

## Sides to prepare for auditions

Lorenzo: pg 13

My name is Lorenzo -

*Lorenzo.*

And you would think,

With a name like Lorenzo -

That I would feel great passion.

Sadness, violent anger,

Unbridled lust.

But my lust is bridled. Very bridled. Or not at all.

I am an orphan. I was found on the doorstep of a candy store.

I was raised on sweets, in an unspecified European country.

I felt European.

I spoke an unspecified European language.

I lived on a street paved with cobblestones.

I wore a tan scarf, that's very European!

But I did not suffer like a European.

I was - happy. Unlike a European.

Frank: pg 11

I would like to propose to you- this evening - a defense of melancholy.

Proposition 1:

That melancholy is a necessary bodily humor -

That there is a certain amount of necessary mourning -

Due to things that grow and pass -

Things like rive, that moon and, wheat, childhood, men's hats, tides on a marsh, fingernails -

Which leads me to:

Proposition 2:

That melancholy is a disappearing emotion -

There is not a place these days for melancholy in the afternoon -

Out the window - to observe the passage of time -

We are depressed -

Buy are we melancholy?

Are we capable of melancholy?

Joan: pg 41

It's strange, Frances. But I have this sexy sad feeling I've never had before. Like I'm in a European city before the war. We must invite her over again. Oh not for lunch. For dinner. Let's open a window. It's hot in there.

She has this remarkable smell -

Like old perfume - those little glass bottles with red thingabobs that you squeeze like this -

*(Joan pretends to put perfume on her neck)*

Frances: pg 17

When I gave up physics  
I found myself sitting in public places  
Libraries, restaurants, movie theaters  
I pretended that I was accountable to everyone  
And everyone else was accountable to me.  
So when I lost my watch  
I didn't buy a new one.  
I enjoyed asking strangers: What time is it?  
And they always answered:  
2 o'clock.  
Thank you, I said.

### **Sides for auditions/callbacks**

Tilly and Frank: pg 20

Frank. Have we met somewhere - before I was hemming your trousers?

Tilly. I work at the bank.

Frank. Oh!

Tilly. I give you your money. You ask for forty dollars. I give it to you in two tens and one twenty.

Frank. That sounds familiar.

Tilly. I put the money in your hands. You are always distracted. When you leave, I watch you go.  
You always turn left.

Frank. I do. I do turn left.

Tilly. I'm not mistaken then, it's you that we're discussing.

Frank. Yes, I think it's me that we're discussing -

Tilly. Why do you always deposit your check in person? You can deposit the check into a machine. Outside. Do you know that?

Frank. Yes - I'm aware of that.

Tilly. So then why-

Frank. I don't know. It's just what I've always done.

Tilly. I never use the machine either.

Frank. You don't?

Tilly. No. I don't. Why are you like an almond?

Frank. Sorry?

Tilly. I wanted to ask you.

Frank. You wanted to ask me -

Tilly. Why are you like an almond?

Tilly and Lorenzo: pg 24

Lorenzo. So - you kissed this - Frank - while he was hemming your trousers.

Tilly. Yes.

Lorenzo. I see. Did he kiss like an American? Were his lips hard? Did he move his tongue around like a tractor turning over the earth?

Tilly. Is the bank paying for this?

Lorenzo. Tilly. I AM SUFFERING!

Look into my eyes.

Can you see the suffering?

Tilly. Yes

Lorenzo. Ever since I met you, Tilly there's been no morning, there's been no evening. Just one long afternoon.

The afternoon is shaped like an almond.

And every day I think I'll step into the almond like a boat

And ride it into the evening.

But I lie down in the almond boat

And it's always afternoon.

I look up and there's no piazza -

No old men to play cards with

Who know my family name.

Tilly. I understand, Lorenzo.

Lorenzo. You do?

Tilly. I will play cards with you.

Lorenzo. Is that American for: I will be your bride?

Tilly. No.

Tilly Joan and Frances: pg 36

Frances. It's lovely weather we're having.

Tilly. Unseasonably warm.

Joan. You're just a young thing, aren't you?

