



Thank you for auditioning for

**WOMAN OF THE YEAR**

**J2 SPOTLIGHT COMPANY**

**FOR THE INITIAL SELF TAPE PLEASE TAPE:**

- Slate: Name, Height, Location
- A 16 bar cut of a song of your own in the style of the show
- The side in this packet labeled “Initial Self Tape”
- The song cut labeled “Initial Self Tape” (Mp3s included on the website.)

**IF YOU ARE CALLED BACK, PLEASE PREPARE THIS FULL PACKET OF MATERIAL. IF YOU ARE CALLED BACK, WE WILL BE NOTIFYING YOU OR YOUR AGENT VIA EMAIL WITH THE APPOINTMENT.**

Callbacks for J2 Spotlight are happening in person in NYC the week of March 6<sup>th</sup>. If you are NOT available to attend our in-person callbacks that week, please let us know in advance – either in your slate or as a note in your submission.

Please email [staff@wojcasting.com](mailto:staff@wojcasting.com) if you have any questions or concerns.

Thank you!

Wojcik Casting Team

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**WOJCIK CASTING TEAM**

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## SAM SIDE 1

## START

TESS. No thanks to you. You took longer getting dressed than I did.

SAM. I couldn't find my tux. How was I supposed to know that Helga pressed it and put it back in your closet? Where the hell was she, anyway?

TESS. (*indicating the curtains*) In there. I got her a ticket because she feels totally responsible for my winning this award. (*noticing what he's doing*) What are you doing?

SAM. I got an idea for the strip.

TESS. Don't tell me you're bored already.

SAM. Actually, it's pretty relevant.

TESS. I'll bet.

SAM. You want to hear it?

TESS. No thank you.

SAM. Katz says: "There's an award for everything these days—movies, plays, books, *women*, dogs, floor lamps, aluminum siding—there's even a new award awarded for the best award of the year. So what else is new."

TESS. Very relevant. There's a pretty good crowd out there—

SAM. This damn tie's choking me—Helga must've shrunk it. Tess, listen—I really ought to get out of here—

TESS. You're not thinking of running that strip, are you?

SAM. Look, Tess, I couldn't be happier that they named you the Woman of the Year, but you have to admit this award business is getting slightly out of hand.

TESS. I wonder if you'd feel the same way if they came up with a Cartoonist of the Year award.

SAM. They already have. And it just so happens that I won it.

TESS. You did? Why didn't you tell me?

SAM. I did.

TESS. I didn't hear you.

SAM. You never do.

CHAIRPERSON. Please be seated, Ladies and Gentlemen, we're about to begin.

SAM. They won't ask me to say anything, will they?

TESS. (*preoccupied*) I don't see why—

SAM. I gotta get out of here—

TESS. What did you say?

SAM. I can't stay here!

TESS. What are you talking about? Of course you're staying!

SAM. No, I'm not. But I'll tell you what—meet me in two hours for dinner—just the two of us. Is it a date?

TESS. Are you crazy? You *have* to make an appearance tonight, Sam—everyone's expecting to see you. What can I tell them?

SAM. Just tell them—(*his phony Chinese again*) Cow dung chow fon cooey—!

TESS. (*angered*) Oh, Sam, for Chrissake—!

SAM. I don't give a *goddam* what you tell them! Tell them anything you *goddam* please! Tell them I had something important to do.

TESS. (*quickly*) Who'd believe that you had anything that was important enough to—(*She stops, realizing what she's said, he freezes, as if struck in the face.*)

TESS. Are you staying here with me or not, Sam?

SAM. Wouldn't all those people out there be surprised to learn that the Woman of the Year isn't much of a woman at all? (*He turns to go.*) Goodbye, Tess. (*And he's gone. TESS is lost and confused for a moment. She takes a few steps.*)

**END**

**SAM SIDE 2**

48

WOMAN OF THE YEAR

Boys.  
BOYS!

(After song: SAM takes TESS' arm.)

**START**

SAM. Excuse me, fellas—Man talk—(He leads her back to the table.)

TESS. What's so important?

SAM. Everything—like how you feel about being you.

TESS. I feel very good about it. Always have. I like knowing more about what goes on than most people.

SAM. And telling 'em.

TESS. And telling 'em.

SAM. Then tell me about your husband. Ex-husband.

TESS. Larry? He's in Colorado. Runs a cute little newspaper in a cute little town. Married to a cute little lady named Jane—(stops, considers)—Jan. I've never met her. Sweet guy, Larry, a born husband.

SAM. But not yours.

TESS. He wanted a home, a family, a quiet, peaceful life—crazy stuff like that.

SAM. He certainly sounds certifiable. What did *you* want?

TESS. What I've got.

SAM. And that's it?

TESS. The whole story.

SAM. I know, "Film tonight at eleven."

TESS. What about *your* marriage?

SAM. Who said I was married?

TESS. You did.

SAM. I said Katz was married.

TESS. You mean you were never married.

SAM. Yeah, I was married.

TESS. Okay. So what happened?

SAM. She ran off with another guy.

TESS. A Siamese?

SAM. No, an Indian. A first baseman with Cleveland. She caught him off base and threw him out.

TESS. That's a sad story. Calls for another drink. Maury. . . !

SAM. No more drinks. If you're not careful you're going to wind up on the floor.

