

My 80 Year-Old Boyfriend

AN AWARD-WINNING
TRUE MUSICAL

Book & Lyrics
by Christian Duhamel

Music & Lyrics
by Ed Bell

Conceived & Performed
by Charissa Bertels



ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM

My 80 Year-Old Boyfriend



Performed by
Charissa Bertels

Pianist
Brett Ryback

DIGITAL LINER NOTES

my80yearoldboyfriend.com/album



JOY MACHINE
RECORDS

Tracks 1—18 Recorded and Mixed by Scott Lehrer at 2nd Story Sound, NYC
Tracks 19—20 Recorded and Mixed by Eric Blomquist at RiverRock Studios, Minneapolis
All Tracks Mastered by Oscar Zambrano at Zampol Productions, NYC

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15. A Date with Some Lucky Gal
16. Wandrers Nachtlid
17. What Counts
18. That Fifth Grade Feeling
(Guitar Version)
Featuring Benjamin Scheuer
19. The Love Left Behind
(Orchestral Version)
Orchestrated by Simon Nathan & Ed Bell
20. Unbound (Orchestral Version)
Cut from the show
Orchestrated by Simon Nathan

AUTHORS' NOTE

Our first meeting in early 2014 was much like the creation of *A Chorus Line*, with Charissa telling stories about Robert while Christian and Ed recorded them. After that meeting, we submitted to the Emerging Artists New Work Festival, promising 40 minutes of material, even though we had nothing on paper yet. When we were accepted, we only had 3 weeks to deliver! Deadlines are magic.

Our first presentation, which we lovingly called a sonogram, was enough to convince us that people wanted more of this story. So, we set out to expand it to a full-length musical. We wanted to differentiate this show from cabaret and really push the boundaries of what a one-woman show can accomplish. Can Charissa tap, play the piano, inhabit dozens of characters and sing and dance a duet with herself? Can she convince us that an 80-year-old man is onstage with her at all times? Can our show do everything a book musical does? We wanted to find out.



After numerous workshops and four regional productions, the result is a one-hundred minute one-woman tour de force where Charissa does all of that and more.

We hope you enjoy the album of our one-woman love letter to friendship, connection, love and loss.

Christian, Ed, & Charissa



CREATIVE TEAM



CHARISSA BERTELS (Concept & Performer)

Charissa is a Broadway actress and champion of new musicals. She has performed on Broadway and at Madison Square Garden in *A Christmas Story* and toured the country in the first national tour of *If/Then*, starring Idina Menzel, La Chanze, and Anthony Rapp. As a member of the singing ensemble for New York City Center Encores'

productions of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* and *Lady Be Good*, her work can be heard on the subsequent cast recordings, featuring Megan Hilty and the legendary Tommy Tune.

Charissa received rave reviews for starring in her original one-woman musical, *My 80-Year-Old Boyfriend*, at Merrimack Repertory Theatre (IRNE award for Best Solo Performance and Kleban Award for libretto), Arizona Theatre Company, the Human Race Theatre Company (Best Leading Actress in a Musical) and Idaho Repertory Theatre. In addition to her own writing and producing projects, she teaches musical theatre at the Professional Conservatory of Musical Theatre at The New York Film Academy, holds an MFA in Theatre Pedagogy from the University of Idaho and a Bachelor's of Music from Kansas State University, and is a proud member of Actors' Equity and SAG-AFTRA.

www.charissa.nyc

CREATIVE TEAM



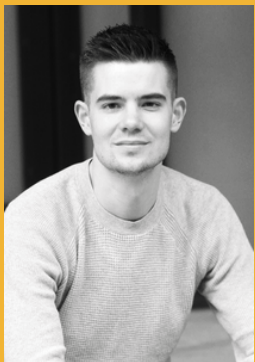
CHRISTIAN DUHAMEL (Book & Lyrics)

Christian Duhamel is a recipient of the Kleban Award for Most Promising Musical Theater Librettist and the BMI Jerry Harrington Award for Outstanding Creative Achievement in Songwriting. He also had the privilege of serving as a Songwriting Artist-in-Residence with Oriental DreamWorks (Pearl Studio). His works include: *My 80-Year-Old Boyfriend*, *The Girl Who Turned Into a Feather*, *Reeling*, and *X-MAS: A Merry*

Mutant Musical. He has presented concert works at The Duplex, 54 Below, The Neon, Martin's Off Madison, New Voices, and The Battersea Barge, and has received commissions from theaters across the country, such as Coeur d'Alene Summer Theatre, Seattle Shakespeare Company/Wooden-O, and The Human Race Theatre Company. As an actor, he has been seen onstage at the 5th Avenue Theatre, Village Theatre, and the Ordway Center for the Performing Arts, among others.

A native of Kellogg, Idaho, Christian grew up in the Seattle area and is an alumnus of DePaul University, Wright State University, and the BMI Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop. After spending a decade in NYC, he currently resides, once again, in Seattle where he is a proud member of the Dramatists Guild of America, the Off-Broadway Alliance, AEA, NATS, and VASTA. www.christianduhamel.org

CREATIVE TEAM



ED BELL (Music & Lyrics)

Ed is a writer, musician and educator. With Christian Duhamel he wrote the award-winning musical *My 80-Year-Old Boyfriend* for Broadway actress Charissa Bertels. The show has run at the Merrimack Repertory Theatre, Arizona Theatre Company, the Human Race Theatre and Idaho Repertory Theatre. Other writing includes *The Way Through the Woods* (ADC Theatre, Edinburgh Festival), *Gary of the Antarctic* (Britten Theatre) and lyrics for the legendary Puy du Fou theme parks. He was also an Artist-in-Residence at

Oriental DreamWorks (Pearl Studio) in Shanghai. Ed's music has been performed at Brasserie Zédel, The Battersea Barge, The National Portrait Gallery, The Duplex, the ATC Theatre and more. As music director, Ed has worked on projects at the Soho Theatre, Leeds Playhouse, Grosvenor Park Open Air Theatre, The Signature Theatre, The Marjorie S. Dean Little Theatre and The Nate Holden Performing Arts Center.

