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9/11: WE WILL FORGET

by

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A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements
for the degree of Masters of Fine Arts
in the Department of Theatre
in the College of Arts and Humanities
at the University of Central Florida
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ABSTRACT

This study is based on the events of September 11, 2001. I will be writing a one man show containing fictional characters that I will write based on research of that day. The show will consist of numerous characters cut from different ages, religions, genders, and points of view.

I will be portraying these characters using the tools I have acquired in studio and on stage. The challenge will be to make each character different and bring their experience and unique point of view to the performance.

This study will begin at conception of the idea and follow the journey all the way to the final performance. It will show the struggles I encounter as a writer, performer, and producer.

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WHY THE ONE MAN SHOW?

We tell stories. Isn't this basically the reason theater has survived thousands of years? We love a story being told to us and we love telling a story. We can be caught up with hearing about someone's experience on a subway, their experience at summer camp, or a complete biography of their lives. A story is filled with intrigue, suspense, and sometimes a lesson as a reward. As the listener, we're drawn into their world, our imagination creates the images and faces, and we try to stay one step ahead of them and try to predict the outcome or let the randomness wash over us.

I have always been addicted to biographies of famous people. I see the names of Ronald Reagan, Abraham Lincoln, Steve Jobs, John Barrymore, Hugh Hefner, and Adolf Hitler and I know how it's going to end. It's the choices and unforeseen events in that person's life that capture my interest. The story of their lives allows me to see how they beat the odds and maybe started no differently than me on their road to success. To me, nothing is more fascinating than the world around me and all of the moving parts that converge to create a figure or event that is bigger than life. This is one of the many reasons why 9/11 is so terrifically encapsulating to me. Even though I was in New York City on that day and in the months and years after, the first-hand accounts of the people who were no more than five miles away lived that day out were drastically different than mine.

Numerous factors went into the decision to make this a one man show. Personally, I feel a story can be communicated more easily by one voice. Dialogue can leave things out when trying to find the dramatic tension and the give and take of a scene. I've been telling stories for years. I know what should be left in and what should be discarded because it doesn't help the listener's understanding. I don't have to rely on the other scene partner doing their part to get it across. If I have the listener right

where I want them, I can manipulate that and never let go if I don't want to. This is a very selfish and non-trusting attitude, but it also creates a genre of art that most people do not possess the tools to do correctly.

I have a very long relationship with the one man show. The first time I was ever introduced to the idea was in my undergrad at Otterbein College. Anna Deveare Smith came to visit our school during a publicity tour of her show *Fires in the Mirror*. She explained the concept of the show and how she interviewed people from two different communities, the blacks and Jews, connected to the Brooklyn Heights conflict in 1991. She took those interviews and recreated them as a performance. She would take on the mannerisms and speech patterns of the interviewees and the text would be what they said, word for word. What intrigued me when I first saw it was how many different characters you could play under the guise of it being a one person show. There were no small parts in a one person show. I would have no problem taking all the focus and fame if I were to attempt something like this.

I believe this attitude came from my obsession with stand-up comics growing up. Since as early as I could remember, I had seen hundreds of men and women standing in front of a microphone telling story after story and getting the audience to laugh. This would be a dream come true for me. I loved nothing more than making people laugh and this was a way to have all the focus on me and being able to talk about whatever I wanted to get a response out of my listeners. Bill Cosby was the king of stories. I must have watched *Bill Cosby: Himself* dozens of times and always felt he wasn't making anything up, he was just talking about his life and it was hysterical. The comedian Brian Regan was able to tell short stories and observations of his life that always had me turning to my dad and saying "I could talk about our family and be just as funny!"

As my studies progressed and my experience in theater grew, I was amazed how many ways the

one man show could be constructed. At Otterbein, we learned about performance cabarets. I was alone on stage with a piano and telling a story with a unified theme using already known songs to help with the point of view. Here, I was telling a story but I was also able to sing my favorite songs and show off my voice.

When I moved to New York City, I saw a couple shows that started me on the path to mastering the art of one man shows. Jay Johnson performed his show *The Two and Only* about his entire life becoming a successful ventriloquist and it was the most fascinating evening of theater I ever sat through. I didn't need famous playwrights giving dialogue to famous actors in front of extravagant sets. Here was a man with an incredible talent acting out his biography. It had the best of so many worlds in it. It was a funny, dramatic, inspiring, jaw dropping, and a great evening of theater. He had already lived the show, all he had to do was write it down and then perform it. It wasn't until later that I learned that there was a craft to one man shows to make it dramatic and moving forward for the audience's benefit. A good story teller knows when to leave stuff out, describe a little more here, speed up through this here, slow down and be extremely deliberate there, and hold the listener's interest and flirt with it. This is what I saw Jay doing. This is what I wanted to do.

This is when I started noticing a lot of shows were appearing on Broadway with one person in the cast and they were simply the most entertaining shows I was seeing. Some of the highlights were Billy Crystal in *500 Sundays*, Dame Edna, Lewis Black, Lilly Tomlin, Colin Quinn, John Leguizamo, and Tovah Feldsuh in *Golda's Balcony*. I wasn't missing anything when I left the theater that I would have gotten at another show. Maybe I wasn't seeing a big Broadway number or watching two people fall in love, but I was certainly leaving having experienced a top quality Broadway calibre show.

When I arrived at the University of Central Florida, I knew I had to begin thinking about my

graduate thesis topic. A few weeks into my first semester I saw Shelley Cooper perform her grad thesis show, *La Divina: Maria Callas' Last Interview*. It was the first time the idea was presented to me that a one person show could be done for the thesis. It was a topic she loved and she got to show her strengths. I began to brainstorm on topics I could do the same with. I figured my strength was comedy so I would do something in that genre. On the ninth anniversary of 9/11, my classmates informed me they had been children when the events of that day took place. What I witnessed as an adult in 2001 was seen through innocent eyes by them on the same day. That evening, I remember listening to *The Rising* by Bruce Springsteen at the gym and by the end of my workout I had envisioned an entire one man show telling the story of 9/11 and educating as well as entertaining the "children" of that day. Could a subject as depressing and tragic as 9/11 be done as a one man show? Should I abandon this idea and go back to a comic idea and work to my strengths?

It wasn't until the end of my first school year that I was able to see my professor, David Lee, do his one man show at the Orlando Fringe Festival. The show was dramatic in nature and took me back to why I loved watching well written shows performed by talented actors. It had comic moments, but it was dramatic. There were tears. I could do this.

Even though the script was different, it was like watching *Two and Only* again. The same feelings came back. I don't know what it is. It might be jealousy. It might be a challenge. It might be complete amazement. Whatever it was, I wanted to try it.

Here is my journey from conception to final performance and all the peaks and valleys I went through.

9/11: WE WILL FORGET

By: Jason Nettle

Character 1

(Telephone Rings)

Hello? Hello? Are you ok? Where are you? no, no, no, no, no. Please. Have you tried everything? Have you tried? You haven't tried! Try again! Please please please. Do something. You are coming home tonight!! The kids are at school....I need to go..... pick.... I don't want to say goodbye. I'm not ready to say goodbye.

Character 2

Why was I there? Why were you there? An alarm didn't go off, which caused you to wake up late, which caused you to miss breakfast, which caused you to be real hungry, and when you were on the subway, you were next to a woman who was running early because she couldn't sleep because of the noisy neighbors upstairs and she had the most wonderful smelling pumpkin bagel that he now wants, so when our protagonist gets to the canal street station, he gets up the stairs and seeks out a deli, which is across the street from where he usually walks, which is run by three brothers, which one of them didn't show

that day because his kid was sick, which he got from another kid at school who got it from his dad, and the man, who just wanted a delicious smelling bagel like the one on the subway, had to wait a bit longer in line because of the absence of the father whose kid was sick, and by the time he got his bagel, after having to choose another spread because the low fat cream cheese was out which caused him to take another minute to decide, he paid with a 20 but they didn't have any 10 dollar bills so they had to get change from the back, and by the time the oversleeping hungry businessman gets out of the deli, a piece of steel from the first explosion lands on him and kills him instantly.

What part of his simple morning was the direct cause of his extermination on this earth. Was it the alarm, the bagel, the noisy neighbors, the sick kid, the father of the sick kid's friend, the mother and father of the three brothers who if they hadn't had three sons there wouldn't have been a deli, that 20 dollar bill, the change, the movement to get people to eat low fat cream cheese, the founders of NYC, the idea of putting pumpkin in a bagel, the survivors who made the decision to avoid all of those things, the terrorists who took all of these things into account? Who would think of these small decisions that either you live or die from. It's these moments. These small, individual moments that when looked at by themselves don't mean much but when lined up against each other, back to back, anywhere from a second to a minute, to a year, to forever ago mean everything.

On that day you either lived or died. What is it about these moments had anything to do with that? What decision in your life was the starting domino that continuously kept knocking other decisions over which put you at the site of danger on Sept 11, 2001. To be born is to die. To die is to die. How do we avoid death? By not eating a bagel? By walking left instead of right? By walking right instead of right? I say this and I say that and I have changed the future of every human being out here and in turn

everyone in the world you come in contact with. I have changed the future. It's too much pressure.

What do I do? How do I live? Who will I kill?

Character 3

(Phone rings) "No, I haven't heard anything yet. I need to keep the line open. I'll let you know"

Times don't really change, huh. Waiting for his call. When he was growing up, I'd always say, call me when you get there, well you know he never would. Can't call your own mother and tell her you're ok?

You're out having fun, and i have nothing to do but..think. **(Phone rings)**

"Hello? Linda, I haven't heard anything yet. They're saying it's hard to get through cause the cell phone antennae was on the tower. One of them that fell. Linda they both fell. Yes both. It's on all the channels! Hello?"

We don't know what to make of all this. We started off the day thinking it was a small single engine plane that got off course. All we can do is keep watching the same footage over and over again and hope that one time they'll stay up and someone will say "just kidding"! **(Phone Rings)**

"Hello? Hello? Peter? Hello?"

Everyone wants to say something but they don't know what. I don't blame them. He worked on the 80th floor of the first tower that was hit. That was about 2 hours ago. Maybe he's helping someone or searching for people...or **(Phone Rings)**

" Hello? Peter? No. No. Cathy. I haven't heard anything yet. Yes, it is horrible. No settle down. Be strong. Yes, I hope to be hearing his voice. Yes, well we need our President more than ever right now and what ever decision he makes, I'm fully behind it. Oh yes, I'll be sure to give him your love. "

A mother never dreams of losing her son. Any child. 1st you bury your grandparents, then eventually you bury your parents. Then when the time is right, when is the time ever right, your children bury you and their children bury them. But he's ok. He just can't find a phone. He might be in shock. Someone will take care of him. **(Phone Rings)**

"Hello?"

Character 4

Well, it was the worst fire any of us had ever seen. We knew we weren't all going to get out of there. It was the sounds. The sounds of bodies crashing onto the glass and the plaza from above. How do human bodies make a smashing sound? Then a different, louder one. Maybe the top of the building caving in. A lieutenant yelling, "we have another plane. Another plane just hit the other tower." We were under attack. War. None of us, including the people in charge knew what the fuck to do. We looked at one another not knowing what to say. "I got your back brother". That's all that needed to be said.

We were dispatched to the south tower but half way there we were told to stop. Wait. We had to avoid debris, fireballs, burning humans, falling. Black smoke. Covering the sky. We were split up. Jimmy patted me on the back and said, "hey, if for some reason something should happen, tell my wife I love her" I

said tell her yourself. That was the last time I saw Jimmy. I...I need to tell his wife. More images. Avoiding all the dead bodies lying there, the parts of humans that were scattered. They looked like cooked roast beef. People were trying to cover them up but there were too many. Too many puddles. Fingers. Too many things that were humans only 20 minutes ago going to work to make money for their family, their lives in front of them.

I was sent to the concourse level to pry open the elevators and see if we could help people escape. Sounds. The ground started shaking. A roar came from all around me. I thought another plane had hit. I ran as far as I could before debris, dust, ash, and hell came on top of me. I put my hands over my head and prayed. Thoughts? My wife and kid. But not their image, but them living without me. I couldn't be taken yet. My helmet was broken in two and I felt a piece of concrete in my neck. I moved all my limbs to make sure nothing was missing, not sure if I was dead. Probably not because my right leg hurt so bad, you would think death would make that kind of pain go away. Another image. A faint glow of a flashlight. I yelled again. It was a port authority officer. A sound. "The south tower collapsed". What? No. That's 110 stories high. The southern tip of Manhattan must have broken off. Fell into the river. It took us 10 minutes to reach street level and.....as the lord is my witness, they weren't streets. It was a war zone. A nuclear bomb? I needed to help. I wanted....God I didn't know what I wanted. My brothers were in their. My wife and kid was at home.

So many injured around. Fires everywhere. Fire engines on fire. Huh.... Fire engines...on fire. Sounds of choking. Crying. Hyperventilating. "Here we go again!" That's what I heard. "Here we go again". Simple words to describe the tallest building in NYC coming down on us. I turned and ran. It was the first time I ever ran from anything in my life. More noises. Louder. Then..... Black. Calmness.

Where was I? Water hit me and I cried. Not until then. I was washing the blood off of me. The blood and remains of humans. My brothers. Dripping down my feet. The dust of a city that once stood so strong was being washed down the drain. And then. My leg didn't hurt anymore. I felt nothing. I was whole. I looked up..... light. Peace. Oh My God. I didn't make it. I was one of the victims. I'm not ready to die! But.... my wife and my kid! How do I go back?

Character 5

Who are we kidding? I've tried to stay positive but he's not missing! Mom, he's dead. Look at all of these people. They're gone. Floor 97. Floor 104. Floor 103. Floor 97. Guess what? These were above the impact zone. Do you think hundreds of people in the higher floors made it through the inferno, walked down 100 flights of stairs and then conveniently haven't called their families for the past 3 days? Missing? Children go missing when they're taken from their parents. My dad was taken from me. By murderers. By god damn....fucking..... towel head sand niggers! Sorry mom.

What's this? Name : John Gregory. Age 54. Worked at Cantor Fitzgerald. 5'10. 201 pounds. Short brown hair. Goatee. This isn't a missing person flyer. It's a notice of what he physically looked like the last day of his life. All of these. "A streak of blond in her brown hair". "Answers to the name Bud". "Please help me find my mommy". "We're praying for you". People aren't walking by to take all of these pictures to memory and hoping to run into them. Hey Bud, is that you? Your family's looking for you! Yeah, since those towers fell, they're not sure if you were killed or not. You should call them. Oh, you need to get some lunch first? No problem. I'm just trying to help out. Let me look for someone else.....

I'm sorry mom. He's gone. All of these people are gone. This wall makes me sick.

Character 6

You can't say that: I'm sorry. I don't accept your compliments or advice or whatever you want to call it. I'm sorry. That's like soldiers who came back from WWII thanking people for washing their cars while they were away. You guys have been down there fighting fires, trying to find people, and from what you told me, seeing things that would make my actor mind explode. I'm sorry, finding someone's hand with a child's hand inside of it. Done! And all that time I've been behind this bar, serving drinks and getting people drunk. I know you hate this word but face it, you're heroes. To say I'm doing plenty to help out is embarrassing! I worked both shifts Tuesday and made \$1,000 in tips. We had all the TVs on and huge crowds just staring up, not knowing what to do but drink. Once that one was done, they'd get another one. A 6th or 7th, leaving money on the bar. You five have come in every night more tired and dirty from the night before and you want to thank me? Are you kidding? This bar should be yours. The entire shipment of Bud should go in your truck. I realize I'm helping you ease the pain and maybe forget for awhile, but I'm just doing my job, guys. I'm not worthy of even being in this room with you now. Again, shots on me and if I see a fucking dollar come out of your pocket, I'm cutting you off.

Character 7

"Hello Americans!!! Get on in! Where would you like to go? I'll take you anywhere you want! Quickest way! The American way! Where are you visiting from ? Indiana. USA!! I am fromAfghanistan. But not like you know Afghanistan! No.... Boo Bin Laden!!! Commie bastard! If I knew where he was I'd slit his throat and send you him. I promise on Allah....I mean..... not the Allah that.... You know..... (Sings This Land is Your Land) I came to country to be happy. And you have made me very happy here. I love everyone. I send pictures back to my family in Kabul and say these are friendly people. Good neighbors! If I need anything, I just ask. Not all of us are bad! We do not like Bin Laden. Evil man. and oh I loved those towers. They said I was in America. I made it! So awful what happened. Did you know anyone there? No? Good. My friend Mohammed, lost his wife. She was from Afghanistan. 400 Muslims killed. 400! Heres this asshole cocksucker killing his own people. He's cuckoo, what do you say cuckoo for cocoa puffs? My kids love those things. They go to American school. Lots of kids ask if they know the bad guys who did this. They say no, the kids believe them. The teachers....Oh the teachers are another story. They wouldn't let them back in school for 3 days. Can you believe it? They were born here! They don't even know where Afghanistan is!

What are you hOr in Arabic it's (). Getting married, bringing kids into this world. Wowsa! We deal with some..what do you call it....prejudice.....middle eastern.....The black people are happy. The pressure is off of them..... It's a joke!!! My wife stays home. She doesn't feel safe walking around. She's yelled at and people throw things at her. They're just angry. They should be. She doesn't get hurt. Just scares her. She wants to move back. I say no! We love it here. We don't like that country. Not my country though. USA!! Born in the USA, I was Born in the USA...

Character 8

(a man picks up a handful of dirt) You were incinerated. You evaporated. Most likely jet fuel came busting out of the elevator shaft when the plane hit and you disappeared in a second. I'm thankful for that. I never want to think that you suffered. You never saw the nightmare that was taking place in the city you loved so much. Your last memory was probably saying hi to the security guard, because that's what you did. They never found any of your remains. Not a tooth, a hair, clothes.... you just seemed to disappear. It doesn't seem right that someone who has given so much in their life and possess so much would disappear in a second? Soul mate. We were supposed to grow old together, die of silly causes like cancer or heart trouble or just tired of being cooped up in an old folks home. Oh, Ruth, she made the nicest strawberry pie and brought it over after the funeral. She checks in on me every once in awhile. Her granddaughter, you remember Lesley, she moved in with her boyfriend. Ruth is concerned.

I walk downtown once a week and breathe in the air. Touch the ground. Because maybe, possibly, some of this used to be you. And then, for a moment, we're together again. Oh, the heater is acting up again. Damn thing just refuses to listen to my demands. It gets cold at night. Alone. I miss you so much. Did I tell you I loved you enough. That I appreciated you. I know you had to put up with a lot from me. But, I loved everything about you. Well not everything, of course, you had her little annoyances that got to me....but they don't seem so bad now. I promise I wouldn't care if you could come back to me. I want to touch your skin one more time. Hold the hand I held on our wedding day and promised undying love. Or your hair that I used to stroke at night, I stopped doing that. I'm sorry. Your eyes, the most beautiful

objects in the world. Oh, remember you have that doctor's appointment on Thursday. You promised me that I would die first, cause I wouldn't know what to do without you...you were right. I don't. This is the most beautiful earth and air now. I'll see you soon. Don't stay out too late. I'll leave the porch light on. I miss you. I'll be back.

Character 9

19 guys. I'm sorry. Not guys. Scum. 19 scumbags who could fit in a jail cell, I don't care if they're comfortable or not. These were average sized men with average sized organs and dealt with the same health problems we all do. But they had hate. More hate in them than any average person could imagine. Enough hate to take their own lives and anything else that stood in their way in the name of Allah.

If I picked 19 random people here today, and I gave you all the resources you needed, you couldn't come up with a plot, scenario, or execution that these fucks were able to do. These men became larger than life. 19 men were able to affect thousands, no millions of lives. The world. 19 men. Puts it in perspective. When was the last time you did anything that affected more than 100 people? So what were these 19 shitheads able to do?

A total of 2,996 deaths, including the 19 hijackers, who I don't consider human beings so I don't count them. The victims were distributed as follows: 246 on the four planes (of which there were no survivors), 2,606 in the towers and on the ground in NYC, and 125 at the Pentagon.

At least 1,366 people died who were at or above the floors of impact in the North Tower and at least 618 in the South Tower, where thankfully, evacuation had begun before the second impact. Hundreds were killed instantly while the rest burned, suffocated, or died after the tower collapsed. At least 200 people jumped to their deaths from the burning towers landing on the streets and rooftops of adjacent buildings hundreds of feet below.

The FDNY lost 341 firefighters . Those deaths left 606 children without a parent and 244 widows. The New York City Police Department lost 23 officers.

Cantor Fitzgerald which was located between the 90-94th floor of the North Tower which was above the impact zone lost 658 employees which left 1350 children without at least one parent.

Flight regulations have changed. Pride in America has be reawakened. Political figures get elected, re-elected, praised, fired, and blasted solely on their opinion of 9/11. I'm not even going to mention the movie stars, musicians, and talk show hosts who deal with the same standards. All because of 19 guys.

Actions speak louder than words. You might be small or think yourself insignificant, but look at the impact you can have on those around you. When you bully someone, you change their life. When you are an abusive parent, you change someone's life. When was the last time 19 people worked together in a plot that brought amazing positive change to the world. We have 100 people in Senate. We have 50 governors. 435 in the house of representatives. 1 president. 1 vice president. 16 people in his cabinet. Who knows how many has his ears.

19 though, 19 made the world change. Why does it have to be death and destruction that brings change? Because they worked together. They believed in one thing. When do we start believing in one thing? What are you going to do to change the world?

Character 10

Well.... we were watching...out the window..... and there was this HUGE explosion..... like (Boom) And fire was everywhere and everyone was running. and then papers were flying and all the cop cars and firetrucks and ambuwances starting racing down and the sirens were so loud. It was awesome. Mom and Dad said I should go into the other room because this wasn't something for me to see.. and then.. a little bit later..... a few minutes..... BOOM! another building blew up. and mom started crying and dad was trying to call someone. And they were screaming..... but not at each other like.....other times.....they were saying God stuff. Stuff like that.... and then when all the firemen were there.... the building came crashing down..... like (makes noise) and there was all this smoke and stuff like in the movies and my mom was screaming again (pause) and then my dad screamed "there it goes".... and the other building fell! And and and we were watching tv later and they kept showing the buildings fall and I would say "there it goes". like dad did. They were saying that there were probably a whole bunch of people that died... and they're not coming back and their families are going to be real sad. I was with Andy, and we set up our mattresses in my room, like really really high and we pretended we were the planes and tried to knock them down. Mom told us to stop. But we were having fun. We were better at it then the bad guys cause we did it faster and no one got hurt when we did it. I was telling Andy, my friend from school,

his mom dropped him off, she was crying really bad, and I told him that I hope it happens tomorrow. It was really cool. Not the part about my parents screaming. I didn't like that very much.

Character 11

(FALSE STEP) When I step..... out my final choice on....earth. Into your hands God that I fall to. Do with me..your will....land safely...enough prayer? heat heat on my body.... hell on earth ...it's won. God ...you are not..... god not here. Out there. In here, hell burns metakes my soulhate wins. God ...your open arms asking.... my offering. I....I....I... see you. The smoke burns your goodness....You turn..Turn back! I.... come to you .(FALSE STEP) Promise to.... hold me. Promise to..... care for me. Promise to..... watch over my family. Contain these fires, this hell , none, none touch my baby. I fly out, above and watch from the heavens as he grows up and ... and... my wife makes him the man I know he will be. I, along with your graceful touch, will make him soar in ways not known to be possible. (FALSE STEP) As the hell wraps itself more around me I feel your comfort more and more. I see your nod and know I'll be ok. A tear falls from your eye, but not enough to extinguish this misery. You feel pain too. We all feel pain from this. Into thy hands I commit..... **(Jumps out of window)**

Character 12

(Actor sounds) Did you hear what happened to me? I was between acting gigs getting my shit together, making some cash. I was supposed to be shooting an episode of Law and Order, but they went a different way. So I was temping on the 4th floor of the South tower that week. No, I wasn't there when

it happened, I was up at Equity signing up for the chorus call of The Producers. But I was supposed to be there. Funny how that shit works out. I walked out into Times Square and the pictures were everywhere on the jumbotrons. Everyone was standing there, looking up, stunned, on their cell phones. I called my girlfriend and told her I was supposed to be there, right where those cameras were facing. She said something and we said we'd meet up at Blockheads later. I didn't know what to do. Should I go down there and see if people need my help? I did minor in psychology in undergrad. Do I stick around cause people might not show at the audition and I'll take their time slot? I mean, it's all a numbers game. I saw a guy I did Oklahoma with at Bucks County Playhouse. Good enough guy, can't sing very well, I don't know why he always gets cast in shows, doesn't look a thing like his headshot, but anyway, I played nice enough and asked him how he was and what he was working on. He rolled his eyes and walked away from me leaving me with my dick in my hand. Asshole. Then it occurred to me that this was some crazy shit. Mind blowing. So I looked around and started studying the faces and behaviors of those around me. My job is to study humans. This would be perfect. I stared at a few people as they cried to whoever was on the other end of the cellphone and I wondered what their relationship was. What were they trying to get? What was the status of each of the characters? Where was their forward facial posture? Are they breathing from the diaphragm? What tactics are they using? I did that for about 10 minutes and went to Colony Music to check out some new sheet music, keeping my ear out for what was going on downtown. Oh yeah, check this out. As I was walking up Broadway, a woman was crying and I put my hand on her shoulder and asked if she was ok. I'm assuming I probably was one of the first people to do that on Sept 11th. They should make a plaque or build a statue...I'm going to the gym.

