

DRAMATISTS representing the american theatre
PLAY SERVICE, INC. by publishing and licensing the works
of new and established playwrights.

atplay

ISSUE 2
SPRING 1998

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THE IRISH ARE COMING!

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BY JOHN LAHR

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(Cont. on page 5)

from the mail room

Service

I'm having one of those "Maybe I should let people *know* when they do something cool" days, and wanted to mention that I think it's terrific how often you point folks to other play services when they come looking for a script that isn't in the Dramatists catalogue.

Kind of reminds me of my favorite hardware store; if they don't have the widget I need, they'll call around, find out who does and send me there.

I realize this is no big deal, but in a time when too many businesses take the "if we don't have it, you don't need it" attitude, it's great to see an honest customer service ethic.

Pat Kight
Albany Civic Theatre

Dramatists Play Service has established a wonderful relationship with community theatres across the country through your participation in festival exhibits, workshops and award sponsorship. As a result of your efforts, you have helped to demystify the process of acquiring production rights and have encouraged many theatres to grow and produce successfully.

The Southeastern Theatre Conference (SETC) is the premier theatre conference in the United States and your sponsorship honors your company in a visibly dramatic way. It is also a demonstration of your interest in the success of community theatres across the country.

Michael Fortner
Theatre Memphis

Premier Issue

Congratulations for an excellent inaugural issue of *At Play*. I thought the graphics and layout were functional yet interesting, and the articles had the right balance of information and, to the casual reader, entertainment. Bravo!

I have taken the liberty of confirming that you will receive future issues of our newsletter, *HappyTalk*, as well. Who says the Farmer and the Cowman can't be friends?

Bert Fink
Editor, *HappyTalk*, the Newsletter of The Rodgers
& Hammerstein Organization, NY

nicest newsletter I've gotten in a very long time. Imaginative and different in layout, yet very readable, and with interesting topics and even a dash of humor. I actually look forward to getting the next issue. Congrats.

David DiSavino
Rainbow Dinner Theatre

We just received a copy of the premier issue of *At Play*. The article by Craig Pospisil on rights and restrictions would be most useful to reprint in our upcoming newsletter. Our membership includes both professional and community theatres, as well as high school troupes from across the provinces.

Kathy Classen
Theatre Alberta Society

Your wish is granted. In fact, if anyone else would like to reprint one of Craig's articles, let us know and we'll be happy to arrange it.

I was pleased to see your restrictions article in *At Play's* premier issue. As a community college professor of theatre, I try to educate the high schools around us on theatre laws and restrictions. In your next issue could you address the penalties for producing a play without obtaining rights or paying royalties? Also, could you address the rules for video taping and making changes in a script? These are both areas we feel are abused.

Pam Cilek
St. Charles County Community College

In the past, we've forced unlicensed productions to shut their doors and we've hired collection agencies to go after our authors' unpaid royalties. In terms of script changes, don't do it. You will find a more complete answer in this issue's *Rights & Restrictions* column. Regarding video taping, our Fall issue will handle that very subject.

Send correspondence to: Letters, *At Play*,
Dramatists Play Service, Inc., 440 Park Avenue
South, New York, NY 10016. E-mail address:
postmaster@dramatists.com. Please include
your address and daytime phone number. Letters
chosen for publication may be edited.

I get a lot of mail, and most of it is junk. Just wanted to tell you that I thought yours is the

Who says Broadway
and "Art" don't mix?

What if your best friend spent \$40,000 on an abstract, all-white painting that looks like there's nothing there? And what if you flat-out called the painting "shit," then tried to persuade your friend that all contemporary art is a sham, and that the world (meaning your friend) has been taken in by it? Then, what if your discussion about art turned into one about friendship and one's taste in women? Soon you saw 15 years of camaraderie going down the tubes, and all because of a painting.

This is the subject of Yasmina Reza's "Art," which threw down the Tony gauntlet last March when it opened on Broadway with Alan Alda, Victor Garber and Alfred Molina as the three friends in turmoil. Christopher Hampton (*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*) is responsible for the play's English language translation.

Was Yasmina Reza nervous about the Broadway debut? "The play's worked in Moscow, Tel Aviv. If it doesn't work in New York, that's life." Quite an understatement when you consider the play's already had over one hundred productions in more than 15 languages around the world, the most recent one being its ongoing run in London. There the play won the 1996 Olivier and Evening Standard Awards for best comedy and has been playing to sold-out houses ever since.

Originally written in French, "Art" premiered in Berlin before moving to Paris where it ran for eighteen months and won two Molière Awards (the French Tonys). It was in Paris that Sean Connery's wife saw the play and proposed that he help produce it in London. Enlisting Christopher Hampton to write the English translation, and real-life friends Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay to star, Connery created a West End phenomenon. And the Broadway run seems no less destined to pulling in the stars: Robert DeNiro, Al Pacino and Kevin Spacey have all expressed interest in the movie roles.

