THEATER AUDITION INFORMATION

"Lend Me a Tenor"

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Contact Information</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Last Name</td>
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<td>First Name</td>
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<td>Address</td>
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<td>City, State, Zip</td>
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<td>Phone (area code)</td>
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<td>Email</td>
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Are you employed during the day? If so, where?

Are you a Full-time LTC student?

Are you a student during the day? If so, where and what grade?

What dates (M - Th) are you unavailable to rehearse between Sept 4 and October 25. Be specific. Performance dates are October 17, 18, 19, 24, & 25.

List previous theater experience:

Which roles are you most interested in playing?

Is there a role that you would refuse?

Any other comments?

T-SHIRT SIZE (circle one)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Adult Small</th>
<th>Adult X-Large</th>
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<tr>
<td>Adult Medium</td>
<td>Adult XXLarge</td>
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<td>Adult Large</td>
<td>Adult XXXLarge</td>
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Available for $25

Hooded Sweatshirt?  

What size?  

Audition Role Information

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>MAX</td>
<td>assistant to Saunders</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAGGIE</td>
<td>Max's girlfriend and Saunder's daughter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAUNDERS</td>
<td>Maggie's father, General Manager of the Cleveland Grand Opera Co.</td>
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<tr>
<td>TITO MERELLI</td>
<td>a world-famous tenor, known also to his fans as Il Stupendo, a womanizer</td>
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<tr>
<td>MARIA</td>
<td>Tito Merelli's firey, jealous wife</td>
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<tr>
<td>BELLHOP</td>
<td>a bellhop who wants to be a star</td>
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<tr>
<td>DIANA</td>
<td>a soprano who is interested in Tito</td>
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<tr>
<td>JULIA</td>
<td>Chariman of the Opera Guild</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Act I</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Scene 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAX</td>
<td>190</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MAGGIE</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SAUNDERS</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARIA</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TITO</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BELLHOP</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DIANA</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>JULIA</td>
<td>0</td>
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Lend Me a Tenor
Rehearsal Calendar

9/2/14 Auditions 6pm
9/3/14 Auditions 6pm
9/4/14 Final Casting

9/8/14 First Read-Through 6:30
9/9/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/10/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/11/14 NO REHEARSAL

9/15/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/16/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/17/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/18/14 Rehearsal 6:30

9/22/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/23/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/24/14 Rehearsal 6:30
9/25/14 Rehearsal 6:30

9/29/14 Rehearsal 6:30 Sound Effects
9/30/14 Rehearsal 6:30
10/1/14 Rehearsal 6:30
10/2/14 Rehearsal 6:30

10/6/14 Rehearsal 6:30 Lights
10/7/14 Rehearsal 6:30 Costume Check
10/8/14 Rehearsal 6:30
10/9/14 Rehearsal 6:30

10/13/14 Rehearsal 6:30 Microphones
10/14/14 Rehearsal 6:30
10/15/14 Rehearsal 6:30
10/16/14 Dress Rehearsal 6:00
10/17/14 PERFORMANCE
10/18/14 PERFORMANCE
10/19/14 PERFORMANCE

10/22/14 Pick-up rehearsal 6:30
10/24/14 PERFORMANCE
10/25/14 PERFORMANCE
26-Oct Party at Barb's
Max. Maggie, the man is two hours late! The rehearsal starts in ten minutes!!

Maggie. He'll be here, Max. This is Tito Merelli. He's a genius. They just don't think like other people.

Max. So what are you saying? He's a grown man and he can't tell time?

Maggie. I'm just not worried, OK? (pause) Oh, Max, just think of it. Tonight. The curtain rises and he walks onstage. And suddenly there's nothing else in the world but that...that voice.

(pause)

