



## WHEN IT ALL FALLS— Audition Information

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### AUDITIONS

Sunday, May 3, 2025 / 12:00pm – 3:00pm

### AUDITION LOCATION

St. Louis Dance Theatre  
3305 Washington Boulevard  
St. Louis, MO 63110

### APPOINTMENT

Email: [hello@almastl.org](mailto:hello@almastl.org) or **scan the QR code** to schedule your audition time.  
If scheduling via email, specify the role you are auditioning for in the subject.



### SCHEDULE

Rehearsals: **Thursday, July 24**; and then **every Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday until August 14 (6pm)**  
Tech Rehearsals: **Tuesday, August 19 / Wednesday, August 20**  
Performance Schedule: **Thursday, August 21 (7:30p), Friday, August 22 (7:30pm), Saturday, August 23 (2:30pm and 7:30pm)**

### OVERVIEW

*When It All Falls*— a new stage play, *written by* Robert S. Harvey, *directed by* Tre'von Griffith, and *produced by* Alma, premiering in St. Louis. It invites the audience into a drama of five intertwined lives, each on a quest of becoming their favorite selves. Blending dramatic monologues and contemporary comedy, queer references, and pointed cussing, these characters require a strong commitment to the actor's discovery and development process. Through themes of love and desire, secrets and abandonments, hopes and risks with a familiar, contemporary Blackness, each character is bonded to the other by evocative overshares, relatable exchanges, and evolutions beyond their comfort zones.

### DETAILS

1. **Preparation.** Prepare two, 1-minute monologues of your choice: *one drama* and one comedy. If you'd like to prepare a monologue from the show, see page three (3).
2. **Headshot.** Bring a current headshot (or email it when scheduling your appointment). A selfie is acceptable if you do not have a professional headshot.
3. **Time Slot.** Please sign up for a 20-minute audition time slot. Plan to attend the entire hour, though you may be excused earlier, or stay slightly longer. We will do our best to keep auditions moving on time.
4. **Arrival Time.** Plan to arrive at least ten (10) minutes prior to the audition time for sign in.
5. **Characters.** Not all characters are represented. You will be considered for all appropriate roles, unless you specify otherwise.



6. **Non-Union.** Auditions are open to non-union actors of all races, sexes, creeds, orientations and abilities, ages 18 and older, who can act and move well, and who will make the commitment to be on time to all rehearsals, when they are needed.
7. **Compensation.** All casted performers will sign a non-equity agreement with base compensation: \$400 and contingent compensation of \$100 based on ticket sales.
8. **Availability.** Only actors available for production dates, tech week and rehearsals will be cast. Actors will be asked to help with move-in, set build and strike in some capacity.

#### **AVAILABLE ROLES**

<i>Dr. Alexander Hines</i>	25-35 years old, Black, male / a younger principal, driven by results / adopted as an infant / an overachiever: a blend of ‘the guy next door’ and ‘the man of mystery’ – a gentle soul, curious about everything, definitive about very little / nursing a broken heart / searching for home
<i>Andrea McCoy</i>	50-65 years old, Black, female / a teacher preparing to retire after 30 years in the classroom / a joyful spirit with a heart of gold / she is wrestling with many ‘new normals’, including a changing dynamic in her marriage to Walter / she’s been living with two big secrets
<i>Walter McCoy</i>	50-65 years old, Black, male / an attorney – partner in his law firm, frustrated easily and pessimistic at his core / he feels familiar, but irks those closest to him with unhealed traumas from his youth / husband of Andrea



## MONOLOGUES

*These are portions of larger monologues for actors to get a sense of characterization.*

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### **Dr. Alexander**

*'Life is not a series of standardized tests, Alexander,'* Dr. Tar loves to remind me. *'Life gives us invitations for growth.'* Then I must be the life of the party, because life is always inviting me to some shit. Whew. That felt good to say: *shit*. We have two weeks left in this summer break, and I like to use the summers to get all the cussin' out I can't do in front of the kids, ya' know? She hated when I cussed. Called it: "unsophisticated for a man like you." A man like me? Girl, I drink a Hennessy margarita (double), lite ice, and can sit on the porch talking shit with the best of 'em. A man like me? She thought because I went to Princeton, and had the public affection of Dr. Alexander or Alexander, that it somehow exempted me from the shit her parents didn't like. We bonded over our parents. My dad is Black. Vietnam vet turned Nation of Islam turned Baptist deacon turned CNN all-day watcher who believes in God knows what at this point. He's older than you think.

### **Andrea**

We've been married for twenty-seven years . . . twenty-seven. This November, together for twenty-nine. Me and my girlfriends were all dating around the same time, and we'd get together every Sunday after church to talk about our men. Listen, we were brunching before brunching was a thing child. They'd come in all giddy talking about the butterflies and laughter, walks at the park and drives to the lake. Cuddles on the couch and weekend escapades. I'd smile . . . and chuckle . . . and wonder, because that was not my story. When I met Walter, the sweet whisper of my momma played like a skipping CD: 'You gon' have to get a husband talking about teaching.' Now, to be clear, I was ten years in the classroom when I met Walt, so I didn't *need* a husband. But, it felt . . . safest, to say the least. And here we are. 58 years old. 37 years teaching. 29 years with one man. 27 years married to that one man.

### **Walter**

Ha! The memories! Whew, the memories! I remember taking the trolley to Olive and Boyle . . . right there on the corner . . . not too far from the Continental Life Building, me and the boys would go by Lou Bond's place, *Prestige Lounge*. My, my, my . . . the women . . . Lord, the women that Lou could pull in that place. That's why he used to call himself the "mayor of Natural Bridge." Niggas' always wanna' be the mayor of something, but can't tell left from right. One Thursday night . . . I was young . . . I'm talking 19 . . . 20, I met Laura Lockett Lewis, the one and only love of my life. Three songs and two drinks later . . . rum and coke with a few limes, thanks to Jo-Jo the bartender who poured the Spirits by the Spirit . . . and we were getting hot and heavy in the back by Lou's booth. If you knew how to angle yourself, nobody could see you back there, and *we had a time that night*.