Alba: Mama! Mama, look a big girl Alba.

Older Alba: Hi Mama

Clare: Hello Alba.

Older Alba: DADDY!

Older Alba throws her arms around Henry and begins to cry.

Present Henry: Don’t tell Mama I died, okay? —

Alba: Why Daddy, why is she sad?

Clare: Alba, what is going on in your present?

Older Alba: Not much, Gramps is teaching me Saint Saens’ second violin concerto.

Present Henry: You’re in a play at school.

Older Alba: I am? Not yet, I guess. *(She looks tired and nauseous)*

Present Henry: Oh sorry. Guess that’s not til next year...

Time pulls older Alba away.

Present Henry: She’s gone back.

Alba: Back where Daddy? Back where?

Clare: Alba, it’s almost time for bed. Why don’t you go pick out two books and I’ll be up in a minute.

Alba storms off.

Clare: Are you going to tell me what that was all about?

Present Henry: Can I get away with not telling you?

Clare: No.

Time and Present Henry: Because you don't really want to know.

Clare: You have to tell me.

Present Henry: No. I don't.

Clare: I'll imagine the worst.

Present Henry: Go ahead.

Clare: What is the worst? (*closing her eyes*)

IN: "Low, Ominous Sound"

F.I. "Ticking" just after "Low, Ominous Sound" enters.

Time: The meadow,

Clare: a cold day in my childhood,

Time: running over dead grass, there was a noise,

Clare: you called my name —

Gunshot

Traveling Henry (offstage): CLARE!

The scene rebuilds around them — Daddy, Time and Traveling Henry in diamond. Slow Fade Out of "Low, Ominous Sound" and "Ticking."

Present Henry: Clare? Where are you?

Clare: 1984. I think that's where it happens.

Present Henry: Where what happens?

Clare: Whatever it is you're afraid to tell me.

Present Henry: Tell me about it.

Clare walks into the scene.

Clare and Time: It was early. A day in the fall.

Clare: Daddy was out deer hunting. I thought I heard you calling me and I ran out in the meadow and you were there,

Clare and Time: looking at something,

Clare: but Daddy made me go back to the house,

Present Henry: Oh?

Clare: I went back later in the day. There was

Clare and Time: a place in the grass all soaked in blood.

Clare: The worst—
F.I. “Shit Kickin’ Music”

Present Henry: Hush Clare— Shhh.

SCENE FOURTEEN

Monday, January 7, 2006 (Henry is 43 and Clare is 35)

Wednesday, June 28, 2006 (Henry is 43)

F.O. "Shit Kickin' Music"

Traveling Henry & Time: It's cold. It's very, very cold

Traveling Henry: and I am lying on the ground in snow. My feet are numb, I can't feel my feet. How long have I been here?

Time: It's night. I hear traffic.

Traveling Henry gets to his hands and knees.

Time: You're in Grant Park.

Traveling Henry: I have to get out of here. I have to get warm.

Traveling Henry crawls off.

*Clare in bed with Present Henry, jumps up as the phone RINGS.
Henry fumbles reaching over Clare for the phone.*

Present Henry: Lo?

Time: 4:32 A.M.

Present Henry: Okay, stay there. We'll leave right now.

Clare: Who was it?

Present Henry: Me. It was me. I'm down at the Monroe St Parking Garage, no clothes, fifteen degrees below zero. (*F.I. "Shit Kickin' Music"*) God I hope the car starts.

Time and Traveling Henry re-enter.

Time: Crawl to the guard station.

Traveling Henry: (teeth chattering): No one is there.

Time: Inside there is a space heater, a jacket.

Traveling Henry: It's locked.

Traveling Henry & Time: I have nothing to open it with.

Traveling Henry curls up in a ball, shaking uncontrollably.

Traveling Henry: Help Me! Help Me! Help Me!

Time: (*overlapping Henry's calls*) Help, Help, Help.

"Shit Kickin' Music" Out on last "Help Me!"

And at last, he is gone. Present Henry and Clare get out of car and run around garage calling for Henry.

Clare & Present Henry: Henry! Henry!

Clare: (*shivers*) I've been here before, been here before.

Present Henry: Henry! ...

Clare: Maybe you got back to the present.

Present Henry: But maybe not. Shit, where would I go?

Clare: When were you coming from?

Present Henry: I didn't say.

Time: No Henry anywhere.

Clare: It's okay
F.I. "Time Theme"

Time: But sooner or later there will be hell to pay.

SCENE 14b

Monday, September 25, 2006 (Clare is 35, Henry is 43)

F.O. "Time Theme"

Alba: My turn!

Time: Henry has been gone all day. Alba and Clare went to McDonald's for dinner and now they are playing,

Alba: Go fish! Do you have a two of hearts?

F.I. "Shit Kickin' Music"

Clare: Go Fi...

CRASH!

Present Henry: HELP ME!

Time: Henry is on the floor white, shivering and cold.

We see flashes of several small scenes.

Henry is in hospital, chattering Clare's name. Quick F.O. "Shit Kickin' Music" as soon as Nurse enters.

Nurse: How on Earth did he get Hypothermia in September?

Clare: I don't know, ask him.

The nurse wraps Henry's feet. Kendrick finds a frazzled Clare.

Kendrick: There doesn't seem to be any brain damage.

The nurse is back, unwrapping Henry's feet. Placing them in water.

Nurse: Any tissue that's gonna make it will turn bright red. If it doesn't look like a lobster, it's a problem.

Clare and Time (alternating): Henry's feet are white as snow, white as marble, white as titanium, white as paper, white as bread, white as sheets, white as white can be.

Clare is holding Henry's hand. Gomez Enters.

Gomez: Morning Kitten. How's our patient?

Clare and Time: Both feet were amputated above the ankle this morning.

Gomez stops abruptly. Henry is waking up.

Present Henry: Where am I?

