

September 1997

Vol. 52, No. 9

The Connector

ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING



MUSIC & LYRICS BY
Jason Robert Brown

BOOK BY
Jonathan Marc Sherman

CONCEIVED AND DIRECTED BY
Daisy Prince

ALBUM PRODUCED BY
Jeffrey Lesser &
Jason Robert Brown

BERNIE TELSEY and **WILL CANTLER** / artistic directors
BLAKE WEST / executive director

present

The Connector

book by **JONATHAN MARC SHERMAN**
music & lyrics by **JASON ROBERT BROWN**

with **SCOTT BAKULA, JOANNA CARPENTER, MAX CRUMM, HANNAH CRUZ, GEORGE DVORSKY, ASHLEY PÉREZ FLANAGAN, DANIELLE LEE GREAVES, MYLINDA HULL, DANIEL JENKINS, CEDRIC LAMAR, MARISSA MEDINA, JESSICA MOLASKEY, FERGIE PHILIPPE, ELISEO ROMÁN, BEN LEVI ROSS, ANN SANDERS, KYLE SHERMAN, MICHAEL WINTHER**

scenic design
**BEOWULF
BORITT**

costume design
**MÁRION TALÁN
DE LA ROSA**

lighting & projection design
**JEANETTE
OI-SUK YEW**

sound design
**JON
WESTON**

make-up design
**SARAH
CIMINO**

hair design
**KRYSTAL BALLEZA
& WILL VICARI**

orchestrations &
arrangements
**JASON ROBERT
BROWN**

music director
**TOM
MURRAY**

music
coordinator
**KRISTY
NORTER**

electronic music design
**BILLY JAY STEIN & HIRO IIDA /
STRANGE CRANIUM**

production
stage manager
**ERIN GIOIA
ALBRECHT**

casting
**THE TELSEY OFFICE
PATRICK GOODWIN, CSA**

DEI consultant
**NICOLE JOHNSON /
HARRIET TUBMAN EFFECT**

choreographed by **KARLA PUNO GARCIA**
conceived & directed by **DAISY PRINCE**

general
manager
**BETH
DEMBROW**

director of
finance
**LINDA
WONG**

director of public
engagement & education
**MEGGAN
GOMEZ**

director of marketing
& audience services
**ABIGAIL
LANGSTED**

director of production
& facilities
**STEVE
ROSENBERG**

manager of artistic
development
**ELISSA
HUANG**

manager of musical
programming &
development
**SCOTT
GALINA**

publicity
**PRINT SHOP PR /
MATT ROSS,
LIZ LOMBARDI,
GRACE WALKER**

TABLE *of* CONTENTS

DECEMBER 1995 (VOL. 50, NO. 12)

Editor's Note
The Whole World Changed
New Arrivals
See Yourself
Goings On Around Town
I'm Watching You

APRIL 1996 (VOL. 51, NO. 4)

Waldo and Scrabble: A Greenwich Village Story
Success
Profiles
So I Came To New York

JUNE 1996 (VOL. 51, NO. 6)

The Connector Interviews
The Voice of My Generation

FEBRUARY 1997 (VOL. 52, NO. 2)

Goings On Around Town
Cassandra

APRIL 1997 (VOL. 52, NO. 4)

Willis and The Mayor: A Jersey City Story
Wind In My Sails

MAY 1997 (VOL. 52, NO. 5)

Editor's Note
Now What

JUNE 1997 (VOL. 52, NO. 6)

Marginalia
Help Me Forget Everything

AUGUST 1997 (VOL. 52, NO. 8)

From Our Fact-Checking Department
Proof
Anna and the Western Wall: A Jerusalem Story
The Western Wall

SEPTEMBER 1997 (VOL. 52, NO. 9)

Post-Mortems
There Never Was



MUSICAL *numbers*

1. THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED Ethan, Robin, Conrad, Ensemble
 2. SEE YOURSELF..... Ethan, Ensemble
 3. I'M WATCHING YOURobin
 4. SUCCESS..... Ethan, Waldo, Ensemble
 5. SO I CAME TO NEW YORK..... Robin, Ethan
 6. THE VOICE OF MY GENERATION.....Ethan, Conrad, Ensemble
 7. CASSANDRARobin
 8. WIND IN MY SAILS Ethan, Willis, Ensemble
 9. NOW WHAT..... Conrad
 10. HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING Ethan, Conrad, Robin, Ensemble
 11. PROOFMuriel, Ensemble
 12. THE WESTERN WALL..... Ethan, Ensemble
 13. THERE NEVER WAS..... ..Ethan, Robin, Ensemble
-

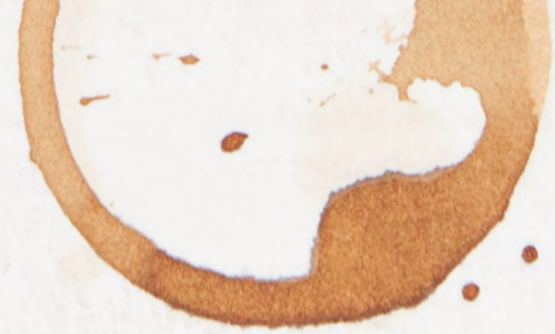
TIME & PLACE:

New York City, 1995-1997



CAST

Conrad O'Brien	SCOTT BAKULA
Waldo Pine	MAX CRUMM
Robin Martinez.....	HANNAH CRUZ
Florencia Moreno.....	ASHLEY PÉREZ FLANAGAN
Sheryl Hughes.....	DANIELLE LEE GREAVES
Mona Bland	MYLINDA HULL
Zachary Fleischer.....	DANIEL JENKINS
Muriel.....	JESSICA MOLASKEY
Robert Henshaw / Willis Taylor	FERGIE PHILIPPE
Nestor Fineman	ELISEO ROMÁN
Ethan Dobson.....	BEN LEVI ROSS
Veronica Kraus-Ifrah	ANN SANDERS
Brian Lamb	MICHAEL WINTHER
Understudies	JOANNA CARPENTER, GEORGE DVORSKY, CEDRIC LAMAR, MARISSA MEDINA, KYLE SHERMAN
Dance Captain	JOANNA CARPENTER
Production Stage Manager	ERIN GIOIA ALBRECHT
Assistant Stage Managers	BECKY FLEMING, KAYLA URIBE



MUSICIANS

Conductor/Piano/Keyboard 1.....	JASON ROBERT BROWN
Associate Conductor/Keyboard 2.....	ADAM KAUFMAN
Bass	RANDY LANDAU
Drums/Percussion	JAMIE EBLEN
Violin/Percussion	TODD REYNOLDS
Guitars.....	HIDAYAT HONARI
Flute (Track 9).....	ALISON SHEARER
Orchestrations & Arrangements.....	JASON ROBERT BROWN
Music Director	TOM MURRAY
Music Coordinator	KRISTY NORTER
Electronic Music Design	BILLY JAY STEIN & HIRO IIDA for Strange Cranium
MainBrain Programmer	CHRIS PETTI
Music Preparation	JOHN BLANE
Music Department Associate.....	KATHERINE CARTUSCIELLO

SYNOPSIS

Robin Martinez tells us that the story we're about to hear first appeared in 1997, in the final issue of the legendary magazine, *The Connector*.

New York City, 1995. The offices of *The Connector*, a monthly magazine at the center of American political and literary conversation since the 1940s. The editor-in-chief, Conrad O'Brien, in his 60s, toasts the assembled writers and editors, the new corporate owners (a German media conglomerate), and the past, present, and future of the magazine (**THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED**).

