



Thank you for auditioning for

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

THE JOHN W. ENGEMAN THEATER

INITIAL SELF-TAPE PLEASE PREPARE:

- Start with a Slate – Name, Height and location.
- 32 -bars of a song of your own in the style of or from the show. Your choice.
- The FIRST side in this packet labeled “Initial”. All other sides plus song cuts are for callbacks only.

In person callbacks are scheduled for October 25th and 26th in NYC. If you are called back, you should prepare the FULL packet of materials.

Please email staff@wojcasting.com if you have any questions or concerns.

Thank you!

Wojcik Casting Team

INITIAL

ACT TWO

START

Scene Three

See **Production Note #8: Alternate Act Two, Scene Three on page 161**

(LAWRENCE is showing CHRISTINE into his villa.)

LAWRENCE

Please come in. Welcome to my house, be it ever so humble.

(He moves to the staircase and strikes the same pose as in Act One, Scene Three, as CHRISTINE takes in the room. LAWRENCE snaps his fingers and the spotlight hits him as before.)

CHRISTINE

(looking around)

How gorgeous.

LAWRENCE

(misunderstanding)

Well, I just got a haircut.

CHRISTINE

I meant the villa.

LAWRENCE

Oh. Ja. That too. Why don't I show you around?

(He starts to lead her upstairs.)

CHRISTINE

What about Buzz?

(Suddenly FREDDY comes careening through the door, his chair screeching to a stop at the foot of the stairs.)

LAWRENCE

Ah, here he is.

(He continues to lead CHRISTINE up.)

FREDDY

(pathetically)

I'd like to come upstairs, too.

LAWRENCE

Certainly. Where are my manners? Please. Join us.

CHRISTINE

But he can't.

LAWRENCE

Of course he can; it's all in his mind.

(to FREDDY:)

Come on, alley-oop.

#15b – Staircase

(He leads CHRISTINE off, leaving FREDDY behind in frustration.)

CHRISTINE (O.S.)

Is he coming?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

Perhaps.

(The lights fade on the living room and come up above on a small elegant salon. As they enter.)

First I must show you the music room.

CHRISTINE

Oh my.

(moving to a small antique music box)

Is that a music box?

LAWRENCE

Isn't it lovely?

CHRISTINE

My grandmother sent me one just like it once from Amish country.

LAWRENCE

...Indeed.

CHRISTINE

Except it was a pretzel.

(He opens the lid of the music box. As a lovely tune begins to play:)

#15c – Music Box

LAWRENCE

They say in the old days the happy couple would come up here, take each other in their arms and dance away the worries of the day.

(He offers her his arms. A little shyly, she accepts and they begin to dance. After a moment.)

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry, was that your foot?

LAWRENCE

I believe so, yes.

CHRISTINE

I do that a lot.

(He smiles gallantly. They continue to dance more smoothly, a bit romantically even, when FREDDY comes crawling into view in the doorway.)

FREDDY

Ohhhhh...

CHRISTINE

Buzz!

FREDDY

I heard the music...and pulled myself up the stairs...and saw you and him...dancing!

(CHRISTINE starts to move to him. LAWRENCE gently holds her back.)

LAWRENCE

Please. He's a man, not an egg. We mustn't coddle him.

(He continues to dance with her, as FREDDY moans.)

FREDDY

Dancing...

CHRISTINE

I can't stand seeing him like this.

LAWRENCE

Perhaps you're right.

(He moves to the door and shuts it, clunking FREDDY on the head as he does.)

FREDDY (O.S.)

(muffled)

Ow.

(LAWRENCE moves back to CHRISTINE and continues to dance with her.)

CHRISTINE

But doctor?

LAWRENCE

Believe me, Fraulein, it's for his own good. I know it's difficult, but we must be strong.

#16 – *The More We Dance (Part 1)*

The more we dance, the more fun we have, the more he will want to literally jump out of that chair and join us.

END

THE SQUISHY LITTLE WISHY-WASHY CRAZY LITTLE STRUDEL
IN THE NOODLE MAKES HIM LAZY IN THE LEGS.

