

Ian Fraser

# THE EXCERPT IS BELOW THIS RESUME

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## Theater Plays Staged.

### In USA

*'CAT AND GOD'*

(published by One Act Play Depot, Canada)

*'Yours Till the Cows Come Home'*

staged reading, Fusion Theatre, NM

### ***Dogs of the Blue Gods***

To be staged by the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Theatre, WI, **2008**).

Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.

Staged by the Village Playhouse of Wauwatosa, WI, 1999. (Won First place at the Wisconsin State AACTFest).

*Blitzbrecker and the Chicken From Hell*

Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.

### In South Africa

### ***The Accidental Antichrist***

(Special FNB-Vita Award for 'Most Outstanding New Production.'

Nominated for FNB-Vita Award for 'Playwright of the Year.' South Africa, 1994).

### ***The Sugar Plum Fairy***

(Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival. South Africa, 1993).

***Sleeping Chickens*** (South Africa, 1993).

### ***Heart Like a Stomach***

(Winner of the Amstel Playwright of the Year Award. South Africa, 1992).

### ***Butterfly Jam***

(Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. South Africa, 1991).

### ***Like the Pyramid on the Camel Packet***

(Officially staged by the Performing Arts Council Transvaal. South Africa, 1991).

### ***The Gospel According to the Mafia***

(Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival. South Africa,

1991).

***Blitzbreker and the Chicken from Hell***

(Officially staged by the Cape Performing Arts Council. Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. Pick of the Fringe Award Grahamstown Arts Festival, South Africa, 1990).

***Dogs of the Blue Gods***

(Tonight AA Life Vita Award for Comedy. South Africa, 1990).

(Staged by the First Banana Theater Company, Madison, WI, 1998.  
The Village Playhouse of Wauwatosa, WI, 1999. (Won first place at the Wisconsin State AACTFest).  
To be staged by the University of Wisconsin Oshkosh Theatre, WI, 2008).

***Charles Manson***

(Amstel Playwright of the Year nomination. South Africa, 1989).

***Lenny Bruce Live***

(Best Cabaret 1988, The Argus newspaper. South Africa, 1988).

***Bring Me Gandhi*** (South Africa, 1987).

**Publications**

***My Own Private Orchestra***, Penguin Books 1993.

(Nominated for 'CNA Literary Awards,' Debut section, 1994)

**Journalism**

***The Star***, Johannesburg, South Africa. 1994 –2002  
Internet technology columnist.

***Mail & Guardian***, Johannesburg, South Africa 2002-2006  
Columnist, "Fraser's Razor."

**Voice Work**

South African Broadcasting Corporation/TV 2 2004 – 2006  
Johannesburg, South Africa.  
Contracted voice talent for on-air announcements and movie promos.

**Voice Work**

**Products & Campaigns Worked On:** KFC, Microsoft, Hewlett Packard, Visa, Pizza Hut, Schick Razors, Red Bull, Agfa, Pringles, Kellogg's, EMI, Sealy Posteurpedic, South African Airways, Greyhound Bus, Nu Metro Film Distributors, Ster Kinekor Film Distributors, FinWeek Magazine, UIP-Warner, MNET TV, Tusk Music, Southern Sun Hotels, DSTV Multichoice, Pedigree Dog Food, Nedbank, Engen, CAN, Yokohama, assorted Ads-Up TV, Tiger Wheel and Tyre, Independent Newspaper Company, MNET Sound Check, Bruma Flea Market, Volkskas Bank, 'Green Machine,' Pampers, Castle Lager, PG Glass, MNET Multichoice,

Standard Bank, Sun International, Financial Mail, Zappa Sambucca,  
Berocca Calcium, First Bowring Insurance, , Out There Magazine, Ithuba  
Games, Stannic, KTV, Akira TV, Barracuda Pool Cleaners. (etc)

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## **THE ACCIDENTAL ANTICHRIST**

by Ian Fraser

Ian Fraser

### **AWARDS**

Winner 1994 Special FNB-Vita award for "Most Outstanding New Production"

STAGED AT WINDYBROW THEATRE, JOHANNESBURG

THE GREAT HALL AT GRAHAMSTOWN ARTS FESTIVAL,

THE CIVIC THEATRE, JOHANNESBURG.

