
ENTERTAINMENT

Theater in-jokes aplenty

By **MARK COLLINS** | The Daily Camera

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3 stars

What: square product theatre's "One Woman Show"

When: 8 p.m. Thursdays-Saturdays, through May 8

Where: Wesley Chapel, 1290 Folsom St., Boulder

Tickets: \$12 \$14 (two for one Thursdays)

Information: squareproducttheatre.org

Parent's guide: Adult language

A one-person theater show can be an audacious endeavor. Your folks didn't love you right? The neighbor did bad things to you? You were a chubby kid?

Forget the therapist. Come up with some dialogue, a couple of songs, maybe some video footage, and cram your angst into 75 minutes sans intermission.

Then, heal from the all the glorious handclapping you're sure to inspire.

"One Woman Show," square product theatre's new ensemble-created piece, pokes fun at the impulse to — and process of — putting on a one-person show.

It's also a sometimes-biting ode to theater geeks, that tribe of outcasts who find a home by banding together with other lost souls to put on plays.

There may be just enough clever foolery and quirky silliness in "One Woman Show" to appeal to those who don't scour the weekly theater calendar for a list of what's opening. I mean, how often do you see a fat suit made from plastic grocery bags, clear packing tape and a blow dryer? Or a clown who lives somewhere between Cute Avenue and Creepy Lane talking in his little-boy voice about eating steaks and salad?

Mostly, though, this is a series of inside jokes. Since I'm (sort of) on the inside, I dug it.

The play, conceived by Mary-Laurence Bevington and written by performers Bobby Dartt, Emily K. Harrison and Jessica J. Johson, boasts three live cast members, and a dozen or so people from the local theater scene — each playing a wonderfully skewed version of themselves during video cameos.

Some come in the form of audition tapes. Karen Slack cries, Mare Trevathan doesn't believe in memorizing lines, Philip Sneed tunes his vocal instrument, GeRee Hinshaw telepathically connects and Casey Beauchamp does the Napoleon Dynamite dance. It's highly entertaining.

Later, in "how to" spots, Gemma Wilcox talks spamming, Beth Osnes urges nurturing content, Michelle Ellsworth gets frantic, Emily K. Harrison keeps a list, Joan Bruemmer wants everyone involved, Liz Baron — sorry, it's Elizabeth — deigns us with her presence and Tammy Meneghini opts for masks.

If you know the local actors' work, the cameos are gold.

Meanwhile, Harrison, Jessica J. Johnson and Bobby Dartt are live and in the flesh as a trio of thespians trying desperately to put on a confessional play by and about someone named Carole Anne (who has inconveniently followed her boyfriend to India).

If that seems like a lot to follow, at times it is. There's some "play within a play about a play" going on. I'm not sure I grasped it all.

But Dartt's musical interludes on the piano, Harrison's on-the-verge-of-freak-out energy, and the clever filmed footage keep us hooked in.

Contact Camera Theater Critic Mark Collins at 303-473-1369 or BDCTheater@comcast.net.