Character 13

They were, huh? I should have run? That's funny.... you fucking..... uh fucking Monday Armchair Quarterback. That's what that load of bullshit is. It must be easy for you to stand all the way up here on 72nd street and say what you would have done, or what I should have done. You know what.... Go fuck yourself. Did you feel safe watching it on tv while you were eating breakfast, seeing it from 35 different camera angles, hearing the newscasters describe the scene. Great. Then who in the fuck do you think you are to tell me that you would have gotten further from the buildings once you got out? Really? Is that what you would have done? Well we didn't know the buildings were coming down! We didn't know that was even a possibility. you see, Once I hit the street it looked like a trick was being played on me. Bodies lying everywhere. People on fire. The general public screaming and crying and in hysterics. I look up and see the buildings spewing flames and smoke. Human beings coming down at me like superman losing his ability to fly..... Oh, But you're going to sit and tell me, after knowing both towers would come down within an hour of each other, that my first thought should have been "Get as far away as possible because those buildings are going to come down....." Fuck you. I can tell you what I think my first thoughts were. If my memory doesn't deceive me and that part of my mind hasn't stuffed itself back into the unconscious void for decades. I thought "What in the hell is going on here!" "Where do I go?" "What should I do?" "Where are my friends?" "What about my family?" "Where the fuck am I" " There's someone with no head" What would you have done about that one?

It kept getting worse. So what were the next targets? midtown...if there was a midtown left. The policeman and the fireman didn't know shit either. You would have been in a clear state of mind to

make rational decisions as complete strangers were having nervous breakdowns around you. I guess you'd have been the hero. Fuck off. Yes, I'd like another beer.

Character 14

I don't remember the last time I slept. I'll fall unconscious every so often, but instantly I have dreams of falling structures or faces disintegrating. I'd rather just stay awake. I wish I could watch tv but every single channel is coverage of last Tuesday.

What did we do to deserve this? They've only found a couple hundred remains this week. Where is everyone?

I can't keep going on like this. My life as I knew it is gone. It's never going to get better. There are tanks stationed outside of my apartment. I hear fighter jets doing loops around the island. This is no way to live. Who are these guys? Al Qaeda something? This guy Osama Bin Something is behind it? Guiliani said every time we break from our normal schedule, the terrorists win. Well, you win.

They're asking us to fight this horrid awful smell that has been lingering in the city for a week by going to candlelight vigils, wearing american flags all over our bodies, waving them outside of our windows and cars, cheering for every fire truck that goes by. That smell is humans. We've become a third world country. We don't even have running water to fight the hundreds of fires that are still burning down there. The fires that burn the remains of my friends. Our Burger Kings have become police stations. Our Brooks Brothers has been set up as a morgue. We're going to war. That's the end of it. World War 3. I

quit my job. it's meaningless. Most everyone just complains and talks behind each others' backs. I'm surrounded by negativity. This world doesn't need me anymore. The country has come together and has poured millions upon millions of dollars into helping the families. Why

Character 15

I'm going to need more dog food. I'll take as much as you have in the back. (To other clerk) I work with the K9 and SAR teams down there. Dogs. Yeah, they're being brought in from all over the country. This is what they've been trained to do. They see that pile and to them it's a job. They actually get excited to do it.

Do they know what's going on? Well, they know something bad is going on, they get the gist, but I don't think they can reason the absurdity of it. I don't think any of us can. Hey, maybe if they do they're more advanced than we are.

Yeah, they search by smell. But there are so many scents they don't know where to begin. Poor things, they'll be doing circles, finally finding a scent they can latch on to and they'll find a leg and not understand why it's not attached to anything else. There aren't any survivors. It's now a recovery mission. They'll work 8 hours in a row, and we find fragments of victims so the families have something to bring closure to this horrible ordeal. A fireman got lost in a tunnel below the pile and you should have heard those dogs. Barking. Jumping. It changed the entire mood of everyone down there. We thought

we found someone. These dogs weren't happy for themselves. But for us. It's like they feel they've been letting us down. We didn't have the heart to tell them he wasn't a survivor. Just lost.

Anyway, these pups are working their tails off, excuse the pun. They have such great balance and can go so many places that we can't. They take a few steps, all four of their feet get burned, sliced up. We're spending as many resources fixing the canine unit up as we are the recovery people. We're treating about 60 dogs a day for their paws, dehydration, and respiratory problems. But not one of them have become a victim. They're so good. I like to make sure they get food and water and when they're done with their shift, they can relax like we do and go play fetch. You know...doggy things. Each one of them has their own squeaky toy and that's all they need to unwind at the end of their shift. I've gotten attached to this one named Cowboy. Everyone has. He shows up with his bounce and tongue wagging and everyone wants to play with him. He's their escape. You can't think about the depth of despair when Cowboy wants to play fetch. He reconnects everyone to what used to be. There was this fireman who had, what we call the 1,000 mile stare, and was on the ground leaning against the wall. Cowboy went over there and just laid his head on his lap. Like he knew he was needed. The fireman slowly raised his hand and placed it on his head. And for one minute. All seemed right.

Character 16

What was your favorite part of the day? For 2 and a half years my fiancé and I lie in bed and just as we're both finding our settling position, my arm around her, under her right arm, through and cupping

her bicep with my hand, that's the signal that the fooling around has stopped. We are commencing our unconscious journey into the night. And like clockwork, one of us beats the other one to say, "What was your favorite part of today?" The other person answers, "Saw that movie." "Had a good laugh with Chris" "Beautiful sunset." or "Watching you play with the dog." Can be anything, it gives one last punctuation of optimism to the day, no matter how bad the day was. The answerer then becomes the questioner, and we play another round. We both smile, I kiss her right under her earlobe right at the jawbone and never let go until we wake up.

I couldn't get a hold of her on her phone. The moment the second plane hit I called and called. Got her damn voice message, "Hi, this is Julie..." All smiles and laughter which was the exact opposite of what was happening at that moment. I ran down those 23 blocks as fast as I could. No image came to me more than wanting to see her walking from the other direction. Before I knew it, I was down in the chaos. First thing I saw was blood splattered on the windows. People sitting on the curbs holding their heads which were bleeding on the pavement. bodies. Body...Parts. I had to convince myself none of them belonged to her. I'd never seen so many people in uniform. But, "Julie does like a man in uniform, this is going to be her dream." No answer, no dial tone. Then dial tone. No answer. "Hi, this is Julie..." Fuck. And then that's when the first tower came down. Her tower. As fast as I ran down there, I turned and ran back. I was running down the street being chased by a cloud of dust. Then I tripped over someone. Who God, I hope wasn't dead...just on the ground, probably tripped seconds before. Julie? No. Not everyone is a runner or can move well, but she was.. is. I hit the ground hard but I was conscious in this black cloud of Hell. I screamed out, but my lungs were burning. It sounded muffled. There was nowhere for the sound waves to go. Julie would never hear me. After realizing I wasn't dead, I got up. I noticed I didn't have my phone. Must have dropped it when I tripped. Got to my feet and kept going,

what I was hoping was North, and a paramedic grabbed me and pushed me into a doorway. “You’re bleeding bad.” My chin was cut open from when I tripped. Probably infected from all the ash. From outside the restaurant I heard explosions. People were diving under tables. Were we being attacked from the ground now? An army of gunmen? We were told by the officers that they were cars exploding from the heat. Police cars, Ambulances, Cars that had been parked on the street early in the morning with a hope and a prayer that they would be without a scratch at 5pm. As he worked on me, he asked if I wanted to call anyone. Yeah, Julie, but...get this. I didn’t know her number. Two and a half years...I didn’t know her number. I know her name on my phone. I felt helpless. It was then I heard about the attack on the Pentagon. Sadly, I didn’t care. One of our biggest national buildings was attacked and it was the last thing on my mind. When could we have ever said that? They made me go to the hospital to get stitches. I was there until 4 or 5. I tried to stay positive. The woman I kissed goodbye at 8 a.m., may have been killed by 10. Got back to my apartment and gave one look up to the sky and simply asked. Please let her be home. Opened the main doors, as a feeling of emotion came over me. This was our building, ours together. I didn’t want it by myself. I walked up the 2 flights of stairs and then (pause) there she was. Sitting on the ground, leaning against our door, crying. She saw me and screamed. She jumped up and threw herself at me. I was afraid I was holding an angel. I held her against my chest. I could feel her heart beating against mine. I had her back, and never ever wanted to let go. She had left her phone – her keys at her desk when the first plane hit. The second plane took out her entire floor. She would have been sitting there, but she left work immediately and made her way to the apartment cause she knew I would be down there to make sure she was ok. She had been sitting at that spot since 9:20 a.m. and when I wasn’t there, she knew where I was, and didn’t come home, she thought she lost me, blamed me for caring too much. We didn’t turn on the TV. We lit candles and just held each other.

We didn't know what to do. Were we safe where we were? Should we have left? All we knew was we had each other. Two and a half years engaged, and we talked until 3 or 4 in the morning about everything that we didn't think the other person knew about the other. Obscure childhood references, TV shows, pet peeves, exes.. We laughed, cried, drank a bottle of wine, made love, in its purest form. We needed each other. Connection was more important than ever at this point and I was with the woman I loved. I held her and she said "what was your favorite part of the day?" with tears. No sobbing, I squeezed her so tight that she didn't hear my answer through my sobs. I asked her "what was your favorite part of the day?" She turned, looked me right in the eye and said, "I had the most delicious pumpkin bagel on the way to work."

I'm going to spend the rest of my life with her.

Character 17

Written Sept 19, 2001.

My name is Jason Nettle and I'm an artist. My job is to create. I'm supposed to take ideas, or images, or more importantly, questions and show another side that people don't see. I try to answer these questions that people ask all the time. Or are too afraid to ask. I hold a mirror up to the individual. Society. The world. I explain things by communicating what's within myself. I try to make sense of a world that doesn't make sense. And because of this, I have failed. I'm not able to communicate what happened last week because I myself don't understand. I am no further along than anyone in this city or

the country. I am reduced to an observer and it's too much for me to embody. The facts of the situation are surreal enough. There's not a drug in the world that will widen this perception. The colors, lines, images of a painting can't shade our subconscious of these events. What can the words of a poet express that hasn't been said by the thousands who witnessed a situation as different as any situation could ever be? We as artists say here's something you see every day, have you ever thought about looking at it from this point of view. Well, What do we have to compare this to? We haven't seen anything like this before so there is no reason to change point of views. The given circumstances are enough. I thought maybe I could help people understand that it wasn't just about 4 planes, 2 towers, a building, a field, and 3,000 lives. About a small city that is larger than the world. About a neighborhood that is smaller than most housing developments. About everyday people with heroics that make our comic book characters even more fictional. But it seems people get it. What did we find within ourselves to have kept our spirit moving forward? Art. Life is art. Art is life. And today, the soul of humanity transcends all that we could ever create or fantasize about. We are surrounded by inspiration, joy, terror, raw emotions, and togetherness. All that we wish to create for the world's community. It's beautiful and ugly, together. The art is out there. The art is within us. I get it now. Arts and humanity. Humanity is art.

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9/11 REHEARSAL JOURNAL

Conception

4/21/11

May the "Thesising" Begin!

For those who don't know, in order for me to receive my MFA, I must finish a grad thesis of my choosing and defend it. I have from next year until forever to finish it (but would have to keep paying fees for every semester, so in the next year or so is the best idea). I've decided to do my project on Sept. 11, 2001. It will be a one man show that I write based on the day's events in lower Manhattan. If you've ever seen a show by Anna Devereaux Smith, I will be going in and out of characters describing what is happening at any given moment. Unlike Smith, my characters will be fictitious and from my head and not re-enactments of interviews. The idea came from the fact that I'm in class with people who were 12-15 years old when this major event happened in my life. It is a day that is seared in my brain. The days, months, and years after have changed the way I think and behave. My main goal with the show is to bring the day to life for those who weren't there and maybe don't know all the details of how it played out. I know what I went through. I know what my friends and neighbors went through. I know what NYC went through. I'm tackling this project from a creative writing perspective that invents no new material, but expands on things that I experienced, heard of, or read about.

What is the message I'm sending? I'm not sure yet. Heroism. Living life to the fullest. Ordinary people performing bigger than life actions. How people react in a crisis. My biggest concern is making

the whole show too dark. Nothing humorous happened that day, but I can't imagine doing an entire show that is depressing, screaming, crying, and disastrous. I need to find some inspiring moments, lighthearted jokes, and feel good characters. I haven't figured out how to do that yet. I have some ideas. I've almost finished *102 Minutes*, the book about what happened in the towers from the first plane attack on the North tower to the final collapse. I realized that this project is going to be an emotional landslide. We're coming up on the 10 year anniversary and it still feels like yesterday. Reading that book has unlocked some pockets of memories I had from that day and weeks after that still feel like a Jimi Hendrix concert.....just with more drugs.

This show will push me extremely far in my acting. I'm learning a lot in grad school and in order to bring 10-15 characters to a full emotional and physical life, I will have to go places I might not even be ready to right now. Even though I came up with this thesis idea months ago, I just started putting it in motion about 3 days ago. I'll keep this blog as a project diary and if you're interested, you can take the journey with me. Plus, my parents like to know what I'm doing so then they know I'm not getting in trouble. This is their proof.

4/26/11

This Might Work

My apartment is starting to become littered with Sept. 11 books, pictures, videos, and anything else that will trigger some inspiration for my writing and production. I can look at a picture of people running down the street, take notice of one individual, wonder something trivial about that person that is associated with this day, and come up with an idea for a monologue. I give 100% thanks to my training

at the *Upright Citizens Brigade* for that gift. Most people see life in numerical or alphabetical order because it makes sense and people love patterns. In improv, you learn how to go A to C and A to D with a slight appreciation of what B was and how you got to where you are now. As I was writing at my table, which I mistakenly called my ground zero the other day because it's covered with everything and makes no sense, I listened to my roommate and classmate talk about 9/11. They were looking at my Time Life Commemorative Book of pictures, time lines, and accounts from that day and their conversation put some life in me to do this project and spread it to the people. Both of them were about 12-13 years of age when it happened and didn't live in NYC. How many planes were there? How many people are still missing? Did people really jump from the top of the buildings? What happened after the first building fell? What did people do?

The simple questions they had for me about the pictures made me realize I will be explaining things that I thought was common knowledge to humans. They were young. They didn't deal with the repercussions of that day or terrorists attacking their neighborhood. Their neighbors didn't disappear. I feel that discussion has set these thoughts further in motion.

4/27/11

Nice Relaxing Night Alone

Tonight I decided to watch a light documentary from the History channel titled *102 Minutes*. Wow. What the hell was I thinking? It gave me a million ideas for my show but I spent most of it having flashbacks and reliving that day and the days after. The documentary consists of home footage taken by New Yorkers who were down in the chaos when it all happened. What I heard in the conversations that I

totally forgot until now was that we had no idea what was going on minute by minute. It's easy to look back on the day as a whole and remember how it affected me. I forgot about what was going through my head between 8:50-9:02 and all the different theories we had going. What kind of plane was it? Was it an explosion? Was it a drunk pilot? Then the 30 minutes after that was a whole other mind fuck. Then the 30 minutes after that was Armageddon. There were so many rumors and false reports that some thought a nuclear bomb had gone off in Washington DC and there were planes scheduled to attack every 16 minutes. I also forgot some people woke up after it happened and how they processed the whole thing. "I want some coffee....hey...where are the towers?" We were so confused that day. Where do we go? Where is it safe? What's next? Am I safe here? Are there more planes? Are there more buildings that are going to fall? I can't get off the island! My cell phone doesn't work!!! WHAT DO I DO??? In 102 minutes that day, everything I knew about life and NYC changed. Looking back, how did we do it?

Watching the video tonight reminded me not only how awful it all looked, but that we weren't sure if we had seen the worst of it. Our city looked like the southern tip had fallen into the Hudson. Going to bed that night (I don't even remember going to bed that night) we weren't sure what we were going to wake up to the next day.

4/28/11

I will be including my brainstorming list into the thesis because it will show how facts or personal accounts of that day can translate into a fictional creative monologue. From my years of training and being on stage, a monologue has to have two major things, a change in the character and a consistent want or need from the listener. This can be challenging only for the reason that my idea of the show is to educate and bring the events back to life and I'm going to need to balance that with a consistent dramatic arc.

4/30/11

Detail Overload

I've read a few books, seen a couple documentaries, lived in NYC through the actual events, and interviewed people and now I'm starting to sit down for the writing process. It seems so daunting. How do I communicate what I want the audience to take away from it? What exactly do I want the audience to take away from it? I think those questions will be answered once the process begins. My brainstorming list is twice as long as the last one I posted. My last final is Monday morning and I'll be completely done with my first year by 3 pm. The way I've decided to tackle the writing process is taking the advice from my former photography teacher. She once had us take a simple object and take over 50 pictures of it from different angles. It was at the time that we thought we had exhausted all possibilities of capturing this object when the art actually started to happen. Pictures 45-80 were always so much more interesting because they came from a place of extreme exploration. I think this is how I'm going to

try to write. I'm going to block off a few hours and free write and see where my imagination goes. Since I don't have an exact vision of what I want to happen, I trust that it's inside of me somewhere and I just need to coax it out. It'll be at the time that I'm sick of writing about some specific piece of the event that I will go to an extreme alpha state and hopefully my subconscious will come to life. Here's hoping. I'm trying to get most of my ideas out on paper by June 1st so I can start structuring it and having a fairly good draft by August 1st. I'm still hoping for my first read through to be Sept 11, 2011.

5/1/11

Wow

Osama Bin Laden was killed tonight. I've been living this project and these images for a month now and the fact that I know he didn't die of old age but was hunted down brings satisfaction to me tonight. I know this won't stop the terrorists from continuing to be assholes, but what a nice victory tonight. May 3,000 souls rest in peace now from this despicable human being. Thank you, Military. We owe you everything.

5/2/11

Post Post 9/11

I actually couldn't sleep last night. I kept waking up and watching the news. I woke up at 5:30 am and continued to see the words "Osama Bin Laden dead". Depending on the news station which some would say "Obama Bin Laden dead" which really confused me. I don't think that man had anything to do

with 9/11.

I had so many people come up to me today and say "I thought of you last night when I saw the announcement". Well, thank you. I couldn't figure out if it was because of my project, that I'm from NYC, or they were secretly hoping that I was in the deceased and not that mass murderer. I chose not to investigate their association. After thinking about it all day, the only thing that really resonated in me was how much I missed NYC today. To see images of the city and my neighbors celebrating and hugging made me want to walk among them and let them piss me off like they usually did. I can't believe it's been 10 years, but it is so ironic that I have been living that horrific day constantly so the news came to me with all of this fresh in my head. Last night I just finished watching two History channel documentaries about 9/11 and 30 minutes later Bin Laden was killed. It almost felt like justice was served that day, when we wanted him tortured, strung by his toes, and kicked in the nuts by everyone who lost someone that day. The parentless children would get to kick until they got tired.

The news has spread like any news is spread in 2011, via Facebook. That's how I found out. I spun and turned on the TV and watched the reports from there. All day people have been updating their status and letting the world know their personal and political opinions about the ordeal. Mine is "Thank you to the military. This doesn't put an end to anything, but it's nice to know that that disgusting human being isn't among the living now." I feel happy, but I don't think it really changes anything. Has he even been among the terrorist cells for the past 10 years? I don't know. Only a select few in the world know the answer to that. I like watching the updates from my liberal friends, intertwined with my conservative friends, and speckled with the updates from my friends in the military. You would think three different things happened last night. I know what happened on Sept 11, 2001. There isn't a liberal, conservative, conspiracy theorist, atheist, foreigner, or tea partier who can change my experience with that. God bless

you America.

5/5/11

Uh oh

I had a disturbing discovery today. I think I'm ready to sit down and start writing. And what's going through my mind over and over again? "You're going to screw this up Jason." "Is this going to be a disaster?" "What are you going to write about that isn't going to be just depressing?" "Is this going to be entertaining at all??" "How can I tell the story and not make it look like artistic masturbation?" "What can I say that everyone hasn't heard already?" "How is this going to avoid being just another 9/11 piece?" "How am I going to put everything that is in my head down in a coherent way that captures the audience's imagination, emotions, and sense of understanding?" "How do I make this show amazing and not a piece of shit?" Ahhhhhh..... the life of a writer and someone who is taking a major risk. Fuck me.

Writing Begins

5/8/11

First stream of thought writing. 10 minutes.

9/11 First draft free thought- 10 minutes

death. bodies and murders like no one has ever witnessed before in america and in nyc. it was brutal. how everything must have worked so perfectly for the hijackers for this to happen. makes me think it was supposed to happen. Any number of things could have gone wrong, but they didn't. it was almost perfect. two towers falling but only killing 3,000 people. is it wrong to think that that wasn't very many people. or enough people to make it horrendous? People evaporated. Sitting at a job they hated or being tired and were absolutely defenseless and evaporated. Then the people above had to worry for an hour. Smoke killed some. What an awful way to die. then the jumpers. did they feel they could survive? what was happening up there? How hot was it that jumping to your death was the only choice. People on the street witnessing them falling. nothing anyone has ever seen. bodies exploding on the ground. who sees that? how do you recover from that? The first plane seemed like an accident. was it a bomb, small commuter jet? was the pilot drunk? Second plane was an attack. For 16 minutes we were dealing with a fire. 2nd explosion had more people watching and meant more. It was like a movie. cinematography couldn't have been better or more suspenseful. An explosion in a building in NYC of that magnitude on tv. You cant write something like that. Then who knew if the 2nd plane was it? Were there more? What else? then we hear about the pentagon and united 93. there are rumors of others around country but not confirmed. Anything could have been the answer for this. 10 thousand dead? 1

thousand dead? 300 firefighters crushed. Did they know it was going to fall? Were they heroes? Did they think they'd get up and out before anything destructive happened. They hardly made it close to the fire. They didn't even put any out. a couple did. They went in to get crushed. Walking up stairs would take them 3 hours. It only stood for an hour.

5/13/11

Need help

I've been writing constantly for the past week and have hit many different aspects of that day. It occurred to me tonight that there is a lot about that day that I've learned in my research process. I'm doing this show for you, the citizens. To answer questions and to bring you closer to understanding something that was so horrific. As I keep coming up with new topics and ways to communicate them, I'm wondering what kind of information you know and what you think you know about 9/11. If you wouldn't mind, could write about that day? Not where you were and what happened, but what you remember about the facts of that day and after. Some things that I thought were common sense are lost on people outside of NYC. Also list any things you wish you knew more about from that day. I'm keeping the show revolved around the happenings in NYC. Thanks for any insight you might have. You can send a message to my Facebook or email me at jasonnettle@mac.com.

Thanks, Jason

(No one emailed me)

5/30/11

Memorial Day

I have lived at my pool for the past 3 weeks and I have finished about 90% of my first rough draft of the show. I decided to take the route of writing pretty intensely for an hour or two at a time and not reading it again. When I get back from Ohio, I'll reread each character and moment and see what stands out. Then the rewriting begins and that's going to be... well just plain aggravating and stupid. I've written about 30-35 characters which have little or nothing to do with each other and moments that range from heart breaking to side splitting. Yes, I had to come up with some funny moments or this show would be about as funny as Schindler's List. I then realized over this month that this blog is actually going to be part of my thesis paper and how the process of writing the script came to be and decisions I made and chose not to make. So I need to be a bit more specific on things, BUT there's a huge part of me that doesn't want to share what I've written yet because it's so disgustingly raw. So raw that I'm scared to read it again myself right now. All I can say is there is one moment that I actually started crying as I was writing the words because the character I had created touched my heart so deep. The moment I wrote is intended to lighten the mood and was so much fun to write and just like when you're in the middle of an improv scene that is working, came so easily. One thought led to the next and it almost felt like it was writing itself. Then I came to a section where I started writing with one intention and it got away from me and something happened with it that scared the shit out of me and surprised me at the same time and I had to get up and walk away and wonder if it was really me that just wrote it. It's fucking 9/11. We all have feelings about it. It all means something different to every single one of us and I have to trust myself and feel like I'm giving it the justice that I feel I want to. I have narrowed the vision of the show to

include only New York and the idea of terrorism and how it affects someone physically and mentally.

