



**EVERGREEN PLAYS**

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## MYSTERY SPOT

Productions: California Stage Company (Sacramento, CA)  
Idiom Theatre (Bellingham, WA)

Honors (examples): Ashland New Plays Festival reading  
Santa Cruz Actor's Theatre. First place, full-length play contest  
Reva Shiner Award finalist, Bloomington Playwrights Project

Review Excerpts: "an enjoyable night at the theater, with laughs aplenty, food for thought and a remarkable amount of intelligent, feminist-centered dialogue." *Cascadia Weekly*

Promo Video: <https://youtu.be/PVDNktMbVow>

### Synopsis:

Dingo, a regular ol' guy from Oroville, gets accepted to UC Santa Cruz, where he becomes a Women's Studies major so he can practice his hobby of chasing women around. To fund his womanizing, he gets a job at the Santa Cruz Mystery Spot. There he meets Sylvia Plath, who is on a quest from the afterlife. The Mystery Spot is sued for deceptive advertising and Dingo tries to save the Mystery Spot while simultaneously pursuing the owner's daughter. Dingo's plot to save the Mystery Spot involves his new friend Sylvia. And simultaneously Sylvia sees an opportunity for a "second chance" and hatches a plan that includes using Dingo.

## DINGO

(Excerpt from opening monologue. 1 minute, 50 seconds)

I was born and raised in Oroville, California.... Last year I graduated from Oroville High School.

Mr. Anderson, my high school history teacher, encouraged me to go to college..... Mr. Anderson is, like, the best teacher of all time. He encouraged me to apply to the University of California at Santa Cruz. So I did. And I got in.

My parents were real proud of me.

Santa Cruz. Saint Cruz. Saint Cruisin'. A place where if you get really good at cruisin', they canonize you.

You meet girls in the dorms. But my room mate warned me that that could get, you know, awkward....

So I try different methods to meet these Santa Cruz women. I quickly hit upon a system that works beautifully, involving a cappuccino, Sylvia Plath and the Ikea catalogue.

I get myself a table out on the quad, see. I have my cappuccino and a bottle of water.

So, I set the Ikea catalogue out on the table, away from me, so it is clear that I'm not using it. But still close enough so it is understood that it is mine. Then I open up this Sylvia Plath book.

This combination is so deadly, it's not even fair.

Now, I'd never heard of Sylvia Plath before. She's like this chick who felt sad and managed to turn it into a career.

So, the Ikea catalogue is like blood in the water. It gets 'em circling. Then one of them wants to know if they can look at it. Sure, I say. Then my bait, Sylvia Plath. "Oh, is that Sylvia Plath?" they invariably ask. I reply, "Yeah, it's really intense."

Now, I've learned to never ask "Have you read it?" because no one has, including me. It just gets things off on the wrong foot.

So now they're nibblin' the bait. I just gotta set the hook, which is me. I'm still working on the hook.

(LIZ enters)

Excuse me. I gotta customer.

## MYSTERY SPOT

### DINGO

(Second Act. 1 minute 20 seconds)

Phil, do you know what a euphemism is?

I'm not sure I know what a euphemism is or how to define it or whatever but I know one when I hear one and the word ... "relationship" ... Huh? What are they talking about, exactly? It's always brought up and guys are supposed to know what they mean by relationship and we nod our head and smile.

I wish I could just grab every women in the world and scream:

"Guess what, ladies? When you talk about relationships, we haven't a clue what you're talking about. I mean. We wanna have sex with you. In some dictionary ... somewhere ... isn't that defined as some form of a relationship? "

I would've made a great girl. If I were a girl and I met me I wouldn't talk about relationships. I would just have sex with me!

So last night Liz says to me:

"Don't people have relationships where you come from? "

I hate it when she refers to Oroville as "where you come from." That is like so ... condescending. "Don't people have relationships where you

come from?" As Liz defines relationship I think I can honestly say that, in Oroville, yes, we do have relationships.

Just... not with each other.

I'm starting to think I'll never feel at home here at UC Santa Cruz.

## **THESE ALTERED DAYS**

Productions: Not produced.