Clare and Time: Mercy Hospital. September 27, 2006.

Henry sees Gomez's shocked face and he pushes himself up to look where his feet once were. Henry SCREAMS.

SCENE FIFTEEN

Tuesday, October 17, 2006 (Clare is 35, Henry is 43)

Time: Henry has been home from the hospital for a week. He spends the days in bed, doesn't eat much, doesn't say much either.
Alba approaches Henry. Clare watches

Alba: Daddy?

Time: Although Henry is right here in front of you, he has disappeared.
He doesn't respond and she tries again.

Alba: Daddy?

Present Henry: Hmmm?

Alba: Are you dying?

Present Henry: No.

Alba: Alba said you died.

Present Henry: That's in the future Alba. Not yet. Tell Alba she shouldn't tell you those kinds of things.

Alba: Are you going to stay in bed all the time now?

Present Henry: (reaching for painkillers) Maybe.

Alba: Why?

Present Henry: Because I feel like shit, okay?

Alba: Okay!
Alba runs and collides with Clare. She buries her face in her mom's neck and they rock together.

Clare: What can I tell you, Alba? What can I say?

Time: But before you can shake a Vicodin out of the bottle, you are falling.

Sunday January 2, 1994

Traveling Henry: (*wraps himself in blanket*) There's something about the smell that reminds me of...Bleach, Sweat, Perfume, but it couldn't be —
Ingrid comes up from behind.

Ingrid: Henry.

Traveling Henry: Ingrid.

Ingrid: What are you doing here?

Traveling Henry: I don't know. I'm sorry. I just — well you know.

Ingrid: You look like shit.

Traveling Henry: I'm in a lot of pain.

Ingrid: That's funny. So am I.

Traveling Henry: I mean physical pain.

Ingrid: Why?

Henry shows Ingrid his stumps.

Time: Ingrid of all people understands perfectly. By entirely separate processes you have arrived at the same condition.

She gets him some drugs and Henry swallows them.

Ingrid: When are you coming from?

Traveling Henry: December 2006. What's the date here?

Ingrid: It was New Years Day but now it is January 2. 1994.

Traveling Henry: *(to self)* Oh no. Please no.

Ingrid: What's wrong?

Time: Today is the day Ingrid will commit suicide.

Traveling Henry: What can I say to her? Can I stop her?

Time: Does it matter now?

Traveling Henry: Listen, Ing, I just want to say—

Time: Now that she's dead?

Ingrid: What?

Traveling Henry: Just ... be nice to yourself. Don't ... I mean, I know you aren't very happy—

Ingrid: Well, whose fault is that?

Traveling Henry: *(to self)* Is it my fault?

Time: I don't really know.

Ingrid: Henry? Why were you so mean to me?

Traveling Henry: Was I? I didn't want to be.

Ingrid: You didn't care if I lived or died.

Traveling Henry: I do care. I don't want you to die.

Ingrid: You never came to the hospital.

Traveling Henry: Your doctor told me I couldn't visit you.

Ingrid: You got married and never called.

Traveling Henry: I was told you didn't want to talk to me.

Ingrid: Are you still married?

Traveling Henry: Yeah.

Ingrid: Kids?

Traveling Henry: One. A girl.

Ingrid: Oh. I wish I had kids.

Traveling Henry: You never wanted kids, Ing.

Ingrid: I always wanted kids. I didn't think you wanted kids, so I never said anything.

Traveling Henry: You could still have kids.

Ingrid: Do I have kids Henry? In 2006 do I have a husband and a house in Winnetka and 2.5 kids?

Traveling Henry: Not exactly.

Ingrid: How not exactly? As in not exactly Ingrid, you're really a bag lady.

Traveling Henry: You're not a bag lady.

Ingrid: So we've eliminated the extremes. I'm not a suburban matron and I'm not homeless. Come on Henry give me some more hints.

Traveling Henry: I don't want to play this game.

Ingrid: Fine. Let's make it multiple choice.
 A) I'm a stripper in a real sleazy club on Rush St.
 B) I'm living in Rio Del Sol with an investment banker, or how about
 C) I'm dead.
 Does that appeal to you at all?

Traveling Henry: No. It doesn't.

Ingrid: Really? I like that one best. I like that one so much that it's given me an idea.
Time hands Ingrid a gun and Ingrid turn to point it at Traveling Henry.

Ingrid: Surprise! I could shoot you.

Traveling Henry: Yes. You could.

Ingrid: Then I could shoot myself.

Traveling Henry: That also could happen.

Ingrid: But does it?

Traveling Henry: I don't know Ingrid. You get to decide.

Ingrid: Bullshit Henry! Tell me,

Traveling Henry: All right, no! It doesn't happen that way.

Ingrid: But what if I want it to happen that way?

Traveling Henry: Ingrid, give me the gun.
She toys with him, making him crawl and then points it at his head. Henry tenses and then she bring the gun to her temple.

Ingrid: How about this, Henry? Does it happen like this?

Traveling Henry: No. No!
Ingrid kicks him in the chest and he falls backward.

Ingrid: Did you love me?

Traveling Henry: Yes.

Ingrid: Liar.
And she pulls the trigger. Gunshot.

October 18, 2006.

Clare runs in her studio, startled.

Time: Henry is gone. The possibilities crowd your mind. He could be run over by cars, stuck somewhere out in the cold.
She spots Henry on the floor, crying.

Clare: What's wrong?

Present Henry: Ingrid's dead.

Clare: Ingrid's been dead for a long time.

Time & Present Henry: Years, minutes ... same thing.

Present Henry: It was my fault. If I hadn't been there.

Clare: Could you have stopped her?

Present Henry: No. I tried.

Clare: Well, then.

Present Henry: Clare.

Clare: Mmmm?

Present Henry: When I'm dead—I've been getting everything organized, all the documents, you know, my will, and letters to people and stuff for Alba, it's all in my desk.

