



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

FREDDY 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. As he gets in the car, 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.)

That's great.

(FREDDY starts to dig in. MURIEL moves to the chair behind him, so he can't 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

FREDDY SIDE 2
CALLBACKS ONLY

(CHRISTINE)

State. How about four?

(She presses 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.)

START

#10a - Casino Terrace

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. Shüffhausen 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.

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

END

LAWRENCE

Well, it seems the teacher has underestimated the pupil.

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

ANDRE

There is a man I know — Pierre the Knife. A master with the scalpel and an absolute magician at hitting 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 seen 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.

Start

LAWRENCE

I will say we made quite a good team there.

FREDDY

Yeah, we did.

LAWRENCE

Of course I usually prefer working alone. However, special circumstances and all...

FREDDY

(agreeing)

Hey, I don't even like double solitaire.

LAWRENCE

(a moment)

So, I suppose you'll be moving on now.

FREDDY

(a bit surprised)

...Oh...Yeah... I guess so.

(A pause, as each waits for the other to ask for the proverbial second date. FREDDY coughs.)

LAWRENCE

I beg your pardon?

FREDDY

Sorry, what'd you say?

LAWRENCE

...Nothing.

FREDDY

Then neither did I.

LAWRENCE

Of course, if you'd prefer to stay on a bit, perhaps see what more you can learn.

FREDDY

I guess I could do that.

LAWRENCE

Oh good.

FREDDY

Y'know, just in case you get into another jam.

LAWRENCE

I don't get in jams.

FREDDY

Yeah, right.

LAWRENCE

Excuse me?

FREDDY

C'mon, if it weren't for me, you'd be out on the prairie plucking your own dinner.

LAWRENCE

Freddy, please. I will admit you were an effective prop, but —

FREDDY

Prop? Hey, Ruprecht was the star of that show; you were just the emcee.

LAWRENCE

I prefer to see myself as a ventriloquist.

FREDDY

Which makes me what? The dummy?

LAWRENCE

My God, that was easy.

FREDDY

Ha, ha, ha.

LAWRENCE

Oh, Freddy —

FREDDY

You know what? Forget it. I'm outta here.

LAWRENCE

Fine.

FREDDY

(a beat, then:)

I was doing swell on my own. I've been on my own since I was fifteen. You showed me the ropes. Thanks, thanks a yahoo. Don't worry about me. I'll do just fine.

LAWRENCE

Just you and your beets and your imaginary grandmother.

FREDDY

Hey. For your information that old broad was the most respected bookie in Saint Louis.

LAWRENCE

Saint Louis.

FREDDY

And she taught me a hell of a lot more about life than you. Talk like this, walk like that, zip your fly, don't snore at the Opera.

LAWRENCE

It was Wagner.

FREDDY

It was six hours! I mean, geez, I don't even want to have sex and eat bacon for six hours.

LAWRENCE

(a conciliatory feint)

I'm sorry, Freddy, I seem to have gotten under your skin.

FREDDY

(softening a little)

Yeah, well, y'know —

LAWRENCE

(hard and direct)

And that's why you'll never make it in this game.

(calmly overriding)

No, you're right. This is an arm's length business, my friend. As the man said 'We are the stuff that dreams are made on'. The dreams, not ours. What they want, not you. If you can have the patience and be detached, which I highly doubt, you'll get your castle in the end but make sure you build your walls high, because as soon as you let anyone else in, the game is over.

FREDDY

Yeah? Well, as the Coasters said, 'Yakety-yak.'

LAWRENCE

(murmurs)

I'm wasting my breath.

FREDDY

You know what? I think you're scared.

LAWRENCE

Of what?

FREDDY

Me. Face it, Pops, I'm younger than you, I'm charmer than you --

LAWRENCE

'Charmer?'

FREDDY

And I'm better looking than you.

LAWRENCE

(eyes narrowing)

All right, now you've gone too far.

FREDDY

If I was working this place, you'd be finished.

LAWRENCE

My boy, you wouldn't last two minutes.

#9a - The Bet

FREDDY

Wanna bet?

END

LAWRENCE

Are you challenging me?

FREDDY

Why not?

(A beautiful woman crosses the lobby.)

WOMAN

Hello.

LAWRENCE

Good evening.

FREDDY

Hey...

GREAT BIG STUFF

**FREDDY SONG 1
CALLBACKS ONLY**

Orch. by Harold Wheeler

START

1 2 3 4

FREDDY: "Teach me. Mold me. Make me your clay." I

Vln. *mf*

Hn.

