

THE PLAY – Auditions

Two nights of auditions ...

come and gone.

Some beautiful acting ... some not so ...

all to be expected, hoped for, appreciated ...

that they would care enough about ... about what? ... to come out and give it a try.

The highpoint was Silent Night ...

whether accident or on purpose,

a brilliant performance,

slowed from the start,

growing ever slower, more pained, more doubtful ...

introspection, realization, resolution bringing the words,

the voice, the singing to a silent, deeply inward, mid-syllable pause.

We sat, awed, moved, in silent reply to the sanctity of the scene just transpired.

There was more than one of those moments ...

Mimi in tears, laughing through the pain or beauty of what she just saw ...

the comic face and gestures of another ... a transgender Stan Laurel in our midst ...

the glance of an eye, a first reply, before a word was spoken – a heartfelt token ...

a monologue, given with transfiguring depth ...

the scene itself now dyed in shades of sorrow ...

Yes, we have a cast ... not made without sacrifice ... so many good actresses soon to be told no, through no fault or shortcoming of their own .

I learned so much about this little work from the big hearts of those who partook.

And I am grateful.

To one and all.