Clare: When? Months? Weeks? Days?

Present Henry: I don't know Clare.

Time: He does know,

Clare: I know he knows. Henry ... I made you something.

Present Henry: Feet? I could use some feet.
Clare lifts him up to see the giant wings floating above them.

Clare: Wings.

Time: The wings are huge and they float in the air. They are threatening but also redolent of

Time & Present Henry: longing, freedom, rushing through space.

Time: The feeling of standing solidly

Present Henry: on my own two feet, of running, running like

Time & Present Henry: flying.

Clare sits next to Henry and looks at him. F.I. "Time Theme"

Clare: Kiss me.

They kiss.

Present Henry: I want to be here. I want to live.

SCENE SIXTEEN

Sunday, December 31, 2006 (Clare is 35, Henry is 43)

F.O. "Time Theme"

Time: Tonight your life will flash before your eyes.

Present Henry: Tonight my life will flash before my eyes.

F.I. Squirrel Nut Zippers' "Evening at Lafitte's"

Time: Henry and Clare are having a party.

The doorbell rings and Alba runs to answer it. Mr. DeTamble walks in.

Alba: Grandpa, Grandpa!

Mr. DeTamble: Hello, Henry!

He picks her up and then shakes Henry's hand. Henry holds it just a little longer than usual. The party is underway. Gomez and Charisse enter last.

Gomez: Hey Library boy, you lazy coot, don't you ever shovel your sidewalk?

Present Henry: *(smacking his head)* I knew I forgot something.

Clare: Where are the kids?

Charisse: We parked them at my mom's. It's New Year's and we decided to have our hangovers in privacy, you know? I've already started mine.

Present Henry: Hey Gomez.

Gomez: *(trots over to Henry)* Yeah?

Present Henry: Let's go outside.

Gomez: It's fucking cold out there.

F.O. "Evening at Lafitte's"

Present Henry: Come on you soft elderly alderman.

Gomez picks Henry up. They sit for a moment.

Present Henry: Comrade.

Gomez: *(drinking from flask)* Umm?

Present Henry: Thanks for everything. You've been the best—

Gomez: What are you saying?

Present Henry: My own personal fat lady is singing, Gomez. Time's up. Game over.

Gomez: When?

Present Henry and Time: Soon.

Gomez: How soon?

Present Henry: I don't know.

Time: Very, very soon.

Present Henry: Anyway, I just wanted to tell you—I know I've been a pain in the ass every now and then, but it's been great. It's been really great.

Time: And they stand there, inarticulate full grown male creatures.

Present Henry: Let's go in.

Gomez pulls Henry into a tight man hug and then walks away without looking back. Gomez comes back in and passes by Clare. They exchange a look.

Kendrick: If you ever want to come by the lab, I could show you what I've been doing for Alba...

Time: You haven't seen Henry in the last forty-five minutes. You should make sure he's okay. Make sure he's here.

Clare: — Excuse me.

Clare looks around and finally finds him.

Clare: Come inside.

Henry holds out his arm and she stands beside him. He puts his head against her hip and she plays with his hair. F.I. "Time Theme 90 BPM"

Present Henry: I wish we could just stop time now. Clare,

Clare: Henry.

Time & Present Henry: It's time.

Clare: What?

Present Henry: It's ... I'm ...

She kneels down in front of him, squeezing his hands.

Clare: But—don't. Just—stay.

Time & Present Henry: It has already happened.

Clare: Why didn't you tell me? Why did you let me invite all these people?

Present Henry: I don't want you to be alone ... after. And I wanted to say goodbye to everyone. It's been good, it was a good last hurrah...

Clare: Why can't we do something...

Present Henry: Clare —

Clare: Stop it. Refuse to let it happen. (F.O. "Time Theme 90 BPM")
Change it.

Present Henry: Oh, Clare.

Clare: What time is it?

F.I. "Ticking"

F.I. "Low, Ominous Sound"

Time and Present Henry: Almost midnight.

Clare: I'm scared.

Present Henry: Kiss me.

Party Voices: Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two, One,

Gunshot

Everyone freezes and red light evaporates over the stage. We see Daddy Abshire take gun and shoot Present Henry. Traveling Henry stands by watching. We hear the crack of rifles and Present Henry grabs his stomach and falls to the ground screaming:

Present Henry: CLARE!

The lights change and the party is back on again but everyone is running outside as Clare and Alba lean over Henry. F.O. "Low, Ominous Sound."

Alba: Daddy!

Present Henry: Love you ...

Clare: Henry —

Present Henry: Always ...

Clare: Oh God, oh God —

Present Henry: World enough ...

Clare: No!

Present Henry: And time ...

F.I. "Time Theme."

Clare: Henry!

Time picks up Present Henry and places him back in his chair ... Clare's song comes back at this point. Present Henry reads the letter at center stage as life goes on around him.

SCENE SEVENTEEN THE LETTER

Present Henry: A letter to be opened in the event of my death.

Time: December 10, 2006.

Present Henry: It's one of those evenings when the coldness of every single thing seems to slow down time

Time: You sleep all day. Everything is reduced to this bed, this endless slumber that makes the days into one day, makes time stop.

Present Henry: I have that feeling, when I am out of time, of being buoyed up on time's surface like a fat lady swimmer.

Clare: It is only memory that holds me here. Time, let me vanish.
F.O. "Ticking" and "Time Theme"

Present Henry: I had the sudden urge tonight, here in the house by myself to write you a letter, to leave something, for after.
Alba enters and goes to Clare.

Alba: When is daddy coming home?

Present Henry: If you are reading this, I am probably dead.

Clare: August 29.

Present Henry: I say probably because it seems foolish and self-important to declare one's own death as an out and out fact.

Time: How do you know?

Present Henry: About this death of mine—I hope it was simple and clean and unambiguous and didn't create too much fuss. I'm sorry.

