



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

MURIEL - SIDE 1

INITIAL

FREDDY

...Y'know, I think I'm gonna check out this Isla place.

LAWRENCE

Ah, well. Bertha will be disappointed, but perhaps it's for the best.

FREDDY

Yeah. Hey, listen thanks for the tip.

LAWRENCE

Freddy, believe me, it was my pleasure. Bon voyage, my friend.

(He kisses him on both cheeks. MURIEL enters, unseen by LAWRENCE, and witnesses this.)

FREDDY

Okay, settle down.

(LAWRENCE pats him on the back and exits. The WAITER brings FREDDY his lunch.)

Ah, great.

(FREDDY starts to dig in. MURIEL moves to the chair behind him, they sit back to back as he lifts the food to his mouth.)

START

MURIEL

Psst.

(FREDDY pauses, looks around, goes back to his food.)

Psst.

(FREDDY pauses again, looks behind him, notices her.)

I see you're a comrade of the France.

FREDDY

The France?

MURIEL

The man you were just kissing.

FREDDY

Hey, he was kissing me. I didn't even enjoy it.

MURIEL

Viva la Resistance!

FREDDY

Thanks, you too.

MURIEL

My poor brave soldier. I can't tell you how selfish I felt doing nothing, just lying on my back while he tended to the front.

FREDDY

Listen, lady, I think you may be a little off here. That guy's name was Lawrence Jameson.

MURIEL

His nom de guerre! It's all right; he swore me to secrecy, too. We met at the casino in Beaumont sur Mer.

FREDDY

(suddenly paying attention)

Beaumont sur Mer?

MURIEL

In fact, it's my money that's financing his mission.

FREDDY

(as it clicks in)

Is that so?

MURIEL

Perhaps he mentioned me. Did he mention me? I'm sure he mentioned me. Muriel Eubanks of Omaha, Nebraska? Lady Muriel by moonlight.

(a proud confidence)

He made me a dame.

FREDDY

I'll just bet he did.

MURIEL

I can't tell you how proud I am to have the Eubanks fortune support such a worthy cause.

(removing scarf)

Please. For His Highness to wear into battle. You'll be sure to give it to him, won't you?

FREDDY

Oh, I'll be giving it to him all right.

(MURIEL steps down to the footlights, as FREDDY and the train move off:)

END

MURIEL SIDE 2
CALLBACKS ONLY
ACT ONE

Scene Seven

(The Alleluia continues as UNDERSCORE. A simple indication of a church. ANDRE stands up to the side with A NUN who holds a collection basket. A statue and a group of tourists are moving into place. They are listening to a DOCENT who has her back to us. All as the statue is arriving:)

ANDRE

With the compliments
of Monsieur Jameson

NUN

Ah, merci.

NUNS

ALLELUIA ALLELUIA
ALLELUIA ALLELUIA
ALLELUIA ALLELUIA
ALLELUIA

(As the NUN exits with ANDRE'S donation, we are hearing)

DOCENT

The Abbey of Beaumont sur Mer was founded in the year 1403 with a grant from Charlemagne in commemoration of a miracle that is yet to occur. Thank you for your attention. Ave Maria.

(The Group exits, the DOCENT turns around and ANDRE sees it is MURIEL.)

START

ANDRE

Madame...

MURIEL

Hello.

ANDRE

What are you doing here?

MURIEL

I have spent the last five days trying to find the Prince's country on the map. Is it to the right or the left of the Alps?

ANDRE

Yes.

MURIEL

Oh. Anyway, I thought as long as I'm here I should pitch in. I'm a docent at our museum back home and minored in Art History, so I know a lot about these places. Or I just make it up.

(as three more tourists enter:)

May I call your attention to the Rapture of Louise LeBoeuf. Following a brief career

(MURIEL)

as a Gregorian Chanteuse, this poor peasant girl married the CEO of a major pharmaceutical company, and after eighteen years of devotion caught him with a dental hygienist half his age. Praying for guidance, she took him to the cleaners, had some work done, and voila!

(The tourists move off.)

ANDRE

That's not her story.

MURIEL

No, it's mine, but that story works in every century... Did His Highness receive my scarf?

ANDRE

Ah, yes, it was the hit of the battlefield.

MURIEL

You know, I've been searching the papers, but there's not so much as a mention...

ANDRE

Well, it's just a little revolution, we don't like to make a fuss.

MURIEL

Oh, but you must. If you'd like I can talk to some of the other women around town, rally the troops. You know I'm in charge of snacks for our neighborhood watch and telemarketing coach for our local PBS fund drive.

ANDRE

You have a lot of energy, don't you?

MURIEL

Well, I have a lot of time.

ANDRE

Yes, well, let me talk it over with the other rebels and we'll get back to you. In the meantime, it was lovely running into you, have a safe journey home, and goodbye.

MURIEL

Goodbye.

(She exits. She immediately returns.)

Maybe I should stay. Should I stay? I should stay.

ANDRE

Why?

MURIEL

Should he need me, if there's something more I can do.

ANDRE

Madame, please. Your generosity is already legend.

MURIEL

Oh?

ANDRE

(confidentially)

Between us, there is talk of a statue.