Max. I can sing too, you know.
Maggie. Oh, Max-- (She laughs out loud.)
Max. I can! What are you--"Oh, Max."
Maggie. You don't sing like Tito Merelli.
Max. Not yet. OK?
Maggie. You don't.
Max. In your opinion. It's a matter of taste.
Maggie. It is not! I wish you wouldn't fool yourself. He's a star, Max. He sings all over the world. He's in Life magazine!
Max. So is Rin Tin Tin.
Maggie. And he's very sensitive.
Max. How do you know that? (Beat; She realizes she's caught.)
Maggie. (casually) Because I met him. Last year.
Max. ...You did? You never told me that.
Maggie. It was no big thing. When I was in Italy with Daddy, we went to La Scala and he was in Aida. Then afterwards we went backstage and...well, there he was, all by himself, behind the curtain. He was wearing a sort of...loincloth and his whole body was pouring with sweat. Anyway, he looked up and saw us and do you know what he did, Max. He kissed my palms.
Max. Yeah. So what?
Maggie. It was romantic.
Max. He's Italian! They kiss everything!
Maggie. Fine, forget it.
Max. If it moves they kiss it.
Maggie. Max!
Max. So what else happened?
Maggie. Nothing. (pause) Of any importance.
Max....Something else happened?
Maggie. Not really.
Max. Something sort of happened.
Maggie. It wasn't important.
Max. What happened!
Maggie. It was nothing! Oh--! (reluctantly; embarrassed)...I fainted.
Max. You fainted?
Maggie. It must have been the heat and all the excitement. I remember thinking suddenly, my God, it's like an oven back here. And we were talking and he sort of...stared right at me, and then I...blacked out.
Max. Oh, great. I mean this is terrific. My fiancee meets this--this sweaty Italian guy and she keels over.
Maggie. From the heat!...And I'm not your fiancee, Max.
Max. Wait a minute. Did I ask you to marry me or not? Huh? Remember that? What did you--you black out during the proposal?
Maggie. I heard it, Max, and I said no.
Max. You said you'd think about it.
Maggie. (taking his hand) Max. I'm just not ready yet. I want something special first. Something wonderful and romantic.
Max. I'm not romantic? I don't believe this. What do you call a rowboat at three a.m., huh? Moonlight shimmering on the water. Nobody for miles.
Maggie. You lost the oars.
Max. But it was fun! It turned out fun!
Maggie. We spent thirty hours in a rowboat,
Max.
Max. That's not the point!
Maggie. I haven't had any flings, Max.
Max. Flings?
Maggie. Flings.
Max. I've been asking you to fling with me for three years! I begged you!
Maggie. I don't mean that! I just feel that I need some...wider experience.
Max. Oh. Sure. I get it. You mean like Diana.
Maggie. Diana?
Max. Desdemona. Soprano.
Maggie. Oh, her.
Max. She's flinging her way through the whole cast. All the men are getting flung out. You should see the guy who plays Iago. He's supposed to be evil. He can hardly walk.
Maggie. Max--
Max. He's limping now--
Maggie. Max, listen. Let's be honest. When you kiss me, do you hear anything? Special?
Max. Like what?
Maggie. Like...bells.
Max. You wanna hear bells?
Maggie. I guess it sounds stupid, doesn't it.
Max. Yeah. It does.
Maggie. Just forget it. (A knock at the door.) Saunders. (offstage) Max!
Max. (torn) Maggie--
Maggie. I said forget it! (more knocking)
Max + Saunders

Saunders. I've got a thousand or Clevelander so-called cognoscenti arriving at the theatre in six hours in black tie, a thirty-piece orchestra, twenty-four chorus, fifteen stagehands and eight principals ... Backstage, I have approximately fifty pounds of rotting shrimp mayonnaise, which, if consumed, could turn the Gala Be-A-Sponsor Buffet into a mass murder...All I don't have is a tenor. Time.

Max. One-fifteen. (pause) I'm--I'm really sorry, sir. I wish there was something I could do to help.

Saunders. It's not your fault, Max. I wish it was. The question now is what to do if that irresponsible Italian jackass doesn't arrive.

Max. I...I have an idea about that, actually.
Saunders. You do?
Max. Yeah. I mean, sort of.
Saunders. Well spit it out, Max.
Max. The thing is...I mean, I was just--just thinking that...well...I mean...I could do it.
Saunders. Do what?
Max. Sing it. Otello. Sort of...step in. You see, I--I've been to all the rehearsals and I know the part and I--I mean, I could do it. I know I could.
Saunders. Otello? Big black fellow.
Max. Yes, sir.
Saunders. Otello, Max. He's huge. He's larger than life. He loves with a passion that rocks the heavens. His jealousy is so terrible that we tremble with irrational fear for our very lives. His tragedy is the fate of tortured greatness, facing the black and gaping abyss of insensible nothingness. It isn't you, Max.
Max. It--it could be. I mean, if I had the chance.
Saunders. (turning directly front, addressing the audience) "Ladies and gentlemen. May I have your attention, please. I regret to inform you that Mr. Tito Merelli, the greatest tenor of our generation, scheduled to make his American debut with the Cleveland Grand Opera Company in honour of our tenth anniversary season, is regrettably indisposed this evening, but...BUT!...I have the privilege to announce that the role of Otello will be sung tonight by a somewhat gifted amateur making his very first
appearance on this, or indeed any other stage, our company's very own factotum, gopher and all-purpose dogsbody...Max!" Do you see the problem?
Max. I guess so.
Saunders. Old women would be trampled to death in the stampede up the aisles.
Max. I see what you mean.
Saunders. Time.
Max. One-twenty. (a depressed silence)

(SAUNDERS picks up a grape and starts chewing. Then he realizes and spits it out and starts stamping on it in his fury. Meanwhile, the phone rings. MAX picks it up.)