Ethan Dobson, fresh out of Princeton, blazingly talented and fiercely ambitious, arrives at the office for a meeting, where he meets Robin, a 30-year-old copy editor. Robin has tried and failed to get Conrad interested in her writing, so she's fascinated by Ethan's boldness and easy manner, and the two of them begin to form a friendship. Conrad too is charmed and impressed by Ethan and gives him a job (**SEE YOURSELF**).

Ethan makes his way through the offices, connecting with every staff member. Robin observes it all with bemusement (**I'M WATCHING YOU**).

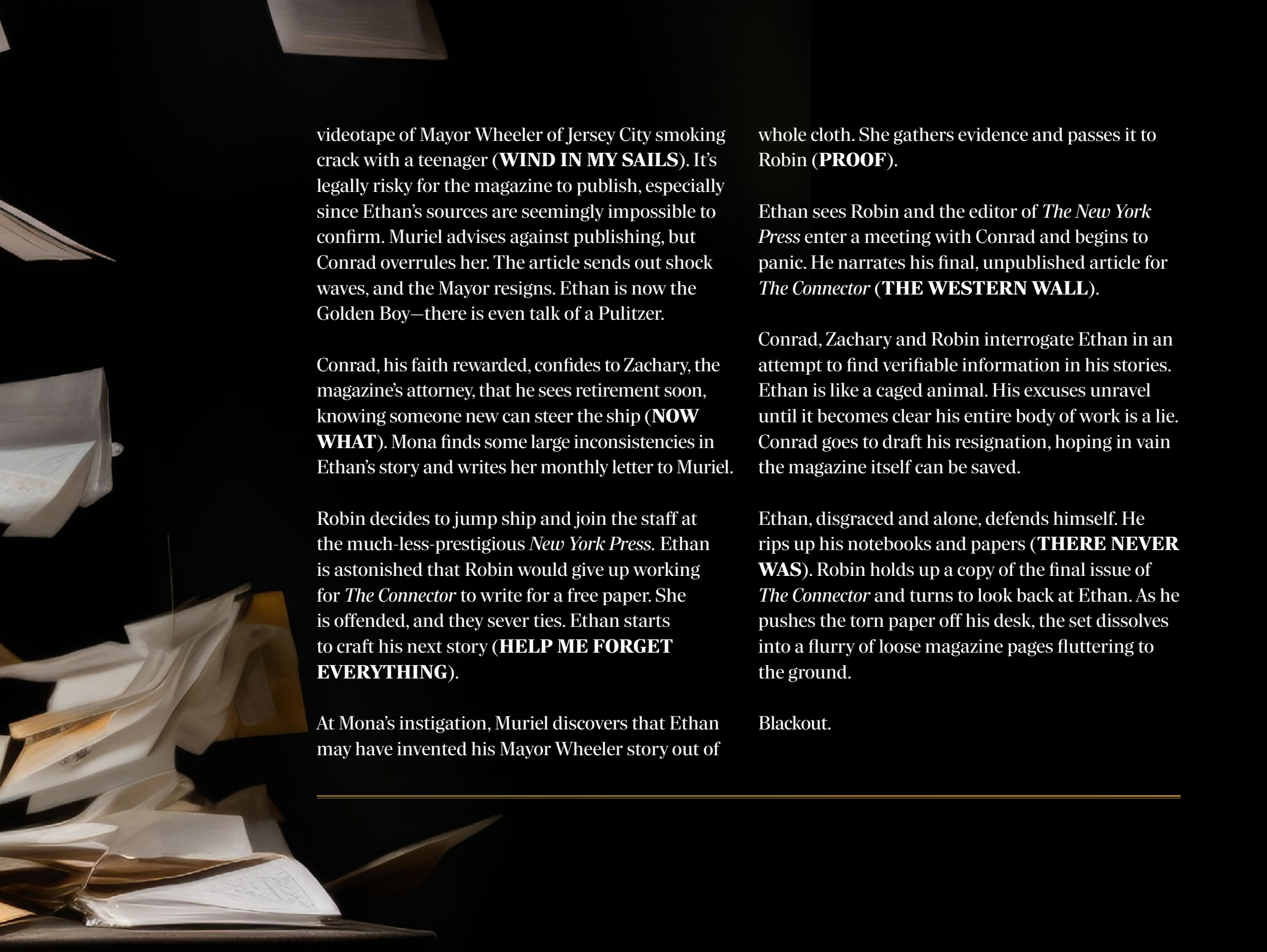
Ethan's first article (**SUCCESS**) makes a splash. Robin and Ethan celebrate in a fabled nearby bar (**SO I CAME TO NEW YORK**). Conrad encourages Ethan to push even harder on the next story—to find something *The Connector* has never published before.

Several months go by, with Ethan delivering story after story to great acclaim. When Conrad is interviewed on *Booknotes* with Brian Lamb, Ethan imagines himself on TV (**VOICE OF MY GENERATION**).

Among Ethan's new fans is Mona Bland, a dedicated reader and nitpicker known for writing fact-checking letters that come to Muriel, the longest-serving staff member and senior fact-checker. She is unyielding in her commitment to the magazine's integrity.

Robin shares with Ethan her growing frustration that Conrad refuses to take her writing seriously. Ethan tries to defend the situation, but Robin knows the only voices that will appear in the pages of *The Connector* belong to people who look and sound like Conrad and Ethan (**CASSANDRA**).

Meanwhile, Ethan's newest story contains a bombshell: he's found a man who has a copy of a



videotape of Mayor Wheeler of Jersey City smoking crack with a teenager (**WIND IN MY SAILS**). It's legally risky for the magazine to publish, especially since Ethan's sources are seemingly impossible to confirm. Muriel advises against publishing, but Conrad overrules her. The article sends out shock waves, and the Mayor resigns. Ethan is now the Golden Boy—there is even talk of a Pulitzer.

Conrad, his faith rewarded, confides to Zachary, the magazine's attorney, that he sees retirement soon, knowing someone new can steer the ship (**NOW WHAT**). Mona finds some large inconsistencies in Ethan's story and writes her monthly letter to Muriel.

Robin decides to jump ship and join the staff at the much-less-prestigious *New York Press*. Ethan is astonished that Robin would give up working for *The Connector* to write for a free paper. She is offended, and they sever ties. Ethan starts to craft his next story (**HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING**).

At Mona's instigation, Muriel discovers that Ethan may have invented his Mayor Wheeler story out of

whole cloth. She gathers evidence and passes it to Robin (**PROOF**).

Ethan sees Robin and the editor of *The New York Press* enter a meeting with Conrad and begins to panic. He narrates his final, unpublished article for *The Connector* (**THE WESTERN WALL**).

Conrad, Zachary and Robin interrogate Ethan in an attempt to find verifiable information in his stories. Ethan is like a caged animal. His excuses unravel until it becomes clear his entire body of work is a lie. Conrad goes to draft his resignation, hoping in vain the magazine itself can be saved.

Ethan, disgraced and alone, defends himself. He rips up his notebooks and papers (**THERE NEVER WAS**). Robin holds up a copy of the final issue of *The Connector* and turns to look back at Ethan. As he pushes the torn paper off his desk, the set dissolves into a flurry of loose magazine pages fluttering to the ground.

Blackout.



1. THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED

ETHAN

WHAT LOOKS AT FIRST TO BE
REMARKABLE, BIZARRE
WILL SOON REVEAL ITSELF TO BE PART OF A
PATTERN.
AND WE WHO STAND OUTSIDE
IDENTIFY THE HISTORY
IN THE SEEMINGLY UNPRECEDENTED
THING.

ROBIN

A YOUNG MAN DREAMED
IN 1944
OF A MAGAZINE THAT SPOKE FOR HIS
GENERATION,
AND TWO YEARS LATER
FROM A TOWNHOUSE IN HELL'S KITCHEN
ISSUED ISSUE #1 OF *THE CONNECTOR*.

