

AUDITION INFORMATION



PLAZA SUITE

Written by Neil Simon
Directed by Michelle Nickens

Audition Dates: Dec 12 & 13, 2021
Performance Dates: Feb 17-Mar 6, 2022

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

At this time, Theatre Tallahassee is operating with limited seating capacity to allow for some social distancing in our audiences. Audience members are required to wear a mask while in the building. We are also following the current CDC guidelines for COVID safety as much as we are able.

Theatre Tallahassee requires all actors, crew, and staff to be fully vaccinated at least 14 days prior to the first in-person rehearsal. Other precautions such as temperature checks, and mask-wearing plus testing are possible, pending the environment at the time that rehearsal commences.

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.

THE PLAY

Hilarity abounds in this portrait of three couples successively occupying a suite at the Plaza Hotel. A suburban couple take the suite while their house is being painted and it turns out to be the one in which they honeymooned 23 (or was it 24?) years before and was yesterday the anniversary, or is it today? In Act Two, a Hollywood producer calls a childhood sweetheart, now a suburban housewife, for a little sexual diversion. Over the years she's idolized him from afar and is now more than the match he bargained for. Finally, a couple argue over the best way to get their bride-to-be daughter out of the bathroom she's locked herself in and down to the ballroom where wedding guests – and her fiancé – await.

ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

MICHELLE NICKENS

Michelle has been part of Tallahassee's theatre community for more than 25 years. She directed Bev DeMello's award winning play, **12 Steps to Somewhere** and Theatre Tallahassee's **Barefoot in the Park** which was awarded Play Most Enjoyed. Michelle was last seen in **Love, Loss & What I Wore** on Theatre Tallahassee's Mainstage. Other acting credits include, **Savannah Sipping Society** (Jinx), **Prisoners of Hope** (Sister Sunny), **Steel Magnolias** (Truvy - Most Enjoyed Performance by a Lead Actor), **9 to 5**, **And Then There Were None** (Dr. Armstrong), **Calendar Girls** (Brenda/Cravenshire), **Clybourne Park** (Bev/Kathy), **Love, Loss & What I Wore** (in the Studio), **Dirty Rotten Scoundrels**, **Orpheus Descending** (Vee), **The Secret Garden** (Ms. Medlock), **Trip to Bountiful** (Jessie Mae Watts - Best Supporting Actress), **Boy Gets Girl** (Theresa), **The Laramie Project**, **Charlie's Aunt** (Donna Lucia), **Talking With...**, **Twilight, L.A.**, **The Heiress** (Mrs. Montgomery), **Pal Joey**, **Inherit the Wind**, **Sister Mary Ignatius...**, **My Fair Lady**, and **Move Over Mrs. Markham** (Ms. Wilmington).

Michelle has a Bachelor of Science degree from Florida State University in business (marketing/management) and a master's degree from Nova Southeastern University in public administration. Michelle is currently pursuing her doctorate from Euclid University in conflict resolution.

IMPORTANT DATES

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.

AUDITIONS

Sun, Dec 12 at 7pm

Mon, Dec 13 at 7pm

Please see next page for Audition info

Tues, Dec 14

Call backs, by director invitation only

REHEARSAL PERIOD

Rehearsals are currently scheduled Sun-Thurs (7pm-9:30pm). Final schedule and times may vary depending on schedules.

No rehearsals Dec 23-Jan 3

TECH WEEK/DRESS FEB 7-16

Tech runs & dress rehearsals.

PERFORMANCES*

FEB 17-20

FEB 25-27

MAR 4-6

Thurs (opening week only), Fri, Sat shows at 8pm. Sun matinees at 2pm. Second Saturday (Feb 26) is a double show day with a 2pm matinee, and 8pm show. Call times are usually 1.5 hours before curtain.

DECEMBER

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	

JANUARY

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					

FEBRUARY

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				

MARCH

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

CHARACTERS

NOTE: Actors may play multiple roles (for example Miss McCormack may also be cast as Muriel).

ACT 1

KAREN NASH – *Late 40s*. Karen is married to Sam Nash. She is fine with being middle-aged. She is witty but not very good with dates or numbers. She hopes to rekindle her relationship with her husband in their honeymoon suite.

SAM NASH – *50s*. He is married to Karen Nash. Sam is having a mid-life crisis and an affair with his secretary, Jean McCormack. He is holding on to his youth for as long as he can. He is neat, fit, tailored and needs to look good. And would like others to recognize it too.

JEAN MCCORMACK – *20-30s*. Jean is Sam's secretary and mistress. She is well groomed, attractive, pleasant and efficient.

