

Neil Simon's **Barefoot in the Park**

October 3-6 and 10-14 at 7:30 pm
October 6, 7, 13 & 14 at 2:00 pm
Stage II of the Morrison Center

Theatre Arts Department Upcoming Events

You Can't Take It With You
November 15-17 at 7:30 pm
November 17 & 18 at 2:00 pm

The Gondoliers
March 14 & 15 at 7:30 pm
March 16 at 2:00 pm

Two Rooms
April 10-12, 17-19, 24-26 at 7:30 pm
March 12, 13, 19, 20, 26 & 27 at 2:00 pm

Produced by
arrangement with
Samuel French, Inc.

Neil Simon's Barefoot in the Park

Cast

Corie	Janessa White
Paul	Josh Belville
Mother	Camilla Boylan
Victor	Kyle Barrow
Telephone Man	Brad Doolittle
Delivery Man	Dr. Charles Lauterbach
Santini Brothers	Travis Gamble Gerardo Tzompa Sarah Kelso Brad Doolittle

Production Design

Director	Gordon Reinhart
Scenic Designer	Michael Baltzell
Costume Designer	Ann Hoste
Lighting Designer	W.J. Langley, Jr.
Sound Designer	Kirstie Williams
Assistant Director	Heidi Kraay
Assistant Lighting Designer	Carmen Galindo
Vocal Coach	Ann Klautsch
Choreographer	Marla Hansen
Stage Manager	Julie Bean
Assistant Stage Manager	Sarah Kelso
Technical Director	Michael Baltzell
Assistant Technical Director/ Scene Shop Supervisor	Fran Maxwell
Costume Shop Manager	Keri Fitch

Production Notes

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There will be one fifteen minute intermission.

The use of cameras and other recording equipment is strictly forbidden. Any digital devices such as mobile phones, PDAs and alarms should be turned off. Please remember that text messaging, whispering, and other disruptions spoil the performance for other members of the audience and can be distracting to the actors.



The Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival™ 40

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Stephen and Christine Schwarzman
The Kennedy Center Corporate Fund
U.S. Department of Education
The National Committee for the Performing Arts
Dr. Gerald and Paula McNichols Foundation

This production is entered in the Kennedy Center American College Theater Festival (KCACTF). The aims of this national theater education program are to identify and promote quality in college-level theater production. To this end, each production entered is eligible for a response by a regional KCACTF representative, and selected students and faculty are invited to participate in KCACTF programs involving scholarships, internships, grants and awards for actors, directors, dramaturgs, playwrights, designers, stage managers and critics at both the regional and national levels.

Productions entered on the Participating level are eligible for inclusion at the KCACTF regional festival and can also be considered for invitation to the KCACTF national festival at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, DC in the spring of 2008.

Last year more than 1,300 productions were entered in the KCACTF involving more than 200,000 students nationwide. By entering this production, our theater department is sharing in the KCACTF goals to recognize, reward, and celebrate the exemplary work produced in college and university theaters across the nation.

Production Notes

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...Not only was Larry a better dancer than I was, but he had gotten three base hits off her that afternoon.

"You're right," she said, "I am a little tired. Let's take a walk."

We walked down to the lake and didn't say much at first. It didn't seem necessary. There are those rare times in life, if you are fortunate enough, that you have a relationship begin long before you consciously start it yourself... We talked for nearly two hours, and everything said was both silly and profound. Even if we tried, we could get out of the way of what was coming at us.

I walked her home through the dark, wooded path that led to the cabin her family rented every summer. We never really reached for each other but at some point our hands joined and words seemed even less important than before. Her parents were asleep and we went in to have a Coke. There was a small oil painting on the wall, unfinished but interesting. I asked who the artist was. She said she wasn't sure it was an artist but that she had painted it. I asked to see some others. They were mostly all portraits that revealed more about her feelings than those of her subjects. All except for one that I couldn't take my eyes off. It was a picture of two women standing together, but a million miles apart. Possibly a mother and daughter. They were both beautiful and distorted at the same time. The distortion seemed to come from an inner anger than neither one could speak aloud to the other. They were interchangeable, as if the younger woman was what the older woman once was, and the older was what the younger woman would one day be. It was frightening and dark but enormously revealing and vulnerable in its truthfulness. Before I could ask her about it, she quickly put it away, afraid I might possibly read into it more than she was willing or able to come to terms with herself. She walked me down to the path that led back to the camp. We kissed. I looked at her and said, "When did this start?" She looked at me and said, "Just before you asked that question."