SO HOW CAN WE AFFECT HIS SOUL,
DIRECT HIS SOUL
TO MAKE HIM WHOLE'S THE QUESTION THAT HIS SITUATION BEGS

WAY DOWN DEEP DERE AT THE ROOT HE
REALLY WANTS TO SHAKE HIS BOOTY
SO I THINK HERE'S WHAT OUR DUTY WITH HIM IS

FIND A WAY WE MAY CONVINCHE HIS MIND
TO SEND A SIGNAL DOWN THE SPINE
TO HIS BEHIND, WHERE ALL THE RHYTHM IS.

THE MORE WE DANCE, THE MORE HE SEES,
THE MORE WE TEASE, THE MORE HE yearNS,
THE MORE HE YEARNs TO MOVE HIS KNEES
LIKE CYD CHARISSE, THE MORE HE LEARNs

THAT LIFE IS BURSTING WITH JOY SO LIVE IT
HERE IT IS BOY SO LIVE IT A CHANCE –

THE MORE WE DANCE, THE MORE WE DINE
THE MORE HE'LL WHINE, THE MORE HE'LL POUT
UNTIL HE FIN'LLY BOTTOMS OUT
AND THEN HE'LL RISE AND HE'LL SHINE AND HE'LL PRANCE –
SO LETS DANCE!

See Production Note #9: "The More We Dance" on page 164

**CHRISTINE SIDE 2
CALLBACKS ONLY**

(CHRISTINE)

State... How about four?

(She places the bet. The CROUPIER spins the wheel.)

CROUPIER

Mesdames et messieurs, les jeux sont fait. Numero dix-sept. Page.

ALL

Awww...

CHRISTINE

(to FREDDY)

I'm sorry.

FREDDY

(bravely)

That's okay. Excuse me.

(He stifles back a sob and starts to wheel himself away, bumping his way through the crowd as he goes. LAWRENCE leans in to CHRISTINE again, is about to resume his introduction, when...)

CHRISTINE

Excuse me

(She rises from the table and follows FREDDY out. LAWRENCE and ANDRE look at each other. The lights dim on the casino and come up on the garden just outside, where CHRISTINE is rushing to catch up with the whimpering soldier as he rolls away.)

#10a - Casino Terrace

START

Pardon me, are you all right?

FREDDY

Thank you, but I'd really rather be alone right now.

CHRISTINE

Oh, I'm sorry.

(She reluctantly starts to turn back inside, when FREDDY lets out a pitiful wail, grabs her hand and jerks her back.)

FREDDY

It's just that chip was my last hope. I thought maybe if I could spin it into enough to pay for the treatment... I'm so naive. I'm sorry; I can't believe I'm telling my troubles to a total stranger like this.

CHRISTINE

I'm Christine Colgate.

FREDDY

Sergeant Fred Benson.

CHRISTINE

(smiles)

See? Now we're not strangers anymore.

FREDDY

(smiles)

I guess you're right.

(then)

I don't mind for myself so much; it's just that Grandma was sorta counting on me to come back and run the farm.

CHRISTINE

Shouldn't the Army pay for your treatment?

FREDDY

It's a little more complicated than that. You see, my problem isn't really physical. It's emotional.

CHRISTINE

You mean — ?

FREDDY

Yes, I'm afraid what I have is... Dance Fever.

CHRISTINE

What happened?

FREDDY

You see, I was engaged to the most wonderful girl back in the States. We loved to dance. We wanted to be professionals. Then one day some talent scouts came to town with a contest for 'Dance USA.'

CHRISTINE

I love that show.

FREDDY

Me too, oh my God. We decided if we won, we'd pay off the farm, put Grandma in a home, sell the horses for glue and live happily ever after. Then suddenly it was the big night... We won! Somehow in all the excitement, we got separated. I looked everywhere. Then I went back to the studio, and there they were. Dancing.

CHRISTINE

Dancing?

FREDDY

Naked.

CHRISTINE

Oh my God. Who was she with?

FREDDY

The 'Dance USA' Orchestra.

CHRISTINE

All of them?

