

Ian Fraser

THE EXCERPT IS BELOW THIS RESUME

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

BLITZBREEKER AND THE CHICKEN FROM HELL

by Ian Fraser

LIGHTS UP.

WE SEE PHILLIP, A YOUNG MAN IN HIS MID TWENTIES, SITTING STARING AT A TV SET. HE HAS A COPY OF THE WEEKLY MAIL IN HIS LAP. FROM THE SOUNDTRACK ON THE TV SET, ITS CLEAR HE'S WATCHING A PORNO FLICK OF SOME KIND.

NEXT TO THE COUCH (MIDSTAGE) IS A LOW TABLE WITH A TELEPHONE AND ASSORTED MAGAZINES.

HE TURNS THE MOVIE OFF WITH A JAB OF THE REMOTE CONTROL.

HE SIGHS CONTENTEDLY. THEN SOMETHING CATCHES HIS ATTENTION - A CRAWLING INSECT - HE FREEZES, AND REACHES BEHIND THE COUCH AND LIFTS A CAN OF BUG SPRAY INTO VIEW. HE SQUIRTS THE INSECT, THEN GETS UP AND CRUNCHES IT WITH HIS SHOE.

THEN WALKS WITH DIFFICULTY OVER TO A BIN, WHERE HE SCRAPES IT OFF WITH AN EXPRESSION OF SEVERE DISTASTE.

HE WALKS BACK TO THE COUCH, REPLACES THE BUG SPRAY OUT OF SIGHT, AND BRINGS A CAN OF AIR FRESHENER INTO VIEW, AND SPRAYS IT AROUND,

THEN SPRAYS THE SPOT WHERE HE CRUNCHED THE INSECT,

THEN THE UNDERSIDE OF HIS SHOE,

THEN HE WALKS OVER TO THE BIN AND SPRAYS THE AIR FRESHENER INTO THERE AS WELL,

WALKS BACK TO THE COUCH, PAUSES AND SNIFFS, THEN SPRAYS THE GUNK IN A WIDE ARC, AND COUGHINGLY THROUGH THE MIST, REPLACES THE SPRAY AND SITS DOWN AGAIN ON THE COUCH, PICKS UP HIS NEWSPAPER AND BEGINS TO READ-

WE SEE THE HEADLINE BRIEFLY

NELSON MANDELA
'GAY AND PROUD OF IT'

AFTER A FEW SECONDS, HE LOWERS THE PAPER, SNIFFING THE AIR, THEN REACHES TO THE HIDDEN AIR-FRESHNER, BRINGS IT OUT AND SPRAYS IT AGAIN - HOLDING THE NEWSPAPER ABOVE HIS HEAD TO AVOID THE RAIN OF DROPLETS.

FX - THE TELEPHONE RINGS-

PHILLIP(INTO PHONE)

Hello?...No I'm not interested in Ron
Hubbard-

HE REPLACES THE RECIEVER-

FX THE DOORBELL OFFSTAGE RINGS.

HE LOOKS THEN GETS UP AND EXITS. THERE IS A MOMENTS PAUSE,

THEN WE HEAR CHAINS BEING UNLOCKED, THEN SOFT MURMURING-
THEN WE HEAR THE DOOR SHUT (OFF) AND HE COMES BACK IN, STARING
AT A MAGAZINE OF SOME KIND-
FX THE TELEPHONE RINGS-

PHILLIP(INTO PHONE)
Hello?....No I'm not interested in
the Market Theatre thank you-

HE REPLACES THE RECIEVER, AND SITS ON THE COUCH, LOOKING AT THE
MAGAZINE-

PHILLIP (READING)
"Tight pants cause cancer - the story
of a former sufferer" Hm - "Watchtower
Worshipper of the month!"

HE OPENS THE MAGAZINE TO THE CENTREFOLD WHICH OPENS - UNSEEN BY
THE AUDIENCE-
FX THE TELEPHONE RINGS, HE GRABS FOR IT, STILL STARING AGHAST AT THE
PICTURE-

PHILLIP (INTO PHONE)
Pink nipples? I mean- yes?
Hello?...

WHOEVER IT IS HAS HUNG UP.

PHILLIP (REPLACING PHONE BUT STILL STARING)
How the hell did they get
the hymn book in there?

THE TELEPHONE RINGS AGAIN - HE GRABS IT.

PHILLIP (INTO PHONE)
Hello yes?....Oh hello Mom...I took the afternoon off, yes.
.....oh look what did you have to go an call the office for?
.....yes.....yes.....yes.....yes....
now listen to me mother
I-am-perfectly-entitled-to-take-time-off-if-I-want-to..
.yes, okay....fine
- next time I feel the need to take a Friday off I'll ring you first
no I wasn't being sarcastic - what do you want?...
Yes course I know Aunt Belma-Delma-Selma right, so?
.....no mother, no no you're leading up to....the spare room?
It's full. Really full.....Books...
what do you it's too late? He's on his way? Who's on his way?
"Blikkies"? Who the hell is that?.....
How can she have a boyfriend so soon her divorce isn't even
through.....oh for the whole weekend?

Oh no man!.....yes.....yes.....yes.....yes.....yes.....
.okay so she wants to look pure for court on Monday...
okay - listen, is this Blikkies guy 'safe'?....
I mean, do I have to hide the cutlery?.....

Selma says he's wonderful? Oh that's a great help, thank you mother-

FX DOORBELL RINGS-

PHILLIP (CONT)

Look there's someone at the door, I've got to go I'll
speak to you soon, okay? Okay bye.

HE REPLACES THE RECIEVER AND EXITS,

WE HAVE A MOMENTS PAUSE THEN THE SAME DOOR NOISES FOLLOWED BY
MURMURING OFFSTAGE.

