

Maurer Productions Inc

Presents Auditions for

Laughter on the 23rd Floor

Auditions: **Saturday, October 22nd from 9AM to 5PM**
 Sunday, October 23rd from 12PM to 5PM

Show dates: **January 27-28-29 & February 3-4-5, 2012**

Audition Appointment Options:

- Sign up online for an audition slot at
 www.mponstage.com/auditions
- E-mail us at Audition@mponstage.com
- Call **(609) 882-2292**

NOTE: Walk-ins are welcome but will be seen on a time-available basis.

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Laughter on the 23rd Floor

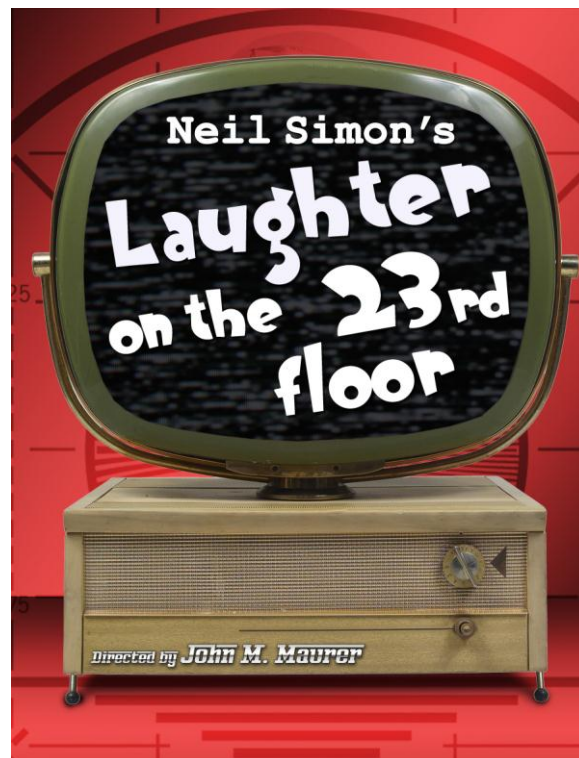
By Neil Simon

Playwright Neil Simon got his first big break in the early '50s as a staff writer on Sid Caesar's fabled television series *Your Show of Shows*, and this comedy takes a fictionalized look at the backstage chaos that went into producing one of the landmarks of television's golden age.

Max Prince is the star of *The Max Prince Show*, a popular comedy-variety series that is a major hit on the East Coast, but network executive insists that it's too sophisticated for the Midwest, and urges Prince to dumb down his act.

Between the tensions of producing an hour of top-quality comedy each week and being pestered about his ratings, Prince is beginning to unravel. His last line of defense against both the network and the ratings are his writing staff, which spends its days coming up with business for the show while hurling humorous invective at each other and anyone else within earshot.

Keeping up a running commentary on the writing, fighting and wacky antics is Simon's alter-ego Lucas Brickman.



AUDITIONS: **Laughter on the 23rd Floor.** *By Neil Simon*

Audition Dates: Saturday, October 22, 2011 - 9am to 5pm - Sunday, October 23, 2011 - 12pm to 5pm

Location: Mercer County Community College West Windsor Campus

Performance Dates: Friday, January 27, 2012 - 8pm Friday, February 3, 2012 - 8pm
Saturday, January 28, 2012 - 8pm Saturday, February 4, 2012 - 8pm
Sunday, January 29, 2012 - 2pm Sunday, February 5, 2012 - 2pm

Company: **Maurer Productions OnStage Inc.**

Director: **John M. Maurer** Stage Manager: **Kelly Branin**

Producers: **John M. Maurer, Diana Gilman Maurer, & Dan Maurer**

CHARACTERS (ALL ROLES ARE OPEN)

Max Prince (*Star of the Max Prince show*): Mid-40s to early 50s.

He appears to be taller than he is because he exudes great strength. His strength comes more from his anger than from his physique. He dominates a room with his personality. You must watch him because he's like a truck you can't get out of the way of. He is quixotic, changing quickly from warm, infectious laughter to sullen anger. He is often monosyllabic, offering a word or two to convey his thoughts.

Lucas Brickman (*New Writer*): Mid 20's to Mid 30's, sincere & sensible

Milt Fields (*Flamboyant*): Mid 40's, Milt is a gag man, a joke a minute wholesaler who deals in fast paced patter.

Val Slotsky (*Russian head writer*): Mid 40's the senior member of the staff. An emigrant from Russia when he was twelve, he still carries his accent. He is the most politically aware of all the writers.

Brian Doyle (*Irish American*): Mid-30s to mid-40s. A heavy smoker, a heavy cougher and a heavy drinker. but with a biting sense of humor as caustic as his outlook on life.