It is no surprise that "Art" continues to succeed no matter where it is produced. The play is charming and highly intelligent, with big ideas and deeply provocative things to say about friendship. This is also the kind of play people have been dying to see return to Broadway: something serious, but one that flatters the head, heart and funny bone all at once. "A salt-and-sugar treat," is how the *Times of London* described it. *Newsweek* puts it this way: "A marriage of Molière and Woody Allen... a nonstop cross-fire of crackling language, serious issues of life and art expressed in outbursts that sound like Don Rickles with a degree from the Sorbonne." And Vincent Canby of the *New York Times* has commented that even the play's sporty length adds to its magic: "Did I say that 'Art,' which runs 90 minutes and is played without an intermission, is not only the shortest new play on Broadway, but also the funniest. It moves like the wind and leaves you exhilarated. It's theater, pure and elegant." Heck, even John Simon likes it.

Reza has commented that she originally thought she was writing a tragedy, but then wondered at the reception the play received as a comedy. Even more surprising to her were the arguments the play inspired mid-performance, with audience members raging in the aisles about cutting edge art. How appropriate, then, that the title of the play comes with its own set of quotation marks. They not only highlight the subjective nature of the piece, but tell us something about it that we've already figured out: "Art" has people talking.

—DAG

new release is No
"Mere" Sequel

For some reason, in a city of millions, I never have trouble spotting David Ives. Considering the success he's had since the debut of *All in the Timing*, I wonder why more people don't recognize him as well. Tall and slender, with salt 'n pepper hair and large, dark-rimmed glasses, the late forty-something author usually appears to me on the Upper West Side, either waiting for the 96th Street subway, or where the rollerbladers do their tricks in Central Park.

In his own way, David has a lot in common with the skaters -- there's only so much you can do on a pair of skates, or with a one-act play for that matter, right?

But the skaters' perseverance and creativity remind me of the hard-to-achieve, almost mathematical precision that David has brought to the one-act form. This quality, which made *All in the Timing* an immense success, is apparent once again in his new collection, *Mere Mortals*. Like *All in the Timing*, *Mere Mortals* began at New York's Primary Stages before transferring to a commercial run. Some of its six plays are new, and some are older or revised; but they're sure to have Ives aficionados arguing about their favorites. In fact, if you could hear how David's plays are talked about at the conventions we attend, you would think the drama club set had found their own version of baseball cards.

The plays included in *Mere Mortals* are: *Foreplay* or: *The Art of the Fugue*, about a battle of the sexes waged on a miniature-golf course; *Mere Mortals*, which eavesdrops on three construction workers, one of whom thinks he's the Lindbergh baby; *Time Flies*, in which two mayflies decide to spend their lives together but realize they only have an hour or two left; *Speed-the-Play*, a mock homage combining all the plays of David Mamet; *Dr. Fritz*, a Vaudevillian look at a tourist with food poisoning; and *Degas, C'est Moi*, about a man who wants to be the French impressionist for the day.

--DAG

(Rights to *Mere Mortals*, and to the individual plays that comprise it, are widely available and published scripts are available for purchase.)

(Dramatists Play Service will be publishing the acting edition for short. Production rights to the play are unavailable at this time, but please write to us about your interest and we'll be sure to contact you when the rights are released.)

THE GIFT OF GAB

A new Irish yarn spinner has London (and now New York) in his thrall. by John Lahr

This year's bragging rights in English drama belong to the twenty-seven-year-old London-based Irishman Martin McDonagh, whose hair is prematurely silver and whose mind has a preternatural gift for storytelling.

In *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* which won McDonagh the Evening Standard Award for Most Promising Playwright, a dutiful daughter's chance at marriage is destroyed by her manipulative mother; the daughter dispatches the old bat with all the gleeful redemptive violence of the woodsman knocking off the wolf to save the almost devoured Little Red Ridinghood. On opening night, the sophisticated London audience was so caught up in the primal battle between mother and daughter that some people actually hissed the witchy mother when she coaxed the suitor's letter of proposal to her daughter out of a cloddish messenger and threw it into the fire.

McDonagh's second outing, *The Cripple of Inishmaan* is a more polished and more persuasive evening. McDonagh, who has set the play on a remote island off the west coast of Ireland in 1934, puts a wider cast of characters through more complicated reversals of plot, and spins a tragicomic yarn about the mutation of spirit that is a byproduct of the landscape's punishing emptiness.

The island's scuffed and monumental granite cliffs have taken a brutal beating from nature; so, we learn, have the people who inhabit them. At the village store, where seventeen-year-old Cripple Billy Claven lives with his two maiden caretakers—the childlike “Aunt” Kate and the starchy “Aunt” Eileen—the windows, the walls, the shelves of canned peas, and even the counter are cantilevered like elements in a Cubist painting. Each character enters not only with his own idiosyncrasy but with his own distinct idiom. McDonagh skillfully juggles rhythms and repetitions so as to illuminate the sadness, defensiveness, and longing for connection underneath the characters' badinage. For instance, before we see Cripple Billy, his profound disadvantage is relayed to us by the two shopkeeping aunties, who pass judgment on his disability without seeing their own:

Eileen: Poor Billy'll never be getting kissed. Unless it was be a blind girl.

