

AUDITION INFORMATION



LOVE, LOSS, & WHAT I WORE

Written by Nora Ephron & Delia Ephron
Based on the book by Ilene Beckerman

Directed by Ann Kinnebrew

Audition Dates: July 11 & 12, 2021
Performance Dates: Aug 26-Sept 12, 2021

WELCOME

Thank you for your interest in auditioning for a Theatre Tallahassee production!

If you've auditioned for us before, welcome back!

If this is your first time auditioning at Theatre Tallahassee, we're thrilled to have you! We've been around now for 70 years, and we wouldn't have lasted so long without new people, new talent, and new voices.

Whether you're a veteran performer who just moved to town or you've never been on stage before but really want to try, we'd like to encourage you to audition for shows at Theatre Tallahassee.

We're aware that auditioning can be an overwhelming experience, even if you've done it a hundred times before. We've put this information booklet together for you to help you learn a little more about the play, the characters you will be reading for, and to give you some idea of what to expect during auditions.

Please read over the character list and director's comments, and pay attention to any specific audition requirements for this show. Then review any script sides provided. You will also need to fill out and submit an audition form.

Break a leg!

MAINSTAGE SEASON

This production is part of our Mainstage Season of shows. Theatre Tallahassee's Mainstage auditorium seats up to 271 audience members a night. Shows run for three weekends, with opening night on a Thursday, and the following weekends running Friday through Sunday. The second Saturday is a double show day, with both a matinee and evening performance. Additional shows may be added depending on ticket sales, or benefit performances.

ABOUT OUR AUDITIONS

Theatre Tallahassee auditions are open, and we want to encourage diversity – we try our best to discourage directors from pre-casting roles. And unless specified in the character list, most roles are open to all races and ethnicities.

Know what you're auditioning for. Do a little research on the play and characters. Audition sides are included in this packet, as well as a character breakdown to give you some idea of which roles you'd like to audition for.

Audition requirements and formats may vary from show to show. Some directors prefer “closed” auditions where actors wait in a separate room until called. Some like to have every actor in the room. Some prefer monologues, or cold readings, or need you to sing. This audition packet should give you an idea of what you can expect.

We know that it can be disappointing not to get a part. We always have more people audition than we have roles for, and there are many factors that directors have to weigh when casting. We encourage you to audition often. Just because you weren't right for one role, doesn't mean that you won't be perfect for another.

We look forward to seeing you on stage. Break a leg!

COVID CHANGES

We have made the difficult decision to reopen our 2021-2022 Season at full audience capacity, although some COVID precautions like masking may remain in place for a while longer. And we will be following any CDC guidelines in the future as new variants emerge.

Individual directors have the discretion of deciding what precautions they want to take with their casts. Some may request all performers be vaccinated. Actors may need to be prepared to work virtually for some rehearsals. In person rehearsals may use masks, social distancing, and temperature checks, based on the COVID risk assessment for the cast. Cast will need to be able to minimize their exposure risk for COVID, and be willing to take COVID tests as necessary.

Vaccines are strongly recommended for anyone involved in the production, to minimize the danger to your fellow castmates, our volunteers and audience members. They also allow for a much more normal rehearsal process.

A reminder: as a non-profit, community theatre, we are unable to provide payment for actors, and we understand that the risks of an unmasked performance at this time may be too high for some volunteer actors, despite all the precautions we will be taking to minimize that risk. Please consider this before auditioning.

Love, Loss, and What I Wore

THE PLAY

Love, Loss, & What I Wore is about memory as viewed through the clothing we remember best. It's about purses and friendship, shoes and tragedy, coats and love, and robes and loss. It is, at heart, about being a woman and the bonds made between women through shared experiences. The show encapsulates these moments and uses them to explore what it means to be a mother, daughter, sister, grandmother, girlfriend, wife. It's a story of the women's roles and the clothes chosen to represent the changes and challenges of every woman.

The production is deceptively simple. There will be some blocking during most ensemble scenes. There are almost no props, and no costume changes or set changes, aside from lighting. The challenge is in the acting—without the aid of costumes or props, each actress must be able to believably portray multiple characters, at different ages and times in their lives. It is typically cast with five actresses, four of whom play six or seven characters each, and one actress who plays a single character reminiscing about different stages of her life.

Some performances of this production are staged-readings. This was partially because the original Broadway and touring casts were made up of a rotating group of actresses who changed out every few performances. For this production, we will not be using on stage scripts so memorization is imperative and honestly, challenging. However, the parts (characters) will be divided so that all have a fairly equal amount of lines.

ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

ANN KINNEBREW

Ann has been involved in theatre for most of her life in some capacity. She has taught and directed student actors from 4 years old to college age and beyond. In addition, her directing credits are long and varied with 40+ shows to her credit and many more as producer, assistant director, make up and costume designer. She has been the director of performing arts in schools, volunteered in many nonprofit arts and community organizations in many different communities. as well as been instrumental in starting children's theatres and her own Ignite Applied Theatre. Ann recently returned to Tallahassee after many years, always considering Tallahassee her home since moving here in 1970 (as a young girl, of course). She is currently an adjunct theatre instructor at Maclay school for the High School thespians. Ann holds a BA in English from FSU and an MFA in Theatre from the University of Central Florida and has focused most of her work in life and in theatre in order to use the arts for social change, community engagement and youth self and social awareness. "I'm so excited to be able to play at Theatre Tallahassee and bond with some amazing theatre folk."

Love, Loss, and What I Wore

IMPORTANT DATES

○ AUDITIONS

Sun, July 11 at 7:30 pm

Mon, July 12 at 7pm

Please see next page for Audition info

Tues, July 13

Call backs, by director invitation only

■ REHEARSAL PERIOD

Rehearsals are currently scheduled Mon-Fri (7pm-9:30pm). Final schedule may vary.

■ TECH WEEK/DRESS

AUGUST 16-25

Tech runs & dress rehearsals.

○ PERFORMANCES

AUGUST 26-29

SEPTEMBER 3-5*

SEPTEMBER 10-11

Thurs, Fri, Sat evening shows at 8pm. Sat and Sun matinees at 2pm. Call times are usually 1.5 hours before curtain.

*Sat, Sept 4 is a double show day with a 2pm matinee and 8pm performance.

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S	
					1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
⑪	⑫	⑬	14	15	16	17	
18	19	20	21	22	23	24	
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	⑫	⑬	⑭
⑮	30	31				

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	⑬	⑭
⑮	6	7	8	9	⑯	⑰
⑱	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Actors must be able to commit to all performance dates & tech/dress rehearsals.

Actors must also be able to do virtual rehearsals via Zoom or similar app, and be willing and able to wear masks for in-person rehearsals, and take COVID tests as required.

CHARACTERS

NOTE: This is a show about women—all women, from all different backgrounds, races, cultures, and classes. We would like for the cast to reflect this diversity.

GINGY (*female, 60's+*)

Gingy serves as the through-line of the play. Her monologues take us all the way back to her childhood, through her teen years, marriage, and finally, being a grandmother. She is artistic and creative. She got her name because her hair used to be red. The character herself is most likely in her 80's, but this is not explicitly stated. This actress must have very strong memorization skills as Gingy's monologues are some of the longest in the show.

WOMAN 2 (50+) Multiple roles.

WOMAN 3 (40+) Multiple roles.

WOMAN 4 (30+) Multiple roles.

WOMAN 5 (25+) Multiple roles.

Specific roles are not assigned by the script, and will be determined by casting.

Some of the characters include:

- **Rosie** - a woman who lost her mother at a young age.
- **Holly** - Comes from a family with money, and remembers a particular dress her mother gave her.
- **Stephanie** - describes two very different prom dresses and prom nights, and her search for her true self.
- **Nancy** - a Chicago born latina, who was in love with her gang leader.
- **Merrill** - Loves wearing boots. (This character discusses, briefly, being sexually assaulted).
- **Pam** - A woman who knows what she's looking for.
- **Lynne** - a State Senator with a colorful (and sexually provocative) past.
- **Liz and her two sisters** - who discuss which is stronger: romantic love or familial love.
- **Annie** - Who deals with an embarrassing situation while wearing a paper dress.
- **Mary and Eve** - two very different women, who each discuss their very different marriages.
- **Heather** - Who debates the merits of comfort and fashion, beauty and intelligence.
- **Nora** - A woman who hates purses
- **Lisa and Amanda** - Two brides, trying to find the perfect dress — to marry each other.
- **Geralyn** - Survived breast cancer at age 27.

AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS

There are several monologues provided in this packet. **Please choose TWO monologues from those provided to use for your audition.**

Your monologues do NOT have to be memorized; you may use the script on stage.

The director is interested in seeing how well you can portray two different and distinct characters.

