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God of carnage play script pdf

By: Yasmina Reza Director: Chantale Plante Genre: Comedy/Drama Running: June 7 - 25, 2016 Matinee: June 19 A comedy of manners ... Without the manners Benjamin and Henry have had a playground brawl. Their parents are meeting for cheesecake and a civil discussion of the incident. At least that's the plan. "Delivers the cathartic release of watching other people's marriages go boom" - New York Times 2009 Tony Award winner for Best Play. Warning: Mature language and content Cast (in order of appearance) Veronica.....Cindy Beaton Alan.....Patrick McIntyre Michael.....Allan Ross Annette.....Jane Chambers Yasmina Reza is a French playwright, actress, novelist and screenwriter. Reza's father was a Jewish Iranian engineer, businessman, and pianist of Russian descent. And her mother was a Jewish Hungarian violinist from Budapest. Before entering the acting industry, Reza studied theatre under the iconic Jacques Lecoq. After a stint in acting, Reza moved on to writing. Many of her brief satiric plays reflected on contemporary middle-class issues. In 1987 she wrote Conversations after a Burial, which won the Molière Award, the French equivalent of the Tony Award, for Best Author. Reza's following works have all garnished awards across the globe. Everything from Molière Awards to Tony Awards to Lawrence Olivier Awards, have been given to Reza's many plays. Her most prestigious and successful novel, L'Aube le Soir ou la Nuit (Dawn Evening or Night), written after a year of following the campaign of Nicolas Sarkozy. In an interview with The Guardian, Reza reflected, "There's no point in writing theatre if it's not accessible". The accessibility of her work has brought about a universal appreciation of her writing. Beyond borders, beyond culture and beyond language; Reza has birthed writing that resonates at a level that stirs something within all of us. This is a disgusting and disquieting play - in the best possible way. As you might have guessed from the title, it is savage. It is far from easy-going entertainment, but its irony and absurdity put a smirk on my face in certain scenes: it is fun in a perverse way. There is no gore, but the release of tension is authentic and down-to-earth. After watching it, I felt liberated, even if emotionally exhausted. This play is effective, whether you like it or not. God of Carnage is a modern play by the acclaimed French playwright Yasmina Reza, although it has already become an iconic masterpiece, resonating with the Theatre of the Absurd. The plot follows two married couples having a reunion to discuss the fight between their sons, in which one lost some teeth when the other hit him with a stick. Initially, the adults try to maintain a civilised conversation to sort it out, but the meeting spirals into bitter chaos, swirling with repressed marital problems, bigotry, and petty scoffs. Nobody is left unscathed - nothing is respected. Even in this preview rehearsal, with myself as the only spectator, the actors gave it all they had, exuding the absurd barbarity that the text required. They all shouted at the top of their voices, hurled props around, and made a mess enacting the vomit scene - he prepared for vomit, among many other foul things, leaving the characters' mouths with abandon. Director Alex Matraxia pointed out how it was "cathartic" to put on this play and hoped the audiences would feel so too. The actors also remarked how fulfilling it was to break social norms, getting messy onstage. Considering that the play takes everyday life and well-rehearsed social standards as its basis, they exploit the modest limitations of a student production, keeping it ordinary, close to our reality, but still destroying our expectations of normality. Lee Simmonds said that it suits an audience of Oxford students well, "because you let yourself go bit by bit, until it gets crazy and animalistic, so it satisfies this urge to drop appearances and speak out what you feel, which is particularly necessary here in Oxford". He is right. The design was cleverly planned. Actors' costumes are plain, but suggest emotions, with much black and some red. The set is whitewashed, so that in this apparently neat and clean environment the clashes (and vomit) will stand out more. Moreover, the atmosphere is claustrophobic throughout. It was partly because I was almost at arm's length of the actors sometimes, in a smaller room, but it will surely be similar in the Burton Taylor Studio, with those high-strung characters stuck in the same place. Yasmina Reza's script drips with dark hidden feelings, so characters' pathetic misogyny and stereotypes emerge, among other niceties, from both male and female characters. They did well in not hiding