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Dirty Rotten Scoundrels  
Video Audition Submission Info

I am thrilled that you have chosen to audition for this summer's production of Dirty Rotten Scoundrels. This sheet will explain everything you need to do to submit your audition video.

We have basically skipped the initial audition process this year and gone straight to callbacks.

I would like you to **PICK ONE** character from the character breakdown and submit the designated sides (song and scene) for that character only. Please read the breakdown, listen to the songs, and read over all the sides, then pick the character that you think you are most right for based on your vocal range and type. **VIDEOS ARE DUE BY FRIDAY MAY 22<sup>nd</sup> @ 10:00PM**

For the **SONGS** you will be able to find the required tracks on our youtube channel. The Brass Ring Center for The Performing Arts. You will sing along with the track provided. There are voices on the tracks. That is on purpose.

For the **SCENES** you will need to have someone read the other character along with you, a parent, sibling, or friend. Only you should be in the video.

If you would like to only be considered for the **ENSEMBLE** all you need to do is fill out the audition form, have a parent sign the Updated Covid Policies page and return those two things via email.

Once your video is complete please email your VIDEO, AUDITION SHEET, and SIGNED COVID POLICY PAGE to [brassringardmore@gmail.com](mailto:brassringardmore@gmail.com). Make the subject line of your email "DRS Audition" followed by your name.

If the file is too large try sending via [sendspace.com](https://sendspace.com) or you may text message it directly to me at (580) 221-8767.

# DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

## Audition Sheet

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_ Gender \_\_\_\_\_

School \_\_\_\_\_ Grade (Next Year) \_\_\_\_\_

Parent or Guardian \_\_\_\_\_

Parent or Guardian Phone # \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Cell Phone \_\_\_\_\_

Email \_\_\_\_\_ @ \_\_\_\_\_

T-Shirt Size \_\_\_\_\_

Have you been practicing social distancing at all times? YES \_\_\_\_\_ NO \_\_\_\_\_ SOMETIMES \_\_\_\_\_

Theatrical/Dance Training \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ Years of training \_\_\_\_\_

Please list some of the roles you've had that best reflect your talent

Show	Role	Where
------	------	-------

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Please list ANY and ALL conflicts between May 26<sup>th</sup> and July 19<sup>th</sup>

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

## SUMMER YOUTH THEATRE POLICIES AND NOTES

The health and safety of our young performers is of the utmost priority. Please note that your agreement with the below policies will be required to participate.

In addition, revised protocols, rules and procedures concerning Covid-19 may be necessary to implement due to national, state or local regulation.

To enter the Brass Ring facility for rehearsals, shows, or other meetings:

- All performers will be required to wear a mask upon entering the Brass Ring facility doors and keep the mask on at all times. Brass Ring will provide a mask to each performer with the performer's name. The mask will be kept at the Brass Ring facilities and washed daily.
- Performers at vocal rehearsals will be given marks that are an appropriate distance from other performers and will be expected to remain there. Blocking and dance choreography will also entail distancing between performers.
- All performers will have temperature taken by a student instructor or assigned parent. If the student registers a temperature above 99.5 degrees. Parents or the drivers dropping off the performer agree to wait until their performer has been safely checked-in to leave the facility parking lot.
- Parents agree to discuss with their child the importance of wearing their masks, of keeping a safe distance from other kids (6 feet or more), and of minding their teachers' instructions even more so than in years past. Parents are encouraged to practice maintaining social distance with their performers. If the performer is unable to maintain social distance with their peers or consistently wear their masks, such repeated noncompliance may result in removal from the show.
- Only performers shall attend practices, and all others will be excluded from the facility during rehearsal and meetings.
- Parents understand that the current state of understanding of the Covid-19 virus is limited. The Brass Ring is attempting to create as safe as an environment as possible for its staff and your performers. Because of this limited understanding, a waiver of liability for the Brass Ring, its sponsoring facility, donors, staff, volunteers and other related parties will be required to be signed by a parent of the performer before rehearsals begin.
- The performances will have limited seating, which will necessitate a limited number of tickets assigned each to performer.