I'm going to have a few people read the sections and characters and give me feedback not how to make it better but what they feel when they hear and experience it. If they feel nothing, then I have to hit it from an another way. Another thing I have to keep in mind is that this is predominantly an acting thesis and I want to give enough variety in the characters, moods, tempo, information, and entertainment value to have fun and challenge myself. How do I go from convincingly playing a Jewish mother remembering something to a NYC fireman in the act of doing something that day? The ridiculous part of me gets an artist's boner when I think of tackling these challenges. I'm also glad I started this project when I did because after reading 5-6 books and watching hours of documentary, I started writing ideas that went A to C but now a month later are going A to Q. I get an idea and wonder how in the hell I could make it work and then just start writing and seeing if I can. Some ideas are so ridiculous that I want to make them work just so I can punch it in the throat and say "HA! Take that bitch!" Maybe I will. Maybe I won't. I'm not putting that pressure on myself, but I have found out that the more I really push my creativity, the more enjoyable it is. BUT..... is that what got Spiderman the musical in so much trouble?? The added pleasure of this work has been my creativity has been on overdrive and have written so many side projects these past few weeks that I have something to take my mind off of the tragedies of Sept 11. I'm in the process of rewriting those and sending them to Alex so we can start filming them next semester. I remember my composition teacher at Otterbein saying "write, write, write. 10% of what you write will be good and the other 90% will teach you what not to do and maybe will give you an idea that will give you an idea for your next project." So what the hell am I writing this blog for...back to New York!

6/10/11

June 10th, 2011

I'll name this entry exactly what it is. It's a check in that says I'm still doing this writing thing so that when I include it in my thesis paper, I won't have to go back and make stuff up. I have 58 individual pieces so far, some being really good and some being complete shit. Some are fragments of ideas and that led me to write another piece in the same vicinity of one I didn't like. I still have a brainstorming list that is several pages long that I feel I could write another 75-100 without any effort. I would say 40 of the 58 are off of general ideas of death, forgiveness, hatred, love, survival, shock, recovery, or decision making. The other 18 are quite avant garde and off the wall. I have found ways to add comedy and light hearted moments, but hope to write a few more that doesn't make fun of the day but lightens the mood. Another path I'm crossing is going from feelings and emotions that I don't need to do research on to doing more pieces using very precise data and information. I want to write a piece that really makes it apparent how much terrorism and anti-American sentiment came into it, but first I have to understand it myself and have read almost two books about it just so I can write a 5 minute piece on it. I don't want it to be a lecture. I want it to communicate the message while making it interesting and creative. That's another struggle I'm dealing with: To make the moments active towards someone specifically with a specific want or getting the information out as much as possible, sacrificing the "scene". I want to make each moment a different take on something that has been looked at the same mundane way before. I want to surprise the audience. I also don't want to dumb down the audience and I want to trust them that they'll see what I'm trying to say with the words without slapping them in the face with them. Take the example of someone who is saying goodbye to their family member for the last time. Sitting here I

can think of 10 different ways to do that. It's a matter of writing all of them and then getting a feel of what is working the best and then how it compares to the other pieces that I include in the final product. My goal is still to do a full reading on Sept 11th of this year on the 10th anniversary.

6/17/11

Rough Draft Completed

First Reading

I did what any normal single 35 year old would do on a Friday night, I sat down and read my thesis script and relived 9/11 all over again. Yea! Actually, I was very happy with what I've accomplished in the past 2 months. I have finished 63 pieces and I feel enough stand out on their own to be put together to make an entire piece. I can tell right now that I'm going to have a problem cutting down. I found that a few of them that I liked all had reasonable similarities and through some work I'll be able to combine them for one full piece. I also realized I have a strong connection to the ones that were more creative than the others. The ones that were off the wall had me thinking "I hope this gets a good response at the read through!" I'm happy with the number of "comic" or "lighthearted" ones. They can make people laugh and smile without making fun of anything that happened that day. New York is full of crazy characters and I'm using my knowledge of them to help this show. I will need to start thinking of the entire piece as a whole soon and what choices I could make to make it a very meaningful evening for the audience. I talked to Dan in the costume shop about recruiting his help for costume ideas. I have many set and lighting ideas but don't know if any of those will be able to be used depending on where I do the show. I did watch the conspiracy theories of 9/11 on DVD tonight and how they are argued by

Popular Mechanics magazine. If the "truthers" are wrong in any way, they should apologize to every single American. Or how about a TV show pitting both sides against each other? I'm sure that would be a tad bit better than the Kardashians. I talked to a couple friends who were younger and out of state and got their opinions on that day and realized if this show is a success, I could write an entirely different show based on the people who didn't live in NYC. It was a totally different experience from those who saw the smoke rising to the sky and those who didn't. It also makes me think how this show will play to an audience down here compared to one in the New England States. Does the image of fighter jets flying around NYC protecting us for days afterwards resonate as surreal to this audience as it did for us?

6/11/11

Invite to First Reading

I sent out a few invitations for my first rough read next Monday night the 27th. Just a few friends that I feel comfortable sharing whatever I think this thing might be. What feedback do I want from them? (I'm going to call each person's monologue a piece). 1) What overall feeling does one get from the piece? Why do they "really like it" or "really hate it" or why didn't it resonate in them? This is an important question because their answers are coming from a point of view of someone who wasn't there or thought about certain aspects of the day. They might hate it, but for all the reasons I'm going for. 2) How wide are the different points of view? It was a sad and life changing day, but too much of that would make for a really boring show. Did I hit enough different points of views that make the entire show very well rounded and interesting? 3) What would they have liked to see more of? And equally, what would they have liked to see less of? I hope it's not death, terrorism, heroics, and disaster..... cause there is going to be a lot of that. 4) What acting things pop out to them as I read the pieces? At the end of the day, this is an acting thesis. I'm aiming to stretch my acting chops a whole bunch of different ways and not only tell the story through my words, but through my body, behavior, emotions, expressions, characters, and unpredictability. I already have a feeling of what pieces they are going to like. They're probably the ones that I like and that I liked writing. They're interesting. They stand out from the rest. I'm really hoping that a couple which I don't like are among their favorites. Why? Because it would mean I touched on something without even realizing it. The plan for the past two months has been to dive into every aspect of that day through reading, watching, studying and then letting my mind come up with

ideas that might be interesting for an audience member or a topic that would be interesting to explore. I'm not uncovering new ground. I am taking what I know as being an artist and doing what I can with it. I have the potential to reach out and educate, inspire, and move people with my understanding of the events of that day. I am fully aware that this might be the worst piece of shit ever to be performed, or maybe it can have a few moments that touch someone and they feel they know a little bit more about what our country and citizens went through.

6/27/11

No one came to my reading. This has added more unease to my already large stressful nature. Why didn't anyone come? Were they busy? Did they think they wouldn't be able to add anything? My worst fear is that they have absolutely no desire to see the show or its contents. If my friends are scared by it, how are strangers going to get on board?

7/10/11

Stephen Sondheim

I was watching the History of the Broadway Musical Documentary (while watching the Indians baseball game....you know....just in case the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender community came busting in my apartment pointing and screaming "I knew it!!!!") Stephen Sondheim was talking about how the crescendo at the end of each small phrase was his basis of mood in the opening song. With each small crescendo, you would keep anticipating something to happen but it never would. He said

hardly anyone would notice it but it would automatically create a mood. That is something that has been spinning around in my head about this 9/11 show for some time. The mood for the show. If it's supposed to happen like it did that day, I suppose I should start it at 8:46 in the morning, but then my buddy Alex wouldn't get there to see it, that's six hours before he likes to wake up. If the audience enters to a mood that we all had at 8:45 am that day, I might consider having a stand-up comedian, a folk band, or people just handing money out so that everyone says "Oh what a splendid show this will be", and then have the ceiling cave in and crush the first three rows. Maybe in the first three monologues I can crescendo the end of each sentence and the audience will think "Why in the hell is he doing that"? I feel like I can actually recreate the horror of that day right there in the theater. Oooh, I have actors in mind that will really destroy all normalcy of the room if they perform. This place will explode!!!! Anyway...thank you Stephen Sondheim. (and the fact that I've been doing farce comedy for the past 4 weeks)

First Draft Completed

8/24/11

Approaching

My script sits in front me. I stare it. Have I done the day justice? Have I said enough? Have I said too much? Most likely the latter is true cause most of the time I don't know when to shut up. What have I left out? What have I talked about that no one cares about? Are 37 pieces too many even though most of them are around 2 minutes? Is two minutes pointless in having because will it eventually look like an audition sequence? Do I have enough variety? Do I miss the major points of the day? Will it be exciting?

Will it be intriguing? Did I keep the right pieces and cut the ones that should've? Will it be too sad? Will my lighter moments be too light? Ahhhhh....the life of a writer. I haven't written since I made my trip to NYC over the summer and spent some time at Ground Zero. The first day I sat off of Liberty Street and watched New York pass me by and just took it in. As I watched people pass by in a hurry, on their phones, with fast food, muttering obscenities under the breath, the construction of the memorial and new skyscrapers was in the background.. Have we forgotten? Have we moved on? Have we tried to deal with it the best we can? Are we still in denial? How do we each individually deal with it on a daily basis and how has it changed over the past 10 years. 10 years. Wow. It doesn't seem possible. I walked the exterior of the area and saw the work being done thinking how many souls still inhabit this graveyard and how many just refuse to leave. I can watch numerous videos of people jumping out of the buildings that day and watch reactions of that on the street, but to see the new towers being built there and imagining watching numerous bodies allowing gravity to pull them to the ground in such a close proximity even made me shutter a bit. How do you erase those images out of your mind if you witnessed it, or do you ever? The next day I took the tours around the area twice. The first time I did the audio tour and heard accounts of the day and the main facts of the events. I realized a problem I face is that I have been studying this day for months and the basic facts of the day are lost on me, BUT how many people who would be attending my show don't know that none of us knew what type of plane it was, that we thought it was an accident, if you were in the first tower and were evacuating you didn't know the second tower was hit, cell phone service that day was failing and caused more problems and worry than had already established themselves in such a short time. My first reading will answer a lot of those questions. Some people might write back, "I learned nothing new". I need to take that into account. What if the audience feels like nothing that they're seeing brings them closer to the day? The

next tour I did was led by two ladies who were directly affected by the day. That was more important for my project because they are the types I will be portraying a characters. Again, they told the basic information about the day and pointed out things that most people might not know. Later, they each told their story, one talking about working in the medical field and the other, losing a brother who was a fireman. She cried as she told the story. 10 years later, she's still being torn apart by the loss of a beloved brother and friend. I talked with her after and she was interested in my project and I'll be in touch with her off and on. I won't contact her this month because I'm realizing that the 10 year anniversary is tough for me, but is 100 times harder for someone who lost someone close to them that day. I wish I was back there this 9/11, but I'm here and my reading will be my contribution to honoring the day. I don't feel like it's enough, but the firemen who came into my bar for weeks after said just serving them drinks was doing my duty as a New Yorker (part of my show if you come see it). I still struggle with that.

10/1/11

First Reading Recap

To say this has been the hardest semester I've ever had in college is an understatement. I work and work but feel like I get no closer to my goal. What that goal is, I have no freaking clue. Between classes, rehearsals, short sleeps that I call naps, working out, trying to eat, etc..I did a small little reading of my 9/11 show that I've been working on for months and thinking about for about a year. To recap in one word: Shocked. I was shocked that I actually put it together. I'm a big time talker but sometimes lack the energy to follow through. I put Sept 11th as the date that I wanted to have my first reading, and it happened just the way I planned. I was shocked that someone I have so much respect for in this field, Trevin Cooper, read it, was impressed by it, and agreed to help me stage it. I picked Trevin because he was a New York actor with me so between the two of us, we had been to or performed in over a hundred readings. I was shocked that we had 3 good rehearsals and were able to stage the whole thing and give a very coherent story with only a desk and 2 music stands. I was shocked that almost 75 people showed up on a Sunday morning and allowed themselves to be moved and listened to the 37 stories I told in the 95 minute time span. I felt so supported and part of a theatrical community that wants to learn, share, and desire new work. I was shocked that after a few monologues I looked out into the crowd and saw a few people sobbing. Honestly, I had become so close to this material that I forgot that it was sad and could affect people that way. Through the entire reading I heard sniffles and blowing of noses that I never expected when I took the stage that day. I actually had a few professors leave immediately after the show because they were overwhelmed with emotions.

I was shocked that the one piece that I love so much because it was funny and not makes fun of

the day, but actors got huge laughs and when I realized the audience wanted to laugh at that point, I improvised about 2 minutes of material to it and it just kept getting funnier. I wasn't shocked that the one piece that I remember sitting down and writing in one draft and never making a change to it and knowing I had something rich in it, got the best reaction and everyone wanted to tell me how much that one stood out. I was shocked that professors took me into their offices the next day to tell me how much they loved it and gave me constructive criticism. They weren't only professors at that moment but audience members who were affected by the material and were human beings who joined with me in the art of it. I was shocked when one of my professors said "you raised a lot of questions" which is all I ever want to do as an artist. I was shocked when the majority of responses to the material included "live life to the fullest", "don't sweat the small shit", "Life could be over tomorrow", "I'm grateful for what I have" when that was the intention for a very long time even though I never came right out and said it.

I was shocked that I feel like I just scratched the surface of what this could be or what this is going to be. My biggest fear is that it won't be as powerful on other days besides Sept 11. Was it because it was on that day that it meant so much? Or was it because the material can be used any day of the year? Only time will answer that. I'm overwhelmed with the outpouring of thoughts, support, and appreciation for my work from everyone. Thank you. I don't do this for my ego. I do it because it's my contribution to the world and to the world of art.

11/10/12

I've decided to title the show 9/11: We Will Forget because so many people said exactly that after the show. "I can't believe how much of that day I forgot" or "We really have forgotten as a nation

what we promised we wouldn't". That was and is the motto about that day. I am not proclaiming that we have, that is exactly what was told to be by my audience members.

11/12/11

Submitted to the Orlando Fringe Festival

I have put this project on the back burner since 9/11 while I was getting Pajama Game on its feet and trying not to fail out of school. Today was a huge step in moving this project forward. In May, the Orlando Fringe Festival takes place and they take roughly 75 shows that perform in that week. I filled out my application, searched under the cushions for loose change so that I could pay the application fee, and submitted my 9/11 show to be performed as part of the festival. There's about a 70% chance that I'll be picked for the festival. It's done purely on a lottery system. I'm trying to get into a venue which seats 100 people and hopefully will get 7 performances during the week. IF I do get in the festival, major fundraising will begin to help pay my producer costs. Thank God this is a one man show. There is admission price for the show so if I can get 700 people to come see it, then maybe, I can make a dent in my school loans.....or get a new lens for my camera! I'll find out by the evening of Nov 21st and that'll give me 5 or so months to polish the show, cut it down to the best 55 minutes, and start memorizing every single word in it. and then..... start reliving it all....over.....again. The most exciting thing is if I do get into the festival, I should be done with my thesis next summer. I decided that a working title right now will be 9/11: We Will Never Forget, the never will be crossed out. It's a phrase that is iconic and being the Fringe, I thought it is very intriguing to do something not only truthful, but very shocking to something we might not feel we should touch.

Accepted in the Fringe

11/23/11

IN the FRINGE (Assonance!)

Monday was the choosing of the lineup for the festival and I got in!! I'm in the Brown venue at OST which seats 100 people and I have 7 shows so I need to find 700 people to see it. I have paid a lot of money already to get it in the festival and now I am a producer and have costs that frighten me. So Katie and Kayla have offered to help me with fundraising. In order.... Bake Sale, Party at the apt, and a night of music and comedy. I'm so excited and scared out of my mind at the same time. I can't believe a small thought of an idea of writing a show about 9/11 a year ago has now had a reading and now will have a world premiere at an international fringe festival. I'm speechless, honored, and ready to get this thing ready!! I'm not cast next semester so I have so many projects lined up to get the most out of my last semester in school. I'm doing 2 cabarets, leading an improv workshop, and doing a project I used to do in NYC which is get whoever wants to do a scene, song, monologue, etc and present it for feedback and suggestions. It would be nice to explore some of the pieces I want to do on these nights. My director, Trevin Cooper, and I have thought about some of the pieces we definitely want to do in the final show and our first cut is: The opening, The closing, The Actor, The Cab Driver, The Romantic Couple, The Jumper, The K9 Unit, The Missing Person Ad, The 19 Men. That's 10 pieces. Each one can be 5 minutes each then. Hmmm, I've got a lot of editing to do. I have to have the whole show under 60 minutes. BUT, I want to keep working on it so when I perform it outside the Fringe Festival, it can run about 80

minutes or so. Let's get through the holidays, then it's go time.

Rehearsals Begin

1/7/12

Day #1

Rehearsal day #1 was starting to memorize the script. The difference is I'm memorizing my lines instead of someone else's. One of the pros is when I memorize a line and don't like the rhythm or sound of it, I simply change it. The con is what if I'm dumbing it down so that it's easy to memorize? I wrote it not thinking how easy it would be to memorize. I've performed hundreds of scripts and I don't ever remember them being insanely easy to memorize, so I need to police myself. I have started the advertising plans for the show, which to be honest, is 80% of the show being successful. I have 7 performances and can seat up to 100 people at each one, so how do I publicize and intrigue 700 people to come? Over half of the people I want to come see the show doesn't even know I exist right now. And who wants to see another 9/11 show? Another problem I have dealt with is the producer costs. I have just been hovering above \$0 in my bank account for the past two months because of the initial costs. I have more bills for the show already facing me in the near future. I have student loans coming in soon, but the idea that came to me recently was what if they weren't? As Kander and Ebb say in Cabaret, money makes the world go round. We are usually more concerned with having money in our account than getting our art out there. What if I had absolutely NO MONEY coming my way in any sense except for what I could make with my art? The idea of that changes my entire outlook on how I approach my

work ethic and drive to get my work and myself sold. I don't know anyone who is as desperate as Dustin Hoffman in *Kramer vs. Kramer* when he needs a job at that moment to make everything right. He accepts nothing but an answer of "Yes". He doesn't go home and complain thinking the world is against him. I would probably be taken aback by someone who dedicated every single moment getting themselves and their work in order to live solely off of it in today's economy. If I had three dollars to my name, and the only way I could pay for anything was getting money from acting, writing, or performing, I wouldn't procrastinate like I do and wouldn't just fake my way through things. I believe we have done a lot (business and university wise) to make the arts a very safe environment.

1/17/12

Day #2

If I could write one more monologue to the show, it would be about what I witnessed when I went to the Memorial. Here we are standing next to these two enormous reflecting pools with the names of all the deceased, flowers, and loved ones tearing up and praying. Behind them you have tourists who are posing for family/couple pictures, as if they're standing in front of FAO Schwartz. Where do these pictures go and what's the story behind them when they tell people? "Over here on the mantle is our family picture in front of the graveyard of almost 3,000 souls who were brutally murdered. Yeah, we're all smiling. Tim is sort of looking away but we took 4-5 so we could get the perfect shot in front of the monument of one of the most depressing days in World history. Oh, look over my shoulder in the picture, yeah, I'm the one with the Statue of Liberty hat, see that person, they were balling in hysterics. I think they were crying over their husband or dad or someone. I tried to frame them out so they didn't ruin the picture. We might use it as our Christmas card. "

Seriously, it's such a beautiful place and some beautiful landscape and so overwhelming. I stared in disbelief as people handed over their cameras and said, "can you get our picture in front of this" and then would smile and hold each other like it was a bar. Maybe someone can enlighten me here.

(A year later, I saw my friend post a picture of her and a girlfriend doing this exact pose and I asked if she could explain the circumstances surrounding the picture. Here is what she wrote)

"I was 9 years old on 9/11/01 in the fourth grade in SW Florida. I was very confused as to what was

going on and didn't know the word "terrorist" and thought the news reporters were saying "tourists" were on the planes. My innocent mind could only fathom: "Well, duh tourists were on the plane, but how did those planes crash into BOTH of those big buildings." many children were pulled out of school that day and one girl called her mom because she was supposed to be flying to NYC that day. I was scared and just wanted my own parents to explain to me what was going on. I went home and listened to the news with my parents and began to understand that these were "bad" people that did this. For some reason I remember being petrified that someone was going to bomb my town (maybe because we didn't have tall buildings?) and slept on the floor of my parents room that night. I think I slept a few hours because I was so paranoid. Yet I didn't really understand WHY it was happening.

I Have no family ties to New York and I first visited the city in 2005 for a dance competition. We visited the WTC which was still very barren and deserted looking. Since then, I visited NYC for Thanksgiving of 2007, Summer 2008, and then in Spring of 2012.

In the picture, I was 20 years old and my sister, Sara, was 17. If you want to ask her questions, I can send you her info.

That day, I was very anxious as my Dad had said he wanted to visit the WTC that day. I tend to avoid situations that make me uncomfortable and thus expressed that I "didn't really care what we did" that morning. I remember being moody and impersonal to my family as I didn't know what to expect. For some reason I was so nervous even though I'd seen it before...maybe just not the new memorial? Maybe I was finally old enough to be affected by it. We took the subway and Grabbed coffee on our walk over. We reserved our tickets and had about an hour to wait so we walked around the financial district/Wall St. It was finally time and we had to go through a bunch of security (understandably) and then were able to walk around the Memorial. We walked and looked at names and looked down into

the insanely deep fountain that seemed to go on forever. I was amazed at the number of names. No one in my family talked much to one another. I was very uncomfortable being there as it was quiet and serious and I just felt sad. Looking at the names, I started to realize....that could have been my family. I then began to feel guilty for my attitude that morning. We stood at the edge of the fountain for quite some time and my sister suggested we take a picture as we'd done at many locations that week. I was personally a little uncomfortable as I did see people looking at names and families having a very emotional time. Yet I saw other families smiling and enjoying their time. One thing I noticed was that all families, whether emotional, happy, excited, sad, angry, were all clinging to one another. They were all together. I had her send me the picture and contemplated posting it for a long time and initially decided against it. I came across the picture a few months later and re-realized how lucky I am to have my entire family to cling to. I don't have a PERSONAL connection to 9/11 as far as losing someone or being their first hand. However, I have my memories of being a young, scared child and just wanting to cling to what I had: my family. Thus, I decided to post it as it representative to my experience and what I have taken from 9/11. I learned that although things don't always affect you personally, they make you realize that you have to cherish every moment with your loved ones. I couldn't imagine a day I couldn't call my mom for advice or get excited to see my sister when I go home and spend time "playing" with her. I feel responsible for her in a way and although she knows how to get under my skin, I would kill for her. I'm a super Daddy's girl and love going home and sitting in his huge chair with him and baking him cookies. Gosh. I'm getting emotional just typing this. Just imagining losing them for any reason.

I do understand how anyone could be offended by the picture. I myself, was uncertain if it was disrespectful. I think the memorial is a beautiful monument. However, I think it means different things to everyone. But I think everyone can relate. I don't Think pictures should be forbidden but respect

should be shown and they should be tasteful. As you said, putting the camera away when a someone who is obviously grieving is present." –Anna Robbins

1/29/12

I recorded all of my monologues onto my Iphone so that I can continuously listen to the pieces when I'm on the move for memorization purposes. When listening to a few of them today, some words from the pieces made themselves obvious as highlighted words that I might miss just looking at them on the page. When hearing the lines back to back, the arc of the moments made the words start popping up where I didn't realize they were before. I believe some of this happened because as I was listening to my own voice tell the stories, I was visualizing them in my mind's eye and I needed some of those words emphasized to help with the images.

I also came to the realization after recording all of the pieces that it took a total time of 40 minutes. This led me to wonder if I should add a couple pieces that I cut because of time constraint that I have always liked.

2/5/12

Met with Ingrid De Sanctis. She has written many shows and has worked on one person shows based on actual events. She was very impressed with my writing and gave me the overall note of writing too much and not trusting the audience of getting what I'm trying to say. She gave me some overall notes but really liked the point of views I had with my different characters. She also said to take each

monologue and find 3-4 sentences that stand out in each one and write around those. If I try to make each sentence have equal meaning and the most important words in it, the piece as a whole will lose its value. It'll be too much for the audience to embrace.

