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THE SAYLOVE PROJECT: Conception to Fruition and Everything in Between

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of the Master  
of Fine Arts in Theatre Pedagogy at Virginia Commonwealth University

by

Jennifer Noel Catton

Bachelor of Fine Arts in Theatre Performance

San Diego State University, May 2000

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Richmond, Virginia

May, 2011

## Acknowledgments

Throughout life I have lead with my heart truly believing I would improve the world with love. You precious souls that I have met along the way are part of my heart, each one of you enhancing my life, pushing me to own my strengths and my weaknesses. No amount of words will ever be able to express my gratitude. You continue to teach me, support me, and love me into creating a person and a project I am proud of.

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## Abstract

### THE SAYLOVE PROJECT: CONCEPTION TO FRUITION AND EVERYTHING IN BETWEEN

By: Jennifer Noel Catton, MFA

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

Virginia Commonwealth University, 2011

Major Director: Noreen Barnes, PhD Director of Graduate Studies in Theatre Pedagogy

The SayLove Project is an account of the process of developing and producing an original collaborative work, as well as a script that has been compiled and developed over the past. This is a LGBT based project and script.

## Introduction

I first came to theatre the summer before my freshman year of high school. My mother was not particularly happy with whom I was socializing, so she gave me an ultimatum; get a summer job or join the Summer Stock Theatre at my high school. This roused my interest, so I went to the first meeting, and it truly was like walking into the most familiar place in the world. I spent the next four years performing in high school theatre and Summer Stock where I met the best teacher for that time in my life, Mr. Bosworth. He taught me how to appreciate and respect the theatre, and also how to be a good teacher. He fostered my love for the crafts of acting, directing, and teaching. Mr. Bosworth planted the seed in my head that I would be capable of directing and owning a theatre someday.

As I moved on to college, my love for theatre grew. In college I met people who wanted to write as well as perform. I had always written poetry and what might be considered monologues in my journals, but I had never put them out into the world, that is, until I met Professor Peter Larlham and his wife Professor Margret Larlham. These two professors encouraged the writing of solo and ensemble pieces. Many of Margret Larlham's work was devised ensemble pieces that were performed throughout the community.



It was also in my undergraduate career, at San Diego State University in California that I discovered spoken word poetry and its dynamic way of storytelling. A spoken word poetry group called the Taco Shop Poets utilized music, movement, their own words and voices and thoughts to share experience. They were brought to the campus as guest artists. I left the performance exhilarated. I was inspired to create. The next semester I took the senior directing class taught by Peter Larlham, and began doing devised ensemble work. The goal that I had and have continued to have is to bring the audience into the world of the piece, to share with them information without being didactic. In my final undergraduate directing class I directed a piece titled, *Phenomenal Women*. The ensemble consisting of four women gave a fresh perspective about the daily lives of women from four different racial, religious, political backgrounds, and physical statures. *Phenomenal Women* started with the women dressed in black wearing white masks jutting onto the stage like they were marching the cat walk of a fashion show. It was accompanied by industrial music with harsh vocals talking about “beautiful people”. We were showing “woman” as faceless bodies. Then as the women began to speak they removed their masks. The ensemble piece explored the stories of these women, first as individuals telling their story about their experience as women and then after each story connecting them through the use of Maya Angelou’s poem, *Phenomenal Woman*. As an ensemble we told a story about a common desire to be understood and respected as women. The piece was performed in a black box theatre using black boxes, with minimal lighting and sound, and ran about 15minutes.

For the next eight years following undergraduate school I embarked on a different path that did not include theatre. I had no idea that I was letting go of a large part of who I was. I spent that time trying out many careers; flight attendant, hair salon apprentice, elementary school teacher, make-up artist, industrial sales person, and IT recruiter. These jobs affected and influenced my writing, my acting, and my teaching. In being away from theatre, I became who I am and now I am able to bring that experience to my work. After years of working on the outside of the theatrical world, I joined a poetry ensemble, Lyric Ave, which performed around the city of Richmond, VA. I rediscovered the passion I had for theatre and ensemble work, and this was part of the path that lead me back to school. I decided that I wanted to create, write, and teach theatre. During my time at Lyric Ave, I also fell in love, with a woman. My sexuality was something that I had been contemplating for years. I finally decided to take the opportunity to truly discover this part of who I was. It was a decision that caused strife between my family and I wrote about it. I believe that this is where *SayLove* came from this need to express a part of me that had been hidden for so long.

The Say Love Project was born out of a series of shows called *SayLove*. It began with a coffee shop discussion on creating a piece of “Queer” theatre that targeted the LGBT community, yet could speak to the whole human community as well. The desire was to be inclusive, to share and generate understanding between people through the lens of love, people telling their stories through photography, movement, music, spoken word, narratives and scenes.

*SayLove* took on a life of its own. It became more than just a show, it became a long term project. This project is becoming a movement of artists from and in support of

the LGBT community using our individual strengths to tell the stories of our experiences. When I started *SayLove* I had no idea that it would become a movement, and that I would become an activist. My original goal was just to tell stories, to share experiences, and hope that the audience left with something more than what they came into the theatre with. This sharing of stories and ideas is a form of activism that can create change through dialogue. Through The SayLove Project I seek to activate the minds of the audience, the performers and the technical crew that runs the show. This engagement with one another, through ideas and narratives connects us as human beings. It teaches us to see beyond what separates us, if only for a moment.

So it started in a coffee shop with two friends trying to create a piece of theatre, about part of who they were, about their sexuality. A couple of ideas were tossed about, including doing a two person one act. We tabled it for a couple of weeks until a colleague of ours wanted to do an entire night of queer one acts, so Kirsten Riiber, (the friend) and I began the process of creating a piece. We decided the performance needed to have a theme and a name that embodied the piece we had created. After several coffee shop meetings we decided that we wanted to “celebrate the triumphs and the struggles of the LGBT community.” New didn’t have a name for the show yet, but we knew our foundation and our tagline. It wasn’t until I was sitting at a party listening to spoken word poetry, and a poet handed me a flier that said “Say Word” for a Wednesday night event, that the name came to me. The expression “say word”, is something the poets will ask the audience to speak when the audience likes what they hear. It hit me that our show was a celebration, an all inclusive celebration, which not only expressed the voice of the artists, but would create community and understanding.

Why not ask our audience to Say “Love”. Both Kirsten and I decided that we wanted to include all different forms of art into the show and it also drove my desire to unify the entire arts community around this project, around love. I know I use the word “community” quite a bit but it is the word, concept, and way of life that led me to create *SayLove*.

## Chapter 1

### Overall Concept

When I came out to my parents at the age of 30, it changed the nature of our relationship. I was a different person to them, and they were different people to me. A wall went up and the lines of communication froze. At first, we were equally angry at each other, because their conservative values did not validate my personal feelings and pursuits. Over time, I learned to humble myself - to approach their hurt and anger - with love and respect. Initially I did not realize it, but *SayLove* was cultivated from this experience. I have created a piece of theatre that is less about trying to change people and their beliefs, and more about inviting them to see lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (LGBT) challenges as something to which they can relate - as human as one's desire for love and family.

Imagine a stage where people tell you stories that they could not tell their families. A homosexual male who played dress up in his mother's closet, dreaming of a day when it is okay to walk out of that closet and present himself to the world. He would not need to shed his true image for the one that the world finds acceptable. Think of a little girl growing up and feeling that her homosexuality was a weight on her shoulders and a voice in her head that she did not understand, wanted to ignore, and that what she was and who she loved was wrong. There is another young girl growing up feeling

betrayed by her body; demonizing herself because she wanted to embrace masculinity and disconnect from femininity, walking in a world that misunderstood her gender identity. The SayLove Project was developed for people to share these stories, find community that accepts them, and create narratives, comedy, poetry, music, dance and visual art that give voice to the triumphs and struggles of individuals in the lesbian, gay, bisexual, and transgender (LGBT) community. The common denominator for all humans is love. To give love is to show love for oneself. Only then, can one truly show love for others. The desire and mission of the project is to create dialogue between people and forge a path to understanding. The Say Love Project has the aspiration to create community through artistic expression, a utilization of all the arts.

## Chapter 2

### Producing and Original Piece

My new and recent experience became producing an original piece of work with little or no capital becomes an exercise in patience, creativity, delegation, and asking for help. The first *SayLove* production at Shafer Street Playhouse was small and, because it was in an academic setting I was able to receive funding from our student theatre organizations, The Guild of Graduate Students (GOGS), and Student Alliance Laboratory Theatre. GOGS helped to pay for a few props, programs and posters, and SALT provided the theatre and a student light and sound board operator.

*SayLove 2* and *SayLove: Love and Hate* grew in cast, concept and venue size, this required the need for more help. I learned early on to utilize the strengths of my ensemble. They were not only performers but had skills and connections in sound design, such as, sound engineering (Julia McCauley), stage management and lighting (Rachel Hunter), and a member of the press to help me with publicity and marketing (John Porter). *SayLove 2* was still a relatively small production but moved the ensemble and I outside the walls of academia. This second production took place at the Gay Community Center of Richmond (GCCR). This time production costs came out of my pocket. The GCCR was willing to split the ticket sales with me. This covered some of the costs of posters, programs, and fliers. We hung can lights and, with the

use of a computer created our own sound board, using GCCR's bingo sound system. *SayLove: Love and Hate* had a much larger cast, crew, and two additional producers. This made it easier to spread the word, obtain sponsors, and donations, and accomplish a cleaner execution of the art exhibition and performance. I had the use of myself and my ensemble, Amanda Robinson and her team of artists, administrators, and curators, and Kevin from GayRVA magazine.

My process has been to create a concept and develop the theme of that show, find a venue, hold a general interest meeting to talk about the show being developed, put out a call to visual and performing artists, select the performance pieces and/or the visual art, notify the participants by having a cast and crew meeting so that the ensemble, cast and crew, could get to know one another by talking about themselves and what they are creating. This is also a time to collect the scripts or description of what the individual or group is going to perform or the artwork they are going to display. The ensemble spends the next several weeks individually refining and rehearsing their piece of *SayLove*. I spend the next several weeks observing the rehearsals, marketing the show through press releases, finding an artist to create the poster(s), and printing posters and fliers. I am also scheduling production/cast meetings to discuss how the process is going, team up to hang posters and pass out fliers, working on any issues that have arisen, planning the spacing, dress, and technical rehearsals, and organizing the final order of the individual pieces.

I have learned several things in the process of producing an original piece. The most important thing I have established in this process is that starting small is the key to the success and longevity of the show or project. Start with a small cast, a short script,



and a small venue. There are steps that have made this project successful. I had an idea that I was passionate about, and found people that were equally passionate about the idea and wanted to collaborate and create something together. I sought out a venue that was small, cheap and easy to access I find that every time I produce the show it gets stronger.

