Midpoint Presentation
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Proof 1 (Catherine) – with Andrea Gerlach

Scene 2

The next morning, CLAIRE, stylish, attractive, drinks coffee from a mug. She has brought bagels and fruit on a tray out to the porch. She arranges them on two plates. She notices the champagne bottle lying on the floor. She picks it up and sets it on a table. CATHERINE enters. Her hair is wet from a shower.

CLAIRE: Better. Much.
CATHERINE: Thanks.

CLAIRE: Feel better?
CATHERINE: Yeah.
CLAIRE: You look a million times better. Have some coffee.
CATHERINE: Okay.
CLAIRE: How do you take it?
CATHERINE: Black.
CLAIRE: Have a little milk. (She pours.) Want a banana? It's a good thing I brought food; there was nothing in the house.
CATHERINE: I've been meaning to go shopping.
CLAIRE: Have a bagel.
CATHERINE: No. I have breakfast. (Beat.)
CLAIRE: You didn't put on the dress.
CATHERINE: Didn't really feel like it.
CLAIRE: Don't you want to try it on? See if it fits?
CATHERINE: I'll put it on later.
(Beat)
CLAIRE: If you want to dry your hair I have a hair dryer.
CATHERINE: Nah.
CLAIRE: Did you use that conditioner I brought you?
CATHERINE: No, shit, I forgot.
CLAIRE: It's my favorite. You'll love it, Katie. I want you to try it.
CATHERINE: I'll use it next time,
CLAIRE: You'll like it. It has jojoba.
CATHERINE: What is 'jojoba'?
CLAIRE: It's something they put in for healthy hair.
CATHERINE: Hair is dead.
CLAIRE: What?
CATHERINE: It's dead tissue. You can't make it 'healthy.'
CLAIRE: Whatever, it's something that's good for your hair.
CATHERINE: What, a chemical?
CLAIRE: No, it's organic.
CATHERINE: Well it can be organic and still be a chemical.
CLAIRE: I don't know what it is.

CATHERINE: Haven't you ever heard of organic chemistry?
CLAIRE: It makes my hair feel, look, and smell good. That's the extent of my information about it. You might like it if you decide to use it.
CATHERINE: Thanks, I'll try it.
CLAIRE: Good. (Beat.) If the dress doesn't fit we can go downtown and exchange it.
CATHERINE: Okay.
CLAIRE: I'll take you to lunch.
CATHERINE: Great.
CLAIRE: Maybe Sunday before I go back. Do you need anything?
CATHERINE: Like clothes?
CLAIRE: Or anything. While I'm here.
CATHERINE: Nah, I'm cool.
(Beat)
CLAIRE: I thought we'd have some people over tonight. If you're feeling okay.
CATHERINE: I'm feeling okay, Claire, stop saying that.
CLAIRE: You don't have any plans?
CATHERINE: No.
CLAIRE: I ordered some food. Wine, beer.
CATHERINE: We are burying Dad this afternoon.
CLAIRE: I think it will be all right. Anyone who's been to the funeral and wants to come over for something to eat can. And it's the only time I can see any old Chicago friends. It'll be nice. It's a funeral but we don't have to be completely grim about it. If it's okay with you.
CATHERINE: Yes, sure.
CLAIRE: It's been a stressful time. It would be good to relax in a low-key way.
Mitch says Hi.
CATHERINE: Hi Mitch.
CLAIRE: He's really sorry he couldn't come.
Catherine: Yeah, he's gonna miss all the fun.
Claire: He wanted to see you. He sends his love. I told
him you'd see him soon enough. (Bust) We're getting mar-
ried.
Catherine: No shit.
Claire: Yes! We just decided.
Catherine: Yikes.
Claire: Yes!
Catherine: When?
Claire: January.
Catherine: Huh.
Claire: We're going to do a huge thing. His folks are gone
too. Just City Hall, then a big dinner at our favorite resau-
rant for all our friends. And you, of course. I hope you'll be
in the wedding.
Catherine: Yeah. Of course. Congratulations, Claire. I'm re-
ally happy for you.
Claire: Thanks. Me too. We just decided it was time. His job
is great. I just got promoted...
Catherine: Huh.
Claire: You will come?
Catherine: Yes, sure. January? I mean, I don't have to check
my calendar or anything. Sure.
Claire: That makes me very happy. (Beat. From here on CLAIRE
reads grumpily.)
Claire: How are you?
Catherine: Okay.
Claire: How are you feeling about everything?
Catherine: About "everything"?
Claire: About Dad.
Catherine: What about him?
Claire: How are you feeling about his death? Are you all
right?
Catherine: Yes, I am.