Kate: A blind girl or a backward girl.

Eileen: Or Jim Finnegan's daughter.

Kate: She'd kiss anything.

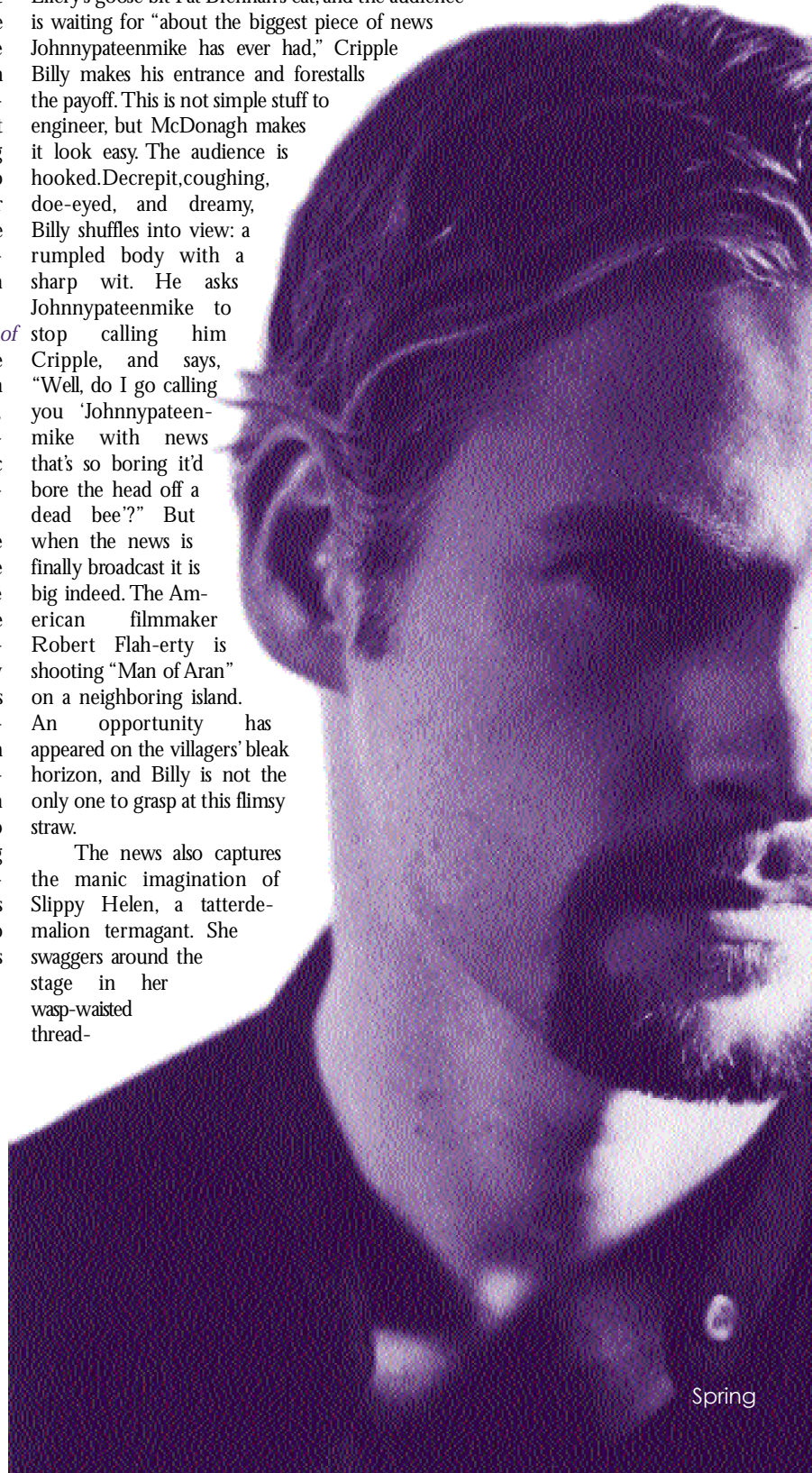
Eileen: She'd kiss a bald donkey.

Kate: She'd kiss a bald donkey. And she'd still probably draw the line at Billy. Poor Billy.

McDonagh knows that the trick of the tale is to delay revelation, and he gives this narrative insight to the town gossip, Johnypateenmike,

who trades tidbits of local news for food. “I will get on with me three pieces of news so,” he tells his listeners. “I will leave me best piece of news till the end so's you will be waiting for it.” As promised, just after Johnypateenmike has revealed that a certain villager threw his Bible into the sea and that Jack Ellery's goose bit Pat Brennan's cat, and the audience is waiting for “about the biggest piece of news Johnypateenmike has ever had,” Cripple Billy makes his entrance and forestalls the payoff. This is not simple stuff to engineer, but McDonagh makes it look easy. The audience is hooked. Decrepit, coughing, doe-eyed, and dreamy, Billy shuffles into view: a rumpled body with a sharp wit. He asks Johnypateenmike to stop calling him Cripple, and says, “Well, do I go calling you 'Johnypateenmike with news that's so boring it'd bore the head off a dead bee?'” But when the news is finally broadcast it is big indeed. The American filmmaker Robert Flaherty is shooting “Man of Aran” on a neighboring island. An opportunity has appeared on the villagers' bleak horizon, and Billy is not the only one to grasp at this flimsy straw.