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Childs name

Parents signature

date

## Character Breakdown

### **Lawrence Jameson**

An experienced British con artist who is sophisticated, suave, and elegant.

Gender: Male

Vocal range top: Bb4

Vocal range bottom: G2

### **Freddy Benson**

A young, clever, aspiring American con artist. He is a sloppy, yet attractive womanizer, and is eventually conned by Christine.

Gender: Male

Vocal range top: B4

Vocal range bottom: A2

### **Christine Colgate**

A seemingly good-natured American heiress vacationing on the French Riviera, who is revealed to be a notorious con artist. Naive and clueless at first, she becomes cunning and mischievous.

Gender: Female

Vocal range top: F#5

Vocal range bottom: A3

### **Andre Thibault**

Lawrence's French assistant. Official and mostly serious, he has a light-hearted nature and a quirky sense of humor.

Gender: Male

Vocal range top: F4

Vocal range bottom: F2

### **Muriel Eubanks**

A wealthy and attractive American socialite from Nebraska, she one of Lawrence's victims and Andre's subsequent love interest.

Gender: Female

Vocal range top: C5

Vocal range bottom: E3

### **Jolene**

An American heiress from Oklahoma and the "Princess of Petroleum," she is very eager, optimistic, and energetic.

Gender: Female

Vocal range top: D5

Vocal range bottom: A3

### **Ensemble**

mas - ter's now the mark — You're out of luck If love sneaks in — on

20  
you ————— 6 ————— 27  
21-26 The

28  
play - er has — been nice - ly played, — the mock - er's now the mocked

30  
That's what tends to hap - pen when — you leave your - self un - locked. Then

33 34  
love sneaks through the u - su - al de - fen - ses The sighs and smirks — and

#18 - Love Sneaks In



DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

35 stale — old — pre - ten - ses What's 36 gone is what you were — What's

37 left is all — a blur — 38 You're stung, you're stuck If love snuck in with

39 her. 2 40-41

3  
1-3

4

FREDDY: 5

I thought I'd seen it all. —

6

7

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

9

— ne-ver seen be-fore Now, I know where I be-long — A

10

11 Rit.

12 long fall-off

life of taste and class With cul-ture and — so-phis-ti-ca-tion pour-ing out my ass