FREDDY

Just the brass section. That night I tried to sleep, but I just kept dreaming of them dancing, making love, dancing, making love...The next morning I woke up, and I was numb from the waist down. I've been this way ever since.

CHRISTINE

There must be someone who can help you.

FREDDY

Well, there is one psychiatrist...Dr. Emil Shüffhausen of the Shüffhausen Clinic in Vienna.

CHRISTINE

Well, why don't you go to him?

FREDDY

A man like Dr. Shüffhausen is in demand all over the world. His fees are astronomical. It's just not something I can handle.

CHRISTINE

How astronomical?

FREDDY

Fifty thousand dollars.

CHRISTINE

That is a lot of money.

(FREDDY sighs and looks away. His face goes white. A young couple is dancing on the casino patio.)

What is it?

#10b - They're Dancing

FREDDY

Oh, God. They're dancing. Dancing!

CHRISTINE

(to the COUPLE)

Can't you see you're killing him?

(CHRISTINE makes a decision, grabs the back of Freddy's wheelchair and starts to push him off.)

We're going straight to my room and write a letter to Dr. Shuffhausen about your case.

FREDDY

I've tried; it's no use. The money —

CHRISTINE

Don't worry about that. When the time comes, you'll have the money.

FREDDY

Cool.

END
(And she wheels him off. LAWRENCE and ANDRE look out from between the garden's potted palms. They have clearly heard the whole thing.)

LAWRENCE

Well, it seems the teacher has underestimated the pupil.

(ANDRE removes a small black address book from his inside pocket and begins to look through it.)

ANDRE

There is a man I know — Pierre the Knife. A master with the stiletto and an absolute magician at hiding the body.

LAWRENCE

Andre!

ANDRE

I give you my word of honor as a policeman, the case will be investigated in a very slipshod manner.

LAWRENCE

(no)

I just need a moment to think...

(The lights come up on Christine's Hotel Suite set over the casino. CHRISTINE watches as FREDDY gorges himself from an elaborate room service cart and reads a letter.)

CHRISTINE

Are you feeling any better?

FREDDY

(through a mouthful of knockwurst)

A little

FREDDY

Goodbye.

(They shake hands. A long moment and a sense they don't quite want to let go. FREDDY turns and starts off, but is stopped by the sound of voices off. They look at each other puzzled, look off toward the sound, as a group of elegantly dressed people enter, talking and laughing. The voice we hear most is that of a WOMAN, as she pushes her way through the crowd.)

START

WOMAN

Hold it... Hold on... Excuse me... Can I get past here? Gawd, what a hike.

(pulls out a walkie-talkie and speaks into it)

Ahoy, ahoy. Yacht there. We made it; bring up the bags, pronto.

(She whips off her hat and sunglasses and we see it is CHRISTINE.)

CHRISTINE

So, there you are. Long time, no see, huh, boys?

(LAWRENCE and FREDDY just stare at her stunned.)

So, first, intros. Nikos! Nikos! Get over here!

(She pulls a wealthy looking older MAN from the group and brings him over to LAWRENCE and FREDDY, who are wondering what the hell is going on.)

C'mon, everybody, I want you to meet Mr. Big Stuff.

(to LAWRENCE)

I was showing Nikos some property in Boca. He says, 'Paula, if I'm gonna invest sixteen million bucks, I want to do it someplace special.' I go, 'Like where?' He goes, 'How about Majorca?' And then it hits me, boom! Majorca, what are you kidding me? We gotta go meet Señor Majorca himself. So I go, 'Why not?' He goes, 'Why not?' And pretty soon, we're all going —

CROWD

(as one)

Why not?

CHRISTINE

So... Nikos Passalopolos, I'd like you to meet the king of Spanish real estate... Don Diego Fernando Alahambra.

#23 – Finale

(There is a long pause. CHRISTINE looks deeply at LAWRENCE. A few notes of 'Give Them What They Want' are heard.)

Well?

(The notes are heard again. LAWRENCE looks to FREDDY, who just slowly shakes his head no.)

(CHRISTINE)

(to LAWRENCE)

Aren't you going to say anything?