A **BELLHOP** and **WAITER** are also called for in this act (who may play multiple roles throughout the play)

ACT 2

JESSE KIPLINGER – *40s*. Jesse is a Hollywood producer. He appears confident, self-assured but is not sure if the life he has is what he had hoped it would be. He seeks to reconnects with his old flame, Muriel.

MURIEL TATE – *30s*. Muriel was Jesse's girlfriend in high school. She is nervous about seeing Jesse and claims she just stopped by for a short time to say hello. She is attractive and appears naïve,

A **WAITER** is also called for in this act (who may play multiple roles throughout the play)

ACT 3

NORMA HUBLEY – *40-50s*. Norma is married to Roy Hubley and mother to Mimsey. She is dressed for her daughter wedding day but having a hard time getting her daughter out of a locked bathroom.

ROY HUBLEY – *50s*. Roy is married to Normal Hubley and father to Mimsey. He is anxious to get his daughter out of the locked bathroom on her wedding day. He is a Type A personality. Dealing with emotions is not his forte.

BORDEN EISLER – *late 20s/early 30s*. Borden is Mimsey's fiancé. A man of little words.

MIMSEY HUBLEY – *late 20s*. Mimsey is the daughter of Norma and Roy and is Borden's fiancé. She is a nervous bride who has locked herself in the bathroom. She is worried that her marriage will be just like her parents.

AUDITION INSTRUCTIONS

Auditions will consist of readings from the sides provided in this audition packet. Sides should NOT be memorized.

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 director, Michelle Nickens, at michelle@nickens.net

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

Sam
Karen

SAM. What are you talking about? ... It's not our anniversary.

KAREN. Today is December 14th, isn't it?

SAM. Yes.

KAREN. So. We're married twenty-four years today.

SAM. *(Looks at her incredulously.)* Are you serious?

KAREN. We're not married twenty-four years today?

SAM. No.

KAREN. We're not married twenty-four years?

SAM. No.

KAREN. We're not married?

SAM. Tomorrow is our anniversary and we're married twenty-three years.

KAREN. *(Looks at him.)* Are you sure?

SAM. What do you mean, am I sure? I know when our anniversary is. December 15th, we're married twenty-three years. How can you make a mistake like that?

KAREN. All right, don't get so excited and it's not such a big mistake because I didn't get you a present. ... You're sure it's not the 14th?

SAM. I go through this with you every year. When it comes to money or dates or ages, you are absolutely unbelievable. *(Turns, exasperated, and goes to bedroom.)* We were married December 15th, 1945—

KAREN. Then I'm right. Twenty-four years.

SAM. 45 from 68 is 23!

KAREN. Then I'm wrong. *(Shrugs.)* Math isn't one of my best subjects.

SAM. *(Hanging jacket over dresser chair.)* This isn't math, this is people's lives! *(Moves back to KAREN.)* How old are you?

KAREN. What?

SAM. It's a simple question. How old are you?

KAREN. *(She's reluctant to answer, moves to window.)* I don't want to play.

SAM. I can't believe it. You really don't know how old you are.

KAREN. I know how old I am. But you get me nervous. Promise you won't leave me if I'm wrong ... I'll be 49 in April. *(Sam stares at her in disbelief, crosses back into bedroom and wearily leans against closet door. KAREN follows him.)* Isn't that right?

SAM. Not this April. This April you're going to be 48. How the hell can you make a mistake like that? Can't you add? *(Taking several contracts out of attaché case.)*

KAREN. All right, don't talk to me like I'm a child. I'm a 48-year-old woman.

SIDE 2

Karen
Jean
Sam

KAREN. Oh! Hello, Miss McCormack.

JEAN. Hello, Mrs. Nash. I hope I'm not disturbing you.

KAREN. No, no, not at all. Mr. Nash and I were just sitting around, joking. Come in. *(Still holding roast beef in her hand.)*

JEAN. Thank you. *(She enters room, closing the door behind her.)* I hate to barge in this way but I have some papers that need Mr. Nash's signature immediately.

KAREN. Certainly. *(Calls out.)* Sam. It's Miss McCormack. *(To JEAN.)* It is Miss McCormack now, isn't it?

JEAN. *(Taking several contracts out of briefcase.)* It was Mrs. Colby last year. This year it's Miss McCormack again.

KAREN. *(Sitting on arm of sofa.)* Oh. You're lucky you can remember. I've been married so long if I got divorced, I'd have to make up a maiden name. Have you had your dinner yet? *(Indicates roast beef in her hand.)*

JEAN. *(Laying out contracts on coffee table front of sofa.)* I don't have dinner, thank you.

