



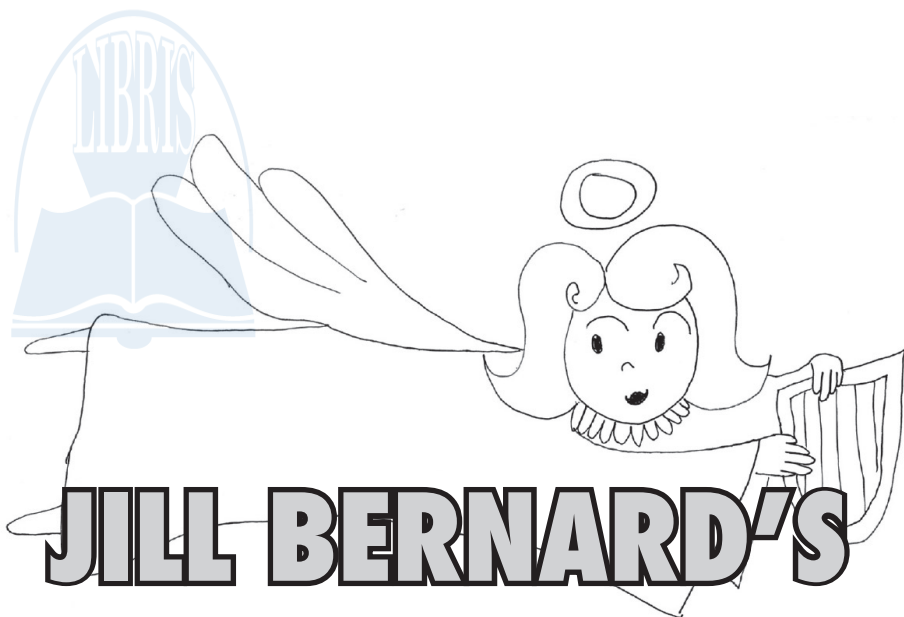
**TENTH  
ANNIVERSARY  
EDITION!!!**

**Jill Bernard's**

**Small  
Cute  
Book of  
Improv**

**4th Edition**





# **JILL BERNARD'S**

## **SMALL CUTE BOOK OF IMPROV**

4th Edition



## **CELEBRITY FOREWORD by Rich Sommer from TV's "Mad Men"**

Boy, am I lucky.

I have seen Jill Bernard improvise maybe more than I have seen anyone else improvise. I watched her every week, sometimes twice a week, for most of high school. And whenever I came home from college. And now whenever I visit home, I get to see her at HUGE.

She is one of the reasons I began improvising in the first place.

But, you? YOU'RE lucky.

Do you know how many books about improv there are? I can tell you: there are a bunch of books about improv. I think I have twenty or so of them, and many to most of them are terrible.

But the book you have now is one of maybe five that are great. Like, really great. This is one of very few books that make you want to get up and do it. Right now. In fact, when you read this, be near a stage or a rehearsal or something where you can get on your feet. Because Jill is good. Good at improv, good at writing, and good at writing about improv. And she will make you want to put her suggestions into practice.

So take a second to celebrate the fact that you picked this book up.

And then take a second to read it.

And then do everything she says, and make your scene partners lucky, as well.



## INTRODUCTION

It's really the tenth anniversary of Jill Bernard's Small Cute Book of Improv! Ten years since I sat cross-legged before the manual typewriter on my coffee table and typed little sentences, made little drawings and pasted them on two sides of an 8-1/2"x11" sheet of paper.

Since that time thousands of copies of my little book have gone all over the world. For this I am eternally grateful to everyone who shelled out dollars or toonies or euros, or a spot on a couch, or a flu shot, or any of the other ridiculous barterers that have spread my shoddy drawing of a crazy-eyed pig around the globe. Currently a French translation is in the works, but I think the German translator gave up, probably because of phrases like "shoddy drawing of a crazy-eyed pig."

For this edition, I've written even more essays, plus I added a drawing of a cat bag cat. I hope you like it!