If you need special accommodations for auditions (i.e. uncomfortable with in-person auditions due to Covid, unable to attend audition dates, disability accommodations, etc.), please contact the stage manager, Lizzie Cochran, at lizpcochran@gmail.com or the director, Ann Kinnebrew, at ann.kinnebrew@gmail.com

Download and fill out an Audition Form ahead of time:

[Audition Form \(Word Format\)](#)

[Audition Form \(PDF Format\)](#)

Forms can also be accessed by visiting TheatreTallahassee.org/Auditions

SIDE 1

The Prom Dress

STEPHANIE: My junior prom dress was powder blue and white. It was ribbed, with tiny ribs and a white waistband and a white band around the bottom kind of like Cinderella, with a big powder blue bow. The problem was my date. He rang the bell, and I opened the door, and there he was, in a powder blue tuxedo with a white frilly shirt and a powder blue bow tie. We matched. It was totally mortifying. I didn't really like him but I was sort of the last to be asked to the prom – not the very last but one of the last, so I didn't really have a choice in the date or in what he wore, and I had a really horrible time at the prom, and afterwards we went into a field and tipped cows. (*Beat.*) My senior prom was completely different. My prom dress was black and short, it was in that sort of Madonna 1980's style, her "Like a Virgin" phase, tight on top and then it went out in a black net pouf and black lace gloves. My date was also short, but dark and handsome, and we ended up drinking champagne and making out in his car, and it was great. But here's the thing – I've never really known for sure which of those two people I am – the girl who almost doesn't get asked to the prom at all or the girl who gets to go with a really cute guy. Every time I thought I knew which one I was, I turned out to be the other. Which is one reason why I got married, to, like, end the confusion.

SIDE 2

The Gang Sweater

NANCY. I felt so hot in my gang sweater. I was fifteen, and it was the first thing I'd had tailor-made for me –the only thing ever, now that I think about it. I'd joined this gang called The Latin Chantels. We were the chicas of The Latin Chancellors, the guys who hung out near the corner of 27th and Normal streets in Chicago. The sweater was hip-length and bad, black with royal blue trim around the collar and on the pockets. The best thing about it was the emblem, a big puffy rendition of some long-time-ago coat of arms that had been designed by Lemons, the War Lord of the Latin Chancellors. The emblem was sewed onto the sweater, near your heart. (*Beat.*) I wore my gang sweater with black stretch pants, the kind with the strap that goes under your feet. I knew I looked cool in that outfit. So cool that the first day I wore it, Lemons asked to walk me home. I could barely breathe. I was in heaven walking through the dark Chicago streets with Lemons at my side. I thrilled when he pulled me into a doorway and began kissing me. When he unbuttoned my sweater, I shuddered. When he put his hand under my blouse right under the emblem he had designed, I figured it was meant to be. Lemons never spoke to me after that day. He fell madly in love with Irma, the president of the Latin Capris. Their sweaters were black with purple trim. Cool.

SIDE 3

Boots

MERRILL. I got my first pair of boots when I was 14. They were suede, and they were the answer to my need to be identified as a brooding, wounded, but potentially brilliant artistic subspecies of female with practically no genetic relationship to my screaming family. My dog Corky got them confused with an entrée and ate a hole in them, so I took a bus to Sausalito and got a new pair. They were olive green leather and came up above my knees. By the time I got to Berkeley, where I was an art student, I was all boots all the time. Freshman year I had two pairs. One was golden brown, one was deeper brown, and I wore them with really, really short skirts. I thought my boots gave me a kind of mysterious, Bohemian charisma, tough but tender, rugged but sensuous, poetic but unself-conscious, like Joni Mitchell. It was a really happy time of my life, but then, one night, when I was sleeping, a guy broke into my apartment and raped me. They never caught him. I have no reason at all to think that he'd ever seen me before that night. But after the rape, when I walked down the streets of Berkeley in my boots and my short skirt, it suddenly seemed like everyone was staring at me. So I gave my short skirts to Goodwill. But not the boots. I love boots.

SIDE 4

Annie's Story

ANNIE. There was, for a very brief moment in time, the paper dress. And I had one. I got it at Paraphernalia, which was Betsy Johnson's first store, on 67th and Madison. It was a kind of grayish-plaid sheath. I wore it to a brunch at my cousin Marty's. He was an advertising executive who had just married Steffie, whom he put through medical school and then she ran off with a doctor. They were very impressed with my dress and how au courant I was. Then I wore it to Paula's sister Janet's and her new husband Earl's, who invited me and Paula to dinner at their newlywed apartment which contained their newly-upholstered dining room chairs. In the middle of dinner, I got my period suddenly and violently. And when we all stood up, there was a blood stain on the seat of one of the prized new chairs. For history I should say that the dress was completely intact, just wet. It must have been the predecessor to Bounty paper towels. Anyway, when I stood up, Janet said something like, "WHAAT???" and I said something like "What?" As though nothing had happened at all. I then left the room for the bathroom. God knows what the three of them did because I never acknowledged to anyone that anything out of the ordinary had happened. Although I will remember this on my deathbed.

