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Workshop Date: July 11th

Show Idea #1: Beside Myself

I am in quarantine. Alone. And it fucking sucks. At least a little bit. At first. Then it just scares the shit out of me. A lot. Then it challenges me. Then it changes me. I'm trying my best to hold on to see what it does next. I'm Carli. A 40-something successful (what is that?) single (ugh) whose usually busy life came to a grinding halt with the implementation of the shelter-in-place order in Los Angeles. It was all fun and games at first-a welcome solitude and restorative change of pace from the grueling 7-month press tour I just finished. The first two weeks included raw food delivery and walks in the neighborhood and were actually kind of amazing. Not knowing what was going on, and begging my family in GA to take heed ahead of their Governor's mandates aside- not so bad. I'm a natural germaphobe who enjoys living in my own head, hoards household goods and gets my food and groceries delivered. I've been training for this since I moved to LA 7 years ago, and the down time is gonna be epic. Or so I thought. Then the quiet got loud. And eventually, I came face to face with all of the parts of me that I used work and success to escape from. Like, after my week three rice krispy treat and potato chip binge, and my week four phobia of leaving the house materialized, things started getting interesting. And I can't tell if it's because I have no one to talk to; or because this is what happens during a pandemic; but all the parts of me-the ones I wouldn't acknowledge-got together and manifested into, well, another me. So the good news is, I'm no longer alone. She's, er I'm here, with myself. Every day, I stand beside a fully realized version of all that I ignore/reject/don't understand about myself. One bumble hookup, two weeks of trying to understand why, and 4 days of suicide ideation later, I'm beginning to see the me I've long banished into oblivion, and welcome her home. Wait. They just killed Breonna Taylor. Fuck.