5

13-17

18

19

I thought I had a re-al gift, That

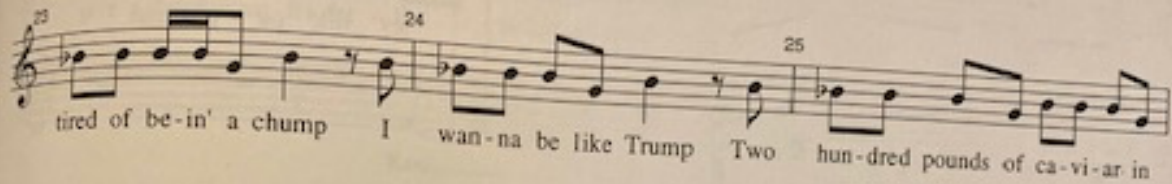
20

21

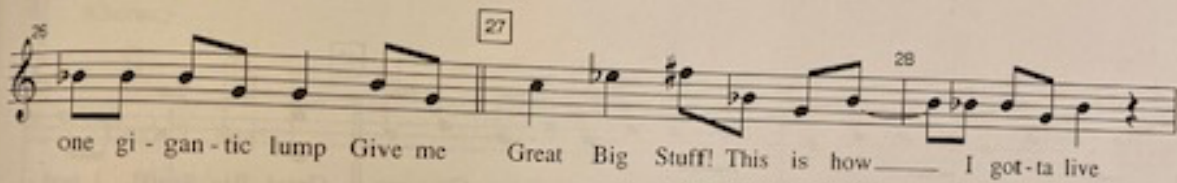
22

pen-ny an-te gift But Fred-dy's get-tin' rea-dy now to give his life a lift I'm

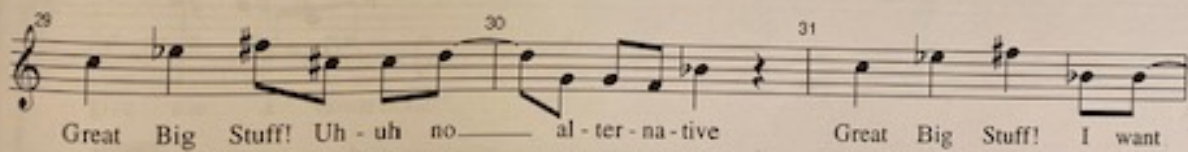




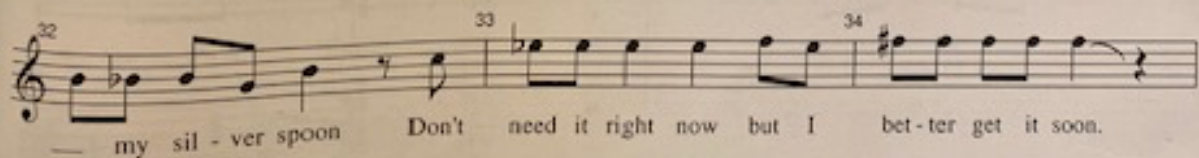
23 24 25  
tired of be-in' a chump I wan-na be like Trump Two hun-dred pounds of ca-vi-ar in



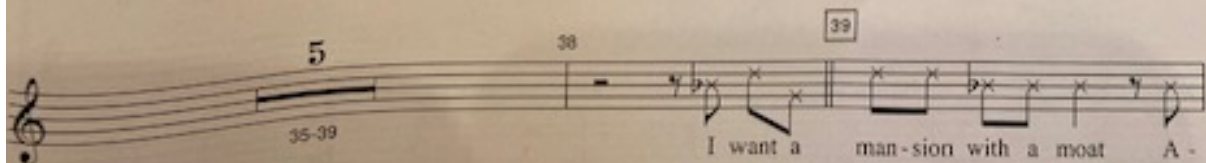
26 27 28  
one gi-gan-tic lump Give me Great Big Stuff! This is how I got-ta live



29 30 31  
Great Big Stuff! Uh - uh no al-ter-na-tive Great Big Stuff! I want



32 33 34  
my sil-ver spoon Don't need it right now but I bet-ter get it soon.



5 38 39  
35-39 I want a man-sion with a moat A -

doot doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo doo bow!

3 52 6  
49-51 52-57

55D (to 56) 56  
I mean the air is French That chair is French This  
Oo

57  
nice sin - cere san - cere is French The  
Oo

#10 - Here I Am

Spoken:

skies are French — The pies are French — Those —

Oo oo

— guys are French These — fries are French

60

par - don me if I — fly off — the han - dle — 'Cause

Doot doo doo doo doo — Doo — wee ooh —

62

no - where else — on Earth — can hold — a can - dle — So

Dot da da da da — Oo ee — oo wa! —

64

ve - ni vi - di vi - ci\* folks — Let's face it, je — suis i - ci folks — Ex -

*\*Composer's note: I know it's not strictly correct, but please pronounce "Vici" as "VeeCee" so that it goes nicely with "Ici". Chalk it up to her exuberant innocence.*

#10 - Here I Am

66 cu-sez moi— if I spout I'm let-ting my je'n' sais quoi out I'm

Ooh ah Ooh ah

68 sor-ry to shout but Here I

Pow! Wow!

70 am!

Doot doo doo doo doo doo bah— dah doot doo doo doo doo doo bah— dah

72 doot doo doo doo doo doo here— I am!

