

**THE BURBANK PLAYERS AUDITION PIECES**

Hi there, and thanks for taking the time to help us out with this little experiment. First, you ought to know when and where this is taking place, so:

**WHEN: Friday, July 29; 12:00 PM (Noon)**

**WHERE: Jonathan Solomon's House** (NOT Joel's as previously indicated. You have been lied to.): **270 W. Lindon St., Apartment E**

Okay, now that that's settled, what exactly will you be asked to do? Well, basically we're going to have you do three things: First, EVERYONE will read the script for the "sitcom" ZOMBIE AND FRED as both characters. Then you'll do the audition for your specific character. (Note: A talking head means that you are speaking directly to the camera, like an interview. Everything else should be read like a normal script.) Finally, we'll throw any other sort of torture... er, improvisation your way that we feel would be necessary to test your skillz. Oh, and don't memorize anything.

Also, please take a few seconds to write down answers to the following questions:

**Name, age:**

**Have you had any acting experience? If so, what?:**

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**Between now and September 1st, what days are you unavailable for any reason?:**

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**Are there any celebrities or accents that you can imitate?:**

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*Thatcher audition piece starts on pg. 7*

*Jackie audition piece starts on pg. 10*

*Isis audition piece starts on pg. 12*

*Tessa audition piece starts on pg. 14*

*Blake audition piece starts on pg. 16*

**ZOMBIE AND FRED**

EXT. ZOMBIE AND FRED APARTMENT - MORNING

Zombie and Fred's apartment is on the second floor of a decent looking complex.

INT. ZOMBIE AND FRED'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Fred is sitting at the breakfast table eating Captain Crunch while reading the Business section of the newspaper. Zombie creeps into the kitchen.

ZOMBIE

Good morning, buddy! Did you sleep well?

FRED

Good morning to you too! Yeah, I had a pretty good sleep. How about you?

ZOMBIE

Eh, can't complain.

Zombie opens up the refridgerator.

ZOMBIE (CONT'D)

Hey, why'd you eat that smoked right arm I was saving?

FRED

I didn't eat that arm you were saving!

ZOMBIE

So if you didn't eat it, then what happened to it.

FRED

I could have sworn I saw a certain someone gnawing on what looked like a little human arm last night before a date with a certain with a certain Miss ViVi Walker.

ZOMBIE

Oh yeah, you're right as always. I totally forgot about that. Sorry for accusing you.

FRED

Aww, that's okay. I forgive you. Come on, big hug!

They walk over to each other and embrace. At the end of the hug, Zombie tries to bite Fred.



**SIMON AUDITION PIECE**

INT. SIMON TALKING HEAD -- DAY

SIMON

What am I into? Well, let's see...  
music is my main passion. Not, you  
know, actually playing it or anything.  
I tried the guitar once at a party,  
but dude, I was so wasted and...

(pause; realizes he's  
on camera)

Um, yeah. Moving on. I tend to be  
more into making sure I'm one step  
ahead of the game, knowledge-wise.  
Like, I knew about the White Stripes  
before that whole Lego video thing.  
And the weirdest thing is, I get so  
much shit for it. Like everybody  
telling my I'm a pretentious scenester  
and I should get a "real" haircut.  
But you know what? I know who Clap  
Your Hands Say Yeah is, and you don't.  
So who's the better person? I mean,  
it all depends on who you ask, but  
come on.

He indicates himself.

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Simon walks in, stroking his hair back confidently.

MARTIN

Hey, you must be...  
(looks at info sheet)  
Simon.

SIMON

Yeah. What's up, man?

They shake hands.

MARTIN

Okay Simon, we here at Team BP believe  
that this cast has to be as a unit,  
as one. Like a family.

ARTHUR

He's been giving this speech to  
everyone. Don't feel like he thinks  
you're unfriendly or something.

MARTIN

(ignoring him)  
Are you ready to join this family?

SIMON

Sure, as long as I get to be the weird drunk uncle who hits on all his teenage nieces and passes out on the pool table on Christmas Eve.

Martin laughs uproariously. Arthur chuckles politely.

MARTIN

"Drunk uncle"! That's classic! You've got improv skills, kid. I mean, you took that and ran with it!

ARTHUR

Yeah. That was... that was cute.

SIMON

Yeah, it was okay. Not my "A-material" or anything, as you comic professionals say.

MARTIN

Oh, please. "Professionals." That's flattering, but Arthur here doesn't have nearly the experience that I--

ARTHUR

(clears throat)

So, um... let's see what else you've got. Give us an impression. Anyone.

MARTIN

Yeah. Do Bill Cosby.

SIMON

Alright.

He takes a deep breath. During the next bit of dialogue, Simon should flail his arms about madly in an attempt to impress Martin and Arthur.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Hey hey hey! I love Jell-O!