The news also captures the manic imagination of Slippy Helen, a tatterdemalion termagant. She swaggers around the stage in her wasp-waisted thread-



bare raincoat and torn tights, alternately browbeating her oafish little brother, Bartley, and giving lip to anyone who crosses her path. Slippy Helen is so called because she's forever "dropping" the eggs she's supposed to deliver to the store. "I didn't drop them eggs at all," she tells Eileen. "I went pegging them at Father Barratt, got him bang in the gob with fecking four of them." This information appalls and bewilders Eileen. "Sure, pegging eggs at a priest, isn't it pure against God?" she asks. To which Helen replies, "Oh, maybe it is, but if God went touching me arse in choir practice I'd peg eggs at that fecker, too."

McDonagh never lets the audience get ahead of his story; he adroitly turns the tables on every expectation. Cripple Billy, by forging a doctor's letter saying he has tuberculosis—a piece of emotional panhandling that later comes true—talks himself onto the boat taking Helen to Aran and Flaherty's production.

Billy, not Helen, gets to Hollywood for a screen test. "But they didn't want me," he explains, back in

Inishmaan. "A blond lad from Fort Lauderdale they hired instead of me. He wasn't crippled at all, but the Yank said 'Ah, better to get a normal fella who can act crippled than a crippled fella who can't fecking act at all.'" His travels have at least clarified his feelings for Slippy Helen; eventually, he plucks up the courage to ask her out walking. "It isn't out walking you'd be anyways, it would be out shuffling, because you can't walk," she says, and asks him, "What would you and me want to be out shuffling for?" "For the company," Billy says. "And for the way sweethearts be."

At these words of endearment, Slippy Helen spends a full thirty seconds trying to contain her sniggering before shutting the shop door on Billy and his humiliation without so much as a goodbye. Minutes later, as the devastated Billy is about to leave home for a second time, Slippy Helen sticks her head back inside the door. "All right so I'll go out walking with ya," she says, "but only somewheres no fecker would see us and when it's dark and no kissing or groping, cos I don't want you ruining my fecking reputation," but, of course, she

relents and kisses him before she exits. Cripple Billy is finally embraced. In that stunned and wonderful moment, his manhood and the promise of joy are confirmed. Billy laughs; then, just as suddenly, McDonagh wipes the smile off both his face and ours. Billy coughs and starts to spit blood. The lights fade on him looking at his hand—the promise of joy replaced by the promise of death. It's a destiny of impoverishment as desolate and unfor-giving as the dark rocks that loom in the back-ground behind him.

McDonagh's prospects, by contrast, seem assured. He's a natural, who has most certainly arrived. In the way of the English press, McDonagh has been discovered, ballyhooed, published, and despised all in one year. But his characterizations and the richness of his comedy insure a healthy commercial life for his plays. *The Beauty Queen of Leenane* is the first of what McDonagh calls his Connemara Trilogy; the next two plays—*A Skull in*

"I DIDN'T DROP THEM EGGS AT ALL," SHE TELLS EILEEN. "I WENT PEGGING THEM AT FATHER BARRATT, GOT HIM BANG IN THE GOB WITH FECKING FOUR OF THEM."

Connemara and *The Lonesome West*—will have been produced by the Royal Court in conjunction with the Druid Theatre. Meanwhile, McDonagh, who has a few more plays yet in his trunk, says he has talked with the American producer Scott Rudin ("The Addams Family," "The First Wives' Club") about writing a screenplay, which he has already begun work on. He "only saw eight plays" when he was growing up, he says, and was "always more interested in films than theatre," so Hollywood may seem an easy fit. It's not facility but maturity, however, that McDonagh requires to turn his great gift into great drama. And if he can find maturity in Hollywood he really will have the luck of the Irish.

*"The Gift of Gab" by John Lahr
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in The New Yorker, January 27, 1997.*

Editor's Note:

As of this writing, *The Cripple of Inishmaan* is scheduled to open at the Joseph Papp Public Theater next month. However, Mr. McDonagh's American debut, *The Beauty Queen of Leenane*, has transferred to Broadway after an enormous critical response to its off-Broadway engagement. The play is now eligible for the 1998 Tony Award. Our congratulations to Mr. McDonagh.

NEW (cont. from page 2)

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde
by Moises Kaufman
Wilde's oracular brilliance proves little use in this factual courtroom drama.

The Herbal Bed
by Peter Whelan
The adultery trial of Shakespeare's eldest daughter.