73 74

6

82 ANDRE: 83

76-81

84 85 86 87 88

89 90 91 92 93

94 95 96 97 98

99 100 101 102 103

104 105 106 107 108

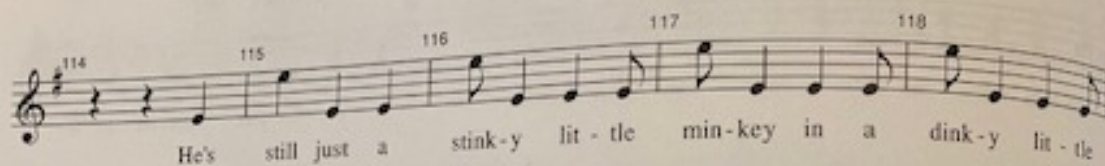
109 110 111 112 113

So you shaved off his  
 fur, decked him out in cou - ture and en - dowed him with pure sav - oir  
 faire. You dressed him up fan - cy and trained him to  
 dance, he re - mains a chimp - an - zee, he's NOT Fred A - Staire!  
 Give him a dan - dy lit - tle top - per. Tie on a  
 nat - ty cra - vat. Buy him a cast - le\*, he'll  
 still be an ass - hole and noth - ing you do will change that.

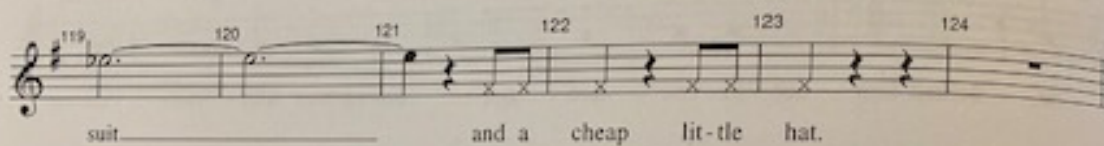
\*Composer's note: When performing this song, use Andre's accent to make "Castle" rhyme with "Asshole". Say "Cass-ole". See? Funny.

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

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Musical notation for measures 114 to 118. The melody is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: 114 (quarter rest), 115 (quarter note G4), 116 (quarter note A4), 117 (quarter note B4), 118 (quarter note C5). The lyrics are: He's still just a stink-y lit-tle min-key in a dink-y lit-tle



Musical notation for measures 119 to 124. The melody is written on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are: 119 (quarter note D5), 120 (quarter note E5), 121 (quarter note F5), 122 (quarter note G5), 123 (quarter note A5), 124 (quarter note B5). The lyrics are: suit \_\_\_\_\_ and a cheap lit-tle hat.

# WHAT WAS A WOMAN TO DO

5 A tempo  
MURIEL: *loosely*

4  
1-4

Last night I met a man be -

6 7 8

neath pale and haun - ted moon A man no wo - man could re - fuse.

9 10

Bold and as - ser - tive, with a fur - tive air of mys - ter - y. —

11 12

Mag - ic' - lly long — of lash, — tra - gic' - ly short of cash.

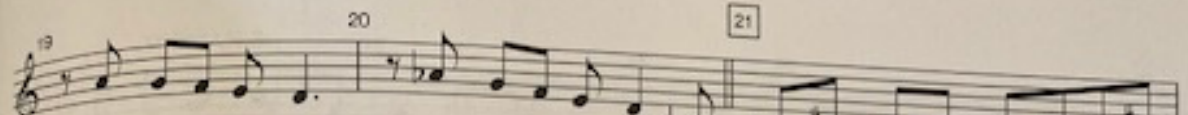
13 14 15

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

16 17 18

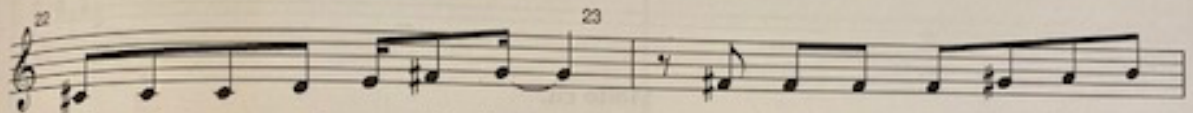
shoes. This was at last, I knew, — my ren - dez - vous with his - to - ry —

19 20 21



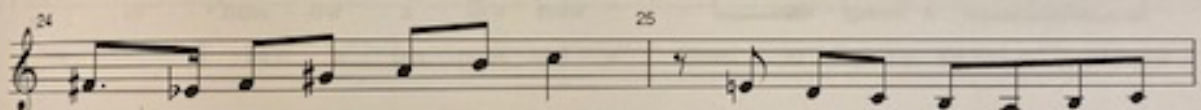
What was a wo-man, what was a wo-man to do? And when he smiled, he lit the

