

AUDITION MATERIAL
For "Take Two One-Acts"
Two One-Act Plays

By

Larry Springer

Auditions are Monday and Tuesday, January 9th & 10th
at 6:30 p.m. at the Ice House in Berkeley Springs, WV.,
located at the intersection of Mercer and Independence St.

** If neither of these dates
will work for you, contact
the directors Tom & Beth Brooks
to find a date/time that works:
(304) 596-1367

No experience necessary. Must be at least 18 years old.

You may attend one of the audition sessions, or both. You
can memorize the material, but it is not necessary. You
should at least be familiar with the material.

**Please bring a list of your conflicts for ALL days between
January 16 and February 26, 2017.

Thank You for Your Interest!

Produced through Morgan Arts Council's Ice House Theater Project

WARNING: Mature Language

"Take it Off" by Larry Springer**Character Description**

Lenny Singer	A trumpet player, just out of the Navy; seeking a good gig in a jazz combo or maybe even a big band.
Teddy Rosenfeld	Band leader and pianist at the Club Trocadero.
Sol Lupinsky	Drummer at the Club Trocadero.
Midge Johnson	Master of Ceremonies at the Club; mid-forties, dumpy, has no sense of style. Thinks he's a comedian and a great singer, but is neither, yet fancies himself headed for the Big Time.
Murphy	Tough-as-nails, no-nonsense bar tender at the Club.
Billie	A jilted jealous woman, looking for her husband, Buddy.
Mrs. Singer	Lenny's mother.
Sylvester	Sammy's buddy and regular patron of the Club.
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Liz Lee	Dancer at the Club, and a very attractive woman, involved in an affair with Buddy.
Cotton Candy	Dancer at the Club.
Countess Cassie	Dancer at the Club.
Delilah	A new dancer at the Club who likes Middle Eastern music.
Ben "Benno" Salieri	Owner and manager of the Club; tight with the mafia and will do anything for his friends, and will do anything to his enemies. On the lookout for the no-good Izzie.
Izzie Shapiro	Ex-trumpet player fired from Club Troc
Buddy	Plays at another club; he's Billie's husband, but cheating on his wife with Liz Lee.
Gimp	Employed at the Club to clean up, fetch things, and annoy people.

Also needed are **Congressmen, Club Patrons, Medical Personnel, a Cop, and a Stranger**

Please Note: Do not be concerned if the character you are interested in is not represented in one of the following scenes. Be ready to read for any character of your sex.

"Take My Demon...Please!" by Larry Springer**Character Description**

- Fred Murdoch** A middle-aged, strictly serious banker; keeps everything in his life as tidy as his numbers.
- Joyce Murdoch** Fred's wife, middle aged. She's gotten used to his orderly life, and strives to keep him happy. She has become accustomed to a life devoid of laughter.
- Millie Fenwick** Joyce's best friend, and the only one to bring a smile to her friend's face.
- George Brentwood** Fred's middle-aged friend and business acquaintance, and perhaps even more humorless.
- Gwen Brentwood** George's wife, middle aged; a socialite.
- Dr. Arthur Harwell** A family practitioner, about 60 years old; the Murdochs' trusted doctor.
- Mrs. Fenwick** Millie's mother, perhaps in her 70s; zesty sense of humor and loves the men.
- Dr. Bernie Blum** Chief of Psychiatry at the hospital.
- Sol Finster** An agent who books comic acts; dresses very garishly.

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JOYCE, FRED

This morning, as with every morning, JOYCE is preparing her husband FRED's breakfast. She prepares it the same way, every day. That is the way he likes it. She has no idea this morning will be any different, and she notices the change in an instant.

Joyce: (*Looking offstage.*) Fred, your four-minute-fifty-two-second, almost-but-not-quite-precisely-boiled egg is getting cold.

Fred: (*Starts talking offstage, enters speaking.*) I heard you, Joyce. Big meeting today. I need to look my best. (*Straightens his tie, pulls down his jacket.*)

Joyce: Well, you look absolutely topnotch. Now sit down and eat.

Fred: (*He sits down, tucks his napkin into his shirt and picks up his spoon.*) Oh my. What's this fly doing in my soup?

Joyce: What?

Fred: Looks like the backstroke.

Joyce: (*Looking into his bowl.*) There is no fly and that's not soup! Fred, are you alright?

Fred: (*Looking puzzled.*) Eh, what? I didn't say anything.

Joyce: Let's just eat. It's getting late.

