

Director's Note

Six characters, stepping out of the pages of an unfinished play, barge their way into the rehearsal of a classic comedy demanding that their tragic life be told/written/recorded/played by a touring company of actors who are bored with the play they have rehearsed and performed in hundreds of cities.

Is it the actor's profession, creating illusion, that is challenged by the reality of this family of six who "have no reality outside this illusion?" Or is it the reality of these characters' lives that captures the illusion of the stage and changes the reality of the actors themselves? Or are we simply witnessing another staged illusion of the reality of life?

Is it us, the audience, observing a play in the making, or are the play's characters observing us perform the role of an audience? Or is it the actors' "game", creating "a perfect illusion of reality", that is shattered by the intrusion of the characters?

Are the actors simply a medium for us to understand the imaginary world of the play? Or are the characters in the play, unfinished as they may be, using the actors to achieve a higher state of completion? Or, perhaps, the characters, the actors, and we, the audience, are all materials for making up a story that is created by the "illusory" mind of a 14 year old boy who, himself, is nothing but an illusion on this, our stage.

And finally, is the acting company in the service of the script or is the script in the service of the characters?

The actors leave the stage, and we leave the theatre. But the characters, forever wandering, make their way into another theatre, another stage, another acting company, in search of an author.