

## AUDITIONS DESCRIPTIONS FOR RUMORS

### CHARACTERS

(Character's Ages are what we are playing them in the production. Any one over 16 can audition. We are playing couples as heterosexual couples, but any gender may audition for any gender that you are willing to play.

Emotional Makeup of the character is the most important thing.

We are firm believers in makeup and adaptations.)

**CHRIS GORMAN** – attractive woman in her late 20's - mid 30's

She is a lawyer, sarcastically funny, modern elegantly dressed, quitting smoking ,inclined to get tipsy

**KEN GORMAN** – handsomely dressed man in his mid to late 30's

lawyer, wants to keep everything in control but trouble doing so a bit of a chauvinist, goes deaf during the play.  
noticeably smaller than Lenny Ganz

**CLAIRE GANZ** – Classy woman in her late 30's- early 40's

She is elegantly classic in dress and style.  
Appearance Matters She likes to keep things in control and is a bit controlling. She has a busted lip from the car accident

**LENNY GANZ** – Older, not as concerned with appearance,

Man in his 40's. He is a lawyer.  
A Bit of A Drama Queen not strong willed  
noticeably larger than Ken Gorman  
He is suffering from whiplash from the accident  
Lenny has a large soliloquy at the end of the play

**ERNIE CUZAK** – Older man in his mid 40's- early 50's

He is a therapist. A bit pretentious but panicky when not in control. Burns his fingers during the play

**COOKIE CUZAK** – More matronly woman in her 40's,

Outrageously Dressed Pretentious and Supposes herself as famous because of her cooking shows. Wants to be Pampered  
Her back is out and she cuts her arm during the play

**GLENN COOPER** – GQ handsome in looks and clothes

Late 20's- mid 30's

He is running for State Senate with ambition for Higher office.  
Appearance in every way matters.

Obvious tension between he and Cassie, his wife

**CASSIE COOPER** – Trophy Wife in her late 20's-early 30's

She is the most modern and best looking.  
She is a New Ager and uses Crystals for her looks and energy  
She is extremely jealous and insecure but is used to being spoiled

**OFFICER WELCH** – Typical in charge, no nonsense police officer

:Just the facts" Wants to wrap up the case and get home

**OFFICER PUDNEY** – new to the job, more modern in approach

sarcastic and funny enjoys her job but does get exasperated with the obvious lying

**MYRA BROCK** – The hostess of the party in her late 30's –early 40's

she never appears – does have one line delivered from offstage.

**CHARLEY BROCK** – Never appears or speaks (Not really a part)

## AUDITION FOR KEN AND CHRIS

KEN: (Nervous Excitement) Did he call yet?

CHRIS: (Trying to stay calm) Wouldn't I have yelled up?

KEN: Call him again!

CHRIS: I called him twice. They're looking for him. ... How is he?

KEN: I'm not sure. He's bleeding like crazy!

CHRIS: (getting nervous) Oh my God!

KEN: It's all over the room. ... I don't know why people decorate in white. ... If he doesn't call in two minutes, call the hospital.

CHRIS: I'm going to HAVE TO have a cigarette, Ken.

KEN: After eighteen months? The hell you are! Hold onto yourself, will you? (Ken exits)

CHRIS: I can't believe this is happening. (She crosses over to get a cigarette. As she reaches for it, the phone rings) Oh God! ... Ken, the phone is ringing. (No response ... she picks it up) Hello? Dr. Dudley? ... Oh, Dr Dudley. I am so glad it is you. Your service said that you were at the theatre.

KEN: (re-enters) Is that the doctor?

CHRIS: (into phone) We never would have bothered you, but this is an emergency.

KEN: Is that the doctor?!

CHRIS: I am Chris Gorman. My husband, Ken, and I are good friends of Charley Brock's.

KEN: Is that the doctor?!!

CHRIS: (covers phone) It's the doctor! It's the doctor!

KEN: Well, why didn't you say so. (He exits again)

CHRIS: I don't know why we always have to be the first ones to arrive. Never been late once in our lives. Someone else could have dealt with all this! (She reaches for a cigarette and the doorbell rings!) Oh Shit! Shit. Shit, Shit. Shit. Shit.

KEN: Attempted Suicide is a criminal offense, not to mention a pretty ugly scandal. Charley's Deputy Mayor of New York. He's my client and my best friend. I've got to protect him, don't I? Just play the hostess for a few minutes until I figure out how to handle this.

CHRIS: Play the hostess?! there's no food out, there's no ice in the bucket. Where's the help? Where's the cheese dip? Where's Myra?! What am I supposed to do till you get back, play Charades?!

CHRIS: Why are we protecting Charley this way? Ken is deaf. Lenny can't turn his neck. Cookie's walking like a giraffe. I'm scratching with a blood condition. For What?! One more gunshot and the whole world will know anyway!