A YOUNG MAN DREAMED
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WAR
OF A MONTHLY SOURCE OF TRUTH AND
INVESTIGATION,
SO AUBREY BERNARD,
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD,
ROLLED THE DICE AND ROLLED THE PRESSES
ON *THE CONNECTOR*

AND THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED,
AND EVERYTHING STAYED THE SAME.
THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED,
AND EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING STAYED THE SAME.

CIRCULATION BOOMED
WITH INTERNATIONAL ACCLAIM
AND EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING STAYED
THE SAME

A YOUNG MAN DREAMED
IN HIS DORM ROOM UP AT HARVARD
THAT HE'D SOMEDAY WRITE FOR HIS FAVORITE
PUBLICATION,
SO CONRAD O'BRIEN
AS OF 1962
SENT DISPATCHES FROM SAIGON FOR *THE
CONNECTOR*.

A YOUNG MAN LEARNED
AS HE GREW TO MIDDLE AGE
HOW TO NAVIGATE THE
CONSTANT EXASPERATION,
SO CONRAD O'BRIEN
IN 1981
BECAME THE NEXT EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
OF *THE CONNECTOR*.

AND THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED,
AND EVERYTHING STAYED THE SAME.
THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED,
AND EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING,
EVERYTHING STAYED THE SAME.
NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS DWINDLED
AND NEW COMPETITION CAME,
AND EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING STAYED THE
SAME.

CONRAD

WE TALK A LOT ABOUT THE TRUTH AROUND
HERE.
THE TRUTH IS NOT JUST SOMETHING
VERIFIED –
THE TRUTH IS PALPABLE, TANGIBLE, REAL.
THE TRUTH IS NOT ABOUT THE FACTS –
FORGIVE ME.
THE FACTS CAN ALWAYS BE MANIPULATED,
ARRANGED, MASSAGED –
WE ARE NOT PURVEYORS OF FACTS,
WE ARE TELLERS OF TRUTHS.

SO HERE'S A TRUTH: FOR FIFTY YEARS, WE'VE
STOOD ON THIS FOUNDATION.

TRUTH: IN FIFTY YEARS, WE'VE NEVER BEEN
OUTRUN.
NOW: IN PARTNERSHIP WITH THIS GREAT
CORPORATION,
WE ARE RESOLUTE, DETERMINED,

AS WE HAVE BEEN FROM DAY ONE.
WE ARE FIGHTING NOW TO HONOR
WHAT OUR FOUNDER WOULD HAVE DONE.
IN 1946, AND '56, AND '66, AND '76,
AND '86, AND '96, WE'VE STOOD FIRM WHILE
THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED!
THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED!
THE WHOLE WORLD CHANGED!
THE TRUTH WILL STAY THE SAME.

MURIEL

To the next fifty years!

ROBIN

A YOUNG MAN DREAMED
IN HIS BEDROOM IN NEW JERSEY
OF HIS NAME ON A BYLINE
IN *THE CONNECTOR*...

2. SEE YOURSELF

ETHAN

“WHAT LOOKS AT FIRST TO BE
REMARKABLE, BIZARRE,
WILL SOON REVEAL ITSELF TO BE
PART OF A PATTERN.
AND WE WHO STAND OUTSIDE
IDENTIFY THE HISTORY
IN THE SEEMINGLY UNPRECEDENTED THING.”

AND THAT WAS AUBREY BERNARD,
APRIL 7, 1958,
IN *THE CONNECTOR*.

AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF,
A FRAGMENT OF, A FRAGMENT OF.
AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF REFLECTED.
SO YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF,
A FRAGMENT OF, A FRAGMENT OF,
REFLECTED...

I TYPE A SENTENCE
AND NEGOTIATE THE SPACE BETWEEN
THE THING THAT WAS
AND HOW IT IS REMEMBERED.
I TYPE A SENTENCE
AND I INFLUENCE THE WAY
WE UNDERSTAND WHAT IS THE FUTURE OR
THE PAST.

IF THERE'S A PLACE IN THIS WORLD,
ANY PLACE WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE,
IT'S *THE CONNECTOR*.

AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF,
A FRAGMENT OF, A FRAGMENT OF,
AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF REFLECTED.

SO YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF,
A FRAGMENT OF,
A FRAGMENT OF,
REFLECTED...

A FRAGMENT OF,

AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF
REFLECTED

SO YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF,
A FRAGMENT OF, A FRAGMENT OF,
REFLECTED...

REFLECTED...

AND YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF
(REFLECTED, REFLECTED)

SO YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF,
A FRAGMENT OF, A FRAGMENT OF,
REFLECTED...

3. I'M WATCHING YOU

ROBIN

I'M WATCHING YOU,
I'M WATCHING YOU MAP THE BOUNDARIES,
WATCHING YOU TILTING BACK AND FORTH,
GETTING THE NEEDLE TO POINT TO NORTH.

I'M WATCHING YOU,
WATCHING YOU CASE
THE PROPERTY,
GENTLY ASSESSING WHICH DOORS ARE
BLOCKED,
FINDING WHICH WINDOWS ARE LEFT
UNLOCKED.

I'M LEARNING TOO –
SEEING THE WAY YOU DARE TO LEAP,
MARVELING HOW YOU ALWAYS KEEP
THE TOTAL BLUEPRINT IN VIEW.
I'M WATCHING YOU.

I'M WATCHING YOU,
WATCHING THE WAY YOU
RIDE THE WAVE,
WATCHING THE WAY THAT YOU
CHASE THE THREAD,

WATCHING THE WAY THAT YOU
STAY AHEAD.

NOW THAT WAS NEW,
NOW THAT WAS A TRICK THAT I'D NEVER
SEEN.
JUST WHEN I THOUGHT YOU'D LOST THE
PLOT,
YOU CALL BACK A CLUE THAT WE ALL
FORGOT.
THE FOLLOW THROUGH!
THE LEFT-HANDED VOLLEY ACROSS THE NET!
THE FLIP WHERE YOU DON'T EVEN
BREAK A SWEAT!
COULD I EVER DO WHAT YOU DO?
I'M WATCHING YOU,
I'M WATCHING YOU,
I'M WATCHING YOU...



4. SUCCESS

ETHAN

On a Friday night earlier this summer, I entered a bar on a quiet street in the West Village, where a boisterous crowd of NYU students surrounded a small table, upon which lay a battle-scarred Scrabble board. Seated at the table was Waldo Pine, the Village's own Sultan of Scrab, unshaved, un-sober and allegedly undefeated. I sat down across the table from Waldo, laid down my obligatory twenty dollar bill, fished seven wooden tiles out of a greasy bag, and asked him how he did it.

WALDO

(laying down tiles)

1, 2, 3, 4, 5...

"JARRAH."

I LIKE TO START WITH A WORD
THAT'S PROBABLY SOMETHING YOU'VE
NEVER HEARD.
NOW YOU'RE OFF YOUR GAME,
'CAUSE I START WITH "JARRAH."

Forty-eight points. You've got 30 seconds.

OOH! WHAT'S THIS COMIN'
DOWN THE CHUTE?

WALDO AND ETHAN

"HAVEN."

WALDO

AW, THAT'S CUTE.
SEE, I'M IN YOUR HEAD!
SO SAYONARA!

WALDO AND ETHAN

15 BY 15

WALDO

IS THE BORDERS OF MY LAND.

WALDO AND ETHAN

15 BY 15

WALDO

IS THE WORLD I UNDERSTAND.
SO COME ON IN, TAKE A LOOK AROUND,
RELAX, KICK OFF YOUR SHOES –
BUT THERE'S ONE SEVEN-LETTER WORD
THAT YOU ARE NEVER GONNA USE!