Honors: Staged reading at City Lights Theater in San Jose  
Staged reading in Actors Theatre of Santa Rosa New Works Festival  
Staged reading in Last Frontier Theatre Conference  
Finalist, Lark Theatre Playwrights Week  
3rd place, Atwater Playhouse Play Writing Festival, Los Angeles  
3rd place, Nancy Weil New Play Contest, Firefly Productions, New York

### Reviews

Panelist feedback following a reading of These Altered Days at The Last Frontier Theatre Conference:

"Boy you had me . . . I loved this play all the way through." Paula Vogel, playwright

"I was crying, which doesn't happen very often for me." Emily Mann, Artistic Director McCarter Center

"I was intrigued from the beginning." David Esbjornson, director

"I'm glad your play had such a good response. " Terrence McNally, playwright

### Synopsis:

Michael, twenty years old, returns home to his apartment to discover that a version of himself from twenty years in the future has moved in. The forty year old Michael confronts the twenty year old Michael about his alcoholism. In turn, the twenty year old challenges the forty year old to regain the spark that drove him to pursue his passion, photography. Boiling beneath the surface is an unspeakable tragedy that the older Michael is desperately trying to correct.

## THE YOUNGER

(1 minute 45 seconds)

Look. Look at these photos in Life Magazine. I... I sent photos to Life Magazine. Really good photos.

(shuffles through the portfolio)

Remember? The photo I took at the beach. Where is it? That lobster peaking out from an old boot? Fabulous shot. Everything Life Magazine represents was there in that one shot. Where is it?? Don't tell me you lost that photo, I'll kill you.

Remember that photo shoot? That lobster was absolutely regal. Like he knew that he could inspire great art if he felt like it. He backs up into that boot like a valet parking a Porsche. He sets his antennae just so, poses and smiles and then BAM, I give him my F-stop surprise. Having done his job, he exits the boot and with the swagger of a sailor, slips back into the ocean. Wow. What a lobster.

That shot was just as good as any photo this rag publishes. No, better. The photo editor wouldn't even return my phone calls. I called every week for months. Nothing. Nada. It's humiliating to keep calling like that. I mean, look, rejection I can take. At least with rejection there is an acknowledgment that I exist. But to not even ... Editor just sits there, like some French Champagne, so self satisfied.

So, so whose phone call does he return? Can you tell me that? You want to help me out Futureboy, then you tell me this one thing. How does one get the photo editor of Life Magazine to return a phone call?

And while you are at it, answer a more basic question. How does *anybody* ever get anything accomplished *ever*? I'm not talking about accomplishing getting a job at Food Mart and then staying there for twenty five years. I'm talking about accomplishing something that makes a difference. Makes a little splash.

I mean, is there anybody, anywhere in the world saying "Here, let me help you make a difference in the world by doing something radical like returning your phone call."

Maybe, maybe it's who you know, like having your daddy on the board of directors.

I... I have so much to give, so much to share. So much life. So much joy. *(to the world)* I WANT TO SHARE MY JOY WITH YOU, *(pause)* assholes.

## PEACHES EN REGALIA

Productions: Wily West Productions, San Francisco, CA.  
Elite Theatre Company, Oxnard, CA.  
Bellingham TheatreWorks, Bellingham, WA.

Honors: Penobscot Theatre reading in 2009 Northern Writes New Play Festival  
Hudson Stage Company reading 2009  
McLaren Comedy Competition Honorable Mention 2009  
Curtain Players Playwrights Festival 2009 staged reading  
Las Vegas Little Theatre reading in 2010 New Works Competition  
Masquers Playhouse reading in Off the Page, 2010

### Review Excerpts:

"Lyons has a gift for stream-of-consciousness monologue" *SF Examiner*  
"Peaches en Regalia... goes down smoothly and pleasantly" *The Idiolect*  
"very funny... with a post-modern twist." *Examiner.com San Francisco*  
"the funniest play this season" *BeyondChron.org*  
"inspired flights of zaniness" *San Francisco Bay Guardian*  
"quirky little moments of revealing human behavior." *Bay Area Reporter*  
"Four opening monologues become one beautifully intertwined story of lives merging at a critical juncture." *Ventura County Reporter*

Promo Video: <https://youtu.be/891Ka-JNBeo>

### Synopsis:

Four strangers at Doug's Diner are united by the politics of the men's room, a peach dish, time management and a very special pair of panties. In the second act, Norman confronts time management in a final, epic battle. No nudity or violence. Adult humor. A few bad words. Peaches en Regalia, is a full length version of the award-winning, widely produced one act of the same name.