PERFORMED BY IAN FRASER

### **SYNOPSIS**

*The storyline is deceptively simple. Boy meets girl in Trouble, Boy rescues girl. Boy causes the end of the world.*

*(Of course, the boy is an ancient Broadway-musical-loving vampire - and the girl is an abused runaway heroin addict). But it's in essence, a love story, told by a monk in long flowing robes, at some far distant point in the future.*

*Set on the rooftops of a city, in moonlight - and dark alleyways, peopled by strange and sometimes violent characters - all created by the solo actor - it's a gothic piece of quiet weirdness.*

*It deals with love, but also South Africa as it was - and the end of the world. At the time of staging, the world was indeed 'ending' for Apartheid South Africa, as it was.*

*This was one of the most complex theater pieces I'd written, relying heavily on prerecorded sound, and precise split-second lighting, to gradually create an entire world that would be both believable, and of the Goth romantic quality that I wanted.*

*The script is written out in the oddly formal 'poetic' style that it is, in order to better convey the deliberate style of speech used - which created the sense of poetry that some of the critics reviews refer to.*

*The piece consistently steps back and forth between a variety of genres, in a*

*quietly lurid way. I wanted to create a work framed in pseudo-Shakespearean dignity, while dealing with a story that is patently absurd and at times, ridiculously silly. And try to sustain this balancing act, between two extremes, by relying on the simplest of theatrical devices - some lights, and taped voices and effects. No set.*

*WITH HOUSELIGHTS ON, WE HEAR FRANK SINATRA'S "NIGHT AND DAY"  
THEN LIGHTS DOWN, AND IN DARKNESS, WE HEAR WOLVES HOWLING  
AND ORGAN MUSIC- WE SEE A MONK ENTER WITH HIS CANDLE-  
HE BOWS TO AN UNSEEN MONARCH*

MONK

Your majesty, knights and representatives  
of the new colonies.

I now present - filled with attitudes  
and customs long extinct - a  
tale rich in irony and intrigue,  
set in the times before the Flood.

Tis a story dream sent, thus  
I ask indulgence for the contrary  
views which drive certain of the characters  
to acts unseemly  
and unthinkable in this more - enlightened Age.

Picture, if you will - a yellow grey sky,  
cloaked and choked  
with evil humors,  
above a world thickly forested by rectangular  
stone buildings, wherein dwell,  
untold numbers of persons, existing  
contentedly alongside others less fortunate,  
whose suffering is not  
merely ignored, but considered  
a natural effect of the society's  
good workings.

A place where pain, loneliness and lies  
are the coin of barter-  
where the natural is scorned,  
and the depraved considered not  
merely acceptable, but justified..  
An obscenity thus illuminated,  
may cause discomfort -  
but whose  
stirrings will I trust,  
be outweighed by the instructive content  
contained within my Tale,  
detailing,  
the misadventures,  
of a

strange Adam - and his Eve.  
Light the lamps..

FX BRIEF SECTION OF JULIE CRUISE MUSIC, SWELLS UP AND THEN  
DOWN.

Thirteen years old and crying, she sits in an alley and thinks  
of the father she shot. Dad, was a balloon, whose air escaped  
the day her mother walked out on them.  
She cried. He drank. She stopped. He didn't.  
I can't do this-  
she thought, the first time she woke up and felt him deep inside  
her. It was their late night warm wet little secret.  
But the night she came, she killed him.  
Took his gun, put it to his head and-

FX GUNSHOT

-punctured him, as he'd punctured her,  
packed a bag and left  
for the City thinking  
"how do you unlove someone?"  
The alley stinks  
- as night drips down the buildings - the  
upright fish fingers,  
on a dirty plate..

LIGHTS DIM. A GARISH PURPLE SPOT COMES ON.

Krause - was - a vampire-

KRAUSE  
(sings, from 'Oliver') "Will you buy any milk today mistress?"

an old man was being kicked to death-

KRAUSE  
(sings) "Any milk today mistress?"

He stood on the ornamental locomotive beside the main railway  
station, and watched-

KRAUSE  
(sings) "Two blooms for a penny-"

It'd been a long flight over from Europe, and his arms were sore-

KRAUSE  
(sings) "Ripe strawberries ripe-"

Six hundred years old, the last of his race - and although  
he would've denied it - a romantic-

KRAUSE

*(sings)* "Ripe strawberries ripe-"

it's late, but the streets are full.  
Orange light glints off the knives  
of waiting muggers in the alleys  
- the freaks prowl now-

KRAUSE

*(sings)* "Who will buy my sweet r-r-r-ed r-r-roses-?"

The old man coughs his teeth and dies,  
the policemen drag him  
off - by morning he'll be cremated  
and float as ash-

KRAUSE

*(sings)* "I'm so high, I swear I could fly-"

THE PURPLE SPOT FADES, AS KRAUSE SMACKS HIS LIPS.  
A CENTRE SPOT COMES ON.