This was early July. By the end of September, we were married.

Crew

Props Master	Travis Gamble Gerardo Tzompa
Electricians	Ryan Adolfson Julie Bean William Titus Anna Oldenburg
Stage II Advisor	Fred Hansen
Wardrobe/Dresser	Chantell Fuller
Stage Hand	Veronica Von Tobel
Hair & Make-up	Kelley Stultz
Light Board Operator	Haley Adams
Sound Board Operator	JoAnna Stephens
Scenic Construction	THEA 117 Class Blaise Lawless Lina Chambers Travis Gamble Zach Warburton Ryan Adolfson Zach Stotland Jeff Costello
Costume Construction	THEA 117 Class Brooke Benson Emelia Gress Chantell Fuller
House Manager	Keitha Gamble
Box Office Manager	Andrea Schulz
Ushers	Members of Theatre Majors Association
Administrative Assistant	Carrie Applegate

Special Thanks

Bradley University Theatre, Boise Contemporary Theater,
Samantha Wright and BSU Radio, Idaho Shakespeare Festival

Excerpt from *Rewrites, A Memoir* by Neil Simon

In 1952, in the second week of that second summer at Tamiment, there was softball game between the entertainment staff and the hotel staff.

...We came in from the field to take our first at bats. I was hitting fifth and stood behind the batting cage to see what kind of stuff their pitcher had. Their pitcher had the kind of stuff dreams are made of. It was Joan Baim, looking even more beautiful than she had the summer before. She was wearing a black T-shirt, white tennis shorts, and scruffy white sneakers; her hair was in a ponytail. She also had a humdinger of a right arm. She threw as hard as she could, and she was all business out on the mound.

My roommate, Larry Holofcener..., was standing next to me watching Joan as intently as I was. "God, she's incredible, isn't she?" Larry said to me.

"She would be if she weren't so married," I answered.

"Oh, she's not married. She broke it off with that guy last winter...You're at bat."

Yes, I was. In more ways than one. I wanted to meet her but not like this. A line drive hit into the pit of her stomach was not going to get me off on the right foot...Facing a big leaguer was a lot less nerve-racking than facing this beautiful little package of dynamite who was now on the mound she smiled at me as she went into her windup, and all I could think of was "She's not married."

Strike one as the ball whizzed by me across the plate. She smiled again as she toed the mound, and as she prepared to throw I said to myself, "Is that smile meant for me?"

Strike two as the ball cut across the outside corner of the plate. This had gone far enough. I can't let this happen, I thought. Don't let her show you up. Go for the fences, kid, she doesn't have a thing—except that smile, and that figure, and that wonderful quality of being singularly available.

...Now she had a look of determination as if I were the one man on this team she wanted to get out. Well, at least being an adversary was a start. She threw the ball with her same motion but took a little speed off it, throwing my timing off as I swung.

I did something worse than striking out I hit a piddling little bouncer to the mound. She fielded it easily, catching it with her bare hand to further my humiliation, and then held the ball as she watched me racing toward first base. Then at the last possible moment, she fired the ball to the first baseman and I was out by a foot and a half.

...As I passed her coming off the mound, I looked at her and said, "I'll get you next time."

She smiled and said, fine. I'll be at the dance hall tonight."

I shaved, showered, shampooed, and shaved again. I tried on every possible combination of shirt, pants, and shoes I had in my tiny closet. I Old Spiced myself until I smelled like that seaman coming back from Singapore with his bag on his shoulder. Señoritas would wave to me from their haciendas but they didn't have a chance. I had a date with a pitcher who got me out four times, leaving nine men on base.

I arrived at the dance hall and leaned against my private post, listening to Gershwin, and Rogers and Hart, waiting for her to appear. It didn't take long. Although the dance floor was fairly crowded, there she came in the arms of Larry Holofcener...he had charm, humor, and was so light on his feet I'd want to dance all night with him too. Finally, after three numbers, they danced their way over to me and Larry introduced us.

She pulled me out onto the dance floor and started to twirl as she did with Larry...

"Want to dance?" she asked.

"Aren't you tired?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh, no. I love dancing. Come on."