

DENNIS SPENCER – Male, Black/Latinx late 50s.

PERSON: Dennis is an alcoholic unaware of his addiction. Despite being the life and soul of the party, he has far greater troubles internally. He is dry and sarcastic, although refuses to be the brunt of anyone else's joke. He doesn't like people becoming intimate with him in the fear that they will see past his external ostentation.

BACKGROUND: Dennis is an extremely successful dentist, although the mundanity of his career does not deter him from having a passionate love life. (There will be a great deal of humour brought out of this juxtaposition). Married to Barrie Spencer; the pair were renowned for their incredibly loud arguments. When Barrie is attacked, Dennis leads the fight to find her assailant, all the time dealing with the internal struggle that has come from the guilt of hitting her over the head with a hammer.

AUDITION SIDE.

No. It's OK. I can do this without a drink. I took the pledge, as they say. About fifteen minutes ago. And I am doing FINE. No problems here.

No problems now that got rid of the worst problem of my life. You see, I am a Yankee. Yup. White, male Protestant—actually atheist, but difficult to say that in this town. So OK—I am a Protestant, protesting secretly the expectation that I am supposed to live the way my parents did. Or do. Don't think me crazy, but sometimes I think I am still arguing with them. Dead, each of them, decades ago. But I argue with them only when I drink. Which I don't do now. Not for a good fifteen, maybe sixteen, minutes now.

So, what do we argue about? Well, you know, we Yankees are thrifty, never waste a penny. And I must admit, I never would have married my beautiful Barrie if my parents had still been alive at the time. Oho! I can just hear what they would have said. "From the looks of her, she buys all her clothes retail. Such a waste!" "Is that the hair color God gave her? And the nose? And the teeth?" Well, I could have used their advice actually. As I said to my Barrie so often, "I labor every day, all day, with rotting dental nerves, I need my space and my privacy when I get home. That's why I agreed to this McMansion only if I could have a man-cave—maybe more like a man-aerie—on my third floor. And then I come home and find that you have had contractors in here converting it into another closet for your STUFF? Well, thank goodness I am no longer drinking man—for the last fifteen—make that seventeen minutes, or else, I would take this hammer the carpenter left behind, and—I think a I need a drink.