HARRY

Bitches are bitches and cunts are bitches and sluts are all  
the fucken same, you know? That's my philosophy.  
Check - I first saw this chick at one of these amusement  
arcades in Hillbrow. Now me - over the years, I can spot  
runaways - there's something about 'em that gives them away.  
A nice kind of - hopelessness.  
Oh my name's Harry, and I'm into - 'small business development',  
you know?  
No matter how crazy this country gets, people always need to  
fuck, an always need to get stoned. An that's where I come in.  
I organize. Whatever's needed, you know?  
So I see this chick, playing TV games - I sidle up, don't appear  
too interested coz that like then makes them wanna push forward  
onto the hook. I play alongside. I buy her a game. We share a  
game. I invite her for a burger and a milkshake.  
Hey I know how to do this stuff - you cant say "a beer" coz then  
they get scared, but a milkshake? "milkshake" sounds safe.  
She accepts. Off we go. I talk shit an be charming.  
Definitely she's a runaway, and she's tired - you know? - easy meat.  
I mention I've got a spare bed at my place, an then talk about other  
stuff, so as to let her scheme about it.  
She takes the bait.  
We go back to my place, I open the door and-

HE HITS

-I roll her over, pull her pants down, and there it is, you know?  
God looks after all his children sometimes...  
Afterwards, I cook up some heroin, fill a syringe, and shoot her up-

**FX TAPE    VOCAL                    HARRY**  
**TRAVELLING FAR NOW BITCH?**  
**THROUGH THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION**  
**AND BEYOND, RIGHT?**

That night, Krause wakes hungry -  
the city calls to him.  
Bill to his Hilary,  
Juliet to his Romeo,  
Jane to his Tarzan-

In the squatter camps,  
the laser sights from the armored cars, lance  
in all directions,  
making them look like thin legged spiders  
as they move on the  
webs that pass for streets-  
Later that night, Krause looks around.  
The businessman who'd picked him up  
at the railway station never knew what hit him.  
The house was quiet now, the  
lounge looked almost normal -  
except for the man's jacket draped over the couch,  
oh - and his arm resting up against the wall  
- the blood smears above it pointing  
like arrows towards the messier carnage in the bedroom.  
The torn-off head - the  
only sure way of  
preventing the vampirism from spreading..  
After checking  
for dental floss in the bathroom (there wasn't) -  
Krause left for home.

Forgotten toys too plastic to rust,  
lie on the mist covered lawns of the suburbs.  
The masters and madams are asleep  
as the day breaks and the townships wake.  
"Town-Ship"  
- such a nice name for a ghetto -  
like a have a happy day sticker on  
the inside of the door slammed shut  
as you nude and clutching towel and soap  
hear the sound of the gas pellets drop.

Day.  
Dawn comes.  
Children to school,  
servants to sinks,  
employee's to desks

and hey  
don't touch that dial!

## FX SOFT OCEAN SOUNDS

She, finds herself standing on a beach,  
looking up at a clown on a cross.  
Judging by the ragged holes -  
he fought the nails as they went in. He calls  
her closer, and afterwards -  
the liquid drying on her face -  
he asks her to be  
nice  
to a friend of his -  
would she? Could she?  
Sure she says, feeling safe  
on this tropical beach,  
fresh coconut milk wet on her face.

There's a knock at the door,  
Harry lets in the customer, takes his money, and  
settles down with a comic to watch the floorshow  
as she's bounced on.  
The customer comes and leaves.  
Harry grins down at her.  
She's a flushed damp  
heap, breathing heavily,  
her eyes open slowly like a cat,  
and she makes no  
attempt to hide her friction reddened pinkness.  
And outside somewhere,  
far away -  
the sun shines.

SSSSSSSSSSSS

The paint goes on smoothly over the windows-

SSSSSSSSSSSS

Twenty four hour real estate agent, the sign had said -

SSSSSSSSSSSS

-and after parting with a lot of money-

SSS-

-Krause had a place to stay-

KRAUSE (*sings*)

"I see a red door and I want to paint it black-"

SSSSSSSSSSSSS-

He tore off the toilet door, and placed it on the wooden trestles, which  
stood in front of the large, old fashioned fridge - which - surprisingly  
enough, worked-



KRAUSE

Air conditioning, yes!

He lay down, his head inside the cold interior  
- it looked faintly ridiculous,  
but felt amazing.

Suburban street.

The black man struggling,  
gave up, and hung from the rope and merely  
died -

watched by the satisfied lynch mob  
as he swung beneath the  
lamppost.

Children wearing pajama's, clutching teddy bears,  
gazed up, as their parents pointed up at the swinging corpse  
- as if to say "This is what  
happens to children who wont eat their vegetables"