Thanks to Asaf Ronen for making the second through present editions so lovely. Thanks to HUGE Theater and ComedySportz and all of the improv festivals and theaters in Norway, Canada and over thirty states that have welcomed my teachings. Thanks also to all the improv students I've been fortunate enough to teach - your courage and curiosity have taught me so much.

Please visit me at [jillbernard.com](http://jillbernard.com) or [hugetheater.com](http://hugetheater.com) if you'd like to continue talking about improv outside of these pages. There's always more to say.





Really, the basis of my HUGE Improv Theater teaching style is to clap my lil' hands together and yell

"YAY!"

How is that worth the money you ask? Well, it all started many years ago...

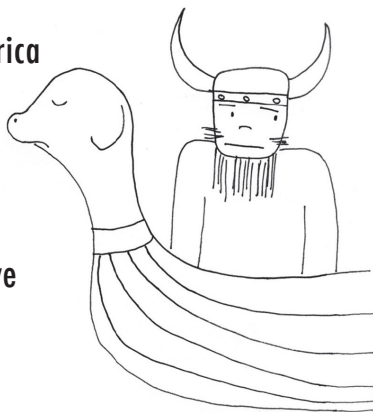
LATE

in the 8th Century,

Scandinavians came to America  
and shortly after settled in Minnesota.

"Oh, nooo," they said,

"we don't want to make any fuss  
and are willing to live  
in a perpetual state of self-doubt."



So even though their progeny are funny, wonderful, playful people, it  
takes encouragement to make them seize what is  
theirs by virtue of

who  
are.



they

Know that you are right.

Know that you are good.

Know that you knew how to do this when you were  
six years old, other stuff just got in the way.

Play.

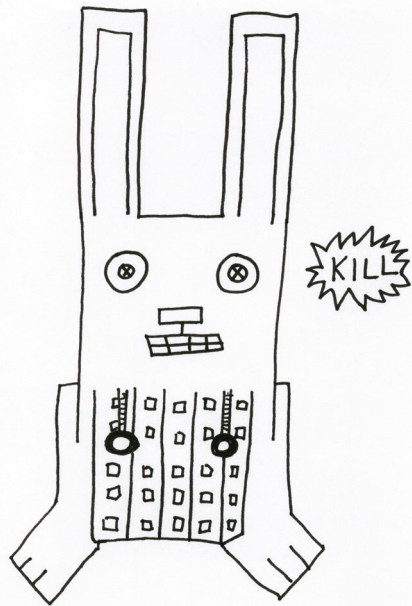
Knowing all that, all we're here to do is educate that which is latent and cherish it. Hence, the

"YAY!"

Well, that only took 3 pages.

Hmm.

Here's a picture of a robot bunny:



WAIT! I know what else I can tell you.

How do you quickly create a strong, compelling character? To this end I've created a toolkit called....



# VAPAPO!

VAPAPO! is a mongrel of Marx Brothers and Commedia and Eric Morris.

It's:

Voice

Attitude (or Emotion)

Posture/Physicality

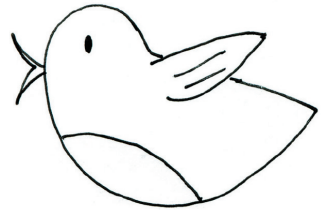
Animal

Prop

Obsession



I usually save these for  
Advanced students.



Start with VAP. You pick any of the three and you've got an instant character, yay!



**Bonus:** When you pick one, you get the rest free!

You pick a voice and you'll find an attitude and posture came with!