## Finding a Venue

Finding a venue in Richmond, VA hasn't been terribly difficult. There are many spaces. For the first *SayLove* I had the benefit of a space on campus, and because I was a student, and I was using mainly students I was able to use the student run theatre, The Shafer Street Playhouse.

After I decided to continue creating and staging *SayLove* I started to look for venues and spaces around Richmond, particularly in the downtown area. Originally I wanted to do *SayLove 2* at Gallery5. However, a month in advance wasn't enough to secure the space. I decided to take a look at the Gay Community Center of Richmond. Many different acts and pieces of theatre had been performed in its large bingo hall. I was able to book it for one evening. This allowed the GCCR to make some extra money on a night that had nothing scheduled and allowed The *SayLove* Project to make a valuable and lasting connection with the outreach and event coordinator, Cindy Bray.

Because I had begun developing a rapport with Amanda Robinson from Gallery5, *SayLove: Love and Hate* already had a venue. I met with Amanda on several occasions and began the planning nearly five months in advance. We worked hard but I believe it was this demanding work and the amount of time we spent on planning that allowed for a beautiful execution of *SayLove: Love and Hate* the production and art exhibition.

## Call for Visual and Performing Artists

There have been three versions of the call for performing and visual artists document. They have become more clear and concise with each new *SayLove*. The first two were developed by me and the third was realized with help of Amanda Robinson from Gallery5, one of my producers. The call for visual and performing artists for *SayLove1* and 2 had more details on the performing arts. When working on the call to artists for *SayLove: Love and Hate* with Amanda the call to visual artists was more substantial, because Amanda's area of expertise is in the visual arts. Working together we were able to put out a call to artists that spoke to both the visual and performing artists. We received more submissions than in the previous *SayLove* productions. This has now become my template for future call to artists.

## Selecting Cast/Pieces and Creating the Ensemble

Thus far this has been a gathering of students, and local artists and performers from the Richmond, Virginia area. I felt that it was important to use a wide variety of ages and backgrounds in order to show the progression, or timeline of the LGBT community. From the beginning of The SayLove Project it has been about an artist expressing who they are. I choose pieces based on the strength of the piece, and the investment and attitude of the artist. With each show my ability to create a cohesive ensemble has improved. I have spent more time planning, increased the number of production/cast meetings, and ensemble gatherings, I now possess a stronger willingness to delegate responsibilities to the ensemble (cast and crew). I have also learned to align myself with people who have been in the industry and created their own companies, stories and productions. With the help of people like Dr. Noreen Barnes, Brian Burns, John Porter, Judd Proctor, and Amanda Robinson and I have discovered how to reach out and make a difference.

## Press and Marketing

Drawing on the skills of some of the cast, crew, and venue owners I have been able to get the word out about the show faster and more effectively, thus increasing attendance to the performances/exhibitions, as well as, funding for future SayLove Project productions.

*SayLove 1* was in a venue in which advertizing and charging admission was not allowed because the theatre was not handicap accessible, so press and marketing was not part of the equation. Those who were in attendance for the show were students from the department, family members, and some local Richmond, Virginia community members. The smartest move I ever made was involving the writers/producers of the *Rainbow Minute* in *SayLove 1*. The *Rainbow Minute* is a one minute piece about current and past political figures, activists, artists, and their contribution to the LGBT community. It is aired several times daily on Richmond, VA local independent radio station, WRIR 97.3 FM. I not only put the voiceovers in the shows but I personally invited the creators and producers to the performance. Both Brian Burns and Judd Proctor have come to every performance and also contributed money to The SayLove Project.

*SayLove 2* was at a venue where we were able to charge admission and advertise through the local press, and by attending local community events, such as,

*First Friday Art Walk.* *First Fridays* is a monthly event in Richmond. At *First Fridays Art Walk* all the galleries, stores, and several vendors are involved in this event. There is everything from bands playing, to light shows, and of course the galleries usually having an art opening that involves one or more artists. All sorts of organizations are out on the street during these evenings, passing out fliers for their events. *SayLove* ensemble member, Trey Hartt and I walked the event passing out postcards with the information for *SayLove2*. John Porter, one of the *SayLove* originals a member of the Richmond, Virginia press and helped put together a wonderful press release and send it out to the local radio, online, and print press. Local radio station, WRIR 97.3 FM, where *The Rainbow Minute* is produced and aired, allowed us to promote the show three times on air two nights prior to the performance. These marketing strategies provided us with free/cheap advertising and I believe brought us a larger audience.

With *SayLove: Love and Hate* I utilized the sources of advertising I had used in the past and then was able to reach an even wider audience because I now had two other people helping me to produce the show, Amanda Robinson from Gallery5 and Kevin Clay from GayRVA online magazine. I had approached Amanda and Gallery5 about doing *SayLove2* in July 2009, and although she was unable to work with me then she expressed interest in working with me the next time I wanted to produce the project. Kevin Clay had heard about the success of *SayLove 2* from Cindy Bray of the Gay Community Center of Richmond. Kevin contacted Amanda and me and expressed his interest in becoming involved in The *SayLove* Project. With Amanda's knowledge of the Richmond art world, grant writing, fundraising, and getting sponsors, Kevins contact with the many important members of the Richmond LGBT community, and my concept

of The SayLove Project, its past success and its small following, a powerful team was created.

Amanda put together a sponsorship package that landed us five sponsors. One, with WRIR 97.3 FM, enabled us to publicize both the art exhibition and the performance at the end of the month. The three of us, and our team of people were able to put together an art exhibit and theatre performance that reached its largest audience to date.

## Chapter 3

### The Say Love Productions

#### *Say Love 1*

#### VCU Academic Setting (Shafer Street Theatre)

The Shafer Street Playhouse, on the VCU campus, was the first space that was used for *SayLove*. It is the “black box” space used primarily for student productions. It is a simple stage, simple lighting and sound instruments. The cast had a month to work on their individual pieces/projects, and then we had two days to rehearse and tech the show.

This performance was executed on March 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup> of 2009. The cast consisted of Julia McCauley, John Survivor Blake, Kate Fowler, Justin Lowenhagen John Porter, Gabriel Possich, Jackie Picariello and Kirsten Riiber. There was a movement piece, two monologues, four spoken word poetry pieces, photographs in the lobby, and a piece performed by the whole group. Scene transitions weave multi-media into the creative tapestry. I used *The Rainbow Minute*. I felt it important to have *The Rainbow Minutes* as a part of the Say Love performance as transitions between pieces to show how many different types of people exist within the LGBT community throughout the world and throughout history. The LGBT community is not just a group but that everyone in every community has a story; I wanted my artists to be seen as



people. I chose *Rainbow Minutes* that related to the piece about to be performed. *The Rainbow Minutes* I focused on *Rainbow Minutes* that dealt with the contributions that LGBT figures had made to the LGBT community, and the world showing these figures as significant people. The show was drawn together with a final performance piece about Californias Proposition 8, a proposition that sought to make a constitutional amendment stating that the only legalized form of marriage is between a man and a woman. I used an opinion piece by a well known news anchor. The message of the piece was that marriage is about the love of two people whatever their sexual orientation. Because Gay Marriage was and still is I felt it was pertinent to our overall message of love.

During this particular production *SayLove* lost two pieces, a solo piece, and a dance piece due to deaths in the artist's families. They both happened a week before the show. Panic set in for a brief time and then I looked to my performers for others that may want to be part of *SayLove*. We needed people with material that was prepared and ready to be seen. The spoken word poet of the cast, Julia McCauley, was able to find another spoken word poet, John "Survivor" Blake, who had experiences that he wanted to share and felt that *SayLove* was a perfect opportunity to contribute his work. It was an enormous help and a great addition to the first installment of *SayLove*. I was lucky to have a cast with so much heart. We all really worked together as a unit. This is the type of environment I try to create, and 80 percent of that is in the casting and assembling of the cast and crew.

On both nights the audience had about 20 people in it, but both were responsive and engaged. The audience was made up of students and some community members.

All were excited to see a project like this produced; some even asked how they could be involved in the next one. I was seeing the seeds of my desire to facilitate change begin to sprout.

## *SayLove 2*

### LGBT Setting (Gay Community Center of Richmond, VA)

Mounting *SayLove 2* at the Gay Community Center of Richmond (GCCR) in July 2009 was a happy accident. Originally I had wanted to produce this second *SayLove* at a higher profile venue, however no other venues were available. I am sure it was due in part to trying to book a space with only a months notice. Lesson learned. Lucky for me and the ensemble Cindy Brey and Jay Squires from the GCCR opened the doors of its Bingo hall to us. GCCR and The *SayLove* Project worked together to build a stage out of platforms that we unearthed from the back room of GCCR, and hung canned lights that one of the ensemble members had. The GCCR was a warm and wonderful place to perform this second *SayLove*. We performed for one night and were surrounded by friends, family, and local community members.

The second cast consisted of Ryan Asher, Kate Fowler, Trey Hartt, Julia McCauley, Kirsten Ribber, Gabriel Possich, John Porter, Kait Ziegler, and myself. We added original songs and an ensemble piece. John Porter, Kirsten Riiber, and Gabriel Possich performed their pieces from the previous *SayLove*. We had some beautiful new photographs from Kate Fowler, we used new Rainbow Minutes as transitions, and we ended the show once again with the piece on Proposition 8.

A very important rule I have established is directing and being in a piece was something I do not want to do. Jumping on and off the stage does not allow me to fully execute my job as a director or an actor, at least not to my satisfaction. Once again two acts dropped out days before the performance. This left one performer without a partner for her movement piece, and the ensemble piece with one less person. The ensemble piece had to be re-written, and rehearsed.

A significant lesson I learned was to have more ensemble meetings, get-togethers and rehearsals need to be scheduled in order to create a cohesive and bonded group of people, and get people to solidly commit. In keeping people separate for too long the feeling of working as an ensemble wasn't as strong. The individuals were stronger than the whole making it much harder to direct in a short period of time, however, I was fortunate to be working with professionals and very dedicated students that were able to pull together and create a moving show.

*SayLove: Love and Hate*

Almost Mainstream Setting (Gallery5 Richmond, Virginia)

Producing the show at Gallery5 was one of the best choices that I could have made. I was able to work with Amanda Robinson, who is the Artistic Director of Gallery5. Amanda was open and excited about the idea of collaborating with The SayLove Project. She is down to earth and easy going, but she knew how to curate and open a show. One of the first things that I learned was that I had an ally, an ally that knew what she was doing. Amanda has spent the last five years building up Gallery5 and making it a powerhouse.

Amanda has surrounded herself with a group of artists both volunteer and paid that have created this notable gallery, a gallery that I felt would benefit *SayLove*, as I hoped *SayLove* would benefit Gallery5.