TESS. Are you serious? I come from a long line of diplomats,

mister. Diplomats know how to handle their liquor. You will not find diplomats on a barroom floor. Maury!

SAM. You're not hearing me—

TESS. I hear you, I hear you. Another drink, please.

SAM. (*He sees that MAURY's disappeared. He gets to his feet and heads for the bar.*) Wait here, I'll get it— (*TESS has opened her bag to get her compact.*)

TESS. Jean-Paul was right, you know—

SAM. (*as he goes*) Belmondo—

TESS. Sartre. Life is absurd— (*She drops the contents out of her bag onto the floor.*) Oh, damn— (*as she sits on the floor to retrieve her stuff*)— absolutely ridiculous. And what can you do about it? Not a helluva lot, right?

SAM. Right!— Are you okay?

TESS. Perfectly!— I mean, as Sartre said, and, uh, maybe he didn't even say it first because, uh, maybe it was Heidegger, come to think of it— And who knows, Heidegger probably got it from Kierkegaard because, uh, he was always getting things from Kierkegaard— as which among us has not? Where was I?— (*SAM has arrived back and squats down to hand her another drink.*)

SAM. Are you comfortable?

TESS. You mean sitting on the floor under a table in a saloon? No, I'm not comfortable. (*He puts his arm around her shoulder and she leans back, against his chest.*)

SAM. How's that?

TESS. Extremely comfortable.

SAM. Look, Tess—

TESS. I'm looking, Sam—

SAM. There's something I want to get off my chest.

TESS. (*sitting up*) I'm too heavy—

SAM. No. I just wanted to say— (*TESS' beeper goes off.*) My God, it's the little corporal again! The bastard must have radar!

TESS. I'll turn it off—

SAM. No, let me— (*He takes it from her and drop it into a glass of water where it gurgles and dies.*)

TESS. Poor Gerald—

SAM. Tess, listen to me— How come there aren't a bunch of guys around you that I have to beat off with a baseball bat? I mean, lady, you are something special.

**END**

INITIAL SELF TAPE

Start

Handwritten musical score for the song "I HATE HER ALREADY". The score is written on four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, starting at measure 59 with the lyrics "I HATE HER ALREADY" and ending at measure 60 with the word "YOUR". The second staff is the vocal line with lyrics "(E.Hus)" and "(BELL)". The third staff is the piano accompaniment, featuring chords and a melodic line. The bottom staff is the bass line, with chords and a melodic line. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and chord symbols. The number "53" is written below the piano part, and "49" is written below the bass part. The text "12-4CR" is visible in the bottom left corner, and "DIABETIC 800" is visible in the bottom right corner.

61

VOICE AND MAN - NER GET

(V.C.'S/CL.)

(PND)

F

62

63

UN - DER MY SKIN - WE'LL MEET A - GAIN I

(V.C.'S/CL.)

(+CL.'S/CELLO)

C<sup>o</sup> C C<sup>o</sup> C

(CELLI)

CELLO 2

Am Et

64 65

66

PROMISE I'LL PEN - CIL SOMETHING IN, BUT SLOIER

(CLICKS)

RALL -

(V.C.'S/CL.)

(HNS)

HP GL.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Dm<sup>7</sup> G<sup>7</sup> A6<sup>7</sup>

67 68

54 50

69 TEMPO

Musical score for measures 69-72. Lyrics: FOR THE MO-MENT LET'S NOT RUSH IT. THE

Handwritten annotations include: (70), (71), (72), FLS, EN HN, + TRPS, VLN, THR, ETC, Eb mi?, Ab7.

Musical score for measures 73-74. Lyrics: SWIFT EN-TANG-LE-MENTS

Handwritten annotations include: (73), (74), STG, Eb mi?, Ab7, Ab sus, Ab7.

Musical score for measures 75-76. Lyrics: END

Handwritten annotations include: (75), (76), VLN, Ab mi?, D9, Ab mi?, D9 P. GUSS, V.C. + GSN.



P.C.

- 9 -

"FUNNY PAPERS"

77

(76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83)

SEE YOU IN THE FUN- NY PA- PERS YOU'LL BE THERE DON'T WOR- RY MY

RALL. (CLICKS) (AD LIB)

Tutti

+ TENS (Y.C.)

+ STRS (any)

+ HIP

+ TEN

+ Ab7

CYM

(83) TEMPO

FRIEND.

+ STRS

+ TRM.S

+ BSN

+ BASS

END

Sam Side 2 - Sometimes A Day Goes By  
One Measure Intro Given

**CALLBACKS ONLY**

*a tempo*  
Cmaj7 Dmin7/C

It's hard - ly ev - 'ry - day, It's most un - us - u - al, in

*mf*

*cresc. poco a poco*

Amin7 Emin/G A9sus A9 *poco rall.*

fact, I can't re - mem - ber when, But...

*cresc. poco a poco*

*a tempo*  
Dmin7 G9sus Cmaj7

Some - times a day goes by When I don't

*f*

Amin7 Dmin7 G9sus

think of her — Till morn - ing comes, And

Emin7 A7 Dmin7 G9sus

then — there she is a -

*poco rall.* *poco rubato*

*dim.* *mf*

a tempo Cmaj7(13)

rall. poco a poco

gain. C

*mp* *dim.* *p*