I spent today writing and making cuts where I thought the story was being repeated and not advanced. She also commented that it's important for the information to get across, but don't sacrifice the story for getting the info out there.

The two hurdles that I need to get across is memorizing the show and then getting the acting in my body so it's second nature. I have many characters to personalize and an enormous amount of moments I need to explore. I have all of this to do before May 16th. Wow. I need to set up a schedule so I keep pace and I don't procrastinate.

The script is now in its 4th draft.

2/6/12

Had a meeting with the UCF marketing director, Heather, and came up with a list of places I need to advertise. The main ones were Rollins College, the Arts Festivals around town, and coffee shops that have a Fringe feel. 700 people is my goal number.

I continue to reread and rewrite the show. Spent about 4 hours on it tonight and feel like I'm getting there because I'm noticing one word here or there that I want to change. I spent the whole night memorizing and hope to have it fairly memorized by March 1st. I don't want to be thinking of my lines when I perform. Anything but thinking of my lines.

2/17/12

Spent all night making a design for business cards and showed them to Heather today. I learned a lot about marketing in those 15 minutes. She said I need to be more obvious with my ideas and in their face. It's obviously a play about 9/11 so don't hide it. Again, my worries have always been that people don't want to see another 9/11 show and they might be afraid it's too sad to sit through. I really believe in the message and want to get that message out there. I always have a lot to say. How do I say it succinctly but get the whole point across?

I've been describing the evolution of the show and the entire process to my theater survey class because they always want to know what goes into putting a show together. So I'm taking them from the moment I conceived the idea, through the fact gathering, the creative process, the first draft, the reading, and revisions. They have stated they love to hear the whys of all of my decisions and it's been very educational to hear myself reason them out and figure out my own thought process. Today I read the last paragraph of my fireman monologue in which I've changed it to him dying at the end, and a couple girls were emotionally moved. One started crying. That was such a relief to witness. It was only one paragraph. I only rewrote it last week and it had a huge effect on someone.

The memorization process is still a hurdle I have to overcome. Of the ones I am very familiar with, I've started doing my image work and breathing them in to start feeling the wide variety I will have to do during the show. I say "falling human beings" three times in the show, each one has to be very specific and bring out a different emotion.

Feb 20, 2012

I spent two hours in a rehearsal room doing image work and repetition for the first 4 pieces. Even though those four are the ones I'm most familiar with textually, it's now time to start digging into what is going on in the text. I kept repeating the lines over and over again until my point of view started exploring all the possibilities there were. My "moments" piece started becoming extremely crazy and hyper. I found the lines about ideas, founders of NYC, and the movement to be very large because those are in stark contrast to the small bills and a kid. It's not enough just to narrate the lines, but those words need to have a bigger point of view. My physicality became increasingly all over the place as I explored. The text is all over the place so it felt that kind of commitment was needed.

I tried to sit the entire time for the Jewish mother piece but still noticed my right hand doing what I call the "Bill Clinton" motion. It's the sign language symbol for 'A' and the motion is like a hammer coming down to make a point. I really need to get in control of that because it would be a thru line in all of my characters that would be obvious.

Then I came to my fireman piece. As I repeated and embraced the images, I closed my eyes and fell into a trance. I started speaking at a volume that would never be heard on stage, but I didn't care. It was becoming real to me. This trance allowed me to let each line and image melt into the next one. I started to become emotional at one point and couldn't put my finger on what was going on. I need to become more specific on who I am talking to in that piece.

Feb 21, 2012

Started memorizing my Jumper's mentality piece. It's a bitch. It's a very choppy piece because

the jumper can't put his thoughts into a full sentence. He's about to jump out of a skyscraper and knows he will not survive. It's a decision that none of us have ever had to make. What is my as if for that?!?

By the time I get further into the piece, my thoughts become clearer and I become more at peace with what is going to happen. I need to explore what is going on physically with that change.

Feb 25, 2012

It was a short 6 hour day of memorizing and rewriting. Eventually, the words started to sound the same but my creativity started expanding. The fireman monologue is still giving me trouble. It states a lot of facts and tells the story of what a fireman went through that day, but I can't find a through line. Why is he telling this story? Since he realizes he's dead at the end, why would this be a surprise? He tells a story, who is he telling it to? I thought at one point I might start it as if he's talking to a psychologist, explaining why he didn't cry. At the end he does cry. What is the arc of that?

I also was reading my romantic ending piece and it started coming out so naturally as if I was telling the story to a friend. It went across that threshold of reciting to speaking. I can't really explain it. I didn't feel I was giving a "monologue". I was telling a story because I had something to say. I was saying it as Jason thought. I have 16 other characters that I need to get to embody so I can get to speak naturally with them. The more familiar I get with the text, I figure it will come to me. Now it's a race against time. It's like what we're working on in Movement class right now. We have to break down the text to microcosmic moments and fill those small moments with lots of life and when we put all of those moments together, it will be disjointed and choppy. It's through rehearsal that we start smoothing over those rough edges and make it look effortless.

March 3, 2012

I have spent almost every waking hour over for the past few days worrying and working on marketing plans. The only time I really get to sit down and work on the script is when I'm on a cardio machine at the gym. Memorization is the key right now. I'm on spring break and my goal is to have the entire show pretty well memorized by the end of it.

As for acting, I made a huge discovery in my TV/film class and that is slowing down. I am a very fast thinker and orator in life. Usually what I think is slow comes across very fast and not well thought out. Even though Jason has done the full act of thinking, it doesn't read for the character on stage or screen because the audience hasn't caught up. I've had people give me notes such as "you need to hear that and let that affect you before you do that" and I'll say "I did"! The problem is that it's so quick the audience doesn't believe I actually did it. Maybe I only give so much validation to my thoughts before I move on. I usually don't dwell in them and take my time. I hit it and go. I need to find the balance for the stage.

I made arrangements with Mark Brotherton to do dialect work after spring break and Tad Ingram and Mark Routhier to listen to the script and give me feedback before I set the final script in place. A line here or there could change the whole feeling of the piece and I've been so close to it for almost a year that I'm not hearing it.

March 6, 2012

Talked with my director, Trevin Cooper, today and we discussed all the changes I've made to the script. He is really impressed with it and excited about working on it. That was good to hear because I've been working on it so much that the text is very repetitive now and I don't have an outside view on it anymore. I kind of felt the same thing at the reading and there was a positive response to it so I'm thinking the same thing will happen at the performances. Even though it's spring break, I've been spending about 2-3 hours a day on the text. I feel I'm about to get to the point that I have it 90% memorized and can really dive in to the acting, imagery, physicalities, and characterizations.

I told Trevin the thing I'm looking to do the most is making each of the seventeen characters unique in their own way and not rely on my own mannerisms and speech patterns to tell the story.

I hate that I have this internal need to 'wow' the audience with this performance. It sometimes comes out as a rite of passage. I've been working on this for so long, I'm finishing grad school, and I've been acting for 22 years or so and would like this show to present that list of work. I believe if the script tells a great story and has a great message and I perform it honestly and put the work into it that I feel needs to, I will be just fine. As I memorize the pieces, I can envision how much work will be needed in certain voices. The man or woman who is jumping from the top of the building speaks in chopped up thoughts and words and needs a tremendous amount of thru line so those choppy breaks come natural and not "directed".

Soon, all of these journals will be the intense work I do on each piece and my process to get to where it finally gets to. I imagine it's going to be a lot of writing.

March 13, 2012

I had an image of this thesis being about 300 pages long when I did my analysis of the first monologue (#1). It's the shortest piece and I think my notes and questions are actually longer than the piece itself. 1) What is the moment before? 2) How long has she been trying to get ahold of him? 3) Is it a woman? 4) How optimistic was she when she talked to him? 5) Did he call her or did she get ahold of him? 6) At what point does she accept what's going to happen? 7) Is the 'please' to him, to God, or to herself? 8) When exactly does she think of the kids, or consequences in general? 9) When she says 'try', does she have anything in mind for what she wants him to do, or is it blind hope? 10) There's the line "You haven't tried", is that angry and if so, where does that anger come from?

March 14, 2012

Second Monologue (#2)- Moments. Need to make each moment as full as possible. Is the language or rhythm more important in this piece? I really don't feel I have a lot of preparation for this piece to do because I'm not trying to get anything from another person. It really is the memorization and tempo that dictate this piece.

April 2, 2012

First rehearsal with Trevin. We decided to set the stage as a desk center stage, a chair alone on stage left and stage right being open. As rehearsal progressed, I found myself drawn to SR every time I talked about living the events at Ground Zero. We decided to do the show with few props; a phone, a gun, and anything else that might come up in rehearsal. Trevin has made a blueprint of the blocking and

even though I have spent the past few months rewriting and memorizing, I felt like the text was completely foreign to me. I was acting on a freshman in high school level during the pieces. It occurred to me how much work I have on the actual acting moments in the entire show.

We've switched the opening piece to be leaning on the front of the desk instead of sitting behind it. This starts the show right at the audience instead of having a boundary between me and them. The only acting note he gave me in the first piece was figuring out my anger level on "I don't want to say goodbye". This piece is one that will have to live in the moment. I can't be on automatic pilot when I'm hearing my husband say his last words. Every word and thought has to be the most important at that time. My *as if* is knowing for a fact that I'm speaking to someone for the last time and what would I want to say at that time?

The second piece (Moments) works really well on our set. I have set specific places for all the different moments which make a loop around the stage and ends up at Ground Zero. This is perfect because as I stand in Ground Zero, I can look back at the moments that led up to that.

As for #3 (Jewish Mother), Trevin directed me to really find the contrast between hope and disappointment as the phone rings and when I hear who's on the other end. It's not my son. It's three distinct points of view I need to deal with. How much does she care about what she says to each listener? How much is rambling and how much is specific tactics.

#4 still remains my most difficult. I've written it in a very peculiar way. As I acted that one today, it's so choppy, I realized how much embodying of the images I have to do. It's very hard speaking of the past without a want in the present. Trevin led me to think about it as a touch of anger because I'm trying to come to some kind of peace with what is going on with me. I find it at the end, but I'm dead. Am I talking to a psychiatrist? The point of view will always lead me the right way. I'm sure I'll

find it. We've decided to act out the moment the towers fall and my first bit of hesitation is it will look cheesy. How can I reenact the sounds and visual of the World Trade Center falling? There has never been anything like it. Nothing. Even if I did it perfectly, no one would believe it.

April 3, 2012

We started with #5 (Flyers) today and the main thing I need to create for the audience is the enormous wall that those flyers used to cover the weeks after 9/11. The word Trevin used was "gravitas". I say the word "all these people" and I need to encompass the entire stage because if the audience didn't know about the thousands of flyers that covered every wall down there, they might think it's just a few. I have to make two people specific in this piece, my mom and Bud. My work is to not confuse the audience. I also need to see each individual flyer and not think of it as a total wash of pictures. Certain ones should hit me differently.

#6 (Monday QB) is one of my favorites. I feel it's exactly how Ari Gold would talk on Entourage. Of course I have been compared to him on a daily basis. It's an angry New Yorker. The language is a bit more harsh and strong. It is definitely a release of the tension we felt for that week. We want to keep the strength but focus it. I'm going to start the piece sitting and only pace when I'm trying to reason out my thoughts but right back to my listener. Again, I encounter visualizing the bodies on the ground. How does my point of view change from the fireman's point of view?

Trevin loves #7 (Cab Driver). I can tell by how much direction he gives me and how specific his choices are. The struggle with this one is he has picked up a fare and he's driving them to their destination, but how much do I look back and how much do I look forward? Pantomiming the driving sucks because I've never been convinced that someone is driving a car through the streets of New York convincingly. I have to suspend belief a bit when I turn all the way around because that wouldn't happen in a real cab and I have to convince myself it doesn't matter. Trevin says a simple red light can be told by me moving my foot from the gas pedal to the break. It's my job to make it look natural and

not to indicate. It might seem a bit stereotypical but I use a lot of thumbs up and thumbs down to communicate what I'm saying because it's all about good and bad. It adds a comical touch to it too and this show could use as much subtle humor as possible.

Directly after the Cab Driver comes the most emotional one, #8, the widower. Depending on my lighting possibilities, we want to isolate SR and have me walk into it and sit to create a feeling of introspection. This character is dealing with a struggle between reality and a false universe. If I only ask the questions in this piece, it should resonate in the audience.

We sort of started flying through the other pieces up to #13 because they were very basic blocking and we might have been hungry. With only 4 more pieces to go, the show is practically on its feet and the staging will tell the story. After that, it's all about the acting. Make it real and tell the story. That's all.

April 9, 2012

Questions #2- 1) Who am I talking to? 2) Should I point everything out or rely on the words? 3) What tempo should this piece be done at and how much should it differ throughout? 4) What are the most important words in the piece? The most important verbs? 5) Are the questions rhetorical or do I really want them answered?

Questions #3- 1) Is this character a Jewish mother and if so, how old? 2) How old is Peter? 3) What are the specific voices and relationships of everyone who calls her? 4) What was her morning been like? 5) How does her wants change as the piece goes on? 6) What is the level of her being positive to the people on the other end of the phone? What is the level of being positive when she's not

on the phone? 7) What is her point of view of specific details? 8) What is the purpose of talking about the past and death? 9) Is there more that she wants to say that she doesn't?

Questions #4- I've decided to rewrite this piece so it exists in the present and not in the past. I might try to find more places in the show to do this. 1) Who am I talking to? 2) What do I want? 3) If he dies, why is he remembering this? 4) How scared was he? 5) What was his point of view on each of the things happening? 6) How does it escalate? Does the energy ever die? 7) How do I feel about being dispatched to the South tower? About being sent to the concourse level? About finding the port authority officer? About the images on the street? About Jimmy's remarks? About almost dying? About the concrete? About the fire trucks? About not being dead? About the South tower collapsing? About the North tower collapsing? 8) What happens in the final moments of water, blood and dust? 9) What made the streets look like a nuclear bomb?

Questions #5- 1) Is it just me and my mom? 2) How many days have we've been doing this? 3) What are the dimensions of the wall? 4) What is his breaking point? Has it been building up for a while or is this new? 5) Has he thought about this or are these new thoughts? 6) Is John Gregory his dad or just a random flyer? 7) How funny can he be at this time? 8) Where are they in the city?

Questions #6- 1) Is this guy Jeremy Piven? 2) What was his journey to the street? 3) How did he end up on 72nd street? 4) How long after 9/11 does this take place? 5) What are all the levels of emotion he is going through?

Questions #7- 1) What specific accent does he have? 2) Where in NYC is he picking them up? 3) What has he experienced leading up to this fare? 4) What are his REAL feelings about Bin Laden and Afghanistan? 5) Is he Mohammad that he refers to? 6) How much hatred does he have underneath?

Questions #8- 1) Who is this man? 2) How old? 3) What sexual orientation? 4) How long has

he been doing this? 5) What is the trigger that takes him from present to past? From reality to fantasy?
6) What does he want from her? Does he want it from the very beginning or does he discover it in the middle? 7) Does he feel weird or morbid about this?

Questions #9- 1) When I step on the points I'm making, should they be different lengths? 2) When do I look at individuals and when do I take in the whole group? 3) How much emotion should be laced in the piece?

Questions #10- 1) How old is this kid? 2) How close is their apartment to the Towers? 3) What are his physical mannerisms? 4) What does he mean by the parents screaming? 5) What does he remember and what does he forget? Is it while he's talking? 6) Who is he talking to? 7) What was he worried about that day?

Questions #11- 1) What floor? What building? 2) What is happening at the time? 3) Does he believe in God? 4) Is he struggling to find the words or is it stream of conscious? 5) What is his internal monologue or is it the same? 6) What is his biggest concern? 7) Does he think there's a possibility he could survive?

Questions #12- If it ain't broken, don't fix it.

Questions #13- Worked on this one today and found a strong connection if I delivered it almost as a simple person. It worked when it was a character who was specific, liked routine, and particular. It adds a bit of variety to the show too. I do want the show to have a wide range of characters and this might be a simple solution to that. 1) Where does he/she live? 2) What did he/she experience that day? 3) Where did he/she work? 4) When was his/her breaking point? Anything specific or combination? 5) Remember that this piece is how we thought at that time even though we know they were wrong now.

Questions #14- 1) Is this an emergency or a routine pickup? 2) Why did he come? Is it an escape from what's going on? 3) How attached is he to these dogs? 4) Who is he talking to? Is he showing off? 5) Is he goofy? 6) How proud is he of the units? 7) What makes him think of Cowboy?

Questions #15- I lived this. I know the answers. 1) What is my trigger line?

Questions #16- 1) Where do they live? 2) What does she look like? 3) What images does he remember? What is he trying to remember? 4) Who is he talking to? 5) What does he have to work his way through?

Questions #17- 1) What propels me into the next thought?

April 10, 2012

Met with Kate Ingram today to go over some pieces and get a voice and speech perspective. The best feeling I got was when Kate still got a bit touched by the text and my acting. That at least tells me I have some kind of product. It strikes an emotional chord and I can't worry about what they'll connect to more. The session went exactly how I hoped it would go. She was able to give me notes from an outside point of view and tell me what words could be stronger, what tone of voice worked and when it didn't, and when specific beats were being glossed over and how the text could help with that.

The first piece I did was the man who loses his wife and goes downtown to breathe in the air because she just disappeared. A specific note Kate was able to identify for me was when he doesn't want to deal with the vulnerability so he changes the subject and talks to her as if she's still alive. Each of those moments begin with 'oh' and a lot can be said with that simple word. Another thing I need to remember with this piece (and other pieces) is as the character gets more emotional, I want to pay

attention to the vowels and less on the consonants. The emotions lie in those vowels and I don't usually sit in that medium. I also can find the range of emotion in memories because each memory has its own story and point of view. Kate was able to relate her relationship with Tad and how they would talk to each other after all these years. Another great note was for the end of the piece when I say "And I don't! Don't stay out too late". I could combine the two *don'ts* because it might be too much for him to say and he decides to go on to the next idea without dealing with what he just said.

The bartender was too much energy. What do I want from the firemen? Before they get any more drinks, they must listen to what I say. Sometimes I need to spell it out and react to what they're giving me. It's not about reciting a story. It's about getting through to them. If I walk away, I lose a bit of that connection. It is a comparison piece between them and me. I need to paint the picture more with my tactics instead of just talking. Kate said I could make the whole piece a bit more intimate even though it's in a bar, but actually that night the bar was empty. How can I establish that? She said it came across a tad bit too scolding and if I'm praising these guys, I wouldn't belittle them, it reads as confusing.

The last piece I worked on with her was the kid's reaction. I've decided to make him around 6-7 years of age. It gives him a little awareness of what's actually happening around him but at the same time, very naive and I can play the childish physical qualities. I love when my niece, Tatum, can never sit still and she uses the couch to lean against and her focus isn't directed anywhere specific. Kate said I could go further with the wonder and amazement of the kid's experience. I can achieve that with more deh and pei in my facial structure and let the energy pour out from around my eyes. It'll make it more childish and more wide eyed. Her metaphor was as if it's the first snow and kid can't believe it. She also said I could make more of a point of how the screams I usually hear my mom and dad do are different

than the real screams they did that day. The real screams actually scare me. Then at the end, the sincerity of not liking the screams has more of an impact.

April 11, 2012

Worked with Chris on a few pieces today. Lots of great notes and ideas on where to take them. I started with the Monday Quarterback piece and delivered with lots of energy and pent up anger. His main note for me was I could find a lot more depth of sarcasm and toying with the listener. The thing that propels me into the piece is something stupid I hear and make him feel ashamed and stupid for saying it. What I'm learning from Chris is how much I can start shaving off of my work and trust that essential images and story is there. I don't need to paint the picture as much. The text and characterization is part of me and I have to start trusting it. As an actor, I have always been told I work too hard and I think the less I work while communicating the emotions and stories will make this show a success. Instead of exploding and going into the monologue, the thought process and finding the right thing to say is fantastic. Then as I find a momentum in the text, I can let the energy build. I have to keep remembering to make each piece a dialogue, not a narration. I need to find the purpose of each word and thought and find the stakes of telling each story.

We then worked on Flyers. He had two notes for me with this one. One, he thinks instead of releasing all the tension and finally being broken down, what if I became completely exhausted and just gave up. I can focus the energy in that way like a #2 that we learned with breath energies. The second thing was it has to be all about my mom. Like all the other pieces, I give out a lot of information, but I need to do it for a reason and allow my partner to dictate my delivery of it.

We talked a lot about the worried mother piece. She is struggling with reality. She is convincing herself that everything is all right and looks for anything that puts her mind at rest. How does all of that information affect the behavior, tension, and vocal variety? I find that when I'm seeking comfort, I hug myself and then tense up when the phone rings and then release at the lower back when I realize it's not him. I sit throughout the entire piece and it's very important what I do with my hands and feet. My eyes kept moving towards the invisible clock and TV because that's what we did that day. We just stared at the footage, exactly like she says in the monologue.

April 16, 2012

Tonight was the Fringe preview performance and 45 acts did about 3 minutes each of their show for a paying audience. I chose to do the actor monologue because it's fun, this audience can relate to the creative types, and the energy in the building was fun. In hindsight, I believe the piece is perfect in the whole show, but out of context it takes a while to warm up to. Out of context it looks like I'm just an asshole who is mocking the events of 9/11. The first joke didn't get a laugh and felt a couple of groans and then a few people realized it was a comedy piece and laughed out loud at the next joke and that lightened up the crowd. I had a weird feeling when I did the reading on 9/11 that people took time out of their schedule to see a 2 hour show that I wrote and got a completely different feeling when I looked up and saw a few hundred people listening to my words. I owned the stage for that moment. I created that moment from nothing. It got me excited about the Fringe and want the audience to live in the moment with me and be on the edge of their seats.

April 17, 2012

Our movement class is exploring monologues and how the work we've done for the past two years relates to that. I break it down into a few key points. One, the entire arc of the monologue is influenced by who you're talking to and what you want. Even if it's a story monologue. What's the purpose of the story and is it getting you what you want? Two, a trap you can fall into as an actor is being safe through the entire piece and not let anything knock you off balance. In life, we don't know what's going to happen and we react to everything whether it's big or small. Those reactions are what

drives us forward. I don't want to lose the danger and risk of these pieces and recite them like a robot no matter what impulse I'm getting. It will be interesting to watch if the moments happen as they come and nothing is preplanned. What momentum do I find in each one and what knocks me off of that steady rhythm? If we're always seeking equilibrium, but disequilibrium is interesting to watch, when do I find it in each piece and when does chaos rule over me? Three, how do I handle not getting what I want at that moment?

The fireman monologue is a good example of that. I'm telling a story. A long story. What do I want and what happens if I don't get what I want? I've been working a lot on the images and one impulse leading to the next, but now it's time to drop all that work and use it to talk to my partner and make a case for being there. Is figuring something out a good objective? What do I need from my partner if I need to figure something out? Having someone listen to something is also a bad objective because they already are, I don't need to change that. I have come up with that this fireman is talking to St Peter but doesn't know it's him. He's in an unfamiliar place and his trigger line is "What happened to you", "Do you know why you're here", or "Why do you think you survived?". That would be interesting to play. He's convincing the listener that he didn't die. That he's too tough to die. What is he trying to get from the listener by telling him the story and re-enacting it? What is he trying to get him to feel?

As for the some of the other monologues: The bartender is trying to get the guys to admit they're wrong for saying what they did and accept the fact they're heroes. I will keep explaining that to them because they refuse to listen. The actor wants his listener to feel sorry for him and show admiration for him. The Flyer guy wants his mother to accept dad is dead and how the wall is a waste of time. The Monday QB is trying to get the listener to admit how stupid his way of thinking is. The cabbie is trying to get the passengers to feel comfortable around him and not look at him as an extremist. The old man

wants his dead wife to feel guilty for dying. The 19 scum speaker wants his listeners to feel inadequate as citizens. The kid wants his listener to experience how awesome that day was. The jumper wants God to tell him everything is going to be ok. The suicide wants their listener to wrap her in a comfort blanket and tell her everything will be ok. The dog volunteer wants his listener to recognize how amazing these dogs are. The trick with that one is most of us care about dogs and why wouldn't we listen to that story. But what keeps him talking and having to make his case?

April 20, 2012

I did my own run through today just to see where I was at overall. The show ran 57 minutes and I gave it a 4 out of 10 in quality. The positives of the run were that I had 98% of the show memorized and about 60% of that was by rote. So I need to spend a little more time getting the text in my muscle memory. I felt pretty good about a few moments and felt those could be the starting embers for the entire piece. I need to keep finding specific moments in throughout and then build them one after another so that the entire 55 minutes are continuous. The biggest hurdles I need to jump are finding specific character traits for each piece and find how each of them differ from one another. The other one is finding the specific wants that drive me at the beginning of the piece and carry me to the end. If they get muddy, I feel as if I'm just going through the motions.