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

COULD BE MY MIDDLE NAME IF MY MIDDLE
NAME WEREN'T DAN.

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

YOU SAY "YOU CAN'T DO THAT," BUT I DO
THAT BECAUSE I CAN.

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

SET UP THE TARGET, PUT ON THE
BLINDFOLD,
I WON'T MISS!

WALDO & ETHAN

NOW YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN ANOTHER BOY
DO IT BEFORE, BUT HE DIDN'T DO IT LIKE THIS!

(WALDO lays down seven tiles on the board.)

"ASSAYED." That's a bingo, all seven letters, 50
point bonus, plus I turned "Haven" into "Shaven."
Don't make it so easy for me, little bro.

WALDO AND ETHAN

BINGO BY BINGO!

WALDO

I LAY YOU FRAT BOYS LOW

WALDO AND ETHAN

I KNOW THE LINGO

WALDO

YOU PRINCETON PRICKS DON'T KNOW.
THEY SAID THERE'S A BOY IN A PIANO BAR
PLAYIN' SCRABBLE AND GETTING HOW RICH?
MAYBE YOU HEARD I'M A LITTLE NERD,
WELL, THIS IS WHAT A NERD LOOKS LIKE
NOW, BITCH!

ETHAN

BINGO BY BINGO!
I KNOW THE LINGO!

CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

I'M A FIGHTER! TOUCH MY MITRE! KISS MY RING!

CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

USE YOUR DICTIONARY, IT'S NOT GONNA
CHANGE A THING.

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

MEANING "VICTORY", THAT'S MY
"AVE ATQUE VALE"-DICTIONARY.
IT'S NOT A TRICK TO ME,
WORDS JUST STICK TO ME.
YOU LOOK SICK TO ME.
COME ON, CHILDREN, SING!

CROWD

WHOA!

WALDO

ALL THE ANSWERS ARE FLOATING
IN A GRID ABOVE THE GRID.



WALDO

YOU CAN'T TAKE THEM LIKE CANDY.
YOU JUST BREATHE THEM IN LIKE CLOUDS.

WALDO & ETHAN

I WAS READING THE BIBLE,
AND I THOUGHT, "HOW LONELY WE ARE."
I THOUGHT HOW LONELY WE ARE.
I THOUGHT HOW LONELY WE ARE!

ETHAN

In my family, I had always been the killer Scrabble player. But after ten minutes, Waldo was ahead of me by well over 300 points.

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

IT'S WHAT I DRESS IN IN MANHATTAN OR
MACAO.

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

HOPE YOU ENJOYED THE LESSON,
I'LL TAKE THAT TWENTY NOW.

WALDO & CROWD

SUCCESS!

WALDO

NOT TO RAMBLE LIKE JOSEPH CAMPBELL,
BUT FOLLOW MY BLISS!

WALDO & ETHAN

YOU MIGHT HAVE SEEN ANOTHER BOY
DO IT BEFORE

ALL

BUT HE DIDN'T DO IT
DIDN'T DO IT
DIDN'T DO IT
NO, HE DIDN'T DO IT LIKE THIS!

ETHAN

Two weeks later, I brought some friends down to the Village, but when we got to the bar, the door had been padlocked, and there was a real estate sign hanging in the window. As we walked away, my eye caught something in a pile of leaves. To my surprise, it was a single wooden tile, and when I flipped it over, like a private inscrutable message: the letter H. Four points.

WALDO

INCIDENTALLY, "JARRAH" IS A TREE!

5. SO I CAME TO NEW YORK

ROBIN

EVERYONE'S AN ASSHOLE IN TEXAS.
EVERYONE PRETENDS TO BE SO POLITE
BUT INSIDE THEY'RE ALL SEETHING.
AS LONG AS THEY'RE BREATHING,
THEY'RE BREATHING VINDICTIVE OXYGEN.
"SOMEONE'S GONNA MAKE US GIVE BACK
ALL THIS SHIT WE STOLE!"
THAT'S THE REFRAIN IN THEIR SOUL.
EVERYONE'S AN ASSHOLE IN TEXAS.
ESPECIALLY DALLAS –
THE SCULPTURED HAIR AND THOSE STUPID
HATS
AND THE ACRES OF DENIM
AND SMILES FILLED WITH VENOM
AND ENDLESSLY NURTURED GRIEVANCES.

AND NO ONE'S GONNA SPEAK THE TRUTH
IN A LYING TOWN,
IN A CROOKED PLACE.
NO ONE'S GONNA SPEAK THE TRUTH
WHEN THEY KNOW IT DOESN'T MATTER,
AND SO I CAME TO NEW YORK.

ETHAN

EVERYONE'S A SCUMBAG IN JERSEY.
EVERYONE'S EXACTLY AS LOUD AND DUMB
AS THE MOVIES PORTRAY THEM.
SHOULD ANYONE PAY THEM
ATTENTION, THEY PUFF UP LIKE BULLFROGS.
GO AND WEAR YOUR MUSCLE SHIRTS AND
MULLETS WITH PRIDE,
'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT NOTHING REAL INSIDE.

BOTH

AND NO ONE'S GONNA SPEAK THE TRUTH
IN A PLACE LIKE THAT...
WHERE IT WON'T GET HEARD.

ETHAN

NO ONE'S GONNA SPEAK THE TRUTH
WHEN THE FAKES GET FATTER AND FATTER.

BOTH

NO ONE'S GONNA SPEAK THE TRUTH,
NOT A SINGLE PHRASE,
NOT AN HONEST WORD.
NO ONE'S GONNA SPEAK THE TRUTH
WHEN THEY KNOW IT DOESN'T MATTER.

ROBIN

AND SO I CAME TO NEW YORK.

ETHAN

AND SO WE CAME TO NEW YORK.



6. VOICE OF MY GENERATION

ETHAN

THE THING OF IT IS, BRIAN,
YOU DON'T KNOW HOW IT'S GONNA END
WHEN YOU START.
THE WORDS POUR OUT OF YOU LIKE
WATER
AND YOU LET 'EM FLOW.

THIS CITY IS A CURRENT –
YOU PLUG IN AND IT DRIVES YOU,
IT DRIVES YOU.
THE STORY CHASES YOU NO MATTER
WHERE YOU GO...

AND SOMEONE HAD TO WRITE IT,
SOMEONE HAD TO CAPTURE IT,
PUZZLE OUT THE HOW AND WHY.
SOMEHOW I COULD SEE THE
SOMETHING IN THE SHADOW, BUT
LET ME JUST ASSURE YOU
I WASN'T PLANNING TO BE
THE VOICE OF MY GENERATION.

BEFORE YOU'RE REALLY READY,
YOU'VE BECOME PART OF
A BIGGER CONVERSATION.
YOU'RE A LANDMARK ON THE
LANDSCAPE
WHEN YOU'VE BARELY SETTLED IN.

THERE ARE CERTAIN EXPECTATIONS.
YOU HAVE TO INSULATE YOURSELF
FROM THE CLAMOR.
YOU HAVE TO SHUT IT DOWN
OR YOU GET DEAFENED BY THE DIN...

BUT I WAS HERE TO WRITE IT,
I WAS HERE TO CAPTURE IT –
TWENTY-FOUR OR TWENTY-FIVE.
I WAS ON THE EDGE OF
MORE THAN I COULD HANDLE BUT
EVEN FROM THE OUTSET,

I'VE NEVER WANTED TO BE
THE VOICE OF MY GENERATION.

ETHAN & CONRAD

I WASN'T TRYING TO BE SOME
LITERARY SENSATION.
I WASN'T LOOKING TO SEE THE PATH
TO MY CORONATION.
ONE MORE DEADLINE,
ONE MORE HEADLINE,
ONE MORE MONTH GOES BY...

