

Hate Mail Audition Information

Performance Dates

Thursday, February 12, 7PM

Friday, February 13, 7PM

Saturday, February 14, 7PM

Wednesday, February 18, 7PM

Thursday, February 19, 7PM

Friday, February 20, 7PM

Saturday, February 21, 2PM (strike to follow)

Characters

Preston

Male, Age 20's-40's - Spoiled, entitled and narcissistic mid-westerner; an intelligent and articulate writer whose life starts to spin out of control when an acrimonious, crazy, heartfelt and funny relationship starts through correspondence with Dahlia.

Dahlia

Female, Age 20's-40's - A sardonic, sarcastic, artistic, and angst-filled photographer whose life spins into chaos through tumultuous and hilarious exchanges with the spoiled Preston, taking her on a journey she didn't expect.

Scenes for auditions

Preston monologues p.11 and p.28

Dahlia monologues p.14 and p.25

Preston/Dahlia p.34

Preston/Dahlia p.39-41

PRESTON

Dear Big Apple Shop:

Your smug mantra—"there are no refunds, there are no refunds"—is infuriating!

The airline has refused to pay for the damages, and—as my girlfriend, Louise, has pointed out—they are probably justified in doing so. The flight in question was not an unusually turbulent one, and a far more delicate glass Christmas ornament purchased at the Metropolitan Museum for my mother was in excellent shape after the journey.

The shoddy quality of your product is the true culprit, as you well know! And it is responsible for destroying my favorite jacket, which now has an ugly blotch that repeated dry cleaning cannot address. I am enclosing a bill for it, allowing for depreciation in the year since I bought it at the Dayton's Men's Shop—copy of receipt enclosed. As you can tell from the price, it was a sophisticated blend of camel hair and cashmere.

I will point out that you may have been spared this further expense had you acted promptly and decently rather than simply parroting "there are no refunds" like some sort of zombie. There *will* be a refund!

Preston Dennis Jr.

PRESTON

I could not help but note the bitter tone of your recent letter. Please allow me to make a humble suggestion. As you may have gathered from recent correspondence, I have started a journey towards the light. The Creator forced me to countenance the future I was gathering towards myself by living out of balance.

I had run into a wall. While hurrying through Loring Park in tremendous agitation one evening, incensed by the rude service I'd just received at a nearby bistro, I was approached by an angelic young woman—a true Bodhisatva, in high witness—who immediately noticed the hell I was in, and gave me the remedy.

I now live here outside Whitefish, Montana, in a vibrant spiritual community. It is called Horizons Farm, and we are a completely self-sufficient vegetarian people who have come together out of an instinct that there is something more to this existence than what we've been taught. We work hard and sit in constant open witness for each other. It's glorious!

I'd like to offer this gift: for you to attend one of our introductory weekend intensives here in Whitefish. I'd be *delighted* to use my primary birth gift of money to send the necessary travel money. Our leader, the Luminous One, has given a hearty stamp of approval to this utilization of my earth resources!

In the meantime, I've enclosed a picture of the Luminous One—smiling, in high joy, as ever!—which may be of some comfort. I suggest putting this in a place where you can see it upon first waking, or perhaps on the dashboard of your car.

Praying for you and hope to hear from you soon.

Your servant, Preston.

DAHLIA

Dear Mr. Dennis:

Your subpoena arrived today. My boss nearly had a stroke. And being the bloodless petty tyrant she is, she told me I'd be fired if I didn't personally make this lawsuit go away by next week. So in hopes of keeping this crummy job which I desperately need right now, and getting you off my back, I enclose a check, from my *personal* account, for the \$475.00 you demanded. (I was trying to save money for some much-needed dental surgery, but I guess placating some whiny rich hayseed is just more important . . .)

I know when you live on top of Mount Selfish, it's hard to see the little people. Especially those of us without money to throw around, without the cash to enforce every jack-booted capitalist whim. But one day we will rise up, and you'll have nowhere to turn.

In the meantime, here are my life savings. Enjoy. I expect this will put an end to this correspondence.

Dahlia Markle.

DAHLIA

Mr. Dennis:

I received your letter, which has been forwarded to the police and the FBI. I used to date a cop, and you should know, she is very protective. Also purchased a Doberman Pinscher.

I am also returning your photographs in the sincere hope that you will GIVE ME BACK MY PHOTOGRAPHS AND GET OUT OF MY LIFE.

Excuse me for a moment, while I try and gather myself. My hands are shaking. SHAKING. You've invaded my life! I have been *invaded* by a Midwestern lunatic. It's where they all come from, isn't it? WHAT GOES ON OUT THERE?

My usual style of letter writing, I fear, has gone out the window as I find myself in such a state of total disgust that I may vomit at any moment.