Clare: Because he is. He gave me the date himself.

Time: And how does it feel?

Present Henry: You know if I could have stayed, if I could have gone on, that I would have clutched every second.

Clare: I never see him.

Present Henry: Clare, I want to tell you again, I love you. Our love has been the thread through the labyrinth, the net under the high wire walker, the only real thing in this strange life of mine that I could trust.

Clare: Why not me Henry? Why only Alba?
Clare sits in her rocking Chair. Traveling Henry and Alba enter in weird clothes.

Alba: Tell me a story

Traveling Henry: What kind of story?

Alba: A story about you and Mama when Mama was a little girl.

Present Henry: I hate to think of you waiting.

Traveling Henry: All right ... once upon a time

Alba: When was that?

Traveling Henry: All times at once. A long time ago and right now.

Present Henry: I know you have been waiting for me all your life, always uncertain of how long this patch of waiting would be.

Traveling Henry: And one fine day when your Mama, who was only a tiny thing whose hair was bigger than she was, went out to the clearing and there was a man there—

Alba: With no clothes!

Traveling Henry: With not a stitch on him.

Present Henry: What an uncertain husband I have been, like Odysseus, a plaything of the gods.

Traveling Henry: And after your Mama had given him a beach towel so he could have something to wear, he explained to her that he was a time traveler and for some reason she believed him...

Alba: Because it was true.

F.I. "Clare Music to Sing" Clare softly hums her theme.

Present Henry: Please, Clare. When I am dead. Stop waiting and be free.

Alba: Daddy, how come you never visit Mama in the future?

Present Henry: Put me deep inside you and then go out in the world and live.

Traveling Henry: I don't know Alba.

Present Henry: My father's entire life was marked by my mother's absence. And when I was young, I didn't understand, but now I know how absence can be present.

Traveling Henry: If I could, I'd be there.

Present Henry: You have created beauty and meaning in your art and Alba and for me, for me you have been everything. Live, Clare, fully, presently in the world, which is so beautiful.

Alba and Henry hug and then Alba disappears. Clare is still rocking and singing. Traveling Henry moves toward Present Henry.

Present/Traveling Henry: Clare, there is one last thing, and I have hesitated to tell you, because I'm superstitiously afraid that telling might cause it not to

happen. Silly: I know. And also because this might cause you to wait longer than you have ever waited before. (*F.O. "Clare Music to Sing"*) But I will tell you in case you need something, after.

Traveling Henry returns the pocket watch to Present Henry.

Present/Traveling Henry: Last summer I was sitting in Kendrick's waiting room when I suddenly found myself,

July 24, 2053 (Clare is 82, Henry is 43)

Present Henry: In a dark hallway.

Time: You sit at the dining room table with a cup of tea, looking at the water, listening.

F.I. "End Music"

Present Henry: At the end of a hall is a door, white light spilling around its edges. A woman sits at a table facing a window.

Clare: Waiting.

Present Henry: The woman is extremely still. Something about her is familiar. She is

Clare: wondering if you will come today.

Present Henry: an old woman; her hair lies perfectly still on her back.

Clare: It's not much different from other times I have waited for you except this time I have instructions: this time I know you will come, eventually.

Clare turns and sees.

Time and Present Henry: this is Clare, Clare old...

Present Henry returns pocket watch to Time.

Present Henry: And she is coming

Clare: and I am here.

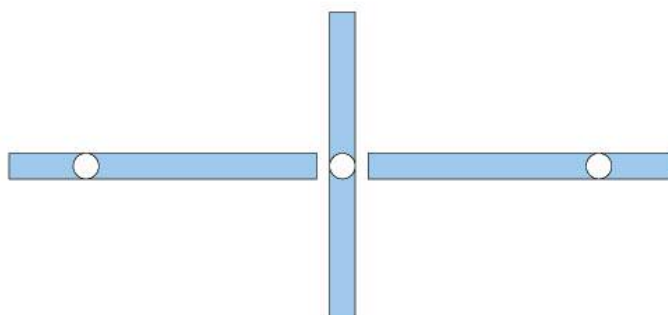
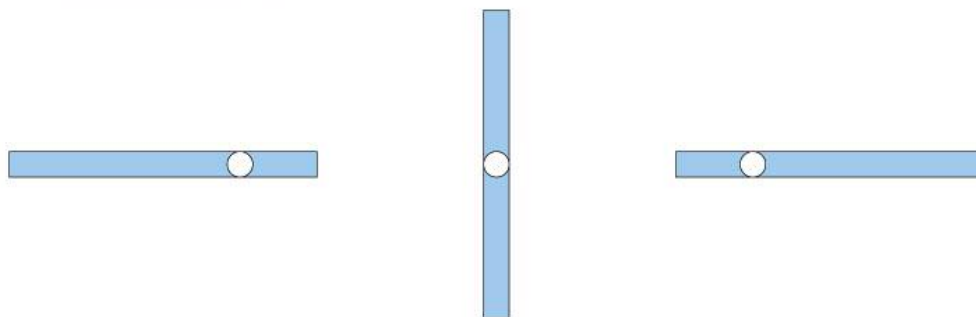
Time: Here and now.