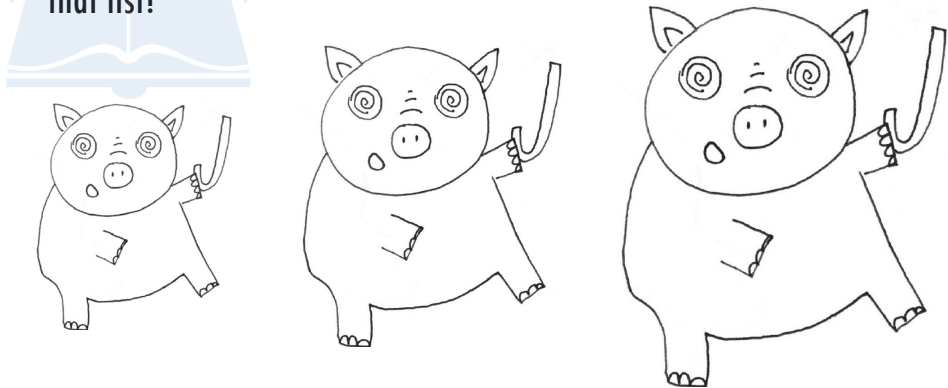
And vice versy!

## Voice

Your speaking pace, pitch, impediment, or accent. Voice also includes resonance which is where your sound vibrates: your forehead, nose, cheeks, chest, throat, butt, pinky, wherever!



The A, **A**ttitude, really just means emotion, but VEPAP0 sounds stupid. There are four emotions in the whole world: Mad, Sad, Glad, and Afrad. Afrad? Afraid. I want them to rhyme! Everything else is just a shade of those four. If you're at a loss, shop from that list!



P is for **P**hysicality and Posture: Bob Fisher of the Annoyance Theater tells us "How you do what you do is who you are." The way you walk, the way you dust the end table tells us e-v-e-r-y-t-h-i-n-g! Just slump your shoulders forward or scratch your head and you're a new man. Try it!

Once you're past the basic VAP, there's

# Animal

or more accurately,

a person who's like an animal; a 'bird-like' woman, or a 'pig.'

Showbiz legend, Dustin Hoffman,  
based his MIDNIGHT COWBOY character on a weasel!

True!!

**Prop** - Think of Groucho's cigar or Chaplin's cane, or every Frenchman's tiny cigarette. The reason we use mime props instead of real props is that they're symbols of who we are and how we feel, but they're not what the scene is about.



All Bond villains have props.

# THEN WE GET INTO THE WORLD OF OBSESSION



It's not an obsession,  
Prince Namor loves me back.

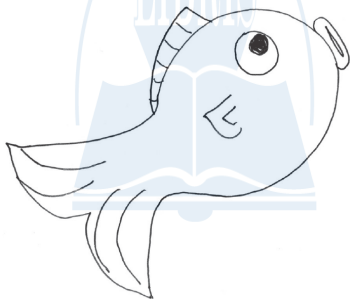
It's not a guessing game, it doesn't matter if we ever learn that you wanted to take over the world or if you think chairs are trying to flirt with you. It's just yours: a little present to give you a distraction for your conscious mind and an interesting expression on your face.



ME WANT!!



You'll probably find one element of VAPAO  
that works for you like none other.



ROCK!

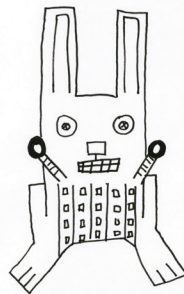
(Just remember to keep the others in your back pocket.)

Well, that's VAPAO!  
Now what can I tell you?

I know!

Here are some essays!

(And another robot bunny.)



## THE RESET BUTTON

Before we begin to learn to improvise, let's hit the reset button. Let's 'go to one' as they say on film shoots. Let's go back to small childhood before all of the bullshit set in, because there's a lot of things you've done to make yourself an excellent member of society that are going to make you a shitty improviser. You hold yourself safe, and you keep your voice at a polite volume. You have an ego so you know who you are. You don't get in trouble, you don't touch things that are hot or go down holes what you don't know where they lead. You're polite. You're as boring as possible so that no one thinks you're a freak. These are all really useful things for being a member of society, so good job, I will high five you on that. But now we have to go back to the terrible little animal at the core of you who doesn't know any of these things, so that you can play.