Amanda and I had several meetings that included; the date and time, art show and performance concept, spaces to be used, gathering of sponsors and artists. We decided fairly quickly that the art show should be separate and promote the show at the end of the month. We now needed to gather these artists by sending out an all call.

Up until this point I had been doing the all calls myself. I was flying blind but doing alright because I was keeping it simple. But now it was time to bring *SayLove* to a new level. The all call that I had written up was a bit vague and needed to have a direction an idea that the artists could use to create their submissions.

Amanda took my original call for visual artists and performers and made it clearer in what we were asking for. Both Amanda and I determined that it was necessary for the Art Show and the Final Performance to have an overall focus. It was helpful in selecting the visual art, as well as directing my performers with a foundation that allowed them to create pieces that would retain individuality but have a connection to the overall premise. Together we were all able to create a story. Someone who was integral person to this whole process was Kevin Clay from GayRVA . As I stated previously he had great access to the LGBT community through his online magazine, GayRVA, as well as the interpersonal relationships he has created by attending and being a part of different panels and groups in Richmond, Virginia, such as Richmond Organization for Sexual Minority Youth (ROSMY) and Gay Fathers Coalition of Richmond.

## The Art Show

For the third *SayLove* a separate art show was added. In previous shows I had wanted the element of visual art but only one artist displayed her photos, of same-sex lovers in love. The photos were a wonderful contribution to the show, but I felt like they deserved a larger presence.

When I began talking to Amanda Robinson at Gallery5 we discussed having a completely separate visual arts show a month before the performance. We both felt this was a way to include the visual arts community. Submissions were accepted from all over the country. We had a few meetings to look at the pieces and after taking my thoughts into consideration Amanda made the final call. There were photographs, short films, paintings, mounted wall installations, and sculpture. Another element of the exhibition was onsite live video recordings in which the public was asked what their definition of love and hate was. The opening was on January 8, 2010 and was a great success, with 200-300 people in attendance. This set us up nicely for *SayLove: Love and Hate* the performance at the end of the month, January 29, 2010.

## The Performance

For the third performance of *SayLove* I decided to have a stronger theme. The overall theme has always been about the universality of love and the happiness and heartache that the LGBT community goes through in the hopes of obtaining the equal right to love. In speaking with Amanda she felt that in order to properly market the show we needed to have a clearer and more defined. This was aided by the call to artists,

because it gave the performing and visual artists a structure to work within when creating their contribution to the whole of The SayLove Project.

This is when *SayLove* became The SayLove Project. This would allow expansion of the focus and subject matter of future productions. In *SayLove: Love and Hate* we had a cast of 16 people. Ryan Asher, Carolyn Boucher, Corinne Brown, Walid Chaya, Bonnie Gable, Dana Giampiccolo, Tori Hirsch-Straus, Martha Johnson, Carla Joseph, Donzell Lewis, Julia McCauley, Aliko Pappas, Kirsten Riiber, Sarah Wilson, Sean Wyland, and Kait Ziegler. I was privileged to have, Jenna Ferree, John Kerninsky, Jason Matty, Julia McCauley, Joe Thompson on lighting and sound, and stage and production management. As you will see in the script following it had movement pieces, spoken word poetry, monologues, scenes, video, and live music. The show was performed the night before one of Richmond, Virginia's largest snow storms, January 29, 2010. The show was supposed to be performed the following night, but we were snowed in. The performance on January was staged in the same building as the art exhibition was held, so this truly was the *SayLove* I had been working for since the beginning. The art exhibit was on the second floor and the performance was on the first floor. This execution of *SayLove: Love and Hate* has revealed to me the importance of The SayLove Project. In that one night we had about 120 people that came out in the freezing cold and filled the space with love and support. The audience and the artists on stage truly connected. It was what theatre should be the giving and receiving of energy, in the form of hope and love.

## Chapter 4

### Putting the Script together

I have produced and directed three shows over the last two years. Each show is different even though some of the same pieces have been performed in more than one of the SayLove performances. There have been both additions and the removal of pieces thought the course of the last two years. I have collected the artists work and have begun to put together a script that has pieces that could be performed by the original actor, or another actor. Most of the writers/chorographers perform their own pieces. In the July 2009 and January 2010 performances other actors/performers have had to step in and perform the work of others. In putting the script together I chose pieces that complimented and contrasted each other creating a lovely collage of works that told a story that truly spoke about the triumphs and struggles of the LGBT community. The script in its current form is a living piece of work. It will continue to evolve as the topics and issues change in the LGBT community.

Chapter 5

**SayLove: Love and Hate**

Conceived and Compiled

by

Jennifer Noel Catton

March 8, 2011

Copyright 2011  
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## Act 1

### Scene 1

*There is a projection screen pulled down and a video clip is playing*

**Shopher.** Love is going to hash brown networking and when people ask what your twttr handle is and you tell them they say that they read your tweets, very satisfying. By the way I am shopher on twitter.”

### Scene 2

#### This Question of Love

**Written and performed by: John Blake, Trey Hartt, Julia McCauley, and Jennifer Noel Catton**

**Trey:** Love - this question of love

My prince Charming or my Cinderella

Love - this question of love

that plagues us from birth

this eternal quest

feeding me unrest

**All:** Is it real?

**Julia:** Create this love

Make this love

Together, this love

And this love, shaking

This love we weather

Believe this love

Intake this love

like air, this love

and this love, breathing

This love we share

**John:** Love is nothing

without a willingness to die

for each other,

and I see the bloom of fire

spread

to the curtains we bought in Mexico,

**All:** Do you remember?

**Jenn:** Daddy warns not to push her

So we talk about the weather and

whether or not she should have bought

the couch in green, instead of white.

I remember the time before

When I still recognized her face

When we discussed dreams

When her advice always made sense...

to who I used to be.

They've stopped asking

when I'm coming home again?

**Julia:** Refrain this Love

Sing this Love

Repeats, this love

And this love, beating

This love we play

**Trey:** Follow me with ecstasy laden blankets

through the catacombs of our minds

shimmying through shining sparks of imagination

squeezing through narrow passages

as we dip our feet in beauty inspired souls

**All:** This question of love...

**Trey:** always present

always nagging

never ceasing

to be dragging me into the undertoe

under toes

Oh, woe is me!

**John:** Keep your rainbows. To Hell  
with acceptance. I'm through  
begging. I want what's mine

**Julia:** Desperate for love

Does not this love

Repeat, this love

And this love, not loving

This love remembrance

Remember this love?

I say dismember this love

If it's cheap, this love

And this love, buying

This love we reap

**John:** We are standing on the lips of California, ready to wash  
her dirty mouth out. lips of our leaders, sewn shut,  
this be our wake, this state, a casket, I'm asking you  
to realize there's never a "good" time to demand  
equality

**Jenn:** Where is my place in the fight, when I can't even stand up for myself?  
  
On guard, unable to relax, her name causes an allergic reaction  
  
My throat seals shut my voice, harder and harder to find it  
  
And then I fall, I fall so hard I can't stand up! Not for me - not for anyone.

**Trey:** Who am I in your mythic reality?  
  
Muscles stretched across landscapes/canvases of my body  
  
fool the minute flicker of my wrist  
  
Distorted perceptions  
  
Interrupted perspectives  
  
Staring at the space between my legs filled with the fantasies  
  
of your mothers & fathers

**Jenn:** “You owe it to society to lead a normal life....”

I breathe back the tears- as my mouth snaps- shut

and the pressure cooker begins to shimmy.

“...Not everyone has sex in their marriage.”

My jaw clenches so tight, I feel teeth cracking

My heart cracks, every time I hear her title,

So I smile, sip my coffee and change the subject

**Julia:** Mantle this loss

Toss this loss

like remains, this loss

And this pain, shoveling

this lust from our brains

Admit that love

Ends, that love

Is pretend, that love

and that loss, cost us

This ache in our heads

**All:** I THINK ABOUT...

**Trey:** Love in all (*his*) naked glory, epitomization of elation and  
am reminded of (*his*) unrelenting power and destruction.

How has love become a ground for hate?

**John:** Hate screamed through our windows  
once the bricks make holes, red  
suspenders, bald heads,  
suits at podiums  
and churches  
all spilling  
the same  
blood,

**All:** OURS.



**Julia:** I don't understand - why do you care?

How does it affect you?

Why does this difference scare you?

How does creating a family destroy family values?

The politics we are forced to live by are keeping us from love...

**John:** I'm tired of being Dr King when

I feel so damned X.

Martin may have outlived Malcolm

but both were assassinated,

**All:** So, Fuck it

**Julia:** Believe this love

Intake, this love

like air, this love

and this love, breathing

this love, we share

Try this love

Imply this love

Is intuitive, this love

And this love, understanding

This love we inhabit

**John:** Nothing survives America without swinging,  
breaking down walls and stereotypes  
or skulls and expectations,  
something  
has got to break

They have come at us with bats,  
eight-deep in SUVs on city-streets,  
chasing us in pick-ups down south,  
out west, killing us with pen-written  
laws in limos with diplomatic plates,

**Jenn:** Regret, Silence, Anger, Ignorance, Fear

(like) Conditional Love – They are landmines!

Each one adding another layer of scar tissue

I grow numb and stiff at the thought of her

**Trey:** Your deadbeat Dogma dangels

dangerously between your rubbery thighs

While my persistent progressiveness perpetuates

prosperity from the folds that make me - (us) unique

Do I offend by being femme?

Do you enjoy my masculine?

(I am) neither you nor me?

I will find life again

I will find home again

I will find family again

**Julia:** Forget this love

Deny this love

Is hurting, this love

And this love, burning

This love, we leave

**Jenn:** There's no time for tears, so I deaden like a dead end.

Shut out the rejection. Mothers love isn't strong enough.

The connection weakens, as if our umbilical cord had never been

My ankles twist and break in the potholes that exist between us

**Julia:** Patient this love

Stretching this love

Over feet, this love

and this love,

Waits on you

This Love

Waits on me

**All:** Exactly!

**John:** This is the perfect time to get free.

hands on the clock clapping,

asking us to be American,

American as Malcolm,

as Dubois,

Black Panthers,

as Jimmy's "Fire Next Time",

as hitting back

as throwing water on burning crosses

and protesting Vietnam,

as dead Iraqis and a proud President Bush,

American as a trail of tears

and our beloved proposition-8

**Jenn:** We are all shackled to politics for self-protection

**Julia:** Reform

this love

Move this love

Legislation, this love

And This love, proving

This love we need.