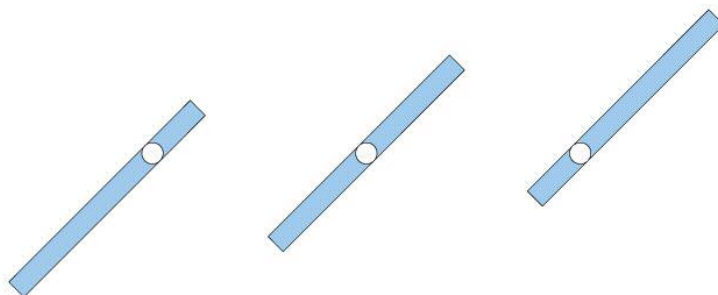
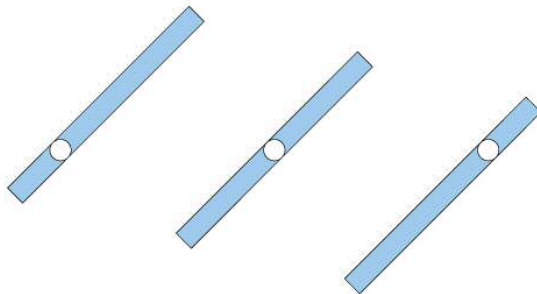
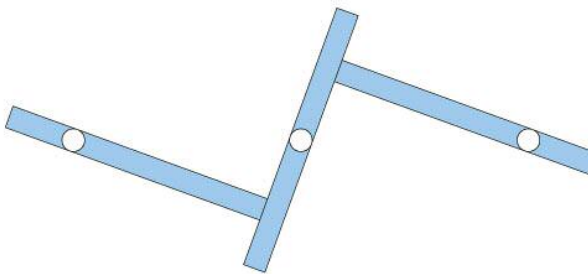
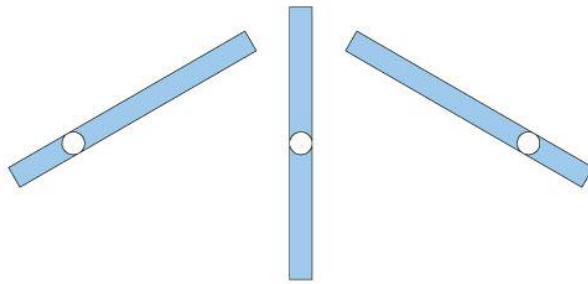
Time closes the pocket watch. Present Henry and Clare move in together and she reaches up to touch his face as we FADE TO BLACK.

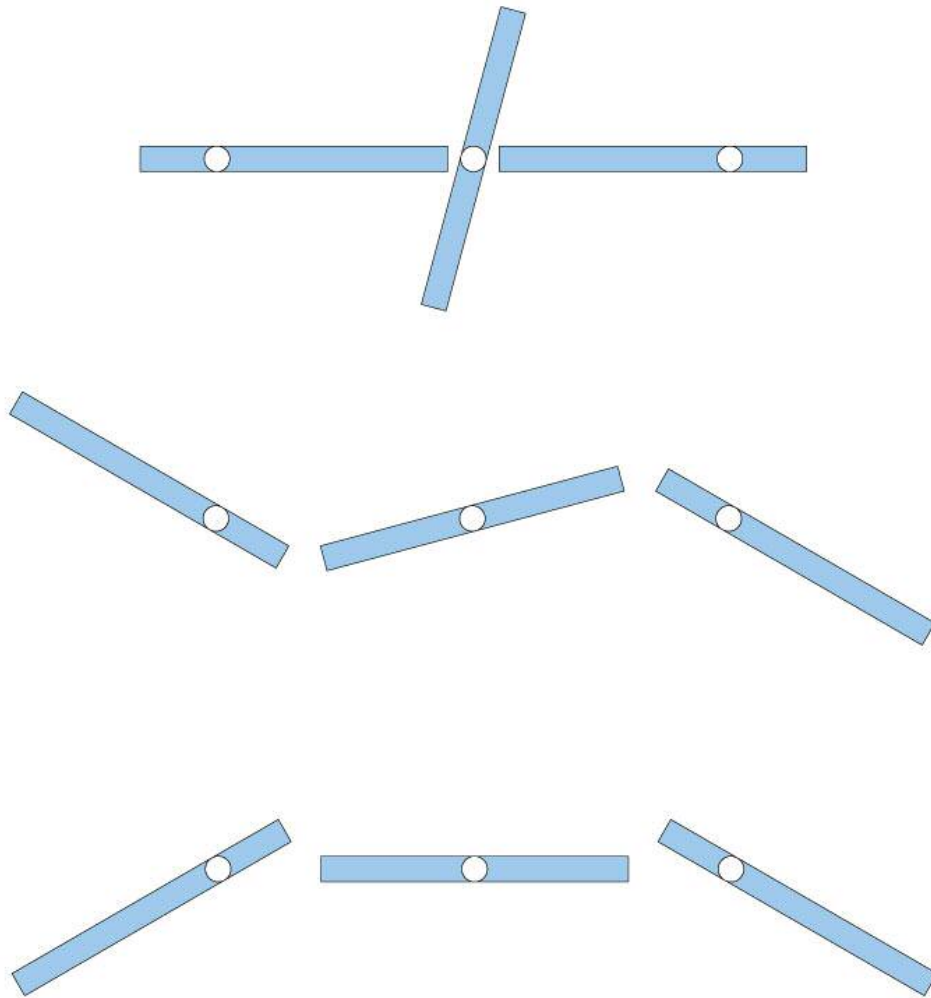
PANEL CONFIGURATIONS



Panels are 6' x 6".
Pivots located 18 inches from short side.
Lying flat, panels are 6" apart.
At farthest, panels are 3' 3" apart.
At closest, panels are 3" apart.







APPENDIX B
Performance Journal

Prologue

It's hard to re-body a novel. I wait for inspiration to come to me. 512 pages into a two-hour show. It is hard to be one who writes. Time keeps disappearing and re-appearing as though she alludes being captured on paper. It's hard to re-body a novel. I keep myself busy, constantly lost in the world of the characters. Everything seems simple until you think about. Three Henrys turn into two. Time becomes a major narrator and I wait. Wondering how this gigantic challenge will work itself out in performance. Wondering if my questions will be answered. I hate to be always going where the adaptation is not. And yet I am always going and we will see who can follow.

September 3, 2005 Lauren is 24 and starts rehearsal in two days.

