

Audition Scene 1

MUSIC 2A: SCENE CHANGE INTRO:

SCENE 2: “Not Tonight, I’m Busy, Busy, Busy”

(Pat a businesswoman, stands outside, waiting impatiently, STAN, a businessman, rushes on.)

STAN

Pat?

PAT

Stan?

STAN

I’m so sorry, I’m late, I got caught at the office, it’s great to finally meet...

PAT

Look Stan, I don’t mean to be rude, but I’ve been on an excruciating number of dates lately, and quite frankly, I am a busy, busy, busy woman and I don’t have the patience or the time for them anymore. But I had a great time chatting with you on AOL, and youuuuu—

(Quickly eyeing him.)

Pretty much look like your picture, so what do you say we just say goodnight...

(She gives him a quick kiss.)

Goodnight! And we go right to the second date.

STAN

Excuse me?

PAT

Stan, I'm not going to repeat myself. I am a busy, busy, busy woman and I don't have the patience or the time.

STAN

Oh—well—second date—why not? It would skip all that messy first date stuff, and you pretty much look like your picture too, so—we're on your second date—poof!

(They turn away for a moment, then turn and re-greet one another.)

Pat, hi!

PAT

Stan, good to see you again.

STAN

Anyway, I thought we could go to this great little French...—hey, Pat, you know what? I never really cared much for second dates either. They're, ya know, trying to figure out if you like her as much from the first date, or if the first date was all based on blind, desperate hope. So since we've skipped the first date already, would you mind terribly if we also skipped the second date—I had a great time, I'll call you soon—

(He kisses her, more passionate than before.)

--and went right to the third date, where we both act like we're having a pleasant time, but inside we're getting ulcers trying to figure out if we're going to sleep with each other or not.

PAT

Oh the sexual tension part, yeah, yeah, that'll help rush things along. But you know what, Stan—busy, busy, busy—so what do you say we just skip the first, second and third dates and go right to the sex.

STAN

Right to the sex?

PAT

Right to the sex.

STAN

Works for me.

PAT/STAN

(Motioning.)

Taxi!

STAN

Oh, but wait! First-time sex: do the lights stay on? The lights go off? Will I satisfy you? Am I even going to...

PAT

...Get it up!

STAN

Ouch! So what do you say we skip the sex and go right to the morning after where we both try to figure out how to get out of what we did the night before?

PAT

Yeah, yeah—

(Opens her Blackberry and “punches” in some info.)

But you know what, Stan, my schedule is really tight. I just don’t have time to make up all the reasons I’ll need to convince myself to go out with you. So what do you say we’ve been dating for two months now, which is when I would start getting real interested in you, but you would inexplicably start backing away.

STAN

(“Punching his Blackberry.)

Uh-huh, uh-huh. Or we could go right to where you ask me if this dress makes you look fat, and I don’t answer quickly enough and you don’t speak to me for three days.

PAT

Possibly, or we could go right to when you tell me you want to start dating other women, and I give you an ultimatum, and you choose to leave me, but then an hour later you come crawling back like a whimpering dog.

STAN

Yeah, I always liked that part. Oh, but this is all so time-consuming, so what do you say we jump right to our first argument?

PAT

Our first argument?

STAN

Yep.

PAT

You mean, you’d want to skip all the positives of our relationship and jump right to our first fight?

STAN

Be a major time-saver.

PAT

You—prick!

STAN

Bitch!

PAT

Bastard!

STAN

Ballbuster!

(*A beat.*)

PAT/STAN

Okay.

PAT

Now let's—wait! I got it!

STAN

(*Overlapping.*)

Tell me! Tell me!

PAT

(*Overlapping.*)

Oh, you're gonna love this!

PAT

Let's go to after we've been broken up for about a year—

STAN

Oh! And we bittersweetly bump into each other one cold—

PAT

--foggy

STAN

--miserable night in front of a...

PAT/STAN

--Starbucks!

PAT

Oh, and you have a date, and I don't.