Ed is also well-known as a music educator. He created The Song Foundry, one of the internet's leading songwriting education sites, in 2014, and is the author of seven popular books on songwriting including *The Art of Songwriting* and *How to Write a Song*. Ed is a graduate of Cambridge University and the Royal College of Music, an alumnus of the BMI Lehman Engel Musical Theatre Workshop and a proud member of ASCAP and the Dramatists Guild of America. www.edbell.com

MY REAL 80-YEAR-OLD BOYFRIEND

My 80-Year-Old Boyfriend is a love letter to my real-life friendship with Robert Benjamin Brown (Milton in the show). We met at Grace's Marketplace on the Upper East Side on November 4, 2010 and had an instant connection. The subsequent 14 years found us forming a deep friendship unlike any I've ever had before or since. Our friendship truly changed my life. First, through the lessons I learned from it and second, through the joy and adventure of creating this show about him. Fortunately for me, my best friend, Christian Duhamel, is an insanely talented writer (did I mention he won the Kleban Award for his work on this show?!?!) and agreed to work on this show with me. A gifted composer in his own right, he asked that we bring on Ed Bell from his BMI class for some outside perspective and I'm so grateful for that, because Ed has written such beautiful music to accompany Christian's libretto. Since Robert's passing in 2022, it has felt especially important to create this album in his memory and now we've done it!

Thank you, Robert...
for everything.



SPECIAL THANKS

To Robert Benjamin Brown, our muse, and to all who loved him so dearly.

To all of the many, many people it takes to put on a “one-woman” show, thank you from the bottom of our hearts. So many beautiful people have made this show possible over the years and we remain forever grateful.

To our beloved family and friends who have always supported us.

To our major financial donors: Teresa & Gerald Duhamel, Chris Marcacci, and Tom & Eunice Pingnot - your generosity humbles us.

To our Indiegogo Supporters who made this album possible.



Photos L to R: Merrimack Repertory Theatre Cast & Crew, Arizona Theatre Company Cast & Crew

PRODUCTION HISTORY

MERRIMACK REPERTORY THEATRE - LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS 2017

DIRECTOR SEAN DANIELS / MUSIC DIRECTOR KEVIN DAVID THOMAS

ARIZONA THEATRE COMPANY - PHOENIX & TUCSON, ARIZONA 2021

DIRECTOR SEAN DANIELS / ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR ASHLEE WASMUND / MUSIC DIRECTOR JOSE SIMBULAN

HUMAN RACE THEATRE COMPANY - DAYTON, OHIO 2022

DIRECTOR SEAN DANIELS / ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR ASHLEE WASMUND / MUSIC DIRECTOR BRETT RYBACK

IDAHO REPERTORY THEATRE - MOSCOW, IDAHO 2023

DIRECTOR SEAN DANIELS / ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR ASHLEE WASMUND / MUSIC DIRECTOR BRETT RYBACK



Photos L to R: Merrimack Repertory Theatre, Arizona Theatre Company, The Human Race Theatre Company & Idaho Repertory Theatre

SYNOPSIS

Lights up. The Pianist enters and warms up the space with beautiful music (OVERTURE). Charissa enters the stage and welcomes the audience, describing growing up in Manhattan, Kansas while always knowing that she belonged in Manhattan, New York (ONE IN A MILLION).

At Grace's Marketplace on the Upper East Side of Manhattan, Charissa wows customers with her vocal stylings while demoing "Monkey Juice" and showcasing her personal motto of only relying on herself (ALL I NEED).



Photo Credit: Arizona Theatre Company



Photo Credit: Scott J. Kimmins for The Human Race Theatre Company

A little old man approaches her booth and they begin a lively and surprisingly flirtatious conversation, connecting over everything from actress Yvette Mieux to German poetry. He impresses her by reciting Wandrers Nachtlied in the middle of the grocery store and seizes the opportunity to invite her to his apartment after her shift. She demurs but he cleverly forces her hand by buying her entire juice inventory and requesting delivery.

After her shift, Charissa carts 41 bottles of juice to the 27th floor of the East Tower and is blown away when she sees the wall of windows in his apartment (WHAT A VIEW).

As Milton shows her around, Charissa finally sees beyond all his bravado to the view that matters most — Milton himself.



Photo Credit: ATC

Charissa begins meeting Milton for weekly lunches at Dallas BBQ between auditions and work, and they quickly become “regulars”. This realization shocks her and she playfully ponders what to label their budding relationship (MY 80-YEAR-OLD BOYFRIEND).

Strolling through the park, they chat about their connection over German poetry and music. Milton asks her when she started singing and Charissa relishes recounting for him how she starred in her 5th Grade production of *The Hobbit* (THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING). She is sad to realize she has lost some of her original joy due to her current New York City audition grind.



Charissa as Bilbo Baggins in the actual 5th Grade production of The Hobbit.

Just before leaving the city for a summerstock production, Charissa discovers Milton has a daughter he hasn't spoken to in 20 years. Shocked, she urges him to reach out to her, but he tells her to let it go. Charissa heads to Michigan to play Velma in *Chicago* and stays in touch with Milton via weekly phone calls.

On opening night, Charissa is looking forward to her family's arrival. When her Dad unexpectedly doesn't show, she's taken back to the disappointment of his absence at her first performance in *The Hobbit*. (THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING REPRISE).

Charissa as Velma with her mom and sister at Chicago...in Michigan.



Charissa and Milton reunite at Dallas BBQ and he delights in scandalizing the women at the table next to them by insinuating that they are in a romantic relationship. Charissa laughs and they celebrate their unique friendship by singing and dancing together (TOGETHER WITH YOU).

Charissa is invited to audition for a new Broadway musical, *A Christmas Story*, but worries she won't be able to deliver on the improvised scat required in the audition song. She calls Milton for advice and he insists that she has to let down her guard instead of always being in control.

At the audition, Charissa finds herself falling into old patterns. Much to her dismay, the creative team is not responding. In her head, she hears Milton's voice telling her to "let down her guard" and she lets her freak flag fly (THE AUDITION).

Believing she has blown the audition, Charissa leaves disappointed but soon gleefully realizes how much freedom she has reclaimed. She celebrates by going to Milton's apartment to thank him for his advice. He tells her she reminds him of his daughter and that he's found out his ex-wife Diane is terminally ill.



Photo Credit: HRTC

As he stares forlornly into the distance, Charissa imagines what he would say to Diane if she were there right now (THE LOVE LEFT BEHIND).



Photo Credit: Meghan Moore for Merrimack Repertory Theatre

When Charissa finds out she'll be making her Broadway debut in *A Christmas Story*, she immediately calls Milton and he insists that they head to the Yale Club to celebrate.

Unfortunately, they find themselves in an argument when Charissa mistakes Milton's celebratory toast for a marriage proposal. Hurt by her reaction, he insults her foolish career aspirations and insists she needs a man to provide for her. Charissa yells at him and storms out of the Yale Club (THE CONFRONTATION).

