



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 ONE

Scene Three

(Downstage in One, a desk in the living room of Lawrence's villa. ANDRE waits as LAWRENCE parcels out stacks of cash. As the desk moves on:)

START

LAWRENCE

Overhead, chateau, staff, staff pension plan. Your commission...

ANDRE

Merci.

LAWRENCE

And this for the Little Sisters of Beaumont sur Mer.

ANDRE

So much?

LAWRENCE

(moving to put cash in safe)

Let's not be greedy, my friend. Except for my brief run-in with that beet-eating Jackal on the train it's been a very smooth season so far.

ANDRE

Ah, please. Next to you, that so called Jackal was but a poor little pussy cat.

LAWRENCE

(smiles a bit)

I will say one thing for him. You could see he still enjoyed the game. I remember when I was first starting out... How long have we been running this act, anyway?

ANDRE

Let's see... At the time you had just turned forty and now you're thirty-six, so fourteen years.

LAWRENCE

Don't you ever miss that sense of danger and excitement?

ANDRE

No.

LAWRENCE

The fun of making it up as we went along?

ANDRE

No.

LAWRENCE

Still, there's something to be said for a bit of chaos now and then. The thrill of the

(LAWRENCE)

roller-coaster, the lure of the swirling eddy.

ANDRE

Be careful what you wish for. Fun is nothing to be taken lightly.

LAWRENCE

My God, you can be a spoil sport.

ANDRE

Well, I am the chief of police.

LAWRENCE

Don't we have some business to discuss?

ANDRE

We do.

LAWRENCE

Who's on our dance card for today?

ANDRE

(hands him 8x10)

The luridly wealthy Miss Jolene Oakes of Oakes, Oklahoma.

LAWRENCE

(looks at photo)

Hm. Pretty. Age?

ANDRE

Thirty-one.

LAWRENCE

Married?

ANDRE

Constantly.

LAWRENCE

Money?

ANDRE

Her people are in oil.

LAWRENCE

Crude?

ANDRE

Well, she is a little pushy.

(The doorbell rings.)

LAWRENCE

Ah. I believe the heiress is at the gate.

ANDRE

Ready?

LAWRENCE

One moment.

END

#4a - Villa Reveal

(He snaps his fingers and the curtain rises, as an easy, swinging version of 'Give Them What They Want' begins. The game's afoot. He snaps again. The villa is now revealed. Beautifully furnished, exquisite artwork, all in impeccable taste.

LAWRENCE dons the royal ring, mounts the stairs and strikes a pose. One more snap and a spotlight illuminates his perfection.)

Breeding's important, but lighting is everything...Show her in.

(ANDRE opens the door. FREDDY bursts in, slams the door shut behind him and throws it back against it.)

FREDDY

Gadzooks, drain the moat! The Prince's enemies have followed me.

(turns and sees LAWRENCE)

Oh, Your Majesty, I bring you this message from abroad. A real interesting broad, too.

(tosses him the scarf)

Run that up your flagpole you lying, cheating, dirty, rotten...Man, are you good.

(He bows at LAWRENCE'S feet. LAWRENCE just stares at him for a long moment, then:)

LAWRENCE

(calmly)

Hello, Freddy.

FREDDY

(hops up and moves around the room, taking in the furnishings, the view, the objets d'art:)

Wow! Wow! Wow! Wow! All I can say is Wow!

LAWRENCE

(moving to wall safe)

All right, how much do you want?

FREDDY

Ah, put your doubt away. I don't —

(suddenly notices another objet d'art)

Wow!

ACT TWO **LAWRENCE SIDE 2**
CALLBACKS ONLY

Scene Three

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

(LAWRENCE is showing CHRISTINE into his villa.)

START

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 S R U D E L
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 ROOTS
REALLY WANTS TO SHAKE HIS BOOTS
SO I THINK HERE'S WHAT OUR DUEL WITH HIM IS

FIND A WAY WE MAY CONVINCE 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 BURNS,
THE MORE HE YEENS TO MOVE HIS KNEES
LIKE CYD CHARISE, THE MORE HE LEANS

THAT LIFE IS BURSTING WITH JOY SO LIVE IT
HERE IT IS JOY SO GIVE 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

CALLBACKS ONLY

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.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

(calmly overruling)

No, you listen! This is an arm's length business, my friend. As the man said 'We are the stuff that dreams are made on.' It's theirs, not ours. What they want, not you. If you can have the patience to stay deaf and dumb, which I highly doubt, you'll get your castle in time. 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

'Charminger?'

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 there.