Oops. There I went. Right into the wastebasket. You made me puke! Your letter made me puke! I can't believe this! Hugh Hefner, don't get me started on Hugh Hefner, just GIVE ME BACK MY PHOTOGRAPHS.

I mean it!

Sincerely, Dahlia Markle.

PS. If you think I'd be turned on by Polaroids of your pasty, lumpen body, then you need to immediately double the dosage of those happy pills you take.

DAHLIA

(Singing:)

P. You are my sunshine, my only sunshine . . .

I love Sante Fe! Life is so precious! Went out to get some black beans for breakfast. Keep the bed warm. Lovè, D.

PRESTON

Hello My Love: I am straining the limits of my earthly will and leaving the house to you, so you can do your darkroom work with proper concentration. But God, how hard it is to leave your side! These last few weeks have been a beautiful dream! I feel so blessed that we've found each other. The rest of the world has gently faded and there is nothing but our love. The laws of man and nature do not apply to us—we spin a new sparkling reality out of the tender threads of passion and affection emanating from our hearts like dewdrops on a . . . well, you know what I mean . . .

Thank you thank you THANK YOU DAHLIA FOR COMING INTO MY LIFE!

DAHLIA

Good morning, sweet pea! I left at the crack of dawn. Sudden inspiration to capture the light in Sassafras Canyon. (God, the morning light is beautiful here!) Took your Jeep. Could you pick up some soy milk? Thank you, bunny. And if you are at the co-op, go ahead and do some shopping. Here's a list: 3 avocados (make sure they have crinkly black covering, not the smooth green-skinned ones); 3 pounds of millet; half a pound of mung beans (ask on these, the last time, remember, you brought home soy beans); the natural cotton swabs, get the big container, we go through them like candy; 6 natural, free-range eggs, brown, get the free-RANGE, not the FREE-ROAM, fundamental difference; about 1 pound of carob chips, I'll make some cookies tonight if Preston is a good boy.

DAHLIA

P. Thought for the day: "Don't confuse activity with achievement."
D.

PRESTON

D. Here's another thought: "Don't confuse pretension with talent." P.

DAHLIA

P. Goddamn it! Don't dry my underpants! Please explain yourself! D.

PRESTON

D. Clean your own fucking underwear from now on. P.

DAHLIA

Question: Why was December 7th such an important day?
Answer: Because it *was* my birthday.

DAHLIA

P. Can I borrow \$1600 dollars? D.

PRESTON

I stand by my opinion! *All* of your work in the last month has been boring boring BORING! Shame on you for squandering your talent. Go back to the edge, woman . . .

DAHLIA

Be back late tonight. Pool party. After midnight. Don't wait up. D.

PRESTON

Found this work you've been hiding from me. You naughty girl! THIS IS BRILLIANT! This is back to the real stuff! *Naked people!* And not even erotic, but strangely pathetic!

Your model looks like Burgess Meredith as a *Playgirl* centerfold! Where'd you find this poor, sad-looking old guy with the wrinkled ass?

DAHLIA

That "old guy" is Steve. He thinks I'm fascinating. You think I'm a "horrible shrew." P.S. He works on my teeth. He's changing my life.

PRESTON

Sending this *par axion* from Amsterdam. Yes, Amsterdam! I have the money to do things like this, and you don't! Ha ha!

I'm sitting in a hash bar, smoking a cigar-sized spleef. This is a form of recreation I never fully appreciated until this moment. I am now crystal clear about many things: the illusory nature of time, the way each molecule works as a separate planetary system, and THE UTTER DESTRUCTION YOU WERE BRINGING INTO MY LIFE. Good riddance to you and your saggy-assed old dentist! P.S. I demand an apology.

DAHLIA

I have never apologized for anything in my life. But please come back anyway. I told Steve to piss off. He charged me for whitening! You are my only friend. I miss your little notes. D.

PRESTON

Thank you for your apology. Forgive me for leaving. I'm sorry. I love you. Here's \$5,000.

DAHLIA

Your mom called. She seemed surprised to hear my voice. I think I may have been rude, but I was just trying to make small talk. She wants you to call immediately.

PRESTON

Brace yourself! Me and Mrs. Preston Dennis Sr. of Lake Minnetonka, Minnesota, are coming here to Santa Fe!

DAHLIA

Your parents' plane due in at 5:45. I went grocery shopping. Express your love. You don't need to be frightened of them—they love you, remember that. You came from their groins. Love D.

PRESTON

I love you. I despise you. Unga bunga bunga bunga.

DAHLIA

Sorry about last night. I think I may have said a few obnoxious things at dinner. I drank too much wine, and I couldn't stop myself. Is that why things were so tense? Your mother is a monster. The look on that woman's face. Like something died in her mouth. I think your dad's personality has been kidnapped and replaced with a machine. And the way they treat you, like you're mentally incompetent. It's insulting. Anyway, I left a note under their door asking them to leave. I'm at the pool.