Max. (into the phone) Hello?...What? Could you speak more slowly, please.
Saunders. If it's Julia, tell her she can take the shrimp and stuff it--
Max. (to SAUNDERS) Sir! It's him! He's in the lobby! (SAUNDERS runs to the phone and grabs it.)

Saunders. (into the phone, all charm) Signor Merelli! Benvenuto a Cleveland!...I will be down immediamente. Presto. (He hangs up.) All right, Max. This is it. You have your instructions. Key word, Max.
Max. Glue.
Saunders. Glue. You will stick to him like Max. glue
Saunders. and you will not let him out of your
Max. sight.
Saunders. You will drive him to the rehearsal
and then drive him back. You will give him
whatever he wants except
Max. liquor and women.
Saunders. At the performance, you will lead a
spontaneous
Max. standing ovation
Saunders. then return him to the reception,
keeping him
Max. sober
Saunders. with his hands
Max. to himself
Saunders. at which point he can
Max. drop dead
Saunders. for all we care. Good.
Max. Good. (Break. SAUNDERS crosses to
the corridor door, pauses.)
Saunders. Max!
Max. Sir?
Saunders. Get rid of that fruit bowl.
Max, Saunders,
Maria, Bellhop,
Tito

Saunders. (continuing) My friends, your suite.

Maria. So are you, I'm a-sure. (She flings her fur stole at MAX.)

Saunders. Thank you. I'll make the introductions, shall I? Signora Merelli, whom we did not expect, but could not possibly be more pleased to have with us. And Signor Tito Merelli, who needs no introduction. My assistant, Max.

Maria. Ciao.

Tito. (handing his hat and coat to MAX) How do you do. John.
Max. Uh, Max.
Saunders. (enunciating) Max.
Tito. John!
Max. (shrugging) He can call me John, if he wants--
Maria. My husband would like a-the john. He throws up. (MAGGIE sticks her head out of the bathroom. During the following, she tiptoes across the bedroom to listen.)
Saunders. Oh the john. Yes of course. Right this way.
Tito. Grazie. (TITO and SAUNDERS head for the john.)
Max. (to MARIA) The john. We--we misunderstood, you see, we usually say the STOP!!

(MAGGIE freezes. SAUNDERS and TITO stop. They haven't entered the bedroom yet, but TITO has opened the connecting door part-way.)

Max. (continuing) There--there--there's one in the lobby. It's much--much nicer. Cleaner.
Saunders. Are you all right, Max?
Max. Me? Fine. I just...they've got this terrific bathroom in the lobby. It's incredible.
Saunders. I'm sure that this one is peachy, Max.
Max. No. No it isn't. Trust me.
Tito. John!
Saunders. This way. I'm awfully sorry... *(SAUNDERS leads TITO into the bedroom--by which time MAGGIE has caught on and disappears into the closet, closing the door behind her.)*

Tito. Grazie.

Maria. *(to MAX)* Forgive a-my husband, eh?

*(She shouts.)* He's a-stupid!

Tito. SHUT UP!

Maria. SHUT UP A-YOUSELF!

*(TITO enters the bathroom and slams the door.*

*During the following, SAUNDERS listens at the bathroom door, concerned.)*

Maria. *(continuing, to MAX)* He eats a-like a fat a-pig. We have a-food on the train. He eats a-too much. Then we arrive, he wants a-lunch. "Done eat," I tell 'im. "You get a-sick. You won't be happy." He eats a-like a pig. Two plates. Why, eh? Why!? Because he likes a-bosoms.

Max. Bosoms?

Maria. He wants a-bosoms. Is that normal? You tell me. Eh?

Max. Well, its--it's--it's--I'd say it's unusual.

Saunders. *(returning to the sitting-room; jovial)* What is so unusual, Max?

Max. Mr. Merelli, apparently he...he'd like to have bosoms.

Saunders. Well...that's wonderful.
Maria. The waitress—eh?—she leans a-way over. "You wanna seconds?" He likes a-bosoms, he says a-sure. He's not hungry! He wants a-more bosoms.

Max. Oh.

Saunders. (a knock at the corridor door)

Excuse me.

