



proudly presents

# ENCORE!

The official newsletter of E-52



# November '20

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## Upcoming Events



E-52 Talent Show  
November 16<sup>th</sup> @ 7:30pm

## New Member Spotlight

### Juliette Lord

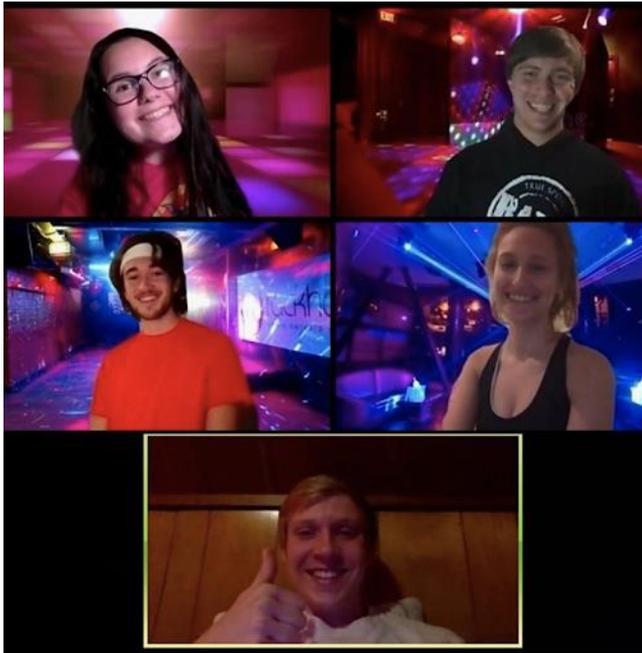
Hello! My name is Juliette, and I am a sophomore studying anthropology and criminal justice. I found out about E-52 through my friend Jenny last semester. I am most excited to get back into theatre and meet people who enjoy it as much as I do. I love every aspect of theatre, so I am looking forward to being part of both the performance and technical side of future productions!



### Wesley Fischer

Hey ya'll! My name is Wesley Fischer, I am a freshman, and I am double majoring in Physics and Applied Math with a minor in Astronomy. I heard about E-52 when I was applying to UD and learning about what kind of music and theatre groups UD had to offer. I am so excited to be getting involved with E-52, and I cannot wait to act in and work on as many shows as possible over the next four years here at UD!

## SAST Director Reflections



“This being my first-time co-writing/directing a show was honestly amazing. Of course, there were some struggles with the technology aspect and the certain limitations that were put on our shows being strictly online, but I can confidently say that I don't think the show could have gone any more perfectly! Directing is very fun when you have a script you are passionate about, and your cast is passionate as well. Every rehearsal my cast would bring new ideas, positivity, and they were very patient with the whole technology aspect. I have always been on the acting side of a production, so it was interesting and rewarding to be on the more technical side this time, and see my vision come to life. Overall, I am so grateful for this opportunity, and I hope I can do it again in the future! And hopefully next time ... in person :)”- **Mackenzie Windsor**

“Directing a virtual show is definitely a unique experience. You're presented with challenges no one would ever anticipate for a performance, and so much of the performance relies on the audience's suspension of disbelief. I personally wanted to direct my show as more of a collaborative effort, as it was both my first time directing and all of our first times doing a virtual production. This way, if there was an aspect of the technology that I was not aware of, or if something was showing up okay on my screen but not on my cast's, we were able to adjust based on everyone's contributions. It is absolutely incredible that we now have the technology to be able to do theatre when every cast member is in a different state, with everyone within their own homes. I truly commend Heidi and Caroline for organizing this entire production, and I honestly would have never thought that we would find a way to perform live theatre in the midst of a pandemic. This was an absolutely amazing opportunity and learning experience!” - **Rebecca Hollomon**



## SAST Director Reflections



“Directing a virtual show was such a unique experience. I’ve never directed before, but my cast was so welcoming and easy to work with. Even though there were some technological challenges, we still managed to put on a great show that everyone enjoyed. Heidi and Caroline put their heart and soul into putting SAST together and we couldn’t have done it without them. I can’t wait to see what E-52 will do in the future.” - **Michael Anderson**