ETHAN

BUT I WASN'T ASKING TO BE
THE VOICE OF MY GENERATION.

THE THING OF IT IS, BRIAN,
TALENT JUST DOES WHAT IT DOES.
I'M SURE SOME PEOPLE HAVE A PROBLEM
WITH THAT.



7. CASSANDRA

ROBIN

IN A BAR DOWN THE BLOCK
ON A STOOL, THERE'S A GIRL
AND SHE'S NAMED CASSANDRA,
AND SHE'S BLESSED (OR SHE'S CURSED)
WITH THE POWER TO SEE
IN THE FUTURE TENSE.
YOU WOULD THINK THAT THE PRESS
WOULD HAVE FOUND HER,
BUT THE MEN AT THE BAR WHO
SURROUND HER
SAY THAT HER PREDICTIONS
NEVER MAKE A LICK OF SENSE.
SO SHE SITS AT THE BAR
SAYING NOTHING AND DRINKING
HER COKE AND SEVENS,
CALCULATING THE PRICE OF IGNORING
THE SOUND OF THE COMING EVENTS,
AND HALF THE STORIES OF THE WORLD
ARE LEFT UNWRITTEN,
HALF THE STORIES OF THE WORLD ARE
KEPT UNREAD,
AND SO THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD WILL
NEVER NOTICE
WHAT DISASTERS UNPREVENTED
LIE AHEAD.

AT A DESK, ON THE PHONE,
IN AN OFFICE SOMEWHERE
YOU MAY MEET CASSANDRA.
SO IN PAIN FROM HER VISIONS
THAT SOMETIMES SHE WISHES
THAT SHE WERE DEAD.
AND YOU WANT TO PROTECT
AND DEFEND HER
BUT WHAT YOU WON'T ADMIT IS:
HER GENDER
COLORS YOUR INTERPRETATION
OF THE THINGS SHE SAID.
EV'RY DAY SHE DECIDES
IT'S THE DAY THAT SHE'LL FINALLY
TELL HER STORY,
THEN SHE SEES ALL THE MEN,
ALL THE MEN GETTING THEIR STORIES

TOLD INSTEAD,
THUS ALL THE WOMEN OF THE WORLD ARE
SHAMED TO SILENCE,
ALL THEIR WARNINGS TO THE WORLD ARE
HEARD TOO LATE,
AND SO THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD
ARE LEFT TO WONDER
WHAT OFFENSES UNREPENTED,
WHAT DISASTERS UNPREVENTED
LIE IN WAIT.

IT'S EASY FOR YOU.
YOU KNOW IT'S EASY FOR YOU,
BUT I'M MISSING IT.

IT'S EASY FOR YOU.
I'M GLAD IT'S EASY FOR YOU,
BUT I'M MISSING IT.

YOU THINK THAT YOU KNOW,
YOU THINK YOU CAN SEE,
YOU OFFER UP WORDS
TO PATRONIZE ME,
BUT WHAT DOESN'T CHANGE,
UNQUESTIONABLY,
IS IT'S EASY FOR YOU,
AND I'M MISSING IT.

HALF THE STORIES IN THE WORLD
ARE LEFT UNWRITTEN.
HALF THE STORIES HAVE BEEN
LOST ALONG THE WAY,
AND SO THE PEOPLE IN THE WORLD
WILL NOT ENCOUNTER
ANYTHING BUT ONE PERSPECTIVE,
ONE REFLECTION,
ONE DIRECTIVE;
MALE AND WHITE AND UNENLIGHTENED,
EVERY DAY.

IT'S EASY FOR YOU.
IT'S EASY FOR YOU.
BUT I'M MISSING IT.

8. WIND IN MY SAILS

ETHAN

I was standing on Monmouth Street in Jersey
City in the middle of a frigid February night,
waiting to meet an unelected, off-the-books,
political operative named Willis Taylor — the
man connected to a thousand local conspiracy
theories and, in this case, the key to perhaps
finally bringing down the notoriously corrupt and
famously resilient mayor.

WILLIS

LET'S SAY YOU WERE ME,
HYPOTHETICALLY,
BUT INSTEAD OF YOUR FANCY DEGREE
YOU'VE BEEN LEARNIN' AT THE FEET OF
THE LOCAL SAGES
WHOSE NAMES AND AGES
AIN'T IN YOUR WHITE PAGES.

ALL

UH UH UH.

WILLIS

BUT YOU GOT THIS FAR
BY KNOWING WHERE YOU ARE
AND HOW TO STRIKE A BARGAIN
AND PLAY THE MARGINS
AND TAKE THE MEASURE
AND KNOWING SOME PEOPLE PAY EXTRA
FOR THEIR PRIVATE PLEASURE.

ALL

UH UH, YOU GET SOME INFORMATION

WILLIS

THAT COULD DAMAGE A CERTAIN
SOMEONE'S REPUTATION,

SO YOU COMMENCE A NEGOTIATION
TO GET SOME COMPENSATION
AND RAISE UP YOUR STATION.
BUT JUST WHEN THE PARTIES HAVE
RECKONED ON TERMS,
HE HAS...

ALL
SECOND THOUGHTS!

WILLIS
AND THE GENTLEMAN SQUIRMS.
AND YOU'RE ABANDONED,
YOU'RE LEFT HIGH AND DRY
WITH ONLY THE SILENCE HE FAILED TO
BUY.

NOW WHAT DO YOU DO IN THE FACE OF
DEFEAT?

DO YOU ATTACK? DO YOU CRACK?
DO YOU BACKTRACK TO YOUR SHACK ON
THE STREET?

ALL
UH UH UH

WILLIS
OR DO YOU SAY INFORMATION
HAS ITS PRICE?
IF THEY WON'T PLAY NICE,
YOU CAN ROLL THE DICE.

WHEN DISCUSSION FAILS,
YOU CAN BALANCE THE SCALES
WITH SOME WELL-PLACED SALES
OF A COUPLE DETAILS, AND NOW:

I GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS, LITTLE
BROTHER.

ALL
I GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,

WILLIS
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS, LITTLE BROTHER.

WHO'S GONNA FALL? WHO'S GONNA STAND?
WHO'S GOT THE UPPER HAND?
AND WHO'S GOT SUPPLY TO
MEET THE DEMAND
AND THE WIND,

ALL
THE WIND, THE WIND, THE WIND IN MY ...

WILLIS
UH UH UH.

COMPANY
UH UH UH.

ALL
UNH UNH
YOU START TO SPREAD THE WORD

WILLIS
MAYBE MENTION SOME THINGS YOU
HEARD
ABOUT THE MAN OF THE HOUR
THE MAN IN THE TOWER
THE MAN WITH HIS FEET ON THE
PEDALS OF POWER

THE MAN WHO WAS ELECTED TO STEM
THE TIDE OF CRIME
HAS BEEN PURSUIN' SOME RUINOUS
DOINGS WITH HIS TIME.

WILLIS
THE BROTHER SPENDS HIS DAY WITH THE PTA

ALL
BUT AT NIGHT HE GETS TIGHT AT
MONMOUTH AND BRIGHT.

WILLIS
SO YOU THINK THE VOTERS WILL
UNDERSTAND
IF HE'S SEEN WITH SOME TEEN
BETWEEN HIS KNEES AND
A CRACK PIPE IN HIS HAND?

I DON'T THINK SO.
I THINK THE BOYS FROM CHANNEL 4
WILL BE LININ' UP OUT MY DOOR
WHEN THEY SEE IT AIN'T JUST TALK,
IT AIN'T JUST TRASH.
IT'S THE TRUTH, I GOT PROOF IF

Y'ALL GOT CASH
AND NOW
I GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
LITTLE BROTHER.