22 23



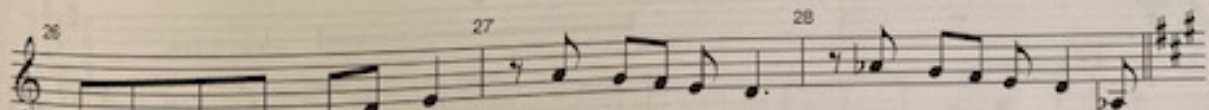
night with grace and con - fi - dence — His teeth were straight and clean and

24 25



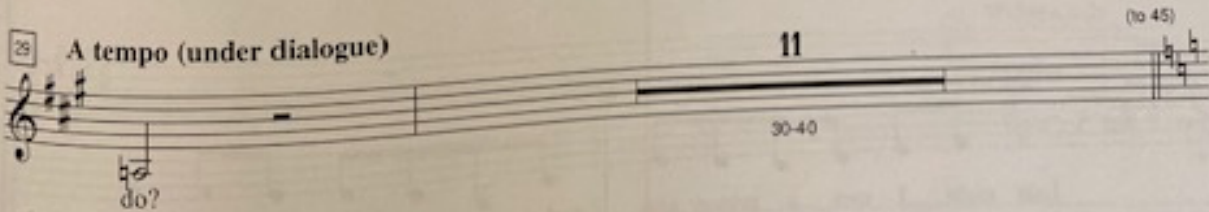
white, just like a pick - et fence. I couldn - n't look di - rect - ly

26 27 28



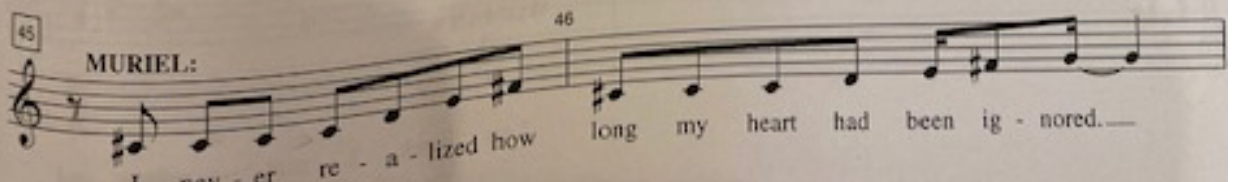
at them, they were that in - tense. What was a wo-man, What was a wo-man to

29 A tempo (under dialogue) 11 (to 45)



do?

45 MURIEL:



re - a - lized how long my heart had been ig - nored. —



# OKLAHOMA (Part 3)

7b

6 7 7 14 JOLENE:  
1-6 7-13  
And we'll

16  
mot - or in - to Tul - sa for the week - end. Through the

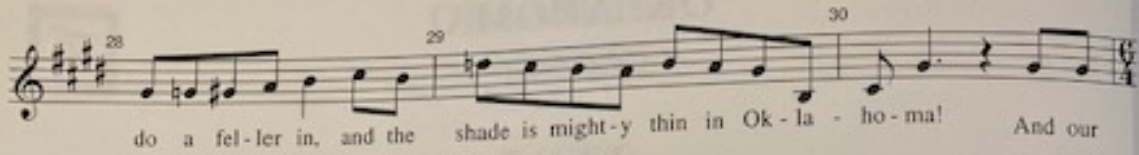
17 18 19  
win - dows of the pick - up we'll be peek - in'. Not a tree or a Jew to

20 21 ALL:  
block the love - ly view. There's a race-track and a zoo, and

22 23 24  
Or - al Rob - erts U! And we'll dress you up nif - ty in a big Stet - son and some

