



Directed by: Dominique H. Eisengruber

AUDITIONS

Friday, August 14th and Saturday, August 15th
7pm-10pm

Grosse Pointe Theatre

315 Fisher Rd
Grosse Pointe, MI 48230

PERFORMANCES

October 16th, 17th, *23rd and 24th at 7:30pm
October *18th and 25th at 2pm

**Talk-back with audience immediately following performance*

Purdon Studio Theatre

Grosse Pointe Congregational Church
240 Chalfonte Ave
Grosse Pointe, MI 48236

Grosse Pointe Theatre is committed to providing a nurturing environment in which to share diverse experiences and ideas. We do not discriminate on the basis of race, ethnicity, religion, gender, age, disability, sexual orientation, or military status. We are committed to providing an inclusive and welcoming environment for all members of our community.

WELCOME!

I was first introduced to this gem of a show in 2012 – my first year of undergrad. At the time, I considered myself solely a passionate ally angry at injustice. Just a few years ago, in the comfort of a straight-presenting relationship, did I even admit out loud that I was bi.

I don't have to admit that I like girls if it doesn't feel safe to do so. The women in this story fall into love just as anybody else does, but they do not have that same luxury. Showing any kind of PDA, even a quick, awkward first kiss, could lead to the traumatic, life-altering experience we see in this show.

Though this show first premiered off-Broadway in 1998, it remains devastatingly relevant still – in 2026.

– Dominique H. Eisengruber; *Director*

SYNOPSIS:

After Callie meets Sara, the two unexpectedly fall in love. Their first kiss provokes a violent attack that transforms their lives in a way they could never anticipate. An angry bystander attacks Sara in a hate crime after which she falls into a coma. This heartfelt story is told out of chronological order as we watch the relationship between Callie and Sara both before and after this horrific act.

****Content Warning: Discussion of an anti-gay hate crime.**

This crime is discussed but *NEVER* acted out on stage.**

AUDITION EXPECTATIONS/SCHEDULE

7:00-7:30

Introductions!

7:30-8:00

Monologues

- 1 dramatic and/or 1 comedic monologue (approx. 90 seconds)
- Your whole audition package **must not exceed 5 minutes**.

NOTE: MONOLOGUES WILL BE PROVIDED IF YOU DO NOT HAVE ONE.

Monologue memorization is NOT a requirement to be cast.

8:00-8:10 - Break

8:10-9:10

Warm-Reads – Reading scenes from the script with other auditionees.

(Audition sides below. They will also be provided at auditions.)

8:10-9:10

Break

9:10-9:40

More Warm-Reads *(if necessary)*

9:40-10:00

Review – Casting details/Expectations

CHARACTER BREAKDOWN / DESCRIPTIONS

CALLIE – Late 20s to early 30s; New York traffic reporter

***Scripted to kiss the actors playing the roles of SARA and GEORGE. ***

SARA – Mid-20s to early 30s; 3rd grade schoolteacher from St. Louis. First time in NYC. Finally received a fellowship to teach at a public school in the Bronx after 5 attempts.

***Scripted to kiss the actor playing the role of CALLIE. ***

GEORGE – Late 20s to early 30s; Callie's friend-with-benefits/Ex-boyfriend

***Scripted to kiss the actor playing the role of CALLIE. ***

PETER – Mid-20s to early 30s; Sara's ex-boyfriend.

MRS. WINSLEY – 30s, the only eyewitness of the hate crime. Scared off the criminal, likely saving Sara's life.

DETECTIVE COLE – Late 30s to mid-40s, the "but what were you wearing" guy. Private investigator of the hate crime committed on Sara and Callie.

NURSE – Late 30s to Mid-40s; very sweet and gentle. Sara's nurse.

Judgement-free (most significantly to Sara and Callie's relationship).

NOTE: MRS. WINSLEY and NURSE may be played by the same actor.