(SAUNDERS opens the door to find the BELLHOP, who enters carrying two suitcases and a vanity case. Immediately, he bursts into song—the famous aria from The Barber of Seville.)

Bellhop. (singing)

Largo al factotum
della citta, largo!
La ran la, la ran la,
la ran la, la!

Saunders. Shut up!
Bellhop. Where is he?!
Max. Bathroom.
Saunders. Max!
Max. Sorry.
Saunders. Luggage in the bedroom, thank you.

Bellhop. Yes, sir! (MAX leads him to the bedroom.)
Saunders. (to MARIA) I'm awfully sorry about that. You'd think that people would have better manners.

Maria. Hey, it's OK. No big deal, eh? It happens a-ten times a day. Phone rings, I pick it up, I get Pagliacci. I go to the butcher, he skins a-the chicken, he sings a-me Carmen. (The phone rings.)

Saunders. (to MARIA) Excuse me.

Bellhop. (singing at the bathroom door, through the keyhole)

Presto a bottega,
Che l'alba e gia, presto—
Max. Hey!!
Bellhop, Saunders, Julia, Maggie

Saunders (at the door) Who is it?!
Bellhop (offstage) Room service. Coffee for two.
Saunders. We didn't order any coffee.
Bellhop. (offstage) You did so! Ask Max!
Saunders. Well it's cancelled!
Julia (going to the door) Oh stop it, Henry. You can't just let him stand there.
Saunders. Don't --!

(She opens the door. The BELLHOP enters, holding a tray with a coffee service on it. He also has a camera, hanging around his neck. He leaves the door open.)

Bellhop. Thank you, madam.
Julia. On the table, please.
Saunders. And then get out.
Julia. He's only doing his job, Henry.
Saunders. Well he can do it somewhere else.
Bellhop. Shall I pour, madam?
Julia. Thank you, that would be very nice.
Saunders. Julia, I want you out of here!
Bellhop. He's not very friendly, is he?
Saunders. Julia, please! You promised!
Julia. I wonder what's keeping Mr. Merelli?
Bellhop. Is he getting dressed?
Julia. Apparently.
Bellhop. (going to the connecting door)
Perhaps he needs some help with his buttons. You know these opera stars, they're helpless --
Saunders. STOP! (The Bellhop stops, his hand on the doorknob.) Take one step into that room and I will kill you.
Bellhop. Fair enough. I'll wait out here.
Saunders. You're not waiting any place, you're getting out!
Bellhop. Fine ... As soon as I meet him. (He sits.)
Saunders. You're not meeting him.
Bellhop. Max promised. That's why I brought the coffee. I'm a bellhop, not a waiter.
Saunders. Listen, you -- !!

(In a burst of anger, SAUNDERS grabs the BELLHOP by his shirt front and hoists him to his feet. Simultaneously ... MAGGIE appears at the sitting-room/corridor door dressed for the evening. She carries a single red rose.)
Julia. Henry!
Bellhop. Help!
Maggie. (rushing in) Daddy!?
Bellhop. Help!
Maggie. What are you doing!?
Saunders. (to the Bellhop) Are you getting out!?
   Bellhop. I'm getting wrinkled.
   Maggie. Daddy, stop it! What's the matter!?
(SAUNDERS drops the BELLHOP.)
   Bellhop (smoothing himself out) We had a slight misunderstanding. Then he went insane.
   Saunders. (to MAGGIE) What the hell are you doing here?
   Maggie. I came to see Mr. Merelli. To -- to wish him luck.
   Saunders. Well you're not going to, so get out!
   Maggie. Daddy, what's the matter with you?
Has something happened?
   Saunders (after a slight pause) No.
   Julia. He's been under a lot of strain lately.
Haven't you, Henry?
   Saunders. No!
   Bellhop. Yes you have, Henry. I can tell.
   Saunders. Get him out of here. I'm warning you ...
   Maggie. (to the Bellhop) This isn't like him at all.
   Bellhop. Oh yes it is.
   Saunders. Get out!! Now!!
Bellhop. All right!! (with dignity) I will be happy to leave --

Julia (to SAUNDERS) There.
Bellhop. As soon as I get one picture.
Saunders. Give me the camera.
Bellhop. No.
Saunders. (advancing) Hand it over, you little twit!
Bellhop. (retreating) Stay away from me!
Maggie. Daddy!
Julia. Henry! (SAUNDERS chases the BELLHOP around the sofa, with MAGGIE and JULIA chasing SAUNDERS.)
Bellhop. Hold it! (The BELLHOP snaps a picture of the other three, who pose momentarily without realizing it. Then, immediately the chase resumes.)
Saunders. I want the camera!
Tito. Tractors. Trailers. Trophies ...