## THE PETER LORRE HOUSEWIFE

One day I was doing a scene. I thought I was a little Peter Lorre mad scientist type. I'd come out to the corner of the stage and I was mixing chemicals, I imagined a Theremin playing, the whole thing, but I hadn't said anything yet. My scene partner came through the door and said, "Honey, I'm home!"

At that point I had two options. I could either drop what I was doing and be the plain boring housewife I'd been a million times ("Hi dear, how was your day?") or I could hang on to what I was doing. I hung on. It ended up being an incredibly ridiculous scene, ("TRY THE MEATLOAF! I MADE A NEW SAUCE, TRY THE SAUCE!") that was unlike any that I'd done before.

It was slightly after that that I would meet Joe Bill and learn about the Annoyance Style and

tears would fill my eyes to finally find that people were thinking what I was thinking and that there were words for this. The words were, "Take care of yourself first." You never have to feel like you have nothing. You can give yourself something that no one can take away. It's something to come back to if you lose your way, a hook to hang your scene on. If you give yourself something simple – an emotion, a voice, a posture – then no one can steamroll you. You're starting from a position of strength.

## BEING IN YOUR HEAD

There's a piece of improv advice: "Don't be in your head." I hate that advice because you have to climb up in your head to get it and then, aaah, you're in your head! I prefer to say, "If you don't want to be in your head, be somewhere else instead." There are plenty of fine places to be; your physicality, your emotion, the genre, your partner's eyes, your feet, your gut. Be those places!

## THE "I LIKE BISCUITS" EXERCISE

When I teach I use a fake example for everything, a little prospector character who dances on little bow legs and says, "I like biscuits! Geh geh geh," in a high scratchy voice.<sup>\*\*\*</sup>

This little character (ripped off from Billy Crystal's City Slickers II impression of Walter Houston in Treasure of the Sierra Madre) is the basis for one of my favorite exercises, called "F\$#&ed Up Initiation Day." The students line up in two long lines so that we can whip through these fast. Everyone will be playing the little Walter Houston guy. Player #1 comes out and says the most f\$#&ed up initiation they can think of. "These shingles are made out of live kittens!"

“Grandma got a Hitler tattoo!” Whatever it is, as long as it’s horrible and enthusiastic, and delivered in a high scratchy voice with your feet in constant motion. Then Player #2, also playing the little prospector, will respond with whatever they feel like. Then we’ll all clap and I’ll say “yay!” and they’ll go to the end of the opposite line.

It’s a ridiculous exercise. Ridiculous. We laugh and laugh, it’s stupid. At the same time, several important things happen:

The scenes are typically about agreement to a ridiculous degree.

Despite the ridiculous opening line, it isn’t hard for Player #2 to respond at all. They’re not stumped because they’re playing from this silly prospector character that alleviates the responsibility of being brilliant.

You can’t think when your feet are moving. You can’t. So you’re going to say things that you didn’t intend to say, and they’re going to be genuinely surprising. The audience laughs when they’re surprised. You can’t surprise the audience if you cannot surprise yourself. They have a better seat than you do.

\*\*\* The teaching strategy behind this, by the way, is that I don’t want students to think I’m demonstrating the “right” way to do an exercise when I’m explaining the mechanics, so I deliberately illustrate with what must be the “wrong” way. It’s amazing that a few students here and there will still do scenes about biscuits, but okay. Incidentally, I do like biscuits.

## **RIGHT AND WRONG**

You’ve never once done an improv exercise wrong, you’ve just invented another exercise that may or may not be relevant to today’s lesson plan.

## LOSER BALL

Here is a game.

It has only two rules.

#1. You cannot catch the ball

#2. You must be unbelievably supportive of your friend's inability to catch the ball.

It teaches a number of things. It teaches you to be supportive of anything your scene partner has to offer. It also teaches you that there is no punishment for failure, everyone will support you. We need failure in stories. The story of *The Lord of the Rings* without failure is Frodo walks up the mountain and throws in the ring. Sure, that saves a lot of time but it's not a very good story.