I don't feel it's risky at all right now. The reading did really well on its own. By putting it on its feet, what gets lost in the transfer? What stays the same? What gets better? I think the basic addition of someone to perform in front of will add stakes only because I've been living with these pieces for almost a year now.

April 25, 2012

I had to take a few days off of work on the show because I opened and closed a production of Picnic. The Sunday evening that the show closed, I felt a new part of my brain open and all the lines from Picnic drain out and allowed new space and additional time to work on 9/11. This is what I decided to do:

I have the show pretty well memorized. I feel I could get it more by rote so that when I have a new discovery in the moment, I don't have to worry about my lines escaping me since it will be there by muscle memory and I need only to depend on the impulses. What I learned at the Atlantic Theater Company was you know you have your lines by rote when you can do everyday activities and recite your lines without thinking about them. I recite my text when I'm driving, making breakfast and dinner, when I'm at the gym, and when I'm at the supermarket. I don't act the text, I just continue to get it in my muscle memory. I hate when I'm on stage and have a great moment and that moment throws my entire being off and then I have to search my brain for my next line and by that time the moment is gone.

I have also spent the last couple days doing a variation on our tremoring exercises from Voice class with Kate. While you are in a tremor, you repeat your text until it starts to become alive in your body, not just your mind. Because doing a tremor while driving is not only impossible and worse than texting, I made up my own exercise. I repeat words or sentences over and over again until images become more concrete and tactics become more specific. The other thing I play with at these times is finding the different operative words and how those words can change the rhythm of the sentence or

bring a whole new point of view to the line. For example, in the Jewish Mother piece, her line is "When he was growing up, I'd always tell him to call when he gets there. Well, you know he never would". I repeated this line a hundred different ways trying completely different tempos and inflections and explored what was happening. Sometimes it came across funny. Sometimes it came across disappointed. Sometimes it was a memory that she hadn't thought about in a while. I wasn't searching to find which one was "correct", I enjoyed playing with them so that the lines started having a wide range of personalities. I could spend an hour on one monologue. Repeating and repeating. I might look like a crazy person to an outsider, but it's really been working.

I was doing this work with the dog monologue and came up with a weird delivery for the line "I've gotten attached to this one named Cowboy". It made the guy seem goofy and happy. I went back and did some of the other lines with the same point of view and it worked. It could be kind of fun to have a character like him in the show without putting it on so it looks like I'm doing funny voices. There are 17 characters in this show. They all can't be the same. They have different ways of talking and moving. I'm finding the more important thing is that they all have different points of view and specific ways of communicating them.

April 27, 2012

Watched some Youtube clips on 9/11 to try to hear what was going on in the voices of those that were on the phone with loved ones in the final minutes, such as my first piece. I listened to one guy call from the 105th floor and the last thing you heard was "OH GOD!" and you heard loud banging and that was the building falling. It was a recording of his last second on earth. It shook me up pretty good. I

hope these 17 pieces capture a certain essence of the day and give the audience an idea of the horrors and doesn't come across as too theatrical or safe.

The one thing he said that I added to my show was "I'm not ready to die". That speaks volumes about what this show's message is. At that moment when our lives are turned upside down, will we regret our choices or be happy with what we've accomplished? Who are we going to leave behind? Did we live each day to the fullest or did we live in a way that we were spreading everything out over a 75 year span?

The other line that a woman said to her husband before he died was "You're coming home tonight!" There was so much optimism in those words. It was not only a slice of hope for him but she was trying to reassure herself. I've added those two lines in the show at different points.

April 28, 2012

The Nettle exercise (as I now call it) is having an insane amount of success. By repeating words and phrases over and over again I am finding all the different points of view in the entire piece. They don't have to just change the entire character, but a word here and there can bring so much life to a line that I skipped by previously. I'm paying extra close attention to descriptive words, I'm able to paint a more vivid picture for the listener. Words such as all, never, please, nothing, entire, small, and but are speaking volumes in the text. It's the way that this person is describing what they went through. They picked that specific word and not another one. Why? It has to be looked at as a reason. I can't continue to gloss over them and hope the listener knows what I mean.

April 29, 2012

Rehearsal with Trevin.

These were his notes.

#1- Woman on the phone- Build on the no's. Cut him off.

Find transition from sadness, to anger, to terror. The please is the end of that cycle.

Blame him for not trying. Then try again!! Then blame the terrorists? Who do I turn to?

I felt nauseous.

#2- Moments- Why was I there? ask the question. wait a second

Find annoyance with him having to go get the change. Comment but have a point of view. The death is break.

Death is the transition

Don't lose the How do I live moment. There's movement all over the place at end. Be specific. Deliver lines out to audience.

#3- Jewish Mother- Make sure I keep the anticipation to frustration (annoyance) in each call.

Times don't change- look at phone? It's a moment.

Same with the burying parents.

This monologue is melancholy awareness of life and death. This is her way of coping with death.

Almost shut down, but not all the way. She is in a dizzy state of mind.

He's fine until I hear something otherwise.

I need to get off the phone with you cause my son is going to call.

#4- Firemen-

When I see Jimmy- See Jimmy. Stage left not Stage right. Share it with audience.

Find the roller coaster of this piece. So many various emotions.

Roast Beef is truly horrible moment. I've seen crazy shit but this is different.

Face up when the first building falls. Show your face.

As the Lord is my witness- first realization of him realizing it's heaven?

Firetrucks on fire is a forced laugh. Make yourself laugh about it.

Take beat before "Then a calmness". Take audience on transition with you.

Find relief of leg not hurting.

Find more connection to I'm a victim. I save people. I'm a hero. How did this happen.

So much happens. Keep finding individual arches and moments.

Find ALL the moments and realizations. It will bring out the joy and exciting to move forward.

#5- Flyers-

Finding the footing was good.

Mom he's dead- definitive statement.

Missing- sympathetic stupidity. Mom, you're not that stupid. Missing? Mom. Come on.

Try to keep it out more and take in ALL of the flyers.

I'll just try to find someone else- go back to the wall. Sarcasm.

Age of character is working. Voice and body is working.

He is becoming his mother's support.

#6- QB

Had a lot to drink coupled with anger and underfed and under rested. Raw energy.

More aggressive.

Fuck you is not just to this person but to terrorists, God, and life.

Go further with beginning. Turn on what did you just say asshole?

Don't let energy upstage the dialogue. Don't let physicality get so big that we start watching that.

Don't do laugh on no head. Challenge him on that. What would you have done?

May I have another drink so I can be calm and forget. Get right into their face and not turn away.

#7- Cabbie

Park car when you say happy.

Offer to take picture of them and that reminds you of taking picture.

Find awkward moments. 2- Talking about kids in Afghanistan and black people. Change the subject and get happier.

Engage them in the story

#8- Ground

Beginning- take comfort in being able to express to her how she died.

I figured it out in my head, so this is it. I need to explain it to you.

Tell her the plain facts about herself.

It's about the relationship we had with our significance others.

Let me explain how you died in case you want to know.

Just because you disappeared you are still my "soul mate".

Lesley is gossip moment.

Not everything is reaction to her saying "everything?"

touching the ground when I say "touch your skin".

Be positive when I say I'll be back. Cause when I'm here, you're alive.

#9- 19 Guys

Make us want to change the world every night.

Improvise it every night.

Go with the flow.

Find the Passion

Find the Key moments

Make it personal to the audience

#10- Kid

Raise hand for show and tell

Build more. Climax it. Buildings fall and smoke and stuff.

Realize I'm in school.

Find the abandon of it. Quasi aware that it was bad but it is cool.

Fascination of it happening but knowing it hurt people.

Innocent abandon.

#11- Jumper

Fully abandonment was achieved.

Naked raw, confusion.

Total Abandonment.

Let it go.

#12- Actor

Everyone needs to hear how unbelievable my story is

Again, total abandonment.

#13- Suicide

Trevin is keeping on the abandonment issue. I keep finding it.

More point of view on the descriptions.

Smell, flags, burger king.....

Krapps Last Tape

Just want it over with

#14- Dogs

Pun- Him at his best

Character has extraordinary heart

Loves that he smiles a lot

They're not victims- extraordinary amount of pride in that

His social skills are off cause he's an animal person

All levels of humanity that was touched by this

#15- Bartender

Find humility

Be embarrassed

Find more antithesis

Hate talking about myself

#16- Romantic ending

Live the Love every night

Liked being open the whole time while sitting

#17 - Artist

April 30, 2012

Trevin had a long talk with me today about my performance of the show. He felt that I was holding back and wanted to know why. I confessed that I had just finished two years of training and they were filled with many highs and lows. The lows seemed to be revealing themselves in my performance and he stated it was quite obvious. Some of the lows had added themselves up together and caused me to constantly act hiding behind my low self-confidence and low self-esteem.

He decided to move the rehearsals off campus to give me a “fresh start”. He wanted me to abandon what I was believing about myself and let myself ride above my self-doubts.

May 1, 2012

Abandonment is the word of rehearsals now. We have three weeks left and Trevin said my run through today was about a 7.75 out of 10. He says I'll get to 10 when I stop being safe and throw caution to the wind and start trusting all the work I've done on it. That is my goal. I feel I run lines and do my Nettle exercises throughout the day and when I hit the stage, I want to avoid spelling out the text and story for the audience because that is a trap I have always gone to. There is a part of me and my acting that feels if I trust myself and don't add anything that it will come out dull and no stakes. The opposite side of me thinks that if I add variety and inflection that I'll slip into "tricks" that make it sound interesting but avoids the way people would really talk in that situation. It's a trust game. I lose that game a lot. It's a word that is frowned upon in studio, but when do I, Jason Nettle, just talk and not tell a story with stakes in it? Have I ever not been interesting when I speak matter of fact? It's an exercise

that I definitely need an outside eye for. I have been pushing a little too much my entire career and need to shave it down and have someone tell me "that's still fine at that level". I always try a little too hard in everything I do. On stage, having the frame of mind to **do some great acting** can actually get in the way of being honest and real. I'm a comic actor. I like to use hands and voices to tell stories. Am I able to have the same percentage of effect on someone when I sit still and tell a story than when I'm high energy and using comic timing. I need feedback to know I'm being successful at that.

May 2, 2012

Notes from run thru with Trevin:

#1- You're coming home TONIGHT. By hitting this word it makes it more heartbreaking and that sense of optimism that we know won't last. I didn't hear him say goodbye before I said "I don't want to say goodbye". That trigger needs to be there or it comes out of nowhere and means nothing.

#2- Try to make a slap sound on steel line. It not only changes the mood but that's the final moment to an extreme build up. Find the weight of "Terrorists take it all into account". Find the potency for "It's too much pressure".

#3- What is the thought process when the silent phone call comes? Does she think that's him?

#4- Stay seated until the dispatch to South Tower line. The piece wants to move in a different direction there and I can help that physically by moving stage right. Find joy in talking about my wife and kid at the end of the monologue. Continue to work on leading up to calmness. How do I get back? Ask the question. Don't play the trap of knowing he won't.

#5- Keep the teenage sarcasm and find more when he says "I'll search for someone else".

#6- Clearly define WHY I say fuck you at the beginning and at the end and how they differ and where they come from.

#7- When the cab driver says Indiana, it sounds like India which is relatable. He keeps grasping at straws. Take moment to say goodbye at end.

#8- One of the many things I love about her is saying hello to the security guard. Careful not to brush off the dust too harshly because that is her.

#9- Find energy in the 1st half that i have in the 2nd.

#10- Find hurt in why mom told me to stop playing knock the towers down.

#11- No notes

#12- The IPA section was genius

#13- Find irony in tanks being outside of my apartment

#14- Avoid swaying

#15- Take lean in on the bar earlier. It engages the listener.

#16- Find more charm in this character. Find any physicality in the piece even though I'm sitting.

#17- No notes

The show ran about an hour and I felt good. It starts finding new places when I do the whole show in consecutive days.

May 3, 2012

First preview in Hilliard, Ohio. Show ran a bit longer than an hour but felt very good with

communicating the story. There were about 25 people in the audience. I knew practically everyone and they were all friends from childhood and college and family. This made me feel very comfortable because everyone was supportive but at the same time I was nervous because I didn't know what they were expecting and they were taking time out of their days to experience this piece that I created from nothing.

The audience was composed of many people who knew theater and some that were just supporting a friend. Upon finishing the show I had a talk back/feedback session. The first comment that was made was the placement within the whole show of the cab driver. He felt it was very jarring and since the first 6 were serious and all dealt with death in some way, that it felt as if it were too character-ish. He also wasn't sure if he should've been laughing at that point. This comment caused the most debate and discussion at the talk back because most of the people loved the placement of the cab driver. My dad made a great point by saying that the first six started getting you thinking how bad Muslims were even though I never came out and said it. The cab driver reminded him that these were extremists and there were many Arabs who were falsely accused and didn't have any connection to Afghanistan. One of my friends said it was the saddest piece for him because it made him see how racial profiling affects everyone.

The basis of this conversation kept leading us back to humor. Everyone thought it was funny but almost felt bad laughing. Because this was a preview I asked if anything would change that feeling. We threw around some ideas and came up with possibly adding a lighter piece before the cab driver to light the mood. I decided that the bartender instead of the drunk would be a good fit because the drunk is a bit darker. This was against the suggestion to put the cab driver near the beginning of the show. As these discussions continued, I became affirmed in the fact that artists will never be able to please

everyone.

Even though this is an acting thesis, it was clear that the audience could've cared less about my acting, tactics, breath, and inflections. I had done my job in the rehearsal room to convey these characters as truthfully as possible so by the time I presented them to an audience, they only cared about what the story was. Isn't that all we're trying to do as actors? The main conversation evolved into "I was..... that morning of Sept 11th". The show triggered memories in everyone and they all differed from one another. It was a sharing moment for 30 minutes or so but I chuckled inside because it was an example of one of the pieces I wrote for the reading that described how we all find the danger or excitement in how we experienced that day and how it was different than anyone else. "I remember that morning and (so and so) called me and said (blank and blank) and as I watched I thought (fill in the blank that had something to do with their connection to NYC or the towers). It was a defining moment for our country and every single person who remembers that day. That what this show does, it reminds us of that day and makes us relive those feelings we had.

My best friend from high school asked the very important question, "What does the title mean?"

A few people had doubts coming into the show and some had preconceived notions about what they'd see and it seemed none of them were fulfilled. My friend said "I wanted to see how we have forgotten". My simple question to him was if he feels he had forgotten certain parts of that day or the feelings that arose from Sept. 11th. He said yes and I told him that I feel the title does its job then. I don't feel that I need to come out on stage and hold your hand through what we have forgotten, because the truth is that we all have forgotten different things and who am I to tell you what you've forgotten. Some might take away a feeling of hope that doesn't even have a connection to 9/11. The

message of the show is those feelings we established in ourselves and our community and how they have faded or maybe they haven't, but it's our job to be aware of them. It's not my job. My dad was reminded of Pearl Harbor and said that when that happened no one could ever believe that in 50 years, Dec 7th would come and go without even an acknowledgment of what happened in 1941. Will that eventually happen to 9/11?

This became even more evident when I received many text messages and emails later that night and then the next day and continuing into the weekend. Most everyone said it took them awhile to process what they saw on stage and certain emotions didn't surface at that moment, but later when they were watching TV or talking to a parent. Some said that it was such a catharsis in the moment that they needed some time to reflect. These comments and the discussion about the title put this project on a whole new level of what I was doing. To me, it was a whole new level of art that I was creating.

May 4, 2012

The second night was just as successful. I moved a couple things around and decided to put the bartender at #6 and completely dropping the drunk. The show ran 53 minutes. That's pushing it, especially if I add the drunk back in. I want to consistently come in at 55 minutes or I could get cut off.

The audience didn't see the show the previous night so they didn't have anything to compare it to, but they did laugh a bit more at the cab driver and when asked at the talk back, they said they didn't feel so bad at laughing because they knew it was meant to be funny. Do I have any proof that the switch was the cause of that? No. During the talk back I kept making references to the drunk and they made me do it, so I did and there was almost a unanimous decision that it should be kept in. So does that

mean it works better at the end? I'm not sure but I do want to put it in the second half.

There was no reference to the cab driver, but the discussion led back to memories and what the title meant to everyone. The pieces that stood out the most to people were the Porch Light guy, the romantic ending, the dogs, the fireman, and the Jewish mother. Those were the pieces that touched something genuine in people. Some other feedback I got was the Moments piece came across a bit farcical and was compared to the "Who's on First" routine. I think that had to do my delivery and without having a point of view on certain things, it came across as patter. The discussion turned to ideas that other people had that could be included in the show. Examples were non New Yorkers, soldiers, old people, more stories about specifically what happened to me, and the examples I said I had written that they seemed to want to see. These suggestions merely told me that they liked what they saw and wanted to see more with the same kind of structure but different points of view. That was exciting to hear.

May 9, 2012

Today was my first day back since the preview performances. A lot of different things dictated my rehearsal today. I had spent the past two days at Disney with my girlfriend, I was tired, I woke up at 4:30 am to take my roommate to the airport, I said goodbye to her after living with her for two years, and then came home and spent three hours cleaning up the apartment and doing the chores she should have done before she left. An hour into the rehearsal, Trevin stopped and said I wasn't being productive in my work. He said there was a hint of anger and disgust in every line I was saying that day.

We talked at length about the past few days of my life and he was convinced that everything

had snowballed into this moment during rehearsal. What this rehearsal showed me was that the outside life of an actor can show itself in the work if the actor's preparation doesn't dissolve it. I was angry and tired. I didn't feel that I was performing in a negative way, I was just trying to live in the moment. Trevin felt so much resistance and attitude coming from me, he knew that it was pointless to keep going on. I had spent two days in the sun at Disney and he said my physical energy was down. I woke up at 4:30 AM so that was no help in getting my head on straight. I had to throw out bags and bags of garbage that wasn't mine and do dishes for a party that I didn't throw. He said when I walked into the studio, he instantly knew he had to walk on eggshells around me.

After we talked, I was concerned for myself in the future. What kind of things affect us on a daily basis that we don't even realize creep into the work? I know we're supposed to leave our "shit" at the door but what if you think you do but don't actually release all of it. I figured a better and thorough warm up before rehearsal would've helped. Some tremoring or yoga positions would have cleared my mind and body. That's what I've learned in grad school that those are actually two places that tension and anxiety need to be released from. It's not enough to clear your head because the tension will sneak into muscles. Being aware of breath will give you a signal of what is going on in the full body. Full breaths will give you an idea that the whole body is released, shallow breaths mean it's getting caught somewhere.

The moment that I became embarrassed in rehearsal was when I finished #5 as the teenager with an attitude to his mom and as I was delivering it, I felt really good because it felt completely different. That feeling came across to me that I had taken the piece to the next level. When I finished I was expecting Trevin to say "Wow". He remained silent for about 15 seconds which made me think he was even more impressed with my mastery of the acting craft. "What else has happened to you today

in that apartment that I don't know about?" It was his way of saying the complete opposite of what I thought he was going to say. That feeling that I experienced of it being completely different was spot on. Unfortunately, it had taken a few steps backwards. He said the whole rehearsal felt as if I refused to let any vulnerability in and had a sarcastic delivery for everything that was given to my imaginary listener as "Hey stupid, listen to this". I did not argue with him but those few minutes summed up what the tension work we had done for the past two years in school.

Until that moment in rehearsal, we worked the first 4 pieces with specific moments and imagery.

#1- Even though the piece is short, Trevin thinks it can be split up into three sections: Recognition, Relief, Reversal. The note that I received at my preview performance was not playing this piece in the frame of my nine we are in 10 years later. That means we now know that no one above the point of impact made it out alive. At that moment, there was still hope. We were hoping the firemen would get there and save them before the smoke and fire killed them. We didn't know the towers would fall and there was a time frame. She is happy when it's him on the other line. There is still hope. It's not that he says he is going to die, it's he doesn't know how he's going to survive. There needs to be that moment in the monologue that she knows it'll be the last words she says to him. That's the recognition that's missing right now. What is behind that "No"? What would she have said if he didn't give her a beat change at that moment?

#2- Trevin said he liked where this one was going the more that I backtrack and try to make a case for it as a lawyer would. There are questions within the piece and if I ask the questions and then use the following lines to try to answer that question, the more it moves. I could continue to try to make the entire piece a build. Within that build, I need to make each specific moment have a value so

that it's not a wash of words and images. Trevin gave me the note to find more vulnerability when I realize I could change the world in a second, but as we got up to #5, vulnerability was not going to be played in this rehearsal. Once I do realize I could change the world, how much more careful do I become with the words and my movements?

#3- Trevin liked my simple change of crossing my feet or legs as the Jewish mother and stroking my leg. It wasn't much but it gave a huge feminine feeling to it.

#4- Trevin admits and agrees with me that this is the hardest piece in the show. It was a challenge to write and it's not black and white with what's going on so it can get tricky to play it in the right direction. There are a few things going on at the same time. He's talking to God but doesn't realize it, he's reliving the past, he's dead, his senses are taking the best of him, he realizes he's dead, then he tries to convince the listener in the moment of discovery. Trevin thinks I can still move much further into the imagery and disgust of some those. The first thing that propels me into the memories is the sounds of the jumpers. If it was a mob, it would be like a flashback. At the moment when the 2nd tower falls on me, he thinks it's still too safe and choreographed. It would really work if my body and voice were as crazy as the moment actually was.

Trevin thinks, and I completely agree with him, that the image of the water and washing of blood and dirt off of me needs a lot more. It's the most surreal moment of the piece and could use more description, vocally and physically. It's as if the shower is actually a metaphor of cleaning the physical soul off of me which leaves the spirit to realize his fate. Trevin even used the phrase "cleansing the souls of the 19 hijackers". I might need a few days to wrap my head around that one.

Trevin believes the only thing that is missing in this piece is trust and honesty. He feels I'm commenting on a few moments because they might be just too real to me and where I don't want to go.

The text itself is painful to listen to. In order to relive it is a whole other monster.

May 10, 2012

Trevin said taking the night off and detoxing my brain helped a lot for today's rehearsal. What really showed was even though a lot of the piece is dramatic and sad, I bring a sense of optimism and a lighthearted life to them when I'm in a good mood. It's really what makes the show able to be taken in for an hour and performed night after night. Even when I was doing Cabaret, we were always down at the end, but starting the show the next night or the evening show was doable because it started off fun. If it was tragic from beginning to end, no one would be able to be taken on the journey of it.

#6- Im noticing the cab driver is getting into a different zone. Because of my preview performance, I realized how serious the subject is but done in a comical way. I like being able to play both of those. I can deliver the comic lines with a stand up feel but turn instantly back to the danger of the situation. I think in the next rehearsal, I want to have Trevin actually be the person in the back seat and see how that affects the way I say the lines. What lines are conversation starters and when do I lose their attention?

#7- I can still play the antithesis more between these firemen and my bartending. I've been over emphasizing the volume and inflection of each side so I can start differentiating between the two in the moment.

#8- We talked a lot about the age of this speaker. Trevin felt I played it a little too old today and it distracted him from the story. He and I both agreed we saw the man as just retiring and his wife approaching retirement since she still works in the story. I've been playing with a lot of different

physical choices and some seem too young. Like sitting with both knees bent and my arms wrapped around them seems to 20 something-ish. Trevin talked about how it worked falling into a younger physicality when I spoke of the past because it looked like I was reliving it. I joked that it was my Benjamin Button character.

#9- The debate began and never ended until we called an English teacher and asked if the phrase was "has been awakened" or "has been awoken". It wasn't really a debate, we both thought each one would work. The awakened phrase was decided on by the teacher who knew. I have been reading the newest book on 9/11 titled *The Eleventh Hour* which explains everything from the birth of Bin Laden, the Soviet occupancy in Afghanistan, all the way to the killing of Osama last year. There were new figures that have been confirmed since the other books were published. The two that I have added to this monologue in the last week are 644 people have been confirmed dying from respiratory problems linked to the air that they worked in at ground zero after the attacks. The other one that is mind blowing but not surprising is the estimated cost of these attacks to NYC in the past ten years is anywhere from 85-93 billion dollars. This monologue has had people talking since I first performed it at the reading eight months ago. Trevin says he enjoys sitting back and listening to me every time I perform this and it was my mom's favorite last week. To be honest, it's my favorite one to perform because it comes straight from my heart and there are so many different levels I can play without doing a lot of "acting" work. I love reciting every fact I have found because it challenges the audience and it builds to a stand off. It could possibly be the most vulnerable point in the show because when someone feels challenged they want to argue back, but they can't in the middle of a show and I feel the tension in the air. I remain strong and smirk, and my subtext is "You know I'm right".