STAN

Of course!—You first, you first!

(*Stan takes a few steps away, extends his arm to his imaginary date and walks toward PAT.*)

STAN

(*He bumps into PAT.*)

Pat!

(*Romantic music begins to underscore.*)

MUSIC 2B: WE HAD IT ALL/SCENE CHANGE:

PAT

Stan!

STAN

Hi. You—You look great!

PAT

Pilates.

STAN

Oh, this is—Tamara.

(PAT looks upward, making TAMARA extremely tall.)

PAT

(Very judgmental.)

Hi.

STAN

We're off to see the Impressionists at the Met.

PAT

I always loved the Met.

STAN

So—Let's get together sometime.

(A moment. "Tamara" pulls STAN.)

PAT

Hey Stan? We had some good times together, didn't we?

(Music builds.)

Audition Scene 2

MUSIC 6A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 6: “The Lasagna Incident”

(In the darkness we hear DIANE as the music fades out.)

DIANE

Yes! Yes! Yes!

(Lights up on CHUCK and DIANE, walking home from a game of tennis.)

So...sorry...

CHUCK

No, c'mon, it's okay...

DIANE

I...I shouldn't have played so well.

CHUCK

No, c'mon, it's okay...

DIANE

I shouldn't have shut you out, in both sets, and then jumped over the net waving my arms in victory.

CHUCK

You're right, that you shouldn't have done, yeah.

(They share a laugh.)

Hey, but you looked great doing it, though.

DIANE

Really?

CHUCK

Absolutely.

DIANE

Chuck, how come you've never made a pass at me?

CHUCK

What?

DIANE

I mean, this is the fourth time we've gone out. Why is that?

CHUCK

Well, okay, fair question. Yes, very fair, fair question. A good, solid, very fair, fair question. Wow. Oh, God...

DIANE

Is it me?

CHUCK

Oh no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. You? No.

DIANE

Is it you?

CHUCK

Me?! Oh, no, no, absolutely not, I mean, all the equipment works and I certainly like, ya know—

(He makes a sexual gesture.)

So...

DIANE

God, I shouldn't have asked! I'm always saying stupid, stupid things on dates! It's like I have this moron switch in my head that goes on when I'm with a guy and...

CHUCK

No, no, it's okay. Look, I have that same switch with women and about that pass thing, I guess, I dunno, I was just being...respectful.

DIANE

Respectful?

CHUCK

I guess...actually Diane, I didn't want to make any...you know, mistakes. Because, well, I...uh...think...uh...well...Look, I just think you're the most interesting woman I've met in ages—certainly the best tennis player—and I'm sorry, I...

DIANE

Chuck, could I make you dinner tonight?

CHUCK

Really?

DIANE

What's your favorite food?

CHUCK

Lasagna.

DIANE

Great, I'll make you lasagna. If you don't have plans...

CHUCK

Me? Plans? No, I never have plans. Which is not to say I'm a loser! No! It's just that I'm generally free. Wow. Great, great. So you're making me lasagna. Well then, I feel quite honored. Yeah, this is big here, so I guess I should bring the, ya know...

DIANE

Condoms?

CHUCK

Wine.

DIANE

Oh, wine! Yes, wine, wine, yes, that's what I meant! You should bring the wine, yes! Oh what was I thinking?! Condoms don't even go with lasagna! Moron switch, moron switch! Wine, yes, that would be nice.

CHUCK

And if you want, I could also bring condoms.

DIANE

Uh-h-h-h...yeah, you could do that, yeah...

CHUCK

Okay, great, great, wine and, right, yeah...

DIANE

Well, I really should be heading toward home...yeah.

(She starts to go.)

I have to, you know, get home and learn how to make lasagna so...

CHUCK

(Stopping her.)

Okay, so I bring the wine and...

DIANE

Great! Great...

(They kiss, quickly; they kiss again, a little longer.)

CHUCK

Tonight.

DIANE

Tonight.

(He smiles at her and exits.)