Hollywood Pinafore
book and lyrics by George S. Kaufman
music by Sir Arthur Sullivan
1940's Hollywood sung to Gilbert and Sullivan.

Hot 'n' Throbbing
by Paula Vogel
A struggling single mother takes to writing porn.

The House of Bernarda Alba
(La Casa de Bernarda Alba)
by Federico Garcia Lorca
in a new version by Emily Mann.

Ivanov and Six Short Plays
by Anton Chekhov
translated by Paul Schmidt

The Joy of Going Somewhere Definite
by Quincy Long
music by Joshua Rosenblum
A Fargo-type look at three lumberjacks trying to save a marriage.

Lighting Up the Two-Year-Old
by Benjie Aerenson
Horse racing and blackmail.

The Lonesome West
by Martin McDonagh
Two hateful brothers battle a priest.

Marcus is Walking
by Joan Ackermann
Marcus trick-or-treats for the first time alone.

Mojo
by Jez Butterworth
A brutally funny look at British rock'n'roll.

(Cont. on page 6)

Mud, River, Stone
by Lynn Nottage
An African vacation tests a couple seeking their roots.

The Old Settler
by John Henry Redwood
Two older black sisters face love and disappointment in 1940's Harlem.

Ourselves Alone
by Anne Devlin
Devlin's stage play about three women in an IRA family.

Plunge
by Christopher Kyle
Can friendships formed in your twenties really last?

A Question of Mercy
by David Rabe
The debate over euthanasia takes troubling form.

A Skull in Connemara
by Martin McDonagh
A graveyard worker must disinter his own wife.

Skyscraper
by David Auburn
Strangers unite to prevent a suicide.

Three Days of Rain
by Richard Greenberg
The children of a revolutionary architect examine his memoirs.

The Water Children
by Wendy MacLeod
A pro-choice actress makes a pro-life commercial.

A Yard of Sun
by Christopher Fry
Family tensions explode in a 1940's Siena palazzo.

The Young Girl and the Monsoon
by James Ryan
A divorced father wrangles with his teenage daughter.

rights and restrictions

Script Changes: Who hasn't read a play that they thought they couldn't improve? It's so obvious. It just needs a little cutting. Nothing that will change the author's intent or the spirit of the play. There's just one problem: It's illegal.

by Craig Pospisil, Director, Non-Professional Rights

“The play must be presented in its published form, without any changes, alterations or deletions.”

That is the first condition on all of our licenses for a reason. The plays we publish are protected by Federal Copyright Law, which prohibits anyone from making unauthorized changes to a script or from producing the play without obtaining permission. The copyright laws were established to encourage creativity by giving the creator (playwright, composer, lyricist, librettist, etc.) exclusive control over his/her work for a period of time. The term of the current copyright statute is the author's life plus fifty years.

I think what confuses people is that intellectual property covers a wide set of rights, all of which are separate. As the copyright owner of the play, the author licenses rather than sells the stage performance rights to his/her play. This is what enables an author to have multiple productions of a play, both professionally and on the amateur level. Copyright ownership gives the author the right to control the play, both artistically and on the business side too. This is very different from the sale of film or television rights to a work, where the author has no further control over the material.

Another thing that makes intellectual property complicated is that it's not tangible. You're paying for something which cannot be seen or held. It's helpful, therefore, to think of stage performance rights as something you are renting. Pretend that *The Crucible* is a car you've rented from Avis. You're free to drive the car around, but you can't have it repainted. Or turn it into a convertible. "Look," you might say, "I've improved the car. It feels great to have the wind blowing through your hair." Avis, however, may take a dim view of your "improvements," and I doubt that your insurance would cover it.

“Can we cut profanity?”

No. However, some authors don't mind toning down profanity and some even provide alternative language. But you must always ask for and receive written permission to make any changes.

“I didn't get enough men trying out. Can I cast this role as a woman?”

No. However, depending on the importance and size of the part (yes, there are small parts) some authors may not mind a gender change as long as the lines are not changed. But they are unlikely to approve sex changes for major characters. We are often asked about all-male productions of *The Womero* or all-female productions of *The Zoo Story*. Neither will ever be approved, and illegal productions of these have been shut down. Again, you must always ask for and receive written permission before any changes may be made.

“Is it okay to split up this one character and give his lines to some of the other actors?”

No. However, sometimes an author will allow a high school or similar group to do this with minor characters. But only sometimes. And these changes must be approved in writing.

“The show is running too long. I just need to make a few cuts. It won't affect the message/tone/overall feeling of the play.”

If the running time of a show is important to you, I urge you to choose a shorter play. You may not make any cuts to shorten the running time.

“Can I change the title?”

Please don't even ask me this question.

At this point, I'm sure you all think I'm a terrible curmudgeon, but these are the rules and the Play Service must enforce them. If, after all of this, however, you still want to inquire about changing some element of a play in production, please feel free to write to us with your proposal and we'll look into it.