Protect this love

Pretend this love

is glass, this love

and this love, shining

This love we last

**Trey:** I see the pools taking shape in your soul's magnifying glass

splash over me salty relief and lead us home

rowing our way through wind and water

reaching for the heart/soul/life illuminescence

swirls purple/pink/blue/green

guide us along rapids and waves

through near death experiences and nearer still

towards home/community/family/me

**John:** Now; I love you, and know you love me,  
so let's get married, go to the church,  
Grab the rings and gasoline. I'll get  
our tuxedos and the lighter. We're  
either going to our wedding

or a fucking-bonfire,

**Trey:** for love will be there no matter  
no matter the tear gas/water hoses/ bullets  
no matter the destruction/arguments/terror  
no matter the self-ishness and self-lessness  
(love) is you and

**All:** Love is me

**John:** next stop city hall,  
Inform the clerk,  
the "QUEERS"

ARE HERE

again,

and they got guns this time.

**Jenn:** Better save my strength for the cause - the fight.

**Julia:** Work and stress

Massage and decompress

Weather relaxed or tense

This love is present

This love and

this love

Is the love

we made

This love

and this love



Is what keeps

us Sane

This love and

this love

Is what

we became

A gift to be exchanged

An ending to be delayed

A message to be relayed

**All:** It all starts today.

**Rainbow Minute**  
(transition into next piece)

**Voice over:** *Angel Action as Divine Protector coming up now on The Rainbow Minute.*

*In 1998, Matthew Shepard was brutally beaten and left to die outside Laramie, Wyoming, just because he was gay. Matthew's close friend, Romaine Patterson, heard that a faith-based hate group planned to picket at the murder trial. So, she went to work. She created white angel costumes with wings 7 feet tall, and a span of 10 feet.*

*During the trial, police restricted the picketers to a small area outside the courthouse. A dozen of Romaine's friends, dressed as angels, encircled them and spread their wings – blocking the picketers and their cruel messages from view. Romaine's concept was a brilliant show of love and support for Matthew's family and friends. Later, she created a do-it-yourself kit for others in need of an angel in white.*

*"The Rainbow Minute" is produced by Judd Proctor and Brian Burns and recorded in the studios at WRIR in Richmond, Virginia and read by volunteers like me, Dustin Richardson.*

### **Scene 3**

#### **Life: Two Houses Down**

**Written and Performed by: Sean Thomas Wyland**

**Sean:** Life is unexpected, for anyone really. No one understands where life will take you or even why it can be stopped in the blink of an eye. On Oct 12, 1998 a neighbor of mine was killed due for reason based around his sexuality. It sent not only a fear through our neighborhood, but through the entire state of Wyoming. His murder brought national and international attention to the issue of hate crimes. This neighbor was Matthew Shepard. I was young when his death occurred, so I quite frankly didn't understand what was happening: why my mom was terrified, why my dad was not allowing me to go outside, why police officers were watching our neighborhood. I never understood. I remember going into school the next day wondering why my teacher was crying, she looked so angry. It wasn't until many years later till I began to understand

the truth of Matthew Shepard. I understood that Matt was beaten and tortured for reason based on his sexuality, based on the fact that he was gay. I grew angry at the idea that someone would base someone so hard on their sexuality to the point of murder. It made me sick to my stomach to think about the family two houses away wondering what life would be like if their son was still alive. One night my mother came into my room as I was sitting alone, and I asked her, why someone would do that? My mother explained to me that some people respond in a negative manner towards gayness. My mother held me in her arms as we cried for that family, since we truly felt the pain that the Shepard's still felt. If people respond so negatively to gayness, why did the state of Wyoming, halt and feel that same pain that Oct.

### **Martha Says Love**

**Martha:** Love is unexpected kisses when your being a jerk.

### **Scene 4**

### **Standing Silent**

**Performed by Dana Giampiccalo and Kait Zeigler**

**Slides Compiled by Walid**

As Dana sings and Kait plays the guitar there are slides rolling on a screen behind her. Some of the image is seen on her face.

They are images of both love and hate in the LGBT community.

Dana's enters with her hands bound in front of her as she sings the song out to the audience. Dana's "Character is the person who does not discriminate but also doesn't do anything to stop the hate that is perpetuated upon the LGBT community—she does the worst thing anyone can do—she stays silent.

As the song finishes Dana exits the stage as the pictures finish their cycle.

**Martha Says Hate**

**Anonymous**

**Read by: Martha Johnson**

**Martha:** Hate is...unnecessary

**Scene5**

**Stars and dreams: Undressed**

**Written by Donzell Lewis**

*Opening, house is dim recreating a cabaret style setting. Play sound cue – Beyonce “Wishing on a Star” Enter Dragqueen on beginning of verse one, in top coat, and full drag. Music fades down as drag queen deconstructs her costume and image. As drag queen recognizes the audience, music ends begin monologue.*

**DQ:** Have you ever made a wish? A wish so big that it requires all of your hear, your soul, your spirit to make it reach above the clouds, pass through the stratosphere, fly over the sun, speed past a star and rest at the feet of God. Hoping, wishing, praying that maybe just maybe he will look down and see it, or step on it and pick it up, blow a breath, and make your wish come true. Allowing all things to be made new, and change the world! A brand new life, brand new love, brand new experience, a new beginning walking in the shoes of the life you’ve always dreamt of? I’ve made that wish and I know so have you. I made my wish a long long time ago. I remember the day I made it-

--inside the closet. Yes inside the closet 8 years old. You see my mother used to have this big, long walk in closet, and as a child every chance I could go into I would. I would travel through the jungle of skirts, rainforest of dresses, and deserts of gowns, to find my treasure greater than any pot of gold, bigger than any present...there lay her shoes! All kinds of shoes, flats, heels, Knee length boots, and they all would speak to me, they would all call my name. They became my imaginary friends, only they were real, they were tangible, they were...comfortable. Each day I went into the closet I would try on a new pair, and live a new experience, I would wish with all my heart that I, yes I was the woman in these shoes. I would start at the back (*sound cue of runway music\_*) and I would become the woman of my dreams as I would strut to the opening of the closet, kick open the door, take a pose and turn back around. Each moment I was in those heels I was free, free to feel, to think, to act, to be, free to be me. And each different pair of shoes created a different woman. Somedays I was a woman with attitude, or a French actress, or even a video girl, but I was a woman. At least as long as I was in those heels. Because at the end of the day I had to come back into the shell that people would see, the boy, the me, they wanted me to be. Hahaha, unfortunately I'm still making that wish, that maybe one day I won't need these heels to make me be what I want to be. Maybe one day God will see my wish and pick it up, blow his breath and make me, yea, make me, into who I wish to be. One day this wig will be real, this body, image, perception will not be a dream but instead a reality.

*Drag queen gets up to go behind screen to undress, as lights fade out and replay sound cue 1.*

## **Rainbow Minute**

**Written by: John Porter**

*(transition into next piece)*

**Voice Over:** *Remembering Rita Hester, coming up now on The Rainbow Minute.*

*In late November of 1998, Boston transwoman Rita Hester, who had lived openly as a woman for 10 years and had Sexual Reassignment Surgery to make it official, was brutally murdered in her home. Police estimate that she was stabbed numerous times.*

*When the press began to report the story, Hester was constantly referred to as “he” and “male.” One paper even reported that she was a “transvestite leading a double life.” Her murder was the catalyst for the transgender community to band together and demand respect from the media. After pressure from family and community leaders, Hester’s case was re-opened in 2006, but there has been no break in the case and it remains unsolved to this day.*

*“The Rainbow Minute” is produced by Judd Proctor and Brian Burns, and recorded in the studios at WRIR in Richmond, Virginia, and read by volunteers like me, John Porter.*

## **Scene 6**

### **On My Soapbox**

**by John Survivor Blake**

**Performed by Julia McCauley**

**Julia:**

We are standing on the lips of California, ready to wash  
her dirty mouth out. lips of our leaders, sewn shut,

this be our wake, this state, a casket, I'm asking you  
to realize there's never a "good" time to demand  
equality but this is the perfect time to get free.

hands on the clock clapping,  
asking us to be American,  
American as Malcolm,  
as Dubois,  
Black Panthers,  
"The Fire Next Time",  
as hitting bullies back  
as burning crosses and  
protesting Vietnam, as dead  
Iraqis and a proud President Bush,  
American as a trail of tears and smallpox,

and our beloved proposition-8,

They have come at us with bats,  
eight-deep in SUVs on city-streets,  
chasing us in pick-ups down south,  
out west, killing us with pen-written  
laws in limos with diplomatic plates,  
hate screamed through our windows  
once the bricks make holes, red

suspenders, bald heads,  
suits at podiums  
and churches  
all spilling  
the same  
blood,  
ours.

Nothing survives America without swinging,  
breaking down walls and stereotypes  
or skulls and expectations,  
something  
has got to break

If you think AIDS spread fast, watch  
this Proposition over the next five years  
Don't be surprised to soon see crosses  
stabbed in lawns outside every courthouse  
or discover warrants shoved in our mailboxes  
for felonious marriage with intent to be accepted.  
  
making this love a crime.



Now; I love you, and know you love me,  
so let's get married, go to the church,  
Grab the rings and gasoline. I'll get  
our tuxedos and the lighter. We're  
either going to our wedding  
or a fucking-bonfire,

next stop, City Hall,  
inform the clerk,  
the "queers"  
are here  
again,

and they got guns this time.

I'm tired of being Dr King when  
I feel so damned X. Martin  
may have outlived Malcolm  
but both were assassinated,

so fuck it.

Keep your rainbows. To Hell  
with acceptance. I'm through

begging. I want what's mine

Now.

**Martha Says Love**

**Anonymous**

**Read by: Martha Johnson**

**Martha:** Love is listening even when you are tired.

**Scene 7**

**Lost and Found**

**Written by: Kait Zeigler**

**Performed by: Ryan Asher and Kait Zeigler**

**Ryan :** Running down the road knocking on your door can I come inside?

Feeling like a freak with the dog on my heels but I need to hide.

I know I've asked too much of you in the past.

Please let me in this will be the last.

Please pull the sheet over our heads.

Cover up our secrets, we're lost and nobody knows.

We don't have to plan that far ahead just lay here with me instead.

Say all the things that you said when I was here last.

Just pretend we're lying here in the past.

I don't care if you mean it if you mean it, please don't mean it

Because I don't need it.

Please pull the sheet over our heads

Cover up our secrets, we're lost and nobody knows.

We don't have to plan that far ahead just lay here with me instead.

I've heard that talk is cheap, but it's all I can afford right now

So please lie to me I'm begging you, lie to me

Please pull the sheet over our heads.

Cover up our secrets, we're lost and nobody knows

We don't have to plan that far ahead just lay here with me instead.

Please pull the sheet over our heads

Cover up our secrets, we're lost and nobody knows

We don't have to plan that far ahead just lay here with me instead.