END

(LAWRENCE looks at CHRISTINE. He realizes he can go along with her or he can lose her. He takes a beat, then extends his hand to NIKOS:)

LAWRENCE

(in Spanish accent)

Cómo está, Nikos? Diego Fernando Alahambra de España.

NIKOS

Hello

CHRISTINE

You still got any of those situations available along the coast?

LAWRENCE

No, Paula. Sadly, they are all gone. Que lastima, eh? Never mind, Nikos. There's more where they came from, yes? Come on up to the house. We'll make up a big pitcher of sangria and talk.

(The group is starting off to the house, when CHRISTINE stops them, indicating FREDDY:)

CHRISTINE

Hey, wait a minute, we forgot somebody... our junior Partner himself, the little hombre Diego can't do without... the wiz kid Randy Bentwick.

(Note: This line works best, when Bentwick is almost imperceptibly divided into two words. FREDDY looks at CHRISTINE. He takes a beat, about to say something, when:)

LAWRENCE

Unfortunately, Randy is a mutt.

(FREDDY immediately closes his mouth and glares at him. LAWRENCE points the group offstage toward his villa:)

Vaya con Dios.

(The group is talking happily as CHRISTINE ushers them off. She turns back and looks at LAWRENCE and FREDDY, drops the character, smiles.)

CHRISTINE

Sometimes you get homesick for the damndest things.

CHRISTINE SONG 1
CALLBACKS ONLY

HERE I AM

Orch. by Harold Wheeler

FREDDY: "So, who's the dame?"

Maestoso

A **ALL:** **B**

The soap queen! The soap queen!

trem. Stgs + K2

Fl's, Cl, Brs. *ff*

PIANO *ff* F2 G7/B

+El.Bs, Timp, K2:Tbn/ Tuba

C **D** **E** **CHRISTINE:** "Oh, that's me!" **CHRISTINE:**

The A - mer - i - can soap queen! Would ya

+Hn. +Gtr.

Gb/F F7 F7

V.S.

1 **Colla voce**

look at that cof-ered ceil - ing. Look at that chan-de-lier— Ex - cuse me but how— I'm feel-ing, Is a

Cl.Brs.

+Stgs, K2:Stgs. +Bells *Sua-1* +Bells *(sim.)*

mp Cm7 Ab7 DbMaj7 GbMaj7 CbMaj7

El.Bs. Bs.(sim.)

LAWRENCE: "Well?"
FREDDY: "You're on."

4 hun-dred proof I could raise the roof I'm so hap-py to be here. 6 **Upbeat Latin** ♩ = 103

+Fl,Alto

f Unis.

F7 Gb7 CbMaj7 Cb6

7 I've been kind of mis - sing Mom— and Dad - dy, — Sort of in a spin— since Cin - cin - nat -

Gtr.

Shaker x x x x x x x x etc.

Bb6 Bb6/A Ab6 G Cm7 Cm/B

El.Bs. +Drs.(time)

10 11 12

i. — The morn-ing flight, a ma-jor bore — But then they o-pen the ca-bin door — And

w/Shkr, Gtr sim.

Cm⁷/B_b Cm⁷/F F B_b B_b⁷/D E_b E_{dim}⁷

The score consists of three measures. Measure 10 (labeled '10') contains a vocal line starting with a dotted quarter note on G4, followed by eighth notes on A4, B4, and C5. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line of eighth notes in the left hand. Measure 11 (labeled '11') continues the vocal line with a quarter note on B4, a dotted quarter note on A4, and a quarter note on G4. The piano accompaniment continues with similar rhythmic patterns. Measure 12 (labeled '12') features a vocal line with a triplet of eighth notes on G4, A4, and B4, followed by a quarter note on C5. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and bass line.

V.S.
(L.H. play)

13 14 15

— zoot a-lors! Here I am! Lord knows I had the will—and the re-sourc-

Fl, Sx's, Brs. Vln, K2

mf

Drs. Gtr.(as before)
+Shkr 16ths

B \flat 6 B \flat 6 B \flat /A

B \flat 6 B \flat 7/F \sharp F7

El.Bs. +Drs.(time)

16 17 18

es. But Mom and Dad kept say - ing "hold— your hor - ses" I

Fl, Alto, Tpts.