## THE N'SYNC PRINCIPLE

One guy waving bye-bye-bye looks stupid. five guys waving bye-bye-bye is choreography.

Which is to say: an easy way to strengthen your partner's move is to duplicate it. Two Swedish girls can be funnier than one Swedish girl, and they end up acting as one character that is stronger than what either of you could've created alone.

Not every scene should be about duplication, obviously. You can also support your partner by deliberately contrasting. A rap star gains high status from the body guards that duplicate him, and equally because of the flunkies that grovel before him.

If you develop the skill of listening to your partner as if you were going to have to duplicate their work, you will become a stronger improviser. This is real listening.

## REAL LISTENING

When I took the Individual Assessment Workshop with Liz Allen and Jimmy Carrane, they pointed out that I was not really listening in scenes. My primary relationship was through a sideways glance at the audience to make them fall in love with me. I paid attention to my scene partner only to pick up details that made me sound clever; “Yes grandma, let’s go to the Pizza Shack.” See? I’m listening! I heard “grandma” and “Pizza Shack!”

Real listening, of course, is something different. It takes place with more than your ears. You’re watching and listening and sensing with your whole being, completely taking in your scene partners and the space around you. Todd Stashwick from the Hothouse Theater calls it “listening like a thief” where you’re listening for a stick to crack in the woods or a doorknob to turn in the hall.

## YOUR TURN

I have a new terrible wonderful habit.

Whenever I’m leading a group of improvisors but everyone’s too timid and there’s long pauses, I stop the exercise and ask, “How do you know when it’s your turn?” People give a few sensible answers. And then I shout with my heart in my throat and tears in my eyes:

**IT’S ALWAYS YOUR TURN!! IT’S ALWAYS YOUR TURN!! WHY HAVE YOU CHOSEN TO LIVE THIS HALF-LIVED LIFE OF QUIET DESPERATION!??? YES, IT’S YOU, IT’S YOU, IT’S ALWAYS BEEN YOU! IT’S ALWAYS YOUR TURN!**

They laugh at my histrionics and then I explain more calmly that yes, your heart, mind and

spirit are always in the scene. It is always your turn, you are always in the scene even when you're not physically in the scene. A back line that is not capital P Present is a heartbreaking thing. Yes, it's your turn.

## THE CAT BAG

You know how you sometimes see something out of the corner of your eye and for a second you think it's a cat, but it turns out it's just a bag?

You spend years developing the ability to discern, "No, it's just a bag." Your job as an improviser is to let it still be a cat. Or a ghost or a jellyfish, or a John Woo dove. When you see your partner onstage you should respond from your gut and call out what it is that it feels like to you, let yourself have the knowledge you would normally discard in favor of some idea your brain thinks is clever.



Once I found a gold men's wedding ring at the intersection of Grant and Lee. No one claimed it, so I took it to a pawn shop. I pushed it across the counter. The pawnbroker looked at me and said, "Didn't work out, huh?" In those few seconds he'd already written a whole story about me in his brain. Our brains do this all the time, automatically. Frequently we cast that idea off and try to think of something funny. Wouldn't it be nice, though, to tap into what you already see in your partner and name that, and use that? The audience and your partner will connect to it too, because they probably saw something similar too. P.S. Please don't use this technique to always comment on your teammates' races or ages. Capture instead the attitude and energy and shape they're projecting.

# THE FIREBALL THEORY

Sometimes I'll notice when we warm up, everything we do involves a brief delay. We play Sound Ball, and instead of sound-sound-sound, it goes sound-pause-sound-pause-sound. Zip Zap Zop goes Zip-pause-Zap-pause-Zop.

- That pause is the sound of you doubting yourself.
- That pause is the sound of your band teacher telling you you'll never be a great bassoon player or your brother telling you you're stupid or your mother sighing in resignation – whoever it was that made you believe you're not good enough back when your brain was too soft to know they're wrong.
- That pause is the sound of real improvisation being replaced by something much more sensible and much less fun.