“Directing a virtual show was definitely unlike any other project I’ve ever worked on. Trying to virtually create chemistry amongst a cast and tell a cohesive story in a genuine way was no easy feat. How do you do all of that when you're separated by a screen and limited to whatever's in your house? With that said, there was something fun about creating in a new medium. I enjoyed choosing out ways to change location with different backgrounds and figuring how we could pass the "same" prop from screen to screen. While I had quite a few stressful Zoom experiences, I enjoyed being challenged to think and create in a new way! And as far as cast bonding, it was very inspiring to see how people really can become friends with one another and generate chemistry within a cast, even if they've never met in real life! - **Heidi Fliegelman**



## SAST Director Reflections

"Directing a virtual show was nothing at all like I expected it to be. I thought things were going to be exponentially different than directing an in person show, but the only real difference was the location. There weren't many technological notes that I gave, and things went just as smoothly as I'd assume an in-person directed show would. Part of that was due to the immense talent and dedication that my cast displayed throughout the entire process. They were very receptive to all the notes I gave, were on time for all rehearsals, and just generally made the entire process so much easier on me. Since this was my first time directing any show, I really only had a loose idea of what I was getting into, but things worked out quite well. The show went very well, and I have to thank my cast for putting in all of the effort they did to make our production amazing." - **Frankie Scapoli**



## Short Story Submission

### The Woman

By Alexis Kennedy

A woman sat alone at the end of the bar. Her moth-eaten sweater hung unevenly around her neck. Wiping a tear from her cheek, she reached for the glass of red wine, sipped, and replaced it on the cocktail napkin. Her arms returned to their crossed position on the bar top. I watched her, wondering what pained her so.

"That's Mrs. Mattelow." The bartender said, placing my order of fries on the wood bar top table I resided at. "She is here every Thursday. Seems to be a troubled home life."

"Thanks for the info," I responded, still watching her.

"Need anything else? Ketchup?"

"No, thank you. This is good." I said, waving my hand.

I placed the napkin in my lap, picked up the salt, and covered the fries with a dusting. I felt a pain in my stomach as I ate and watched the woman at the bar from my table. It was not a pain as much as an urge to be near Mrs. Mattelow. I don't know why, but it was like I was drawn to her. It could have been the messy bun of chestnut hair or the bulky sweater paired with the long brown skirt, but something about her made me think of my own mother. It had been fourteen years since she passed. That day haunts me still. I wanted to save her, but maybe I could save Mrs. Mattelow instead. Perhaps I could fix someone else. Then the guilt may subside – a second chance for Mrs. Mattelow meant a second chance for me.

I wiped my face with the napkin from my lap, placed it on the table, and then rose from my seat. A deep breath pushed me towards the end of the bar and to the side of Mrs. Mattelow. This was it. I would help her, and I would help myself.

## Center Stage with Spinalzo



### Coming Soon to Earbuds Near You!

By: Avery Houle

E-52 is pleased to announce the long-anticipated E-52 podcast: “Center Stage with Spinalzo”! Podcast hosts senior Amanda Kovalski and sophomores Tess Edwards and Avery Houle are all super excited to record and release the first episodes of this new project as they look at all the amazing things the organization has done and plans to do with this socially distanced semester!

The hosting team is planning to explore a myriad of topics ranging from Perkins Theatre and the E-52 office to the bright lights of Broadway and everything in between. Planned episodes include highlights of past, present, and future E-52 shows; discussing epic theatre fails, fumbles, and flops; and taking a peek behind the curtain at the backstage world of a production all while enlisting the help of some very special guests: YOU!

That’s right! You have the opportunity to be a part of this new adventure, too! As the show grows, you are going to have the chance to contribute your voice! Episodes are going to welcome special guest hosts to contribute to the conversation. You could be interviewed about your role in an upcoming or previous production or asked to join a discussion on the newest Broadway show rocking the theatre world. You might be asked to talk about what your E-52 experience has been like or even teach the hosts a thing or two. Interested in having your voice heard? Keep an ear out for opportunities in the coming General Assembly Meetings!

Excited about having a little piece of E-52 with you wherever you go? So are we! Keep an eye out for the first episode of “Center Stage with Spinalzo: The E-52 Podcast” on Spotify!

## C.Y.O. Adventure

As sunlight begins to peek through your aging window shutters, you start to hear songbirds chirping away from the branches of the mighty oak trees being rustled by the gentle spring breeze outside. You sit up in your bed, having gracefully awoken from a restful slumber, still feeling elated from the best night ever with your squad down at the pub. Your throat is a little sore from karaoke and your belly is still full from half-off apps, but you put on your finest lace bonnet and merrily stroll down to the well to fetch some water for your family, warmly greeting all the lovely towns children along the way. You are delayed by a seemingly endless line of horseback commuters on East Cleveland Avenue, and when you finally get to cross the intersection, you are stopped again, this time by a high-capacity cargo-carrying locomotive roaring past North College Avenue. "Oh well, another day another nickel," you think to yourself as you pay the strapping young paperboy for the morning newspaper. "The Review: 14 April 1865." You hardly get past the first headline when you look up and see a contemporary from your E-52 days waiting for the train to pass from the opposite side of the street: Chris Johnson!