MASTER SCHEDULE

(Subject to change based on needs of company)

AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
9	10	11	12	13	14 Auditions 7-10pm	15 Auditions 7-10pm
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24 1st Read 7-10pm	25 Char Analys 7-10pm	26 Scene Analys 7-10pm	27	28	29
30	31 Blocking 7-10pm	1 Blocking 7-10pm	2 Blocking 7-10pm	3 Blocking 7-10pm	4	5
6	7 OFF Labor Day	8 Work-Thru 7-10pm	9 Work-Thru 7-10pm	10 Work-Thru 7-10pm	11	12
13	14 Work-Thru 7-10pm	15 OFF	16 Work-Thru 7-10pm	17 Intimacy Rehearsal 7-10pm	18	19
20	21 Run-Thru 7-10pm	22 Run-Thru 7-10pm	23 Run-Thru 7-10pm*	24 Run-Thru 7-10pm	25	26
27	28 Run-Thru 7-10pm	29 Run-Thru 7-10pm	30 Run-Thru 7-10pm**	1 Sc Perf Prep 7-10pm Callie/Sara	2	3
4 Sc Perf.? 10AM Callie/Sara	5 Run-Thru 7-10pm	6 Run-Thru 7-10pm	7 Run-Thru 7-10pm	8 Run-Thru 7-10pm	9	10 Dry-Tech? TBD
11	12 Tech/Dress 6:30-10pm	13 Tech/Dress 6:30-10pm	14 Tech/Dress 6:30-10pm	15 Tech/Dress 6:30-10pm	16 Dark Day	17 SHOW #1 7:30PM
18 SHOW #2 2:30PM+	19	20	21 Pick-Up 7-10pm	22 SHOW #3 7:30PM+	23 SHOW #4 7:30PM+	24 SHOW #5 7:30PM
25 SHOW #6 2:30PM	* DEADLINE: Off-book ** DEADLINE: No Calling Line + Talkback following performance					

Sides

Please see the pages below for the audition sides that will be available to you at auditions.

MONOLOGUE 1; CALLIE

I was thinking... you know, when I was little, my parents made me take tennis lessons – I’m not an athlete – neither are my parents, I don’t know why – because the lessons were free! And it was summer and my parents didn’t want me sitting around the house doing nothing which is what they thought I was doing – which was... true. So, they made me take these lessons, even though I was a klutz, and I tried – but I was a natural klutz. Still, at the end of the summer we all had to play in these tournaments and compete against the kids from the other classes. So for the first round, I get pitted against this kid who obviously took tennis lessons because she wanted to be a really good tennis player. I can’t even return her serves. The match takes like 10 minutes. Afterwards, my parents can barely speak, they feel so bad. They take me to Dairy Queen, tell me to order whatever I want – I get the triple banana split and for the rest of the summer they let me sit around and watch *Love Boat* reruns which is all I wanted to do anyway.

(Beat.)

But lately, I feel like... there’s something... worth... winning.

MONOLOGUE 2; PETER

(To Sara, picking up a homemade greeting card.)

Did you see this? You got a card from your old class at Friends. See, there's Matthew and Sophia and Emily – your favorite, the anti-Christ. She writes, "I hope you feel bitter and come bark soon." I see your replacement is letting her spelling skills slip.

(Beat)

The doctor says we can move you soon. Your parents and I have been talking.

I agree that you should stay with them after you get out of rehab. You're

welcome to stay at our old place, of course, if you want to, I would take off from work so that I could – I'm going to take off from work anyway. *(Pause.)*

Just because you're coming back home I'm not going to act like everything is going to be the way it was. I know you went to New York because you wanted to change things. You do want to go home – *(water drops from Sara's eyes.)*

Don't you?

MONOLOGUE 3; GEORGE

(To Callie) You wanna know how I heard? You wanna know exactly what drink I was making at the moment I heard your name on the goddamn TV?

(Small beat.)

Dirt martini. TV's on in the background. I hear about this gay bashing, two women attacked and I sort of pay attention, not really. I'm making this drink and thinking about how I gotta run downstairs and get some more peanuts. And then I feel my ears close and my face gets all hot, like I just swallowed a mouthful of hot peppers. So I turn to the TV but now they're talking about some apartment fire. So I switch the channel and they're just starting the story. Gay bashing. Woman in a coma. Callie Pax.

(Beat.)

Are you hurt? Did a doctor look at you?

SIDE 1; 2W; CALLIE and SARA

SARA. I've taken up your whole —

CALLIE. Are you hungry? We could order in something. There's Polish, Indian, Cuban, there's a pretty good Vietnamese —

SARA. Are you sure you don't — I've never had Vietnamese —

CALLIE. I'll show you the menu. (*Callie hops up and goes into the kitchen.*) Something to drink? Beer?

SARA. Yes to beer. (*Sara leans her head towards the phone.*) Were those friends from work?