KEN: (Who is deaf in one ear) I can't take it anymore! The pressure is killing me. I'm sorry everyone, but I have to do this. ...Myra isn't here! The servants aren't here! Charley's upstairs, and he shot himself through the earlobe! Maybe it was attempted suicide; maybe it wasn't.. I don't know. I don't care. I'm just glad I got that out!

## AUDITIONS FOR ERNIE AND COOKIE

ERNIE: Sorry we are so late. Did we miss much?

CLAIRE: You have got to get Lenny to tell you the story about Mrs. Thatcher and the cat food!

ERINE: (trying to laugh) It sounds funny already!

COOKIE: Everyone looks so beautiful.

CLAIRE: Cookie, I am Cra-zy about your dress. You always dig up the most original things. Where did you find this one?

COOKIE: Oh God, this one is sixty years old. It was my grandmother's. She brought it from Russia.

CLAIRE: Didn't you wear that for Muscular Dystrophy in June?

COOKIE: No, Emphysema in August.

CLAIRE: Oh, what a pretty cushion. Is that for Myra and Charley?

COOKIE: No, it's for my back. It went out when I was dressing.

ERNIE: Are you all right, Honey?

COOKIE: I'm fine, Babe.

CLAIRE: You and your back problems. It must be awful.

COOKIE: It's nothing, really. I can do everything but sit down and stand up.

ERNIE: Hey Lenny, is that your BMW out there? (laughing) It looks like you put a lot of miles on in two day!

LENNY: A guy shoots out of a garage and blind-sides me. Got a case of whiplash that you won't believe.

COOKIE: Oh, I've had whiplash. Excruciating! My best friend had it for six years! (She goes to sit down, but can't.) OOOOO  
OOOHHH OOOWWW

CLAIRE: What is it?

COOKIE: COOKIE: A spasm. It's gone. It just shoots up my back and goes.

ERNIE: Are you all right, Poopsie?

COOKIE: I'm fine puppy.

CLAIRE: Maybe you should sit down, Cookie?

COOKIE: Maybe, but I'll need my pillow.

ERNIE: What's going on here? You think I don't notice? Three people want to get me a drink. Claire wants Lenny to tell me a funny story. Lenny wants us all to go outside. Everyone is trying to avoid something! What? I don't know! Am I right?

COOKIE: I work fourteen hours a day. I cook thirty-seven meals a week. I cook on my television show. I cook for my family. I cook for my neighbors. I cook for my dogs! I was looking forward to a relaxing evening of not cooking! ... But I don't want to spoil the fun. What do we have to do?

ERNIE: Cookie dropped her ice bag and slipped against the stove. The hot platter was about to fall on her, so I caught it. It burned my hands so I dropped it on the table. It broke the water pitcher and the glass shattered on her arm and now she is bleeding like hell! I got a dish towel on her wrist and propped her up against the cabinet. But now I need some bandages for her arm and some ointment for my fingers ... I never saw anything happen so fast!

COOKIE: I've got a problem here, Claire. Can you help me? Erine went our the kitchen door to take out some garbage and the door locked behind him. My hands are full of grease and I cannot open the door. Could you be a dear let him back in?

ERNIE: I've got it. I've got it. Here's what we do. Charley is going to want to know what Ken told us. Ken tells Charley that he told us that Charley had a large benign wart removed from his ear this morning, but he's ok. Then suddenly, Myra's mother broke her hip this afternoon and that Myra took her to the hospital and is going to stay the night with her. The help, thinking the party was off, left the food and went home. It all happened so fast, they forgot to tell us. We all got here, we understood, and decided to cook the dinner ourselves ... That's the story!

AUDITION FOR CLAIRE AND LENNY

CLAIRE: ( enters with a bag of pretzels) This is very weird.

LENNY: Give me those. (He grabs the bag, then grabs his neck and winces)

CLAIRE: There is plenty of food in the kitchen, but nothing is cooked.

LENNY: (struggles with the bag) Why didn't you open this first?

CLAIRE: There's a duck, roast, ham, smoked turkey, all defrosting on the table. There's pasta sitting in a pot with no water.

(LENNY is preoccupied with trying to open the bag. He starts to bite it.)

CLAIRE: Everything's ready to go, but no one is there to start it. Doesn't that seem strange to you?

LENNY: (still struggling) Have you got something sharp – a nail file or something?

CLAIRE: Chris started to tell me something but then she clammed up.

LENNY: The door on my BMW opens like tissue paper, but this thing is like steel.

CLAIRE: Her hands were as cold as ice. She couldn't look me straight in the eye.

LENNY: (Still struggling) This would be a safe place to keep your jewelry! (Finally gives up and throws it away). Dammit!