Stubbornly avoiding talking to Milton, Charissa soon finds herself distracted by the whirlwind of her Broadway show. She invites Milton to opening night but he icily refuses. Charissa tries to shake it off as she gets ready for the show to start and taps away her pain (PLACES, PLEASE). Charissa's family comes to the show and she is thrilled when her Dad shows up, in spite of his anxiety around traveling.

When Charissa's overwrought travel itinerary for her Dad goes awry, they find themselves at the top of the Empire State Building at midnight. As he awkwardly attempts to connect with her, she suddenly sees him for all his flaws and beautiful humanity. Finding herself moved when he offers an unexpected apology, Charissa calls Milton to offer an apology of her own, but no one answers. She continues to call repeatedly over several days and then her heart sinks, fearing the worst (OUR TIME).



Photo Credit: ATC



Charissa in A Christmas Story and with her Dad at the top of the Empire State Building.



Photo Credit: Carol Rosegg

Refusing to accept the loss, she irrationally rushes to Milton's apartment only to find him sitting in his chair like always. Charissa is shocked to learn that while they were apart, Milton had been hit by a bus on an icy road and the doctors had to amputate part of his leg to save his life. The two friends quickly rekindle their relationship and Charissa plays both nurse and poker while Milton's leg heals.



Photo Credit: ATC



Photo Credit: HRTC

In spite of her best efforts, Milton's spirit is still a little broken. Charissa comes up with a plan to pull Milton out of his depression and evokes the spirit of Yvette Mimeux to coax him out of his apartment (A DATE WITH SOME LUCKY GAL).

A wheelchair-accessible limo whisks them away to a studio in midtown Manhattan where a beautiful grand piano awaits them. Charissa sits at the piano to sing and play their favorite song for him (WANDRERS NACHTLIED).

Milton compliments her performance and offers his own apology for dismissing her dreams. He asks her to

let him leave her something in his will, but Charissa insists she has everything she needs right in front of her. He tells her to take one of those “selfies” on her phone to send to his daughter.

After snapping the photo, Charissa encourages the audience—before it’s too late—to share how they feel with the people they love (WHAT COUNTS).



Photo Credit: HRTC

ONE IN A MILLION

PICTURE ME,
BUT WAY BACK IN MY PAST,
BACK WHEN MY LIFE HAD JUST BEGUN.
MY MOTHER READ TO ME
AND SAID THAT I WAS ONE...
ONE IN A MILLION.

WILD AND FREE,
I TRIED TO GROW UP FAST,
HAD TO ESCAPE THE KANSAS SUN.
NO ONE COULD HOLD ME BACK
THEY TOLD ME I WAS ONE...
ONE IN A MILLION.

I LEFT BEHIND SMALL TOWN NIGHTS
WITH ALL THEIR STARS AND MOON BEAMS.
I NEEDED BIG CITY LIGHTS
TO CHASE BIG CITY DREAMS.

NYC!
A CITY GRID SO VAST
THAT FOLKS ARE ALWAYS ON THE RUN!
FACING THE GRIND ALONE
REMINDS ME I AM ONE...
JUST ONE IN A MILLION.

AND WHEN YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION...
THE ODDS ARE A MILLION TO ONE...
AND SINCE THAT'S THE CASE,
AND SINCE NEW YORK SETS THE PACE,
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO BE DONE...

ALL I NEED

See no evil! Hear no evil! Drink no evil!

So, I work for a company called Monkey Juice. Okay, it's not really called Monkey Juice, but if your product is a juice and you have a Monkey for your logo, I'm going to call you Monkey Juice.

Today, my "Brand Ambassador Booth" is on the Upper East Side. Bourgie.
I'm stationed right inside the entrance to a Grace's Marketplace.
It's snowing out, so it's stupid cold, and no one wants to buy a refrigerated juice.
But I'm not worried...

(to Customer)
Excuse me, uh, miss?

DOESN'T MATTER WHO YOU ARE,
OR WHERE YOU'RE GOING,
IF IT'S RAINING, OR IT'S SHINING,
OR EVEN IF IT'S SNOWING.

DOESN'T MATTER HOW YOU FEEL,
OR WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN',
IF YOU'RE SEVENTY OR SEVEN,
ONLY MATTERS WHAT YOU'RE DRINKIN'!

SO, COME ON, TAKE A LOAD OFF,
PUT YOUR PROBLEMS ON THE SHELF.

TRY MONKEY JUICE INSTEAD;
THIS DRINK WON'T DRINK ITSELF!

(to Audience)

I HEAR YOU WONDERING "HOW DOES SHE
DO IT?
SUCH EASE AND STYLE AND GRACE."
COME CLOSER,
I'LL REVEAL THE SECRET
THAT LETS ME WIN THE RACE.

Y'SEE, I AM ALL I NEED.
I'VE LEARNED TO LEAN ON NUMBER ONE.
IF I WERE ON THE MENU
AT MICKEY D'S
I'D BE BURGER, LETTUCE, BACON,
CHEESE, TOMATO, AND BUN.

IF I WERE PLAYING FOR THE METS,
YOU BET I'D PUT THE ME IN TEAM.
WATCH ME TAKING MY OWN LEAD
'CAUSE I AM ALL I NEED.
Woo!

(Charissa does juice-juggling tricks.)

Juice!

More Juice!

Buy My Juice!

BOGO! I'm not monkeying around.

I BET YOU'RE MARVELING "MAN, SHE'S
PERSISTENT!
DOES SHE EVER TIRE OR DROP?"

DON'T WORRY,
I HAVE A SOLUTION
THAT MEANS I NEVER STOP!

THAT'S RIGHT, I AM ALL I NEED.
I'VE LEARNED TO LEAN ON NUMBER ONE.
IF I WERE IN THE TIMES
OF THE WILD, WILD WEST,
I'D BE LEATHER, LASSO, STALLION,
STETSON, BULLET, AND GUN!

IF THERE'S AN ANDREWS SISTERS TRIO
TO SING
I'M BRINGING ME, MYSELF AND I.
I ASKED MYSELF AND I AGREED..
THAT I AM ALL I NEED.

OOO!

YES, I AM ALL I...

I'M ALL I...

I'M ALL I...

I'M ALL I NEED!

THE EAST TOWER

I pack up my booth and cart 41 bottles of
Monkey Juice to Milton's address: The East
Tower.