CALLIE. Oh no, the people at my job are a bunch of stiff — can you imagine? They listen to the same news reports every ten minutes for eight hours a day. They repeat themselves even in regular conversations. No, George — the guy on the phone — Lidia, Jasmine ... Rico, Sally, Ben — we were all friends in college and now we're stuck to each other. I think we're someone's science experiment, we just don't know it. A study in overdependency.

SARA. Is George your boyfriend? (*Callie returns, carrying two beers. She hands a beer and menu to Sara.*)

CALLIE. I like the noodle dishes, they're on the back. (*Sara takes the menu.*) George and I ... are friends. Who sleep together. But date other people. Sometimes for long periods of time. We've been doing this since we were ... 20. Although he *never* likes anyone I'm dating, he's unabashedly — and I admit I can get jealous when he's — but at least I try to hide it, I'm pretty good at it too. It's only *after* they've broken up that I — Anyway, we'll probably get married.

SARA. All my friends are married or getting engaged, having babies or wishing they were — and lately when I hear about it, I think — why?

CALLIE. Why not?

SARA. Marriage. Why would you say to anyone, "I will stay with you even if I outgrow you." (*Pause.*)

CALLIE. (*Remembering.*) Peter. (*Sara is unresponsive, then finally nods.*) Did you leave him to come here?

SARA. ... No.

CALLIE. Mm ... C-minus.

SARA. In what.

CALLIE. Acting. (*Sara looks down.*) I'm sorry —

SARA. No no —

CALLIE. I'm prying —

SARA. No, that's not why —

CALLIE. I hope I didn't —

SARA. No, it's OK. (*Slight pause.*)

CALLIE. Did you decide what you wanted to order?

SARA. I moved out from our apartment — we lived together — and moved in with my parents about a month ago. I came here from there.

CALLIE. How — how long —

SARA. Seven years.

CALLIE. *Seven* ... so you must still be —

SARA. — Finally. Finally where I want to be. Speaking — what time is it?

CALLIE. Almost 6:00.

SARA. Hm.

CALLIE. What?

SARA. Oh, he left a message on my machine saying he was going to call at 6:00. He wants to come visit. He manages a restaurant in St. Louis so he wants to come and check out some of the special places here.

CALLIE. You'd better hurry.

SARA. I couldn't make it in 15 minutes.

CALLIE. You could if you took a cab. (*Slight pause.*)

SARA. But then I wouldn't have Vietnamese food.

CALLIE. We could do it another time.

SARA. I just started this beer. (*Pause.*)

CALLIE. You wouldn't want to waste a beer.

SARA. That's what I was thinking.

CALLIE. Cheers. (*They tap glasses.*)

SIDE 2; 1W, 1M; DETECTIVE COLE AND MRS. WINSLEY

Police station house. Mrs. Winsley sits behind a table that Det. Cole is sitting on. She's wearing a sharply tailored business suit.

MRS. WINSLEY. He called them pussy-eating dykes.

DET. COLE. Come on, why would he call them that?

MRS. WINSLEY. Two women in a West Village park at 4:00 in the morning? What's the chance they're *not* dykes.

DET. COLE. You tell me. You live in the West Village.

MRS. WINSLEY. My husband and I have lived there for eight years.

DET. COLE. Like the neighborhood?

MRS. WINSLEY. I sure do.

DET. COLE. Lot of clubs and bars there.

MRS. WINSLEY. They even have ones for straight people.

DET. COLE. Is that why you live there?

MRS. WINSLEY. My husband and I have a beautiful apartment, Detective Cole. In a safe building on an otherwise quiet street. The fact that it's Graceland for gay people doesn't matter to me.

DET. COLE. So what were these girls doing?

MRS. WINSLEY. I didn't see —

DET. COLE. Were they making out, rubbing up against each other —

MRS. WINSLEY. I didn't see anything till I heard the other one screaming. I went to the window, then I called 911.

DET. COLE. What'd you see then?

MRS. WINSLEY. He was beating on the both of them. I yelled down that I called the cops and I threw a couple flowerpots at him. My spider plants —

DET. COLE. So the screams woke you up?

MRS. WINSLEY. I was in bed but up. Reading.

DET. COLE. 4:30 in the morning?

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm a fitful sleeper.

DET. COLE. You ever take anything?

MRS. WINSLEY. No.

DET. COLE. So you weren't groggy or half-asleep?

MRS. WINSLEY. No.

DET. COLE. And you're sure you heard him call them dykes.