I am getting ready to embark on probably the most dangerous and risky challenge I have faced in some time. I would be lying to say I wasn't scared. But fear falls short to the exhilaration I feel. I am in the throws of creating a stageable draft of the script. We are at the preferred running time, but I am now trying to figure out the character of Time. Having created a first draft with a Narrator Henry, it has been hard to re-body the script with Time as the central Narrator. Without Narrator Henry, the script flows much more smoothly. His voice was slowing the story down as it was reporting thoughts rather than showing them. The only problem with losing Henry's inner conscious is Time has had to pick up those thoughts as well as move the story along. Yet she can not speak in first person as Henry so Henry is

still narrating many of his feelings as Clare does. Time is always on stage and yet there are scenes where she disappears or says very few lines. Why is this?

In the first draft, Time became many of the minor characters, but now I don't think she can adopt all of them. Would it be too confusing to have time play a minor character, say a librarian and then narrate Henry's thoughts? I just don't know yet. And if she doesn't will there be too much doubling, too many bodies on stage?

These are my main concerns as I begin to think about turning over the script to the actors.

We are cast and I now fully understand the bifurcation process that goes on between a playwright and a director. When you have been living with these characters for so long, it is hard to give up your image of them. My only real struggle was of course the Henrys. The other characters all look close enough to what I saw in my head, but Henry does not. And I have let that go, allowing the director to take over and let the actors give Henry life. I think they will. We have an exceptionally talented cast and I can't wait.

I think this rehearsal process is going to grow me so much. I will probably not be able to come in with all the blocking planned and visualized. I think the process of experimentation is going to be central. I am such a visual person that letting go of a set plan might be a challenge but I am readying myself for it.

September 8, 2005. Lauren is 24 and has just finished the first week of rehearsal.

So the hardest part about being adaptor/director is never being satisfied with the script and having the ability to change it. As I commented on last time, the bane of my existence for the past week has been what to do with the character of Time. It has been such a challenge to watch her evolve from a thematic concept into a full bodied character. No easy task. But I think I have finally figured her out. After a week of rehearsal, watching the actor struggling to ground herself in the life of this figmented character, I have realized that Time can not just have a relationship with Henry. Not only does it flatten out the scenes and place significantly more weight on Henry, what he is doing and how he is living; but a one sided relationship is exactly the opposite of what this story depicts. Clare is as much affected by the power of Time as anyone. Her whole life is manipulated by Time, she is a subject to Time's every whim and that was what was missing from my script. I knew this after the first rehearsal and spent many sleepless nights this week trying to figure out the solution. The solution came in another script note I received from friends and colleagues. The suggestion was that Clare was narrating too much and the competing narrative voices were slowing the script down. The reader was not able to fully distinguish what made Henry's narration different from Clare's. And ultimately there wasn't any distinction. That all went away when Narrator Henry ceased to exist. In the original conception for multiple narrative voices, Clare's narration was caught up in her body and her body alone... she would speak her thoughts and report her action when appropriate because she was the one caught in the present. Henry on the other hand had three bodies to deal with and one that was constantly narrating his life. But when I did away with that Narrator, giving the lines either to Time or to Henry himself, the way Henry and Clare were narrating became more and more similar.

So the question became for me, what is the difference between the way Clare and Henry narrate and how are they linked by Time. Both their perspectives are so important, yet they need to bring different information through different ways of telling. This is what Niffenegger does so powerfully in her novel and one of the reasons I wanted this challenge. With Clare being stuck in the Present, it makes sense that most of her narration remain lyric thoughts, not able to see forward, but only able to describe through memory and moment to moment experience. Time, therefore becomes central to how Clare is moving throughout her life and how she gets her information. By speaking to Clare in the second person, Time has a manipulative power to move Clare through her thoughts, fears, and actions. For example, in the Violent Femmes scene, Clare spots Henry with Ingrid. In the earlier draft, Clare was narrating her own feelings but now Time is in control of making sure Clare sees exactly what she wants her to see. It now reads:

Time: Henry is gone for a long time.

Clare: Finally, I spot...

And then sees ... Present Henry and Ingrid are standing close ... looks like they are kissing almost.

Ingrid: Henry.

Present Henry: What!?

Time: The intimacy of their pose takes your breath.

Ingrid: There's that little girl again.

Present Henry: What little girl?

Ingrid: She's maybe seven or eight; too young to be out alone in the middle of the night.

Time: She is blond and beautiful in a very German way, tall and dramatic.

Ingrid: Are you okay? Are you lost?

Alba: I was lost, but now I've figured out where I am. Thank you.

Ingrid: Where's your mom?

Time: He is standing close, too close.

So Time now has made this scene much more interesting. We are not just witnessing Clare's own insecurities and fears but we are seeing the havoc Time can play with her life. Clare wants to be with the Henry who time traveled to her, but she is caught with the earlier Henry - the one Time has given her; the one she will have to teach. I think by changing way Time interacts with Clare I have found the key to opening up this script and fully re-bodying the tensions of the novel.

From a directing standpoint, Clare still never sees Time. In fact, what we have been working with in rehearsal is that Traveling Henry is the only one that really has direct discourse with Time. Present Henry hears and feels her presence and may even talk in her direction, but he doesn't see her like he does when he is Time Traveling. That revelation helped me give the actor playing Time more direction about her character. I have been trying to develop the idea that Time has two very different relationships with these Henrys. With Present Henry, Time is always the third wheel to Clare, the woman who holds him in the present. With Traveling Henry, (the Henry with Time), Clare is always the third wheel. Time has control of both Henrys but it is Traveling Henry who she is closest to, who she gets to speak to, touch, play with and love. It is Present Henry who she is frustrated with and constantly trying to woo back to her. And Time is most jealous of Clare. Yet, Time is not a stagnant character who stays wrapped in these unidirectional relationships. She evolves too, I think to a place of understanding. She is the one who lets Henry time travel so Clare can get pregnant; she is the one that encourages Henry to tell Clare to persevere. Time is not heartless and her reward to a certain extent is Alba. But as we work our way into the second Act here in the next few weeks, I am excited to see Time hopefully develop a stronger character arc and not just take the audience on a journey, but go on a journey herself.