At the entrance there are four concierges,
who refuse to allow me to touch anything.
They open every door.
They escort me through the lobby,

which is like a Botanical Garden:
plants sprout out of seemingly everywhere:
floors, pillars, ceilings.
It occurs to me, I could have these strapping
Men deliver the juice for me,
But how many times am I going to get to see
an apartment in a place like this?
So, I approach the five polished, mirrored
elevators,
and I can't help but feel a bit like Atreyu in the
Neverending Story,
staring at himself in that mirror, you know...
who he Truly is...

Another woman steps in the elevator with me.
I play one of my favorite games where I win if
I get to the Higher Floor.
And today I am WINNING! That's right!
I am headed to the 27th- yes 2. 7th. floor.
25, 26, 27.

WHAT A VIEW

WHAT A VIEW!
HIGH WITHIN A HIGH-RISE!
STARING DOWN ON TRAFFIC
AND ROOFTOP SCENES!

WHAT A VIEW:
URBAN PANORAMA!
STRETCHING FROM THE WEST SIDE
WAY OFF INTO QUEENS.

I SEE THE DOME OF A FAR AWAY
CATHEDRAL!
AND HOLY CRAP! THERE'S THE G.W.B.
AND LOOK! IN THE PARK, UP AT
SEVENTY NINTH,
ALL THE SCHOOL KIDS RUNNING FREE!

WHAT A VIEW:
WAY ABOVE THE CHAOS!
GAZING OUT A WINDOW AT
SKIES OF BLUE!
NOW THIS IS SOMETHING NEW!
WHAT A VIEW!

MILTON

Oh! You'll get a kick out of this: See these
statues? I stole these. From Williams-
Sonoma.

CHARISSA

Why would anyone want to steal two stone
statues of Miniature Schnauzers?

MILTON

They seemed like too frivolous of a thing to
actually spend money on, so I just took them.
Come this way.

CHARISSA

WHAT A VIEW!
THERE'S YOUR FAVORITE ARMCHAIR,
LOVINGLY SURROUNDED
BY WALLS OF BOOKS.

WHAT A VIEW:
TREASURE AFTER TREASURE
HEMINGWAY AND SHAKESPEARE
EACH TUCKED IN THEIR NOOKS.

ALONG THE CARPET,
A STACK OF CLASSIC RECORDS.
AND ON THE WALL THERE'S SOME
STRANGE DECOUPAGE!
OH LOOK! THERE YOU ARE, WITH THE
PEOPLE YOU KNOW,
ALL ARRANGED IN A HUGE COLLAGE.

WHAT A VIEW:
ART IN EVERY CORNER!
WAIT, IS THIS A KLIMT?
AND A ROTHKO, TOO?
OH, WOW, IT'S SIGNED- BY YOU.
WHAT A VIEW!

CHARISSA

You did this?

MILTON

Why bother paying for fancy art,
when you can just make it yourself?

CHARISSA

He invites me to sit at a Little Corner Table
where there are windows on both walls.

MILTON

My Mother used to live right across the street
there. Right there.

She used to put different colored paper in her
window to send me messages:

"I'm out,"

"Call me,"

"Come Over."

CHARISSA

(to Audience)

Studying his face as he looks into the
distance,
At an empty window,
With no colored paper...
I suddenly see it:

(to Herself)

WHAT A VIEW:
JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE,
I CAN SEE A HINT OF WHAT
MUST HAVE BEEN.

WHAT A VIEW:

THOUGH YOUR HANDS MAY TREMBLE,
I CAN SEE THE STRENGTH THAT THEY HAD
WAY BACK WHEN.

YOUR EVERY WRINKLE REVEALS A FEAR
OR WORRY,

WHILE IN YOUR SMILE, THERE'S A
FLICKER OF PRIDE,
AND DEEP IN YOUR EYES IS THE BOY YOU
ONCE WERE:

THERE'S THE CHILD THAT YOU
KEEP INSIDE.

WHAT A VIEW:
YOU'RE NO CASANOVA.
THERE'S A SOFTNESS THERE
TIME COULD NOT UNDO.
SO, NOW I SEE WHAT'S TRUE.
WHAT A VIEW....

YOU THERE ACROSS FROM ME...
WHAT A VIEW.

MY 80-YEAR-OLD BOYFRIEND

I'VE KNOWN MILTON FOR SIX WEEKS NOW,
AND WOW HAVE THEY FLOWN BY.
AND SOMEHOW ALL MY DAYS
ARE NOT JUST ME, MYSELF, AND I.

BUT NOW IT'S GOT ME THINKING
WHAT TO CALL THIS, I DON'T KNOW.
'CAUSE IF "FRIENDS" JUST DOESN'T CUT IT,
THEN WHAT'S THE WORD...

OH...

HE'S GENTLE AND KIND,
HIS JOKES NEVER END.
I CAN BE MYSELF WITH HIM,
DON'T HAVE TO PRETEND.
HE'S DREAMY AND WILD,
THOUGH I COULD BE HIS GRANDCHILD...
HE'S LIKE AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD BOYFRIE—
You see where I'm going here?

HE'S WORLDLY AND WISE,
HE'S GOT STORIES TO TELL.
NO ONE ELSE CAN SPIN A STORY SO
WELL.
IT'S LIFE-STORY PORN,
BUT FROM BEFORE I WAS BORN...
JUST LIKE AN EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD BOY—
Yeah, it's gonna happen.

REALLY, THERE'S NO NEED TO LAUGH,
LABELS ARE STUPID, WHO CARES?!
I MEAN, SURE, WE'RE A LAUGH AND A
HALF,
WHEN HE TRIES TO RACE PAST ME
AS WE'RE CLIMBING THE STAIRS!

HE ALWAYS CALLS BACK.
HE'S ALWAYS ON TIME.
SO HE'S A PETTY THIEF, IS THAT
SUCH A CRIME?
HE'S GOT WIT, HE'S GOT CLASS,
AND THOUGH HIS JOKES CAN BE CRASS,
I LIKE TO PLAY ALONG, I CONFESS.
WITH MY EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD...

AUDIENCE
BOYFRIEND!

CHARISSA
OH, YES!

COME ON, IT'S ONLY A WORD!
WHY GIVE A WORD SUCH CONTROL?