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm sure.

DET. COLE. And your husband? *(No response.)* Your husband?

MRS. WINSLEY. He missed all the excitement.

DET. COLE. What'd he — sleep right through it? *(Mrs. Winsley avoids his eyes.)* Oh ... he wasn't home. 4:30 in the — is he a doctor?

MRS. WINSLEY. No.

DET. COLE. ... Investment banker?

MRS. WINSLEY. Ha!

DET. COLE. Fire chief?

MRS. WINSLEY. He's a book editor, Detective Cole.

DET. COLE. I didn't know book editors worked so late.

MRS. WINSLEY. They don't.

DET. COLE. Was he ... out having drinks with some buddies?

MRS. WINSLEY. He was obviously out, wasn't he.

DET. COLE. So you were waiting up for him.

MRS. WINSLEY. I'm a fitful sleeper, Detective. Have been since before I married him and those two girls are lucky that I am and that I was up and that I did something.

DET. COLE. You called 911.

MRS. WINSLEY. And my flowerpots.

DET. COLE. Did you hit him?

MRS. WINSLEY. They fell near him. He stopped and took off.

DET. COLE. You stopped him.

MRS. WINSLEY. Well it wasn't the cops, took 30 minutes for them to show up. You'd think it was Harlem, not the West Village.

SIDE 3; 2W, 1M; CALLIE, SARA, GEORGE

(Callie opens the door and Sara walks in.)

CALLIE. Hey.

SARA. Hi, here, these are ... *(Sara shyly hands Callie a small bouquet of baby roses. Callie takes them.)*

CALLIE. Thank you. They're so — *(Callie turns away, takes the other flowers out of the vase and puts the roses in.)*

CALLIE. I was just going to throw these out. *(She crosses to the kitchen.)*

SARA. Hey, did you see they're filming a movie or something on the next block? Do you think we could stop on our way to the restaurant and watch for a while? *(George steps out.)*

GEORGE. It's *NYPD Bl* — *(Sara starts.)* Oop — didn't mean to scare you.

SARA. No no, you didn't. *(He crosses to her and extends his hand.)*

GEORGE. I'm George. *(Sara shakes his hand.)*

SARA. Oh, George, I've heard so much about you!

GEORGE. *(Can't say the same thing.)* ... Nice to meet you. *(Callie comes out of the kitchen.)*

CALLIE. Oh, sorry. Sara, this is George. George, this is —

GEORGE. We did this.

CALLIE. Good. *(To Sara.)* We should go.

GEORGE. Where're you guys having dinner?

CALLIE. *(Tries to slip it past him.)* Vong. *(George looks at Callie.)*

GEORGE. Dressed like that?

CALLIE. I didn't have time —

SARA. *(Consoling.)* You look great.

GEORGE. Well, tell me what you get.

SARA. Have you ever been?

GEORGE. Out of my league.

SARA. *(To Callie.)* Is it expensive? I don't want you to —

CALLIE. It's not expensive.

GEORGE. *(To Callie.)* You're treating? Then I wanna —

CALLIE. *(To George.)* You still owe me for my birthday.

SARA. Let's go dutch, Callie.

CALLIE. It's my treat.

GEORGE. What's the occasion? *(Silence. There is none.)*

SARA. Actually, we're celebrating the fact that today LaChandra, one of my students, wrote her name for the very first time. *(Callie looks down at herself.)*

CALLIE. I'm changing. *(She runs off.)*

GEORGE. That's right, you're a teacher.

SARA. Mm-hm.

GEORGE. Kindergarten?

SARA. Third grade.

GEORGE. And this kid wrote her name for the first time?

SARA. Perfectly.

GEORGE. Isn't that —

SARA. Wonderful?

GEORGE. *(Won over.)* ... Yeah, isn't it? *(Callie reenters wearing the blouse she started off wearing.)*

CALLIE. *(To Sara.)* We should go, our reservation's at 8:00.

SARA. Do we have time to stop by? The *NYPD Blue* —

CALLIE. Sure. *(Sara starts for the door.)*

GEORGE. OK, well um, bye. Nice to meet you.

SARA. Don't you want to come with us and watch them filming? *(George flashes Callie a furtive look.)*

GEORGE. Mmm, I think I'll wait until it's on TV. *(He looks at Callie; she ushers him out the door.)*

CALLIE. Meanie.

GEORGE. Never take me to Vong. *(Callie closes the door and locks it.)*