It is amazing that most of my comments here are about story, character development, and the script. You think by this point I would be wrapped up in only discussion about directing choices. Funny how performance really wrestles and brings out the answers to the questions you have been searching for for months in front of a computer screen.

As for the directing, it is going pretty well. Different from both aesthetics I have worked with, but playing pretty nicely for the most part. My aesthetic has been to take a magical novel, fantastical and science fiction in nature and make it real. I am playing with less and less metaphorical staging and really attempting to develop intimate scenes. The magic comes through a newly developed scene design which changed about an hour before the first rehearsal. My beginning image of the scene design was routed in a revolving circle stage because I thought we were in Bingham 203. But when we were moved to Swain and our options opened up, that circle became more of an annoyance than something that was going to make this fast paced script turn. So we took the circle idea and my insistence of light and shadow effects and came up with an idea. It has been done before of course, but most things are recycled bits of genius anyway. We are going to have three framed panels of lycra that spin on a vertical axis. These panels will create place, like the stacks of the library, while also functioning as the mechanism of Time travel. For instance, Present Henry can now spin out while Traveling Henry spins in. The choice of the lycra came for two reasons: one, I have always wanted to play with the idea of disappearance and how the “poof” effect works. Is there a moment where Henry is caught in between Times, in shadow? And also, the stretchy lycra will be patterned so that it allows body parts to push through. Perhaps Clare is running towards Henry and sticks her hand through after him or Time pulls Henry through to her. The

options are now wide open and for the first time I actually believe we can make people believably disappear without smoke, mirrors or a trap door.

My main concerns about the staging thus far have been whether it is too intimate. There are a lot of scenes right in a row where it is just Clare, Time and one of the Henrys. They are either in bed or in a very close sitting position for the most part. To combat some of this intimacy, I turned the chess game into a nonsexual Twister. It actually makes “You’re turning me into a freak” a much more elegant scene and breathes a little creativity into the old chess routine. But several scenes pull us down and in, which is not a bad place to be since the actors are doing some lovely work already creating real moments of truth. But we have only staged one scene involving the cast as ensemble so far and that should be fun once it is in the actual playing space. More of those larger scenes should come tomorrow so hopefully we will create a variety that shifts us out of the intimacy and into some functional chaos. What fun work this is!

Thursday September 15, 2005: Lauren is 24 and Act One is staged!

Time after Time. Rehearsal after rehearsal. I am learning, making mistakes and learning again. The big lesson has been to let go of the script and become director. But not just a director on a mission to get as much done in a rehearsal as humanly possible, all the while stressing out and eclipsing the reason we are doing this. I want to be the director who realizes this is PLAY after all. The director searching for discovery, nuance, pushing the actors to try new things. And I am not that director yet, but everyday I am learning more and more about myself and my company. I have discovered we need warm-ups, energy-ups and lots of fun banter. I have discovered that I make mistakes: i.e.... giving the actors a line

reading just because I heard it a certain way in my head. Both Frank and Allan looked at me like I was crazy and I was just confusing them. I rush, explain too much, and don't give enough positive feedback. But there are moments where I find myself in the moment as director and these happen when I am thinking about re-bodying. There is a passage in Scene 16 where Present Henry tells his dad that he can see his dead mother. At first, the actor was delivering this passage angrily to his dad, using lots of gesture and emphatic motion. So I gave him an offstage focus and told him to place all that kinetic energy into his chest, into his voice and let it be inside him. Then I told him to move towards the memory of his mother, to really see her and put that wanting into his body. After about five times, he completely transformed the scene and it played beautifully. I love directing moments like that. It reminds me that there is a process and a journey that is more important than the opening night... rehearsal is where it comes to life for the first time.

Last night, seeing Act One up on its feet for the first time, was frustrating and refreshing. It is scary how much work we have left to do, especially with the character of Time... placing her more at the center of the action and letting everything else spin around her. Making her character more magical. Those are the major challenges ahead. Not to mention the transitions, but I have ideas and I think we can make it work.

We also have so much character work to do. I am giving so much attention to Time, Clare and the Henrys that some of the minor characters are falling flat. I think the actors playing Gomez and Charisse will really bring comic energy to the stage. But right now their comic scene is not really playing... the rhythms and timing are all off. I know we need more time to dig into these scenes so I have to make it happen somehow.

I'm not going to say yet that this is harder than I thought it would be because I knew it would be hard. I'll just say I am feeling the weight of it everyday, but I am confident and I think we can do it. I just have to hope and believe.

September 19, 2005

I have been saying "I" a lot in these journal entries, partly because I am cataloguing my experience. But, this project is collaboration and we are really surfing through the fun and frustration of working together for the first time. Shannon and I had a great transition meeting a few nights ago. We sat down with a bottle of wine and just brainstormed about where to put music and how to keep the energy moving from one scene to the next. We have some really complicated transitions, especially since we are having the actors function as the stage crew. I didn't do the best job of tracking the script for costume and scene changes when I was adapting it so I have given the director a real head ache. Shannon has been really useful though. She will suggest a music idea that will completely open up tons of possibilities. She really wanted a boom box playing Marvin Gaye in the scene where Clare pounces on Henry. I thought it would be really fun, so by that suggestion we have marked other places where the boom box could be used. One really cool place is at the beginning of the proposal scene. Henry and Clare are going to be fighting with the volume control at the top of the scene and I think this play will give the texture that was missing before. This meeting was really so much fun and was at the heart of collaboration. Now that Shannon is really focused on writing music and I am focused on directing, we are not seeing each other as much or coming up with ideas together. I know we need to keep this creative energy alive as it is what brought this show into existence in the first place, but it is so hard to balance. I am a person who just

likes to get things done on my own for sake of knowing it is done. And I sense tension sometimes because Shannon feels left out. Hopefully we can bridge this before we go too much further.