MURIEL

Of me?

ANDRE

Try to act surprised.

MURIEL

Oh, I am. I only got a tote bag from PBS.

ANDRE

(beat, then pointing off)

Well, there goes your group. Don't lose them. Goodbye.

MURIEL

Goodbye.

(She exits. She immediately returns.)

Could I be a stamp instead?

ANDRE

A stamp?

MURIEL

(indicating head and shoulders)

I think I'd rather be a stamp.

ANDRE

Then a stamp you will be.

MURIEL

Really?

ANDRE

An entire nation will lick your head.

(points off)

Look, they're getting so small in the distance, like tiny little people going away. Go, be one of them.

MURIEL

Goodbye.

ANDRE

We'll miss you.

MURIEL

Will you?

ANDRE

Only if you leave.

(She starts out, doesn't even make it offstage this time.)

MURIEL

I can't tell you how much this means to me.

ANDRE

And yet you're going to, aren't you?

END

See Production Note #6: Transition from Scene 7 to Scene 8 on page 158

*(She begins to sing:)***#9 – What Was A Woman To Do (Reprise 2)**

MURIEL

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE GIRL
 SO YOUNG AND INNOCENT,
 I'D KNEEL BESIDE MY LITTLE BED
 AND SAY A PRAYER I STILL REMEMBER –
 THIS IS HOW I WENT
 "LET ME HAVE LONG HENNING;
 LET ME LOOK GOOD IN SHORTS."

NOW I AM NOT A CHILD AND
 (HMMM HMMM) YEARS HAVE PASSES,
 I'D SAY THE MIRACLE IS DUE!
 YET I'M STILL SEARCHING
 VAINLY LURCHING AS THE WORLD SPINS ROUND.

WHAT IS A WOMAN, WHAT IS A WOMAN TO –

(Through the above, the set begins to change, the stained glass effect fading, the statue rotating to reveal a nude behind. MURIEL reacts to it and exits as we continue over into...)

WHAT WAS A WOMAN TO DO

Orch. by Harold Wheeler

1 2 3 4

Flute

Cello solo

Oboe

+Vln.

+Tpts, Hn.

mf

mp

STRINGS

Am² Am² CMaj⁷ B7(b9) (Bb7) (E7)

G# G F

w/pizz. Bs, Bs. Clar, Tbn (hold 'E')

5 **A tempo**

MURIEL: *loosely* 6 7 8

Last night I met a man be - neath a pale and haun - ted moon - A man no wo - man could re - fuse.

VC Solo style

mp

w/Vln, K2: Stgs, Vibes (held notes)

mp Am² Am^{Δ9} CMaj⁷ F#m7b5 F Am/E B7(b9) Dm7 E7

G# G# D#

w/pizz. Bs. throughout

9 10 11 12

Bold and as - ser - tive with a fur - tive air of mys - ter - y. — Mag - ic - lly long — of lash, — tra - gic - ly short of cash.

(VC out) +Rds, Brs.

+Hn solo

Am AmΔ7 C/G F#m7b5 B7(b5) Bb13

G# G#

+Bs. Cl.

V.S. (Am)

13 14 15

As he ap-proached he wore an au-ra of no-bil-i-ty, I wore these Fer-ra-ga-mo

Vln., Cl.

mp

Cl's

w/Vibes (con'td, 8va)

w/K2

Am +K2, VC, Bs. Cl. Am Δ 7/G# C/G F#m7(b5) F Am/E

+Drs: Foxtrot

16 17 18

shoes. This was at last, I knew, — my ren-dez-vous with his-to-ry. —

B7(b9)/D# Am Bb7 Am Am Δ 7/G# C/G F#m7(b5)

19 20

What was a wo-man, What was a wo-man to

B7(b5) E7/Bb E7

21

22

do? And when he smiled he lit the night with grace and con - fi - dence

Vln. +Flt.

Ob. *p*

+Gtr. arp's (K2, Vib out) +Mark Tree gliss

+Brass (held notes). A C#m/G# A7/G F#m A/E

(Bs. Cl. out)

23

24

25

His teeth were straight and clean and white just like a pick-et fence. I couldn-n't look di-rect-ly

Vln.

+Vibes (long notes) (Gtr, Brs. out)

D F#m F#m/C# C°7 Am/E E7 Am AmΔ7/G#

+Bs. Cl.

26

27

28

at them—they were that in-tense. What was a wo-man, What was a wo-man to

+Brs. *p* *mp*

+Gtr.

C/G F#m7(b5) B7(b5) E7(b5)/Bb Bs. (cont'd)

w/K2, VC

V.S. (LH tacet)

29

A tempo (under dialogue)

30

31

32

do? **FREDDY:** "Freddy Benson. What's yours?"

w/K2

(A7)

(G7)

(A7)

(G7)

w/Drs: Snare 16ths

(Bs. Cl. out)

33

34

35

36

(G7)

(F7)

(G7)

(F7)

37

38

39

40

(to 45)

FREDDY: "Well, some of us got it, some of us ain't." **LAWRENCE:** "I'll say."

+Vln.

(F7)

(Eb7)

(F7)

(E7)

+Cym. roll

+Bs. Cl.