SURELY, IT'S NOT THAT ABSURD.
'CAUSE HE'S NO HUGH HEFNER,
I'M NO ANNA NICOLE!
HE'S GRACIOUS, REFINED!
HE'S ALWAYS GOOD FUN!
PLUS HE CAN'T WALK FAST ENOUGH TO
DUMP ME AND RUN!
HE'S GOT STYLE, HE'S GOT FLAIR!
HE'S EVEN GOT HIS OWN HAIR!
YEAH, WE'RE QUITE THE PAIR TO SEE!
THAT'S MY EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD BOY—
Like a work spouse.
MY EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD BOY—
Like a gay husband.
MY EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD BOYFRIEND
AND ME!

THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING

So, I chose to audition for the school play.
And somehow I got cast in our production of
The Hobbit...as Bilbo Baggins.

PICTURE ME, I'M JUST ELEVEN,
BARELY IN FIFTH GRADE.
MY GLASSES ON,
MY FRIZZY HAIR PULLED TIGHT
INTO A BRAID.
A TURTLENECK AND VEST,
PAIRED WITH A KHAKI PANT, NO PLEAT,
BUT NOTHING ON MY FEET.

SO MOM DESIGNED THESE HOBBIT TOES
FROM SHOES SHE GOT ON SALE.
WHENEVER THERE'S A CRISIS,
MOM WOULD BE THERE, WITHOUT FAIL.
AND AS I LEARNED EACH ENTRANCE,
ALL THE LINES- THE DANCES TOO,
A FEELING IN ME GREW.

THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING,
REHEARSING ON THE STAGE!
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING,
WHEN HOBBITS WERE THE RAGE!
I WAS WEIRD,
A TOTAL GEEK,
WHICH, CLEARLY, MADE ME RAD.
THAT FIFTH FEELING...

WEEK BY WEEK, I WORKED AND WORKED,
AND MEMORIZED MY PART.
AND MOM WAS RIGHT BESIDE ME
TEACHING ME TO SING WITH HEART.
AND WHEN THE HOBBIT OPENED,
MOM SAW EVERY SHOW, FRONT ROW.
WHICH MADE THE FEELING GROW.

THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING,
MY FAMILY ALWAYS NEAR.
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING,
WITH NOTHING THERE TO FEAR.
SINGING SONGS,
AND TAKING BOWS,
AND SEEING MOM SO GLAD.
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING.

LIFE WAS SIMPLE,
LIFE WAS FUN,
I WAS NEVER SAD.
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING...
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING...
A FEELING...
I WISH I STILL HAD.

THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING REPRISE

Somehow I grew up never understanding
that even Dad's have demons.
Until 5th Grade.
Until I put on those hobbit feet,
and looked out in the audience.
And Dad wasn't there.

Then everything Changed.
I learned how to rely on myself.
I put up my Guard...
And I guess I've never really let it come down.

THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING...
I DIDN'T HAVE A CLUE.
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING...
BUT WHAT'S A KID TO DO?
DAD WAS DISTANT...
HOW WAS I TO KNOW
THAT THAT WAS BAD?
THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING...

TOGETHER WITH YOU

Oh, Milton,
WHEN I'M TOGETHER WITH YOU
I NEVER CAN GUESS JUST WHAT
YOU'LL DO.
'CAUSE YOU LIKE KEEPING ME
ON MY TOES,
AND BOY, HEAVEN KNOWS
WHAT FUN WILL ENSUE.

MILTON

Is that so? Well,
WHEN I'M TOGETHER WITH YOU,
I SHOW YOU OFF LIKE A NEW
MERCEDES BENZ.
THEN YOU GET MAD,
BUT I KNOW THAT GLARE
JUST MEANS WE'RE THE CRAZIEST PAIR
OF FRIENDS.

CHARISSA

It sure does.

WE'RE TOTALLY DIFFERENT,
FULLY AT ODDS.

MILTON

LIKE TWO SEPARATE PEAS
IN TWO SEPARATE PODS.

CHARISSA

BUT THAT'S WHY I LOVE US.

MILTON
WE'RE SO NIGHT AND DAY.

CHARISSA
WE'RE YIN AND YANG!

MILTON
WE'RE STURM AND DRANG!

CHARISSA
WE'RE WALL STREET!

MILTON
AND BROADWAY!

CHARISSA
WHEN I'M—

MILTON
WHEN I'M—

(They sing and dance.)

CHARISSA
TOGETHER WITH YOU,

MILTON
TOGETHER WITH YOU,

CHARISSA
THERE'S NOWHERE I'D RATHER BE, IT'S
TRUE!

MILTON
OH, BOY IS IT TRUE!

CHARISSA
WITH YOU,

MILTON
Who me?

CHARISSA
Yes, you!

I SOMEHOW FEEL SO AT EASE.
I FLOAT ON THE BREEZE!

MILTON
That's it.

CHARISSA
NO LISTS TO REVIEW!

MILTON
YOU TAKE MY CUE!
And this...

CHARISSA
This we do in Perfect Unison.

“BOTH”
WHEN I'M TOGETHER WITH YOU,
WE ALWAYS KEEP TRUCKING, BUCKING
ALL THE TRENDS,
'CAUSE WE HAVE SOMETHING THAT'S
STRANGE AND RARE.

CHARISSA
BECAUSE WE'RE THE CRAZIEST PAIR,

MILTON
THE LUCKIEST PAIR,

CHARISSA
THE UNLIKELYEST—

MILTON
FREAKIEST—

CHARISSA
LOVELIEST—

MILTON
CHEEKIEST—

“BOTH”
CRAZIEST PAIR OF FRIENDS!

THE AUDITION

The day of the audition

5:30AM wake-up, shower, makeup, warm up
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight
Dress up, walk, subway, walk
Audition Number 249

One door to the Audition room
Seventeen other people total, in the room

Thirteen people: ten men, three women, sit
spread across the front of the room at tables,
the three male writers of the show half-sit in
the recessed window behind the table, one
pianist sits at the piano, and one nervous
soprano-belter stands center stage.

Hi! I'm Charissa! Thank you so much for
seeing me today!

(to Audience)

They ask me to read the scenes first.
Those go as planned.
And then they ask for the song!

All is going well:
STRICT,
CHIDING,
TIGHT,
UNRELENTING,
ELITE,
ALL-KNOWING,
CONTROLLING,
GUARDED...

Guarded?

I sneak a glance at the team behind the
table...

No one's even watching.
This isn't working,
I'm losing them.
And then I hear Milton's voice,

like Mufasa calling out to Simba from the Great Beyond.

MILTON

You have to let down your guard.