Kenny Franks (*Wiz kid*): Mid 30's. Boy genius and the most sophisticated of the writers

Carol Wyman (*The only woman writer on the show*): Mid 30's, with a strong and quick defense system that comes with being the only female writer on the staff.

Helen (*Max's secretary*): attractive, late twenties.

Ira Stone (*Hypochondriac*): Late 30s to early 40s. A hypochondriac who comes in late every day with a new ailment. His greatest wish in life was to have a virus named after him.

What You Need to Know for the Audition

1. You can now use our online audition sign-up site to schedule your audition. Go to www.mponstage.com/registration; choose **Laughter on the 23rd Floor** and sign up for an available slot. If you can't access the website or if you have any problems signing up, you can still call (609) 882-2292 or email at audition@mponstage.com to schedule an audition time. If all audition slots are full and you wish to audition for the show, please call and we will try to set up another time for you to audition.
2. **All actors are required to audition with a monologue.** It is recommended that you use one of the monologues provided in this packet (You may prepare more than one if you like). In addition, you may be asked to read additional monologues or to read scenes with other actors.
3. **Sign up for a slot on the audition schedule and arrive at least 10 minutes before the start of your audition slot.** The audition process may last 15-30 minutes or more if you are asked to read scenes with other actors. Appointments are requested and **HIGHLY** recommended; walk-ins will be seen on a time-available basis. Without an appointment, there may be a long wait to audition.
4. **In order to sign up for an audition slot you must register on the Cast Me 1-2-3 system.**
You can now upload your resume and headshot, as well as any additional information you feel would be appropriate and helpful, into the MPOnStage Cast Me 1-2-3 system. This can save you the time and expense of downloading and filling out lengthy forms, having headshots printed, and copying resumes. The MP OnStage Cast-Me 1-2-3 site is located at www.mponstage.com/registration.
5. **Bring to the Audition:**
 - a. Your conflicts, using the calendar pages that follow
 - b. A completed Audition Form (next page of this packet)
 - c. Your resume & headshot **IF THEY ARE NOT ALREADY ON THE CAST ME 1-2-3 SYSTEM**
6. While they are not required for auditions, **Appropriate 1950's hair styles (men's "short back and sides") will be required of all male actors for all performances and publicity photos.** (Publicity photos will be fairly early in the rehearsal process)
7. You should expect three to four rehearsals per week, two or three evenings during the week and one weekend afternoon. These rehearsals will be broken up by scenes. Call sheets will be made available to the cast to tell you which rehearsals you will need to attend. All cast members should plan to be available most evenings for the two weeks before the show open.
8. The Read-through will be on Saturday, November 5, 2011 - 1pm to 5pm, the cast will get their scripts and rehearsal schedules, fill out some paperwork, and get measured for costumes.
9. All cast members are required to assist with load in and load out. Load-in occurs on the Sunday evening (January 22nd) before opening night, and load-out occurs after the Sunday afternoon performance on the second weekend of performances (February 5th).

Laughter on the 23rd Floor

By Neil Simon
AUDITION FORM

NAME: _____

Primary role(s) of interest: _____

- Are you willing to take another role if offered? Yes No
- Will you have any issues with getting a 1950's hairstyle? Yes No
- If you have any other skills that would be useful in this production?
Please describe them below:

- Is there any other pertinent information you would like to share?

Do not write below this line:

November

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tues</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thur</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
30	31	1 All Saints' Day	2 All Souls' Day	3	4	5 Read through
6 Daylight Saving Time Ends	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24 Thanksgiving	25	26
27	28	29	30	-	-	-

Include All Conflicts: Evenings, Weekends, and HOLIDAYS!

December

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tues</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thur</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
-	-	-	-	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21 Hanukkah Begins	22	23	24 Christmas Eve
25 Christmas	26	27	28	29	30	31

January

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tues</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thur</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
1 New Year's Day	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16 Martin Luther King Day	17	18	19	20	21
22 Load in	21 Tech Week	23 Tech Week	24 Tech Week	25 Tech Week	26 Laughter 8pm	27 Laughter 8pm
28 Laughter 2pm	29	30	31	-	-	-

Include All Conflicts: Evenings, Weekends, and HOLIDAYS!

February

<i>Sun</i>	<i>Mon</i>	<i>Tues</i>	<i>Wed</i>	<i>Thur</i>	<i>Fri</i>	<i>Sat</i>
-	-	-	-	1	2 Laughter 8pm	3 Laughter 8pm
4 Laughter 2pm Load Out	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	-	-
-	-	-	-	-	-	-

AUDITION MONOLOGUES:

These monologues are taken from or created from dialogue in the show. Please choose one based on the character you are trying out for.

