

AUDITION SIDE OPTION #1 – CIOFFI MONOLOGUE

CIOFFI: Excuse me, I'm Lieutenant Frank Cioffi of the Greater Boston Police. I'm assigned to the Homicide Division and oh - it's an honor to be standing on the same stage with each and every one of you. Sorry if I've interrupted a rehearsal but let me assure you that I don't want my own work to delay your production from reaching the home on Broadway it genuinely deserves. I happened to see *Robbin' Hood* in previews and may I say that, with the exception of the deceased Miss Cranshaw, you're all just such wonderful performers. (*PLEASED COMPANY MUMBLINGS*) And what a great score. I've, well, I've done a little community theatre myself - (*Polite "How nice" and "Oh's" from COMPANY*) oh, no, nothing that fancy, although my Billy Bigelow at the Brookline Barnhouse got a favorable review . . . and in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," my Bottom was very well-received.

AUDITION SIDE OPTION #2 – NIKI & CIOFFI

- Niki: Lieutenant, may I speak to you for a moment. My name's Niki—
- Cioffi: --Harris. Miss Niki Harris. I read your bio several times through on the bus ride home the other night. May I say I found your performance particularly memorable? It was just lovely.
- Niki: Well thank you.
- Cioffi: Lovely.
(beat)
- Niki: Well thank you.
- Cioffi: I'm crazy about your little vibrato.
- Niki: You're very kin. Anyway, yesterday Miss Cranshaw asked me to coach her on her lines and of course I said I'd be glad to help—
- Cioffi: That's so like you.
- Niki: Well, I'm also her understudy—at least I was—I guess I'm Georgia's now—but then these three letters fell out of Miss Cranshaw's script. *(producing from her purse:)* She didn't take them seriously but I kept them. I'm afraid my fingerprints are all over them *(very cheery:)* They're death threats! See: the words and letters have been pasted onto the paper. Cut with the little curved finger scissors from a newspaper or magazine. I would imagine.
- Cioffi: “YOU'RE MURDERING THE SCORE BUT I'LL MURDER YOU,” “YOU'LL DROP BEFORE THE CURTAIN DOES,” “IF YOU DON'T QUIT, YOU'LL DIE LEGIT”
- Niki: Can you tell anything from them?
- Cioffi: Well they seem pretty negative in spirit.
- Niki: Well, yes, of course.
(He sees her disappointed reaction)
- Cioffi: Oh, I'm sorry you were hoping for the Arthur Conan Doyle version? Unfortunately, these notes reveal very little, except that the person who sent them is a man in his early thirties, six feet four in height, who wears a pewter ring, served in the Merchant Marine, and despite being right-handed, is known to his closest friends as “Lefty.”
- Niki: How . . . however did you know that?
- Cioffi: Oh, I don't. I was just saying that, you probably hoped I would be able to tell—wow, if I could do that just from—I mean—wow.

AUDITION SIDE OPTION #3 – GEORGIA, AARON, CIOFFI

Aaron: Wait a second, Lieutenant. *I'm* who you want.

Cioffi: You're confessing to the murders, Mr. Fox?

Aaron: You heard what I said.

Cioffi: That's not a simple thing to retract.

Georgia: Think about what you're doing.

Aaron: *(to GEORGIA)* I have. This is a great thing that's happening in your life. I'm not important now.

Cioffi: Very noble, and yet you're on record as being dead set against Georgia taking this role.

Aaron: No, I just said that because I knew if she took the part, she wouldn't have time to write with me, *be* with me. That's how Sidney got me to work for nothing. It was the only way I knew to be near her again. Stuck out of town together, huddled over a piano each night . . . who knows what might have happened?

Georgia: But that's how Sidney got *me* to work on the show, Aaron. I wanted the same thing.

Aaron: You did?

Georgia: I do.

Aaron: I don't understand.

Georgia: I didn't want you to. Not until I knew how you felt. But you seemed as preoccupied as ever with your music—

Aaron: --because our songs were the one place you and I were still together.

Georgia: Aaron. You said *our* songs.

Aaron: Our songs, our life. What was I thinking when I let you slip away?

AUDITION SIDE OPTION #4 – BAMBI & CARMEN

- Bambi: Come on, mother. You should get something to eat. If you're nervous, I'll taste your food for you.
- Carmen: You have no taste, Elaine. I've seen your make-up, your closet, and your boyfriends. And I've seen a couple of your boyfriends in the closet with your make-up.
- Bambi: You never have a good word to say about me, do you? Especially in public. I thought I did pretty good in that last number.
- Carmen: Big deal considering the fifteen years of ballet, jazz, and circus training I paid for. My professional opinion is you just don't have what it takes. I'm sorry but you volunteered for this life, dyed your hair, changed your name—Why of all the names on earth did you pick “Bambi”?
- Bambi: Because in the movie, Bambi's mother is shot to death by hunters.
- Carmen: Somebody just tired to do that to me, sweetheart, and I notice nobody's ruled out you. Come on Oscar, I got the keys to the lobby bar. I'll fix us some Bloody Marys.

AUDITION SIDE OPTION #5 – CIOFFI & CARMEN

Cioffi: You and your daughter. I told her how much she'd shown me in that square dance number of hers. She was great.

Carmen: Better than great.

Cioffi: Aha! Finally to hear you say it! You had me as flim-flammed as everybody else—until I saw how really good she was and then turned to see the pride in your face as you watched her. You tell everybody “it’s a business” but I’ve found you out, Carmen: you are the stage mother of all time. You married Sid Bernstein, put up with all his affairs and shady deals, just to get your daughter onto the Broadway stage. But so that no one could accuse her of getting there on your coattails, you’ve always belittled her talent in public, even if she hates you for it.

Carmen: You can’t let her know. I want her to think she got it all on her own.

Cioffi: You’re amazing.

Carmen: But how did knowing that help you catch Grady?

Cioffi: Oh it didn’t. I just explained why you killed your husband.

(Beat)

Carmen: What? *Grady* killed my husband.

Cioffi: No, Grady killed Jessica, and Johnny, and tried to kill you, because he wanted the show closed, but that’s exactly what your husband was going to do.

Carmen: Well, then, he was killed by someone he was blackmailing.

Cioffi: If that was the case I think they would have taken his little black book with them. He must have told you he was closing the show.

Carmen: He didn’t tell me he was closing the show.

Cioffi: He told Oscar, why wouldn’t he tell you, you were his partner.

Carmen: Because the partnership was *over*! He had himself a conniving little ingenue on Sutton Place, and I was out in the street—

Cioffi: So he didn’t need you.

Carmen: He didn’t need anybody. Grady promised him rave reviews for his next three shows if he shut *this* show down now.

Cioffi: So your husband *did* tell you he was closing the show.

Carmen: No!

Cioffi: Then how would you know the terms of a deal he made with Grady minutes before he died if you weren’t the last person to see him alive?

Carmen: He laughed at me! No more shows, no more dreams, after all I’d had to take from him, he laughed at me and Elaine like we were nothing!

Cioffi: And . . .

Carmen: And I killed him.

Cioffi: Of course you did.