AC. *mf* w/K2: Harp glisses, PNO. C/D Saxes/Tbn 8vb, Gtr.

D C/D

w/VC, Bs, Drs., Timp., Mark tree

FREDDY:

V.S.

5

6 7

thought I'd seen it all. — I thought I knew the score. — But com-ing here, — I've found a world I've

w/Gtr, Vln, K2

F/G +Cym rolls

+K2 (Timp. out)

A/G C/G

8 9 10

— ne-ver seen be-fore Now, I know where I be-long — A life of taste and class With

Hn.

Tpts, Tbn.

D7sus D F/G G

+Timp.

11 12

Rit. Tempo - Moderato

cul - ture and — so - phis - ti - ca - tion pour - ing out my ass. long fall-off

+Saxes

+Cowbell (K2, Stgs out)

A/G f D7^{b9}/_{b5} CLAVINET

+Bari Sax

Sub

13

14

15

16

17

18

(Freddy) What do I want? I want this. I want... this! I want... this! I thought I

w/O.D. Gtr (8vb),
K2: Cheezy Organ

+Congas: Time

(8vb) w/Bs, Drs. (throughout)
(Bari out)

19

20

21

had a re - al gift, That pen - ny - an - te gift But Fred - dy's get - ting rea - dy now to

(8vb)

22

23

24

give his life a lift. I'm tired of be-ing a chump I wan - na be like Trump Two

(8vb)

25

26

hun - dred pounds of ca - vi - ar in one gi - gan - tic lump. Gim - me

(8vb)

V.S.

27

28 29 30

Great Big Stuff! This is how I got-ta live Great Big Stuff! Uh-uh no al-ter-na-tive

Hns.

+Gtr.

AC. PNO. *f*

loco

+K2: Orch Hits

G7

31 32 33 34

Great Big Stuff! I want my sil-ver spoon Don't need it right now but I bet-ter get it soon.

CLAVINET

as before

Sub

Ab D7

35 36 36A 36B → 37 38

(Freddy) Oh, my God, the whole thing turns... Hello, ladies! I wan-na

mf *f*

(Sub)

39

40 41

man-sion with a moat A - round which I will float With some vast - bot-tomed ba - bies In my

Hns. \wedge Gtr. *slur* *sim.* \wedge

mf

(8vb)

42 43 44

glass bot-tomed boat. A house in the Ba - ha - mas Pais - ley silk pa - ja-mas

WOMEN:
house in the Ba - ha - mas...

(8vb)

45 46

Po - ker with Al Ro - ker and our friend Lo - ren - zo La - mas, Gim - me

(8vb)

V.S.

47

Great Big Stuff! I real - ly do de-serve it Great Big Stuff! With ser -

Great Big Stuff! Great Big Stuff!

Hns.

f *mf* *f*

+Gtr.

AC. PNO. *f* G7

loco

+K2: Orch Hits

48 49

50

vants who will serve it. Great Big Stuff! I don't give a damn what it's fer Ev' -

Great Big Stuff! Koo—

mf *p*

(Alto, Tenor out)

Ab

51 52

53

ry day's my birth - day Ev - 'ry night is my bar mit - zver.

54

ya yop yop yop

f

D7

55 (Chorus:) 56 57 58

Hey! Hey! Now listen up - Oh

Clar's, K2 (+8va) +Brs.

light R.H. Rhy w/Guitar

G7

CLAVINET

8vb

small gliss

END FREDDY:

59 60 61

give me a home — where the cen - ter - folds roam Guc - ci - o - ne on the phone, he got a

Basses:

Dum ba doo bee dum dum ba doo bee dum ba doo bee dum

sparse R.H. fills

(Gtr, K2 out) G7 +Bari, Tbn.

(8vb)

V.S.

FREDDY SONG 2
CALLBACKS ONLY

Piano/Conc.

7. LOVE IS MY LEGS

Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

56

CHRISTINE:

57

58

The leg bone's connect - ed to an - kle-bones connect - ed to 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) = $G\sharp$

$C\sharp m$

$F\sharp 9sus4$

$F\sharp 7 G\sharp m 7 F\sharp 7 A\sharp$

+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.

B

$B/A\sharp$

$G\sharp m$

Tpts, Tbn.

$G\sharp m \Delta 7/G$

62 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

oooh Ah Ah

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

Big. gliss.

Bs.(8vb)
+Timp.

65 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 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