A \flat 9 G Cm7 Cm/B Cm7/B \flat Cm7/F F

El.Bs.(sim.)

19 20 3 21

guess those po-nies could - n't wait— Par-don me folks but they've left the gate.— I may be late— but Here I am!

+Hn, Bari Sx's, Brs.

+Tamb. (up's) (Shkr out)

B \flat B \flat /D B \flat 7/D E \flat Edim7 B \flat 6 G \flat 7 F7 B \flat

22 23 24

Ah, The way to be, to me, is French — The way they c'est la vie — is French — So

ENSEMBLE:

Fl, Vln, K2: Harp Fl, Stgs, K2

Brs, Alto: *mf* Cabasa Flug's, Alto

+Bells Mark Tree

+Bari, Tbn. Cm7 A^b9 B^bm/D^b G^b7

+Gtr, Bs. (8vb) Bs.

25 26 27

here I am, Beau mont sur Mer — A big two weeks on the Ri-vi - er - a. If I'm on-ly dream - ing please don't wake

Ooh

+Tbn. +Bari +Gtr. +Shaker mid, busy

C^bMaj7 C7 F7 B^b6 B^b6/A

Bs.

V.S.
(L.H. cue only)

28 29 30

me. Let the sum-mer sun and breez - es take me. Ex-

Ah Oo oo

Ab⁶ G7^{sus} G Cm7 Cm/B Cm⁷/B_b Cm⁷/F F

31 32 33

cuse me if I seem — je-june, — I prom-ise I'll find my mar - bles soon — But — ev-'ry-where I look

Ooh look

Shaker,+Tamb. Tpts. +Flt, Stgs, K2

B_b B_b/D B_b⁷/D E_b Edim⁷ B_b⁶ G_b⁷

+Bari

34 35

It's like a scene from a book O - pen the book and Here I am!

