

Russell Hawke's Love Letter to Claudine

My dearest Claudine,

Parting this morning was such sweet sorrow. Alas, I have borne the separation with bravery, and a good deal of pacing the corridor outside your dressing room door. I promise, that is not as lecherous as it sounds. On second thought, perhaps it is a touch depraved, because I cannot stop imagining how enticing you looked this morning draped in that blue satin sheet with your hair mussed. My willpower should be applauded. A weaker man would have said to the devil with opening night and kept you in bed for days.

Is it truly bad luck for the leading man to see his leading lady before a performance? I suspect Lars and Natalia have duped me, although they appeared quite sincere. Blast! That is the trouble with thespians. How is one to know what is real and when they are acting? I am almost certain they were lying, but I thought it best not to tempt fate. Therefore, I have been robbed of the pleasure of your company all afternoon.

Mon amour, my insides are twisted into knots at the thought of disappointing you this evening. I can never hope to reach your level of perfection on stage, but I long to be worthy of standing opposite you. I am eternally grateful you did not deem me a lost cause. These past two weeks under your tutelage have been the best of my life. I adore you, Claudine. The deepest places of my heart – places I never knew existed before there was you – are filled with love. That you want to be mine delights me beyond compare, because I am undeniably yours.

*With loving devotion,
Russell*