You know in action movies or t.v. shows when something blows up and there's a great big fireball and the hero is able to **OUTRUN THE EXPLOSION, DEFYING ALL RULES OF PHYSICS?** In my mind I am thinking of the scene from Independence Day when Vivica A. Fox and her kid and Boomer the golden retriever are running. Boomer leaps at the last minute, safe into Vivica A. Fox's arms.

Here's the improv metaphor: You need to improvise faster and harder than you can judge yourself, and outrun the explosion of self-loathing and doubt.

A friend said, "My self-loathing is a contender for the Olympic team." To which I said, "But you know it's bullshit, so get your running shoes on." It will always be right behind you, licking at your heels and shortening your neck hair, but I believe you can stay ahead of it. In the end



you will find yourself in the arms of an improv scene as beautiful and fearless as Vivica A. Fox. Once you're in the scene I don't care you do, it can be slow and patient, fast and funny, whatever your style. Just get in there.

## THE SHERYL CROW GAMBIT

I had a student who would badger me with questions after every scene. Was it all right that he entered as the fireman? Should he have said more? Said less? Would it have been better to have a limp? Every time he asked one of these questions, I'd just sing "If It Makes You Happy" in a funny voice. Either he eventually believed me or he got tired of hearing it, but he stopped asking so much. Because here's the thing – here's the thing maybe other improv teachers don't want you to think about. Have you ever noticed that sometimes you'll see a scene with lots of questions and it's horrible and afterwards the teacher says, "Don't ask questions;" and then you see another scene, and it's loaded with questions but it's a great scene so afterwards the teacher doesn't say anything? Very often the difference between those two scenes is that the second scene made us all happy.

Improv should always feel a little naughty. People are giving us money and we have no idea what we're going to do. Come on, that's inherently naughty and if you ever lose track of that, a little something inside of you has died.

Whatever makes you happy, do it more. Something in the scene is going to make you happy. It's going to delight you. Pursue that thing; that shiny shiny thing is what this scene can be about. Later everyone will say you did a really good job of finding the game in the scene, but you will just know you did what made you happy. Then! Then! Start doing what makes your scene partners happy too and you'll be the happiest person surrounded by the happiest people in the world.

# THE GAME OF THE SCENE

Hold this page up to the mirror to find the game of the scene.

*There is no game until you make one.*

## AUDITIONING THE SCENE

One improviser jumps out to start a scene, and the rest of their team is leaning against the wall with their arms crossed, auditioning the scene. They're judging whether it's a good enough scene to be in.

Then eventually someone steps approximately two inches off the wall with their arms still crossed. They're still auditioning the scene. Whatever they say will probably be something that stops what their friend is doing, and eats their fun.

I would rather that you join your friend. Don't judge the scene from the side. Go be in the scene.

"What if I mess it up?"

You won't mess it up.

"What if I don't do what they wanted me to do?"

You will probably break improv. It will be unable to continue. A tradition spanning back 400 years will come screeching to a halt because you did not do what your scene partner wanted you to. Wait. No it won't. It will be okay. You will work it out, and it will be fun.

# THE DESTROY ALL SCENEWORX EXERCISE

Occasionally you meet players who are afraid to mess up the work their teammates are doing. They won't enter, they won't edit. They won't add.

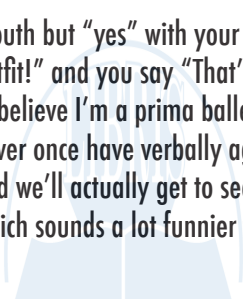
For these students I do an exercise called "Destroy All Scenework." Two people start a scene. I very seriously ask them to start a really good scene, just a really solid improv scene. Then I ask a third player to make an entrance that destroys it, that wrecks the scene and makes it unable to continue. Often, once they've tried, I say, "Stop. Do it again. The scene was able to continue, please wreck it more." I made one lady do it about eight times. "I don't understand it," I would say. "The scene was somehow able to continue. Try again."