SIDE 5

Shoes

HEATHER. I look gorgeous in high heels. Everyone looks gorgeous in high heels. But my feet hurt. My little toe was always crushed. I had a bunion. I was in so much pain, I couldn't think. I had to choose — heels or think. (*Beat.*) I chose think. (*Beat.*) So I bought some chic flat shoes. I made a lot of mistakes. I bought these turquoise blue Mark Jacobs ballet flats that the salesman talked me into because he said they had toe cleavage. I'd never heard of toe cleavage. Anyway, I realized that chic flat shoes are almost as uncomfortable as heels, and don't do that amazing thing for your legs. (*Beat.*) Fortunately, at just about that time, I met an unbelievably stylish woman who was wearing Birkenstocks. When I was in high school, I was a Doc Martens girl, and Birkenstocks symbolized everything I didn't want to be. They were incredibly uncool and the girls who wore them had big dirty toes that stuck out the ends. You absolutely could not be friends with a person who wore Birkenstocks. But this stylish woman wore her Birks with baggy cords and a Comme de Garcons sleeveless shirt. It was a revelation. The next day I went out and got a pedicure and a pair — dark brown, standard style. I realized that Birkenstocks were actually the coolest punk-est shoes a girl could wear. They were a statement, "Look, these are my feet, we all have them. Okay?" My husband had a slightly different opinion. He hated my Birkenstocks. He said they made me look like a troll from Middle Earth. And once, when the Yankees were in the playoffs, he made me take them off before coming into the same room as the TV so I wouldn't hex the team. (*Beat.*) After we split up, you'd think I'd have stuck with my Birkenstocks, but no. I started wearing heels again. Oh, the pain, I can't think. But I look gorgeous. I had to choose — heels or think. I chose heels.

SIDE 6

Gingy's Story (part 1)

GINGY. She used to just bury her head in my neck and inhale. (*beat.*) The spring after my mother died, my father took me to B. Altman's department store on Fifth Avenue to buy a dress for my thirteenth birthday. We were both so sad, but when we got to the teen department my father said, "This is my daughter Gingy, she needs something to wear for her thirteenth birthday, and we need help." Everyone rushed to help us because he was so handsome. He was six feet tall. (*On screen: Two blue dresses.*) I picked two navy blue dresses and couldn't decide between them; I was in agony, so he said, "You don't have to decide, because you know what? I'm buying them both." He made them gift wrap them. This was a long time ago, when you didn't have to pay extra to have things gift-wrapped. Each dress was very expensive, about forty-four dollars. I wore this one to my thirteenth birthday party. (*Beat.*) One day my grandmother came and got my sister and me. She'd decided we were going to live with her and Grandpa and my Aunt Babbie. I never saw my father again.

SIDE 7

Gingy's Story (part 3)

GINGY. Pink satin princess-style dress I bought in Filene's Basement in Boston for my marriage to Harry M. Johnson. I was twenty and Harry was thirty-seven. Harry was my sociology professor at Simmons. We were married at his best friend's house in Dobbs Ferry. There was no food, only champagne and wedding cake. My grandmother and Aunt Babbie came to the wedding. My grandfather wouldn't come because he thought Harry was too old for me and besides, he was Catholic. Here are the words my grandmother uttered on this occasion: "You're killing me." (*Beat.*) One day I was coming down the front steps from our apartment and there was Walter Fenton. He had joined the navy. He looked handsomer than ever in his uniform. "Gingy," he said. "Why did you do it?" Then he kissed my cheek and then my hand and walked away. I would love to be able to tell you that nothing good ever happened to Walter Fenton, that he ended up being a used-car salesman, but the truth is, he won a Pulitzer Prize, the prick. (*Chinese dress on screen.*) Iridescent-brocade Chinese style dinner dress I bought in Cambridge for a New Year's Eve party. Harry convinced me to buy this dress even though it was expensive. He said it showed off my arms. He thought my arms were pretty. The party was at the home of Harry's friends Penny and Ecky. They were married. I idolized Penny. She carried a diaphragm in her purse, which was very cool but strange, I wondered about it at the time, because isn't the whole point of getting married that you don't have to carry your diaphragm in your purse? Anyway, at midnight, I got very upset because I couldn't find Harry. Then I saw him. He was kissing Penny. "Harry!" I said. And you know what he said? Of course you know what he said. He said, "It's not what you think." But it was exactly what I thought. So that was that. I was twenty-one years old and I was going to be the youngest divorced person in America, except for Elizabeth Taylor.