CLAIRE: And why are they taking so long to get dressed? What is that about, huh?

LENNY: What are you so suspicious for? Give the people a chance to come down.

CLAIRE: Oh, you don't notice things anything is wrong?

LENNY: Yes, I noticed. I noticed the towels in the bathroom were piled up in the sink and not placed on the rack. I noticed there's only a sheet and a half of toilet paper. I think its sloppy, but not a scandal.

CLAIRE: Fine. Ok, forget it.

LENNY: I don't listen to filth and garbage about my friends.

CLAIRE: I said forget it!

LENNY: I have something to say, but it's not good.

CLAIRE: What's not good?

LENNY: What I heard.

CLAIRE: What did you hear?

LENNY: Will you lower your voice?

CLAIRE: Why? We haven't said anything, yet!

LENNY: All right. There's talk going around about Myra and ... This hurts me to say. Stand on my other side, I can't turn. ... (She moves)

LENNY: There's talk going round about Myra and Charley, only no one will tell it to me because they know I won't listen.

CLAIRE: Well I'll listen. Tell it to me?

LENNY: Why would you want to hear things about our best friends? He's my best client. I work for him!

CLAIRE: Well, I don't work for him. Tell me the rumors!

CLAIRE: When we were thinking about breaking up, didn't we tell people?

LENNY: We told friends. That bitch told strangers!

CLAIRE: Hey! Do not call Carole Newman a bitch to my face. Besides, she did not start the rumor, Someone else at the club told her.

LENNY: Someone at the Club? Who told her?

CLAIRE: Harold Green.

LENNY: Harold Green? Who the hell is Harold Green?

CLAIRE: He's a new member. He was just voted in last week.

LENNY: I never voted for him!

CLAIRE: Yes you did, by proxy. We were in Bermuda.

LENNY: I don't believe it. A goddamn proxy new member spreads rumors about my friend? Who does he play tennis with?

CLAIRE: He doesn't play tennis. He's a social member. He just eats lunch.

LENNY: That son of a bitch is a non-playing, proxy, social new member who just eats lunches and spreads rumors?

## AUDITIONS FOR CLAIRE AND LENNY

CLAIRE: (Talking into the phone) Joan? What a nice surprise! ...  
No, it's Claire. ... Yes, a terrific party ... Myra? Oh, she looks beautiful. She's wearing a Red Kimono. Mai Li's mother sent it to her. ... Wait. I'll let you speak to her. (handing the phone to Chris – Myra is not there) Here, you speak to her. (whispers) You're Myra.

LENNY: (waving a white towel as he gives orders) Chris, go inside and see what happened. Claire, go to the window and see who's coming. I'll go up and see how Ken and Charley are doing. ... I feel like I'm at the fucking Alamo!

LENNY: (Angry) I'LL GET YOU A TOWEL. I have to get the bandages first. (Politely to Glenn and Cassie) Excuse me kids. I've got to go up and get some bandages. (goes to Charley's door) Charley? Myra? Mind if I come in? (In Myra's voice) Sure honey, come on in.

CLAIRE: Charley's not dumb. He put two and two together, confronts Myra with it, she confesses, Charley kicks her out of the house, tells the servants to go home, and tries to blow his brains out!

LENNY: Suddenly, I can't talk from the Valium, and I'm bleeding all over the white rug. So I start to write a note to explain what happened, but I realize it looks too much like a suicide note, so I tore it up and flushed it down the toilet, just as they came in the room. They're yelling at me, "What happened? What happened?" But before I can tell them, I pass out. And that's the whole goddamned story, as sure as my name is ... (looks at monogram on Charley's bathrobe) Charley Brock.

AUDITION FOR GLENN AND CASSIE

CASSIE: Do I look all right?

GLENN: You look fine.

CASSIE: Well, I feel so frumpy.

GLENN: God, no, you look beautiful.

CASSIE: My hair isn't right, is it? ... I saw you looking at it in the car!

GLENN: No, I wasn't.

CASSIE: What were you looking at then?

GLENN: The road, I suppose.

CASSIE: I can always tell when you hate what I'm wearing.

GLENN: I love that dress. I always have.

CASSIE: This is the first time that I have worn it!

GLENN: I have always admired your taste is what I meant.

CASSIE: It's so hard to please you sometimes.

GLENN: What did I say?

CASSIE: It's what you don't say that drives me crazy.

GLENN: What I don't say? How can it drive you crazy if I don't say it?

CASSIE: I don't know. ...It's the looks that you give me.

GLENN: I wasn't given you any looks.

CASSIE: You look at me all the time.

GLENN: Because you're always asking me to look at you.

CASSIE: It would be nice if I didn't need to ask you, wouldn't it?

GLENN: It would be nice if you didn't need me to look, which would make it unnecessary to ask!