## PEACHES

(2 minutes)

Hello, my name is Peaches. I am a third year student at the Western University. I think my major is business.

I got interested in business while in high school, when I did a term paper that examined recent history through the lens of gas prices. For better or worse, much of what has transpired in the last century can be directly linked to gas prices. At least that is what I set out to prove in my high school term paper.....

So, anyway, I'm a business major. But maybe I should be a history major with a minor in business. I don't know. I certainly like history.

I always go to my history professor's office hours. Recently he and I got to talking about the origins of the Second World War. I had a lot of questions, so I guess that's why he invited me out to dinner.

I said, sure, whatever. I thought maybe he'd explain World War Two in terms of gas prices, you know, over steak and stuff.

I just started to work this summer at Bank of America. Since I'm a business major, I suppose it makes sense to work at a financial institution. I am really having fun at Bank of America, not taking it too seriously.

I like to wear totally killer clothes. Daddy calls me a clothes horse. I've named all my outfits. So for casual Fridays I always wear this little number I call "Black Death," named after a particularly memorable menstrual period I had last year....

My professor asked me where I wanted to go for dinner and so I said "Horseshoe Cafe." It's not too expensive, kinda campy - I love the atmosphere - and the people there are great.

He wanted to take me to, like some French restaurant, but I insisted we go to The Horseshoe Cafe.

We had a nice dinner. My professor didn't talk about gas prices at all. In fact, we didn't even talk about history. He just asked me questions about myself. That was nice I suppose but I was really hoping he would take an interest in my gas price theory....

After dinner my professor offers to drive me home. It's late at night so I accept his offer. We get to my apartment, and he offers to walk me to the door. That's always nice, you know, in my neighborhood.

So, we get to the door of the apartment building and I say thank you and stuff and see you in class next week. Well, I'm about to turn to go when he leans forward to kiss me. Well, I don't want to kiss my professor. I mean, he's my teacher. Not only that but he's gotta be well into his 30s. I mean, huh? So I just pretend he's sneezing and I say "bless you." I thought that would save us both some embarrassment. Then I turn and walk inside.

So anyway, as I'm putting away my purse, taking off my clothes, and getting into my nightgown, it just hits me. "I think my professor wants to have sex with me."

(pause)

And simultaneously I have another thought. The Bank of America is stupid. The Horseshoe Cafe is fun. And I make the decision then and there. I'm going to quit the Bank of America, and waitress at The Horseshoe Cafe.

## PEACHES EN REGALIA

NORMAN

(1 minute)

Okay, hold it. That's... that's your problem right there. All you want is a baby. Nice baby, all cuddles and smiles and coos. Well they don't stay babies forever. Soon it's watching Barney and singing those awful songs over and over and then it wants to play "Go Fish." But not just one game of "Go Fish," not just ten games of "Go Fish." It wants to play ten million games of "Go Fish." It throws its Lego blocks all over the house, which really hurt when you step on them with your bare feet. Then it starts asking you questions, nonstop, like you're being cross-examined. Really hard questions too, like "can you explain the international dateline?" and "what's the electoral college?"

No more just deciding to go out to a movie on the spur of the moment. No. You need to arrange a baby sitter, and no one wants to come take care of your little bratty kid on a perfectly good Friday night.

By the age of eight it's embarrassed to be seen with you and blames you for the rotten childhood it's having.

Eventually it leaves home and never calls you and never says thanks for all the sacrifices that you made and then you die and it gets all your life insurance money even though it never helped out with the premiums and pretty soon it's 80 years old and miserable and lonely and sitting on a park bench with a bad back and wondering why its parents ever brought it into this world and then it dies.

And you wonder why I'm not excited about having a kid?

## PEACHES EN REGALIA

(1 minute 20 seconds)

NORMAN

I enter the rest room there at the diner. There are two stalls. Someone is standing outside the stalls, at a respectable distance, by the sink, waiting patiently for a stall.

I have been practicing social banter. My heart always quickens before I try to speak to a stranger, but I try to reach out anyway. My heart quickens because I fear that I will make an attempt to be friendly, but that I will be rejected... that the response will be a grunt or a cold stare. Then I will feel like a fool. How can you actually speak words to someone and just get a stare in return? I wonder.