THE MORE WE DANCE (Part 1)

Orch. by Harold Wheeler

**LAWRENCE - SIDE 1
INITIAL**

LAWRENCE: 2 **Vamp** (vocal last x)
(*tacet 1st X*)

START

The squish-y lit - tle wish - y wash - y craz - y lit - tle stru - del in his

+Clar's, K2: Trem. Stgs, Stgs.

mp Cm⁶
w/Cym's, bongos

(Bongos out)

w/Bs. throughout

nood-le makes him la-zy in the legs. So how can we af - fect his soul, di-

+Tbn.

(Tbn. out)

G^{b6} G⁷

rect his soul to make him whole's the ques-tion that his si - tu - a - tion begs. Way down

+Brs., Drs.

G⁷ Cm

mf <

V.S.

11

12

deep dere at the root he real - ly wants to shake his boot - y So I

Vcl, K2: Stgs.

+Cabasa

Rubato

13

14

15

think here's what our du - ty with him is: Find a way we may con - vince his mind to

Clar's , Vln, K2

+Cym.
roll

Bs.

A tempo

16

17

18

send a sig - nal down the spine to his be - hind where all the rhy - thm is. The more we

+Cl's, Brs.

E7(#5)

Am

Snare
(Cl's, Brs. out)

+Tbn., Gtr.

3. THE MORE WE DANCE
(Part 1)

19

20 21 22

dance, the more he sees, The more we tease, the more he burns, The more he

Am (others out)
w/Drs, Bs, Congas

B7 E7 Am

23

24 25 26

years to move his knees like Cyd Cha - risse, the more he learns that life is

Am B7 E7 Am

27

28 29

burst - ing with joy so live it. Here it is boy so

Brs. , Stgs, K2

Flutes

p *mp*

+Gtr.

mp A7(b9)/C# Dm B7(b9)/D#

+Vcl, K2

V.S.

4. THE MORE WE DANCE
(Part 1)

30 give it a chance. The more we

(Stgs, K2 out)

E7

E7

32 dance, the more we dine The more he'll whine, the more he'll pout Un - til he

Hn, Vln, K2

mp

(Gtr. out)

Am B7 E7 Am

36 fin - ily bot - toms out and then he'll rise and he'll shine and he'll prance so let's dance!

Saxes, Gtr. +Brs., Stgs, K2: Hns

sfz

Am B7 (Congas out) Bb/E7

+Bari, Tbn.

+Timp., K2

Drs.

END

Segue as one to Part 2

LAWRENCE - SONG 2

CALLBACK ONLY

Piano/Cond.

4. ALL ABOUT RUPRECHT

Dirty Rotten Scoundrels

34 A Tempo - Light Swing

35 36 37

B.Cl.

mp

+Gtr.

G6 C9 G6 F# G6 C9 G6 F#

Bs.
Drs.(time)

START

38 sung: 39 40 41

Ru-precht's all a-bout sun and so-da pop Paws on pup-py-dogs, can-dy canes,

Cabasa

G C G C6 G C Bb F#

42 43 44 45

Ru-precht's all a-bout choc-'late bun-nies and Breez-y af-ter-noons and dai-sy chains. With a
Rd's,Brs.

W.B.

G C G C6 Bb Eb D7 G Am7

p

46

lit - tle broth - er like this You can't help but have a hap - py home. With

Fl, Cl. Cl, Brs.

Brs, B. Cl.

Bm7 E7^{b9}_{b5} E7/G# Am7 Ddim D7

Drs.(time)

50

style up - on grace And a smile up - on his face, And all that's mis - sing is a chro - mo - some. But

Rd's, Brs. Cl, Hn, B. Cl, Tbn.

W.B.

Bm7 Bb7 Am7 D7(b9) F#

54

Ru - precht's all a - bout hugs and val - en - tines, That's why peo - ple all

Hn, Cl.

G C G C G C

V.S.

Jazzy

57 58 59

say Hey Ru - precht! You're real - ly o -

Tpts,Hn. +Orch Bells

Cl's,Tbn. Drs.(fill) *mf*

Bm7 E7 Am7 D7(b9) +B.Cl,Tbn.

60 Light (Talk and action) 61 62 63 (To 68)

kay! **END** Cl.

Fl,Cl. +Orch Bells +Vln. *mp* *mf*

+Hn, Vcl. S.D. +Tpts, Tbn.

G⁶ C⁹ G⁶ D⁺/F[#] G⁶ C⁹ *mf* D⁷

68 69 70 RUPRECHT: 71 LAWRENCE:

Ru-precht's all a-bout cake and le-mon-ade, Milk-shake en-e-mas. Fun and play

Tpts, Tbn. Cl, Hn. Fl's, Cl, Orch Bells Brass

Cabasa

G C G C⁶ G C B^b F[#]