

# SCAG

in association with Peterborough New Dance  
present

## PENT

### *Performers*

*first man...Ryan Kerr; his brother...scooter;  
she...Stephanie Corrin; mother...Dy Gallagher;  
father...Peter Ens*

### *Guitarists*

Wyatt Burton, Parijata Charbonneau,  
John MacEwen, Tom Reader, Mark Rogers

*Story and Direction: Patrick Walsh Musical Direction:  
Tom Reader Choreography: The Performers Stage  
Management: Terri Rowan Assistant Stage  
Management: Heather Home Lighting: Cathy Petch  
Sound: Ian Osborn Lighting Operation: Cathy Petch  
and Tracy Shumate Producer: Bill Kimball Slide  
Show Photography: Tracy Shumate Slide Show  
Director: Brian Mitolo She's Room Stuff: Cassia Piper,  
bed by Martha Cockshutt*

### *Special Thanks*

Blake Jacobs, Ryan Cartwright, 4th Line Theatre,  
Nick Gilder, Roland Hosier, BSG, Ed Czmielewski,  
Dave Bond, Ken Yates, Charon and Jerome  
and always Kristina

The first man cracks his bones across the face of his brother. She watches and realises that she is cracking too, right from the top to the bottom. She is cracking on her father's knee, she is split between her brother and him, and her father and mother both seem unlikely. The first man breaks his arms on the temper of his kindred, of his brother with glory binding.

She is in her own head watching. She is tossing back and forth on the outskirts of her reasoning. Her father and her mother both seem unlikely for each other. Her father's hands she watches as the feeling spreads from the point of contact to the borders of her heart. From the recesses of her conscience to her continuity. She watches until her legs feel long enough to run away.

As he brother breaks, the first man feels the insolence of his better judgement leading him on. Who will champion this? Who will stand in pain with the situation? The first man can feel his knees loosen. The first man has legs no more. He speaks with the voice of his entire life when he says "I don't got legs no more."

Her mother is a mess of fever. Raked and muddled like a puddle of dirty water. Her mother is turning quickly, sinking into the sinkholes which her entire generation has sunken into. She, for a brief moment, can feel this. His brother did not think, upon impact, that his brother could punch that hard. Her father's temper was widespread and heavy, and when he swung his fists, they felt it next

door. The first man swings from rooftop branches, from tire swings made of drunken car crashes, and his bones snap so easy across his brother's stony face. Across his brother's cold stony face.

Sometimes she can hear her father and her mother in sinking disparity, in a wretched attempt at what once they held true. It has found a violence all its own. The first man flinches, he is wary of his form, he is aware of all his surroundings. He flinches again, this time with more meaning, only because he means it more. She is feeling senseless. She is just back from visiting, she has no time, she has no time, she has only her aches and pains. The first man looks upon her, looks her over, up and down, and again, then off and sideways then he looks right through her.

His brother is quick in his assumptions. His brother can feel it in his deepest down of hearts, her father and her mother are fighting in the kitchen, are fighting in the hallway, and then right outside her door. She is inside bursting up and out of her surroundings. The first man's hand is broken, unapparent at the time, and his brother is shameless in his drifting short displays. His awkward sense of direction becomes prevalent. His brother steps with staggered pride, with every sense of obtrusion you can imagine. Perhaps you are believing in some old thing, with some new name.

- Patrick Walsh



Photo: Tracy Shumate