COMPANY
DOT DOT DOT DOT!

WILLIS
I GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
LITTLE BROTHER.

COMPANY
DOT DOT DOT DOT!

WILLIS
WHO'S MAKING THREATS?
WHO'S MAKING WAVES?
WHO'S DIGGING UP THE GRAVES?
AND WHO CAN SURVIVE
THE CLOSEST OF SHAVES WITH THE WIND

ALL
THE WIND, THE WIND, THE WIND,
THE WIND IN MY ...?

WILLIS
UH UH UH.

COMPANY
UH UH UH.

WILLIS
AFRAID? FUCK THAT! I AIN'T AFRAID!
I'VE SEEN HOW THE SAUSAGE GETS MADE.
I'M GONNA GET PAID BEFORE I GET PLAYED
OR END UP ON THE BUSINESS END OF A
BLADE.
SEE — IT'S NOT A STORY 'BOUT
RIGHT OR WRONG,
I SAID ALL ALONG IT'S
ABOUT WHO'S STRONG
AND WHO CAN HANDLE
A LITTLE PRESSURE —

SIT DOWN, SON, I'M-A GIVE YOU A REFRESHER.

A IS THE MAYOR, C IS THE PEOPLE B IS THE MAN IN BETWEEN.

A PLAYS UNFAIR, C'S UNAWARE, B CALLS YOUR MAGAZINE.

A GETS DEFENSIVE, B GETS EXPENSIVE, C STARTS THE FEAR THE WORST — SO C PUTS THE PRESSURE ON A PUTS THE PRESSURE ON B — WHO'S GONNA CRUMBLE FIRST?

YOU WANT THE TAPE?
YOU WRITE THE STORY.
I CAN SHOW WHAT HE DID WITH THE KID IN THE VIDEO BUT I'M KEEPIN' IT HID, YO.

COMPANY
HEY!

WILLIS
YOU WANT THE TAPE?
YOU WRITE THE STORY.
THE ONLY LEVERAGE I GOT IN THIS WHOLE PLOT, THE REASON I AIN'T BEEN SHOT, YOU CAN GUESS IS A VHS OF THE WHOLE DAMN MESS AND THE FACT THAT I'M STILL ALIVE IS 'CAUSE I'VE

ALL
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
LITTLE BROTHER!

COMPANY
DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT DOT!

WILLIS
I GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
GOT THE WIND IN MY SAILS,
LITTLE BROTHER!

COMPANY
DOT DOT DOT DOT!

WILLIS
WHO'S GONNA FALL?
WHO'S GONNA STAND?
WHO'S GOT THE UPPER HAND?
AND WHO'S GONNA EARN A HUNDRED GRAND

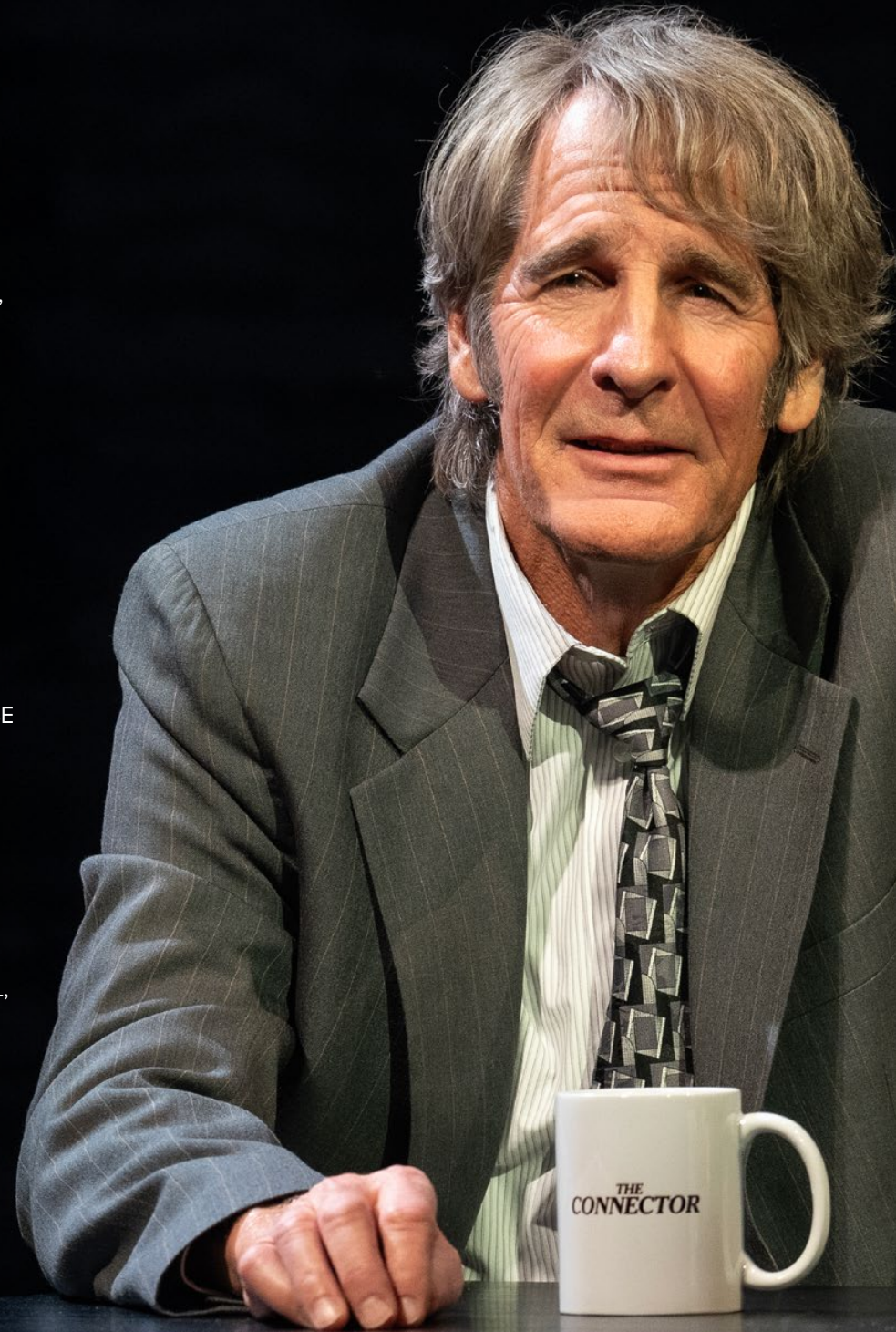
WITH THE WIND, THE WIND, THE WIND,
THE WIND IN MY...

9. NOW WHAT

CONRAD
AMY'S THERE WITH HER CAP AND GOWN
AND THE BFA IN HER HAND,
AND SHE SAYS, "NOW WHAT?"

EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, SHE SAYS,
"NOW WHAT?"
I SAID, "HONEY, 'NOW WHAT' COULD BE THE THEME SONG OF YOUR GENERATION."
MEANWHILE, ALL THESE CONSULTANT GUYS HAVE BEEN SKULKING DOWN THE HALLS,
AND I'M LIKE, "NOW WHAT?"
FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE I'M THINKING, "NOW WHAT?"
THEY LEAVE ME THE STEERING WHEEL, BUT THEY GET THE GAS AND BRAKE.

I SEE WHAT'S COMING.
I SEE IT STEAMING DOWN THE TRACK,
AND I MIGHT JUST BE IN THE WAY.
KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
I SEE WHAT'S COMING,
AND IT ISN'T TURNING BACK,
AND I SAY "HALLELUJAH!
HALLELUJAH!



THEY CAN CLEAN UP
ALL THE MESS WE MADE!"

