

Rome Little Theatre Auditions

LOVE LETTERS

Auditions: March 15 & 16 by appointment only

Callbacks: March 17 by invitation

Rehearsal Period: March 18-April 8 Show Dates: April 9-17

Directed by Emily Earp

Produced by Chris Davidson

Stage Managed by Alison Karch

Lighting Design by Dan Gitomer

Sound Design by Michael and Amy Scott

PLEASE COMPLETE THE FOLLOWING IN ORDER TO AUDITION:

1. **Read this document.**
2. **Complete an online registration form [HERE](#).**
3. **Sign up for an audition time [HERE](#).**

ABOUT LOVE LETTERS AUDITIONS

- Auditions and callbacks, if necessary, will be held in the auditorium of the DeSoto Theatre by appointment only.
- Auditions will be CLOSED for safety and fairness. Only the casting committee and the actors who are auditioning will be allowed in the auditorium. Thanks for understanding.
- Actors will be seen one at a time in 15-minute slots. Do not arrive any earlier than ten minutes before your scheduled time. The audition host will direct you.
- Masks are required for entry, but may be removed for your audition once you are on the stage.
- The casting committee will be masked and physically distanced.
- Please prepare but do not memorize your monologue. Please bring your copy of the monologue to the audition as you may be asked to reference it.
- Actors will be asked to perform the monologue, and may be asked to work with the director to explore the material. Actors also may be asked to cold read.
- If you decide to cancel your audition, please notify us at romelittletheatre@gmail.com with *at least 24 hours'* notice.
- A cast list will be posted on the website and social media by 5PM on Thursday, March 18, with those who auditioned receiving an email before the cast list is made public.
- Rehearsals will be conducted online at first, and then in person at the theatre for the final two weeks.

ABOUT THE PLAY

“When Andrew Makepeace Ladd III accepts an invitation to Melissa Gardner’s birthday party, and Melissa writes a thank-you note to ask just why he got her “The Lost Princess of Oz” (answer: she looks like a lost princess), a romantic friendship and correspondence destined to last for almost half a century is born. Both

from affluent, East Coast families -- Melissa has more money, but Andy has better parents -- the friends communicate with each other through angst-ridden boarding school experiences, European adventures, failed marriages, and the ups and downs of career. Over the course of their lives, Andy and Melissa's relationship goes through many changes, as the sometimes-sweethearts/sometimes-friends go through periods of estrangement, and the intense, clandestine affair which will accelerate Melissa's emotional breakdown. Despite the painful differences which will ultimately tear them apart, they remain each other's most trusted confidante, and are "true lovers" on paper, if not on the earth. A.R. Gurney's *Love Letters* is a tender, tragi-comic, and nuanced examination of the shared nostalgia, missed opportunities, and deep closeness of two lifelong, complicated friends. While spanning five decades and numerous locations, it is staged simply, with two actors behind desks or sitting in cozy chairs, letting their words describe a world of emotion." -*StageAgent*

ROLES

Andrew Makepeace Ladd III: Andy is a traditional, mature man with a confident air about him. He's chosen a life destined for him by his upbringing, and he often struggles with choosing what his heart truly yearns for.

Melissa Gardner: Melissa is a free-spirited, mature woman with a troubled past who has made reckless and regrettable decisions. She has been hurt but still believes in the promise of love.

MONOLOGUES FOR AUDITIONS (Please prepare both monologues for the role you seek; please do not memorize)

MELISSA:

I don't know, Andy. I like seeing you, but I don't want to go home much any more. My mother gets drunk a lot, if you must know, and comes into my room all the time, and talks endlessly about I don't know what because she slurs her words. The only really good time I had was when I came over to your house Christmas Eve. That was fun. Singing around the piano, hanging up the stockings, playing Chinese Checkers with your brother, helping your mother with the gravy. I liked all that. You may not have as much money as we have, but you've got a better family. So spring vacation I'm going to visit my grandmother in Palm Beach. Ho hum. At least I'll get a tan. P.S. Enclosed is a picture I drew of your dog Porgy who I remember from Christmas Eve. The nose is wrong, but don't you think the eyes are good?

MELISSA:

I'm trying to work with clay. Remember that kind of clay we used in Mr.s Mickler's art class in fourth grade? That old gray stuff? We called it plasticene. I'm trying to work with that. I'm making cats, dogs...I even made a kangaroo jumping over a glass of orange juice. Remember that? I'm trying to get back to some of those old, old feelings I had back in the Homeland. I have to find feelings, any feelings, otherwise I'm dead. Come down and help me search. I have a studio down in Soho and we could...um, er, uh, well we could at least have DINNER and talk about old times, couldn't we, Senator Ladd? P.S. Did you know that my mother got married again?

At the age of eighty-two? To my father's BROTHER yet! So now you have to call her Mrs. Gardner again, just like the old days. The wheel seems to be coming full circle. Hint, hint.

ANDY:

Dear Melissa. I keep thinking about the weekend. I can't get it out of my mind. It wasn't much good, was it? I don't mean just the Duncan, I mean the whole thing. We didn't really click, did we? I always had the sense that you were looking over my shoulder, looking for someone else, and ditto with me. Both of us seemed to be expecting something different than what was there.

As for the Hotel Duncan, I don't know. Maybe I had too many Sea-Breezes. Maybe you did. But what I really think is that there were too many people in that hotel room. Besides you and me, it seemed my mother was there, egging us on, and my father, shaking his head, and *your* mother zonked out on the couch, and Miss Hawthorne and your *grand*mother, sitting on the sidelines watching us like hawks. Anyway, I was a dud. I admit it. I'm sorry. I went to the Infirmary on Monday and talked to the Doctor about it, and he said these things happen all the time. Particularly when there's a lot of pressure involved. The woman doesn't have to worry about it so much, but the man does. Anyway, it didn't happen with Gretchen Lascelles. You can write her and ask her if you want.

ANDY:

Dear Melissa: Are you all right? That was a heavy scene last Sunday, but I know I'm right. We've got to go one way or the other, and the other leads nowhere. I know I sound like a stuffy prick, but I do feel I have a responsibility to Jane, and the boys, and now, after the election, to my constituency, which had enough faith and trust in me to vote me back in despite all that crap in the newspapers. And it wouldn't work with us anyway, in the long run, sweetheart. We're too old. We're carrying too much old baggage on our backs. We'd last about a week if we got married. But we can still write letters, darling. We can always do that. Letters are still our strength and our salvation. Mrs. Walpole is still with us, and there's no reason why we can't continue to keep in touch with each other in this wonderful old way. I count on your letters, darling. I always have. And I hope you will count on mine...