Claire: First you call 911 with an emergency and then you
hang up on them—
Catherine: I didn't really want them to come.
Claire: So why did you call?
Catherine: I was trying to get this guy out of the house.
Claire: Who?
Catherine: One of Dad's students.
Claire: Dad hasn't had any students for years.
Catherine: No, he isn't Dad's student. Now he's—he's a math-
emarican.
Claire: Why was he in the house in the first place?
Catherine: Well he's been coming here to look at Dad's note-
books.
Claire: In the middle of the night?
Catherine: It was late. I was waiting for him to finish,
and last night I thought he might have been stealing them.
Claire: Stealing the notebooks?
Catherine: Yes. So I told him to go.
Claire: Were he stealing?
Catherine: Yes. That's why I called the police—
Claire: What is this man's name?
Claire: The police said you were the only one here.
Catherine: He left before they got here.
Claire: With the notebooks?
Catherine: No, Claire, don't be stupid, there are over a hun-
dred notebooks. He was only stealing two, but he was steal-
ing it so he could give it back to me, so I let him go so he
could play with his band on the north side.
Claire: His band?
Catherine: He was late. He wanted me to come with him but
I was like, Yeah, right. (Beat.)
Claire: (Gently) Is "Harold Dobbs" your boyfriend?
Catherine: No!
Clare: (She holds up the champagne bottle.) This was sitting right here. Who were you drinking champagne with?
Catherine: (hesitates.)
Catherine: With no one.
Clare: Are you sure?
Catherine: Yes.
(Beat.)
Catherine: The police said you were above. (Catherine doesn't say anything.) They said you're lucky they didn't haul you in.
Catherine: These guys were assholes. Clare. They wouldn't go away. They wanted me to fill out a report...
Clare: Were you abusive?
Catherine: This one cop kept spitting on me when he talked. It was disgusting.
Clare: Did you use the word "dickhead"?
Catherine: Oh I don't remember.
Clare: Did you tell one cop...to go fuck the other cop's mother?
Catherine: No.
Clare: That's what they said.
Catherine: Not with that phrasing.
Clare: Did you strike one of them?
Catherine: They were trying to come in the house.
Clare: Oh my God.
Catherine: I might have pushed him a little.
Clare: They said you were either drunk or disturbed.
Catherine: They wanted to come in here and search my house—
Clare: You called them.
Catherine: Yes but I didn't actually want them to come. But they did come and then they started acting like they owned the place, pushing me around, calling me "girlie." Smirking at me, laughing...they were assholes.
Clare: These guys seemed perfectly nice. They were off-duty and they took the trouble to come back here at the end of their shift to check up on you. They were very polite.
Catherine: Well people are nicer to you.
(Beat.)
Clare: Katie. Would you like to come to New York?
Catherine: Yes, I told you, I'll come in January.
Clare: You could come sooner. We'd love to have you. You could stay with us. It'd be fun.
Catherine: I don't want to.
Clare: Mitch has become an extra coc. It's like his hobby now. He buys all these gadgets. Garlic press, olive oil sprayer...Every night there's something new. Delicious, wonderful meals. The other day he made vegetarian chilli.
Catherine: What the fuck are you talking about?
Clare: Stay with us for a while. We would have so much fun.
Catherine: Thanks, I'm okay here.
Clare: Chicago is dead. New York is so much more fun, you can't believe it.
Catherine: The "fun" thing is really not where my focus is at the moment.
Clare: I think New York would be a really fun and...safe...place for you to—
Catherine: I don't need a safe place and I don't want to have any fun! I'm perfectly fine here.
Clare: You look tired. I think you could use some downtime.
Catherine: Downtime?
Clare: Katie, please. You've had a very hard time.
Catherine: I'm perfectly okay.
Clare: I think you're uper and exhausted.
Catherine: I was fine until you got here.
Clare: Yes, but you—
Hall: (From off) Catherine?
Clare: Who is that?
(HAL kisses her quickly, then goes inside. CATHERINE smiles to herself.
She is happy, on the edge of being giddy. CLAIRE enters, hungover.
She sits down, squinting.)