**Without hesitation, you say, "OH MY GOD IT'S CHRIS JOHNSON" and run up to him and wrap him in a big bear hug. You think about how long it's been since you last saw each other, and you ask how he's doing.**

You overwhelm your old friend with love and positivity, nearly toppling him over, when you hear a shot ring out across the land, accompanied by a sharp ping and followed by a bloodcurdling scream. As Chris Johnson pulls away from you, he fumbles with the smoking gun that has fallen from its holster at his side and attempts to conceal it with his overcoat. You, however, with your lightning-quick wit, surmise that his weapon must have been set off when you hug-tackled him and that the bullet must have ricocheted off the speeding locomotive and hit someone across the street, right about where you were standing moments earlier. You turn your head, and your suspicion is immediately confirmed as you see the strapping young paperboy crumpled on the ground, wounded. You turn back to Chris Johnson and see his mustachioed face grow red with guilt before he takes off running down the street back the way of East Cleveland Avenue..... what happens next?

**Your head spins as your brain is flooded with questions. Why was Chris carrying a gun? Why did he flee the scene? Why wasn't he happier to see you? When and why did he grow a mustache??? You grow increasingly lightheaded, and just before you black out and fall down, you see a note fluttering to the ground before you.**

## C.Y.O. Adventure (Continued)

Dazed and confused, you wake up several hours later. The interminable train is still chugging along, and the sleepy town remains still, but the late afternoon heat makes your brow sweat as the setting sun's rays cast a perfect golden hour glow all across Newark. As you regain your bearings, you spot the note that had fallen from Mr. Johnson's coat. You unfold the tiny, damp, wrinkled slip of paper and read the following message: REPRESENT INTENT DUCKS. You're initially surprised to learn that Chris has become such a fierce advocate for those annoying little quackers, but you've been doing plenty of word puzzles in the Sunday papers and figure this must be a scrambled message. Sure enough, you realize that if you rearrange some of the letters, the message says PERKINS STUDENT CENTER! You make your way downtown, walking fast, faces pass, and you're homebound to Perkins. Along your way you are comforted by a familiar, bustling campus full of life – you hear explosions in the labs, flash a smile to the anxious young prospects touring the campus, take in the smell of fresh grilled cheese sandwiches as you pass Cesar Rodney Dining Hall, thank the crossing guard on Academy Street, and finally you arrive at Perkins, which is empty as it is in the process of being renovated yet again. Once inside, you look for clues in the eerily quiet building before you hear a commotion upstairs. You take a deep breath, double check the note in your hand, and stealthily make your way towards the origin of the noise, which is, unsurprisingly to you, room #310. Standing outside the door, you do your best to listen in but can't hear what's being discussed over the sound of a powerful banjo ballad. You put your hand on the handle and consider knocking when suddenly the music stops and someone from inside turns the handle down. You take off like a spooked racehorse and duck into the only unlocked room on the second floor: a dark storage closet with an ungodly odor. You look for a light switch but remember that this story is taking place in 1865 and electricity isn't really a thing yet. Once your heartbeat settles down and you sense the coast is clear, you open the door to let in some light. You are utterly horrified to see a man (albeit a remarkably well-dressed man) lying on the ground before you. This is not just any man. This is the twisted dead body of your old E-52 pal, Christian Reilly. You can hardly process the situation when behind you a chilling voice whispers "Hello." The hairs on the back of your neck shoot up and you turn around to see the doorway blocked by none other than Ashley Taylor, standing menacingly with her purple cape blowing softly in the wind. Stepping out from behind her you once again see the angry, mustachioed Chris Johnson with his arms folded and a lavishly decorated gun in his hand. "Come up to 310 with us," she says. "We've been expecting you." .....What happens next?

**You slam the door and barricade yourself in the storage closet. "There must be another way out," you think to yourself. As you begin searching the room in the dark, you hear a faint cough from the center of the room. It's Christian. He's alive.**

To be continued...

## Meet the Encore Team



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