Of course, the scene can't be destroyed. The people in the scene are ready for anything to happen. Once you've tried it a bunch of times you'll notice all the different strategies that the players in the scene use to either incorporate or follow the destruction. It never destroys the scene. Another lovely side effect is that the people in the scene play in a loose, fun, free fashion because they know their scene is about to be destroyed - they were miserable for a second when I told them to do a "really solid improv scene" but then they figured it out.

You can't break improv. It can't be done. Lots of people have tried really hard and it's still here. Don't be afraid to get in there up to your elbows, get your hands dirty. Make a mess.

# THE YES/NO

Saying "yes" to your partner's ideas doesn't mean you have to play a bunch of characters that are just super-agreeable and pleasant all the time. One of my favorite approaches comes to us from the late Martin DeMaat of Second City, and it's the Yes/No. You say "no" with your



mouth but “yes” with your actions. We can play a scene where I say, “Put on this ballerina outfit!” and you say “That’s the stupidest idea in the world! It will never work! No one’s going to believe I’m a prima ballerina!” All the while you are putting on the ballerina outfit. You will never once have verbally agreed to it, but all the same the action of the scene will continue and we’ll actually get to see the scene where you try to pass yourself off as a prima ballerina, which sounds a lot funnier to me than you standing there on stage just bitching about it.

## CHARACTER NAMES

Characters need names. We don’t care about people whose names we don’t know. That’s why the late-night Child Fund commercials always hold up a kid and say, “This is Marina...” Once you know someone’s name you care about them - and you remember them.

One of the reasons we don’t name characters is we’re afraid we’ll forget it. Often we’re tossing on meaningless unmemorable names. I’ve met more Sallys and Billys and Mr. Johnsons in improv scenes than there are in the world. These names are disposable, of course you won’t remember them. Look at your scene partner and name them the name that belongs. Then you will remember it.

If you should forget a name, well, that’s a tough one isn’t it, Paulo? What? Your name isn’t Paulo? Oh forgive me. However shall we continue? Oh I know! We’ll just make a slight correction and move on. Or not care and push past. Honestly, if that’s what the audience walks away remembering, that your character was named Liz and now she’s named Sarah, well, something else was wrong with your show.

## THE OTHER CONFLICTS

A lot of improv teachers will tell you that improv scenes need “conflict.” For some reason, that goes into improvisors’ heads and comes out as “arguing.”

When we were in English class in High School they taught us about conflicts: Man vs. Man, Man vs. Himself; the more broad Man vs. World, or Man vs. Nature, Man vs. Society, Man vs. Technology, Man vs. the Supernatural. For some reason, though, all those other fade away when we get to improv scenes, and we only ever get to see Man vs. Man, we end up with argument scene after argument scene. I implore you to seek out and illustrate the other conflicts. They’re very compelling.

Many argument scenes happen because people want there to be heightened emotion but they’re afraid of being vulnerable. If it’s about love instead of anger we might end up kissing OR MORE, god forbid. I hate arguments. I want there to be more love in the world. I didn’t get into this work to make the world an uglier place. Give us some vulnerability, it’s lovely.

That said, there are times and places for arguments. Butch Roy & I do a form at HUGE Theater based on the movie *Reservoir Dogs*. If there weren’t arguments we wouldn’t be doing it right.

The action of a scene should go in two directions. Some of the scene goes at each other ☹☹ some of the scene goes ☺☺ forward. You need some of each.

## THE SINE WAVE OF SUCK

When you first start improvising you’re terrified. Then about week six you get comfortable and it’s onward and upward for three to six months. Then quite suddenly and inexplicably YOU

SUCK! You suck out loud. You freak out. You cry at night. You're miserable.

Here's what I need to tell you. You will suck for a little while, and then you will not suck. You will not know how it happened, just one night you'll say, "Hey I don't suck!" This will happen on and off for your entire career. I believe it always happens in increments of three and six months but I have no data. I want it to be true, it sounds cool.