CATHERINE: Good morning.
CLAIRE: Please don’t yell please.
CATHERINE: Are you all right?
CLAIRE: No. (Beat. She clutches her head.) Those fucking physicists.

CATHERINE: What happened?
CLAIRE: Thanks a lot for leaving me all alone with them.
CATHERINE: Where were your friends?
CLAIRE: My stupid friends left—it was only eleven o’clock!—
they all had to get home and pay their babysitters or bake
bread or something. I’m left alone with these lunatics . . .

CATHERINE: Why did you drink so much?
CLAIRE: I thought I could keep up with them. I thought they’d
stop. They didn’t. Oh God. “Have another tequila . . .”

CATHERINE: Do you want some coffee?
CLAIRE: In a minute. (Beat.) That band.
CATHERINE: Yeah.
CLAIRE: They were terrible.

CATHERINE: They were okay. They had fun. I think.
CLAIRE: Well as long as everyone had fun. (Beat.) Your dress
turned out all right.

CATHERINE: I love it.
CLAIRE: You do.

CATHERINE: Yeah, it’s wonderful.
CLAIRE: I was surprised you even wore it.
CATHERINE: I love it, Claire. Thanks.
CLARENCE: (Surprised) You're welcome. You're in a good mood.

CATHERINE: Should I not be?

CLARENCE: Are you kidding? No. I'm thrilled. (Bust.) I'm leaving in a few hours.

CATHERINE: I know.

CLARENCE: The house is a wreck. Don't clean it up yourself. I'll hire someone to come in.

CATHERINE: Thanks. You want your coffee?

CLARENCE: No, thanks.

CATHERINE: (Starting in) It's so tedious.

CLARENCE: Hold on a sec, Katie. I just ... (No take a breath.) I'm leaving soon. I'll—

CATHERINE: You said, I know.

CLARENCE: I'd still like you to come to New York.


CLARENCE: I'd like you to move to New York.

CATHERINE: Oh.

CLARENCE: Would you think about it? For me? You could stay with me and Mitch at first. There's plenty of room. Then you could get your own place. I've already scouted some apartments for you, really cute places.

CATHERINE: What would I do in New York?

CLARENCE: What are you doing here?

CATHERINE: I live here.

CLARENCE: You could do whatever you want. You could work, you could go to school.

CATHERINE: I don't know, Claire. This is pretty major.

CLARENCE: I realize that.

CATHERINE: I know you mean well. I'm just not sure what I want to do. I mean to be honest, you were right yesterday. I do feel a little confused. I'm tired, it's been a really weird couple of years. I think I'd like to take some time to figure things out.

CLARENCE: You could do that in New York.

CATHERINE: You want to help me?

CLARENCE: Yes.

CATHERINE: Dad is dead.

CLARENCE: I know.

CATHERINE: He's dead. Now that he's dead you fly in for the weekend and decide you want to help? You're Loser. Where have you been?

CLARENCE: I—

CATHERINE: Where were you five years ago? You weren't helping then.

CLARENCE: I was working.

CATHERINE: I know, I lived with him alone.

CLARENCE: I was working fourteen-hour days. I paid every bill here. I paid off the mortgage on this three-bedroom house while I was living in a studio in Brooklyn.

CATHERINE: You had your life. You got to finish school.

CLARENCE: You could have stayed in school.

CATHERINE: How?

CLARENCE: I would have done anything—I told you that. I told you a million times to do anything you wanted.

CATHERINE: Who is going to help him? Someone had to take care of him.

CLARENCE: He was ill. He should have been in a full-time professional care situation.

CATHERINE: He didn't belong in the nursing home.

CLARENCE: He might have been better off.

CATHERINE: How can you say that?

CLARENCE: This is where I'm meant to feel guilty, right?

CATHERINE: Sure, go for it.

CLARENCE: I'm heartless. My own father.

CATHERINE: He needed to be here. In his own house, near the university, near his students, near everything that made him happy.

CATHERINE: And I could do it.

