



Vicar's Whore



VW 31

Frýdek-Místek, 04 November 2009

Anyone who missed the last rehearsal missed out on the fireworks. First there was the news that Komorní scéna aréna had agreed to let us stage our plays in their theatre on a seasonal basis. Already one of the leading venues in the city, Aréna is willing to forgo us the usual slog of playing in schools and cultural centers because we're offering something no other theatre troupe is, namely performing the same play on the same night in two language versions. Oh, but didn't we decide we're not ready for that step yet, that we should stick to just English for now? Sure, six months ago, when we were meeting in noisy restaurants and didn't have a script. And Karin was pregnant. Today we have a salon, script (which we should get rid of as soon as possible) and little Emma is already as good an actor as any of us. Of course, the pressure of this new challenge will be on the guys, most of whom should be able to handle their lines in Czech given the years they have spent here. In fact, it really doesn't matter whether we do it in Czech or English. Come curtain time, we'll all be at the mercy of the glare and foibles of the audience. There's a real possibility of some goofy ringtone going off in the middle of that speech you spent ages trying to perfect. The only thing to do then is draw on those reserves of adrenalin and soldier on, because cracking up is out of the question. Forgot about the audience, think about your colleagues, who will suddenly find all their hard work put on the line as well. Which brings us to the second point about the fireworks, the rather heated discussion about whether all our work and effort were being appreciated by the others. Karin probably had the best answer to that when she asked rhetorically, "Why else do we come?" Enough said.