**End of Act 1**

## Act 2

### Scene 1

#### SayLove Video Definition

*“Love is chemical reaction controlled by emotions, I think when you are in love with someone you are actually in love with the way they make you feel about yourself...it’s pretty...it’s pretty selfish, but rewarding. I think when you have unadulterated love it’s pretty much the best feeling you can have.”*

### Scene 2

#### Say Amore

#### Written by Eden Volbrecht

*(There is a boom-box playing quiet underscoring music in the background.)*

**Eden Voice Over:** *How many people are ignoring themselves? I’d like to say a lot.. I work at a coffee shop. Every day, starting at 5 a.m. I get an ongoing procession of people not knowing who there are. You can tell by what they order. Just this morning, I had a woman, quite heavy come in and order a small sugar-free mocha with skim milk. She made it obvious to me and herself, as she ordered, that this was different then the double chocolate chip mocha frap, extra whip that I made for her every other day. She made it a point to emphasis that today was different. Then as I covered the steam from her hot coffee she glanced toward the display case and asked me for two pieces of the German chocolate cake. I quickly subdued the look I wanted to give her, and gave her the cake. She went to the back, sat down, and proudly sipped from her coffee and ate her food. Under the false impression that she was aware of herself. That she was changing.*

*As the afternoon makes its way, more and more customers enter my domain and I read them the like the backside of a coffee cup. Latte girl, works at the local grocery store, wants to become an actress, tells everyone night stand that she is going to be famous one day. Every morning, the same old sugary latte, rain or shine.*

*And there is a man who isn't from around here. He wears a neat business suit and carries a briefcase. He never orders a drink. It's because he says he doesn't like coffee. He only buys a little packet of nuts. He also mentioned once that he lives forty-five minutes out of the way. An extra forty-five minutes for nuts? And then he proceeds to eat them at the little tables in the front of the store. Now, I'm good at two things, making coffee and observing. It wasn't until two days after this guy starting buying nuts that I found out what he was really up to. He didn't drive forty five minutes for the protein; he drives forty five minutes to watch Rob, the bus boy wipe down the windows in the morning. I'm assuming isn't something that comes up when his wife asks how his day went.*

*So many people think they know who they are when there are huge signs that prove otherwise. Hunger for chocolate cake digesting away wanted change. Hiding behind dreams and lattes. A marriage that isn't as satisfying as a package of mixed nuts. People make life so complicated.*

*But Identity is complicated, right? I don't think it should be. Identity, identity... Who am I? I'm a coffee barista who analyzes people all day. I'm sure I get analyzed by others. I'm like any normal person around. I want to be liked. I want to be accepted. Noticed. For the same reason chocolate cake girl tricked her mind with a simple drink and why business suit sits next to the windows every morning. Identify me. Notice me change. Take me.*

*This coffee gig isn't a one way relationship, I get identified too. Most of the time, its 'Thank you, sir', which I play along with for the hell of it compromising my own identity. Soon, I start observing myself less and less from the inside, basing my decisions off of my customer's confusion on my gender. It becomes less about being me, and more about satisfying everyone else. People I don't even know.*

*(Eden checks reflection in the coffee pot. Someone enters. A Girl. A simple, attractive Girl. She comes up to the counter, looking aware)*

**Allison:** Excuse me.

**Eden:** *(stops looking)* Oh, I'm sorry. What can I get for you?

**Allison:** Hm, I really don't know.

**Eden:** Ok, well. Take your time. *(turns around)*

**Allison:** What do you recommend? *(Looks intrigued and bewildered)*

**Eden:** Hm...well...what do you like?

**Allison:** I like coffee.

**Eden:** *(laughs)* I think you came to the right place.

**Allison:** *(sighs and smiles)* Good.

*They share a moment, staring. The girl looks away.  
Eden takes her in, noticing her simplicity and her beauty.*

**Allison:** Do you have anything easy?

**Eden:** Hmm?

**Allison:** Coffee. Simple, easy.

**Eden:** The house pot is still hot.

**Allison:** *(smiles)* Sounds good.

*(Eden gives her a cup and she sips from it)*

*(a few seconds pass)*

**Allison:** When do you close?

**Eden:** In about 10 minutes.

**Allison:** I should go then.

**Eden:** *(shrugs)* It's up to you.

**Allison:** No, I'll go. Thank you for the coffee.

**Eden:** *(turns around, she has already left)* You're... welcome....

*Eden wipes down the counter, obviously in thought. She pauses and puts down the rag, leaving it on the counter, then exits off stage.*

*Allison reenters. She has forgotten her purse. She spots it and goes to it, making sure everything is there. She closes her eyes and breathes for a moment.*

*Eden reenters, going towards the audience.*

**Eden:** She came back because she forgot something. She seems overwhelmed with her thoughts. She ordered a coffee. She didn't put any cream or sugar in it. She said my name. She's kind of cute too...

**Allison:** You're kind of cute.

**Eden:** *(taken off guard)* What?

**Allison:** In a boyish kind of way. You're cute. You look like a listener too.

**Eden:** I am.

**Allison:** I'm not much of a talker.

**Eden:** What's your name?

**Allison:** Allison.

**Eden:** That's a nice name.

**Allison:** You're a nice person.

**Eden:** You don't know that.

**Allison:** I can tell.

**Eden:** You just sort of know, don't you?



**Allison:** Yeah.

**Eden:** I understand that.

**Allison:** What can you tell about me?

**Eden:** You like coffee...

**Allison:** *(laughs)* and...?

**Eden:** And... you forget things.

**Allison:** Sometimes. Mostly important things, like my purse or my ID.

**Eden:** One needs those to prove who they are.

**Allison:** A little mystery can't hurt, can it?

**Eden:** *(laughs)* No.

**Allison:** I should go.

**Eden:** Again?

**Allison:** I'm a little lost. If you couldn't tell, it's hard to stay in one place when you're lost, at least for me.

*(Music cue)*

**Eden:** We're all a little lost. I should know. A lot of people drink coffee.

**Allison:** *(giggles)* I'll see you later, Eden.

**Eden:** Wait, did you like the coffee?

**Allison:** Yes, I did.

**Eden:** You almost forgot something...

**Allison:** What? What do you mean?

**Eden:** That's not what I mean...

*(KISS)*

*(Kisses her, music up, lights fade down as they kiss)*

### **Rainbow Minute**

*(transition into next piece)*

**Voice Over:** *Jamie Nabozny Stands Up! coming up now on The Rainbow Minute.*

*In a landmark case in 1996, Wisconsin school officials agreed to pay nearly one million dollars to settle a federal lawsuit on behalf of Jamie Nabozny. For four years, Jamie had suffered relentless physical, sexual and verbal harassment for being gay – even to the point of requiring surgery.*

*Despite repeated complaints from him and his parents, school officials failed to intervene. Jamie dropped out of school in the 11<sup>th</sup> grade, and moved to Minneapolis. Hearing of continued harassment of students at his old school, he courageously filed suit.*

*The federal court jury found school officials liable for failing to protect him.*

*The case was significant, since it forced school districts nationwide to rethink policies that protect students from harassment and violence.*

*As Jamie put it, "School is a place for learning. All kids need to be treated alike."*

*"The Rainbow Minute" is produced by Judd Proctor and Brian Burns and recorded in the studios at WRIR in Richmond, Virginia and read by volunteers like me, Jon Klein.*

### **Scene 3**

#### **Say Love Mash Up Dance**

**Performed by: Walid Chaya, Tori Hirsch-Straus, Alik Pappas**

*Popular songs from the 70's, 80's, 90's, and 2000's. Songs are featured for 20-30 seconds each, the parts are selected highlights or chorus's in the song. Lighting can reflect each piece. The feel is very fun and spirited.*

#### **Martha Says Hate**

**Anonymous  
Read by: Martha Johnson**

**Martha:** Hate is making someone feel bad to make yourself feel better.

### **Scene 4**

#### **You Are My Friend**

**Written and performed by: Julia McCauley**

**Julia:** What goes: on unsaid is mysterious and necessary. Thanks for inviting me to your home. Promiscuous traveler couch. Worldliness possesses us. You may sleep on my floor.

Until I have more to offer. I will not obsess. I do not possess you. I am free.

Authentic: Local: Acquainted: If it wasn't *impossible*, would it *be* possible? One positive, too negative, but it's not about our nights. It's about our days. Present-tense trumps the sequence of events that leads you to now. You are not held down, curiosity asunder.

Distant. Racing identity passed hyphenated co-dependency. Names will hurt you. Ethnically intelligent. Your fight is with words. Platforms include prejudice, disenfranchisement – preservation – exploring – awakening – redirecting...

Motion: Pictures running time. Still milliseconds blink a miscellaneous upbringing.

You focus wrinkled brow. Set jaw to gnaw links between instinct and snap shots.  
Butterfly wings, among beautiful things, catch you before death. Look - no net!

Wreck: less ill will I lose you. Sooner you'll have more laughter and a daughter.  
Awakened to the joy of your investment. Resentment would be mine to lose.  
Decisions are open to choose wise. We are alive. We two pay taxing dues.

Cruise: controlling destiny backfires, exhausted. Serendipity drinks from Big Dipper  
In sun - I grow sicker. You - navigate through light years. Quicker and less staged.  
But I can focus brows engaged. I can jet-set between your hand and homeland.

Fires: I haven't begun, to fight! Misunderstanding With or without struggle ever ending.  
Inventing long diplomatic mending. *Ever-changing, never lasting.* Internal conquest.  
My interest is to com-pound awareness. Change plans – into progress. Pro-cess.

Create: a subversive world, immersed in its muse and music, long-lived and lucrative!  
Indebted student of self - and love. Above is Selflessness., tickling consequence,  
skimming indulgence, risking mad divulgence of counter-perspectives: Losing:  
You - and my life, I can't do. So I do what I have to. Since I can't have you.

### **Lie there still**

**Written and performed by: Julia McCauley**

**Julia:** I screamed your name  
Screamed your name  
Screamed your NAME!!  
So mute you never listened again...

Gagged in the drowsiness of intoxication  
You were my toxic fixation, that  
Couldn't maternal eyes, had warned against  
My breath stifled in suspense...

He  
clutched me further,  
farther...  
until *too* far there.

Flipped me, Rammed me, Programmed me, to  
Fear and be ashamed, as if I – should fake it physically,  
But his mentality was derogatory, I – was just  
Another sloppy story to tell his heathen buddies

the Hook-up that ShOOK up and DoWn the Hall  
they didn't have to hear it – they saw it all – I

took the fall  
against a cacophonous wall of applause  
talking dirty as nasty, oh how it burns me – being

Pumped, unprotected, interrogating my sensibility that  
Until then, was pure, yet pretentious sensuality

Never once would I allow another to stir my drink, or  
Even think of making me a statistic in a sober state.  
All my convictions to scream your name, as he  
Creamed and came in your domain – un-tapped  
                    -fractured-  
captured and crushed from a rush of blood-flow.