I SEE WHAT'S COMING.
MAYBE FIVE MORE YEARS, I'M GONE,
AND I'LL BE OFF TO SHELTER ISLAND
WITH EILEEN.

I SEE WHAT'S COMING,
AND WHEN I HAND OFF THAT BATON,
WILL I SAY "HALLELUJAH!
HALLELUJAH!"

AUBREY HANDED ALL THIS OFF TO ME,
WE DECIDED WHAT THIS THING SHOULD
BE...
NOW WHAT?

10. HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING

ETHAN

A MAN WALKS DOWN THE STREET.
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA.
A MAN HURRIES DOWN A BUSY STREET,
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA.

A PALE OLD MAN IN A DUSTY SUIT
HURRIES DOWN A BUSY STREET.
A PALE OLD MAN IN A DUSTY SUIT
HURRIES DOWN A BUSY STREET
WITH A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER
IN HIS HAND.

A PRAYER IS WRITTEN ON THE
FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER
IN HIS HAND.
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA

ETHAN & CONRAD

"HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.
HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.
HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING
AND START AGAIN."

ETHAN & CONRAD & ROBIN

"HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.
HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.
HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING
AND START AGAIN."

COMPANY

HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.
HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.
HELP ME FORGET EVERYTHING.

ETHAN

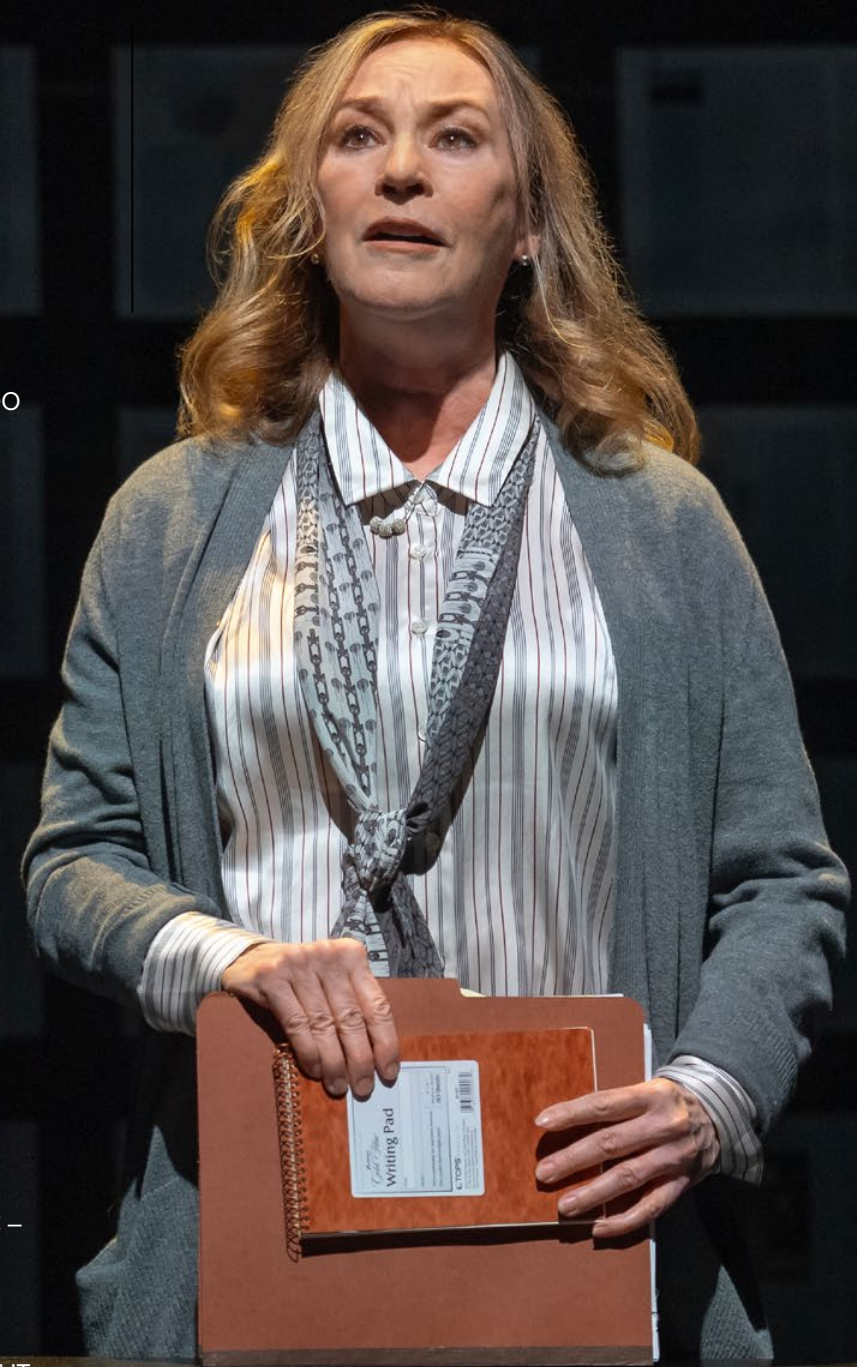
DOO DOOT DOOT DOOT DOOT DOOT DOO
DOO
A MAN HURRIES DOWN A BUSY STREET,
LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA LA.
A MAN HURRIES DOWN A BUSY STREET...
IN JERUSALEM.

11. PROOF

MURIEL

I MARCHED WITH DR. KING ONCE
IN CHICAGO.
NOBODY KNOWS THIS. I'VE NEVER TOLD.
BUT IF ANYONE SHOULD DOUBT IT,
YOU CAN SEE ME IN THE PHOTO
ON THE FRONT OF THE TRIBUNE,
ABOVE THE FOLD.
AND I USED TO HAVE A SCAR,
FROM A BOTTLE SOMEONE THREW.
AND I REALIZE IT'S NOT A THING
YOU THINK THAT I WOULD DO,
BUT I'D HEARD SO MUCH AND READ SO
MUCH ABOUT THE MAN AND SO,
I HAD TO GO.
I HAD TO KNOW.

MY BROTHER – THIS IS HEAVILY SYMBOLIC –
HE WAS COMMITTED MY SOPHOMORE
YEAR.
HE WAS SURE THE F.B.I.
HAD PUT ELECTRODES ON HIS BRAIN
AND SO HE SHOVED A PEN-KNIFE STRAIGHT



INTO HIS EAR.
IT WAS TERRIBLE, AND YET,
WHAT IT MOSTLY MADE ME FEEL
WAS THE HOPE THAT NOW HE'D FINALLY
ADMIT IT WASN'T REAL.
WE AGREE: HE MUST BE CRAZY.
WE ABANDON THE PRETENSE
'CAUSE WHAT MAKES SENSE
IS EVIDENCE.

I'LL BELIEVE IN GOD WHEN I SEE HER.
I'LL BELIEVE IN SANTA WHEN THE SLEIGH
LANDS ON MY ROOF.
IT'S NOT AN ABERRATION –
I DON'T LACK IMAGINATION,
BUT MY FAITH IS PREDICATED ON PROOF.

I HAVE SEEN THAT MEMORY IS IMPERFECT.
I BELIEVE "OBJECTIVE" DOESN'T HAVE TO
MEAN "ALOOF."
THE FACTS, ONCE THEY ARE STATED,
CANNOT BE NEGOTIATED,
THUS MY FAITH IS PREDICATED ON PROOF.

YOU BELIEVE IN CHANGE AND
REDEMPTION.
I BELIEVE THE WORLD IS FULL OF FOOLS
LIKE DR. KING.
THE DANGER, I SUPPOSE, IS
THAT YOUR MIND COMPLETELY CLOSES
AND YOU DON'T BELIEVE A SINGLE
FUCKING THING.
THE MAN YOU'VE LOVED OR HATED
HAS DECEIVED AND FABRICATED,
A FACT CORROBORATED BY PROOF.