Fred: (*Picking up the paper.*) Market went up again. Good, good. Yes, Joyce, today I can close the Parkinson deal...soon old Iron Pants will retire and who knows... How does "Fred Murdock, CEO" sound?

Joyce: After the years of 14-hour days, six, sometimes seven days a week - it sounds well deserved. But you've been looking tired, so I made an appointment with Dr. Harwell next week for a checkup.

Fred: I'm pretty busy...don't know if I can make it. Don't forget the Tom Delay Appreciation Luncheon. It's next Wednesday, and I certainly don't want to miss that!

Joyce: I know that, Fred. Your appointment is Thursday.

Fred: I really like Dr. Harwell - if you can't afford the operation, he touches up your x-ray.

Joyce: What? What did you say, Fred?

Fred: I don't remember saying anything. You must be hearing things...never mind. *(He finishes eating, and drinks his coffee.)*

Joyce: Will you be home the regular time tonight, dear?

Fred: I should be. *(Gets up from the table.)*

Joyce: Don't forget the Brentwoods are coming for dinner, and I do so hate to entertain by myself.

Fred: I'll be home by six. *(Exits)*

Joyce: Dinner's at 7:30. *(Calling after him.)* We're having ham, and I'm making a jello mold.

Fred: *(From off stage)* I'm not sure I want jello. I don't like anything that shakes more than I do.

Joyce: What was that, Fred?

Fred: I didn't say anything.

JOYCE, MILLIE

JOYCE has just gotten off the phone with her husband, who has relayed some disturbing information. MILLIE has already been informed of FRED's odd behavior, and tries to support her best friend JOYCE.

Millie: What happened, Joyce? Is Fred alright?

Joyce: I guess so...I really don't know.

Millie: What in the world was that all about?

Joyce: They were having their weekly meeting of the bank's officers and Fred...oh, God...
(She puts her head in her hands.)

Millie: *(Goes to the cabinet and pours Joyce a drink.)*
Here, drink this...it might help.

Joyce: Thanks Millie. *(Drinks it and coughs.)*

Millie: Now relax and tell me what happened.

Joyce: They had just begun the meeting and were drinking coffee when Fred said...oh my.

Millie: *(Starting to get angry.)* Damn it, Joyce, what did he say?

Joyce: Someone said the coffee had a funny taste and Fred said...he said, "If you think this is bad coffee, you should try my wife's. The pygmies come all the way from Africa to dip their spears in it."

Millie: He didn't.

Joyce: He did.

Millie: Oh my!

Joyce: And then...

Millie: He said more?

Joyce: He said, "Her coffee's so bad that the president of Columbia moved to Hershey, Pennsylvania."

Millie: Lord!...What did his boss say?

Joyce: He said that perhaps Fred wasn't feeling well and maybe he should excuse himself from the meeting and take a couple of aspirins.

Millie: Poor Fred.

Joyce: Poor Fred is right. He holds those weekly meetings sacred. Says it's like being in church.

Millie: I imagine it is for him.

Joyce: What's happening to him, Millie? Is...is Fred losing his mind?

Millie: I don't know...I've always liked your coffee myself.

Joyce: Please don't make jokes. This is serious. I don't know what to do...and what can I say to him when he comes home?

Millie: Just try to be understanding...make him feel everything will be okay...try blaming it on allergies, or sunspots... Oh hell, I don't know what you can say, but first you better calm yourself down. You're a wreck.

BERNIE, JOYCE, MILLIE, MRS. FENWICK, SOL

DR. BERNIE BLUM, a psychiatrist, has brought showbiz agent SOL to JOYCE's house to explain his plan to help her husband. MILLIE and her mother, MRS. FENWICK, have been invited because they are apparently part of the plan.

Bernie: Let me explain. When Arthur came by my office this afternoon and told me about your husband's affliction, it started me thinking about some similar cases I had read about in the journals. Instances of possession...where the spirit of another person no longer alive takes over the mind and body of another.

Joyce: Do you think that really happens?

Bernie: I've never seen it myself, but there seems to be a growing body of literature on the subject.

Joyce: That's truly amazing.

Bernie: So I called my friend Sol, and told him what was happening to Fred, and...

Sol: And I recognized the gags. A great comic of many years ago, boychick. One of the greatest.

Mrs. Fenwick: (*Banging her cane on the floor.*) Bring on the Chippendales!

Millie: Mother, if you don't behave, you'll have to wait in the car.