Lucus: I guess this is what I've dreamed of my whole life. There was no comedy show in all of television that equaled "The Max Prince Show." Not in 1953 there wasn't. *(He gets coffee.)* An hour and a half revue every Saturday night, completely live. And now I was actually a writer on it. My name is Lucas Brickman. *(He sips coffee.)* Max was unlike any comedian I had ever seen before. He didn't tell jokes. He didn't say funny lines. He was just funny. But on camera when he had to be himself, like introducing a guest, he couldn't say four intelligent consecutive words without mumbling or coughing. I like Max a lot. Mostly because he treated his writers with respect and he paid them more than anyone else. All young guys and they made more money than the Governor of New York. Well, they were funnier than the Governor of New York. *(He looks at his watch.)* If I seem nervous to you, it's because it's only my second week here. One of the other writers left and I'm here on a four week trial contract. So, if I'm going to prove myself, I'm going to have to do it fast. My problem is, I'm shy ... but I did manage to get one really funny line on last week's show. Unfortunately Max coughed on that line and no one in America heard it ... My entire future depends on my finding a voice for my humor ... or a cure for Max's cough.

Milt: *(Entering the room)* I did it! Broke every record on the Henry Hudson Parkway. Door to door, Scarsdale to 57th Street, twenty-eight minutes, twelve seconds, made every light. Can you imagine if I had a car? *(Crossing to Lucas.)* Ba-dum-bum. How you doing, Arnie? *(no response)* Look you're going to have to learn to speak up, kid. Otherwise these killers they will eat you alive. *(changing subject)* You like the hat. I know, I know, what do I know about berets? And I look like a putz in this. So why would I wear it? Because people notice it. Look at me without a beret. *(HE takes it off.)* Invisible, right? A nothing. Who is he? But watch. *(He puts beret back on.)* Now I'm someone. A diplomat. A traveler. Maybe I know Ernest Hemingway. I go to French movies, laugh at the jokes, *(He laughs.)* What do I know... What am I, good looking? No. Am I smart? Eh. Am I funny? Yes. But compared to the comic minds in this room, I'm Herbert Hoover's kitchen help ... So I wear yellow suede shoes on Christmas and a cowboy hat on Yom Kippur. And when I walk in here, Max Prince laughs. And if Max Prince laughs, my kids eat this week.

Val: (*Russian accent.*) Did Max get in yet? Excuse me. Am I interrupting? Forgive me. Pay no attention. I'm sorry. Obsoletely unforgivable. I have a lot on my mind. It's an affliction common to geniuses. Just kidding. (*He hangs up his topcoat.*) And Milt, don't start with me. I didn't sleep last night I didn't have breakfast I didn't get laid in a week. And Max calls my house at twelve a.m. midnight. He never calls at twelve a.m. midnight unless there's trouble. (*Seeing reaction from Milt*) Milt! Don't bother me. It's too early in the day to say go fuck yourself. So you can go kiss my naturalization papers, Okay? (*Looks at buffet table.*) I can't believe there's not one pumpnickel bagel. Ah Ha... there it is... Look at this. Already sliced. This is why my father brought us to America. I wonder if Max called anybody else last night? I have no idea what he wanted, none. He spoke to my maid. In Swedish. Double talk Swedish. To a woman who's here three weeks from Peru. She was still crying when we came home ... Something's up I swear to God.

Brian: I'm sorry. I just stopped to- (*He coughs.*) I stopped to- (*He coughs again, almost uncontrollably then stops.*) I stopped to get...some cigarettes. (*Hangs up his coat.*) Five days! Count 'em, Five days guys, that's all you get. Because on Friday this good lookin' Irishman is leaving the show. The Gentile makes good. It's a little place. I think they call it - Hollywood? Sold my screenplay to Metro... MGM? You must have heard of it. Here... see this (*holds up a telegram*) that's history, kid. Right up there with David Selznick buying *Gone With The Wind*. I got a call from the coast last night. They'll sign the contract soon as they okay the script. Well, they'll okay it as soon as they read it and they'll read it when I write it. Yep (*Points to his head with index finger.*) It's all up here! Every page, every word, every comma. I told the idea to my agent, my agent told it to MGM. The whole studio is crazy about it. You jealous bastards. Thirty years from now you'll be writing game shows and I'll be V.P. of MGM screwing Lana Turner. (*Thinks to himself*) She'll be sixty-two but who cares... It's Lana Turner for God's sake.