CHARISSA

And I hear the piano ramping up.
And I can feel my Heart pounding.
And I just let my Truth come flying out:
FAH-BAH-DOOT-N-SQUEEL-YA-DOO!
BOP-BA-DOO-WOP-WOW!
YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE OUT!
HUH! HUH!
FAH-BAH-DAH-DOO!
ZAH-BAH-DAH-BAH-DAH-DOO!
YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE OUT!

(She pulls out an imaginary lasso and tosses it over the Pianist's head.)

Gotcha!

(She tugs the lasso tight, pulling herself over to the piano. She kicks and cartwheels downstage. On her knees, she scats as she plays an air guitar. Then she pulls out an imaginary bow and arrow and shoots two arrows up into the sky.)

YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE,
YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE,
YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR—

(The imaginary arrows she shot earlier now hit her in the eye.)

OW!!! OW!!!

Why! Why!!! My eye!
YOU'LL SHOOT YOUR EYE OUT!
FAH-DOOT-N-SQUEE-BE-DOO-WEE!

And the room is silent.
Silence.
Agonizing silence.

I finally break from my pose, and look at their faces.
Their mouths are wide open.
Perhaps in wonder, perhaps in terror.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Thank you. That is all we need to see today.

CHARISSA

Thank you.

(She awkwardly exits the audition room.)

Wait a minute...
DID I JUST?
AND?
DID I JUST?
OH MY GOD!
ZAH-BAH-DAH-BING!
ZAH-BAH-DAH-BAH-DA-DOO!

NO DENYING WHAT I DID
I FEEL JUST LIKE THAT FIFTH GRADE KID!
DID I JUST...?
YES, I DID!

THE LOVE LEFT BEHIND

MILTON

Diane and I used to sit in silence like this
Beautiful silence

CHARISSA

He's somewhere else: with her, but without
her. But if Diane were here right now,
I can almost imagine what Milton would say:

I KNOW I'LL LOSE SOME PART OF YOU
TODAY.
YOUR PERFUME ON THE AIR MIGHT
FINALLY DRIFT AWAY.
EACH FRECKLE ON YOUR FACE
MIGHT FINALLY FADE AWAY FROM VIEW.
I'M LOSING EACH HINT OF YOU.

THE WAY ROMANTIC MOVIES
MAKE YOU WEEP.
THE RHYTHM OF YOUR BREATHING AS
YOU SOFTLY SLEEP.

THE ECHO OF YOUR VOICE IS GONE.
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO,
I'M LOSING EACH TRACE OF YOU.

ALL OF THE LAUGHTER:
STUPID JOKES YOU USED TO TELL.
ALL OF THE ROMANCE:
HOW YOU SWOONED AND HOW I FELL.
BUT NO MATTER HOW I TRY,
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
HOW TO SURRENDER
ALL OF THE LOVE LEFT BEHIND.

YOUR KNICKKNACKS ON THE SHELVES
HAVE DISAPPEARED.
YOUR CLOSETS AND MY CONSCIENCE
HAVE AT LAST BEEN CLEARED.
THERE'S NO ONE WHO CAN COMPREHEND
QUITE WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH.
I'M LOSING IT ALL, IT'S TRUE.
ALL OF THE FIGHTING:
EVERY STRUGGLE, EVERY SHRINK.
ALL OF THE GLANCES:
EVERY EYE ROLL, EVERY WINK.
BUT NO MATTER HOW I TRY,
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
HOW TO SURRENDER
ALL OF THE LOVE LEFT BEHIND.

DAYS BECOME WEEKS BECOME MONTHS
BECOME YEARS.
AND TIME TICKS AWAY LIKE A DRUM
IN MY EARS.
SO THE WORLD STILL TURNS.
AND THE HOURS STILL FLY.
AND BRIDGES BURNED
MEAN LESSONS LEARNED,
SO IT'S TIME TO SAY GOODBYE.

BUT I CAN'T SAY GOODBYE
TO ALL OF THE WISHING
THAT WE COULD HAVE MADE IT LAST.
ALL OF THE HOPING
WE COULD OVERCOME THE PAST.
BUT NO MATTER HOW I TRY,
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND
HOW TO SURRENDER
ALL OF THE LOVE...
ALL OF THE LOVE...
LEFT BEHIND.

THE CONFRONTATION

Unbelievable.
Thank you, Milton, for this illuminating
Celebration.
Yeah, money's so important to you? Right?
Right.
Then, here.
(She dumps her cash and coins on the table.)
Look at the Poor Actress throwing her money
around.

MILTON

You're making a scene. You're making me—

CHARISSA

What? Uncomfortable?
Well, now you know how I feel
every time you pull out your cash and
throw it at me.
Maybe you should feel uncomfortable.

MILTON

I feel perfectly fine, because we pay on
account here.
It's already done.
Now stop being an ungrateful, whiney, little
priss.
Just do as you're told and Stay in your Place.

CHARISSA

No!
DON'T TELL ME "STAY IN MY PLACE."
DON'T TRY TO DICTATE MY LIFE.
DON'T YOU DARE MAKE ME YOUR
SWEETHEART, OR BABE,
OR YOUR ARM-CANDY SUBSTITUTE WIFE.

YOU THROW MONEY AROUND,
WHEN YOU DON'T GET YOUR WAY.
THAT ISN'T MONEY TO HELP,
NO, THAT'S MONEY YOU USE
TO MAKE WOMEN OBEY.

BUT THIS ISN'T JUST ABOUT MONEY.
WE KNOW THAT'S TRUE;
LET'S NOT PRETEND.
IT'S ABOUT GETTING RESPECT
AS YOUR EQUAL AND FRIEND.

AND UNTIL THAT'S SOMETHING YOU'RE
ABLE TO SHOW,
JUST LIKE DIANE...
I'VE NO CHOICE BUT TO GO.
SO, I'LL GO.

But let's get this one thing straight:
You are the reason you're eighty and alone.
You are the reason you'll be alone in the end.

Oh, I know I have gone too far
but it's been said, and it can't be unsaid.

A Taxi pulls up,
and I step inside,
and Milton...

Well, I don't know what Milton does...
because I don't look back.

PLACES, PLEASE

There's this saying— or tradition— in the
theatre that we don't bring any of our
Emotional baggage with us into rehearsals or
performances.

So we just tell each other to: "Leave our Junk
Outside the stage door."

Yeah, I have, uh, forty-five minutes until
curtain.

That means, uh,
Ten minutes to get into my wig
Twelve minutes for makeup
Seven minutes to get into costume
Sixteen minutes to make sure I am warmed
up and then the stage manager will call
"Cast to places. Places, please,"
and that will mean there's just one minute left
before the show starts,

and then I will head downstairs to wait in my
place off stage, and I will be good to go.