He stops, getting no response from the interviewers.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And, um, Kodak film!

Still nothing. Martin shuffles some papers,

MARTIN

Well, thanks. We'll get back to you.

ARTHUR  
 (indicating Simon's  
 Wilco shirt)  
 Nice shirt, by the way.

SIMON  
 Oh, thanks. Did you hear their last  
 one?

ARTHUR  
 No, I never got around to it.

Martin sits awkwardly, obviously not sure what they're talking  
 about.

SIMON  
 Man, I have to burn it for you.  
 There's this one song that's all  
 like--

He does some intense a capella guitar noises.

ARTHUR  
 Yeah, definitely get me a copy.

SIMON  
 Alright, later.

He exits. Arthur turns to Martin.

ARTHUR  
 I think we should--

MARTIN  
 We're not hiring someone so you can  
 burn their CD collection.

ARTHUR  
 Oh, come on!

MARTIN  
 No.  
 (turns to camera)  
 I hate that. Stealing, taking money  
 out of the artist's pockets. Terrible.

He gives the camera a triumphant nod.

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**THATCHER AUDITION PIECE** (Please feel free to substitute any curse words and insults with your personal favorites.)

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Thatcher walks in. He gives the camera a nervous look.

THATCHER

What's with the cameras?

MARTIN

Oh, it's extras for the inevitable DVD release.

ARTHUR

So in other words, it's never going to see the light of day.

Martin thumbs through his paper work.

MARTIN

So, Thatcher, is it?

Thatcher just gives him an icy glare.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Oookay. Why are you interested in doing a public access sketch comedy show?

THATCHER

I'm not. I'm only doing it for f---ing community service. The cops said I could help out at channel six, and I figured any retard can act.

MARTIN

(subtly indicating cameras)

Um, I think they prefer mentally challenged, and we don't want to offend anyone, so--

THATCHER

Whatever, it was this or change old people's diapers.

ARTHUR

So wait, you're doing this for community service?

THATCHER

Yeah, I shoved a dog down a mailbox. He deserved it, though. Took a crap on my lawn.

Stunned silence. Martin shuffles his papers some more.

MARTIN

Alright, Thatcher. It says here you were in a production of *Annie* at the...

(reading)

"Glendale Juvenile Hall for Boys"?

THATCHER

Yeah, you want to fight about it?

Arthur reads over Martin's shoulder.

ARTHUR

You played *Annie*? At an all-boys juvey?

(cracks up)

Did they put you in a little dress and a wig? Go on, sing "Tomorrow"! Come on, I have to hear this!

Suddenly, Thatcher pulls out a knife and points it at Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Woah! Back off, only joking!

THATCHER

Look, moron! I'm here to do as little as possible and still have you fill out my service paperwork. And no queer pretty boy and his slave lover are going to make fun of me! I took on a biker gang once, you think I won't stab a fairy like you?

MARTIN

(whispering)

Camera! Camera!

THATCHER

Oh, right.

He slowly puts the knife away. A pause.

THATCHER (CONT'D)

I only did it to get off early on good behavior. The *Annie* thing.

ARTHUR

Right, yeah. Of course.

Awkward silence.



**JACKIE AUDITION PIECE**

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE

Jackie walks in, obviously not thrilled with having to audition.

MARTIN

Why, hello young lady! You look like the kind of intelligent woman who would be perfect for a new groundbreaking comedy series!

ARTHUR

(playing along)  
And so attractive, too.

MARTIN

Alright, there's a line. Don't cross it.

Jackie sits down.

JACKIE

All right, sweetie. Make this quick.

MARTIN

Aww, "sweetie."  
(to cameraman, showing off his girlfriend)  
She called me sweetie. You got that, right?

JACKIE

Look, Martin. I'm sorry, but I'm not sure if I have the time to do this right now. I mean, I have to start doing these AP assignments for school...

MARTIN

It's not going to be a big commitment, I swear!

JACKIE

That's what you said for your last movie, and I had to sit for two hours just to get the zombie makeup on.

MARTIN

But this time it's different! Our shooting days are going to be ten, eleven hours tops.

She sighs and rolls her eyes.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

And we have a deal this time! A network deal!

ARTHUR

(sarcastically)

Yeah, channel six has enough confidence in us to put us up against "Desperate Housewives."

MARTIN

You're not helping!

JACKIE

Look, Martin. It's nothing against you or your idea or anything. I'm sure this sketch thing is gonna be... interesting.

Martin gets up and grabs her by the shoulders.

MARTIN

Look, Jackie. I need you to do this for me. I can't keep doing this forever, so this has to work. This is my shot. This is *our* shot!

She thinks it over for a second.

JACKIE

Okay, but only because you're so cute when you're desperate.

MARTIN

Yes!

They hug and giggle like little kids in love. Arthur gives the camera a look as if to say "Help Me."