CLARENCE: But it would be much easier for me to get you set up in an apartment in New York, and—

CATHERINE: I don't need an apartment. I'll stay in the house.

CLARENCE: We're selling the house.

Bust.)

CATHERINE: What?

CLARENCE: We—I'm selling it.

CATHERINE: What?

CLARENCE: I'm hoping to do the paperwork this week. I know it seems sudden.

CATHERINE: No one was here looking at the place, who are you selling it to?

CLARENCE: The university. They've wanted the block for years.

CATHERINE: I live here.

CLARENCE: Honey, now that Dad's gone it doesn't make sense. It's in bad shape. It costs a fortune to heat. It's time to let it go. Mitch agrees, it's a very smart move. We're lucky, we have a great offer—

CATHERINE: Where am I supposed to live?

CLARENCE: Gone to New York.

CATHERINE: I can't believe this.

CLARENCE: It'll be so good. You deserve a change. This would be a whole new adventure for you.

CATHERINE: Why are you doing this?

CLARENCE: I want to help.

CATHERINE: By kicking me out of my house?

CLARENCE: It was my house too.

CATHERINE: You haven't lived here for years.

CLARENCE: I know that. You were on your own. I really regret that, Katie.

CATHERINE: Don't.

CLARENCE: I know I let you down. I feel awful about it. Now I'm trying to help.

CLARENCE: Maybe. Or maybe some real professional care would have done him more good than rushing around in a shabby house with you looking after him.

I'm sorry, Catherine, it's not your fault. It's my fault for letting you do it.

CATHERINE: I was right to keep him here.

CLARENCE: No.

CATHERINE: What about his retirement? Four years ago. He was healthy for almost a year.

CLARENCE: And then he went right downhill again.

CATHERINE: He might have been worse in a hospital.

CLARENCE: And he might have been better. Did he ever do any work again?

CATHERINE: No.

CLARENCE: No. (Bust.) And you might have been better.

CATHERINE: Keeping her voice under control. Better than what? Catherine: Living here with him didn't do you any good. You said that yourself.

You had so much talent—

CATHERINE: You think I'm like Dad.

CLARENCE: I think you have some of his talent and some of his tendency toward... instability.

Bust.)

CATHERINE: Claire, in addition to the "cute apartments" that you're "looking" for me in New York, would you by any chance also have devoted some of your considerable energies toward scouting out another type of—

CLARENCE: No.

CATHERINE: —living facility for your wayhouse little sister?

CLARENCE: No! Absolutely not. That is not what this is about.

CATHERINE: Don't lie to me, Claire. I'm smarter than you.

Bust.)

CLARENCE: The resources... I've investigated—
Othello Act 4 Scene iii (Desdemona) – with Katie Meehan

**Emilia**
How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

**Desdemona**
He says he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

**Emilia**
Dismiss me!

**Desdemona**
It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

**Emilia**
I would you had never seen him!

**Desdemona**
So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,
- Prithee, unpin me, - have grace and favour in them.

**Emilia**
I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

**Desdemona**
All’s one. – Good faith, how foolish are our minds! –
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

**Emilia**
Come, come, you talk.

**Desdemona**
My mother had a maid call’d Barbary:
She was in love; and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of ‘willow;’
An old thing ‘twas, but it exprest her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbary. – Prithee, dispatch.

Emilia
Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Desdemona
No, unpin me here. –

This Lodovico is a proper man.

Emilia
A very handsome man.

Desdemona
He speaks well.

Emilia
I know a lady in Venice would have walkt barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

Desdemona
(singing) The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur’d her moans;
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and soften’d the stones; -
Lay by these: -
Sing willow, willow, willow;
Prithee, hie thee; he’ll come anon: -
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve, -
Nay, that’s not next. – Hark! who is’t that knocks?

Emilia
It is the wind.

Desdemona
I call’d my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow;
If I court moe women, you’ll couch with moe men. –

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

Emilia
‘Tis neither here nor there.

Desdemona
I have heard it said so. – O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, - tell me, Emilia, -
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Emilia
There be some such, no question.
**Desdemona**
Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

**Emilia**
Why, would not you?

**Desdemona**
No, by this heavenly light!

**Emilia**
Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do’t as well i’th’ dark.

**Desdemona**
Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

**Emilia**
The world is a huge thing: it is a great price for a small vice.

**Desdemona**
In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

**Emilia**
In troth, I think I should; and undo’t when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but, for the whole world, - why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for’t.