Sol: Now young lady, it's easy to see your mother is a lady of discernment, who enjoys an evening out now and then, right Mrs. Fenwick?

Mrs. Fenwick: Bet your buns, good looking!

Bernie: Well, since it Sol's idea, why don't I let him explain it.

Sol: Tell you what, folks. Everybody just take a seat while I explain what's going to happen. Okay -- now here is what I think. Since I was a kid back

in the 60s, I've been interested in the occult, weird phenomena, that kind of shtick. When my friend Bernie called me, I hit on it right away. Your husband, Mrs. Murdock--Fred, is it? Such a name, Fred Murdock. Who would believe it? Anyway, Fred has been taken over by the spirit of a comic...Who says a possession has to be an evil spirit? Where is it written?

Joyce: But why Fred? My God, of all people...

Sol: Perhaps opposites attract - who knows. But regardless, Fred has been possessed, and we've got to set him free.

Joyce: How?

Sol: Exorcism.

Mrs. Fenwick: Ha! What did I say - the right amount of food, sleep and exercise. See, Millie, Sol knows.

Millie: *Exorcize*, mother, not exercise.

Mrs. Fenwick: Big deal.

Bernie: Isn't that a religious ceremony, Sol?

Sol: Could be, boychick, but who says it has to be? We're not talking evil here. We're talking funny. You got a demon, call a priest. You got a comic, call an agent.

Millie: Why does that make sense to me?

MURPHY, SYLVESTER, SAMMY

MURPHY is the bar tender at Club Trocadero, a strip club in downtown Baltimore in the 1940s. He is speaking with two regulars, SYLVESTER and SAMMY, about the evening's entertainment.

Sylvester: This being Monday I figure you got some new
(*exaggerating the word*) Ballerinas appearing
tonight.

Murphy: Yeah, we got Cotton Candie, Countess Cassie, Liz
Lee, and Delilah. Wears a big old ruby in her
naval. Quite a stunner I hear.

Sammy: Damn, I wonder if she ever takes the ruby out?

Sylvester: I doubt it. Word is if she takes it out her ass
falls off!

(*Both men laugh loudly.*)

Murphy: You two are about as funny as hemorrhoids.

Sylvester: Speaking of hemorrhoids I heard tell Izzie
Shapiro got canned. He played a pretty good
trumpet. And he was also a man who could put some
very serious suds away.

Murphy: And he did well over his limit Saturday night...
Played like shit, fell off the chair, knocked
over our star attraction, (*holding his hands
above his head like a marquee*) "Let's all enjoy-
Helen of Troy New York!" Got her with her tassels
at half-mast. She stormed off stage, and Benno,
the boss, picked Izzie up like a sack of
fertilizer, chucked him out the door, then his
trumpet, with these words. "If I ever see you
within 10 miles of my club, shit heel, I will
kill you with my bare hands."

Sylvester: Where is he now?

Murphy: Last I heard he was converting to Catholicism and
applying to a seminary hoping Benno wouldn't kill

a man of the cloth. But knowing Benno's track record, I think Izzie better make Pope fast. Benno just might think twice about killing a Pope.

Sylvester: So Teddy and Sol gonna play without a horn?

Sammy: No way. Benno likes loud music for the girls. No horn, no Sol, no Teddy.

Murphy: I don't know, man. It's tough being a musician. Not a lot of gigs out there. Everybody can't play for Woody or the Count. Can't all be the jockey. Somebody got to shovel the horse shit!

Sylvester: And they said Shakespeare was dead.

Sammy: That does not answer the question, Sammy.

Murphy: Teddy said he'll get somebody...maybe dead, maybe alive, but some loser will be making the hardest 12 bucks he's ever made!

LENNY, MURPHY, TEDDY, SOL

TEDDY, band leader at Club Trocadero, and the other band member, SOL, are talking with MURPHY as LENNY makes his first appearance at the club.

Lenny: (*Entering*) Excuse me sir, is this the Trocadero Night Club?

Murphy: (*Seeing the kid*) Trocadero Night Club? You shittin' me? (*To the bar guys*) I think we got a Jehovah's witness here! (*To Lenny*) Just drop the pamphlet in the trash can and skedaddle before you see something you shouldn't see. (*Turns away from him.*)

Lenny: No sir, I'm not proselytizing. I'm looking for a Mr. Rosenfeld. I'm supposed to work here tonight. Is he here?

Sylvester: Holy shit...(*crosses himself*) It's the fucking Golem!

Lenny: No sir, I'm Lenny Singer. I play trumpet. Is Mr. Rosenfeld here?