SIDE 8

The Bathrobe

ROSIE. The truth is, I have no fashion sense - never did. For many years I blamed this on my mom's death. Then again, I blame pretty much everything on that - my weight, my addiction to television, my inability to spell. In my fantasy world, had my mother lived, I would be extremely well-dressed. I would know what went with what, and everything I tried on would fit. Mom and I would shop together at the places that moms and daughters go - a department store, an outlet mall, the flea market. I would wear a lot of tasteful makeup too. We would lunch someplace while shopping. It would be at a cafe where we would have salad and like it. We'd laugh about how great our lives turned out and make plans for all the things we were still going to do. But that's all a dream, because my mother did not live. She died when she was 39 years old.

SIDE 9

The Bra

Someone gave me a cashmere halter top that needs a bra to make it work. So I go to the Town Shop on Broadway and tell the saleswoman Marvelene my size. She immediately tells me I'm wrong. "All you girls think you should be going up in inches but you should be going up a cup." I am deposited in something that perhaps is a dressing room but looks like a utility closet with a mirror and a case of paper towels. I'm strapped into my strapless when the curtain is parted like the Red Sea and my linebacker saleswoman commands me to bend over. She then grabs me and my bra and hoists us up until I can feel the blood changing direction in my body. She reaches in, cups my breasts with her hands and shifts them. Then she invites all the other saleswomen in to look at me. Everyone cheers. I look in the mirror. I realize that I am a new woman and it took Marvelene feeling me up in a utility closet to get me this way.

SIDE 10

I Hate My Purse

NORA. I realized many years ago that i was no good at purses, and for quite a while, I did without one. When I went out at night, I managed with only a lipstick, a \$20 bill and a credit card tucked into my bra. But unfortunately, there were times when i needed to leave the house with more than just the basics. So I bought an overcoat with large pockets. This, I realized, turned my coat into a purse, but it was still better than carrying a purse. Anything is better than carrying a purse. Because here's what happens when you buy a purse: you start pledging yourself to neatness. You start small. You start pledging yourself to neatness. You start vowing that This Time It Will Be Different. You start with a wallet and a few cosmetics. But within seconds, your purse has accumulated the debris of a lifetime. The cosmetics have somehow fallen out of the shiny cosmetic bag, the coins have tumbled from the wallet, the credit cards are somewhere – where? Where are they? There's a half-drunk bottle of water, along with several snacks you saved from an airplane trip just in case you ever found yourself starving and unaccountably craving a piece of cheese that tastes like plastic. Perhaps you can fit your sneakers into your purse. Yes, by God, you can! Before you know it, everything you own is in your purse. You could flee the Cossacks with your purse. But when you open it up, you can't find a thing: your purse is a big dark hole full of stuff that you spend hours fishing around for. What's the solution?

SIDE 11

Geralyn's Story

GERALYN. I didn't want a nipple on my new breast. The nipples they make are nice, they look completely natural, but I thought, If I have a nipple, every time people look at that breast, they're going to see this awful mastectomy scar, whereas, if I have a tattoo instead of a nipple, they'll see the tattoo and laugh. I don't know what people I was referring to exactly, but nevertheless that was my thinking. So I started phoning these tattoo parlors and telling them what I wanted, and I found this guy who was so excited. His grandmother had had breast cancer and he said, "I have to do this for you." I wanted my tattoo to be a heart with wings. In Spanish, the word for heart is corazón and in French it's coeur, so a heart symbolizes both love and courage, and I wanted wings to represent all the friends who'd looked after me like angels.

CREDITS

LOVE, LOSS, & WHAT I WORE

Written by Nora Ephron and Delia Ephron

Based on the book by Ilene Beckerman

LOVE, LOSS, & WHAT I WORE is presented by special arrangement with
Dramatists Play Service, Inc.

Director: Ann Kinnebrew

Stage Manager: Elizabeth Cochran

THE THEATRE

Theatre Tallahassee
1861 Thomasville Road
Tallahassee, Florida 32303

Box Office: 850-224-8474

Admin: 850-224-4597

Theatre Tallahassee.org

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