**Desdemona**
Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong For the whole world.

**Emilia**
Why, the wrong is but a wrong i’th’ world; and having the world for your labour, ‘tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

**Desdemona**
I do not think there is any such woman.

**Emilia**
Yes, a dozen; and as many to th’vantage as would store the world they play’d for.
But I do thing it is their husbands’ faults
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they doo
When they change us for others? Is it sport?
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?
I think it doth: is’t frailty that thus errs?
It is so too: - and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

**Desdemona**

Good night, good night: heaven me such usage send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!
Classical Monologue in verse
A Winter’s Tale Act 3 Scene ii

Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: my second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr’d, like one infectious: my third comfort,
Starr’d most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in it most innocent mouth,
Hales out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which ‘longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i’the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet here this; mistake me not: - for life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn’d
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else,
But what your jealousies awake, - I tell you,
’Tis rigour, and not law. – Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!
Rehearsal Journal

September 30th 8:30-11:20am
Andrew told me I should read the play Proof to see if there was a scene I liked from it. He said I project a shell of armor protecting a lot of vulnerability underneath. He thinks I would play a good Catherine.

6-9pm
Read the play Proof. I like the character of Katie, but I think I would originally cast myself as Claire, the caretaker. But that’s just my opinion. But I do like the scenes between the two sisters.

October 1st 8:30-11:20am
Andrew gave me two Shakespeare monologues to read and see which one I like: Hermione from A Winter’s Tale; Act 3 Scene 2, line 92-118 “Sir spare your threats” or Helena from All’s Well that Ends Well; Act 1 Scene 3, line 192-217 “Then I confess”. He also said to look over the Proof scene in Act 1 Scene 2. Since I would originally cast myself as Claire, go ahead and look at both girls. I’ll be doing this scene with Andrea.

October 5th 2-3pm
I went over the two Shakespeare monologues. I knew the All’s Well monologue because my undergraduate had done that while I was there. I had also looked at that monologue before and it didn’t really do a whole lot to trip my trigger. So I read over the Hermione monologue and read several synopsis of the play. I don’t understand what she’s saying!!! Shakespeare confuses me!! I’d rather do the Portia monologue from Julius Caesar that we’ve been working on because I immediately understood that one.

October 6th 2-4pm
Went over the Proof scene a few times with Andrea to see which character we liked more. She is ok with either. I think if we do the fist sister scene, I would prefer to be Catherine, but if we do the second sister scene, I like Claire. That could just be me being a diva though. Ha-ha

October 7th 8:30-11:20am
Andrew and I talked and he had me read for Catherine, the younger sister. He said is was like a younger sibling who keeps pushing and nudging the older one until you go too far then back off a step, but make Andrea make me back off. She is annoyed with Claire’s mothering (just like my younger brother Doug! ;)). The two sisters are navigating a minefield to create a new relationship with the pre-dad’s-death relationship hanging over us.

4-6pm
Worked on paraphrasing Hermione monologue from A Winter’s Tale. Used No Fear Shakespeare to help me understand parts of it along with the Riverside Edition’s footnotes. I think I’ve got it mostly understood…
October 8\textsuperscript{th} 8:30-11:20am
Went over the Hermione monologue in class. Andrew helped me with my paraphrase to change a few things so that my words were as heightened as Shakespeare’s. He said for me in this monologue, I would need to work on simplicity. How much does she have left and what is she going to do with what she has left? Answer: Not much and everything she can. Also, just to think about and research, how long was the childbirth period where she was allowed to stay in bed and recuperate her strength in the 1600’s?

October 13\textsuperscript{th} 6-8pm
I read over the Proof scene a couple times to get more familiar with the scene. I also worked on memorizing Hermione monologue. Looked online and then emailed Dr. Bouler (theatre history professor from undergrad) and found out answer to childbirth period question. Answer: Women in the 1600s if well-born could have months to recover from their “trying times and difficulties” birthing their babies...even into the 19th and 20th centuries it was considered a dangerous thing to give birth and "the weaker sex" were given as much time as they needed...women "took to their beds" to recover and wet nurses were hired to take care of the newborns.