this. Nevertheless, there is brilliant irony in how the women had the most intense presence onstage, mostly thanks to Reza's playwrighting, but also because of the female actors (Joana Isabella as Véronique and Katie Cook as Annette). They snarled, they talked over their husbands, they were reckless - probably more than the men (Alec McQuarrie as Michel and Lee Simmonds as Alain). Their performance shone while the men were anxious too, but didn't reach such impact, as if holding themselves back slightly. The actors may switch from the civilised to the bestial mode too suddenly, except Véronique's progression, but I'll leave the benefit of the doubt, because in the preview they skipped minor scenes. Anyway, it surpasses most student productions. If you get offended easily or are quite awkward and tentative in dealing with people, this play is calling to you. Still, everybody needs a bit of carnage in their lives, especially when you're burning out in 7th week. Buy a ticket and find yourself becoming wonderfully disturbed. God of Carnage runs at the BF Studio from November 21st to 25th For Cherwell, maintaining editorial independence is vital. We are run entirely by and for students. To ensure independence, we receive no funding from the University and are reliant on obtaining other income, such as advertisements. Due to the current global situation, such sources are being limited significantly and we anticipate a tough time ahead - for us and fellow student journalists across the country. So, if you can, please consider donating. We really appreciate any support you're able to provide; it'll all go towards helping with our running costs. Even if you can't support us monetarily, please consider sharing articles with friends, families, colleagues - it all helps! Thank you! Thank you for interesting in our services. We are a non-profit group that run this website to share documents. We need your help to maintainance this website. To keep our site running, we need your help to cover our server cost (about \$400/m), a small donation will help us a lot. Please help us to share our service with your friends. RHCR Theatre — through Sept. 28, tickets \$16-19 RHCR is now presenting Yasmina Reza's 'God of Carnage.' — Canopy Creative Studios Social contracts are strange things. Taboos and our oft-unspoken understanding of, and adherence to, them are fascinating. In general, one learns the key points from their parents: not to undress in public, for example. Over time, we start to intuit other social rules that are less clear cut, like not to tell other people how to parent their kids. But life's best drama comes in the silent, tense moments just before, or after, someone breaks those rules. Christopher Hampton's translation of Yasmina Reza's God of Carnage places us squarely inside of those moments. The play is set in the family home of an 11-year-old boy whose parents are meeting with the parents of another child who's knocked out two of his teeth during a playground altercation. It delves into ethics, violence and apathy in a "slice of life" format that takes place in one room. This type of play presents some unique challenges. Actors are the only thing that change on the stage, so their movement is solely responsible for creating tableaux that illustrate the dynamics at work. This specific play also presents an inherent challenge of stakes. The script does not provide the actors with super obvious, pressing needs — imminent death, clear goals, deadlines. Instead, the characters' objectives alternate between achieving the moral high ground and getting their kids together to talk, which they themselves admit is probably a fruitless exercise. This lack of clear objectives turns the play into a meditation on character and morality. And make no mistake, the characters in RHCR's God of Carnage are the show. At first blush, Veronica (Kriston Hamilton) appears to be the one on top in her relationship. She gently corrects her husband often, and he seems to defer to her. But as her deep-seated need to be seen as a paragon of moral virtue is challenged, the uglier aspects of her personality bleed through the cracks in her façade. This is when her husband, Michael (Gregory Stoll) sinks to her level, betraying a dynamic that is far more honest and natural, if neither sweet nor romantic. Michael isn't what he seems to be at first either. Amiable to an almost insane degree at the top of the show, Stoll expelled a forced, fake chuckle that made me physically uncomfortable with almost every line. This seems to be a sign of Michael's self-suppression, because the moment his true personality surfaces, that chuckle hardens to a rare, bitter bark of derision. This is definitely appropriate as his true self is not nice. His true self disdains niceness and niceties