



Love, Loss, and What I Wore

AUDITION SHEET

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: Home _____ Cell _____

(Please indicate which one you prefer that we use)

Email Address: _____

Circle shows you are interested in being cast in

Love, Loss, and What I Wore

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change

Please list all evening conflicts between April 3 and May 24 (Rehearsals will be mostly Monday-Thursday evenings. I'm planning to have two rehearsals a week in April and move to four rehearsals a week in May):

This show is all about women and what makes us strong and unique. That means that some of the characters talk about our mothers, our lovers (male and female) and our bodies. If any particular subject makes you uncomfortable, please let me know now so we can avoid any surprises in the future.

Any favorite relevant experience?

Show	Role	Year	Sponsoring Organization



Love, Loss, and What I Wore

A little background about the play:

Love, Loss, and What I Wore was written by Nora and Delia Ephron based on the 1995 book of the same name by Ilene Beckerman. It is organized as a series of monologues and uses a rotating cast of five principal women. The subject matter of the monologues includes women's relationships and wardrobes and at times the interaction of the two, using the female wardrobe as a time capsule of a woman's life.

The show was initially presented as a part of the 2008 summer series at Guild Hall in East Hampton, New York, and then as a benefit series at the DR2 Theatre in New York in early 2009. The original cast included Tyne Daly, Rosie O'Donnell, Samantha Bee, Katie Finneran, and Natasha Lyonne. The show has been produced on six continents and more than eight countries.

A character called "Gingy" acts as the narrator. The show opens with her sketching various parts of her wardrobe that stir the most poignant memories. She weaves her life story among the other tales, describing her three marriages, "motherhood and the death of a child, each turning point marked by a particular item of clothing". Her life is represented beginning with experiences in a Brownies uniform and extending through her full life. Another character serves as the vixen, another plays a vulnerable gang member from Chicago, a third portrays a brave cancer patient, and the last serves as a mature woman pierced by vivid memories.

Among the 28 stories, other notable tales include one about the influence of Madonna (with discourse including "Any American woman under 40 who says she's never dressed as Madonna is either lying or Amish."); one about dressing room anxiety (a story revolving around the concept that "I'm an 8. I've always been an 8"); and one about your mother's tastes in clothes ("I don't understand, you could look so good if you tried"). Three of the characters sometimes work as a trio and all characters have monologues.

Other stories include recollections about the dress purchased for the date with a guy who subsequently married someone else; the foibles of spandex bras that result in a look known as the monoboob; issues involving toe cleavage; the Juicy Couture tracksuit that is a prominent staple of California wardrobes; wardrobe choice on the wrong day of the month; and the story about an incarcerated lover and the strategic hole in a certain pair of pants.

About Auditions:

Please choose one of the monologues on the next page to memorize and perform. You may be asked to read another of the monologues at auditions, but I'd like you to be really comfortable with at least one of them. The show includes 29 characters that are generally played by 5 actresses. I am planning to cast 5 actresses in our production, but it's possible that I may cast 6 or 7 if I just can't narrow it down. If you are interested, you may also read/sing *for I Love You, You're Perfect Now Change*, and leave it up to the shows' directors to fight over your talents!

Audition Monologues

1) Holly's Story

HOLLY: If I could draw, I would draw you the dress my mother gave me when I was five years old. It was my favorite dress ever. It had long sleeves, and it was charcoal gray wool with a big lace pilgrim collar and a black satin bow in the center and lace cuffs. A few months after my mother gave it to me, my father, who was doctor, sent my mother away to a mental hospital, moved his nurse into out house, divorced my mother, and married the nurse. We had a cleaning lady who came in once a week who had a daughter a little younger than me, and my stepmother used to give her my hand-me-downs. One day I couldn't find my beautiful dress. I asked my stepmother if she'd seen it. "It will turn up," she said. A week later, I went to school, and during recess I found my dress, on the cleaning lady's daughter. I could not believe it. I ran up to her and grabbed her by the collar screaming, "That's MY dress, MY dress, MY dress" again and again until the recess monitor pulled us apart. The little girl stood there, shaking and crying. And I stood there, shaking and crying, holding my satin bow in my fist. I wasn't punished because the school "understood." But I remember wishing that they had punished me. Shame on me. And my stepmother too.

2) 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 miserable 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 un-self-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.

3) 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. I chose think. 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. Fortunately, at just about that time, I met an unbelievably styling 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 make 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 to the same room as the TV so I wouldn't hex the team. 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.