

IN HONOR

Deborah Randall honors Tricia McCauley

Kelli Tomalis honors Laura Wallen

Tara Cariaso honors Morgan Delost

Amy Knox honors Tammy Zywicki

Deborrah Lindsay honors Nori Amay

Aphra Behn honors Ruby Hall

Mary Burke-Hueffmeier honors Shannon Keen

Mary Burke-Hueffmeier honors Amber Shinault

Penny Willa Johnson honors Karen Garcia

Karen Joan Topping honors Corrina Mehiel

Krishawn (SP!-waiting for it for the program board op

and here) honors Rhianda Dillard

Paul Donnelly honors Windy Winters

Kelly Cronenberg honors Ruthanne Lodato

Maria Cotto honors Amanda Hall

"...every minute of it, is not only not meaningless, as it was before, but has the unquestionable meaning of good which it is in my power to put into it!"

-Tolstoy. Anna Karenina

"Plants, which as receptacles of light
were born three ages before the gods

I honor your myriad colors
and your 700 natures

A hundred, o mothers, are your natures

And, a thousand are your growths

May you of a hundred powers
Make whole what has been hurt."

-Rig Veda, Hymn of the Plants



Opening November 15, 2018

Running on Glass by Cynthia Cooper

November 14 - December 9, 2018

LIVING AND DYING WITH

Tricia McCauley



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Tricia McCauley

BY DEBORAH RANDALL

This play is one hour.

Please turn off all cell phones and recording devices. Because we now have couches and other furniture in the theatre we would like to request that you leave all food and drink outside of the space.

Please keep all aisles clear.

Enjoy the show!

Time: Spring 2018

Place: Apartment

Character: D.

Written, Directed, and performed by Deborah Randall

Lights: Kristin Thompson

Set: Amy Rhodes

Board Operations: Krishaun Walker

Graphic Design by Laura Matteoni Schraven

Special thanks to: Neil McFadden, Seth Schwartz, River She Arts Collective and the Kennedy Center Page to Stage Festival for developmental support, Alan Scott, and Pat

Deborah Randall has been performing professionally since 1985, is a published playwright, and an award-winning director. Deb founded Venus Theatre in 2000 and is so grateful to still be standing with the Company.

Notes:

I've created a world that is hard for this character to escape. She's become comfortable with her own pain and suffering. I've challenged her to leave that comfort zone. And I've spent these last months exploring the dynamics of shutting down and opening up.

We lost Tricia McCauley on December 25, 2016. She was on the way to dinner.

Each one of us close to her has handled this in a different way. And, I believe, each one of us has strived to honor her in the best way that we know.

In 1998 I started developing a solo play called, "Til It Hurts". About once a week I would take my guitar and stool over to Tricia's house and perform for her in her living room. Each week, I'd bring in new material and have adjustments from the week before. She would sit on the couch against the wall and I would try to make her laugh.

I want to build a monument to T. A theatre from the ground up. A rooftop that honors her up in the sky and me still down here on earth making theatre. That project will be a major endeavor and I hope to launch it in 2020. So, for now, I thought the best thing I could do would be to honor her with my artistry. To play for her laugh yet again.

In the front window you will see rocks with names on them. These were given to us by the amazing calligrapher, Sammy Little. These names are women friends of mine have lost to homicide. I wanted to create a visual that conveyed the epidemic of women being murdered by toxic masculinity. And, I want to be clear that my story is not unique. In fact, it's far far too common. I believe that if we, as a society, can come to terms with the lethal effects of toxic masculinity in the way we look at cancer and heart disease statistics, then we will agree to lessen the death rate.

I am no longer the character that I play in this show. Just as Tricia is no longer the woman who once stood on this earth. Her physical existence was erased by a monster. But, I will not let her memory be erased by anyone. I will speak her name and tell her story as long as there is breath in my body.

I have come to believe that these women who were so violently murdered all stand together just on the other side of a very thin veil. I believe we stand with them when we tell their stories and share their light. And, I have come to believe that together we make up different branches of one gigantic love-army.

And, I still believe, that love wins. Always.