Sowing his soured motion – I  
Couldn't move or prove  
Free will, disadvantage – I  
Lie there still, where  
he instilled a half –  
life of self-  
inflicted  
guilt.

I wanted to sleep it off  
Out of control, he turned me on, then over  
                                    and over,  
                                    and over again  
Until I would never be covered in warmth again,  
                                    and again  
I was helpless in decision-less consent, and it  
burns down there. I cheapened you with  
subdued, impaired, deafening despair, but I

Swear to you I cared –  
Screamed your name –  
through the roots of my hair –  
whimpers and whispers into thin air – and you  
it still isn't fair –  
all I can say is –

it burns down there –

I wasn't prepared for impact,  
 Didn't know how to react, to save  
*our* pact of born-again virginity, that  
 this indecent Mr. took as  
 feminine frigidity like myths, that  
 I would never again — be a Mrs., that

Someday I would innocently  
 hold *your* hand in support of a  
 child inseminated of *our* love, but I'm  
 infiltrated by an act that debilitated our  
 promise and longing because –

I wronged you when he wronged me  
 I wronged you when he wronged me  
 I wronged you when he wronged me  
     ...indefinitely mangling my-self worth.

Hung sullen self-curtained hurt, humiliation  
 Complication of my situation that night-crawler  
 Evening – the mourning I felt the morning after  
 Seeking, needing medical remedy; fostering seedy  
 Gambles of injecting me with infesting pregnancy

Is that why it burns down there?  
 Please don't think I didn't care.  
 Now I see you were with me there,  
 and I couldn't breathe you,  
 like I couldn't breathe air.  
 Believe me, I know it isn't fair.  
 My scalp still tingles and regret  
 still lingers there. I lie there still,  
     -- going senseless, to fill the void,  
 so vast paranoia – it lies there still.

I am no longer anointed or encrusted like jewels of our  
 Intentions, I couldn't mend the infection that tarnished your  
 luster – or the gumption to expose his consumption  
 because it was close for comfort. Afforded in a moment

of lewd impulse and ludicrous dysfunction, that would alter us with confusion for the entirety of our affair.

But you have to believe that I fucking cared, because –  
I burn for you more, that it burns down there –  
louder, than the screams through my hair –  
faster, than I fell through air –  
for you.

**Rainbow Minute**  
*(transition into next piece)*

**Voice Over :** *Proud Papa Penguins,” coming up now on "The Rainbow Minute.*

*Same-sex relationships in the animal kingdom are more common than most people think. At the New York Aquarium, African black-footed penguins named Wendell and Cass – inseparable for 8 years – were discovered by blood tests to be both males.*

*And at the Central Park Zoo in Manhattan, two male chinstrap penguins named Roy and Silo have been living monogamously for 6 years, often entwining their necks and vocalizing to each other.*

*When given a fertile egg the zoo needed to hatch, Roy and Silo sat on it for 34 days. Then out popped a chick named Tango. They both kept the chick warm and fed her food from their beaks for 2 and half months.*

*Having witnessed the entire process, their zookeeper beamed with pride.*

*"The Rainbow Minute" is produced by Judd Proctor and Brian Burns and recorded in the studios at WRIR in Richmond, Virginia and read by volunteers like me, Tom Miller.*

## **Scene 5**

### **Only You**

**Performed by: Carolyn Boucher and Bonnie Gabel**

Movement piece dealing with violence in same-sex relationships. This piece uses a popular 1960's tune. The happiness and light tone of the song is juxtaposed against the violence that is happening in the piece. This piece insinuates physical, sexual, and mental abuse. This piece shows us that domestic violence/hate, like love knows no gender or sexual orientation.

### **Martha Says Love**

**Anonymous**

**Read by: Martha Johnson**

**Martha:** Love is feeling safe enough to let someone hold you.

## **Scene 6**

### **I Ovulate Sand**

**Written and Performed by Sarah Wilson**

**Sarah:** When I first became involved with SayLove, it was mainly in an effort to expand my harem o bitches. I made the effort of hitting on anyone involved with the show, but sadly I couldn't get any of them drunk enough to fall for it. So when my initial plan to get



into everyone's pants failed miserably, I decided I would try a different approach. I started thinking about why we even need to have a show like this. I realized that despite all of the wildly talented and attractive members of the LGBT community here now, and all the support we've gotten, there's still a lot of homophobia, and ignorance out there.

New Jersey just voted down a law to legalize same-sex marriage. New Jersey is the state that needs same-sex marriage the most. Without same-sex marriage, only heterosexual couples in New Jersey can get married. If anyone has seen the Jersey Shore, you can see why I'm so concerned. Allowing these people to marry and reproduce is a crime.

An argument used commonly against same-sex marriage is: "gay marriage would undercut the conventional purposes of marriage, or would be against God's will." I was curious as to what the "conventional purpose of marriage" was so I looked into. It basically comes down to reproduction. This poses a major problem for me. I'm the least maternal person alive. I ovulate sand. Not to mention, that whole birth process, which I witnessed on video in my ninth grade biology class looks wildly uncomfortable. Not to mention the woman in the video...well let's just say "seventies vagina," and leave it at that.

I have been working tirelessly for the past several months trying to get all sorts of girls pregnant. I've tried a lot of different approaches and I thought I was pretty close a couple of times. I'm close. I can feel it. And when I do succeed in spreading my seed, there's going to be a whole bunch of mini lesbians knocking around.

And if I don't succeed in the whole impregnating thing, I'm going to argue that it wasn't because I couldn't do it. It was because I wanted to keep the world population in check. Honestly, we're in a recession/depression. It's just not practical to be having a bunch of babies knocking around the place. Even if they are super adorable mini lesbians. It's not like you can put them to work before age 4 or 5 anyway.

I love the second part of the argument against same-sex marriage as well. "gay marriage would undercut the conventional purposes of marriage, *or would be against God's will.*" That last part is trickier to argue against. I can use population control for the whole "marriage is for making babies" argument. But that little afterthought about going against God's will is a bit much for me.

My family went to church when I was younger and I don't now. And sometimes I feel like I should get "back to God." But I've moved around a lot, and sometimes I wear a hat, so I'm scared he doesn't know where I am. Either way, I'm very concerned about being thwarted.

But it's one thing to worry about God thwarting you. There's not much you can do in that situation. In my personal, self-serving, opinion, I feel like God has bigger things to worry about. World hunger, poverty, war etc. So I'm sure he's really appreciative of all these concerned and very vocal individuals who's homophobia is keeping our nation from becoming Babylon.

I was watching one of my favorites, Ann Coulter. She's really lovely. She was on the very reputable FoxNews network. Anyway, they were talking about Carrie Prejean, that sweet wholesome failed Miss California girl. Perez Hilton asked her what she

thought about legalizing same-sex marriage, she said she preferred “opposite marriage.” I think she makes porn now. Anyway they were reporting on allegations that she had this homophobic viewpoint because her father was secretly gay and she saw him having sex with another man when she was younger. Well, that would do it. I saw my parents having sex when I was seven, and I’ve been against heterosexuality ever since. Although it might be stretching it to say that homophobia is deserved when they (the gays) are shoving it in a young girl’s face. That’s a paraphrase of what Ms. NOT-married Coulter had to say on the subject.

But this whole story, which FoxNews cited as coming from TMZ, (so I’m sure it’s true, because EVERYTHING YOU SEE ON THE INTERNET IS TRUE....to someone.) this story really made me think. And it made me see. We (the gays) can fight this argument against same-sex marriage. I plan on continuing my work trying to impregnate girls. And in the meantime, while we’re all waiting on that, we have wonderful people like Octomom. Say what you want about her, but she is helping the cause! “Oh she had 8 children. That’s a lot for a human.” Whatever. She realized that the gays couldn’t reproduce and she stepped it up.

So I’m ending this by saying to all my gay girl friends, I’ll see you later tonight in my bed. And to all my straight female friends out there, I encourage you to at least look into having a litter of babies to give to needy gay couples.

### **Rainbow Minute**

*(transition into next piece)*

**Voice over:** *The Pink Triangle, coming up now on The Rainbow Minute. At the time of World War II, German law prohibited homosexual relations, including kissing, embracing and having homosexual fantasies. In 1942, Hitler extended the death sentence for homosexuality.*

*Many gay men were sent to regular prisons while 5 to 15 thousand were sent to concentration camps. All concentration camp prisoners wore colored badges denoting their reason for imprisonment, with gay men wearing pink triangles. As such, they endured brutality by guards and fellow prisoners, and were subjected to gruesome medical experiments including castration.*

*After the war, homosexual prisoners watched as their fellow prisoners were set free while they had to remain in prison as much as 24 more years.*

*While the pink triangle will always remain a symbol of their suffering, it has been reclaimed by many in the gay rights movement as a symbol of empowerment.*

*"The Rainbow Minute" is produced by Judd Proctor and Brian Burns and recorded in the studios at WRIR in Richmond, Virginia and read by volunteers like me.  
I'm Dan Roberts.*

## Scene 7

### Why?

Written and Performed by Kirsten Riiber

**Kirsten:** EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW... WHYYYYYYYYYY!

Scientists have theorized the biological cause of homosexuality, searching for physical evidence and specific traits. Recently, a group of Swedish scientists have studied the brains of 90 women and 90 men; 90 gay, 90 straight. As a result they discovered a distinct difference between the gay and the straight brain.

2 symmetrical halves of the homosexual male brains were more similar to those of heterosexual women than they were with the other men (heterosexual) .The same exact similarities exist between gay women and straight men. This discovery leads us to believe that sexuality is innate and every physical structure of the brain.

Of course as a sixteen year old girl I was completely unaware of said research.

All I knew was that something about me was different, something weighed on me, something ever present and heavy, heavy like an overweight toddler, the overweight toddler on my shoulders was eating an ice cream cone, the ice cream cone was melting, and dripping in streams down my face and saturated my pillow case.

Of course no-one could see this invisible toddler and as a result my tears cannot be explained away.

(Hands waving in front of the projector to simulate time passage) As time passed the creature stayed with me a sly and shifting thing that pushed and pulled. Pushed Eric Fairymen. Pushed his hand back to his side of the car and filled the space with a cold dry tension as we drove home in silence. It pulled me to Melissa pulled my fingers through her hair her soft humming like music. And when the toddler learned to speak it placed questions and demanded answers and whispered poison in my ear and taunted me especially at night.

