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).

Blitzbreeker 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).

Blitzbreeker 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)

'A DEAD SOLDIER IN THE FAMILY'

By Ian Fraser

CHARACTERS

MOM	A woman in her late fifties.
DAD	A man in his late fifties.
SON	A teenager.
SISTER	A teenager.
DEAD MARINE	A young man, early twenties.

SET

A living room.

IN THE DARKNESS

SON (VOICE ON TAPE)
Once upon a time, in the tangled woods, and
deep dark forests, of what was once called America.

LIGHTS UP

A traditional suburban living room set, with sofa center stage. There are two sets of events occurring which catch the eye. There's a struggle going on behind the sofa, which we can't quite make out. We can see a glimpse of a teenager, SISTER, doing something.

Downstage, an older man, DAD, and a teenager, SON - stand in tense confrontation. The SON holds a gun, which is pointed at the older man's chest.

SON
Yeah?

DAD
Yeah!

The SON fires the pistol. It’s a real pistol with blanks. The sound is LOUD and jarring. LIGHTS OUT. In the BLACKOUT, we hear the VOICE OVER on tape, as SON speaks.

SON (VOICE OVER)
I guess I started this story in the wrong place.
Let me back up a little…
I think it really all began, round about - here.

LIGHTS UP. DAD sits reading the paper, MOM enters with a cup of coffee for him. She places it beside him and glances at the paper.

DAD
Thanks hon.

MOM
How's the war on terror doing?

DAD
Fine.

MOM (jingles car keys).
I'm going to the store, need anything?

DAD

Less fuss about Guantanamo would be nice.

MOM
Anything else?

DAD
No, that'll do.

MOM
You're being silly again.

DAD
Well, you married me.

MOM
-And not a day goes by that I don't realize how lucky I am.

There's a pause. They grin at each other.

DAD
You're trying to make me apologize, aren't you?

THE DOORBELL RINGS

MOM
Saved by the bell.

She goes to the door and opens it. A DEAD MARINE stands in the doorway, torn uniform, pale skin, spattered with dried blood. He stands silently as MOM reacts, and steps back, one hand to her face. DAD stands staring, his newspaper forgotten.

The DEAD MARINE enters slowly. No one looks at him. MOM and DAD continue to stare at the open doorway, as if someone is there, breaking bad news to them. DAD moves over to MOM, who begins to cry. DAD helps her sit down. He addresses the empty open doorway.

DAD
You're sure? You're absolutely sure?
There couldn't be some mistake?

He pauses, listening to the unheard response. Meanwhile, the DEAD MARINE stands alone and unnoticed, in the living room. He looks around slowly. DAD closes the door. LIGHTS slowly fade to darkness.

SON (VOICE OVER)
And that's how my brother came home dead, from Iraq.

The stage is abruptly lit with a deep and vivid blue light. The DEAD MARINE sits alone in a chair, staring impassively. SON enters and crosses the stage, pausing briefly when he sees the dead soldier, but says nothing and continues off.

SON (VOICE OVER)
I figured it was just a dream that night. And the next night.

I think he eventually realized I wasn't gonna to talk to him.
I mean - he was dead, right? My sister was more receptive.