



**BREAKFAST IS NO MEAL:** Emilia Clarke & Cory Michael Smith in *Breakfast at Tiffany's*. Photo: Nathan Johnson

Zero (0) stars

## *Theater Review*

# Skip this bland *Breakfast at Tiffany's*

**BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**

**By Truman Capote**

**Adapted by Richard Greenberg**

**Directed by Sean Mathias**

**Cort Theatre**

**138 West 48th Street**

**New York, N.Y.**

**(212-239-6200), [www.BreakfastAtTiffanysOnBroadway.com](http://www.BreakfastAtTiffanysOnBroadway.com)**

**By David NouNou**

Not even a stale "Bagel at Blimpie's."

Truman Capote wrote *Breakfast at Tiffany's* as a fast-read, short novella. I admit that I am not a fast reader; however, it took me less time to read the book than sitting through the interminable two hours and 20 minutes it took to perform this Broadway adaptation. Had it not been for reading the novella and seeing the glossy movie version to use as a framed reference, I would have had no idea what was going on in this dreary, dreadful stage version.

The novella has Holly Golightly (Emilia Clarke) as the free-spirited girl who moved to New York City and reinvented herself as a quirky bohemian. She is not that pretty but had an effervescence and a way of having men take care of and pay for her.

Starting in 1957 and recalled in flashback by Fred (Cory Michael Smith) to the 1940s, Holly was a rare creature that never wanted to be tied down. She was flighty and a phony flake, but a likeable one. Fred is the writer (gay but never mentioned in those days) who befriends her and lives in the apartment above her. It is an odd and inexplicable friendship. The play also has various boring people of no consequence flitting in and out of Holly's life as she does in theirs.

It is known that Truman Capote totally disliked the 1961 Audrey Hepburn movie version. In his book, Holly is not the incandescent Hepburn and Fred is not the gorgeous George Peppard, and there is no romance and happily ever after for them. What we now have is Emilia Clark as Holly, totally devoid of

charm or charisma, much like a high school senior's impersonation of Sally Bowles doing Holly Golightly. As Fred, Cory Michael Smith is so bland and lacking in stage presence that one wonders how he was cast in this part, with his Southern accent going in and out as rapidly as the set changes. There is absolutely no chemistry between these two. One wonders what these two see in each other to even want to be in the same room together. One of the biggest mysteries of the night is what George Wendt (Norm of "Cheers" fame) is doing in this show, in a thankless and pointless role, and why?

The stage adaptation by Richard Greenberg is tedious. The direction by Sean Mathias is lugubrious and misguided. The acting by the rest of the cast is so amateurish and over the top that they are laughable, and not in a good, comedic manner. The whole production design, from sets to costumes to lighting, is dreary, cheesy, and oh-so dark.

If you've seen the movie and cherish it, and get a hankering to see it again, rent it and just be dazzled by Audrey Hepburn. She may not have been Capote's choice to play Holly, but for the rest of the world, she has become the only Holly that we have come to love and accept.

***Edited by Scott Harrah***

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