Another person who is saving my life is Tracy Walker. She is such an amazing presence to have in rehearsal; she keeps me organized and sane. Although I may be driving her crazy. For the first transition rehearsal, I came in like a football coach and drew the transitions on a chalk board. We should have completely sat down before rehearsal and given her all this information but Shannon and I just didn't think to do it. So poor Tracy is trying to keep up. We didn't even have panels so it is really hard to visualize these transitions. I plan on including Tracy in the next transition meeting for Act 2 so that she is more clued in from the beginning. I also fear we wasted time with a transition rehearsal because when they get panels they are going to have to learn everything over again, but I wanted us to be able to sew an act together. We need to feel out the flow of this thing and see if anything needs to go. So I am trying to justify this but we may lose time on some of the more detailed scene work that we so desperately need. I just have to keep believing it will all come together!

September 23, 2005

For the past week I have been going back and forth with one of the most challenging decisions a director could ever have to make, especially when we are so close to opening. But I think I am going to have to replace an actor. It is funny, but thinking back, I know I went against my gut in casting this actor and I have learned a major lesson. The thing is, the actor is just not getting it done. She comes into rehearsal with no energy and though both Tracy and I have had talks with her, she continues to be a drain on the rest of the cast. I can see

everyone's frustration as she still does not know her lines or staging. I have scheduled extra rehearsals, but I am met with resistance and sometimes attitude. I just don't know what to do, but I think I am killing my show. I know if she remains part of the cast, we will not break through and we may flop altogether. The reason I didn't make the change earlier is beyond me. I guess I just have so much faith in people and believe with hard work it can be done. But for some reason, it just isn't happening. I have another actor who is willing to step in. Everything in my being is telling me we have to do this. So I am going to trust my gut. This will be the most terrible phone call I could make and I have no idea how the actor will react. I have no idea how the cast will react. Well, I asked for a challenge and I am definitely getting one!

September, 25, 2005

So I made the change and recast. The phone call was terrible as I expected it would be. But I have to put it behind me. It's weird but when I told the cast, there was this huge sigh of relief. The energy of the entire rehearsal changed and we were more productive than we have been in a long time. I have no regrets. I only wish it had never had to come to this. Now I have rehearsals to catch up the new actor on the last three weeks of staging and subtext. The new actor is so smart though and quick, I have full confidence in her. The next thing is that Shannon and I have to figure out how this casting change affects music, transitions and the overall concept of the character of Time. I think Shannon is willing to re-tool some of her ideas because she believes this casting change is the right thing too. We had so many discussions and it is so nice that she supports me in full on this one. I'm so thankful I'm not in this alone.

October 4, 2005

Wow, I now know what stress is and I think I have made some major mistakes in dealing with my crew and my collaborator. It's the week of the show and everything that could have gone wrong, did and still is. After the stress of re-casting came the stress of the lighting design. We were searching for a designer for so long and finally found someone but he hasn't been as available... i.e. He couldn't see a run of the show. So he was working off a taped rehearsal. The lights look terrible and I am not going to blame them entirely on him. I obviously was the one who should have figured this out sooner and I need to learn how to talk to lighting designers to express what I want – to present clearer expectations. Luckily Hugh was able to spend time with me today to fix it.

But I sorta feel like I am losing control. I think Shannon is pretty peeved with me right now and some of the cast freaked out after our notes session. I sense dissension in the ranks, but I don't know how deep and wide it runs. They heard less of my voice tonight than they have in a while and that's a problem I am going to remedy tomorrow. I have stressed Tracy out like no other, making demands on her that I really shouldn't be. I am just being pulled in every direction and I feel like I have no place to go. I feel like people are upset but aren't expressing it to me directly and I can't fix problems if I don't know what they are specifically. And I still have a TON of work to do. Both Paul and Hugh have given notes that we must address; there are still lighting and sound cues to tweak. Not to mention major staging of the beginning and end of the show that is not working. AHHHHHH! I just want to scream, but I am exhausted. I can't sleep and I have to arrange a workshop for Hugh. I just

don't have time and I have run out of places to turn for help. Everyone around me is stressed too. And I have no idea if we can pull this off! I'm scared to death.

Oct 5, 2005

The preview tonight was pretty awful. Not disaster... it was amazing compared to the dress rehearsal, but man it was ROUGH! I still am not satisfied with the stage picture as the beginning and ending. The end has to have Clare and Henry moving towards each other! And the boys have to hand off something to do with Time... maybe a watch or something. I have asked the actors to come in early so we are going to try some re-staging. Nothing like last minute!

October 7, 2005.

We did it! The opening of the show rocked... well, it was where it needed to me. People seem to be responding well to it. There are still gray areas, but the actors seem to have found the show... the flow, the energy, the feeling. Hopefully, they can continue to grow throughout the run!

October 12, 2005: Lauren is still 24

How do you say goodbye to something that has become so much a part of you that you don't know where it begins and you end?

The run of the show was more than I could have asked for. Opening night, the actors showed up and we had a show. It was never without bumps or kinks but the actors played it with all their hearts. And I miss it; I miss the people, my extended family. When a process is

your way of life, all you know for two months, it is hard to wake up the next morning and have it be over. Not over in the sense of dead, but just different. Over in the sense of letting the performance, the rehearsals slip into memory, into a re-bodiment. Slip into the minds of reviewers, critics, friends, slip into language rather than life, slip into the past rather than a daily re-presencing of this rich world that changed my life. How do you move past it over and over in this profession, losing children, pieces of yourself, working so hard for one weekend? How does one let this journey continue? As much as it hurts and as much as I am breathing a sigh of relief, I want to do it again. And again, and again. Because it was all worth it and because it is the one thing that makes me feel that alive.