Diana. Hi there. *(TITO stops dead. He looks at DIANA -- and drops the phone book to the floor.)* Surprised to see me? *(He shakes his head "yes" and wheezes.*) I told you I might drop in. Didn't you believe me? *(He shakes his head "no" and wheezes.*) Are you all right?

Tito. Dry ... dry throat.

Diana. Then perhaps I should order some champagne. What do you think?

Tito. Sure. Great.

Diana. May I use the phone? *(DIANA walks to the telephone. TITO watches her fascinated. She picks up the phone and clicks for the operator. Into the phone)* Room service, please. *(As she waits, she smiles at TITO. He smiles back. Into the phone)* Yes, I'd like to order a bottle of champagne ... *(to TITO)* Is Mumm all right?

Tito. She's fine, thank you.

Diana. *(into the phone)* Yes. That'll be fine. *(She hangs up.)* Well. You certainly are a fast operator, I must say. I barely know you, and here we are, alone in your hotel room with a bottle of champagne on the way up.

Tito. I'm just a tricky guy, eh?

Diana. Come here.

Tito. Huh?
Diana. Come here. *(She sits on the sofa and motions him to sit beside her. He does, cautiously. She faces him directly.)* Tito. Can I ask you a question?

Diana. I want you to be totally honest with me.
All right? Do you promise?
Tito. Cross a-my heart.
Diana. Brutal, if necessary.
Tito. Noo ...
Diana. Yes. Please.
Tito. OK. *(pause)*
Diana. Was I good tonight?
Tito. ... Good?
Diana. I'm sure it's difficult to make any lasting judgments, after having done it with me only once. But would you say I was ... exciting tonight?
Tito. *(trying to work it out)* We spent a-some time together, eh?
Diana. We certainly did.
Tito. Yeah.
Diana. Now I want the truth. Just take the big moment at the end. Would you say it was something special? *(no answer)* I can take it, believe me, Tito. I'm a professional.
Tito. A pro...? Oh my God. A professional!
Diana. *(hurt)* You don't think so?
Tito. No I do! I promise!
Diana. Well then? How was I? *(pause)* Tito?
Tito. I'm trying to remember!
Diana. (bitterly) I suppose you're telling me I was no good.

Tito. No! Hey! You -- you were great! You were fantastic!

Diana. You're only saying that --

Tito. No I swear! You -- you were unbelievable! It went a-by so fast, I can hardly remember.

Diana. Oh, Tito. Do you mean it?

Tito. Yeah. Sure.

Diana. Thank God. I'm so relieved.

Tito. Heh. This uh, profession. You take it a-prettily serious, eh?

Diana. It's all I've ever wanted to be since I was a little girl. Isn't that awful.

Tito. It's terrible.

Diana. Of course my mother was in the business.

Tito. Ah.

Diana. And my father was too.

Tito. You father?

Diana. I guess you could say it's in my blood.

Tito. You got something in you blood?!

Diana. Does it show?

Tito. No, no. You look a-fine.

Diana. And you thought I was good tonight. I mean really, really good?

Tito. Oh yeah. Great.

Diana. You have no idea what this means to me, Tito. Coming from you.

Tito. Heh ... Thanks.
Diana. I was so afraid you were disappointed. I mean, it's just so hard to tell with all those people there.

Tito. (after a slight pause) People?

Diana. You really are incredible, aren't you. You've had so much experience, you don't even notice them. I think that's wonderful.

Tito. People?!

Diana. Tito.

Tito. Eh?

Diana. Now, Tito, just supposing that I really am as good as you think. And supposing that I have the confidence and the stamina to make it in the big time, in New York ...

Tito. Yeah?

Diana. I was wondering if, perhaps, you'd like to introduce me to some of your friends. Is that possible, Tito?

Tito. Hey. I'm not so sure, eh?

Diana. Producers. Directors. The ones that matter. What about your agent?

Tito. My agent, she's a woman.

Diana. So? That's all right with me.

Tito. It is?

Diana. Of course! I wouldn't care if she was a kangaroo! The important thing is whether she's good or not. Right!? 

Tito. I guess.

Diana. All I'd need with her is five minutes. And if she doesn't think I'm special, at least I tried. I had a chance! ... Tito?
Tito. Hey, I do my best, OK?
Diana. You will?
Tito. If that's a-what you want.
Diana. Tito. How can I ever thank you?
Tito. My pleasure, eh?
Diana. It will be. I promise. (She kisses him, 
has a knock at