CASSIE: I can't ever get any support from you. You've got all the time in the world for everything and everyone else, but I've got to draw blood to get your attention when I walk in a room.

GLENN: Cassie, please don't start. We're 45 minutes late as it is. I don't want to ruin the night for Charley and Myra.

CASSIE: We're late because you scowled at every dress I tried on.

GLENN: I didn't scowl. I smiled. You always think my smile looks like a scowl. You think my grin looks like a frown, and my frown looks like a yawn!

CASSIE: I don't know what the hell you want from me, Glenn. I really don't.

GLENN: I don't want anything from you.

CASSIE: God, I knew it. ... I want to go home!

CASSIE: Oh, I'm behaving badly, am I? I get it. I'm the shrew witch wife who is making your life miserable. I'll tell you something, Mr. STATE Senator, I'm not the only one who knows what's going on. People are talking. ... Oh, I get it. That's what you're worried about ... Your career, your reputation, your place in American history! You know what your legacy will be? ... a commemorative stamp of you and your classless bimbo in a third rate motel!

GLENN: What's got into you tonight, Cassie? You are so hyper – you're out of control! ... You've been rubbing your crystals again, haven't you? I told you to put those damn crystals away. They're no good for you. They're like petrified cocaine!

CASSIE: (Very sexy and provocative) Please forgive me everyone. I know I have behaved badly tonight ... and I truly apologize. I have had a ... well, let's just say that it's been a hard day and my behavior has been just naughty. ... Why are you looking at me like that, Glenn? ... Oh, I get it ... this is just like that other night at the Democratic Fund Raiser Committee, when I got upset at that very attractive, very sweet, very attentive woman who I thought was coming on to you. I can see now how I could have been so wrong in my interpretation of her intentions.

GLENN: Unless you're into crystals, you wouldn't understand. Apparently, they have very special properties. You have to wash them in clear, spring water. They must be kept in direct sunlight. Cassie scrubs them every night with a soft, moist toothbrush. You never dry them with a towel. No. You put them on a sort of leathery cloth to air dry. They are very delicate.

AUDITION FOR OFFICERS WELCH AND PUDNEY

WELCH: (Busts in the door and enters. Stands there in the midst of dancing and loud music. Shouting over the noise...) Can you please turn that music off? (No Response) Can you shut that thing off, please. (No Response) SOMEBODY SHUT THAT DAMN THING OFF!

ERNIE: What the hell is going on here?!

WELCH: I'm sorry that I had to bust in the door.

ERNIE: Then why didn't you ring the bell first?

WELCH: I did ... five times! ... Well, now that we are all calmed down, I would like to ask you a few questions ... Who is the owner of this house?

KEN: We would be delighted to answer that, Officer, but as you know it is customary for you to inform us as to why you are asking us these questions.

PUDNEY: Let me guess, ... a lawyer, right?

KEN: That is highly likely.

WELCH: Well as a likely lawyer, you are very aware that you are not obligated to answer any of our questions. I was just hoping that we might have some cooperation in ascertaining the name of the owner of this house.

KEN: (pauses for a moment to think) Brock, Charley Brock.

PUDNEY: Well, may we please speak to Mr. Charley Brock?

CLAIRE: I'm sorry, went out ... to walk the dog.

PUDNEY: Then he'll be back soon?

CLAIRE: I don't think so, It's a dachshund and they take very small steps.

KEN: Actually Officer, he has returned.

PUDNEY: Well, then, may I please speak to him?

KEN: I am afraid that would be very inconvenient. You see we are celebrating their Anniversary tonight.

PUDNEY: I promise that it won't take long – I just need a minute of his time.

KEN: Well, he can't.

PUDNEY: And why not?

KEN: He's napping?

PUDNEY: Napping? During his Anniversary party?

KEN: Yes ... he did just get back from taking all those little steps with the dachshund.

WELCH: I don't know why we have so much trouble in this neighborhood ... Okay, for anyone who cares to listen and respond ... (Opens notebook) At approximately 8:15 tonight an auto accident occurred at the intersection of Twelfth and Danbury. A brand new Red 1990 Porsche convertible with New York license plates, smashed into the side of a brand new BMW four-door sedan. The Porsche was a stolen vehicle and was totally at fault.. Both vehicles left the scene. I am here to inform Deputy Mayor Charles M. Brock that the Porsche that he purchased as a present for his wife, Myra, for their anniversary has been in an accident.

PUDNEY: And finding the involved BMW in the driveway as we arrived, we would also like to speak to a Mr. Leonard Ganz who is registered to said vehicle.

KEN: Could you step outside for a minute, please? I would like to confer for a moment with Mr. Ganz, who is also a client of mine.

WELCH and PUDNEY: Of course his is!