Audition Scene 3: And Now the Parents

(The music fades as the lights come up on DAD, son MITCH, and his girlfriend KAREN, getting settled around the dining room table. They each carry a champagne glass.)

DAD

C'mon, kids—c'mon! Honey, come on! It's a celebration! You can stuff that thing later! Shirley, get in here!

MOM

(Entering from the kitchen and taking her seat at the table.)

Oh, it's such a joy cooking for my family on days like this!

DAD

So I'd like to propose a toast. To our son, Mitch, and his better half, Karen, who has been going out for...how long now?

MITCH, KAREN & MOM

Two years.

DAD

Two short years! And they've been smart, they've taken their time to ensure that they truly love each other before they jump into anything as serious as...oh, I dunno—say, marriage!

MOM

(Raising her glass.)

Here, here!

MITCH

Mom, Dad, we wanted to wait till after dinner, but there is something Karen and I have to discuss with you.

MOM

(Producing an elegantly wrapped gift box and placing it in the center of the table.)

Oh, and I just happen to have an engagement gift on me!

MITCH

Well, we've talked it over—and Karen and I...

DAD & MOM

Yeah, yeah, yeah?!

KAREN

We're breaking up.

(A stunned silence.)

MOM

Well...

DAD

...Well...

MOM

...Well...

DAD

...Well...

MOM & DAD

...Well, well, well, well, well, well, well. Well.

MITCH

Look, we've talked about it long and hard and it's just something I'm not quite ready for yet.

KAREN

And I'm just very focused on my career right now.

MOM

...Well...

DAD

...Well...you know us, we've always prided ourselves on being supportive.

MOM

Well...

DAD

So if you say it's for the best—well...what wonderful news.

MOM

Yes, congratulations.

(She rises, throws the gift to the floor, then sits.)

Well...Go ahead Maury, make your toast.

DAD

Right, my toast.

(Rising, glass in hand.)

Yes, a toast—

MUSIC 8: HEY THERE, SINGLE GUY/GAL

--To our...uh...not-quite-ready son, Mitch, and our...too-focused-on-her-career-or-else-she'd-be-our-daughter, Karen.

ALL

(Raising glasses.)

Here, here.

(As MITCH and KAREN are about to drink, MOM and DAD interrupt them in song.)

Audition Scene 4

MUSIC 8A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 8: “Satisfaction Guaranteed”

(In the darkness we hear the last sounds of orgasmic bliss as the music fades out. Lights up on a WOMAN and MAN in bed. HE howls like a wolf, then addresses the WOMAN.)

MAN

(With great confidence.)

So—how was I?

WOMAN

Oh...you were...good.

MAN

You mean good? Or unbelievable?

WOMAN

Oh, stop it! I can't take it anymore! You were terrible! I didn't get any pleasure! Not only didn't the earth move, the bed barely rocked! Oh, I wish there was something I could about it.
(A SPOKESMAN enters to beside the bed and addresses the audience.)

SPOKESMAN

Hello. Did you ever wish you could sue someone because they didn't satisfy you sexually? Well good news—now you can! At Jacoby & Meyers & Masters & Johnson, we have a large staff of sexually-experienced attorneys who want to get into your bedroom and get you the orgasm you deserve! Let's take a look at a typical couple engaged in lovemaking.

WOMAN

(Very annoyed.)

Lower—higher—lower—higher...

(She turns toward audience and groans.)

MAN

Ow! Watch your knees!

(He turns toward audience and groans. Then, both the MAN and the WOMAN turn toward audience and groan.)

SPOKESMAN

Not very appealing and all too familiar. Now let's take a look at the same couple with a Jacoby & Meyers & Masters & Johnson attorney present.

(An ATTORNEY pops up from under the covers. She produces legal papers.)

ATTORNEY

I'm sorry, Mr. Elliot, but your contract states you must be nibbling her neck. And Ms. Courtland, his feet must be fondled.

WOMAN & MAN

Right, right, right...

(MAN and WOMAN perform their required tasks.)

