



Thank you for auditioning for

**CITY OF ANGELS**

**THEATRE RALEIGH**

**ROLE: STINE**

For your local Raleigh Appointment please prepare the following:

- This full packet of material – you may or may not be asked for all of the material in the room, but please be ready.
- A song of your own in the style of the show
- Have your full book of music on hand

Please bring a headshot/resume otherwise we will not have one in the room.

We are looking forward to your submission!

Thanks so much!

Wojcik Casting Team

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**WOJCIK CASTING TEAM**

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CITY OF ANGELS

(STONE falls to the floor)

"Three shots, divided by two people . . ."

(ALaura, still holding the gun, watches STONE fall, a look of victory on her face)

"Somebody figures to die."

(A red stain appears beneath ALaura's heart. It is blood. She falls to the floor, dead. As STONE, wounded, reaches to PETER, who kneels to help him.)

"You can count it one of your better days if that someone doesn't turn out to be you."

(Iris out)

STINE SIDE

ACT II • Scene 18

START

Scene 18

STINE's office. DONNA listens, as STINE reads from a script, his suitcase and hat parked beside his desk.

STINE (Disapprovingly): "You can count it one of your better days if that someone doesn't turn out to be you."

(Turning to her)

Where is he?

DONNA: On the set. Production meeting.

(STINE finds the copy of his novel on the desk. As he looks for a certain page.)

STINE: So much to do before he shoots a movie. Re-designing all the set designer's sets, personally biting off all the loose threads on the costumes, inventing the camera. It must kill him when a picture opens and someone else gets to butter the popcorn.

(Finds the page, reads)

"Three shots rang out. It only took a second, but in that lifetime Stone learned that three could, in fact, go into two." What was wrong with that? Why'd he change it?

DONNA: He said he felt it telegraphed Alaura'd been shot, as well as Stone.

STINE: If he wanted something else, for a better reason than just wanting something else, I could have given him something else. And a hell of a lot better than this. Why'd

he have to do it while I was in New York?

DONNA (*Pointedly*): It was a big weekend for everyone, wasn't it?

STINE (*Ignoring that*): What was the rush to have this scene? It's the last one in the picture.

DONNA: He's going to shoot it first. It helps the budget.

STINE: He can't shoot this! It's full of holes. Christ, he's got Mallory in it! I've written an earlier scene where she's killed. I've got Mallory dead, he bounces her back to life — and vice versa, I'm sure. Does he realize how many changes these changes require? Is it possible someone can write, without knowing how to read?

(*Reading from the script*)

"Wild, bloodshot private eyes?" That's atrocious! Am I supposed to run up and down the aisles in every movie house in the country and say I didn't write that?

DONNA: I thought it was clever, to be honest.

STINE (*Realizing*): It's yours. It's your line.

DONNA: I tried to make it sound like you.

STINE: It doesn't rub off. Sometimes not even on me.

DONNA: I was covering for you. He'd have made it a lot worse, if I hadn't helped.

STINE: "Helped?" You'd need a divining rod to find the word "grateful" in me. Jesus, where the hell is everybody when they first deliver the typing paper? Where are all the "helpers" when those boxes full of silence come in? Blank. Both sides. No clue, no instructions enclosed on how to take just twenty-six letters and endlessly rearrange

them so that you can turn them into a mirror of a part of our lives. Try it sometime. Try doing what I do before I do it.

DONNA: You don't mind including *her* in your work.

STINE: Her involvement's aimed at getting *me* to be the best possible me. She doesn't want to be me herself. What's left? Any other surprises? Any more little changes? Stone going to be played by Betty Hutton?

DONNA: I'll tell him you want to see him.

STINE: But in your own words. I'm sure they'll sound just like me. Maybe better.

(DONNA turns to go, stops at.)

Donna. I thought we meant something to each other.

DONNA (*Before exiting*): Funny. I never got that impression.

STINE (*Sings*):

Funny, how'd I fail to see this little bedtime tale was  
Funny?

I could cry to think of all the irony I missed,  
What an unusual twist  
Right at the end of it.

Funny,  
Who could see that this pathetic scene would be  
So funny?  
Once you strain to find the grain of humor  
Underneath,  
Life double crosses with style,  
Forcing you into a smile  
So it can kick you in the teeth.

Just desserts,

**STOP**

serts, We can all laugh'till it hurts. At my ex-pense, I'm ac-

W.W. +8vb

Rhy. +tite sock Cym., Kbd's., Str's.

+Br.

Bas. II, Tbn. II, W.W., Br., Timp.

cus - tomed to work-ing on "spec," I al-ways pick up the check. I think it's

W.W.

open Br. *mf*

Dr's. w/snares, +Timp.

**START**

fun-ny, — Who could top or make this com-ic op'-ra more com -

W.W., Tpt. II

Str's., Pno., Synth/Str.

+Br.

L.H. Pno., Bs., Timp.

pel-ling? — You could weave in some de-ceil to ev-en up the score. —

Str's., Synth.

(W.W. to Sx's.)

38 You'd have us all on the floor, 39 That would be roar - ing - ly

40 (b) *cresc.* *f* *Tbn. I* *+ Tbn. I* *+ Timp.*

41 fun ny. Sad e - nough my life's a joke that suf - fers in the

42 *Sx's., Tpt. I, Str's.* *pesante* *f* *(Br., Timp.)*

43 tell - ing, Just an - oth - er hoar - y chest - nut from the bot - tom drawer;

44 *Kbd's., Vin's., Va.* *45* *marcato* *cresc.* *Br.* *Sx's., L.H. Pno., Cello, Bs. Timp.*

46 I've heard so of - ten be - fore, 47 That I can't laugh an - y -

48 *ff* *rall.*

div. Br. 49 50 51

more.

Cl., Sx's, Str's.

Br., Kbd's. L.H. *ff a tempo*

Bari., L.H. Pno., Bs. Dr's. Timp.

52 53 54

Pno. gliss. **STOP**

*ffz*

Sub

## No 32a

## Stone's Entrance

(Orchestra)

Cue: (J.Powers enters dressed as Stone) BUDDY: Jimbo!

Allegro

(Music out for dialogue.)

Tutti Orch. (except Synth.) *ff*

(El. Guil., El. Bs.)

+crash Cym., Timp.