

LEE MONTAGUE – Male, Latinx/Asian early 40's. Pretends to be British. Lee fakes his accent as he thinks it will get him further in the film industry. His American accent breaks through when he is not concentrating.

PERSON: Washed up leading man. Lee tries to wear his heart on his sleeve and yet, is incapable of sharing his real thoughts and feelings with everyone. He tries to be charming, but his charms always fall flat and he comes across as needy and desperate.

BACKGROUND: Some years back, Lee met Florence when he was making a brief splash on the Hollywood scene. Lee worked on the first movie adaptation of Florence's books and they became friends (and briefly lovers) during the period of filming. Despite the difference in their ages (Florence is ten years older than he), Lee, seeing that Florence was earning a great deal more than he, swept her off her feet and married her for monetary gain. When his career goes south, Lee, being cunning as he is, realizes that in divorcing Florence, he can become even richer. As Florence has always raised him in public ("my darling Muse and best editor a writer could want to live with"); he is claiming 50% of her royalties.

AUDITION SIDE British accent is iffy.

Florence, dahling, I think it's time you knew,—well actually I guess you have already surmised. . . . gathered, —that what used to be a flame between—amongst?—us two, has been somewhat reduced to an ember. It's not that I am not fond of you—will always be, dahling—but the May-December nature of our amour has , of late, shall I say—continuing with the metaphor, -- if I do say so myself, well, we are talking about ashes. Cold, dead ashes. Pity. When you think of how I was scarcely legal—twenty one, as I remember, and you, as a smart, successful novelist in her prime—which is what we said those days of any career woman under senescence—I never considered the ten-year difference in our ages as an obstacle. But now that—like every other leading man type who has seen better days,—now that I have to struggle to hold in the extra tire around the midsection, and I avoid mirrors in rooms not-so kindly lit, I have to consider my future. Which, taking into account our age differential, in the natural course of things may be longer than yours. Let us not forget that you are a good ten years older than I, Than me,— no, than I AM. So in consideration of various truths that will be not put down here—such as some very dubious evidence created by a certain author to incriminate a suspect later convicted of a murder, not to mention a totally fabricated back story providing a fictional career path for a not-so-criminal spouse who is now serving a life sentence—well, there are some cards I hold. And I shall always be SO fond of you, as I cash the alimony checks you will be sending me for the rest of your life