Murphy: Two things kid. One, do not call me sir...and two, this ain't no night club, it's a strip joint. Ladies take their clothes off while you play loud. You can play loud I hope. Your life might depend on it!

Lenny: I guess there must be some kind of mistake. I'm... (*TEDDY ROSENFELD enters.*)

Teddy: Are you Lenny? I'm Teddy. (*Holds out his hand.*) Welcome to the Club Troc.

Lenny: Honestly Mr. Rosen--

Teddy: No misters here, okay, Lenny? I'm Teddy, he's Murph... (*SOL LUPINSKY enters*) and this sad excuse for a human being is Sol Lupinsky, our bump-and-grind specialist drummer. Sol, this is our new horn man, Lenny Singer.

Sol: Welcome to wonderland, Alice. I thought I knew everybody in this burg. You new in town?

Lenny: I got discharged from the Navy couple of weeks ago. Got my union card and asked them if there were any gigs available. I got a call from Mr.... er, Teddy, but I think we got our signals crossed. I'm more of a big-band or jazz-combo player. I figured a night club...well, you know.

Sol: Teddy, what kind of bullshit did you feed this kid? Hey Lenny, you been bar mitzvaed yet?

Lenny: Actually, Sol, I'm 22.

Sol: Christ, kid, we've got girls here who've got G-strings that old.

Teddy: Come on Sol, give me a break. You want to tell Benno we gonna play without a horn man tonight? Where'd you suddenly grow a pair that big?

Lenny: What happened to your regular?

Murph: *(laughing)* Yeah, Teddy, what happened to Izzie?

Teddy: He had an emergency...had to leave town...real quick like.

Lenny: Family problems?

Sol: Yeah. He had a sudden urge to have one one day.

Teddy: So anyway, I apologize for not giving you a better representation of the joint but we really need a good horn man. Just do tonight and see how it goes.

Lenny: Yeah, okay. I'm here and I could use the 12 bucks. Where's the charts?

Teddy: We don't use charts. They mostly dance to the same shit..."Night Train", "Blues in the Night"... "Ain't She Sweet", Delilah likes that

desert shit...Caravan, Miserlou, The Sheik of Araby.

Lenny: No problem...What's the routine?

Sol: Three choruses: Trumpet, Piano, Trumpet. Rim shots on major bumps and grinds. No big deal.

Teddy: Except when Midge sings. You'll have to live through that. Actually, some haven't.

Sol: The best thing is to forget everything you've ever learned about melody, harmony, and rhythm. They will only get in your way.

Lenny: Come on, your pulling my chain, right?

Sol: Lenny-boy, we ain't that mean! Let's go meet the girls. *(They walk off stage.)*

BUDDY, LIZ

BUDDY, piano player at another strip club, has been meeting up with LIZ, one of Club Troc's dancers, and they have been planning to run away together.

Liz: I don't want to talk about it anymore. This is going nowhere.

Buddy: Why can't you listen to reason? These 2 weeks have been fantastic for me and I know for you, too.

Liz: I've loved them...but that's it. I'm going to Philly next week and you are going to be in Baltimore playing the Two O'clock Club like you have been for the past three years. I'm single, you're way married. Do you see any problems inherent in this little fairytale scenario of yours? Is there a happy ending I'm not seeing? If so I'm all ears...(waits) I didn't think so. Go on, Buddy. We both got shows to do.

Buddy: Meet me here after your first show.

Liz: Buddy, let it fucking go.

Buddy: Five minutes, that's all I'm asking...Okay? Please. I've got a break at 9:30. I'll see you then. Five minutes, okay?

Liz: Not a minute more. (*Walks off stage.*)

CANDY, DELILAH

Two of the Club's dancers talk shop.

Candy: Another night in paradise...I hope that asshole with the fog horn voice doesn't come again. What a jerk. (*imitates patron*) "Hey honey buns...wanna play with my cotton candy tonight?"

Delilah: You've heard worse.

Candy: No argument there.

Delilah: By the way, how's your kid?

Candy: Doing fine. Starts first grade next week. I'm nervous as shit. I don't want those school people to know what I do for a living.

Delilah: Then don't take your clothes off at the first PTA meeting.

Candy: When we registered for school I told them I was in discount clothing.

Delilah: True...for about ten minutes a show. (*They both laugh.*) Hey, what happened to that trumpet guy who fell and bounced the Countess off the stage last night?

Candy: He's on an extended vacation - without renumeration, I might add.