**Toddler:** You're a freak and everybody wants to know why...

**Kirsten:** I want you to leave me alone toddler I tired.

**Toddler:** Why?

**Kirsten:** Because it's late and I am confused and a little bit uncomfortable about this toddler talking to me.

**Toddler:** Why?

**Kirsten:** Because it's wired that a TODDLER HAS BEEN FOLLOWING ME AROUND SINCE THE DAY I WAS BORN.

**Toddler:** Would you rather me be a bumpkin?

**Kirsten:** nope

**Toddler:** what about an old British Lady?

**Kirsten:** Well it is quite impressive but I am still going to pass.

**Toddler:** What about a sheeeeeeeppp?

**Kirsten:** Ah...No let's just go back to a toddler.

**Toddler:** why?

**Kirsten:** No-- wait, I don't want anyone talking to me all the time.

**Toddler:** why?

**Kirsten:** Because...Melissa's mom doesn't want me sleeping over at their house anymore no thanks to you.

**Toddler:** Ohhh, open your eyes you silly girl.

**Kirsten:** It opens the blinds and I am amazed find this terrible haunting creature is nothing but something to be loved, protected and preserved.

I love the toddler because it has been there my entire life (first piece of colored paper placed on the projector) I love the toddler because it makes me who I am, I love the toddler because it taught me what it feels like to Love, What a beautiful, magical thing this is.

In this moment the weight of the toddler melts off me like ice cream and I am free, in this moment I am more alive than I have ever been.

(Pause)

For most people this is not enough. They want evidence. They want stone cold concrete facts.

So far this is the best we've got (original slide of brain scans).

(push in on slide until it blurs) It's up to use now to decide if any of this matters, or if love the pure indefinable nature of love is reason enough. (Black out)

**Martha Says Hate**

**Anonymous**

**Read by: Martha Johnson**

**Martha:** Hate is a complete lack of tolerance.

**Scene 8**

**T=(2x+xy)**

**Written and Performed by John Porter**

**John:** I have found that if you go into a delicatessen and try to order a GLBT, they have no idea what you're talking about. Doesn't that sound like some sort of sandwich? I'd like a GLBT please with extra L, two Bs, and hold the mayo...

Sorry about that. It's a defense mechanism. Whenever I get nervous, I tend to turn things into jokes. And why am I nervous? Well, I'm not sure what I'm supposed to do. I know that I'm out here representing the T in the GLBT equation, we're the little kickstand at the end of the rainbow, the group that nobody really knows what to do with. I mean, we're not actually gay or lesbian, are we? Do we fit in with the bisexuals? If you ever go to one of the Pride Parades, we're the ones sitting on the edge of a float fanning ourselves and waiting for the organizers to figure out what we are.



See, T stands for Transgendered and absolutely no one agrees on what that means. The ruling society wants to be able to pigeon-hole people in easy and direct ways and that doesn't always work with us. Transgender encompasses a whole lot of territory, from the straight cross dresser who waits for the wife to go out of town so he can dress up in her underwear, slap on a little make-up, read a Cosmo and watch Lifetime; to the flamboyant person in the shocking outfit who performs – usually lip synching to some dance hit – at a local bar that caters to the “alternative lifestyle” set, otherwise known as Drag Queens or Kings, to the person who wants to live her life as a member of the opposite sex – passing, or not, and creating a lot of confusion at work; to the person who undergoes a ton of surgery in order to be able to actually become the person of his or her – his AND her dreams.

T people are a troublesome part of the GLBT world, because T is not a sexuality – it's an identity. It's about matching who you are inside with what you are outside.

I realized when I was 6 years old that something was not quite right. I didn't have the vocabulary to express my concerns, but one day when I was having lunch with my grandmother, everything crystallized. We were at Ames and Brownly, a swanky department store in Norfolk that had a little dining room upstairs. The hostesses wore white gloves, and all of the bus boys were middle aged African American men who were dressed like Uncle Ben. My grandmother liked their crab cakes. My grandmother was financially well-off, very stylish, drove a new Cadillac every year, and was the most sophisticated woman I knew.

After lunch we came out in the Young Miss department and they had just gotten in a shipment of purses. There was one that was made of straw and it was woven to look

like a horse's head. Kind of like that scene in *The Godfather*. My grandmother turned to me and said the words that changed my life, "If you had been born a girl like you were supposed to, I'd buy you that purse."

Of course! That's it! I was supposed to be a girl. That explained everything. Why I hated sports and loved old movies. Why I couldn't stand the thought of being like my brother and his friends and why I stayed inside all the time – inside the house, inside the library, inside the movie theatre. It explained why I liked to hang out with my mother, cook, and set the table. It's so simple, if I can only become a girl, then everything will be fine. After all, it's 1964, surely this is an easy thing to do and if I get started now, I can have all this other stuff forgotten by Christmas.

On the way to her Cadillac I asked my grandmother, "How can I get changed into a girl?" She was quiet for a long time. I figured she was just thinking about how to do it – after all, she was a nurse and ran her own business, she'd know how to do it. Finally, as we got to her house she said, "We better keep the fact that you want to be a girl to ourselves. Your father may not understand."

Jump cut to a couple of years later and I've discovered the anatomical reason as to what determines boy and girl. I'm apparently a late bloomer because all the other kids all claimed to know all about it. This was before cable tv mind you, so, I'm not so sure that everyone was exactly telling the truth. So this thing in front of me that seems to have a mind of its own makes me a boy. If I get rid of it, then I'll be a girl. It's so simple, why hasn't anybody else thought of this? I'm a frikkin' genius. I just need some way to remove this appendage like I got rid of those warts from where a frog peed on me.

Six months earlier, I had lost a tooth when my brother tied a string around it, then tied the other end to a door knob and slammed the door. Of course, the tooth hadn't been loose and he made me give him the quarter that the tooth fairy paid me, but the principle should still work. String, tied around object, outside force, voila, I'm a girl! I went out to the garage and found some old clothesline string; it was heavy duty, just what I'd need to get the job done. I figured I'd need about three feet.

I went upstairs and dropped trou. I had to figure out what kind of knot would work so I looked in an old Boy Scout Manual. Be Prepared. I tried a half hitch, sheep shank, and finally settled on a granny knot. So now I tied the other end to the door knob and got up near the door and slammed it as hard as I could. Nothing happened. I had way too much slack and had to figure out a way to increase the torque while maximizing pull and lift. I decided to jump backwards as I slammed the door.

Obviously my first experiment in applied physics and anatomy did not succeed. I believe I wrote this up in my journal as torque plus application of force does not equal gender. Fortunately I was able to disengage from my predicament after the swelling went down – but that's another story, one that is not part of the GLBT experience.

I'm in the first grade at Poplar Halls Elementary School in Norfolk, Virginia. A penitentiary style set up with most of the kids acting as targets for the felons who are passing time until they enter the Navy or the drug trade. If you are the target kid, you might as well forget showing your face – even if you're not in school, they will hunt you down like you owe them money. I was skinny, slight, pale, well-dressed, looked like a girl, ran like a girl, and had an IQ higher than my teachers. I had a bull's eye on my back from day one. The principal kept moving me from classroom to classroom – in all of the

first grade classes, then the second grade classes. She told my parents that she wanted to “maximize my potential.” I figured that it was harder to hit a moving target. Of course by moving me around from class to class, I just became better known and more kids could join in the hunt to hit me with sticks.

A couple of years later we moved from Norfolk to Richmond and was I happy. I decided that I was going to fit in with my class no matter what it took. I memorized the sports pages every day just so I’d have something to talk about. I spent weeks studying the way men ran before anyone saw me run in my new school. It had been a rough winter so no recess for several months. No one suspected the way I used to be – or so I thought.

Then the calls started.

“Hello, may I speak to John please?”

“Hey, Spaz, it’s for you...”

“Hello?”

“Is this John?”

“Yes it is.”

“You’re a real faggot you know that?”

Click

For the next year, a week didn’t go by when someone called me a faggot, or threatened to rape me in the bathroom. I never told anybody about these threats because I would

be expected to find out who was making the calls and challenge them to a fight. I was still skinny and the only fights I had been in, I had lost decisively. So I never told anyone, and I never used a restroom at school until I got to middle school four years later.

By the time I made it to high school I was practically invisible. Sure I had some friends, but I spent most of my time blending into the background. I actually joined the theatre department because one day my father was snooping in my room looking for weed and he found my make-up stash. That was an interesting conversation – “Son, tell me the truth now, are you hooked on foundation?” If he’d gone one drawer further south he’d have found some things a lot more interesting than make-up.

For the first time in my life I bagged up all of the girl’s clothes I had acquired and threw them away – in one of the neighbor’s trash cans, just in case anyone checked the bag to see what was in it. I buried my female side, I thought for good, and left her in a trash bin.

Boy was she pissed. Every woman I dated, and the one I eventually married had to compete with another woman one they had no chance of outlasting. She was lodged deep inside my soul and wasn’t going anywhere. And honestly, she can be a troublesome bitch. I was nearly 50 before I realized that I was only half a person, and that if I was ever going to be happy, I needed to admit what I’d known for all these years, that I had a very strong female side and she did not want to be shut away.

Once she came out, all hell broke loose. She scared my fiancée half to death, but I’ve got to admit that my fiancée is a hell of a lot stronger and she weathered Hurricane

Caroline, although it was real rocky for awhile. I thought about having the operation, you know, snip snip. That would have been fun. I can't even stand the thought of getting a tattoo, so the idea of genital resculpturing was a little difficult. Plus my psychological scores came down as inconclusive. According to two psychiatrists, I came down right in the middle between thinking like a man and thinking like a woman. It's like someone tossed a coin in the air and it landed on its side. Twice.

So I'm what you call bi-gendered, or what the Native Americans used to call "two spirit." In ancient times, I would have been a shaman, a holy person who was revered because I could understand both sexes at one time. In the here and now, however, I'm just one more messed up guy visiting a shrink to try and make sense out of my life.

Maybe I got the best of two worlds. Or the worse. For example, when I go on a long car trip, I start off by not asking directions on how to get there, and when I do make it there, I can't parallel park. I only like one and a half Stooges. That's a math joke, not all of you will get it. Remember, women don't score as well as men on math.

Sometimes I start watching a football game, then I start asking myself about how I'm feeling about my relationship. I finally tell myself to shut up, then I run into my bedroom and cry and no matter what I say, I can't get myself to come out. Then I get mad and storm out of the house and go to Hooters where I can watch the game in peace. I finally come stumbling home, smelling of beer and cheap chicken wings, and I give myself the silent treatment and refuse to have sex with myself for at least a week.

My life can be very confusing. But it can also be very fulfilling. I've found a woman who can respect me as both a man and a woman, so I don't have to hide in the shadows any

more. She likes the fact that I surprise her by remembering those things that are important to her, and every time we make love, it's a unique experience as she is the focus of a two person threesome.

Why am I here? Good question. I lived, if not a lie, then not the complete truth for over four decades. If I could have understood what I am earlier, I might have been able to find a little happiness and dealt with the violence and threat of violence in my youth. No one should have to go through life scared all the time. Statistics show that T people make up maybe 2% of the world's population and we lose several a year to violent crime that often goes unsolved and in many cases unreported. The suicide rate for our teenagers is astronomical. We're sometimes scary to the straight world; we don't look like they think a man or a woman should look like. The media often treats our deaths as jokes, and I want the next generation of T's to be stronger, more confident, and ready to face the world. All I can do is stand up and be counted.