INT. JACKIE TALKING HEAD -- DAY

JACKIE

Oh, don't get me wrong. I love Martin. I mean, these two months have been good. And he's charming in the least charming way possible, if that makes any sense. Mm-hm. It's just, I wish his films had more substance, you know? Like, if he made fun of people who deserve to be mocked and called out real topics instead of... I don't know, vampire robots or whatever. I don't mean to complain. Like I said before, I love the boy dearly. It's just... sometimes it's hard when someone would want to discuss *Samurai Jack* over *The Seven Samurai*.

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**ISIS AUDITION PIECE**

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Isis sits, patiently waiting for Martin to finish looking through his paperwork. However, although she tries to remain composed, she drops subtle hints to move the process along (tapping her foot, clearing her throat, etc.).

MARTIN

So, Isis. What sort of acting experience do you have?

ISIS

Well, not much to be quite honest. Oh, but I used to stand in front of my mirror and prepare for my Oscar acceptance speech. You know, with the toothbrush as my microphone and all that.

(pause)

Actually, that was last week.

She giggles.

MARTIN

Okay, and what attracted you to the Burbank Players?

ISIS

Well, it's sort of like... I think of it as a stepping stone, you know?

MARTIN

So you might not be in this for the long run?

ISIS

Oh, that's not what I meant! I mean, I want to see this thing do well because it seems really, really... good. And you guys have been so sweet and nice to me by letting me audition.

ARTHUR

Hey, it's what we're here for.

MARTIN

Okay, one last question. Would you be alright with doing a nude scene?

ISIS

(too enthusiastic)

Yeah, sure! Whatever you want me to do, I'm up for it.



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**TESSA AUDITION PIECE**

INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Martin and Arthur are cracking up over Tessa's audition.

MARTIN

That was by far the funniest female impression of Stalin that I have ever seen!

ARTHUR

Yeah, I'm not known to laugh at ruthless dictators, but bravo.

TESSA

You guys really liked it?

ARTHUR

Yes! God yes. I have tears rolling down my face. That was by far the best audition we've had.

MARTIN

Well, it might be unfair to tell you this now, but I have a feeling we'll be seeing you again very soon.

TESSA

Really? Oh, thank you so much! I was so worried that I was going to mess up on a line or you guys were going to tell me to impersonate someone I had never heard of before or something. I'm just so happy to be involved with something that'll be so interesting!

ARTHUR

Well, it'll be a learning experience for all of us, definitely.

TESSA

Oh, there's just a few things I ought to bring up.

MARTIN

Shoot.

TESSA

Well, I can't do any sort of skits involving food because there are so many things that I'm allergic to and so many things I haven't tried that

(MORE)

TESSA (CONT'D)

I'm afraid I'm allergic to. Oh, and no tight-fitting costumes, because it feels like I'm suffocating. And would it be alright if everyone in the cast washes their hands several times a day, or at least before they have to do something that involves touching me? Oh, and that reminds me--

ARTHUR

Wait. Hand washing? This is a comedy show, not a restaurant.

TESSA

Oh, I know. And I'll try to be as agreeable as possible through all of this, I swear. It's just that I know I have some issues, and I was just sort of wondering if everyone here could sort of try to accomodate them or help me work through them or whatever.

Martin and Arthur give each other skeptical looks.

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**BLAKE AUDITION PIECE**

EXT. OUTSIDE BLAKE'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

Martin tries to chase Blake down to talk to him.

MARTIN

Mr. Goldstein! Mr. Goldstein, wait!

BLAKE GOLDSTEIN

Look kid. I like you. Well, maybe "like" is too strong of a word. But I tolerate you, how does that sound? And it's not that you're not funny or your ideas suck or anything like that. It's just I'm walking on eggshells here, and I don't want to do anything that might draw attention to myself as a troublemaker. Not a lot of people know who I am here, and because of the arassment-hay awsuit-lay, I'd like it to stay that way.

Martin goes into his backpack and pulls out a tape.

MARTIN

But if you just give us a chance. If you just watch--

BLAKE GOLDSTEIN

I don't know what you think you're doing, but look around you. This is a small town. This isn't late night on NBC. We're talking about a channel where the top rated show is a girl and her cat teaching kids the ABCs.

MARTIN

But we could change all that.

BLAKE GOLDSTEIN

Nah. People around here probably take offense to things very easily.

While talking, Blake spots an attractive blonde walking down the street. He runs after her.

BLAKE GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Excuse me! Excuse me, miss!

(hands her a card)

Blake Goldstein, producer. Listen, have you ever thought about modeling?

(MORE)

BLAKE GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

Because I know some people, and I  
haven't seen an ass move like that  
since--

She gasps, slaps him, and walks off in a huff. Blake turns  
back to Martin.

BLAKE GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)

See what I mean about offending  
people?