KAREN. No dinner? Ever?

JEAN. *(Getting glasses and pen from purse on console table behind sofa.)* I have a large breakfast, a moderate lunch and a snack before going to bed. On this job I've worked late so often, I had to readjust my eating routine. Now I'm used to it.

(SAM gets up from bed and moves into living room.)

KAREN. Oh. Well, I can understand that. I miss a lot of dinners with Mr. Nash too.

SAM. Oh, hello. You got them, huh? *(Sits on sofa and examines contract.)*

JEAN. Just came in. All ready for signature.

KAREN. *(To JEAN.)* How about some black coffee? Or would that fill you up?

JEAN. Black coffee would be fine, thank you.

KAREN. One black coffee coming up. Sam, would you like some black coffee?

SAM. No.

KAREN. That's no black coffee and one black coffee.

(KAREN crosses to table, SAM is looking over the contracts. Miss McCORMACK sits next to him. KAREN pours coffee.)

SAM. Why is there an adjustment on this figure?

JEAN. *(Looks at it.)* There was a clerical omission on the Cincinnati tabulations. It didn't show up on the 1400 but I rechecked it with my own files and made the correction. *(Points on respective pages of contract.)* So that item 17B should read three hundred and twenty-five thousand and disregard the figure on 17A

KAREN. Cream and sugar?

JEAN. No, thank you.

SAM. But this should have been caught on the IBM.

JEAN. It should have but it wasn't. Obviously it wasn't fed properly.

KAREN. No cream and no sugar or no cream and yes, sugar?

JEAN. No cream and no sugar.

KAREN. So it's yes, no cream and no sugar.

SAM. Did you call this to Purcell's attention?

KAREN. *(Handing cup to JEAN.)* Would you like some pastry or cookies? I could call down. They have beautiful pastry and cookies here.

JEAN. This is fine, thank you. *(To Sam.)* Mr. Purcell says this happened once before this month. He can't pin it down until he rechecks the whole 66 file.

KAREN. *(Leaning on console table behind sofa.)* You're sure? A sandwich? A Welsh rarebit?

JEAN. No, I'm really quite happy, thank you. *(Takes saccharine from purse and puts it in coffee.)*

SAM. Well, I'm just going to have to go over this whole thing tonight with Howard. If we give Henderson any room for doubt, we can blow our entire presentation,

JEAN. *(Sips coffee.)* I told him there was a possibility of this so he made plans to stay in town tonight.

SAM. Damn! Of all nights to have this happen. *(Putting down contract.)* What time is it now?

JEAN. *(Looks at watch.)* Ten past five.

KAREN. *(Looking over JEAN's shoulder.)* Ten past five.

SAM. All right, you tell Howard I'll meet him in the office between six-fifteen and six-thirty. Tell him I want to see every one of last year's 1400 forms.

KAREN. *(Moving around sofa to SAM.)* You're going to the office? Tonight?

SIDE 3

**Jesse
Muriel**

JESSE. *(Moving toward her.)* Little Muriel Tate, all grown up and married. How many kids you got now?

MURIEL. Three.

JESSE. No kidding? Three kids ... What are they?

MURIEL. A boy and a girl.

JESSE. A boy and a girl?

MURIEL. *(Breaking away to other side of sofa.)* And another boy who's away in camp, I can't even think straight. Isn't this terrible?

JESSE. *(Moving to sofa. Good-naturedly.)* What's wrong?

MURIEL. I don't know, I can't catch my breath. Well, it's you, that's the simple explanation. I'm nervous about meeting you.

JESSE. Me? Me? Jesse Kiplinger, your high-school boy friend from Tenafly, New Jersey. Ohh, Muriel.

MURIEL. You know what I mean, Mr. "Famous Hollywood Producer" staying at the Plaza Hotel.

JESSE. Mr. Famous Hollywood Producer. *(Sitting on sofa.)* Muriel, you know me better than that. I haven't changed. I made a couple of pictures, that's all.

MURIEL. *(Moving to sofa.)* A couple of pictures? The Easter show at the Radio City Music Hall? I stood on line with my children for three hours in the rain.

JESSE. What did you do that for? You could have called my office in New York. My girl would have gotten you right in. Any time you want to see one of my pictures

MURIEL. Oh, I couldn't do that.

JESSE. Why not?

MURIEL. I couldn't. I couldn't impose like that.

JESSE. You're not imposing.

MURIEL. I am.

JESSE. I want you to.

MURIEL. What's the number?

JESSE. I'll give it to you before you go. *(Getting up.)* But first you're going to sit down and have a drink. There's a million things I'm dying to ask you.