October 14\textsuperscript{th} 8:30-11:20am
Went over Hermione monologue again in class. Again, must remember SIMPLICITY!! She is much more tired and broken. She’s been beaten down and her dignity is all that she has left. The only reason she can hold it together is so she won’t let the King see her fall apart. It’s like standing in front of the court stripped naked. Every word out of my mouth takes every ounce of energy. It is the effort put in to holding it together and trying not to cry. DO-don’t ACT. Also, Andrew assigned the scenelett in Othello Act 4 Scene iii before Katie’s monologue. So I will be playing Desdemona in this scene.

October 15\textsuperscript{th} 8:30-11:20am
Went over the Proof scene in class. Work to throw the lines away a little more. Be more passive aggressive instead of overly bratty. Let it do a slower boil until “Physically? Great. Except my hair…” And during the police part, try to end the conversation with every line. Andrew also gave me the option of doing either the full Othello scene with Katie or doing the second sister scene in Proof with Andrea (or both!).

October 16\textsuperscript{th} 2-3pm
Worked on memorizing Proof 1 lines for class tomorrow. Feeling pretty confident on most of it. Just a few small paragraphs I need to look over later.

October 17\textsuperscript{th} 8:30-11:20am
Went over both Proof scenes today. In Proof 1: have a side table and a magazine to act as a buffer in the conversation with Claire. Have less open hostility. I think I still have a tendency to want to show what I’m feeling and do more work than I have to. This goes back to Andrew’s note of being simple with my Hermione monologue. Don’t realize it’s (police story) crazy until a few seconds after it’s said instead of as I’m saying it – let it sit for a second after it comes out of my mouth then sort of realize. Don’t look at Claire
really until she announces she’ getting married. Come in in bathrobe drying hair in towel and put in turban.

For the second Proof scene, we just read through it, but Andrew still gave us a few notes. For Catherine, it’s hard to say nice things to Claire, but I can DO something nice so I want to get out of there to get the coffee. This is probably the first time I’ve had sex and it was perfect, so “Thank you Claire!” for setting everything up to make this happen. Later, I’m mad at myself for thinking Claire was doing something nice for me and for trusting, so I take it out on Claire. For the last little bit—“Better than what?!!?” OMG! You think I’m like Dad! I go from living in my house to being homeless and then to a nuthouse in about 3 minutes!!

October 19th 2-4:30pm
Wrote out Othello scene. Did my paraphrase and broke it into feet. Then went over Proof scenes 3 times with my boyfriend.

October 21st 8:30-11:20am
Bruce was subbing for Andrew today, so we got a bit of a different view of some of our work. For Othello, he said that the classical objective is always the same: to win your argument, your point of view that can only be won through words. My POV is to accept women’s place and revere my husband (republican versus Emilia’s democratic view). What’s at stake for me is death if I were to let myself believe what Emilia says at all at this point, because I might believe it a little bit but I can’t let the thought even enter my mind. In classical plays (Shakespeare) there is no subtext; everything is in the line and the language. You just have to say it clearly with diction and wrap your mind around the FULL thought (don’t stop and break it up). Think about what just happened and what state I’m in. This will help inform my want because I don’t want him the way he just was (just got slapped in the face!!) and we need to memorize it before putting it on its feet because all the actions are in the script. Also, there is a close relationship between Emilia and Desdemona.

We also went through our Proof 1 scene. Bruce said not to stop trying to talk to one another. He said I should have more activity than just flipping through a magazine (maybe try a crossword instead). My objective is to get Claire to admit she was wrong. I found that we had more of a connection when we had more eye contact. Bruce said to talk moment to moment to each other and give ourselves permission to explore the space. We set up the scene a little differently; it was closer and there was a definite beginning and end of the porch with the door inside being clearly defined. Bruce told us to explore “last night” a little more as well.

For my Hermione monologue, Bruce suggested I highlight each thought a different color so as to know when the thought stopped. He also said to keep the momentum going without rushing (which totally confused me and I don’t understand! But I’m really trying.) Also, at the beginning, this is what I’m arguing. Then I get to the list (this is bad, this is worse, this is terrible, etc.). At the end is the tag line or final point.