Kenny. (*Holding up Time magazine.*) Did you see this? This week's Time magazine? Pope Pius approves of psychoanalysis ... do you know what this means.... Confession will be eighty bucks an hour. You know, I think maybe this Pope thing would make a great sketch for us, but we'd all have to take Communion first, but hey, it beats circumcision right. Oh... buy the way, Max called me at eleven-thirty? Get this...he was sitting in his den, piss drunk with a loaded shotgun on his lap. At least that is what I think he was saying, he was sort of dribbled out of his mouth, but I got most of it. He said he got another threatening letter in his mailbox last night. He said he was taking the matter in his own hands. (*Imitating Max's Grandure*) "It's me against them now," he said. No... I don't know what he meant; the man was on tranquillizers and scotch. Every time he talked he blew bubbles. Look we all know Max gets in his limo every night after work, takes two tranquillizers the size of hand grenades and washes it down with a ladle full of scotch. His driver helps him into his house and he falls asleep on the floor of his den, next to his dogs.

Carol/Helen:

(Excited.) Have you guys heard the news? *(no reaction)* Of course not. No one else here cares about what's going on in this country. Am I the only one here who takes an interest in something besides jokes and cars and money and baseball? I just heard it in the taxi. Joe McCarthy called General George Marshall a Communist. He calls a five-star General of the Army a card carrying Communist. *(again no reaction)* Hey, children. Wake up. Time for school ... You think this is a joke? America's on the brink of becoming a fascist state and this doesn't worry you? I feel so badly for General Marshall. Such a nice man. Such a sweet face. Of all names to pick, why him? OK.. we have to all agree from this moment on no Communist jokes. None of us are safe today. *(She whispers.)* They got that blacklist thing, you know... Don't you guys realize they can put anyone *(whispers)* on the blacklist they want. I can't believe you think this is funny. Did any of you see Edward R. Murrow last night? Two top U.S. Senators told Murrow the FBI were tapping their phones. We are not safe. Whoever has access to the public is McCarthy's enemy. That's us. *(Whispers)* I bet they have a bug in this room right now. *(She looks around suspiciously).*

Max:. *(To group)* Today we work. Lotsa work. I want to do a great show this week. NO!! Not a great show. The best show we ever did, 'you hear? *(pacing)* Any reports on the show? Memos! Memos! They love to send memos They're saving them so they can memo me to death. They'll bury me in a folded memo in the Mount Memo Cemetery in Memo Park, New Jersey. Ohhhhkay! .. They started, we'll finish. You all heard it NBC fired the first shot. Remember this day, everyone. A day that will live in infamy, March 6th, 1953. *(being corrected)* March 8th? What are you, a historian? ... March 6th, March 8th, March 12th, who gives a damn? *(He lights his cigar.)* The battle has started. The lines have been drawn. Now we have to plan our counter ... attack. What's up? What's not down is up... What's up could be down, what's down could be up. You understand? *(puffs his cigar.)* They want to cut the show down to an hour. Cutting us down. Right at the kneecaps. Chop chop chop chop chop. I can't reason with these people because NBC is not a people. They're not like us. They wear black socks up to their necks. Crew neck socks !... They come home from work and before dinner, they dance with their wives.. They put up wallpaper in their garages ... You can't talk to them.

IRA. (*Holds his chest.*) I can't breathe. I can't catch my breath. I think it's a heart- attack. It could be a stroke. Don't panic, just do what I tell you. (*He sits with his coat on. He talks breathlessly.*) Call Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. Ask for Dr. Milton Bruckman. Tell him I got a sharp stabbing pain down my left arm across my chest, down my back into my left leg. If he's in surgery, call Dr. Frank Banzerini at St. John's Hospital, sixth floor, Cardiology. Tell him I suddenly got this burning sensation in my stomach. At first I thought it was breakfast, I had smoked salmon. It was still smoking. It didn't feel right going down. If his line is busy, call the Clayton and Marcus Pharmacy on 72nd and Madison. Ask for Al. Tell him I need a refill on my prescription from Dr. Schneider. I can't remember the drug. Zodioprotozoc. No. Vasco something. Vasco da Dama, what the hell was it? I can't get air to my brain ... This scarf is choking me, get it off my neck. (*He pulls it off, throws it away. NO ONE has moved. They've all been through this before.*) Don't call my wife, no, maybe you should call her. But don't tell her it's a stroke. If she thinks it's a stroke, she'll call my mother. I have no time to talk to my mother, she drives me crazy. (*He begins to hyperventilate and wheeze, looking to the others who just stare*) This could be it, I swear to God. (*He still wheezes, then looks at Kenny.*) Why are you just sitting there? What the hell are you waiting for. (*He gets up.*) You think this is a joke? You think this is funny? You think I would walk in here with a pain so bad ... I ... wait a minute! (*He holds his chest.*) Wait a-minute! ... Hold it! Wait a minute! (*He doesn't move.*) Ohhh. OHHH ... I just passed gas! Thank God! I thought it was all over for me. Whoop.