MURIEL. Oh, no drinks for me.

JESSE. One little drink.

MURIEL. No, no, no. You go ahead and have a drink. I have a five o'clock hairdresser's appointment.

JESSE. You don't drink?

MURIEL. Oh, once in a great, great while. Anyway, I've got to get home. I shouldn't even be in the city. The kids will be home from school soon and I've got to make

dinner for Larry and I haven't even done my shopping in Bonwit's. No, no, I just dropped by to say hello.

JESSE. What'll you have?

MURIEL. A Vodka stinger.

JESSE. Coming right up. *(He crosses to the bar setup.)*

MURIEL. *(Sitting on sofa.)* And then I've got to go ... Whooo, I finally took a breath. That felt good.

JESSE. *(Pouring liquor into shaker.)* Will you relax? Will you, Muriel? Come on now. I want you to stop being so silly and relax.

MURIEL. *(Chiding.)* Is that how you talk to your stars when they're nervous? Is that what you say to Elke Sommer?

JESSE. I don't talk to the stars. I have directors for that — For God's sakes, Muriel, what are you so nervous about?

MURIEL. Ooh, there's that famous Hollywood temper I read about. You want me to be frank?

JESSE. Please.

MURIEL. I feel funny sitting here drinking in a hotel room — I mean, I'm a married woman.

JESSE. *(Having finished making and pouring drinks, moves to her.)* Would you feel better if we had our drinks down in the Palm Court?

MURIEL. We're here, we might as well stay.

SIDE 4

**Jesse
Muriel**

JESSE. Listen to what I'm saying to you. I am in a very bad way. I've been through three hellish, miserable marriages. I don't want to go that route again. I am losing my faith and belief that there is anything left that resembles an uncorrupt woman (*Sighs.*) So last week my mother, who still gets the Tenafly newspaper, shows me a picture of the PTA annual outing at Palisades this year and who is there on the front page, coming in first in the Mother and Daughter Potato Race, (*Leans in to MURIEL over side arm of couch.*) looking every bit as young and lovely and as sweet as she did seventeen years ago, was my last salvation ... Muriel Tate. (*Gradually moving to bedroom door.*) That's why I had to see you, Muriel. Just to talk to you, to have a drink, to spend five minutes, to reaffirm my faith that there are decent women in this world ... even if it's only one ... even if you're the last of a dying species ... if somebody like you exits, Muriel then maybe there's still somebody for me. That's why I called you yesterday. (*JESSE has finished his speech. He is somewhat spent, emotionally. He moves to the bed and sits.*)

MURIEL. (*Getting up and moving toward bedroom door.*) Well ... well ... well ...

JESSE. (*From the bedroom.*) I hope whatever I said didn't embarrass you, Muriel, but hell, if you expect honesty from another person you can't be anything less than honest yourself.

MURIEL. (*Still at doorway.*) I'm not embarrassed, I'm flattered. To think a famous person like you wants to confide in a plain person like me.

JESSE. (*Gets up and moves to her in living room.*) Now you finish your Vodka stinger and then I'm going to let you go.

MURIEL. (*Pouring herself drink at bar.*) Oh, I've got plenty of time. Larry's never home till seven. (*She holds up drink.*) Cheers.

(*She drinks. JESSE crosses to MURIEL, touches her.*)

JESSE. How are you, Muriel? Are you happy?

MURIEL. Happy? ... Oh, yes. I think if I'm anything, I'm happy. (*Moves down to sofa.*)

JESSE. I'm glad. You deserve happiness, Muriel.

MURIEL. Yes, Larry and I are very happy. ... (*She drinks.*) I would have to say that Larry and I have one of the happier marriages in Tenafly. (*She drinks again.*)

JESS. That's wonderful.

MURIEL. I mean we've had our ups and downs like any married couple but I think in the final analysis what's left is ... that we're happy.

JESSE. (*Moves down to her*) I couldn't be more pleased. Well, listen, it's no surprise. Larry's a wonderful guy.

MURIEL. Do you think so?

JESSE. Don't you?

MURIEL. Yes, I do. But no one else seems to care for him. (*Sits on sofa.*) Of course, they don't know him the way I do. I'm out of stinger again. (*Holds glass out to JESSE.*)

JESSE. Are you sure you're going to be all right? I mean driving?

MURIEL. (*Gradually feeling the effects of the drinks, she slowly exposes a whole, new, unexpected MURIEL.*) If I had to worry about getting home every time I had three Vodka stingers, I'd give up driving.

SIDE 5

Norma

Roy

NORMA. Promise you're not going to blame me.

ROY. Blame you for what? What did you do?