October 22nd 8:30-11:20am
Andrew came back today and some of the things Bruce told us he agreed with, and some he didn’t. For Othello, I have to remember, “I just got clocked!! Ouch…” It is a heavy
and dark scene but we are trying to not get stuck there and wade through even though it is taking almost more energy than I have. That’s why I need Emilia; to lighten the mood. In my monologue, I have to remember that I’ve got nothing left for you to take (smile-but can’t quite get the corners of my mouth to move past a straight line), but I’m trying not to cry and it’s really freaking hard! Can barely get the sides of my mouth up. Andrew said I should get used to walking into the scene and seeing the court. Also, I should stand with my feet a little more apart and my knees bent so I feel more ready to topple because of the 8 liters of blood I should have, I’m down to about 6.

6:30-7pm
Met with Katie after class and went over Othello lines multiple times. We also discussed a little more what Andrew and Bruce had said and the differences they told us and how we could put those into how we saw the scene as well.

October 24th 8:30-11:20am
For the Othello scene today, think more, “It’s good! Yeah…” Play against the obstacle of weight and sadness and not quite able to do it so asking Emilia to help me. On “So get thee gone; goodnight.” let her get to the door then call her back. On “O, these men, these men!” completely frustrated. Bring nightshirt, leggings, skirt, corset, top, earrings/jewelry, etc. for things to do in getting ready for bed. For Proof 1, STOP WORKING SO HARD AND BEING EXTRA BRATTY ON TOP OF THE WORDS!! Let the bite of the words be enough, don’t have to add to them. Cut the magazine because it is just becoming a place to retreat. Instead, either deal with her or deliberately don’t deal with her, but don’t hide. Hold in the anger until “What is the point of all these questions?” and then take the frustration out on her; let the stuff at the beginning slide.

October 26th 4-5pm
Andrea came over and we went over our Proof scenes. The ends of the scenes are still slightly rocky in places. But we went through both 2-3 times, and there were only a few places where we had to stop and check a line. She is slightly rockier on Proof 1 and I am slightly rockier on Proof 2, so hopefully we will balance each other and help get each other through and to get the lines.

October 27th 6-7pm
Worked on learning my monologue and Othello scene. For my monologue, I tried really hard to incorporate the exhaustion and working to hold it all together while remaining simplistic and not broadcasting my predicament like Andrew has told me. For Othello, I just worked to get the lines down right now.

October 28th 8:30-11:20am
Went over my Hermione monologue. Andrew worked with me and I found I needed to be louder so as to try and convince all the judges and not just the king. I need to hear and use the words with weight. Work on using the vowels for emotions and consonants to emphasize my point. When I begin, walk in trying not to fall down. Play against the tears that want to come. I also worked on the Othello scene. It is so heavy, but I have to
fight against it until the song comes up. That’s when I let the song just take over. When I enter, I’m unsure for the first time what to do in my own room, so don’t move. When getting ready for bed, only take earrings out during song and during the song, let the spoken lines snap me out of it a bit.

**October 29th 8:30-11:20am**
We went over our second Proof scene today. At the beginning, have a girl moment with my sister in order to have some kind of relationship. When I start to get angry, I can go further with it than I think and I need to make sure I feel ok to move around the stage more and not get stuck at the table and chair I start out on. Make Claire loose control; push her with my anger and words. Also, we need to get better at the lines in the second half of the scene. I think we mostly have the lines (do still need to go over the some more) but it was mostly having this be the first time we have had it on it’s feet really that threw us off a bit. We have most of the lines; it just takes us a few seconds to remember the next line sometimes, which doesn’t work with the argument. That part needs to be one on top of the other almost. Planning to work on it this weekend.

**October 31st 11:30am-12pm**
Went over Othello scene with Katie before class-just the lines. Also, got the second Proof scene up on it’s feet with Andrea and just walked around onstage as we went over our lines.

**November 3rd 5:30-6:30pm**
Went over scenes with Katie and Andrea. Went over blocking for Othello scene and lines to make sure they are more solid. Went over both Proof scenes to make sure the lines are under control.
# Timeline

## Courses Taken To Date

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<th>Title</th>
<th>Instructor</th>
<th>Final Grade</th>
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<td>Renaissance Art World and It’s Classical Origins</td>
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## Future Courses Considering Taking

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## Anticipated Graduation Date

Total Number of Units: 63