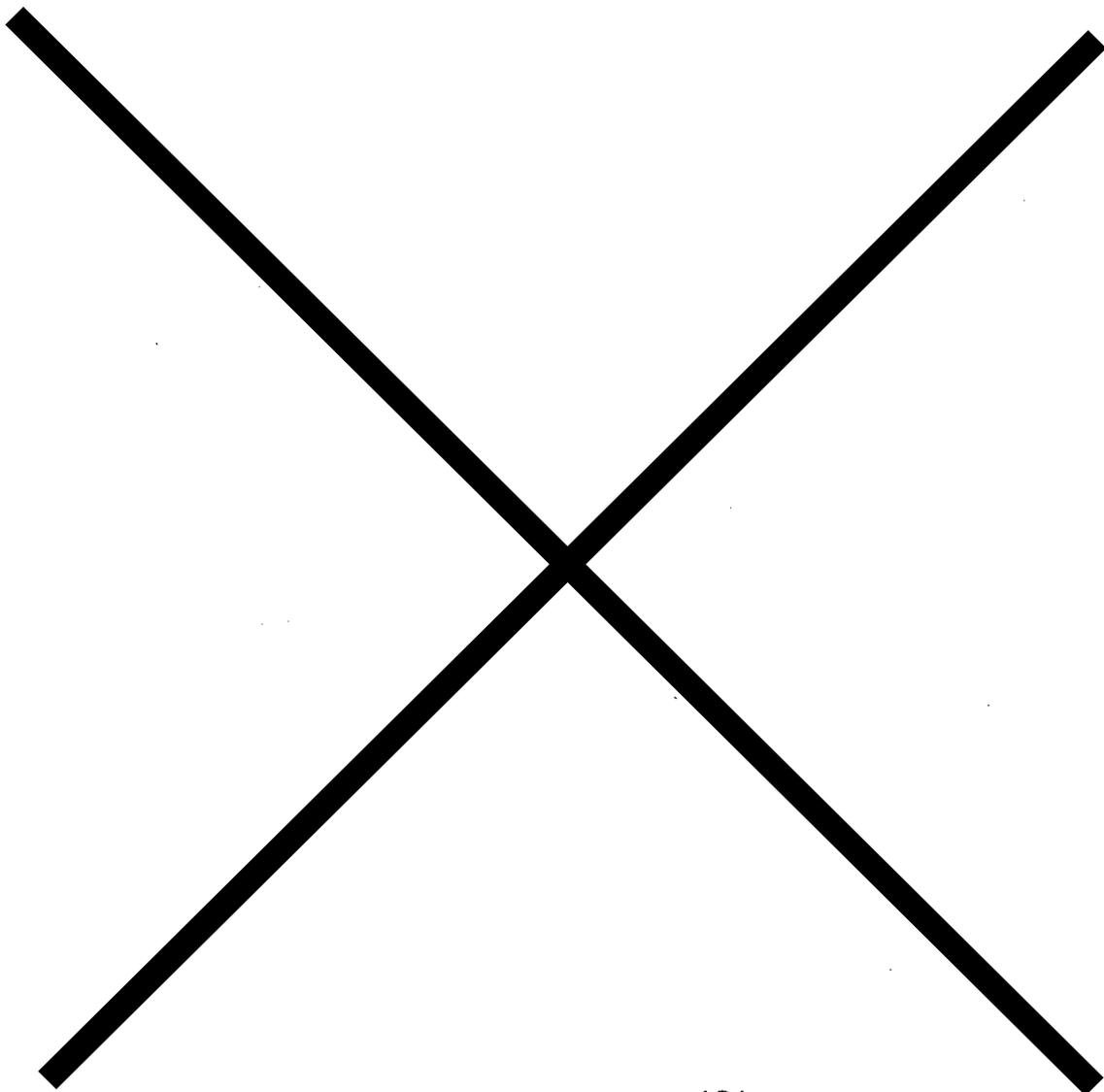
Ooh book

Sxs,Brs. f

Bb6 B7 Bb6 Gb7 F7 Bb

END

V.S.



56 **CHRISTINE:** 57 58

The leg bone's connect - ed to an - kle-bones connect - ed to feet-bones of
Love is my legs And you are my love So you are my feet-bones of

FREDDY:
Love is my legs And you are my love So you are my feet-bones of

WOMEN: **ALL:**

The leg bone's connect - ed to an - kle-bones connect - ed to feet-bones of

Stgs. # +Tamb. (on 3) →
+Sx's, Brs. (sus) Hn. +Sxs, Brs.

Pop style
f Gtr. (overdrive) G# C#m F#9sus4 F#7 G#m7 F#7 A#

+Bs. (8vb)

59 60 61

love Help me scrape the rust from my heart Blow the dust from my heart Then
love Help me scrape the rust from my heart Blow the dust from my heart Then
love Ooh ooh

Hn. Tpts, Tbn. G#m Δ7/G

B B/A# G#m

62 *3* *3* 63 *3* *3* 64 *3* *3*

help you ad - just to the trust that I thrust in your heart With your legs full of

help me ad - just to the trust that you thrust in my heart With my legs full of

ooh Ah Ah

G#m7/F# C#9/E# EMaj7

Big. gliss.

Bs.(8vb)
+Timp.

65 *3* 66 *3* 67 *3* 68 *3*

Love is your legs Love is your legs

love! It was all in my head Now you get on the bed

Love is your legs Love is your legs

Sxs, Brs. Tpts.

B Hn. B B/A B/A

69

Love is your legs _____ Love is your legs _____

I'm com-ing! Here I come! _____

Love is your legs _____ Ah _____ +Sus.Cym.

Sxs, Hn. _____

G#m Tamb.(sim.) B/A A A6

73

Faith is your feet _____ Love is your legs _____

Hope is your hand _____ Love is my legs _____

+Tbn. _____

Sus.Cym. +Gtr. _____

B B/A G#m7 B/F# EMaj9

V.S.

78 79 80 81

Love is your legs!

Love is my legs!

Tri.

Vln. Ob.

Fl, Clar, Hn. *mp*

STGS

Flugs, Tbn. *f*

+Gtr, K2

Bs, Vcl, Timp.(roll)

FINE