NORMA. I didn't do anything. But I don't want to get blamed for it.

ROY. What's going on here? Are you going to tell me where Mimsey is?

NORMA. Are you going to take an oath you're not going to blame me?

ROY. I take it! I take it! NOW WHERE THE HELL IS SHE?

NORMA. She's locked herself in the bathroom. She's not coming out and she's not getting married.

ROY. *(He looks at NORMA incredulously. Then, because it must be an insane joke, he smiles at her. There is even the faint glint of a chuckle. Softly.)* ... No kidding, where is she?

NORMA. *(Turns away.)* He doesn't believe me. I'll kill myself.

ROY. *(He turns and storms into the bedroom. He crosses to the bathroom and knocks on the door. Then he tries it. It's locked. He tries again. He bangs on the door with his fist.)* Mimsey? Mimsey? MIMSEY? *(There is no reply, Girding himself, he crosses back through bedroom into living room to the sofa. He glares at NORMA.)* All right, what did you say to her?

NORMA. *(Jumping up and moving away.)* I knew it! I knew you'd blame me, You took an oath. God'll punish you.

ROY. I'm not blaming you. I just want to know what stupid thing you said to her that made her do this.

NORMA. I didn't say a word. I was putting on my lipstick, she was in the bathroom, I heard the door go click, it was locked, my whole life was over, what do you want from me?

ROY. And you didn't say a word?

NORMA. Nothing.

ROY. *(Ominously moving towards her as NORMA backs away.)* I see. In other words, you're trying to tell me that a normal, healthy, intelligent twenty-one-year-old college graduate, who has driven me crazy the last eighteen months with wedding lists, floral arrangements and choices of assorted hors d'oeuvres, has suddenly decided to spend this, the most important day of her life, locked in the Plaza Hotel john?

NORMA. *(Making her stand at the mantle.)* Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!

ROY. *(Vicious.)* YOU MUSTA SAID SOMETHING! *(He storms into the bedroom.)*

NORMA. *(She goes after him.)* Roy . . . Roy ... What are you going to do?

ROY. *(Stopping below bed.)* First I'm getting the college graduate out of the bathroom! Then we're gonna have a wedding and then you and I are gonna have a big talk!

SIDE 6
Roy
Norma
Borden
Mimsey

ROY. Hello, Borden.

BORDEN. *(Stepping into room.)* Hi.

NORMA. Hello, darling.

ROY. *(Gravely.)* Borden, you're an intelligent young man, I'm not going to beat around the bush. We have a serious problem on our hands.

BORDEN. How so?

ROY. Mimsey—is worried. Worried about your future together. About the whole institution of marriage. We've tried to allay her fears, but obviously we haven't been a very good example. It seems you're the only one who can communicate with her. She's locked herself in the bathroom and is not coming out. It's up to you now.

(Without a word, BORDEN crosses below the sofa and up to the bedroom, through the bedroom below the bed and right up to the bathroom door. He knocks.)

BORDEN. Mimsey? . . . This is Borden . . . Cool it! *(Then he turns and crosses back to the living room. Crossing above the sofa, he passes the HUBLEYS and without looking at them, says:)* See you downstairs! *(He exits without showing any more emotion.)*

(The HUBLEYS stare after him as he closes the door. But then the bathroom door opens and NORMA and ROY slowly turn to it as MIMSEY, a beautiful bride, in a formal wedding gown, with veil, comes out.)

MIMSEY. I'm ready now!

(NORMA turns and moves into the bedroom towards her. ROY follows slowly, shaking his head in amazement.)

ROY. Now you're ready? Now you come out?

NORMA. *(Admiring MIMSEY.)* Roy, please—

ROY. *(Getting angry, leans in to her over the bed.)* I break every bone in my body and you come out for "Cool it"?

NORMA. *(Pushing MIMSEY towards ROY.)* You're beautiful, darling. Walk with your father, I want to look at both of you.

ROY. *(Fuming. As she takes his arm, to NORMA.)* That's how he communicates? That's the brilliant understanding between two people? "Cool it?"

NORMA. *(Gathering up MIMSEY's train as they move towards the living room.)* Roy, don't start in.

ROY. What kind of a person is that to let your daughter marry?

CREDITS

PLAZA SUITE

Written by Neil Simon

Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French

Director: Michelle Nickens

THE THEATRE

Theatre Tallahassee
1861 Thomasville Road
Tallahassee, Florida 32303

Box Office: 850-224-8474
Admin: 850-224-4597

Theatre Tallahassee.org
Facebook.com/TheatreTallahassee
Twitter.com/TheatreTLH