"Waiting?" I smile to the man already there.



It does not come naturally to me. But, gosh, we are all so alone in this world. We all, or at least most of us I think, long for connection. My need for connection, my need to reach out, is hampered by my insecurities. I have been practicing being secure. No, I have been practicing *acting* secure, with the hope that the *being* might follow.

One way I practice acting secure is I am trying to teach myself how to wink. I mean, I can wink, but not as a form of communication.

There is an elite strata of humans that are able to wink as a form of communication. These people are usually male. They are usually gregarious, quick with a compliment, they often throw their head back when they laugh, which they do a lot. Everyone likes these people but no one ever feels close to them. But that's okay.

You do not wink at someone in the men's bathroom. I know this and do not practice my wink on the fellow ahead of me waiting for a stall to open up. Instead, I ask "Waiting?" and act confident. He replies simply, "yes," but in a nice way that makes us both feel comfortable.

So I form a line, or more accurately, I *become* the line, waiting behind him. Politely.

## THE FUN IN FUNERAL

Production: Three Wise Monkeys, San Francisco  
Birdcage Theatre, Oroville

Honors: Top Ten, McLaren Comedy Play Writing Competition  
Finalist, Pittsburgh New Play Festival  
Finalist, Ashland New Plays Festival  
Staged reading in Actors Theatre of Santa Cruz New Play Contest  
Staged reading in San Francisco Playwrights Center DramaRama Festival

### Review Excerpts:

"Engaging comedy that's sure to make you laugh." SFGate.com  
"witty... a wonderful treat!" The Oroville Mirror

### Synopsis:

A comedy about sex and funerals.

Set during the heady days of the .com explosion, this madcap comedy follows the schemes and love life of a group of crazy young urbanites. When Simone brings home a new boyfriend she found at a poetry festival, and her roommate Jenny has her fiancée move in while his home is fumigated, the stage is set for fun, farce and a mad plan to market performance art funerals. Morris, the flaming mortician's beautician, arrives to lend his considerable skills to this wild idea to make big money.

### SIMONE

(20 seconds)

Well, he read some of his stuff at the poetry festival. He was just so... intense. After the festival a bunch of us went out to Blake's Bar and he was there. So I get to talking to him and told him how I really liked his stuff. And he goes "I really like your stuff," you know, even though I hadn't read anything. And it's real sexy and we're like totally oozing chemistry all over the place. It was like... covalent bonding.

We were in bed together within two hours. It was beyond covalent bonding, it was like... exothermic.

## THE GHOSTS OF TONKIN

Production: Bellingham TheatreWorks, Bellingham, Portland and Eugene  
A Contemporary Theatre ACTLab, Seattle, WA

Honors: Top 8 semifinalist (of 160 entries) Festival of New American Plays,  
Firehouse Theatre  
Top 10 finalist (of 120 entries) Playwrights Theater Plays for the 21st  
Century  
Top 10 finalist (of 130 entries) Long Beach Playhouse New Works Festival  
Winner (one of four winners from 200 entries) Mario Fratti-Fred Newman  
Political Play Writing Award  
Semifinalist (top 4%) Julie Harris Award  
Top 7 finalist (of 218 entries) New Works of Merit  
Staged reading at Artists Repertory Theatre, Portland, Oregon

Promo Video: <https://youtu.be/pqvp9WlvOfo>

### Synopsis:

A drama, inspired by real events, about the origins of the Vietnam War. Wayne Morse was one of two senator who, in 1964, voted against the Gulf of Tonkin resolution that gave LBJ authority to use military intervention in Vietnam. Wayne Morse returns to earth for the 50th anniversary of the beginning of the Vietnam War. He and a dead Pentagon intelligence analyst revisit the events that led to the war, and try to prevent it this time.

### MORSE

(1 minute 20 seconds)

(MORSE enters. He is confused and hesitant.)

Ah. Hello. My name is Wayne Morse. I am from Eugene Oregon. I was Oregon's Senator from 1945 to 1968. I died in 1974. Given that last bit of information, I am sure you can imagine that I am a little confused as to what I am doing here. Back stage I was just informed that it is 2023. Can that be right?

(STAGE MANAGER enters from wings)

This makes no sense.

(STAGE MANAGER hands note to Morse.  
STAGE MANAGER exits.)

Excuse me.