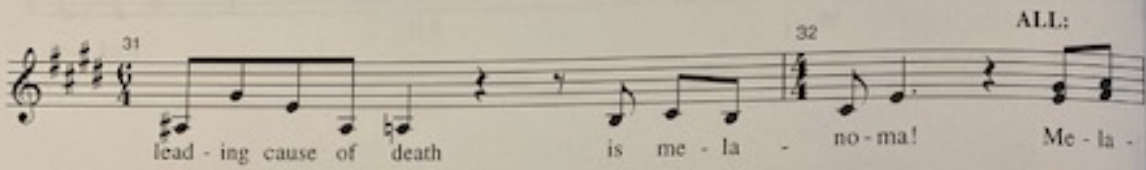
25 26 27 JOLENE:  
S P F Fif - ty, so no sun gets in. 'Cause that freck - le on your skin can

DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS



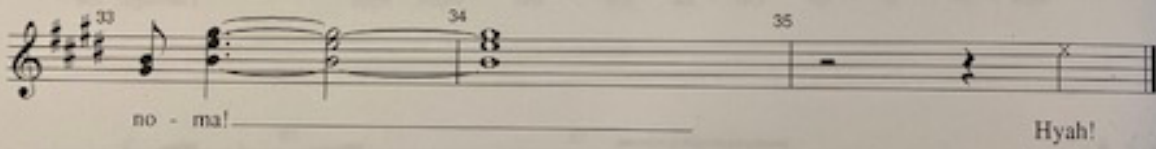
do a fel-ler in, and the shade is might-y thin in Ok-la - ho-ma! And our

Musical staff 1: Treble clef, key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#), 4/4 time signature. Measures 28-30. The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes.



lead - ing cause of death is me - la - no-ma! Me - la -

Musical staff 2: Treble clef, key signature of three sharps, 4/4 time signature. Measures 31-32. Measure 32 includes the instruction "ALL:". The melody continues with quarter notes.



no - ma! Hyah!

Musical staff 3: Treble clef, key signature of three sharps, 4/4 time signature. Measures 33-35. Measure 33 has a fermata over the note. Measure 34 has a fermata over a chord. Measure 35 has a fermata over a whole note. The staff ends with a double bar line.

(FREDDY exits. We hear a car wrrr)

JOLENE (O.S.)

Yoohoo!

LAWRENCE

(looks to ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR:)

Maestro, if you please.

(A violin starts to play. LAWRENCE strikes a romantic and somewhat tragic pose, as JOLENE enters loaded down with shopping bags.)

Ah, Jolene, my dear —

JOLENE

Hey sugarpop. Sorry I'm late. I was just buying up France. Don't tell Daddy.

LAWRENCE

Forgive me if I seem distracted; I've just had a bit of bad news from the front.

JOLENE

Oh no!

LAWRENCE

Yes, the losses were quite staggering.

JOLENE

(pulling dress from shopping bag)

They gave me the wrong size. Oh well, I'll just give it to my cousin Arbutus; she takes a 16. She thinks it's the thyroid, but I think it's the pork rinds.

LAWRENCE

If only there was some way I could afford to rearm my men and regain the throne —

JOLENE

(not listening)

She's got such a pretty face. I told her if she loses seventeen pounds by Thursday, she can be my maid of honor.

(The STRINGS screech to a halt.)

LAWRENCE

Maid of honor?

**JOLENE**  
Well, you'll meet her at the wedding. Are you inviting anybody?

**LAWRENCE**  
*(to ORCHESTRA CONDUCTOR)*  
Excuse me — did I miss a scene?

**JOLENE**  
*(rummaging in bag)*  
Wait'll you see the veil I bought.

**LAWRENCE**  
Jolene —

**JOLENE**  
They told me nuns went blind, but, heck, it's not like they go skeet shootin'.

**LAWRENCE**  
Jolene —

**JOLENE**  
*(back to rummaging in bag)*  
Huh?

**LAWRENCE**  
When did we decide we're getting married?  
*(JOLENE stops. Beat. Looks at him:)*

**JOLENE**  
Alrighty. Remember the other night when you were telling me about your family ring?

**LAWRENCE**  
Yes?

**JOLENE**  
And then you said my eyes were like the ocean.

**LAWRENCE**  
Yes?

**JOLENE**  
And then I ordered the iced tea.

**LAWRENCE**  
Yes?

## JOLENE

Somewhere in there. Okay now listen up, I got Daddy's jet pickin' us up at the airport nine a.m. Europe time, then it's straight on to Oakes for the close of barbecue season and your bachelor party.