(to Herself)

Leave your junk outside, Charissa.

PLACES, PLEASE.
GOTTA HEAR THE SOUND OF
PLACES, PLEASE.
GET ME TO THE STAGE!
PLACES, PLEASE,
NO TWO WORDS AROUND
CAN MAKE ME FEEL SO AT EASE!
MY HEART POUNDS HARD
BUT MY MIND IS CLEAR,
'CAUSE THE HURT AND PAIN
ALL JUST DISAPPEAR
WHEN I HEAR
SOMEBODY SAY
PLACES, PLEASE!

(ONE, TWO)
LET IT GO, CHARISSA.
(THREE, FOUR, FIVE)
LEAVE IT AT THE DOOR.
IT'S FINE. YOU'RE FINE.
(SIX)
JUST WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS?
(SEVEN)
THIS ISN'T WORKING.
(AND EIGHT)
JUST BREATHE, CHARISSA.
GOTTA LET IT GO.

PLACES, PLEASE.
I CAN TOTALLY HANDLE—
I NEED THE SOUND OF —
(ONE, TWO)
PLEASE!
GET ME ON THE STAGE!
WHY WOULDN'T HE—
PLACES, PLEASE.
(FOUR)
NO TWO WORDS AROUND CAN—

*(She opens the stage door, pushing
down her emotions.
She changes into her A Christmas
Story costume, complete with tap shoes.)*

HE SHOULD APOLOGIZE FOR
THE WAY THAT HE—
(FIVE, SIX, SEVEN)
MY HEART POUNDS—
(THREE)
BUT MY MIND—
(MILTON, MILTON)
THE HURT AND PAIN—
(FOUR, FIVE)
DISAPPEAR!
WHEN I HEAR
SOMEBODY SAY
PLACES, PLEASE!

STAGE MANAGER
Cast to places. Places, please!

CHARISSA

Yes!
THAT'S THE SOUND I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR.
BUT MY MIND ISN'T CLEAR
MY HEART POUNDS EVEN MORE.
MAYBE ONCE I'M ON STAGE
THAT'LL PUT ALL THIS RAGE OUT OF MIND.
OUT OF MIND!

Damn it, Milton.
I WORKED MY ASS OFF
AND PAID MY DUES.
FOUGHT THE BIG FIGHT,
SO I'M NOT GONNA LOSE.
HIT THE STAGE,
AND TAP IT OUT,
AND LEAVE THAT STUPID GEEZER BEHIND
WAY BEHIND!
WHOO!

*(She bursts "onto the stage", tapping as if
it's a big number from A Christmas Story.)*

OH, MY HEART POUNDS HARD
BUT MY MIND IS CLEAR,
'CAUSE THE HURT AND PAIN
ALL JUST DISAPPEAR
WHEN I HEAR
SOMEBODY SAY,
THE WORDS THAT HELP ME BELIEVE
IT'LL ALL BE OKAY!

WON'T LET ANYTHING RUIN THIS DAY!
IT'S PLACES, PLEASE!

Thank you, places.

OUR TIME

The next day I call every fifteen minutes:
No one answers.

And then the little thought
that's been hiding in the back of my head
comes surging to the front—
that little, terrifying,
Unspeakable thought...

SOMEONE SAY IT'S NOT REAL.
HELP ME KNOW WHAT TO FEEL.
SEEMS SO SIMPLE, SO PLAIN.
ONLY NOT?
THERE'S SO MUCH STILL TO DO.
SO MUCH MORE STILL TO SHARE WITH
YOU,
BUT I GUESS OUR TIME RAN OUT.

MIND A BLUR, THOUGHTS A HAZE.
STILL THAT SCENE PLAYS AND PLAYS.
SAID MY PIECE, WALKED AWAY.
BUT FOR WHAT?
MADE MY CASE, STOOD MY GROUND.
HOPED IN TIME THAT YOU'D COME
AROUND,
BUT INSTEAD OUR TIME RAN OUT.

WERE YOU HURTING?
WERE YOU SCARED?
DEEP DOWN DID YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I
CARED?
AND HOW CAN I MOVE ON,
AND ACCEPT THAT YOU'RE GONE,
AFTER ALL THAT I SAID?

No. No!

I grab my coat—
What am I doing?
run out the door—
what am I doing?
hop on the train—
what am I doing?
Get to the East Tower
blaze past the concierge,
through the botanical garden,
And then there, at the elevator.
like Atreyu in the Neverending Story,
I'm staring at myself in that mirror,
facing myself, and who I Truly am...

On the elevator, there are no games this time,
no winning for the highest floor,
I shuffle down the hallway and stand in front
of Milton's door.
I reach my hand up to knock,
but instead—The door suddenly opens,
a nurse looks at me.
I push past her,
hurrying through the empty living room,
and then there—

is Milton.

Sitting at the Little Corner Table where there
are windows on both walls.

A DATE WITH SOME LUCKY GAL

A wheelchair-accessible limo picks me up
from my tiny studio apartment
And drives me to the East Tower
The driver helps Milton into the limo
And then we're on our way from the
East Tower
To 500 8th Avenue: Pearl Studios

WANDRERS NACHTLIED

In the center of the room is a beautiful
baby grand piano
And since the distinguished, German
baritone Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, is
unavailable this evening, Milton will have to
settle for a Broadway soprano in his place.

ÜBER ALLEN GIPFELN
IST RUH,
IN ALLEN WIPFELN
SPÜREST DU
KAUM EINEN HAUCH;
DIE VÖGELEIN SCHWEIGEN.
SCHWEIGEN IM WALDE.

WARTE NUR,
WARTE NUR,
BALDE
RUHEST DU AUCH.

WAIT A WHILE,
WAIT A WHILE,
SOON ENOUGH,
YOU, TOO, WILL REST.

WHAT COUNTS

SOMETIMES A DISTANCE GROWS
BETWEEN US,
EVEN THOUGH WE'RE SIDE BY SIDE.
AND THEN BEFORE WE KNOW IT,
THE GAP HAS GROWN TOO WIDE.
BUT IF WE WANT TO CLOSE THAT
DISTANCE,
WANT TO BUILD THE LOVE ANEW,
WE CAN SHARE THE WAY WE'RE FEELING
IN EVERY LITTLE THING WE DO.

IT'S HOLDING A HAND,
OR JUST HOLDING SPACE,
IT'S FACING A CONFLICT,
OR KISSING A FACE.