Oh...oh...OH-H-H!

(They face the audience with broad smiles.)

SPOKESMAN

See how easy it is when you let a no-nonsense litigator handle the negotiations of lovemaking? Your initial consultation is just \$25. And your fee could be a portion of your settlement should your partner fail to satisfy your fetishes.

WOMAN

(Holding a huge check.)

I got five thousand dollars because he missed my "G" spot!

MAN

(Holding a huge check.)

And I got ten thousand dollars because she wouldn't go down on me!

SPOKESMAN

At Jacoby & Meyers & Masters & Johnson, if your partner doesn't get you off, we get you money!

(Blackout; applause segue into:)

Audition Scene 5

MUSIC 20A: SCENE CHANGE INTO:

SCENE 7: “The Very First Dating Video of Rose Ritz”

(Lights up on Rose, who sits on a stool facing upstage into a video camera. The VIDEO OPERATOR pulls her into focus and we see her face in a close-up on a large video monitor at center stage; music out.)

VIDEO OPERATOR

Okay, just be yourself, don't be nervous and remember to smile.

(VIDEO OPERATOR exits. ROSE speaks into the camera.)

ROSE

Hello, I'm Rose Carboni. No! Ritz! Rose Ritz! That's it. Rose Ritz. Yes. Carboni was my husband's name. But he's dead. Whoops! Actually, he's not really dead, we're divorced. I just prefer to think of him as dead, cheers me right up. Oh my gosh, did I just do that?! Here I am, making my very first dating video—that's right, this is the very first dating video of Rose Ritz!—and I'm already telling all you potential...Mr. Video Men-Of-My-Dreams out there—telling all you Video Men that I'm divorced. Good move, Rosie!

But yes, I'm divorced. I love you forever—not! Divorced, divorced, divorced! But actually, can we not even talk about my divorce? My divorce was like...like open heart surgery without anesthesia. My insides were just ripped out, my guts on the floor, and no one bothered to sedate me!

Well, wasn't that attractive of me to share with you? Okay. I bet my phone is ringing off the hook already. Now about myself. Well, I just had to reenter the workforce as a telemarketer. Basically, I call people up, try to sell them something and they hang up on me. It's very fulfilling. Oh—and I just enrolled in a magic class at the high school adult school. It was either magic or a step aerobics class, and quite frankly, magic seemed less exhausting. And to be even more frank, I thought it'd be a more likely place to meet men. Unfortunately, the class consists entirely of divorced women, all hoping to meet men. Yes, seven divorced women learning how to pull a coin from a child's ear while next door twenty-five single men do step aerobics. Well, at least I'm back in the game!

Oh, I almost forgot—I've got children! Well, isn't that attractive? So Mr. Video Man, I hope you don't hate children. Though I do. Oh, I don't hate my children, of course! I hate the concept of having to raise children all by yourself after your dead husband walks out on your fortieth birthday! Oh my God! I just told you he left me, not vice versa! Damaged goods alert! Why should her dead husband dump her and run off with an older woman? That's right, he had a mid-life crisis and he didn't even have the decency to leave me for someone young and pretty and firm! He left me for a size eighteen with a grandchild and a bad hip! So now you're really wondering what is wrong with Rose Ritz!

Well you know what? I don't care, Mr. Video Man! 'Cause I've stayed up many a late night with nothing to comfort me except my thirty-two inch television and I sent away for all those tapes from all those late night infomercial things—Tony Robbins, Richard Simmons, all those nuts who think they're psychic—and now I believe in myself! Stop the insanity! Deal a meal! I'm okay! And now, after fifteen years of waking up next to the same balding lump of deadwood, Rose Ritz is ready and in control and had to stop the car three times to throw up on the way to this humiliating video dating session just on the thousand-to-one chance that maybe she'll meet a decent guy so she doesn't have to be alone for the rest of her life 'cause her dead husband left her for a limping grandmother!

(A beat.)