#10-17- I hit a stride and realized Trevin put his notebook down and allowed himself to be

entertained. After, he said he had no notes and said I'm ready for an audience. I realize that after #9, all of the characters have a very distinctive trait and it's easier to switch from one to the other than the first half. The first half deals with a lot of describing death and living in the past. The second half of the show allows me to have fun within the character and the first half makes me work a bit harder. I also believe because I work so hard in the first half, the second half is going downhill and I let the raft move and I hold on and enjoy the ride.

May 12, 2012

Tech day!! I woke up nervous and my head spinning. Vandy and Trevin were meeting me there and I started realizing for the first time, my journey with this show begins and ends not only with the acting of this show, but also marketing, publicizing, arranging, advertising, building awareness, believing, hiring, building relationships, reaching out, and having final say of the production. I believe this is when the stress and overwhelming feeling begins. My to-do list has now grown longer and even more specific. For a while, my to-do list was memorize, rewrite, and write in my thesis journal. Today's to do list was: bring tape, bring gun, update all three of my Facebook sites that deal with this show, find 10 minutes of documentary footage that isn't too dark, meet with Heather and finalize layout and font of programs, drive 20 miles to printing place that offers discount, email friends who will help me promote show while I'm performing or bartending, arrange a time we can meet and discuss the plan, find out where my parents and my brother are staying, figure out what nights they are coming to see it, continue to email and offer comps to blog writers, artistic directors, and directors around Orlando who will further my career after this, print out paper for marketing idea, talk to Vandy about the board she's going to work on that and those papers will go on for my marketing idea.... and ten or twelve other things.

Tech went better than I could ever expect. Even though there were only three lighting trees, the specificity of the lights and colors let Vandy and Trevin do a lot of creative things. For the first time I felt I was handing over my baby to them and spent the rehearsal like most actors at tech rehearsal and remained silent and went where I was told to go. They were able to isolate the stage and create a mood with each monologue. There was also the capability of timing between each light cue which allowed

more drama whether it was a sudden blackout or a 15 second cross fade into the next one. Trevin and Vandy were very happy with the way it looked by the end and Trevin said it added a whole new level to the show.

May 16, 2012

Did my final run thru in Rehearsal room #2 today and as I delivered my last line, Trevin stood up, hugged me and said I was beyond ready. He had no notes for me.

Opening Night

May 18, 2012

Opening night. At 10 PM the show began with 50-60 friends, family members, and strangers sitting in the audience. I knew most of the audience members so it there was a huge relief from too much pressure. The thing I was most content about was that I started the show in a very comfortable place. I was worried I would have that "it took me a while to get warmed up and hit my stride" energy. I felt the first piece was just as strong as my last.

Some very strange things occurred during the show for me. I broke down and cried three times which is not something normal that happens to me on stage. I believe I am a very emotionally protective person. What happened when I felt the tears coming out and that feeling of giving over happening, was also the fight to keep them back which I believe is much more captivating to watch as an audience member. The three times I broke down was at the end of #4 when the fireman begs to go back to life. I

felt my eyes tear up and I found myself fighting the thoughts of "Oh My God, I'm crying! What do I do?!" That would have been the extreme moment of failure because I allowed myself to give over to the moment but would have instantly been outside looking in and judging. The second time was in the middle of #16 when I see my fiance leaning against the door. This was not just a cry, I felt my whole body searching for breath and feeling my voice going extremely high. I did fight this feeling a bit because I would have been a blubbing idiot on stage and no one would have understood anything I said. The final moment that was kind of shocking was during #17 when I was expressing myself and giving a prologue for the entire piece. I'll be honest and say that this break down was discovery that I had done it. I spent almost two years conceiving and writing this piece and here I was on stage at the Orlando Fringe Festival reciting the lines that I pulled out of my head a year ago and people were paying and being affected by them. Just writing that section got me choked up. Here I was speaking about art and the impact it has on peoples' lives and I was living the example, not just thinking it.

Overall, I believe it was a very successful opening night and show. I didn't have any moments of memory loss or complete mess ups. What I felt was another accomplishment was performing for an hour and very seldom thought about the audience or who was there or how I thought I was doing or judging how I delivered a line after it came out. This was the reason I came to grad school in the first place. The simple action of removing myself from what was happening in the moment on stage was a huge reason my believability suffered in years past. How did I do this? The answer is going to sound as simple as when people answer the question "How did you lose weight" with "I watched what I ate and exercised more". It's common sense. I achieved this by doing what I learned in my 20 years of theater and grad school: Preparation. It starts off with complete knowledge and memorization of the lines. The memorization is any actor's job. I believe an actor needs to know his lines by rote so it becomes muscle

memory and no matter what happens on stage or within the actor, he doesn't have to search for the next line. The knowledge is where the fun begins. Images, key words, rhythm, breath, physicality, tactics, and personalization are only a few things to help this process. I have spent months on this text and every line has its own personalization, image, and text work. By the time I got on stage I only had to focus on that work and allow myself to trust myself and ride the roller coaster. The only variable was the audience and that energy helped me commit more at times because I felt they wanted me to go to certain places. That is a great feeling.

May 19, 2012

Matinee show at 12:30 PM. I felt a lot of momentum coming off of last night and my parents were in the audience today. I wasn't as nervous about the show today but for the first time felt as if I didn't break down during the Romantic Ending or got overwhelmed with emotion, that the show wouldn't be as good as before. As if the tears were a mark of success for the show. I did break down again and it's a strange feeling overall. I'm not the type to get emotional and have never been able to do it on cue.

My parents loved the show and said it was much more powerful to watch with the light cues compared to the preview performances in Ohio. They said the jumper monologue had a completely different impact with the lights off around me. The light shifts helped differentiate the characters and places for them too.

Energy on stage is just as important as the energy off stage. There is a reason matinees always have a shrug of the shoulders kind of feeling to it. Most people are not ready to be taken a very

emotional ride so early in the day. They have just had their coffee and still are waking up. I believe entertainment is intended for the evening. As an audience member, your body has gone through all the motions in the day. If you're not at work, your body and mind would rather be resting in front of a TV or outside. Going through the experience of 9/11 at 12:30 in the afternoon is asking a lot. I believe the audience was listening and were affected, but not the same way I felt last night.

The hard part about writing the performance journals is I'm at the point in my acting where I'm not really editing or judging my work in the moment. If I deliver a certain word or certain phrase in a remarkable way, I use it to propel me into the next phrase, seldom do I think "Ooh, that was great, let me make a mental note of that and put it in my journal later tonight. Why? Because the moment I do that I'm completely out of it and have conned the audience into watching someone offer them a thesis package instead of the energy of the moment established. It has happened both last night and today that someone has said I liked it when you did _____, and I have to take their word for it because honestly I don't remember.

May 20, 2012

Evening show at 6PM. Today was very tough for me because a review came out in the Orlando Weekly and the content made start doubting what I was doing. I was taking a huge chance on a show and topic that some people would consider taboo. The reviewer said that if you're a great actor you can do something that is "too soon" at any time. He then said that I was not a great actor, but a good actor. Not going into his critique about the writing of the show and why he considered certain pieces not well placed or ill conceived, the quality of my acting was the hardest thing to hear. Simply put, I came back to grad school to make the transformation from being a good actor to a great actor. I've been a good actor since high school. I've always been able to step just above the mediocrity line whenever I've stepped on stage. I came to the conclusion that what kept me from having my breakout moment in NYC was that was just what I was...good. I wanted to be great. I wanted to come to school and fill the holes that I considered weak and reinforce the parts that have always been part of my bag of tricks and gotten me every part that I have ever had. Coming right out and reading that I was only "good" was a punch in the stomach. Of course it was only one person's opinion and who knows what the given circumstances were of Mr. Reviewer, but it was the same as someone who joined the gym and hired a personal trainer because they were fat and 2 years later after working your ass off someone says, you are fat. It just sucks to hear.

Although, it was the crowd tonight that will give me the courage and optimism for the rest of the run. A lot of friends were in the audience and most importantly, Tod Booth, who is the Artistic Director of the Alhambra Dinner Theatre and my employer next year and has been in the business for over 40 years. Tod took me aside after and said there were moments that happened on that stage that couldn't

have been done better than the greatest actor in the world. He said the show was magical and his only critique was having such a strong climax (19 guys) and not topping it in the last monologue. He thought the flow between characters was effortless and he could see the life of each separate character almost instantly.

His daughter, Jessie, had to excuse herself for about 10 minutes after because she was crying hysterically in the bathroom. She said that the message of the play was one of the strongest she had seen on stage. She was only familiar with my comic acting and was extremely impressed with my dramatic work. I had friends who were quite speechless after and could only communicate with a tearful hug.

The stamina of the show is still a workout. It's 55 minutes of moment to moment work, emotional ups and downs, and being physically present. I come out of the gate running and don't stop for about 56 minutes. The moment the lights come up I have 10 minutes to get my entire set and cords put away in my assigned place, pack up my stuff, and get the hell out of the theater. My friends who come see the show don't realize this pressure I'm under and want to talk and congratulate me after the show. I love every single one of them and appreciate every single word they say, but I don't have the time. If I go one minute over, I'm fined. I probably seem like an asshole because I'm emotionally and physically exhausted and am focused on doing all of my duties by myself and people want to talk about how I came up with certain parts. "I'll meet you outside" I repeat a dozen times.

May 21, 2012.

The only time you should ever perform in front of a paying audience at 11:30 PM is when you're at a microphone and the words "Laugh Factory" are printed on a brick wall behind you. Doing a drama about 9/11 at 11:30 at night on a Monday night in front of an audience who had a long weekend of performing and partying? That is a recipe for a disaster (Pardon the pun). I did my show to the best of my ability and had a very decent crowd for 11:30 at night, but really got no kind of energy coming back at me. The artistic director of the festival, Michael, came tonight and had trouble staying awake. The pressure he was under and having finished his first weekend, I'm surprised he even came. The audience consisted mostly of fellow Fringe artists and a few friends from school.

Two new friends I made at the festival came to see it and they do an amazing drag show and stopped me after to tell me that the whole topic of 9/11 intrigues them and when they entered, they said they felt guilty about looking forward to seeing it. The best story which has me thinking about a new monologue I'll write is one of them actually had their first gay experience the night of Sept. 10th and woke up in the afterglow of sex to all of this happening. I told him that he was the reason it all happened because Pat Robertson blamed the homosexuals for terrorism coming to our shores.

May 22, 2012.

Word is starting to spread about my show and I'm starting to get people in the audience who I've never met before. I'm being stopped on the lawn and in other venues and told how appreciative people are of my courage and talent. I was told today by one individual who has been coming to the Fringe for

years, that it was one of the best shows they had ever seen here. He asked me what my plans for the show would be after the festival and I mentioned that I wanted to tour around to other Fringes and he said I absolutely had to do that, "This show is something for the world to see". I talked to a couple of the other one person show performers and asked them about the Fringe tour. One girl said, "Oh, you're one of us now. This is what you're expected to do now". I feel like I was initiated in some kind of artist fraternity and it feels great!

I noticed something during the second monologue today. If the audience laughs during this one, they will laugh and react vocally a lot more during the show. I've been five for five in this observation. I believe that's the monologue that's the gateway to allowing themselves to laugh and not be so afraid of the subject matter. Saturday afternoon and Monday night was extremely quiet during that piece and by the time I got to the actor monologue, it was stifled laughter by a majority. The other three nights so far has been a comedian's dream by the time the actor monologue comes up. Thankfully, the audience members who have no problem expressing their bellowing laughs have been just as forthcoming with their tears and weeping. I notice that when I hear sniffing and choking up, I don't feel bad, but optimistic that they're right where I want them and know they are going to be treated to more amazing feelings coming up. If I'm up on the desk about to jump from the tower and I see the wiping of eyes, a faint thought of "just stay with me folks, I'll get you through this" crosses my mind.

I'm still breaking down at the climax of the young couple monologue (which still comes out at the top as most everyone's favorite). I can't explain it. The best way to describe it is by saying I allow the emotion to happen and trust it. Besides that, I don't have any technical explanation or tricks of the trade I apply to this moment.

May, 23, 2012

My first day off in a very long time.

May 24, 2012

My second day off in a very long time. I am so appreciative of a few of my students who have really been going out of their way to help promote the show. Rebecca, Kim, Danielle, Brooke, Shanequa, Olivia, and Ross have been roaming the compound and trying to get everyone to come. There have been times that I have talked to people and they've said, "Oh yeah, I talked to your 9/11 girls."

May 18

Lady Gaga once said in an interview what it was like to present your own material for judgement, acceptance, and entertainment, she said "it's like showing your vagina to the world"..... I now know what it's like to show Lady Gaga's vagina to the world.

May 25, 2012

Friday night at 9PM. Ah, cell phones. One of the reasons I hate the world. If I had it all over to do again I would have stopped in the middle of my final monologue and said, "I'll wait, I've got some cool shit to say". It went off during the middle of my final piece and he went searching through his bag but couldn't find it so he just let it keep going. Then right before the final sentence, the voice mail tone went off. I had a lot of friends from school see the show that night and I asked them what the final piece was about and no one knew how to respond, so they said "cellphone". The final piece of a 55 minute show which wraps everything up and is supposed to send the audience out into the world optimistic and wanting to face the challenges we have was lost to someone who had to call and leave a message of "Where are you, you crazy bitch. We're drunk!"

May 26, 2012

Final show. Matinee performance at 2:30 PM and now that the Fringe is closing and the word has spread all over the place, I came a few seats short of selling out today. I think it was my most vocal audience, but honestly I was already quite dizzy. I was overcome by the fact that my two year journey was coming to a close. I was able to thank everyone I wanted to and especially David Lee, who was in the audience that day, for convincing me to take a chance and submit it to the Fringe.

May 28, 2012

The day after Fringe. I woke up to another review which was extremely positive about the show itself but said the dreaded line that will follow this show for a long time: "I put off seeing this show because of the content". Everyone says 9/11 is still too fresh to have a show about. That's kind of funny because the show is about how we have moved on as a country and forgotten that optimistic and united feeling we had after the attacks. The show also presents some facts and points of views that most of the country are oblivious to. The attacks were very disturbing and have been part of the mentality of our country for a decade, but most people have no connections to the people there or any tragic feelings about the day. Many people said they watched the attacks on TV like it was a movie. I need to find out what that specific thing is that they are scared of seeing or witnessing. I believe one of the presupposed ideas is that it's going to be a very amateur show that isn't done well and they think I'm going to be running around the stage as if I'm being chased by a falling tower and screaming really loud. The Fringe Festival isn't packed with a lot of amazing acting talent. It's packed with a lot of "out there" ideas, but the simple honest communicating of human emotions and tactics is lost in a lot of shows. I don't know if I could sit through an hour of bad acting and melodramatic moments about one of the worst days of our country.

Again, the humorous moments stand out to people. The Cab Driver, the Actor, 19 Guys, and the Romantic Ending always gets the highest praise. That's 4 of 17. What is going on in the other 13 pieces that could be improved or are they good the way they are because people aren't going to comment on the dramatic pieces? I'll spend the next couple weeks getting responses from people about the entire show after they let it sink in a bit. As the festival was wrapping up, many people stopped me and said how moving and inspirational the show was. One gentleman asked if I'd tour the country with it and I said I

was planning on it and he looked me right in the eyes and said "Make everyone hear it. Everyone needs to see this show. Don't just tour the country, tour the world."

It continues to make me chuckle that so many people were moved by my show at the Fringe since the show could have been seen between viewings of "Everybody Loves Chlamydia" and the Burlesque and Drag Queen shows.

REFLECTION

It is now January 10th, 2013. It's been over seven months since I performed the show and over two years since I came up with the idea of writing it. To be blunt, it was a success. I could find dozens of things that I would have changed or I should have done differently, but when has anyone done anything absolutely perfectly? I think it could be summed up by a conversation I had with Mark Routhier, a playwright and professor at UCF. He said I did a wonderful job and that I had a strong script in my hands. He offered to meet with me after the Fringe and discuss what he thought was wrong with it and how I could make it better and then he said, "Or just tell me to go fuck myself and be happy with what you did." I decided to take the latter. I surpassed any and every expectation I had for this project. What started as a single flame of an idea turned into HOURS of work and ended up with dozens of people saying it was the best thing they saw at the Fringe, in their lives, received two amazing reviews, won Best of the Fest by the Orlando Sentinel, won Best Drama by thedailycity.com and received runner up for best actor by the same website.

I have always been an actor who talks a lot about potential and always has a good idea in his back pocket. 99% of the time I do not act on them. Without an entire paper devoted to the psychology of these choices, I proved to myself that I have something to offer. I created something from nothing and it had a positive effect on people. No one makes it in this business by playing it safe. Most artists constantly wait for the opportunities to come to them and then allow themselves to be taken on the ride. That ride hardly ever exists. We need to make our own work. Of course the moment you decide

to create something that has never existed before, someone will be there to tell you that it doesn't live up to the standards of "their" lives and the world would have been better if it never existed. Those people usually are the ones waiting for the world to ask them to play.

I have spent the past few weeks reading through the script and my rehearsal journals and believe there is something there that will live on forever. Who can say if there are too many 9/11 pieces out there? When will it not be too soon? Who wants to remember it in this fashion? I've had a couple people approach me about producing it and it might be time to take them up on the offer. I have skimmed through my idea list and there is possibility that there are better monologues to be written. I wrote 67 in a few months and trimmed them down to 17 very strong pieces. Imagine what a few years could bring me? It has the potential to be bigger and touch on so many more topics that weren't dealt with.

I'm aware of a few moments that helped this project become so successful. First was deciding to have Trevin Cooper as my director. I needed an outside eye and he was right there when things looked blurry or pointless. The day he assisted me with my breakthrough moment was such a monumental day that I had to label it in the table of contents. He was what I needed during many frustrating moments.

The second was my meeting with Ingrid DeSanctis. It was done as almost a favor from Vandy Wood. It was a huge lift to have her read my work; she understands the structuring of words and monologues, and she had never met me before. The thing I remember her calling me out on that will always stick with me is to trust your audience. Don't tell them the story, let them experience it. I can't

give you specific examples in my writing that I applied that to, but that information bleeds out in my writing now.

As for the acting, I reminded myself to have fun. I needed to subconsciously apply what I've learned in the past 23 years, and I believe I did. That was why I reacted so badly to the reviewer saying I was a "good actor, not great". His opinion and his stupidity. Who am I to allow someone tell me WHAT I AM after knowing me for one hour?

Along with the acting, I was also the writer. There were times I felt more connected to one than the other and actually had fights between the two in my head. I did write the script with very intentional lines, phrases, and rhythm. I made myself stay as true to the words as possible but since memorization is my weakness, I had to work even harder to get all the text memorized perfectly. Although I'm an improviser at heart, I didn't feel comfortable improvising my own show because I thought the mood and emotion I had established as the writer might have been lost. Improv can be dangerous in that sense. The only piece that contradicts this statement is the actor monologue. I always improvised it. I feel comfortable improvising comedy. I feel comfortable enhancing the mood with comedy. That's my strength.

This way of writing worked very well for me and I plan to use the exact same process in future projects. I started the project thinking I would imitate the way Anna Deveare Smith had done her shows, but after realizing that wouldn't have been artistically pleasing, I moved more to the fictional side in the non-fiction realm. I enjoyed being able to do enough research to write a show that stayed in the non-fiction category but was completely fictional in its characters. The strongest point of the piece was that it dealt with honest human emotions and conflict on a day we are all familiar with. I believe

the audience was touched because they could relate to the characters. In a sense, it was the same way a standup comic makes us laugh because we can connect to the material about which he is joking. The show was presentational but seemed to speak directly at the hearts of those watching.

I wrote in my first chapter about the one man shows I had seen on Broadway and the comics that affected me the most. This was not a perfect blend between those two genres. I think it was closer to *Golda's Balcony* than a Lewis Black show on Broadway. I became the characters. I have a strong desire to move towards talking about my own life and finding more humor on stage in future projects.

The biggest surprise that I'm going to take away with me after this is done is that I'm really good at this. I believe if I continue to write and study the works that have come before mine, I could find my place in the one man show genre. I have already come up with ideas that involve subjects such as the internet, cellphones, and sex, but would do the same type of research and then add personal touches throughout so I can deliver it more as a comedy show. I believe there is an audience for these types of shows, but I believe they need to be done correctly. Each artist has their way of making it "right", but must allow the audience to be entertained, intrigued, taken on a journey, and maybe learn something at the end.

What I do know is that I accomplished something that came to me on a small piece of paper early on in my grad school education. I started unconsciously incompetent, then went to consciously incompetent, then journeyed to consciously competent, and finished unconsciously competent. I also accomplished one other thing that I wanted to when I started this project. I told a story

IDEAS, THOUGHTS, AND POSSIBILITIES FOR MONOLOGUES

I felt it was extremely important to add this section because it is the documentation of my brainstorming. I found this list guided me through my writing and has proven to be successful. Since the conclusion of the performances, I began to write a new show and have used the exact same brainstorming method to help write that piece as well.

9/11- pictures of happy times first

Stage a mess

Come out covered in ash

I was there

"do i go through that fire or stay safe here?" all about risk taking

Rap artist about the towers

Airline controller

News manager

Competition of who was there

Someone determined not to leave city

Telling someone theyre their hero

"this is my home"

Trapped in subway

About to jump

Looking on the bright side

Pissed its on all the channels

Lady selling usa memorabilia

Cab driver

Ash/dust

The history of nyc leading to today

Someone getting a handful dirt as wife

Hand with a baby hand in it

Fireman at bar

Someone waiting for phone call

Trying to find right picture for sign- reminds them of past times

Someone on west coast

Someone midtown

2 sons

2 brothers

People just looking

Someone who has had lots of problems, this might be worst

Fireman hears bodies falling

Volunteer to give blood, dont need it

Guy who rode the roof down

Seeing the footage for the 100th time

Someone waking up their roommate

What do we do now?

List of things why terrorists won

Something specific reminds them of america

Someone whos trapped in debris

Watching the 1st tower from the 2nd before its hit

Angels/the dead- talking to family

What they did

How they died

1500 were saved, but he missed the one

Everyone knows whats going to happen. The anticipation is bad

On the phone when it happened

When realization

Death realized

It was a bomb or gunman

Stuck in an elevator

Found body 5 blocks away

Woman with headphones on at desk

Told someone to go, but they stayed behind to watch. Wonder what

The realization sight of what was going on

Why the fire/ safety plan wasnt working

Other tower. Doesnt affect me "habit or instinct"

phone calls from other building. No biggie

Bankers make their money by staying

91 and 92 floor had different outcomes

Windows of the world breakfast. Not even supposed to be there

The word stuck

The idea of people running one way while others ran to it. That energy in the crossing

Internal monologue of a person jumping through the air

A fireman's decision to help. Can't put out fire, only help evacuate

The amount of equipment a fireman carried

Control desk knowing no info

Someone looking at a walkie and describing how it sucks

Guilt of a guard who sent people back to their offices in south tower

"have you ever seen someone jump out of a building?"

How the 93 bombing affected the evacuation now

Image of a hero come and gone rescuing

Someone on the 78th floor waking up after the 2nd plane. Seeing things

Difference between the first plane and the second

All the codes and lack of fire tower and stairwells- we are america!

"if they just would have taken this stairwell!"

A letter to someone who helped them but died

On my way down i saw someone smile, what and who was behind that humanity?

Floor 64 closed the door and sealed it

Someone who has worked there for a while and was going to die there

Made it to roof. Locked. Other side was freedom

Stairway a was available in north tower and no one knew

Someone trapped in elevator alone waiting to die

Paralyzed person

Building on fire. Someone needs respirator. Any urgency?

Did not think the building would fall

Witnessed someone dying from a falling corpse

Someone talking while in a slow line moving down

After being in stairwell, to see the first signs of apocolypse

Cop trying to be strong but observing the horrors challenged that

Firemen making jokes as they passed up

Just as they started getting things right, they collapsed

The idea of distance physically and emotionally

If this was a movie, everyone would get out or narrowly escape

After a call, what someone wanted to say but forgot. All the things.

I dont want to die. Pleads his case

My twin brother was in the other tower

North tower didnt know the airplanes or the south tower fall, not even hit. Worlds largest tower was yards away and i didnt know

Firefighter only 35 floors up with all his shit still having 60 to go

Fates were sealed 4 decades earlier when stairs were eliminated for valuable space

Obese guy cant get help

Guy stuck after collapses knowing hes not going to get rescued

Religion caused this?