IT'S THE MYRIAD OF WAYS WE SAY
I LOVE YOU,
BUT WHAT COUNTS
IS THAT IT'S SAID.

Milton starts retelling the story of
Yvette Mimieux.
Again.

But somehow I hear it differently this time:
It's not about Yvette's beauty.
It's not about the Peppermint Lounge.
It's not even really about Milton's fear.
It's about someone saying,

"Come. Join me in the dance!"
And being brave enough
And vulnerable enough
And loving enough
To say, "Yes. I'm with you."

I lean over,
I kiss him on the cheek,
And I whisper in his ear:
"Thank you for teaching me to dance."

(to Audience)
SO GO HOLD A HAND,
AND GO HOLD SOME SPACE,
GO FACE YOUR FEARS,
AND GO KISS A FACE.
THERE'S A MYRIAD OF WAYS WE SAY
I LOVE YOU,
BUT WHAT COUNTS
IS THAT IT'S SAID.

TIME IS SHORT.
FRIENDS ARE FEW.
SO LOVE THEM...
LOVE THEM...



Photo Credit: HRTC

UNBOUND

(CUT FROM THE SHOW)

SOMETIMES I STROLL THROUGH
CENTRAL PARK
AND I GAZE UP AT THE SKY
I WATCH FOR THE TWINKLE OF
DISTANT STARS
AS THE EVENING CLOUDS ROLL BY

STARS HAVE A JOB TO SHARE
THEIR LIGHT
AND TO BURN FOR ALL TO SEE
THEY DON'T ASK PERMISSION TO DO
THEIR THING
THEY'RE JUST HAPPY BEING FREE
AND SOMEDAY THAT'S GONNA BE ME

UNBOUND!

UNBOUND!

I WANNA SHIMMER AND SHINE IN A
THOUSAND DIFFERENT WAYS!

UNBOUND!

ONCE MY SPARK IS LIT
AND THE FIRE BECOMES A BLAZE
YOU BETTER CLEAR THE GROUND
I WANNA BE UNBOUND!

NOTHING ON EARTH OUTSHINES
THE STARS

AS THEY FLICKER IN THE AIR
A BILLBOARD MAY GLIMMER,
A LAMP MAY GLEAM
BUT THEY NEVER WILL COMPARE

STARS HAVE A WILL THAT FUELS
THEIR FLAME
AND KEEPS THEM GOING STRONG
THEY DO WHAT THEY'RE BORN TO DO
WITHOUT FEAR
'CAUSE THEY KNOW THEY CAN'T
GO WRONG
AND WITH THEM IS WHERE I BELONG!

UNBOUND!

UNBOUND!

I WANNA SHIMMER AND SHINE
IN A THOUSAND DIFFERENT WAYS!

UNBOUND!

ONCE MY SPARK IS LIT
AND THE FIRE BECOMES A BLAZE
YOU BETTER CLEAR THE GROUND
I WANNA BE UNBOUND!

NOBODY STOPS THE WIND, DO THEY?

NOBODY STOPS THE EARTH FROM
TURNING

NOBODY STOPS THE ORBITING PLANETS
OR STOPS THE SUN FROM BURNING!

I MAY NOT BE A SHOOTING STAR
BUT I SURE COULD SHINE AS BRIGHT
SO SEND ME THROUGH THE ATMOSPHERE
I KNOW I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!
I'M GONNA FILL THE SKY WITH LIGHT!

UNBOUND!

UNBOUND!

I'M GONNA SHIMMER AND SHINE
IN A THOUSAND DIFFERENT WAYS!
UNBOUND!
ONCE MY SPARK IS LIT
AND THE FIRE BECOMES A BLAZE
YOU BETTER CLEAR THE GROUND

SO HEAR ME HERE AND NOW
I MAKE THIS SOLEMN VOW
SOMEDAY I'M GONNA ASTOUND
I GOTTA BE UNBOUND!



TRACKS 1-18 RECORDED AND MIXED BY
SCOTT LEHRER AT 2ND STORY SOUND,
NYC

TRACKS 19-20 RECORDED AND MIXED BY
ERIC BLOMQUIST AT RIVERROCK
STUDIOS, MINNEAPOLIS

ALL TRACKS MASTERED BY OSCAR
ZAMBRANO AT ZAMPOL PRODUCTIONS,
NYC



JOY MACHINE
RECORDS

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BONUS TRACKS

THAT FIFTH GRADE FEELING (GUITAR VERSION)

VOCALS	CHARISSA BERTELS
GUITAR	BENJAMIN SCHEUER
ARRANGEMENT	BENJAMIN SCHEUER
MIXING ENGINEER	SCOTT LEHRER (2ND STORY SOUND, NYC)
MASTERING ENGINEER	OSCAR ZAMBRANO (ZAMPOL PRODUCTIONS, NYC)

THE LOVE LEFT BEHIND (ORCHESTRAL VERSION)

ORCHESTRATIONS	SIMON NATHAN, ED BELL
VOCALS	CHARISSA BERTELS
PIANO	ED BELL
SYNTH	ERIC BLOMQUIST
WOODWINDS	MIKE DAVIS
TRUMPET	GEMMA FULLER
TROMBONE	MATT SMITH
DRUMS	JAMES PINGENOT
GUITAR/BASS	MATT ISAAC
VIOLIN/VIOLA	CHARLIE BROWN (HI&LO MUSIC)
CELLO	SOPHIE GLEDHILL
MIXING ENGINEER	ERIC BLOMQUIST (RIVERROCK STUDIOS, MN)
MASTERING ENGINEER	OSCAR ZAMBRANO (ZAMPOL PRODUCTIONS, NYC)

BONUS TRACKS

UNBOUND (ORCHESTRAL VERSION)

ORCHESTRATIONS

VOCALS

PIANO

WOODWINDS

TRUMPET

TROMBONE

DRUMS

GUITAR/BASS

VIOLIN/VIOLA

CELLO

MIXING ENGINEER

MASTERING ENGINEER

SIMON NATHAN

CHARISSA BERTELS

ED BELL

MIKE DAVIS

GEMMA FULLER

MATT SMITH

MATT WHITTINGTON (REAL PERCUSSION)

MATT ISAAC

CHARLIE BROWN (HI&LO MUSIC)

SOPHIE GLEDHILL

ERIC BLOMQUIST (RIVERROCK STUDIOS, MN)

OSCAR ZAMBRANO (ZAMPOL PRODUCTIONS, NYC)

