



Vicar's Whore



VW 35

Frýdek-Místek, 24 January 2010

There's no going back. An official agreement was reached with Aréna last week to give us use of their theatre for the premier of Sally Carter. Subscribers to Aréna will notice in their monthly program that on Saturday, March 20, a certain Vicar's Whore drama troupe will be performing a play, in English, with the subtitle "When the Yanks come marching in." Great, says everyone, and then Ivana pulls her schedule out and adds, "Hm, I should be in Germany on that day." Here we go again. So the new rule now for rehearsals is no scripts and no schedules. No problem if somebody has to be anywhere on March 20 as long as they are at the theatre in time for the final rehearsal at 4 o'clock. All members are also encouraged to invite family, friends, neighbors and co-workers to the performance. A quota of six guests per member will ensure that we have half a house on hand in the event regular subscribers to Aréna decide they want no part of history.



Ha, ha, I'm going to Germany!

The focus of this week's rehearsal was what to do with that awkward moment when the captain suddenly sees Mrs. Carter in her vegetable state. "What are you, blind?" the deserter might ask him if he were still alive. To get around this problem, Mrs. Carter will now be sitting in a chair in the back corner out of eyesight of the party when they walk in. Sally will be at the table writing the letter to her father and eating from the bowl of oatmeal. Letter, oatmeal, letter, oatmeal, knock knock. She quickly rips up the letter, stuffs it into the oatmeal, then goes to her mother to make sure

she looks presentable to the guests. She exits and reenters leading the two Yankees inside. The lieutenant sees Mrs. Carter first and draws the captain's attention to her. As the captain takes the bowl of oatmeal from the table to feed Mrs. Carter, the lieutenant looks around and comes across the whiskey. Given the modest trappings of the stage, the kitchen scenes will have only the table, chairs and dishware for props. One solution for the gun and whiskey might be to also have a breadbox on the table throughout the play. The women can retrieve the gun from there, the deserter and lieutenant the whiskey. The breadbox should be at the far end of the table, well out of reach of the preacher and deserter, who are supposed to sweep away the dishware before discovering, to their eternal discomfort, that Southern women are no pushovers.