If you want to know more about copyright, and you have access to the Internet, I recommend that you go right to the source. The U.S. Copyright Office web site (<http://lcweb.loc.gov/copyright/>) has the answers to many of your questions, and includes the actual text of copyright law. Another good site is 10 Big Myths About Copyright (www.clari.net/brad/copymyths.html), which is self-explanatory. Most libraries will also have useful material on the subject.

Dramatists Play Service licenses hundreds of professional productions each year. For your convenience, here's a Fall schedule of some of them. You can access an even more comprehensive list of professional, and selected non-professional productions by visiting www.dramatists.com and selecting PAGE TO STAGE.

- ALABAMA**
SCOTLAND ROAD by Jeffrey Hatcher; Theatre 'Round the Corner, Huntsville. (OCT.)
- ARIZONA**
GOING TO SEE THE ELEPHANT by Karen Hensel and Elana Kent; Arizona TheatreWorks, Flagstaff. (JULY)
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Northstar Productions, Flagstaff. (JULY)
- CALIFORNIA**
AN AMERICAN DAUGHTER by Wendy Wasserstein; TheatreWorks, Palo Alto. (SEPT.)
BALM IN GILEAD by Lanford Wilson; Encore Theatre, San Francisco. (JUNE)
COLLECTED STORIES by Donald Margulies; Berkeley Repertory Theatre. (SEPT.)
COWGIRLS book by Betsy Howie, music and lyrics by Mary Murfitt; Marin Theatre Company, Mill Valley. (NOV.)
CURTAINS by Stephen Bill; International City Theatre, Long Beach. (JULY)
EYE OF GOD by Tim Blake Nelson; International City Theatre, Long Beach. (NOV.)
THE GRAPES OF WRATH adapted from Steinbeck by Frank Galati; Santa Susana Repertory Company, Thousand Oaks. (SEPT.)
THE MUSICAL COMEDY MURDERS OF 1940 by John Bishop; Melodrama Musical Theatre, Bakersfield. (OCT.)
NIXON'S NIXON by Russell Lees; Old Globe Theatre, San Diego. (JULY)
THE OLD SETTLER by John Henry Redwood; Old Globe Theatre, San Diego (JULY)
THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG by Wendy Wasserstein; Western Stage, Salinas. (SEPT.)
TALLEY'S FOLLY by Lanford Wilson; TheatreWorks, Palo Alto. (JUNE)
TALLEY'S FOLLY by Lanford Wilson; International City Theatre, Long Beach. (JUNE)
- COLORADO**
AFTER-PLAY by Anne Meara; Theatre On Broadway, Denver. (JUNE)
THE ONLY THING WORSE YOU COULD HAVE TOLD ME... by Dan Butler; Theatre On Broadway, Denver. (SEPT.)
THE YOUNG MAN FROM ATLANTA by Horton Foote; Arvada Center. (SEPT.)
- CONNECTICUT**
THE GREY ZONE by Tim Blake Nelson; Long Wharf Theatre, New Haven. (SEPT.)
I HATE HAMLET by Paul Rudnick; Centennial Theatre Festival, Simsbury. (JULY)
- DELAWARE**
THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI book and lyrics by Mark St. Germain, music and lyrics by Randy Courts; Delaware Theatre Company, Wilmington (DEC.)
- DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA**
DEALER'S CHOICE by Patrick Marber; Studio Theatre, Washington. (SEPT.)
- FLORIDA**
THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO by Alfred Uhry; Asolo Theatre Company, Sarasota. (DEC.)
A SENSE OF PLACE by Lanford Wilson; American Stage Company, St. Petersburg. (JUNE)
- IDAHO**
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Idaho Repertory Theatre, Moscow. (JULY)
- ILLINOIS**
ANOTHER ANTIGONE by A.R. Gurney; Illinois Theatre Center, Park Forest. (OCT.)
THE VALUE OF NAMES by Jeffrey Sweet; Illinois Theatre Center, Park Forest. (SEPT.)
- INDIANA**
DEATHTRAP by Ira Levin; Brown County Playhouse, Bloomington. (AUG.)
- KANSAS**
ME AND JEZEBEL by Elizabeth L. Fuller; New Theatre Restaurant, Overland Park. (SEPT.)
- KENTUCKY**
FULL GALLOP by Mark Hampton and Mary Louise Wilson; Actors Theatre of Louisville. (DEC.)
- LOUISIANA**
MASTER CLASS by Terrence McNally; Southern Repertory Theatre, New Orleans. (DEC.)
- MARYLAND**
HELLCAB by Will Kern; Rep Stage Company, Columbia. (OCT.)
NIXON'S NIXON by Russell Lees; Round House Theatre, Silver Spring. (SEPT.)
- MASSACHUSETTS**
THE BOYS NEXT DOOR by Tom Griffin; Merrimack Repertory Theatre, Lowell. (NOV.)
DEALER'S CHOICE by Patrick Marber; Gloucester Stage Company. (AUG.)
HAVING OUR SAY by Emily Mann. Adapted from the book by Sarah L. and Elizabeth Delany with Amy Hill Hearth; New Repertory Theatre, Newton Highlands. (NOV.)
I HATE HAMLET by Paul Rudnick; Foxboro Regional Center. (JUNE)
- MICHIGAN**
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Tibbits Summer Theatre, Coldwater. (JULY)
- MINNESOTA**