Celebrities dont feel safe

Rumors/ constant updates of planes

Where were you...?

Specifically that time. The factors that put someone there or not. Missed a train , etc

Free thinking piece of all the questions that went through your head

Other crimes happening around nyc

How many dead?

Why we're vulnerable and strong

Election day

Significance of 911

What do you think you would do?

Death by inhalation of dust- after escaping

Survivor guilt

Dreams of 9/11

A fireman who wasn't inside because he left and his friends were

Nobody cares if i get up in the morning

To accept fully what's going to happen and what that feels like. Free

1st time ever seeing a dead body

2nd guessing

Counting up with each number meaning something about the day

Why to make the decision not to leave

Someone who slept thru the whole thing

Jane doe 1 was hit by debris

How did not more people die

Stanley praimaith

How do you treat others when your relative is in there?

Firemen in north tower didnt know anything about south tower and didnt leave on mayday

Someone about to die with the philosophy of everything happens for a reason

"everything ive worked for has come to this?"

The symphony of different noises

A piece of glass goed thru two people as one tries to cover the other

The smell of manhattan that week.

The air all around contained bits of every deceased

Later on- whats happening now? Expect the worst

neurotic guy who cant get the smell, ash, memory out of his clothes

Someone who could have been saved but sacrificed themselves for the lord

What does ground zero mean.

How i make sure the terrorists dont win

Guatam patel- indian writer

Fires burned for 100 days

Rescue worker wants to sit down but would feel guilty if someone trapped saw him

Edgar allan poe: my very senses reject their own evidence

What towns lost the most people

Someone with a camera who went towards what was happening. Tells the story visually

Battery dead on the camera

Street light knocked down killing someone

The steel was still on fire and hot after the collapse. Couldnt rummage around.

How big of a space battery park is. Most people dont understand the tightness of streets and distance

What happened when he got home that night. Vacant soul. Vomiting in the shower

The fireman thanking me for serving him drinks.

"swimmers" to go down through debris.

How many things had to go right for this to work for them

See a picture of the plane right before it hits 2nd tower and realize how much hate and fright is on that plane

1st time airline operations were stopped

Attack on pentagon doesnt matter right now

Battleships and fighter jets on patrol

Replay first minutes over and over again. 2nd guessing.

All the fires placed around like a movie set

Someone screaming Stop drop and roll

Helping someone who i saw for years but never said hello to

Turned on radio, they were joking about pam anderson while we were running for our lives

The difference between regular nyers and 9/11 nyers. Subway, stairs, cabs, etc.

The water from sprinklers added on to the ash made for ghost people.

Person survived collapse because they were trampled and the people were like a blanket

Someone standing at the edge of the city. Hasnt stepped a foot since that day. Horrible memories

For 16 minutes it was just a crash and a fire

"what do we do?!?"

Stunned faces

What is the breathing patterns of that

Stupid blacks commenting

Making shit up

Relaying of info as it happened between nyers. 2 planes? Bombs? Every half an hour? Terrorists?

A pastor at impact Zone with injured who can provide comfort...but from what?

Moment of silence by pres bush while chaos taking place

Stuck in manhattan. Cant leave.

For an hour, it was fires in building. No one thought theyd fall

Fireman calling wife to say hes alive after first collapse

Areas that were picturesque for brides and tourists looked like hell

I wanted to smoke, know where i could get a light? Irony.

Someone who a jumper was kin to

What good has come from it

Jan demczur. All the other heroes no one has ever hers of

One moment drinking coffee, next my friend is on fire

Remember different rhythms and different accents. Diff ages, sexes, sexuality,

People thought it was a gun

Calling a relative and preparing them for what might happen. They cant let go.

Someone choking on the ash and dying

Being interviewed right after

The confusion of getting info on a relative and names/ building # etc

3000 people was just a fraction of what and who they hurt

Human bonsai tree

You cant replace a life. You can a building

Rant on liberals and wanting peace and uss cole, clinton, civil rights

Rubber neckers got crushed even after being told to leave

Could be a funny story of mishaps that someone is fondly remembering. Running into a doughnut cart

A fathers job is to protect his daughter

Body part sections in the morgue

There are people you know before and after the attack

Felt the heat from the fireball in 2nd explosion

Everybody seemed to find a coworker running with them and then disappear

An actors point of view. All about himself

Jason nettle's point of view

Finally getting the call that hes ok

2nd plane caused almost 100 people to be ejected from the building

Go to war now. Hate bin laden.

Unbelievable blacknesa from collapse. Is this death? No one knows what its like

After collapse, breaking into building, getting on elevator, very peaceful music

Cars exploded from the heat of the fires

The ash and dust were remains of people and that hit mr and made me sick. Comes off in shower

The hail story from laura

How do you tell a kid?

People were still "working" because we werent sure how it would end

Tortured logic

Everyone wondered if they had died when it was pitch black from the dust

Did your men make it out? No. That first realization that people were crushed

Our mayor was walking down the street like everyone else

Hugged wife a little longer next day

If god intervened, id have more trouble dealing with this. Guilt

What to do when you receive information and you cant process it

Hospitals didnt have patients because people just vanished

People whos only job in life was to save people

They havent taken away our spirit

Ground zero known as the pile

Where do you start

Using missing instead of dead

Have you ever lived on hope?

If i jump i can end it the way i want. I want to fly. My soul to be free

We're not used to this. Dont even know what to do

When it fell, i remember breathing it all in. Holding my breath. Hearing my neighbor scream

I ran away for the first time in my life

Ok. You got what you wanted Theyre down. Now what??! What do you have fuckers??

Boat rescues were amazing

I have never seen war, but i imagine this is what it looks like

When did we think it was stable?

No water downtown. Fires just burned.

Last survivors were found the morning of the 12th. 5 of them

Bigger rock that could have dozens of people in it

What do i tell this baby that im holding

What are physics of collapse. How much weight, impact, force, etc

Do i tackle the issue of religion

What was this dead body doing 30 minutes ago

Can all the characters be connected in some way

After collapse i couldnt even speak. Sound waves had no where to go

When they hear the building coming down above them, what do you think. Same thing as the guy next to him, but he didnt make it

How do you prepare to die? What have i done with my life

You think of everything you havent done with your life. Ive got 5 seconds. Cant do anything now

If my husband saved you, do something with your life because he cant

Firemen never have felt hopeless. Theyre the ones who do the work

Im trapped in north tower stairway b, where is north tower

Im comin for ya brother

The smallest tiniest decisions became life and death.

Jet fuel burned people waiting for elevator. As quick as seconds

What were all the possible ways to die that day, which was the best one

The people in the elevators have absolutely no clue whats going on

78th fl of south building were killed instantly. Waiting for express elevator when 2nd plane hit

What else can happen in 102 minutes

Attacked and destroyed

Can i make the show itself meta?

Al queda who?

Stocks plummeted the next week.

Slow person held people up, but lived, what if they died

Search dogs were injured and needed food

Someone guilty because theyre happy someone died

People thought it was a kitchen fire in windows of the world

"the most disgusting thing was that there were artists in the building"

Breathing in the ash actually burns your lungs

Finding articles an pieces of clothing was worse than finding bodies. Causes imagination to go

There were fires for days. That and recovering bodies at same time

You could smell the bodies, you just couldnt find or see them

Clothes were ripped off in vacuum

Everything was powder. Everything

Two fireman of 340 actually fought fire

What would i have done?

Guy cut in line, got doughnut, saw him get evaporated by fuel

Describe all the things of nyc that are covered in ash now

Hard city became soft

2nd collapse is like ticking bomb about to go off

I wasnt able to register what was going on

What do you feel when you understand that someone must have died

Is there denial?

Hands on your head. What am i watching?

I watched my husband die and i couldnt do anything about it

Under the collapse, we were convinced most of manhattan was gone

The emergency alarms on firemen ringing the next day

The numerous memorial services and that schedule- so many/ spread thin

Dream about the day but everything is a metaphor for real stuff

A volunteer who thinks theyre doing nothing- passing out water- really?

Nyers who know this happens everyday in other places- but we commercialize it- world will never be the same- cause its us

Chance circumstances? Overall

Rescue food was all by chance

We overhelp when disaster strikes. Can we take these steps for all sufferers

What does the word thank you mean here?

The idea that everyone comes before you. Someone deserves something more.

Everyone wanted to live vicariously

Thousands of meals were being done a day

Stand up comic about the day

How kids are dealing. Ceayon pictures. Superheroes

The story behind how everything got to where it was

Kids have lung problems at school

Process of pulling out body. Flag peocession

Whats important?

Rescue/cleanup/recovery

Towers were not static things. They lived just liketge people in them

Whats the physiology of shock

Guilt from someone working the overtime for you

Everyone was calling their loved one. I dont have anyone. Mom. Lime taking her to academy awards

Survival probabilities for other disasters

Someone dies from a falling coffee cup

Morgue had body parts all scattered. Hand with engagement ring

They called me a hero. I did nothing. I made no difference

Someone upset because politicians egos are in the way of menorial being built

Promise me ill die first

Dont we have to look at our own actions?

Prayers in different languages overlapping

Peaceful response or war

My dads response about they used internet computers,etc. Thyre not av3rd world country

Things like this dont happen to me

Mistaken wherabouts of travellers

State of denial. Everything about my life lost its meaning.

Was on the phone saying im alright whrn the 2nd plane hit

The little things about a person when filling out missing form. Wish i paid more attention.

Have you ever looked into the face of someone who just lost someone

Those who loved nyc and were incinerated are part of it now

Racial profiling of arabs being celebrated by blacks

Non verbal communication between everyone

The awful things all of the innocent did in their lives. Makes it better.

Families just prayed it was painless and quick

The food that they had just eaten was all over too. The insides. The memories. The education. The love.
All over

The temperature and quality of fire

Found a watch still ticking. Time goes on.

Have you ever seen a bird or dog on fire?

Muslims lost their stores. 400 were killed in nyc

Unemployment trickle down effect

Picture of last thing he saw. Recovered picture

Photographer taking pictures of everything but towers

What all did we do to try to process it

Firman covered me. Felt his heart then nothing

I was supposed to be there!

Ordinary people

Constant decision of helping this person or helping 1000 on the next floor

Homosexual in the tower

Bodies fell at 32 feet per second. 125 mph when hit

110 stories fused into 7 stories

The amount of time from sending an email to committing suicide

Someone who jumped impaled by stop sign

Have you ever have to avoid falling human bodies before?

Statistics of the dead

"there must be no coercion in matters of religion" koran

Muslim compared to school bully

How does death mean they win?

Redneck who hates muslims

Pedjawar is where it all started

Begin show with reading of koran

Jihad must not be abandoned till allah alone is worshipped. Not the redneck

Terrorists recruited tons of fiery steel to help them

Philosophy of death. Fear everyday?

Letter to someone who saved them and didn't make it

Black zone is where collapse was that no one lived.

"here it goes. I'm dying right.....now"

Under the debris layed 2700 people. Where do I start?

Firetrucks were on fire

Potter lost his wife and picture was taken. Found out she was alive

2nd chances

81st floor last survivor and barely made it out

Someone who converts immediately cause of attacks- could be humor

Some survivors might have been cooked because of fires

15,000 were saved

Reminder of the worst of possible humanity

The world stopped

People were on fire!

We showed up there to put the fire out

This is not happening

2nd plane brought fear. It was amazement first

Life being extinguished. What that means

Typical sharing stories when they got back. Happy for a bit. Then....

Firemen took it in better stride than normal people

Attack on the community. Responded by the community

America last place of safety

Ww2 vets had shell shock

1st time found out people hate you

The anger after patriotism ended

How terrorism is psychological not just physical damaging

The effects of trauma

A kid describing what happened

Psychologist dealing with same trauma

Attack on pentagon was secondary

One person in cockpit changed the world with actions. Why not the other way?

4 things had to happen. And they all did. Perfectly.

Daily medication was gone. Who knows what people got?

Everything happens a couple minutes later now. People take their time

Someone hearing all the news and laughing it off

Reading of the spiritual manual and making comments about it. Stand up comic like.

A dream of things that could've happened to make it better. A plane shooting down the other. Radios.
Stream of thought.

NEADS and how they handled finding out about each aircraft

President asked about his family too. That says something.

Everyone was looking over their shoulder as if anything was possible now, not just 19 guys and 4 planes.

Somebody who's pissed cause it was ordered that planes should be shot down. As bad as assassins

You're guilty. Yes you. You're an infidel.

A poem of hope and life. Some comedy.

The significance of engaging planes by prez's orders. What about someone on another flight? Or pilot who is supposed to do that.

Quote by bin Laden about what he thinks of Americans p47 of commission to start show?

How long planned? When it started some people weren't working or living in NYC

Islam- surrender to the will of God

P 51 is also talk of what Osama wanted

This wasn't a war with soldiers, but with civilians and instantly made heroes

3000 children were left without one or more parents

An honest account from al Qaeda on why. Make it convincing.

A street preacher telling that this would happen. Why it happened and how it happens elsewhere.

Jet driving down 5th avenue at 400 mph

Knowledge of what Americans do and compare that to themselves. 5% of Iraq= 14 million

Some alien looking down and explaining the conflict and how small it is

Someone trying to create art the next day and explaining what art does and how it's impossible to explain. Artists don't write what's going on, but what's not going on. What is anything right now?

This war is not about religion

If god existed and cared for humankind, he wouldn't have given us religion.

An Islamic militant explaining why he's training.

All the other terrorist attacks leading up to that

A brief history of Islam

Bad weather!!

Ramzi housed

History of reactions to previous attacks

9/11 was homicide case

Reword pg 114-133 in tower stories. Anti liberal.

Classification of survivors on pg 43 of mental health

Someone who is in denial of everything that has happened. Good acting piece

An entire piece of abbreviations

Therapist who can't take anymore

It's a mental health disaster since not as many physically harmed.

Someone talking to a baby who doesn't know what happened and is explaining everything to them

Someone pleading to the terrorists that they were innocent. That they didn't deserve this.

World changed because if a couple small knives

That break between the 1st and 2nd plane allowed everyone to witness. Planned?

This all happened between 846 and 11!!!!

The evilness of the smoke and fire and their colors

The destruction of symbols

Difference in the respect for Islam and extremists

Won't repeat. They did what they had to do in 102 minutes.

Milestones is like main kanpf.

Americans are animals. Why is that bad?

9/11 is my birthday. Only date that is said like that.

Why we want to lay blame. Who's fault? CIA FBI?

Someone who sees so much good stiff from the day.

No more curbside check in and other things that changed

Different aspects of the waiting game

Someone who feels guilty for just walking out and getting away without and problems

Someone who is in shock and just rattling off stuff

Watching the footage over and over again. How does that make it better. Line mind tapes.

Nonverbal scene of someone waking up at 11 am not knowing what happened. How that plays out non verbally.

Need to write missing person paper but thinking about it too much. Will it work? What do I write? Or were they more for just looking at. It's just what we're supposed to do!

For artist mono, kids colored pictures. What does that say?

World trade center movie guys were saved after 22 hours. How many survived but died after?

Person is dead but weeks went with family waiting, searching, wondering. Finding out certain would have been better.

14000 people fought for life. Every story is different. Every story is different across country.

How many people can go from accountant to jumping fire, carrying wounded, and saving lives

Someone who has made the choice to help someone and know they'll die. They could leave their body to explain their internal monologue

A voice over audition for someone to describe the everyday language of the day. "on sept 11, the world changed..."

How do you do art and comedy when it seems beneath the world

10 different stories from 10 different stations

"I'm disgusted by humans"

"religion disgusts me"

I was in shock- what does that word mean?

Howard stern became a spokesman

Unbelievable, oh my god, I can't believe it, I'm in shock, horrific, what is going on, unexplainable, Hold on, look at that,

How much worse can it get? It will

It's the disgusting display of the ignorance of humanity

when you realize you're at war, that's a moment

How long to build them, how quickly they came down

hold on is a good phrase to examine. We couldn't get things to slow down enough. It just kept rolling

What have we done to deserve this?

We were attacked because we have it all but it's because we throw it in their faces and hurt them with it

Breath can keep up the towers, what happens when they fall. Where does the breath go.

What's today's date? Sept 11.

"A plane?? In the wtc? "

Someone who says dude. So relaxed at the beginning. Nonchalant.

Tourist taking it in

Bridges, tunnels, what's next?

Want it to happen again so I know what to do and what to expect

Sense of fear

Someone getting ready for day, how everything doesn't change on a dime. How it evolves and the confusion.

Pulling his brother out in feb. He's been there everyday Alone.

Port authority officer who escaped fire ball and was walking on body parts

Abdel rahman, sheikh Omar- inspiring Muslim

Heroin users in America helped find the terrorists

"awaken the Muslims so that they will fight the west to the last breath"

Al Qaeda and jihadists can be anywhere and everywhere at any time.

Cantor Fitzgerald lost 658 employees, leaving 1350 children without at least one parent.

Fresh kills- kill is Dutch for channel or creek

Things we didn't think of. Cars. Pets. Medication. Etc. 92 of 200 deny vehicles were lost.

How they identified human remains DNA

St Pauls

Burger king was police headquarters

Brooks brothers was a morgue

Masseuses set up shop for workers
Julliard students went down to play music
Cots set up
Psychologists volunteered their time

Every resource at our command- what about me?

Quit her job because age didn't want to deal with small problems anymore.

Guy making a list of everything he wants to do now

The ornaments and dolls left by dead fireman. Presents.

Some people want other people's lives, when I was in the hospital, I just wanted mine back

Deciding to jump was like jumping into a cold pool, but no endgame

Stairwell a was usable in south tower but no one used it

Kids playing knock down the twin towers with their mattresses

No escaping it. Everywhere. Everything reminded you.

Guy was pissed he missed the elevator. That elevator was destroyed.

I don't think we're going to make it as an apology

Who were the Angels/heroes- I'll carry your jacket. Here's some water, a joke here and there, a man with a flashlight directing survivors, wasn't he scared?,

You've been given another life. Sony waste it

A montage of different voices talking about how a new life has sprung and not taking anything for granted

The difference between an evacuation plan and a real life shit show

A man who dies after making it all the way down and running but his body can't take it. family thought he died in fire, but e was almost out

A rubber necker who could have lived but died in collapse

Irony the security guards were so tough letting people in. Didn't help that morning

Muhammad- that's a pretty shitty name to have now.

Getting family pictures at ground zero. Horrible tour idea.

Debate between who had a worse day. Kelly or jumper

Guy who misses the little annoyances his wife used to do. Good for man with handful of dust

Yankee tavern

Rescue me

A tank outside my door

Susan, Skye, guy on boat interview.

We didn't want to stay inside. We didn't know what to do.

10 years later it's all political and has lost passion.

The sound of children playing outside on plaza

Explaining it is always a little slow and little unsure

"everybody get out of the building"

Ecstatic when you saw the fireman

Fireballs hitting liberty street

"last time I spoke to my son"

Blood splattered on window

I'm going to die

Cloud of dust had people in it. 50 stories high

Collapse started as rumble beneath your feet

Silence after the fall

Kid who didn't get picked up so thought parents were dead when grandpa showed up

Neighbor who used landline to call families and called all over the world

Sept 11 there was still hope. Not Sept 12

The collapse destroyed humanity. Only paper survived

Describing entire destruction while looking for twin brother

The idea of bringing the audience close at the end and describing togetherness

No neighborhood anymore

This show can stop all hate

The idea of complete silence. Uncomfortable waiting for the next thing to happen

Make believe guardian angel. Got all the way out and then he disappeared

Would you have turned around or kept going after being ordered to go south tower

Drop phone in toilet

Wrote phone number on wall for people to call

A man speaks at night in a makeshift hospice where people were now homeless

Guy caught on fire swimming at the Marriott

Preacher type monologue talking about all the funds and people coming together

Before

First plane

Second plane

First collapse

Second collapse

Recovery

Healing

"right" sarcastic when told it was two planes

300-500 thousand evacuated in 7 hours

343 firefighters who left behind 244 widows and 606 children

Lack of adequate communication between firefighters on upper levels and their commanders, between police and fire depa

People since who are dying because of respiratory problems. Lung capacity drops 30%. EPA said it was ok.

Soldiers who have died since

"in war, the first casualty is truth"

Handcuffs found were used on terrorists

A scene about the 91 gulf war and how that led up to 9/11, Israel, or oil

The type of jumpers. A woman holding her skirt

How the news reporters dealt with it

The initial death toll

Flight 77 and flight 175 were confused with each other

The internal monologue if the hijacker

Dennis Hastert and Robert Byrd would be on charge if anything happened to pres

Wrong info being passed around

Someone gets killed by jumper

The sight of the first tower falling. How is that possible? The scenarios in your mind

I'm not ready to die

You thought people had a chance until that moment

The paper was a pulverized confetti of capitalism

The female police woman had already save one. Was going back in when she was killed

Steel went 30 feet into the ground

83-95 billion dollars to NYC

I'd seen my third skyline in 40 minutes

This is how it ends

There were radio signals from
Firemen, then they slowly died off. No one knew where they were

Where was the north tower. That meant trouble

Almost 22,000 human parts were found.

Finding the remains in a manhole in 2009. A monologue of that actually happening. "I think these are from that collapse a few years back"

1122 still remain unidentified

P81 of the eleventh day lists poisonous elements released

400/500 guys with breathing problems. They ingested it. Keeps it constantly inflamed

2000 FDNY have been treated for related problem.

19000 were affected

664 have died from respiratory problems

The pilot who was ordered to shoot down civilian planes. What if his son was on that plane?

Highjacking up till then was landing the plane. Not suicide

Someone waking up late who was supposed to be on the plane.

A mother complaining what could have been done to save her daughter

Cheney gave order for shoot down

5000 foreign nationals, Arab descent, were taken into custody for 2 years. not one was involved.

Prejudice or profiling?

Redneck sick of being accused for falsely being judging. What???

National hysteria

United 23 grounded, 4 Arab disappeared

Found penthouse and condoms connected to the terrorists

The flight instructor who taught these guys how to fly, innocent

An Arab happy with proof why. P165 in 11th day

What do we do with people who should be held accountable?

The us airways ticket taker who suspected the two first class one way travelers

What is failure p168-171

How far were we willing to go to retaliate?

How many countries were being blamed?

Kendra thinking Iraq was part of it

A very descriptive of what should happen to Osama.

"what America is tasting is but a fraction of what we have tasted for decades"

Jihad- struggle, striving,
Liberate Muslim lands from foreign occupation

Bin= son of

Beheading in Saudi Arabia and then crucified- head on a pole

Laden sr had 24 sons and 22 wives-

What's a young bin laden like?

Osama was strict conservative
Made cab driver turn music off cuz woman sang sexy

He believed his sole purpose on earth was to fight th jihad.

Did the US train bin laden in 80's?

Muslims receive seqina (tranquil) before war

4 wives were fine "it's for god"

All good stuff about the way Osama lived around p206. Can't use inhaler but can use plane?

Every Muslim hates Americans Jews and Christians. It's part of the religion

Palestine was not for Jews!!!!

Israel assault on Lebanon

If Path tubes broke, Hudson river would fill hole up to 5 feet from street level which would then go around subway system

Steel went through street like spears and pressed cars five stories down

There was a moment when people were running and away and then all turned around and came back

Ruins had sadness and anger but not emptiness

A store owner of place not shopped at anymore

Graffiti of "kill all Muslims" (taxi)

Someone searching through a vacated desk area that had been Destroyed and what they found

Competition of what they were doing that day. The person involved doesn't talk.

Someone waking up after sex to sound of sirens days later- regret

Gay sex story

Site of death was place of stupid stories and conflict years before

Said I'd go back for help and didn't

Took me a year to go back downtown

Being late was out of character but it saved his life

There was a child on board waiting to go to Disney land.

The lives of the people on the ground as the plane roared above with people dying

2nd tower, when told to go back, guy don't get on elevator because of assholes. They died. He's happy.

Of all choices, a man sat down to poop
The fire Marshall of the office trying to lead people to safety.
Trying to save man but he just wanted to pray
So many died because they didnt want to lose sales. So NYC.
Someone in the towers who has the most boring story. Safe and sound.
Woman scared to walk up to a window, explosion through her across office into window. Saw city.
First and last days of work or being there
A business call coming in during the chaos
Guy trying to stay alive for mom
Father knew cause daughter never worked for anything before
Burn victim passing people who were fine
Instructor taught hijacker how to fight
Deli guy who charged for drinks during day
Gossip drama queen going to work
911 operator internal an external monologue
The support of the building compared to support of friends. How they collapse
Wife got out and husband went in to save her
Fell through hole in lobby into subway tunnel
Woman pissed there was evacuation order after first collapse
12th floor was full of handicaps
Atta's bag was found
Warchola radioed mayday from 12tg floor after fall, how long till he died. Found 2 days later.