WE HEAR THE DOOR SHUT, THEN PHILLIP ENTERS, HOLDING A SMALL BRIGHT
YELLOW RUBBER DUCK, WHICH HAS A CARD ATTACHED.

HE READS IT.

PHILLIP (*READS*)

'This duck is the symbolic affection
of Ron Hubbard for you-
When you squeeze this duck-

HE SQUEEZES IT TWICE, IT MAKES A SILLY NOISE -

When you squeeze this duck,
imagine humanity stumbling through the chaos
that reality has become. Love, Ron'

HE PUTS THE DUCK DOWN AND SITS AND REACHES FOR THE PAPER -

WE SEE THE BAD TASTE HEADLINE AGAIN-

WE HEAR THE FX OF A DISTANT SERIES OF SHOTGUN BLASTS,
WHICH IS IGNORED BY PHILLIP, WHO YAWNS LANGUIDLY.

FX THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

HE LOOKS, THEN GETS UP AND EXITS-

WE HEAR BLIKKIES SPEAK LOUDLY OFFSTAGE.

BLIKKIES (OFF)

Hey there howdy my brother!

PHILLIP (OFF)

Er, what?

BLIKKIES (OFF)

Here's a present for you!!

A MOMENT LATER BLIKKIES BURSTS IN. DERANGED, WIRY AND LOADED DOWN
WITH ARMY KITBAGS WHICH HE HEFTS LIKE THEY WEIGH NOTHING.

HE CARRIES A LARGE TAPE-CD-PLAYER.

HE WEARS A HEADSCARF, ARMY VEST, TORN OFF JEANS AND SNEAKERS.

PHILLIP ENTERS A MOMENT LATER, CARRYING A LIVE CHICKEN
PRECARIOUSLY.

BLIKKIES
Wow, look at this place!!!

(HE DUMPS THE BAGS AND PLACES THE TAPE PLAYER ON THE TABLE)

BLIKKIES
Sounds my bro! Music!!

(HE JABS AT A BUTTON - "SPRINGSTEEN'S BORN IN THE USA" STARTS
BLASTING OUT)

BLIKKIES (OVER)
It's the new Dave Mathews!!
So - where's the bathroom?

PHILLIP
Oh er, it's through there-

HE GESTURES, STILL HOLDING THE CHICKEN WITH BOTH HANDS

BLIKKIES
Great!
(SINGS) Born, in the USA
I was born in the USA!
Fuck you know,
that Dave Mathews is so sussed, you know?

HE EXITS.
LEAVING PHILLIP STARING AND HOLDING THE LIVE CHICKEN.
HE CAREFULLY JUGGLES IT AND PICKS UP SOME LOOSE CHANGE AND
POCKETS IT-

PHILLIP
You like chickens?

BLIKKIES(OFF)
What?

PHILLIP
You like chickens?

BLIKKIES (OFF)
Na I hate the fuckers! Catch all kinds of diseases off 'em-

PHILLIP
-Oh -

BLIKKIES RE-ENTERS-

BLIKKIES
Yeah but that one's okay-

PHILLIP

-Oh - okay-
Er - why do you carry a chicken around?

BLIKKIES (*responds to this dumb question*)
For the eggs-

PHILLIP
Oh - of course-

BLIKKIES
You're squeezing too hard-

PHILLIP
Er what?

BLIKKIES
The chicken-

PHILLIP
Oh, sorry-

BLIKKIES
Give it here, lemme show you a trick -

TAKES THE CHICKEN-

Clear this table for me-

PHILLIP
Okay-

BLIKKIES (TO CHICKEN)
Now listen drumstick, you better behave or
we're gonna plug you into the wall socket
and switch you on my bro-

BLIKKIES PROCEEDS TO GO THROUGH THE QUITE SIMPLE PROCESS OF
HYPNOTISING THE CHICKEN, SPEAKING ALL THE WHILE-

(THIS CAUSES NO PAIN OR STRESS TO THE CHICKEN ITSELF, AND - AS
VARIOUS THEATER COMPANIES DISCOVERED DURING STAGING, DOES
REQUIRE THE NEED TO ALTERNATE CHICKENS DURING PERFORMANCES -
TO PREVENT THEM FROM 'NOT' BEING HYPNOTISED.

THE TECHNIQUE IS SIMPLE. HOLD CHICKEN STILL, ROTATE UPSIDE DOWN,
LOWER GENTLY TO A SURFACE, THEN DRAW A LINE WITH FINGER FROM
THE CHICKENS HEAD, AWAY FROM THE CHICKEN - AND THE CHICKEN
WILL STAY UPSIDE DOWN, IN A FAIRLY UNDIGNIFIED-LOOKING POSITION,
AND FROZEN IN PLACE FOR A LENGTH OF TIME. ANYWHERE FROM TEN
SECONDS TO A SOLID MINUTE. LONG ENOUGH FOR MOST OF THE
FOLLOWING TO OCCUR).

BLIKKIES (CONT)

Now pretend that you're a fairytale princess,
slacking off in a castle for a hundred years,
without even one fuck-(TO PHILLIP) Hum-

PHILLIP

What?

BLIKKIES

Hum, you know? Hummmm-
(WHISPERS) Puts her to sleep-

PHILLIP

The chicken?

BLIKKIES

Sssh! Yeah-

PHILLIP (WHISPERS BACK)

What must I hum?

BLIKKIES

Anything..

PHILLIP STRUGGLES TO THINK, THEN STARTS HUMMING STAR SPANGLED
BANNER UNDER:

BLIKKIES(TO THE CHICKEN)

Now you gotta be a real fairytale princess,
parking off in a castle for a hundred years...