BLUES FOR AN ALABAMA SKY by Pearl Cleage; Penumbra Theatre Company, St. Paul. (SEPT.)
OLD WICKED SONGS by Jon Marans; Minnesota Jewish Theatre, St. Paul. (OCT.)
- MISSOURI**
AN AMERICAN DAUGHTER by Wendy Wasserstein; Unicorn Theatre, Kansas City. (JUNE)
OLD WICKED SONGS by Jon Marans; Repertory Theatre of St. Louis. (OCT.)
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
DEATHTRAP by Ira Levin; Barnstormers Theatre, Tamworth. (JUNE)
LATER LIFE by A.R. Gurney; Peterborough Players. (AUG.)
- NEW JERSEY**
THE NERD by Larry Shue; Surfliht Theatre, Beach Haven. (SEPT.)
SHERLOCK'S LAST CASE by Charles Marowitz; Surfliht Theatre, Beach Haven. (SEPT.)
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Surfliht Theatre, Beach Haven. (OCT.)
- NEW YORK**
DEATHTRAP by Ira Levin; Cortland Repertory Theatre. (JULY)
DEATHTRAP by Ira Levin; Forestburgh Playhouse. (AUG.)
DEATHTRAP by Ira Levin; Bristol Valley Productions, Naples. (JUNE)
JEFFREY by Paul Rudnick; Hangar Theatre, Ithaca. (JUNE)
OLD WICKED SONGS by Jon Marans; Hangar Theatre, Ithaca. (JULY)
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Depot Theatre, Westport. (JULY)
TAKING SIDES by Ronald Harwood; Shadowland Theatre, Ellenville. (AUG.)
- NORTH CAROLINA**
CRIMES OF THE HEART by Beth Henley; Blowing Rock Stage Company. (JULY)
THE FOREIGNER by Larry Shue; Temple Theatre Company, Sanford. (JUNE)
THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO by Alfred Uhry; PlayMakers Repertory Company, Chapel Hill. (SEPT.)
THE YOUNG MAN FROM ATLANTA by Horton Foote; Southern Appalachian Repertory Theatre, Mars Hill. (JULY)
- OHIO**
MERE MORTALS by David Ives; Contemporary American Theatre Co., Columbus. (SEPT.)
MOLLY SWEENEY by Brian Friel; Irish and American Repertory Theatre, Columbus. (JUNE)
NIXON'S NIXON by Russell Lees; Contemporary American Theatre Co., Columbus. (OCT.)
- PENNSYLVANIA**
THE CRYPTOGRAM by David Mamet; City Theatre Company, Pittsburgh. (SEPT.)
THE FOREIGNER by Larry Shue; Pennsylvania Center Stage, University Park. (JULY)
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Mountain Playhouse, Jennerstown. (SEPT.)
THE TURN OF THE SCREW adapted from James by Jeffrey Hatcher; City Theatre Company, Pittsburgh. (SEPT.)
- TENNESSEE**
DANCING AT LUGHNASA by Brian Friel; Clarence Brown Theatre Company, Knoxville. (JUNE)
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Playhouse on the Square, Memphis. (AUG.)
- TEXAS**
BLUES FOR AN ALABAMA SKY by Pearl Cleage; Ensemble Theatre, Houston. (AUG.)
THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO by Alfred Uhry; Zachary Scott Theatre Center, Austin. (NOV.)
QUILLS by Doug Wright; Stage West, Fort Worth. (JULY)
STEEL MAGNOLIAS by Robert Harling; Granbury Opera House. (NOV.)
- UTAH**
HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE by Paula Vogel; Salt Lake Acting Company. (NOV.)
- VERMONT**
LIPS TOGETHER, TEETH APART by Terrence McNally; Weston Playhouse. (JULY)
LOVE LETTERS by A.R. Gurney; St. Michael's Playhouse, Colchester. (AUG.)
OLD WICKED SONGS by Jon Marans; Dorset Theatre Festival. (SEPT.)
- VIRGINIA**
QUILTERS book by Molly Newman and Barbara Damashek, music and lyrics by Barbara Damashek; Wayside Theatre, Middletown. (AUG.)
SYLVIA by A.R. Gurney; Barter Theatre, Abingdon. (JUNE)
- WASHINGTON**
COLLECTED STORIES by Donald Margulies; ACT Seattle. (JULY)
QUILLS by Doug Wright; ACT Seattle. (AUG.)
- WISCONSIN**
BLUES FOR AN ALABAMA SKY by Pearl Cleage; Milwaukee Repertory Theater Company. (OCT.)
HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE by Paula Vogel; Madison Repertory Theatre. (OCT.)
THE LAST NIGHT OF BALLYHOO by Alfred Uhry; Milwaukee Repertory Theater Company. (DEC.)
THE OLD SETTLER by John Henry Redwood; Milwaukee Chamber Theatre. (NOV.)
THREE VIEWINGS by Jeffrey Hatcher; Madison Repertory Theatre. (SEPT.)
- CANADA**
A CHRISTMAS CAROL adapted from Dickens by Doris Baizley; Chemainus Theatre Company, BC. (NOV.)
THE DINING ROOM by A.R. Gurney; Theatre on the Grand, Fergus, Ontario. (JULY)
HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE by Paula Vogel; Centaur Foundation for the Arts, Montreal, Quebec. (OCT.)
MARVIN'S ROOM by Scott McPherson; Festival Antigonish Summer Theatre, Nova Scotia. (JULY)
OLD WICKED SONGS by Jon Marans; Prairie Theatre Exchange, Winnipeg, Manitoba. (OCT.)
STEEL MAGNOLIAS by Robert Harling; Huron Country Playhouse, Grand Bend, Ontario. (JULY)