The parents interview of one of the terrorists

An innocent person reading the hate note from a terrorist while doing non threatening things

Someone in danger at a specific place but no one could make sense of any direction

Josephine Harris- the woman who walked slow and all the firemen of ladder 6 survived

Bush delivered speech from oval office that night. Huge!!

Dan and Jean potter found each other and got out of the city. Looks at gas stations.

Osama was 17th of 57 kids by father. Inherited 80 million when he was 13 when dad died

1979 was turning point

Osama could be monitored in Sudan, not in Afghanistan

Osama said that once they got out of Jerusalem and Mecca they were going to die. Everyone who paid taxes. Don't blame me. I don't want to pay taxes!!

Training camps was like a technical college. Unemployment rate nonexistent

19 guys- it was possible cause they looked at their life a expendable. We're too into ourselves

Suicide prohibited by Koran, but necessary for military

Wish people who lost jobs would get some money for victims families. They were victims too

Someone who plays the answering machine message again and again

Someone back at work for the first day after

The way ground zero looks and my insides are the same

Someone who has found god in a major way

People who just stopped being friends after Just cuz.

QUOTES, REACTIONS, AND REVIEWS ON PERFORMANCES OF 9/11: WE WILL FORGET

The following quotes were taken from my friends posts to me on Facebook.com. I believe it is important to add these reactions because it gives insight to the effects my show had on the general public. Although these are mostly my friends who were there to be supportive, I feel these quotes show the genuine feelings that were experienced from the show.

In my mind, I can substitute complete strangers' reactions with these because this is how powerful the show was and I had audience members come up to me afterwards with these same thoughts but don't have documented proof. I believe these words were the normal reactions from most of the people that came.

"OK, it won't let me "like" this, but I was there last night and LOVED it! It is so fun to see what a fine actor Jason has become, and to be gripped in the tales he wove in his vignettes. Superb job, Jason!" - Fred Glasser

"I'm so glad I got to see Jason Nettle and his show, We Will Forget. Very powerful, moving, thought-provoking piece. Thanks for bringing it here to share. You will go far with it, I'm sure"- Bethany Schoeff

"Great job last night! I have been telling people about it at work today. It was a moving and emotional experience. All those that see it will be lucky that they did!"- Mark Abate

"I had no doubts, each character was defined with great emotion and detail. Cleverly written, I loved the ending! It was easy for me to feel as if I was with the characters, feeling the emotion. Made me cry a couple of times. And the cab driver...fabulous! Awesome job Jason!!" - Mandy Wilcox

"Amazing job Jason!!! You gave such a strong performance.I am sure as I continue to think about the performance over the next few weeks I will really see what I had forgotten about that day.You gave so much emotion in all the characters that you took on. You did an awesome job!!!!" -Chris Flickinger

"Hi Jason,

I hope your show went well tonight. I thought that your show last night was very moving. I almost cried numerous times because I feel that you were able to transport me to that person's world at that time. Although I didn't live in NYC or DC when on that day I have been interested in learning all that I can about 9/11.

I was in Des Moines with an OSU trip and our advisor would not let us listen to the radio or see a tv until 10:45 pm on 9/11. I was so mad at him because of the gravity of the situation. I am not sure if he knew what to do... nobody did.

With that same group, we drove by Shanksville later in September and a few days later went to see the Pentagon. It was really unbelievable. Basically no work had been done to the building at that point. I was forever changed and seeing the destruction in person was incomprehensible.

I know how you feel about the "kids" in grad school. I just finished grad school and I would try to explain to them about things... how life was before 9/11, how school was before Columbine, and a host of other things that they did not experience. I suppose part "we will forget" is also that these "kids" and all the future ones will not know the more "care-free" life that we had before everything. I never thought about a student bringing a gun to school. The doors were unlocked at school. I never had to think about who was sitting next to me on a plane. I think it is a little sad that this is the new normal. I agree that we all need to work together. But perhaps they do not know any other way so they are not as "affected" by it. ??? I don't know...

It seemed like you were emotionally drained last night after the performance (probably a little hungry, too-ha). I congratulate you because I am sure that it is hard to relieve those feelings and go through all the emotions.

I thought that the characters were very well thought out. I think the order was perfect and I also did not feel bad laughing-when appropriate. I thought your portrayal of the child was spot-on! I could totally see Shannon's 4-year-old Charlie going through a story EXACTLY like that. Down to the twisting body movements. So innocent...

I know that I probably rambled a bit, but I do want you to know that there are people that will never forget. I can't see a show about 9/11 without crying. I put myself in every person's shoes. The people on the plane, the people watching the plane come at them in the buildings, the helpless that could only watch, the civil servants (my husband is one), the kids of the victims, etc. Thank you for creating this show. You are affecting more people than you know. People need to hear it-the majority of us were so far removed and don't know what it was like.

Anyway, congrats again. You will do an amazing job at the Fringe festival and I LOVE your idea about having a "catalog" of characters-that would be awesome. I would definitely see it again and bring people

Sincerely,
Sara (Still) Crawford"

“So just like most others that watched you..Angie and talked all the way home. My response is guilt. That I cannot do anything to take away the pain fear and sadness. She said that is typical of me. For each of your characters my mind was thinking of how I could make things better for them”.- Colleen

“Jason- thank you for previewing your show for us! I hope my feedback wasn't too critical. Your characters are still ruminating around my mind. Loved the mom. Dog bit. And the one where he revisited the twin towers site in hopes of being near a loved one. Never really thought about that but I suppose that happened/happens alot. And the last character. I felt you in that one most of all. Keep the taxi driver where it is. And you said everyone is going to have their own personal 'takeaway' from this. And if you take people off guard. I think that's OK. Oh ... I wanted to donate some \$ toward your performance. Forgot all about it last night. Are you still doing that? If so I'll try to drop off before tonight's performance. Thanks again.” - Jodi Leis

“I think some people felt a little offended about my comment about the cab driver. Like you said last night, you cannot please everyone. It's your show, do what you feel is right, that's all that matters. Again, I liked the character and the scene. I hope I didn't offend you most of all.” - DJ Williams

“Jason- Chris and I thought you did a great job and was touched by your writing and experiences in an emotional ride through tears and laughter. Please share how your experience goes in Orlando preforming your well thought out art!”- lisa kunze

“First of all, I am so happy that I was able to make it down to see your show. I truly thought it was amazing. I have continued to think about it and talk about it daily. It really touched me and gave me a different perspective of not only the event itself, but the impact it had on everyone. I don't even know that I felt the full impact of the show itself until quite awhile after I left. In fact, when I was driving home Friday afternoon, I was thinking about it and actually started tearing up in my car. It's funny because I was bartending in Columbus at the time of 9/11. That morning, I was at my apartment getting ready for work and my roommate called and told me to turn the tv on b/c she had just heard it on the radio. I went to work and we opened early b/c all of the Bank One employees wanted to come over and watch our tvs in the bar. I worked all day and night b/c the bar was packed with tv watchers, but my

experiences there were nothing like yours. Really, it was so insignificant and I really had no understanding of the impact of that tragic event at the time. I was too self-centered and in my little safe Ohio bubble. My life basically revolved around my drinking at that time, so there wasn't much that I really truly seemed to care about. I was probably more affected by the 10th anniversary than I was the actual day itself, which really is sad.

Back to the show...my favorites were the porch light, the taxi cab driver and the man feeling the heat. The porch light scene touched me from the very beginning and that was the one scene that had me in tears, but I loved that I could laugh in the taxi cab scene. I actually liked the fact that I could be so wrapped up in a scene and feel so much emotion, but that is was quickly diverted by a new thought and/or situation. The heat scene was really gripping and intense for me. In fact, I realized during that scene that I was gripping the side of my seat with my hand and my fingers moved as the scene continued and my feelings intensified. I wish I could remember which scene it was, but there was actually one time that I was so affected that I couldn't look at you. I actually had to look down for a minute.

There wasn't really anything that I didn't like, but I do feel like there is still more that I could process. I wish I could see it again and I would love to see the entire show sometime. It is something that I will always remember. Your acting was superb...amazing!!! You are so very talented and I believe that you could go so far with this. I know how passionate you have been and how much of your heart and soul and life you have put into this show and I am so proud of you. You are an amazing talent and a wonderful friend.”- Erin McGee

“Jason,

So...your show has reminded me that life is short. I called Tim and stayed up until 1AM on a "school night" talking just because, and I realized that I still want that romantic comedy type relationship. All this thinking has given me a headache. Going out for margaritas!
Melissa”

“Jason,

So...just like everyone else, I let your show marinate last night and I have some thoughts. My favorite character was definately the cab driver. #1 My favorite coping mechanism is humor. Working around sick people each day has forced me to choose between crying and laughing. I have become a person who laughs inappropriately. #2 My best friend's parents have strong accents and they are always saying the funniest things. Accents = humor in Melissa's World.

I love seeing things from your perspective. It makes it very personal and touching. Thanks for bringing it to Hilliard, Ohio. Let's not wait so long to hang out again. Next time you are in town, I expect a call."
Melissa

"Well done Jason! Beautiful work" - Vandy Wood

"Jason Nettle amazing job tonight, you brought tears to my eyes.. Your show was great! Everyone should see this!"!- Cindy Heen

"You wrote a really beautiful piece and performed the hell out of it...CONGRATULATIONS!!!! I will not forget, We Will Forget...MUST run into you at the tent on purpose to talk about it (last night we had to hurry to get to the next show-FRIDGE)...THANK YOU for this work. TRULY - BRAVO."- Aradhana Tiwari

"Just wanted to say your show was amazing! My parents loved it (and my father doesn't love much) and finally understand why we loved your class so much! Congrats sir!:) "- Rachel Varina

"Jason, I was on the back row in your audience last night at the Fringe. You were amazing, and I posted on my page recommending your show to the world! Your talent, both as a writer and an actor, is immense. Your humanity shines through your art. I hope your shows sell out, and I hope to see more of your work in the future. Very best wishes to you."- MaryElla Hunt Collins

"I want you to know I am so incredibly proud of you and all the hard work you have put into your show. I wish I was there to see it, and support you in this major endeavor, but I am a sucky friend and I am in Missouri. Continue to be amazing." - Becky Barringhaus

"My name is Aaron and I am Danielle Engelman's boyfriend. First off it was great meeting you and I just want to say thank you again for letting us use your pins to get in to see your show tonight. Second, I just want to sincerely thank you for the show itself. I have been dragged by Danielle (haha) to see numerous UCF shows that you have been in and I really admire your work. Watching this show tonight really just hit the nail on the head. Everything was brilliantly written and not many people have the guts that you have to show this work to 100s of individuals. "Risk leads to success" and what you have here is something real special. Thank you for everything again and me and Danielle are really looking forward to working her series "Three Days" with you soon! See ya!" – Aaron Chiz

Two shows done! Here is a message I received from someone I don't even know. Since I don't have blogs, websites, or papers doing reviews on my show....here is one from a lady who decided to give my show a chance without even knowing me. "Jason, I was on the back row in your audience last night at the Fringe. You were amazing, and I posted on my page recommending your show to the world! Your talent, both as a writer and an actor, is immense. Your humanity shines through your art. I hope your shows sell out, and I hope to see more of your work in the future. Very best wishes to you." If you are planning on seeing the show, I BEG of you to come Sunday at 8, Monday at 11:30 pm, or Tuesday at 9pm. I have a really good feeling I'll be close to selling out next weekend and want to make sure procrastination doesn't affect you seeing the show. If you can only make next weekend, please do. I can't believe this whole thing is over in 7 days.

"Hey everybody!

My show has initiated a lot of discussion about "where were you on 9/11" and it's fascinating AND it's the kind of thing that helps trigger new ideas for monologues and ways to connect future shows to the audience. I have a board outside of the Brown Venue that looks like the World Trade Center (thanks to the brilliant design of Vandy Wood) and people are writing their story and experience and posting it on

there. Please stop by today and take a minute to share your story and post it. This is becoming a beautiful community experience."- Jason Nettle

"If you haven't had the opportunity to do it yet, you MUST make it a priority to see Jason Nettle's brilliantly selfless performance as he portrays how multiple people were individually impacted by the attack of 9/11. We Will Forget is, hands down, the best show at Fringe." – David Shipman

"If my tears weren't proof enough I could not be prouder of one of my best friends Jason in his show We Will Forget at Fringe. This is the kind of show actors would kill to do once in their lifetime. And I can guarantee no one could do it more beautifully. See it."- Jessie Booth

"Today was such an emotional one. Saw three shows at the Fringe, received an amazing review, received a less than satisfactory one, then had almost all of my favorite people from UCF see the show. The comments and congratulations I received afterwards made me about as emotional as doing the show itself. I am the luckiest human being alive to have the friends and a support system that I do. Tomorrow night the show is at 11:30 PM. I would love to pack the house with as many friendly faces that can be there. Thank you Tod Booth, Jessie Booth, David Shipman, Joshua S. Roth, Danielle McRae Spisso, Shay Cambre, Trevin Cooper, and Katie Hensley and all of my acting and survey students for making this night a truly magical night of theater."- Jason Nettle

You all really should see Jason Nettle's outstanding one man show. It really was absolutely brilliant"- Stephanie Frosch

"Saw We Will Forget tonight which was AWESOME! Everyone should go see Jason Nettle's show! :)"- Caitlin Ramirez

“What could you possibly be doing tonight at 11:30PM that would keep you from coming and seeing the show? David Letterman, Jay Leno, Stephen Colbert? Those are all on Hulu!! Come see a live show!! Check out the comments below about 9/11: We Will Forget and hopefully you can make it down to the show.”- Jason Nettle

“Jason, I attended your first performance and was powerfully impressed. I gave you five stars in the rating, but was given no chance to review the show. I'll try again later.”- MaryElla Hunt Collins

“I really enjoy last night's show Jason, I thought it was fantastic!”- Lindsay Taylor

“Fringe is a happy time. Booze and sex and lot o' larfs. Dramatic work can tend to fly under the radar. Last night I was privileged to attend 9/11: We Will Forget. It was upsetting in that beautiful, cathartic way. Hard to describe. Just go see it!!! Tonight, I'm hoping to get into Mysterious Skin (that was a shameless comp beg). I've been on the fence because it's a late show, and I'm not sure I want to have that be the last show I see at night. I had two raucous comedies to lift me after 9/11. All I'll have tonight is Facebook. :) But I'm going, and suggest you do the same.”- Chris Leavy

“I saw your show yesterday. Fantastic job! Congratulations!” -Bill Patterson

“Yo, thanks for seeing our show tonight! It was an honor to see you there. You were fantastic tonight bro, congrats, Mozel tov. Really, you were great.”-Miles Berman

"Your show was fantastic!!! You are an amazing actor...thank you so much for the ticket!!!" - Alexa Fitzpatrick

"I have no problem taking the good with the bad. I don't believe he understood the "message". He wanted me to finish the show with the monologue that's supposed to anger the audience. Trevin and I agreed the show should be left with hope and not anger. It's one opinion, but a few of you have said they wanted to leave comments at the bottom of the article. For every one bad review, I've received dozens of compliments. I truly feel I have succeeded with this show" –Jason Nettle.

"I've commented before but here I am again: I think you ARE a great performer, not just a good one. The show is wonderful: thought-provoking, insightful, affecting. (The 'actor' bit was courageous and spot on!) I wish you great success!" - MaryElla Hunt Collins

"I can't help but disagree with his entire review. You touched lives. Anyone who wants to argue that you aren't a great actor should have looked around that venue. Seeing that many tears says something. You made an experience that I shall not soon forget. I have heard so much talk about your show and none of it negative. Thank you for your talent.

And about the final monologue; it should have been naive. This was 11 years ago and you were 11 years more naive. If it were one week after Sept 11, 2001 and you sounded exactly as you do today, you would have done something wrong." - Kevin Ryan Cole

"We Will Forget is amazing. Don't be put off because it's a "serious" play; Jason Nettle doesn't beat you over the head and he gives you plenty of breathing room in between the heavy moments. Please see it"- Nicole Carson.

"Jason man! Liked the show. Emotional yet touching." - Whit Emerson

"Really liked your show. Thanks for asking me to come see it. Self promotion really works! I am obsessed with how simple interactions really do alter your life. I thought the audience responses were often inappropriate. I am guessing it was nervous laughter because the subject matter was uncomfortable to them?" - Jerry Broach

"LOVED THE SHOW JASON! If you ever decide to let others do it let me know, I would do it up in Syracuse! Loved it!" - John Didonna

"Hey Jason! Again, loved the show. Jennifer cried - tons. Very visceral and warm, horrifying and lovely - humorous and gut wrenching all at once. If you ever think, I would love to perhaps work something out with you. I travel so much for classes/rehearsals and would love to say "Hey guys, book a theatre for a night and I will do this piece." Just a thought!" - John Didonna

"Are you coming to the lawn? That was the best show I have ever seen. I hope to see you here" - Kevin Ryan Cole

"Jason, your show was amazing! I'm so glad I was able to go see it. It had grown so much since I saw it last. It affected me so much. Thank you for creating something that powerful. Great job" - Deirdre Manning

"Jason. The show was amazing. You should be very proud with what you have accomplished." - Madison Graham

"Here's a review from one of my fellow artists at the Fringe. I am so lucky to be in company with so many artists this week. Next show is Friday at 6PM. Final show is Saturday at 230PM. Some of the cast and crew from "Inertia: The Musical" went and saw "We Will Never Forget" written and Performed by Jason Nettle. This is a remarkable piece that will remind you why theatre and the arts exist. It is a show about human experience and not about the tragedy of 9/11. This is not a piece to be missed! Don't let it's subject matter scare you away." - Jason Nettle

"Hey man, wanted to tell you again great show last night. It's clear you've worked very hard and I'm glad it's come together so well for you. Congrats!" - Kory Kilgore

"Excellent! Also dear man, send me your phone, as I will send to you (pmessage) so we can chat. Jason, you are an extraordinary writer - the show was so well crafted. Bravo. Your innate use of humor and humanity was amazing." -John Didonna

"Okay, Ned is "thinking about" taking the plunge to see 9/11 because I keep recommending it. If he does, please be gentle and try not to undo years of therapy." - Chris Leavy

"CONGRATS on making the Sentinel's BEST of the Festival!" - Aradhana Tiwari

"So damn proud off this guy. My brother put on a truly powerful show about 9/11. Really, really, really good!" - Jeff Rutti

“Ok...Here we go FINAL SHOW of 9/11 We Will Forget at 2:30 PM Saturday in the Brown Venue at the Orlando Shakespeare Theater for the Orlando Fringe Festival. This show has been chosen as a top ten show by the Orlando Sentinel and according to Chris Equality Leavy and Kevin Ryan Cole (and many others), a show that must not be missed. Come to the show and meet the director and designer Trevin Cooper and Vandy Wood. It has been the greatest week of my life and hope you'll join me in the beer tent for my closing party. Hell, I might do dozens of shots. TOMORROW!!!!!!”- Jason Nettle

“I was there for your first show, and am attending this last one with a Fringe newbie today. I've told everyone who would listen about how great your show is, hope I did some good in spreading the word not to fear seeing it. Congratulations, good luck, and I DO NOT need a thank you from you, as someone else dissed you about!! :)”- MaryElla Hunt Collins

“Jason Nettle, I saw your show today! Really nice job! So excited for you. Enjoy the success and celebrate all weekend.”- Jamie Murdock

“We loved your show...watching you perform was amazing!!! Great Job!!!”- Donovan Donno

“One of the greatest and most moving forms of live art I've seen in a really long time. Anyone who didn't see it, missed out! Worth every minute of the drive up here! Thank you for sharing this with us all, Jason!”- Krista Naughton

“I'm so glad I was able to see your show! Again, I'm SO proud of you! I know how tirelessly you worked on this show and how much it means to you, and I'm so happy it was so well-received. I can't wait to see where it takes you next!”- Damian Barra

“I am so very proud of my wonderful superman Jason Nettle! All of his hard work certainly paid off with his last show being a few seats shy of a sold out house. I love you very much! Congratulations!” - Katie Hensley

APPENDIX A:
REVIEW BY ORLANDO SENTINEL

'9-11: We Will (Never) Forget'

The show starts before the announcements even begin, with bystander video of the Sept. 11, 2001, attacks. The footage is so universally sobering that — for a while — you begin to be leery about the show's intent. For all the title's insistence to the contrary, the wounds of 9-11 are still raw enough to exploit.

No such worry. New Yorker **Jason Nettle** brings the pain in his one-man show, but he does so to no trivial effect. Switching between 17 characters in the wake (or the midst) of the attacks, he tackles loss, acceptance, prejudice and despair with a series of short but brutal snapshots. In each of his roles as a haunted cop, a grieving widower and a frazzled bartender, Nettle is distinct without being showy. By necessity, the emotion ratchets high — almost unbearably so, at points — but there are some welcome reprieves. (His vignette as a self-absorbed actor is one of Nettle's most subtle turns, improbably hilarious.)

The biggest triumph, though, may be what the show doesn't do: Preach. If you can't already glean it from the emotional tidal wave of his previous characters, Nettle's final monologue reveals this as a very personal show. If it's a call to action, it is only in the deepest, most personal sense, as when one of his voices admires the ability of a mere 19 people to change the world — and seethes at their decision to create such tragedy. "When do we all get to believe in one thing?" he asks. It's a question that lingers long after the lights go up.

55 minutes, Brown Venue, \$11. Remaining shows: 6 p.m. today, 2:30 p.m. Saturday.

— **Tod Caviness**, staff writer

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APPENDIX B:
REVIEW BY INK19

Archikulture Digest

by Carl F. Gauze

Archive for May, 2012



We Will Never Forget

Monday, May 28th, 2012

We Will Never Forget

By Jason Nettle

Directed by Trevin Cooper

Orlando International Fringe Theatre Festival – Brown Venue

Having seen my share of 9-11 plays on stage and in readings, I'm rather leery of the entire genre. The story is pretty much cast in concrete: "I was minding my own business, there was a big explosion, my friends are dead, and I don't know what to do next." Mr. Nettle sticks to this formula as he must, and then looks at multiple vignettes that explore all the basic human emotions from panic to fight or flight to rage and grief and even humor and hopefulness. While this tragedy and its aftermath are still too recent to make a sitcom, his humorous segments were some of his best – the freaked out Afghani cabby hoping to avoid a lynching, the method actor seeking to leverage some auditions, and the young couple who find each other after fearing the

worst. Yes, this show is heart wrenching and nothing can replace the lives lost, but it is well executed and avoids dropping into the excessively maudlin more than absolutely necessary. It's one of the few shows I saw that got an ovation and deserved it.

This show is part of the Orlando International Fringe Theatre Festival. Tickets and other information may be found at <http://www.OrlandoFringe.org>

This was first published at www.ink19.com

APPENDIX C:
ORLANDO SENTINEL PERMISSION

From: "Kunzman, Nancy" <NKunzman@orlandosentinel.com>
Subject: **RE: Reprint permission**
Date: January 24, 2013 2:22:24 PM EST
To: Jason Nettle <jasonnettle@mac.com>

I have no problem with this as long as you are reprinting the entire review.
We can give you permission to reprint our review in your thesis at no charge. Please use the article in its entirety, unedited, and please use the following credit line: Used with permission of the Orlando Sentinel, copyright (year). You cannot use this article on a website or for promotional, marketing or fund-raising purposes without prior consent from the Orlando Sentinel. Thank you.

From: Jason Nettle [mailto:jasonnettle@mac.com]
Sent: Thursday, January 24, 2013 2:16 PM
To: Kunzman, Nancy
Subject: Re: Reprint permission

I thought I'd scan the article and place it in the chapter titled "reviews and comments". My thesis starts at conception of the idea and follows me all the way through writing, producing, acting, and performance. My committee chair thought it would be powerful that at the end of this 170 page journey of struggles, disappointments, and achievements that there would be an official review of how successful it was and that it was awarded best of the fest. The positive review is really the ultimate stamp of success for this two year journey. I'm not commenting on it or analyzing it. It will be right there, black and white for people to read and have the same response I had.

Thank you,
Jason Nettle
917-592-4324

Sent from my iPhone

APPENDIX D: INK19 PERMISSION

January 24



6:33pm

Carl F Gauze

Yes, you may use the review. Ink19 simply asks that you credit us, and if you use the review in whole add a line to the effect "This was first published at www.ink19.com" We don't have lawyers or anything like that and we appreciate the publicity.

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