For my T brothers and sisters who may be in the audience, I wish you well in your future in whatever vessel you use to go through life in. Remember, your body is only a shell, and your soul is beautiful. Don't hate yourself, learn to see the real you and love that.

Goodnight.

### **Rainbow Minute**

*(transition into next piece)*

**Voice Over:** *The Two-Spirited People, coming up now on The Rainbow Minute.*

*In modern America, conservatives cling to strict gender roles. Heaven forbid a man should act or dress anything like a woman. But to say that it breaks with all tradition in America would simply be untrue.*

*In the early 19th century, explorer Peter Grant spent time among a Native American tribe of the western Great Lakes, and noted that some of their men had abandoned every custom characteristic of their sex and adopted the dress and manners of the women. He wrote, “they are never ridiculed or despised by the men on account of their new costumes, but are, on the contrary, respected as saints or being in some degree inspired.”*

*Grant had discovered just one of many Native American tribes with “two-spirited” people, who were regarded as above the common man – sacred in fact.*

*“The Rainbow Minute” is produced by Judd Proctor and Brian Burns at WRIR in Richmond, Virginia, and read by volunteers like me, Tall Feathers.*

## **Scene 8**

### **Come Outside**

**Written by Kait Zeigler**

**Performed by: Ryan Asher and Kait Zeigler**

*Ryan is singing most of the song while Kait is playing the guitar. Kait comes in vocally during the chorus*

**Ryan:** I'd been hiding for a while had they noticed?

Then you started passing me by I had noticed you



Now finally I have found someone who loves me for all that I am I am I am

We wander all our lives to find the one who makes it right

**Ryan & Kait:** Makes it ok to come outside come outside come outside come outside

Whatever the weather I'll be with you

I'll bring a coat or maybe a blanket for two

Whether it is hot or cold

If we face the light everything will be alright

Your life can change when you wipe the fog off the mirror

It's scary at first but it all becomes clearer in time

Then finally you will find yourself and love you for all that you are, you are, you are

We wander all our lives to find the one who makes it right

**Ryan & Kait:** Makes it ok to come outside...come outside, come outside, come outside

Whatever the weather I'll be with you

I'll bring a coat or maybe a blanket for two

Whether it is hot or cold

If we face the light everything will be alright

La la la poopie doopie doop

Whatever the weather I'll be with you

I'll bring a coat or maybe a blanket for two

Whether it is hot or cold

**Ryan & Kait:** If we face the light everything will be alright.

### **Scene 9**

#### **Love Is....(Finale)**

#### **All Cast**

**Jenn:** Building a place for people to be themselves, a place to heal hearts, nourish souls, and draw together.

**Sean:** Love is when someone allows for their heart to open with another person who feels the same way back. This allows someone to venture through the problems facing your life, and yet still find ways around them. Love is the trump card of emotion, no matter what happens, love can never break.

**Bonnie:** Love somehow tapping into the knowledge that we are all one and beginning to let that knowledge affect our being.

**Dana:** Love is the sun on your face after a long cold day

**Julia:** Love is playful intimacy

**Walid:** Love is contagious smile

**Donzell:** Love is a an act of sacrifice, giving up more of something to get something greater

**Aliki:** Love is like water, it's necessary for survival

**Tori:** Love is risking it all and opening your heart to someone else.

**Kait:** Love is when it's worth every fight.

**Kirsten:** Love is recognizing beauty when you see it.

**Ryan:** Love is anyone who wants you to be-- exactly 100 percent-- who you are.

**Carolyn:** Yummy delicious

**Corrine:** Love has many perspectives, it is unconditional. Love is neither mental attraction or physical attraction. It's an attraction to the soul, when you find that perfect soul that meets effortlessly the other pieces fall in place.

**Martha:** Running, playing and falling in a field of wild flowers with the one you love.

**Sarah:** Love is giving without thought or motivation

**Come Outside *Reprise*:**

**Full Cast:** La la la poopie doopie doop ooo. Come outside

Whatever the weather I'll be with you

I'll bring a coat or maybe a blanket for two

Whether it is hot or cold

If we face the light everything will be alright.

***THE End of the Beginning***

## Chapter 6

### The Future

In the immediate future I plan to do the next *SayLove* in Richmond and DC in June 2011. This next installment will be dealing with gender roles in same sex relationships and Transgendered gender identity. I believe as the world continues to change, hopefully evolve, gender will continue to be defined and redefined. I feel it is important to discuss gender as it pertains to the LGBT community. It is another way to demonstrate that gender roles are a subject in both same sex and opposite sex relationships, and gender identity is not defined strictly by what body you were born into. After the completion of this next *SayLove* I would like to continue to work the VCU students, the actors and artists around the community, and even extend out to the high schools and other universities. I believe building this solid base and business plan will serve as a great format as I move The *SayLove* Project to other cities, and eventually other countries. Offering students alternatives to commercial theatre is necessary because fact is they are not all going to make it in commercial theatre...but that doesn't mean they can't be successful in theatre.

My long term future plans are to work as a teacher, director, and theatre owner. I plan to establish The *SayLove* Project as a not-for-profit organization with a stable company of performers and visual artists who tour nationally and internationally. In order to accomplish these goals I have and plan to continue applying for grants. In October of

2010 I applied for a 2011-2012 Fulbright Student Scholarship to take The SayLove Project to Amsterdam. Although I wasn't chosen for the scholarship I learned to make contact with and solidify a host/sponsor, and it is hours and hours of writing and re-writing a concise and heartfelt grant and personal statement that are a page each. These lessons will aid me as I apply for the Fulbright Scholarship for 2012-2013. This I hope to make it to Spain where strides for LGBT rights are just starting to flourish, or Germany, which has a more established history of LGBT rights.

## Conclusion

I believe that by having hope and opening my heart to the struggle for LGBT equality, a bridge of respect and understanding will be formed. No one will have to wait until they are 30 to come-out to their parents, because they will not have to “come-out” and at that moment, equality can be a reality.

With the recent attention given to suicides related to bullying LGBT youth, now more than ever is the time to do this project. Our young citizens of the world need to that know that support, love and care exists for them. The history of the LGBT community in Amsterdam is important to share, so that my future students and following generations may appreciate and take stock of their place in the overall movement toward global human equality.

It is the desire to teach, to provoke thought, and using theatre to do so. In this desire to affect change and create understanding it is also important to allow the artist to express their view of the subject. My wish is to affect at least one person each show. I would hope that it would spur people to action the simple action of fighting for everyone's equality.

## Appendix

### Video

January 30, 2010 *SayLove: Love and Hate* Video Links:

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OtKxvpvll2s>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bCAK0tj8jtQ>

### Art Exhibit/Performance/ Cast PhotosPictures

*SayLove* 1 March 2009

..\Photos\Say Love (March 2009) 1.jpg

..\Photos\Say Love (March 2009) 4.jpg

..\Photos\Say Love (March 2009) 7.jpg

..\Photos\Say Love (March 2009) 10.jpg

..\Photos\Say Love (March 2009) 15.jpg

*SayLove* 2 July 2009

..\Photos\Say Love (July 2009) 4.jpg

..\Photos\Say Love (July 2009) 3.jpg

..\Photos\Say Love (July 2009) 7.jpg



*SayLove: Love and Hate* Performance January 2010

..\Photos\SayLove (January 2010) Ensemble 1.jpg

..\Photos\SayLove (January 2010) Kirstin.jpg

..\Photos\SayLove (January 2010) Dana&Kait.jpg

..\Photos\SayLove (January 2010) Mashup.jpg

..\Photos\SayLove (January 2010) Sarah.jpg

..\Photos\SayLove (January 2010) Kait&Ryan.jpg

*SayLove: Love and Hate* Art Exhibition

..\Photos\How do you have sex SayLove Exhibit 2010 - Copy.jpg

..\Photos\How Does Your Lover Identify SayLove Exhibit 2010 - Copy.jpg

C:\Users\Jenn\Downloads\Missing\_Love\_SayLove\_Exhibit\_2010.jpg

C:\Users\Jenn\Downloads\Redefining Marriage\_SayLove Exhibit.jpg

The SayLove Project Posters

The Say Love Project\Say Love #1 Poster.pdf

The Say Love Project\SayLove #2 Poster.pdf

..\Photos\SayLove Exhibit\_Love.jpg

The SayLove Project Posters cont.

..\Photos\SayLove Exhibit\_Hate.jpg

[The Say Love Project\SayLove\\_Love and Hate Poster.pdf](#)

The SayLove Project Programs:

*SayLove 1* March 2009

*SayLove 2* July 2009

[SayLoveProgramFinal7.18.09.pdf](#)

*SayLove: Love and Hate* Performance January 2010

[SayLove\\_Love and Hate Program\\_Jan 2010.pdf](#)

Visual and Performing Call to Artists

*SayLove 1*

[The Say Love Project\SayLove\\_call to artists\\_March 2009.docx](#)

*SayLove2*

[The Say Love Project\SayLove\\_call to artists\\_July 2009.docx](#)

*SayLove: Love and Hate*

[The Say Love Project\SayLove\\_Love and Hate\\_call to artists\\_Jan 2010.docx](#)

Sponsorship Packet

*SayLove: Love and Hate*

[saylovesponsorshippacket.pdf](#)

Press

*SayLove2*

[Say Love Web and Marketing\Say Love July 2009\\_Press Release.docx](#)

*SayLove: Love and Hate*

[Say Love Web and Marketing\SayLove\\_Love and Hate\\_Jan 2010\\_Press Release.docx](#)

Technical Run Sheets, Show Breakdowns, Production Meetings

*SayLove2*

*SayLove: Love and Hate*

[Say Love Audio Production\Sound & Video Technical Run-Sheet.doc](#)

Fulbright Student Scholarship

Statement of Grant Purpose

[Fulbright Scholarship\Fulbright\The Completed Final Application\Jennifer Catton\\_Netherlands\\_Theatre\\_Statement of Grant Purpose.pdf](#)

Personal Statement

[Fulbright Scholarship\Fulbright\The Completed Final Application\Jennifer Catton\\_Netherlands\\_Theatre\\_Personal Statement.pdf](#)

### Vita

Jennifer Noel Catton was born on October 20, 1975, in San Diego, California, and is an American citizen. She graduated from Granite Hills High School, El Cajon, California in 1993. She received her Bachelor of Arts in Theatre Performance from San Diego State University, San Diego, California in 2000. She taught in the public school system, as well as the state university system. Jennifer has worked as a flight attendant and a make-up artist. She has spent the last two years developing and producing The SayLove Project, and is an active member in the LGBT community.