in equal measures. Veronica and Michael's connection seems most genuine when they are mocking Alan and Annette after they've left the room. It's almost as though, when trying to be "good citizens of the world" they are weak and lost, but upon embracing their worst selves, they get their power back. The entire dynamic underscores Michael's sentiment that being nice is exhausting and disingenuous. He prefers to embrace the fact that he is a "Neanderthal." The other father, Alan (Terry Tesar), agrees. Tesar's realization of the lawyer is delicately nuanced and delightful. I have read, and seen, this show before and I usually hate this man. He's clearly happy to defend guilty pharmaceutical companies who prey on the weak, and there's a fair bit of cruelty in him; he's a man who calls his son a thug and pays more heed to his cell phone than his wife. But Tesar's Alan is pretty damned likeable. Maybe it's that he makes no bones about being a bastard, when everyone else on stage is hiding desperately behind the masks they've made for themselves. He is a bastard; he's also tender, reasonable, thoughtful and forgiving. His wife, Annette (Tamsin McAtee) seems almost limid next to him at first, but a writhing sea of passions lies beneath that initial impression. McAtee's Annette knows how to play. She carefully manipulates others to regain control, employing dramatic fits of emotionality, feigning illness and maintaining an icy control as needed. McAtee's delicious mastery of physical comedy infuses the character with a wicked glee that really sings. All of the actors in this show made strong, interesting character choices. However, there were moments where those choices could have been channeled more effectively toward underscoring objectives. As a result, some big shifts in the play felt unmotivated or even contrary to the story. I think this was due to a lack of focus on the socioeconomic and political divide between the two couples. We really didn't get to see much in the way of class tension in this staging. It felt more like they were in the same tax bracket and their biggest divide was in how they managed their roles as parents. When Veronica overreacted to Annette destroying her photography book, it was played as though she was being selfish, when I'd imagine it was likely because the book that was ruined was expensive. Of course, the social expectation would be to let your guest off the hook, but I think the subtext is there. Similarly, Michael's exchange with Alan about his job felt like Michael trying to seem smart. My reading however, is that rage at what he was hearing during Alan's phone calls was confirming his political misanthropy, and he was not-so-subtly insulting him. Subscribe for daily news updates from Little Village SUBSCRIBE Because these things are socially unacceptable to talk directly about in polite society, they are not explicitly stated in the script — but they're there. They are the elephant in the room that creates tension and elevates this story to the realm of social critique. Without that elevation, we are left with the portraits of two different marriages, set in juxtaposition to each other. That contrast calls out the issues, and exposes the strengths of each family, then turns those impressions on their head. This framing made this into a "things aren't always what they seem" play instead of a "these are the challenges facing our world" play. That being said, God of Carnage at RHCR was a fun ride. The awkwardness is palpable, Annette's probably psychosomatic illness was hilarious, and the guilty pleasure of watching other people destroy each other makes this the kind of show you go to with a group of friends on a night out. Probably not one for the kiddos though. RHCR donates a portion of their proceeds from every show to local charities. Donations from God of Carnage go to Families Helping Families of Iowa. Thoughts? A cute picture of a dog? Share them with LV » editor@littlevillagemag.com "You see, Veronique, I believe in the god of carnage. He has ruled, uninterruptedly, since the dawn of time." - AlainIt has been an enduring quality of humanity to be always just one step away from violence and barbarity. As The Joker once said in The Dark Knight, "Madness, as you know, is like gravity. All it takes is a little push." It is no wonder then that even the most stoic of individuals can be reduced to a Neanderthal if the said individual's is pushed in the right way. So long dignified "You see, Veronique, I believe in the god of carnage. He has ruled, uninterruptedly, since the dawn of time." - AlainIt has been an enduring quality of humanity to be always just one step away from violence and barbarity. As The Joker once said in The Dark Knight, "Madness, as you know, is like gravity. All it takes