Delilah: Yeah? Which hospital?

Candy: Don't know...don't give a shit. But we gotta have a horn tonight. Can't make 'em horny without a horn is what I always say.

Delilah: Yeah, I hear Teddy got some kid. Murphy told me the guy's name is Golem or some shit like that. I hope he's good.

Candy: I don't give a shit how good he is, but he better be fuckin' loud!

MIDGE

Excited as always, the Club's master of ceremonies MIDGE is ready to make his first stage entrance of the night.

Midge: *(to the band)* You boys ready? Cotton's up first. Bring me on with "Lover." *(Band plays first four measures, and MIDGE runs out onstage and grabs the mic.)* Good evening, ladies and germs. It's really great to be here at the fabulous "Club Trocadero." We got a great show for you tonight. *(pauses as he spots BILLIE come in and take a seat at the bar. Mutters to himself)* Oh, shit! *(then continues)* We got the sexiest gals in town. But first I gotta tell ya what happened to me on the way over. A bum stops me and asks if I could lend him 50 bucks for a cup of coffee. I said, "50 bucks for a cup of coffee?" And he said, "Well, you don't expect me to go into a decent restaurant looking like this do ya?" *(MIDGE laughs but no one else does.)* Hey, I just sold my old Hoover vacuum cleaner. Shit, it was just sitting there gathering dust. *(No laughter.)* Hell, folks, I can keep you laughing like this all night. So another guy comes up to me asks can I lend him a sawbuck 'til payday. I sez, "When's payday?" He sez, "How the hell do I know, you're the one who's working!"

Audience1: Shut the fuck up, Midge!

Audience2: *(overlapping)* Bring on the broads and let 'em take it off...

Audience3: *(as the men begin banging on the tables)* Shit yeah!

Audience4: Take it all off!

Midge: Okay, so let's keep the show rolling at the fast pace at which it's been rolling with the delightful, delectable and delicious Cotton Candy! *(Music starts...)*

CONGRESSMEN

The roles of the three CONGRESSMEN are representative of other small roles with very few lines. In this scene, these gentlemen have been have been partaking in libations (probably before they arrived at the Club) as they sit waiting the start of the show.

Congress1: Well, gentlemen, it seems we've started our congressional investigation in the right venue and not a moment too soon! It's amazing that the laws of this good Christian country allow this present-day Sodom and Gomorrah-ish behavior to take place.

Congress2: Indeed, sir, indeed!

Congress1: Good sirs, it may be necessary to prevail upon ourselves to endure another wicked presentation to make sure what we saw was not an aberration.

Congress2: Indeed, sir, indeed!

Congress1: That being the case, we best purchase us another flagon of drink to fortify ourselves for what our eyes must needs observe.

Congress2: Indeed, sir, indeed! And if I may ask, sir, why do you talk like Thomas Jefferson?

Congress1: I represent God's greatest creation, the state of Virginia. Need I say more? Now, go and see if Miss Delilah would be conducive to assisting us with our rigid investigatory questions after she finishes her night's employment. Valuable research to be had there, I'm sure. Barkeep! (*He signals for another bottle.*)

MRS. SINGER, LENNY

MRS. SINGER has been waiting up for her son to find out about his first evening of employment. LENNY is just coming in.

Mrs. Singer: Is that you Lenny?

Lenny: Yeah, ma.

Mrs. Singer: It's 2:30...I was worried to death.

Lenny: I'm fine, ma. You should be asleep.

Mrs. Singer: When I hear you come home I sleep. Where were you playing?

Lenny: *(pausing to think)* Uh...the Jewish Community Center... After the dance a couple of us went to Mandel's for a corned beef sandwich and an Almond Smash.

Mrs. Singer: That's nice...Sounds like you had a good time. *(pause)*...Maybe you met some nice girls also tonight?

Lenny: Ma, you wouldn't believe the girls I met tonight.

Mrs. Singer: And Mr. Rosenthal...He's a nice fellow?

Lenny: A very nice fellow...one of a kind! I'm working for him again tonight.

Mrs. Singer: But tonight you should come home earlier. You got school, remember? You got responsibilities.

Lenny: I know, ma, I'll come right home...I promise.

Mrs. Singer: I'll be up...

Lenny: I'm sure... Good night, ma. Love you...

Mrs. Singer: Good night *(pause)*...and don't forget...

Lenny: *(interrupting)* The milk and Tastycakes...Yeah, ma, I've been looking forward to it all night!