12. THE WESTERN WALL

ETHAN

CHRISTOPHER MCGUINNESS
OF DEARBORN, MICHIGAN,
AWOKE TO THE SOUND OF A DOORBELL
AND A MAN IN A LIMOUSINE,
AND THEREUPON WAS DRIVEN
TO A CLINIC IN ANN ARBOR

WHERE A TEAM OF SURGEONS WORKED
FOR HOURS AND SAVED HIS HEART.
THEY SAVED HIS HEART.

AND HE NEVER MET THE DOCTORS,
AND HE NEVER SAW A BILL,
AND WHEN I MET CHRIS MCGUINNESS
IN A BAR IN SUGAR HILL,
HE SAID, "I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT,
AND I GUESS I NEVER WILL,
BUT GOD REACHED OUT TO ME.

"ALL I EVER DID
WAS WRITE A PRAYER TO GOD
ON A TINY PIECE OF PAPER
THAT I STUFFED INTO THE CRACKS
OF THE WESTERN WALL.

COMPANY
THE WESTERN WALL."

DAVID WILD IN LONDON
-CHANDA KAPUR OF MUMBAI
GOT A GRANT TO STUDY VERTEBRATES
-GOT FOUR GOATS AND A FENCE
AND RENATA HEINZ OF DUSSELDORF
GOT THE TITLE FOR HER FAMILY FARM,
AND FOURTEEN OTHER CASES
SINCE 1987
WHERE A HOPELESS SOUL WAS RESCUED
BY AN UNSEEN HAND.
AN UNSEEN HAND.

ETHAN

AND WHAT THEY ALL HAVE IN COMMON
IS, WHEN THINGS WERE AT THEIR WORST,
WHEN THEY HAD NO OTHER OPTIONS,
WHEN THEY FELT THEIR LIVES WERE CURSED,
THEN A MIRACLE BEFELL THEM,
AND THEY SAY, LIKE THEY'VE REHEARSED:

ALL

GOD REACHED OUT TO ME!
"ALL I EVER DID
WAS WRITE A PRAYER TO GOD
ON A TINY PIECE OF PAPER
THAT I STUFFED INTO THE CRACKS

OF THE WESTERN WALL.
THE WESTERN WALL."

COMPANY

PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS OF THE
WESTERN WALL,
IN THE CRACKS OF THE WESTERN WALL.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS AND
GOD WILL FIND IT.

ETHAN

A STREET NEAR THE MOUNT OF OLIVES,
AT MIDNIGHT IN JERUSALEM,
AND AN HEIRESS I'LL CALL ANNA
IS SHOWING ME WHAT SHE DOES.

SHE HIKES UP TO A CLEARING
WHERE, EACH JUNE AND DECEMBER,
THEY BURY THE PRAYERS COLLECTED FROM
THE WAILING WALL.

COMPANY

THE WAILING WALL.

ETHAN

AND ANNA TELLS ME, FIERCELY,
THAT THE CRISIS OF OUR DAY
IS THAT FAITH IS DISAPPEARING
AND THERE HAS TO BE A WAY
TO RE-INSPIRE THE WONDER
THAT COULD MAKE SOMEBODY SAY,

COMPANY

"GOD REACHED OUT TO ME."

SO SHE DIGS THROUGH PILES OF WISHES
AND IF SHE CAN IDENTIFY
WHOEVER WROTE IT, SHE'LL FULFILL IT,
NO MATTER WHAT SHE HAS TO TRY.
AND SHE'S BURNED THROUGH ALL HER
FORTUNE,
AND I NEEDED TO KNOW WHY,
AND SHE SAID,

ETHAN

"GOD REACHED OUT TO ME.
GOD REACHED OUT TO ME!"



COMPANY

"ALL I EVER DID
WAS WRITE A PRAYER TO GOD
ON A TINY PIECE OF PAPER
THAT I STUFFED INTO THE CRACKS

PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS OF THE
WESTERN WALL,
IN THE CRACKS OF THE WESTERN WALL.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS AND GOD WILL
FIND IT.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS OF THE
WESTERN WALL,
IN THE CRACKS OF THE WESTERN WALL.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS AND GOD WILL
FIND IT.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS OF THE
WESTERN WALL,
IN THE CRACKS OF THE WESTERN WALL.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS AND GOD WILL
FIND IT.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS OF THE
WESTERN WALL,
IN THE CRACKS OF THE WESTERN WALL.
PUT A PRAYER IN THE CRACKS AND GOD WILL
FIND IT.

13. THERE NEVER WAS

ROBIN & ETHAN

WHAT LOOKS AT FIRST TO BE
REMARKABLE, BIZARRE,
WILL SOON REVEAL ITSELF TO BE
PART OF A PATTERN.
AND WE WHO STAND OUTSIDE
IDENTIFY THE HISTORY
IN THE SEEMINGLY UNPRECEDENTED
THING.

ETHAN

WE BELIEVE WHAT WE BELIEVE,
AND ALL WE WANT IS SOMEONE TO
CONFIRM IT.
WE BELIEVE WHAT WE BELIEVE.
SURROUND OURSELVES WITH PEOPLE WHO
BELIEVE THE WAY WE DO.

IF THE WORLD DOES NOT BEHAVE
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE THINGS
THAT WE'VE CONVINCED OURSELVES ARE
TRUE,
STILL
WE BELIEVE WHAT WE BELIEVE.

OOH...

THERE NEVER WAS A WALDO.
THERE NEVER WAS A WILLIS.
THERE NEVER WAS A MONA.
THERE NEVER WAS, THERE NEVER WAS.

THERE NEVER WAS A BILLY.
THERE NEVER WAS A CONRAD.
THERE NEVER WAS A ROBIN.
THERE NEVER WAS, THERE NEVER WAS.

THERE NEVER WAS A NOTEBOOK.
THERE NEVER WAS A PHONE CALL.
THERE NEVER WAS A MAGAZINE.
THERE NEVER WAS, THERE NEVER WAS.

THERE NEVER WAS AN AIRPLANE,
THERE NEVER WAS A PROPHECY,
THERE NEVER WAS A MOTORCADE,
THERE NEVER WAS A HOLOCAUST.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.
THERE NEVER WAS.

*ROBIN holds a copy of the final issue of The
Connector.*

ROBIN

"Ethan Dobson & The Truth: A New York City
Story," by Robin Martinez, the final issue of
The Connector, September 1997.



PRODUCTION *credits*

Produced by **JEFFREY LESSER & JASON ROBERT BROWN**
Co-Produced by **SEAN PATRICK FLAHAVEN**

Recorded by **ISAIAH ABOLIN**
Edited and Mixed by **JEFFREY LESSER**
Mastered by **OSCAR ZAMBRANO**

Pro-Tools Operator: **NATE ODDEM**
Assistant Engineers: **EDWIN HUET, REBECCA MOORE, IAN MUIR**
Additional Editing: **DERIK LEE**

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Production Manager: **JILL DELLABATE**

Art Direction & Design by **DEREK BISHOP**
Production photography by **JOAN MARCUS**
Original Production Artwork by **TED STEPHENS III AND**
BRENDAN WHIPPLE / THE NUMAD GROUP

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Artistic Director: **BERNARD TELSEY & WILLIAM CANTLER**
Executive Director: **BLAKE WEST**

CONCORD THEATRICALS RECORDINGS

SEAN PATRICK FLAHAVEN - Chief Theatricals Executive
ALI TESLUK CASE - Producing Manager
IMOGEN LLOYD WEBBER - SVP Marketing &
Communications
HAYDYN MEYTHALER - Music Marketing Manager



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