## LAWRENCE

Jolene, as you might say, whoa.

## JOLENE

That's cute. Now I should probably warn you the only fly in the syrup might be that my last coupla husbands ain't exactly been declared legally dead yet.

## LAWRENCE

What?

## JOLENE

Aw, look at that, you're gettin' all nervous-like. Don't worry, honey, you're gonna love Oklahoma. It's all so...flat and peaceful and flat. We're gonna be so happy!

## #7 — Oklahoma (Part 1)

DOWN IN THE PANHANDLE,  
WHERE WE MANHANDLE  
ALL THAT BEEF CATTLE  
AND THE SNAKES RATTLE.  
AND THE WIND WHISTLES  
THROUGH THE DEAD THISTLES

Mesdames et messieurs, les jeux sont...

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.)

### #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.

Sergeant Fred Benson.

FREDDY

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?

Naked.

FREDDY

Oh my God. Who was she with?

CHRISTINE

The 'Dance USA' Orchestra.

FREDDY

All of them?

CHRISTINE

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.

FREDDY

There must be someone who can help you.

CHRISTINE

Well, there is one psychiatrist...Dr. Emil Shuffhausen of the Shuffhausen Clinic in Vienna.

FREDDY

Well, why don't you go to him?

CHRISTINE

A man like Dr. Shuffhausen is in demand all over the world. His fees are astronomical. It's just not something I can handle.

FREDDY

How astronomical?

CHRISTINE

Fifty thousand dollars.

FREDDY

That is a lot of money.

CHRISTINE

*(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

Oh, God. They're dancing. Dancing!

FREDDY



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. Shuffhausen 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.)*

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 stiletto and an absolute magician at hiding the body.

LAWRENCE

Andre!

...ated in a very

#21a - Airport

You were right; they are a little heavy.  
*(A moment, as they look at each other.)*

ANDRE

MURIEL

Well...

ANDRE

Well...Have a safe journey home.

MURIEL

I'll probably just take a Benadryl over Lisbon and sleep straight through.

ANDRE

I too have often been grateful for the power of the mild antihistamine.

MURIEL

Well, goodbye.

ANDRE

Goodbye.

*(He exits and immediately returns.)*

Perhaps I should help you to the gate.

MURIEL

Thank you; I'll just call the porter.

ANDRE

Of course. Well ...

MURIEL

Goodbye.

ANDRE

Goodbye.

*(He exits and immediately returns.)*

Maybe some chewing gum for the flight. The pressure on the ears can be quite distressing.

I think I have some in my bag.

MURIEL

Magazine, peanuts, Toblerone?

ANDRE

I'll be fine, thank you.

MURIEL

I could blow up your little neck pillow.

ANDRE

Goodbye.

MURIEL

Goodbye.

ANDRE

*(He starts out again, pauses, turns back and looks at her, then simply and directly.)*

I'll miss you.

MURIEL

Will you?

ANDRE

Only if you leave.

MURIEL

Ask me.

*(as he starts to open his mouth.)*

Yes.

ANDRE

Yes?

MURIEL

I like it here.

ANDRE

But there's no prance.

MURIEL

I know.

ANDRE

No kingdom.

MURIEL

I know.

ANDRE

No fantasy.

*(A moment, as they consider this then:)*

Although there was that one last night -

MURIEL

The Prussian butler?

ANDRE

And the French maid.

MURIEL

And the eskimo pie.

*(They look at each other and smile.)*

ANDRE

Are you certain?

MURIEL

No. Are you?

ANDRE

Not at all.

MURIEL

If only we had some sign, some way to be sure.

*(The ACCORDION PLAYER enters, playing 'Like Zis/Like Zat' - possibly with a moonlit light change as well. ANDRE and MURIEL look at each other.)*

**#21b - Muriel & Andre Exit**

That'll do it.

*(ANDRE picks her up and carries her off.)*