(MORSE reads note)

Ah. I am supposed to remind you to... Turn off your... Cellophane?  
What?

(MORSE is distracted by something off stage)

Pardon me folks.

(MORSE goes to side of stage. Speaks to someone. Returns.)

Ah. I am also supposed to tell you to not vibrate your cellophane.

I've only been gone fifty years, I come back and find you are all walking around with vibrating cellophane. I'm as confused as a cow on AstroTurf.

I rarely feel awkward in a public speaking situation such as this. But I am just a little out of sorts here.

Indeed, I gave many speeches in my day. I enjoyed trying to explain complex subjects in terms that people could understand. Comes from my old days as a college professor.

A young lady once told me that she learned more in the first ten minutes of one of my speeches than she learned in an entire college course. She also shared with me that she felt the subsequent two hours of my speech might benefit from a little editing.

## THE GHOSTS OF TONKIN

MORSE

(55 seconds)

I'll tell you a story. In 1953 Eisenhower urged passage of something called the tidelands bill. I felt this bill was an environmental disaster written by oil companies and rubber stamped by a conservative administration.

I filibustered the tidelands bill for 22 hours and 26 minutes. During that time I could not sit down. I could not leave the room. I could not stop talking. I remember greeting Senators as they returned to the chamber the next morning. They were surprised to see me still up there talking away.

When I relinquished the floor, I immediately held a press conference, to be certain that the media understood the folly of this bill.

And after all this, what was the focus of the newspaper reports the next day? Not on the subtleties of this evil bill. Not on how congress is run by oil companies. No. The press coverage was almost exclusively about my amazing bladder control during the 22 hour filibuster.

*(pause)*

I had this dog, Blackie, when I was a kid. Every time I pointed at something, Blackie would never look at what I was pointing at. Blackie would always look at my hand. No matter how I tried.

I would go --

(MORSE points finger at something,  
shaking his hand)

And Blackie would go --

(MORSE follows the shaking finger with his  
head)

Blackie is just like the press in this country.

## **MRS. BAVE PRESENTS THE PIG WAR**

Productions: Bellingham TheatreWorks, Bellingham, WA and San Juan Island

Promo Video: <https://youtu.be/xq2R4YyyE4E>

### Synopsis:

The almost true story of a play that nearly happened about a war that never occurred, as told by the mannequins who were there! The whacky tale of Emelia Bave and her play about the Pig War that she presented for 20 years on San Juan Island using a cast of mannequins because no one on San Juan Island wanted to be in her play! Based upon real events.

### MRS. BAVE

(1 minute 30 seconds)

The Pig War thus concluded without a single casualty.

Except for the pig.

(pause)

I presented *The San Juan Saga*, using my wonderful mannequin cast, from about 1965 until Milt died – 1985. Twenty years. Twenty years. Did any show on Broadway ever last twenty years?

Broadway. We never made it to Broadway. All these people who were so dismissive of my *San Juan Saga*, I had hoped to prove them wrong.

Well, I... I never really proved anybody wrong.

So, twenty years of the *San Juan Saga*. And for what? Well, for me, if I hadn't created the *San Juan Saga* I would have never met Captain Pickett. And if I hadn't met Captain Pickett, I wouldn't have known what to say to Jerry. And if I hadn't known what to say to Jerry, he probably would have gone to Vietnam and if he had gone to Vietnam, well...

So, my play never had the glory of Broadway, but my play may have saved the life of a single boy.

If we learn anything from the Pig War, it is that single lives matter.

You see, during the Pig War, world events were shaped not by national policy nor by national leaders. A major war between two great nations hung in the balance. And it all hinged on choices made by simple individuals. Individuals like Captain Hornby and Captain Pickett.

Individuals like you and me.

What strikes me is that the people on each side of the dispute were friends. George Pickett would go to Sunday service on Captain Hornby's British war ship. US Collector of Customs Henry Webber became fast friends with Charles Griffin of the Hudson Bay Company. Kind of makes shooting your enemy less appealing if your enemy is your friend.

So, what have we learned from the Pig War? Maybe before two nations go to war, perhaps they should have tea together. Perhaps they should admire each other's rose gardens. Perhaps they should pray together. Perhaps each side should vow to not fire the first shot.

Who knows? Perhaps next time, even the life of the pig might be saved.