No warning. "I love someone more." Then he just left. And then it just stopped. My life. For three days, I laid in bed and just stopped. And somehow, here I am—on the six month anniversary of the collapse of my life—I got myself here—to make the very first dating video of Rose Ritz. So choose me, Mr. Video Man. Please.

VIDEO OPERATOR (OFFSTAGE)

Uh...Rose—Rose...uh...we have all that on tape. What do you say we try it again?

ROSE

No. No. That's exactly what I wanted to say.

(Blackout.)

Audition Scene 6: Funerals are for Dating

ARTHUR

The Markus viewing!

MURIEL

Excuse me?

ARTHUR

Frank Markus' wake—I saw you there. Also at...the memorial for Helen Luger! Right.

MURIEL

I'm sorry—do I know you?

ARTHUR

Yes, actually I think we were introduced at Maury Greenblatt's funeral. Is it Muriel?

MURIEL

Uh...yes.

ARTHUR

Nice to see you again, Muriel. Arthur Beasley.

MURIEL

(Very unsure.)

Hello.

ARTHUR

So—this seems like a nice funeral. Who's it for?

MURIEL

You don't know who the deceased is?

ARTHUR

No, I'm here for the four o'clock viewing—McNulty. I'm a little early, just thought it'd be nice to pay my respects.

MURIEL

It's for Judith...Oh my, I don't know her name. I didn't actually know her. I just accompanied my girlfriend.

ARTHUR

That's nice of you. Would you like some salami?

MURIEL

Pardon?

ARTHUR

(Removing a sandwich from his pocket and unwrapping it.)

I knew I was early, I brought along a sandwich. The salami's fresh from the A&P, and I sliced some fresh red pepper on from that nice little deli that's very clean on Fifth. I usually buy the bread from Fellini's Bakery but today it didn't smell so good so I went to the Grand Union. They never give me the right change at the Grand Union so I started fighting with the manager...

(He can't help but notice MURIEL'S stare.)

I shouldn't eat this here, should I?

(MURIEL still stares.)

I can wait.

(He put it away.)

Had the viewing for my Sue here—married forty-three years.

MURIEL

Hmmm.

ARTHUR

And you?

MURIEL

What?

ARTHUR

Your husband? Is this where you had the wake?

MURIEL

How would know my husband passed away?

ARTHUR

Just had that look about you.

MURIEL

What look?

ARTHUR

That look of someone who has lost the person they've spent their life with.

(A short silence.)

MURIEL

My Jim's viewing was in Schlatter's. Two years and a couple of months ago.

ARTHUR

Schlatter's is nice. Their seats are nice.

MURIEL

Yes.

ARTHUR

Seeing anyone?

MURIEL

Excuse me?

ARTHUR

Was that too forward?

MURIEL

This is a wake. Someone has died. True, we don't know who she is, still...

ARTHUR

I'm sorry. I don't usually do this, I just seem to be going to a lot of these lately. I just like to talk. I'm sorry.

MURIEL

It's not a problem. And you shouldn't get your salami from the A&P 'cause their butcher doesn't look clean to me. And if you go to a deli, make sure it's Jewish, they know what a decent portion looks like.

ARTHUR

Would you be interested in getting a cup of coffee later? Of course, you'd have to hang around till after the McNulty viewing, but they're nice people. They probably won't be in the best mood, but...

MURIEL

Is this a pickup?

ARTHUR

No, in order for it to actually be a pickup, you'd have to agree to a date. Right now, it's just an attempted pickup.

(MURIEL looks at him for a moment, then laughs, and he joins in.)

I made her laugh.

(MURIEL notices that others are staring and quickly stops.)

MURIEL

(Very embarrassed, to no one in particular.)

Sorry...sorry...

ARTHUR

(Dismissing the stares.)

Ah!

(A beat.)

So Muriel, how about it? Cup of coffee won't kill ya, pardon the expression.

MURIEL

Arthur, you seem like a nice man—you do, but...

MUSIC 21: I CAN LIVE WITH THAT

I don't really go out like you're intending...No, I just don't.