Tilly. I'm fairly young - yes.

Joan. I think that's wonderful, to be young. Don't get old.

Tilly. You're hardly old. My goodness.

Joan. You have beautiful eyes. Doesn't she, Frances?

Tilly. You do too.

Joan. Do you think so? Really?

Tilly. Yes.

Joan. No.

Tilly. Oh, yes. Here - let me look. You have orange rings around the pupils -

Joan. Frances - I have orange rings in my eyes!

Frances. I heard.

Joan. Don't you think that's marvelous?

Frances. Yes, Joan.

Joan. Frances, close your eyes and tell me what color my eyes are.

Frances. I know what color your eyes are.

Joan. She sounds testy, doesn't she?

Tilly. Are you upset, Frances?

Joan. She gets this way.  
Frances. I love to be talked about in the third person.  
Joan. She hates being talked about in the third person.

Lorenzo and Frank: pg 57

Lorenzo. Go on.  
Frank. I was hemming her dress and I fell in love.  
Lorenzo. I know what love it!  
Frank. Excuse me?  
Lorenzo. Go on, go on.  
Frank. She was so beautiful - when she was sad - I couldn't help myself - I wanted to bathe in her sadness like a bath -  
Lorenzo. Of course you did.  
Frank. She would cry sometimes, in her sleep. I put her tears in a little vial. I collected them.  
Lorenzo. Ah, like the Romans.  
Frank. What?  
Lorenzo. The Romans. Collected tears in little vials. Buried them with the dead.  
Frank. This vial is all I have left of her. Is that weird?  
Lorenzo. Yes, it's weird. Would you like some candy? It's marzipan. It's good.  
Frank. No, thank you. But you said the Romans did it.  
Lorenzo. Forget the Romans. Go on.

Joan and Frances: 30

Frances. You're asking me - what's she like?  
Joan. Yes  
Frances. It won't make you feel funny if I tell you?  
Joan. I feel funny already.  
Frances. What do you want to know about her?  
Joan. The usual things.  
Frances. You're not going to get upset?  
Joan. No.  
Frances. She's - delicate.  
Joan. Oh.  
Frances. She could spend an entire afternoon filling a bowl with water, and putting yellow flowers into the bowl.  
Joan. So - she's a hard worker.  
Frances. Well... she's - tired -  
Joan. Tired?  
Frances. Yes. but in this - seductive sort of way.  
Joan. I don't understand.  
Frances. It's hard to explain. She makes her unhappiness into this seductive sort of thing. She throws herself onto couches - you know?  
Joan. You wanted to take care of her.

Frances. Yes. - I did.

Joan. She seemed - spontaneous.

Frances. Yes.

Joan. With a name like "Tilly" -

Frances. Yes

## **Character Descriptions**

Tilly: Bank teller, melancholic but in love with the notion of it, fully experiences her emotions in a way that makes others jealous but draws them to her anyway.

Lorenzo: Any gender 35-50 Tilly's psychiatrist with an unidentifiable Italian accent who is in love with her. They start off emotionally disconnected and jaded but become more and more emotional and obsessive as they interact with Tilly. (Has a fight scene with Frank)

Frank: Male 25-35 Tailor, a passionate dreamer who is swept along by Tilly's essence and tries to follow her, tripping over the other characters as they all try to keep up with her. Is Frances' long lost twin. (Has intimacy scenes with Tilly and a fight scene with Lorenzo)

Joan: Female 30-40 British nurse, partner to Frances, No nonsense and unshaken by most of the play's events while being slowly enraptured by Tilly's essence, she fully opens up emotionally to help Frances recover. (Has intimacy scenes with Frances)

Frances: Female 25-40 Hairdresser, partner to Joan, falls in love with Tilly while doing her hair, left a career of being a physicist to follow her dreams, feels very strongly and finds deep connection with Tilly's melancholic outlook, slips into a depressive state in second act when Tilly finds "happiness". Is Frank's long lost twin. (Has intimacy scene with Tilly, has an intimacy scene with Joan)

Julien: Any gender any age Cellist with minimal lines, brooding musician with an air of mystery.