What you can do while you're in the Valley of the Suck is:

Focus on fundamentals. Revisit those old standbys of basic improv that maybe you've forgotten. Reread *Truth in Comedy* or *Impro*.

Make fun of yourself, if you can do it without hurting your feelings.

Employ what we call "Fake it till you make it." Think of an improviser you admire and try to make the moves that person would make.

"Be efficient." - Keith Johnstone

Take a break – long or short – and do something else. A dance class, a trip to the art museum or the beach; it doesn't matter, just something to fill your brain with fresh ideas.

Trust that it is not permanent, because it's not.

## THE BEST IMPROVISOR IN THE WORLD

Think about this. Any night, a certain number of improvisors are improvising all at the same time all around the globe, with time zones differences. In any given second of any hour of performance, you may be making the smartest improv choice of any of them. Maybe every

other improviser is making choices between terrible and okay, and you're in the middle of making a really good move. Maybe TJ just sneezed. Even if you're a super-beginner, in this second maybe you're being honest and refreshing and truthful, and it's wonderful. Therefore, in any given second, you may be the best improviser in the world.

## **PERSONAL FLAWS (OR THE “ABOUT THE AUTHOR” SECTION)**

My top jaw sticks out over my bottom jaw. It is not technically an overbite, it's that my lower jaw is too far back so it's like an upside-down underbite. This is a feature that is technically a flaw but I love it about myself.

There are other flaws I adore about myself. I use the word “like” too much and I get on the bus faster than slow moving people can get off. I spend too much money on coffee and I wear barrettes intended for small children. I like to lay around in bed instead of get up and I am terrible at painting. I have grey hairs, I have crows feet, I have a pooky little belly. I have hare-brained schemes constantly that come to naught. I put my laundry into one load all together, it is clothing Darwinism. I don't wear makeup because I don't think my face is ugly. I have three bank accounts so I don't embezzle from myself. I get in grumpy little moods about curmudgeonly things, like people who wear flip-flops to an improv workshop, grumble grumble. I can't do math at all, the blackjack dealer has to tell me what I have. Sometimes I have to resist the temptation to buy clothes that I think are ugly but hilarious. It took me eight years to finish a four-year college degree. I have a pig in my brain that eats facts so I can't remember anything. I like to sit way too close to the movie screen which is why I mostly go to movies alone. There is a part of my left eyebrow that is c-r-a-z-y. I can piss away any amount of money that is put in my hand, no matter the denomination. I chew my lips. I am terrible at swimming.

I prefer, as improvisors improvising, that you find it hysterical when you make a mistake – what a much more delicious reaction that is than hating yourself for it, or trying to pretend it didn't happen. It seems tied into this idea, this idea of loving your flaws. This is the evidence that you are a human. Embrace it.

## **3AM THOUGHTS ON IMPROV**

I made a little video that's happily on the internet if you would like to watch it:

<http://vimeo.com/10174722>

## **SCHOOLS OF IMPROV**

In the end, there are no schools of improv. The only Johnstonian performer in the world is Keith Johnstone. Even though he influenced nearly everyone, there was only one Del Close. Spolin was Spolin and you are not.

You are your own school of improv. You will spend your formative years becoming a crazy quilt of every teacher you ever have and every book you ever read. Then eventually you will become yourself. You will find your style. You will still collect best practices from everyone and you will still load up your tool belt from wherever you can, but you will be yourself. You will still have weaknesses that you work on, and room to grow, and you will grow. You will have your own rules. You will find others whose schools are compatible with your own and you will build teams together. You will be true to what makes you most happy.

It's easy to get caught up and never become the improviser you might be. You can spin your



wheels for years just eating chicken wings at the bar and talking shit after another night of student improv that merely met expectations. I'm not going to judge, I've eaten my share of chicken wings. I will tell you this: it's never too late to become yourself.





## **Celebrity Endorsement for the first edition:**

A must read. This book might change your life.

**– Joe Bill**

It speaks from the heart and to all the voices  
in your head.

**– Mark Sutton**

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