is a little push." It is no wonder then that even the most stoic of individuals can be reduced to a Neanderthal if the said individual's is pushed in the right way. So long dignified character, so long patience, and welcome to the madhouse that is childishness.That seems to be the premise of Yasmina Reza's play, The God of Carnage. In the play, two sets of parents are, at first, trying to discuss, in a civil and formal manner, how to deal with the altercation between their two sons. Alain and Annette Reille's son, Ferdinand, has hit Michel and Veronique Vallon's son, Bruno, in the face with a stick that has dislodged Bruno's two teeth, one of which needs to be operated on. At the start, there is already a hint of tension: Veronique: So this is our statement - you'll be doing your own, of course... 'At 5:30 p.m. on the 3rd of November, in Aspirant Dunant Gardens, following a verbal altercation, Ferdinand Reille, eleven, armed with a stick, struck our son, Bruno Vallon, in the face. This action resulted in, apart from the swelling in the upper lip, the breaking of two incisors, including injury to the nerve in the right incisor.' Alain: Armed/Veronique: You don't like 'armed' - what shall we say, Michel, furnished, equipped, furnished with a stick, is that all right?Alain: Furnished, yes.Michel: 'Furnished with a stick'. Of course, the beginning is just your run-of-the-mill domestic tension between the parents of two boys involved in a fight. Nothing out of the ordinary, at first, but, boy, did it escalate quickly. As I flipped the page, Reza adds to the tension bit by bit. First, there is a discussion on what should the Ferdinand parents should do to the child in order to punish him and in order for Ferdinand to ask the forgiveness of Bruno. There is a clash in parenting styles as the Reilles want to be more lenient on their son and the Vallons wanting the child-friendly version of retribution. Then, of course, the Reilles and the Vallons discussed whose fault it was that led to the physical violence with the Reilles insisting that it was Bruno's fault because he insulted Ferdinand and the Vallons saying that Ferdinand should not have resorted to Violence. This back and forth goes on for a few pages as a typical form of verbal swordplay by two sets of overprotective parents.As the evening progresses, they involve themselves of irrational arguments as they try to one-up each other in order to show that they are more superior to their opposites. Alain is always busy with his cellphone since he's a lawyer and he's handling a big case at the moment while Michel is a wholesaler so there is an obvious disparity between their professions as Alain looks down on Michel. On the other hand, Annette is an "wealth management" (the wealth of her husband) while Veronique is an author who is trying to write a book on Darfur. The two couples, in the course of the play, are trying to show, subtly at first, that they are wealthier, more intelligent, and better parents than their counterparts.However, the real part begins when both parties forget the real purpose of the meeting and degenerate from human beings into barbarians. No topic is off-limits as they discuss animal cruelty, men-vs-women, job satisfaction, medical responsibility and other topics that are not remotely related to the main reason for the meeting and the fights are all-out and free-for-all with one-on-one, two-vs-two, two-vs-one, and three-vs-one settings. To think that everything escalated in such a fast manner just because Annette puked, due to stress, on the rare books of Veronique.What makes the play so interesting is because of the characters and their interactions. Other elements that are otherwise important in other works take a minimal role in this play that puts the prime on the characters. The simple altercation between their two sons inflates into something more than their own parenting reflex. It is in the house of the Vallons that the couples vent their frustrations with themselves, with their spouse, with their children, and with the world. Their seemingly peaceful nature collapses, with the help of alcohol, within the four walls of the house and the torrent that follows is unstoppable and unmerciful.The God of Carnage is an easy read because the plot is straightforward and the length of the play is short (just 60+ pages). It is not really a complicated play but that does not diminish its message of the true nature of human beings. Maybe I liked it because I'm cynical and because I believe that every person has hidden barbaric tendencies but even the most optimistic of persons can't really deny the inherent animalistic nature of his fellow human beings. Because, after all, we are animals through and through.more

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