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You probably haven't had the chance to see Terrence McNally's Tony Award winning *Master Class* yet (or produced it, for that matter). The play remains under option by the producer who originally toured it with Faye Dunaway as Maria Callas. Of course, you can read the play, but to get the full flavor you might want to listen to two CDs from EMI Classics: *Maria Callas: At Juilliard*, featuring actual recordings of Maria Callas' master classes; and *Maria Callas Master Class*, featuring the music from the play.

Congratulations to this year's recipient of the American Theatre Critics Association's New Play Award, Peter Parnell (*Flaubert's Latest* *An Imaginary Life* *The Rise and Rise of Dan Rock*) for *The Cider House Rule Part II*, adapted from the John Irving novel about abortion, medicine and romance in New England. Also recognized by the Association is John Henry Redwood, author of *The Old Settles*, a old-fashioned tale about two aging sisters in 1940s Harlem.

From the *New York Times* Metropolitan Diary: "Recently I had the pleasure of a weekend play date with my sister's young children in Central Park. We visited the statues of Alice in Wonderland, Hans Christian Andersen and Mother Goose.... After a photo session at the statue of Balto, the Eskimo sled dog, we went directly to the carousel for a couple of rides. On our way home we walked along the mall. I took the occa-

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For forty years, African-American men from Alabama were subjected to a terrible secret experiment to track the progress of untreated syphilis. The men never gave their consent. After the HBO movie of David Feldshuh's *Miss Evers' Boys* appeared, President Clinton made a national apology to the men involved.

Touring plans are in the works for *The Diary of Anne Frank* which is currently being revived on Broadway. Rights to the play are restricted.

Robert Waldman, the composer of the original stage music to *Driving Miss Daisy*

sion to point out the statues of famous writers depicted in bronze: Robert Burns, Sir Walter Scott, William Shakespeare.... My niece, a precocious 8-year-old, had just one question: 'So where's the statue of Wendy Wasserstein?'"

John Patrick Shanley (*Psychopathia Sexualis* *Italian American Reconciliation* and other plays) has written a remake of the 1950s Kim Novak-James Stewart romance *Bell, Book and Candle* based on John van Druten's ever-popular play of the same name.

Will Kern's *Hellcab* about a taxi driver on Christmas Day, is being made into an independent film with Steppenwolf Theatre veterans Laurie Metcalf and Moira Harris. Along for the ride are John Cusack, Julianne Moore, Kevin O'Connor and Gillian Anderson from the *X-Files*

Keep your eyes open for Brian Friel's *Dancing at Lughnasa* now a film starring Meryl Streep.

Depend on *The Simpsons* to be at the forefront of American culture. Seasons ago, they parodied the American musical with a rendition of *Oh! Streetcar* starring Marge as Blanche Du Bois. Now, you'll be able to attend the San Francisco world premier of Andre Previn's new opera ... *A Streetcar Named Desire*

A film of Keith Reddin's *Life During Wartime* recently premiered at the prestigious Sundance Institute.

Quills Doug Wright's hair-raising look at the Marquis de Sade, censorship and artistic responsibility, is under option for a film by Fox Searchlight.

Blade to the Heart Oliver Mayer's hot and sweaty slugfest about homophobia in the Latino boxing world, has been under a film option by Madonna. She and Mr. Mayer have collaborated on the screenplay.

Overheard at a performance of Terrence McNally's *Love! Valour! Compassion!* "I'm

kind of enjoying it, but I still haven't figured out what the velour part is all about."

Stephen Sondheim and George Furth's mystery-comedy *Getting Away with Murder* is being made into a film retitled *An Hour to Kill*

When asked to discuss the meaning of some of his plays recently, Arthur Miller declined, saying: "I don't know how to characterize any of my plays, but that's O.K. When people ask me, I always just say that *Death of a Salesman* is about a salesman and he dies."

"I'm kind of enjoying it, but I still haven't figured out what the velour part is all about."