

AUDITION/ SELF-TAPE PACKAGE

for
GREASE: The Musical

ROLE: SWING FEMALE

CHARACTER DESCRIPTION:

Female, High School Teen (18 – 26 years). WILL COVER JAN, MISS LYNCH, ENSEMBLE. Must be a strong Actor, Singing, and Dancer.

Must be a Canadian Citizen in order to be considered

NOTE: ALL THE CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS FOR THE ROLES **SWING FEMALE** NEEDS TO COVER IS ON THE NEXT PAGE, PLUS NOTES FROM THE DIRECTOR

AUDITION REQUIREMENT:

Please prepare everything in this audition package.

Everything you need to have a successful audition is in the audition package

AUDITION NOTES (for talent with an invited in person audition):

FOR TALENT WHO HAVE AN AUDITION TIME

- Please prep everything in this audition package. All the material this role will be covering is in this audition package
- You do not need to have the lines memorized
- SONG (Please prepare a pop song of your choice that shows off your vocal rang and ability)

FOR TALENT SENDING IN A SELF-TAPE (for talent who are NOT AVAILABLE for the invited auditions):

- SLATE (NOTE: Please make sure in your slate to state your NAME, HEIGHT, and where you live in Canada)
- DANCE (please show us your dance skills to the best of your abilities)
- Please prep everything in this audition package. All the material this role will be covering is in this audition package
- You do not need to have the lines memorized
- SONG (Please prepare a pop song of your choice that shows off your vocal rang and ability)

NOTE: Please make sure in your slate to state your NAME, HEIGHT, and where you live in Canada.

NO PHONE CALLS PLEASE

GENERAL NOTES FROM THE DIRECTOR:

LOOKING FOR TRUTHFUL, OFF-BEAT TYPES WHO PASS FOR ACTUAL TEENAGERS. WE ARE SEEKING FANTASTIC ACTOR/SINGERS TO INTERPRET ICONIC ROLES IN AN HONEST, UNIQUE, CONTEMPORARY WAY

CHARACTER DESCRIPTIONS:

[JAN] Female, High School Teen (18-26 years). Energetic, bubbly, and finds comfort in food. Loud and pushy with the girls, but shy with the boys. Must be a strong Actor, Singer, and Mover. Range: A3 – C5

[MISS LYNCH] Female. The Rydell High School Head Mistress. Strict, demanding teacher.. Range: Ensemble/As Cast. Must be a strong actress/singer.

HAVE AN AMAZING AUDITION!!!

NO PHONE CALLS PLEASE

Scene 2 - Cafeteria and School steps



START

JAN

Jeez, I wish it was still summer. It's only a quarter after twelve and I feel like I been here a whole year already.

MARTY

Yeah, what a drag.

JAN

Hey, Marty, who'd ya get for Economics? Old Man Drucker?

MARTY

Yeah, what a pain in the ass. He keeps makin' passes.

JAN

For real? He never tried nothin' with me!

MARTY

Huh. You want my coleslaw?

JAN

I'll see if I have room for it.

MARTY

Hey, Rizzo, over here!

RIZZO

Hey, hey, hey! Hey, where's all the guys?

JAN

Those slobs. You'd think they'd spend a dime on their lunch? They're baggin' it.

RIZZO

Pretty cheap.

LYNCH

You're just dawdling, aren't you? That's a fine way to start the new semester, Mr. LaTierri. Well, are you going to stand there all day?

SONNY

No, Ma'am.

LYNCH

Then move!!!

(MISS LYNCH exits)

SONNY

Yes, Ma'am.

DOODY

Yes, Ma'am.

ROGER

I'm sure glad she didn't give you no crap, Son. You would've really told her off right?

SONNY

Shaddup!



MARTY

Hey Jan, who's that chick with Frenchy? Is she the one that you were telling me about?

JAN

Yeah, her name is Sandy. She seems pretty cool. Maybe we could let her in the Pink Ladies.

RIZZO

Just what we need. Another broad around.

(FRENCHY and SANDY enter carrying trays)

FRENCHY

Hi, you guys. This is my new neighbor, Sandy Dumbrowski. This here's Rizzo, and that's Marty and you remember Jan.

JAN

Sure. Hi.

SANDY

Hi. Pleased to meet you.

FRENCHY

(to *SANDY*) Come on, sit down. Hey, Marty, those new glasses?

MARTY

Yeah, I just got 'em for school. Do they make me look smarter?

RIZZO

Nah. We can still see your face.

MARTY

How'd ya like some rice pudding down your bra?

JAN

I'll take it

MARTY

Hey French, wha'dya do to your hair? It really looks tough.

FRENCHY

Ah, I just touched it up a little.

JAN

Hey Sandy, how do ya like the school so far?

SANDY

Oh, it seems real nice. I was going to go to Immaculata, but my father had a fight with the Mother Superior over my patent leather shoes.

JAN

What do ya mean?

SANDY

She said boys could see up my dress in the reflection.

(ALL laugh)

MARTY

Swear to God?

JAN

Hey, where do ya get shoes like that?



PATTY

Hi kids!

(ALL groan)

RIZZO

Hey, look who's comin'. Patty Simcox, the Little Lulu of Rydell High.

PATTY

Ooooo! *(imitating Pink Ladies greeting)* Well don't say hello!

RIZZO

We won't.

PATTY

Oh, I just love the first day of school, don't you?

RIZZO

It's the biggest thrill of my life.

PATTY

You will never guess what happened this morning!

RIZZO

Prob'bly not.


SONNY
I got Old Lady Lynch for English again. She hates my guts. (*SONNY lights cigarette*)

ROGER
Nah, she's got the hots for ya, Sonny. That's why she keeps puttin' ya back in her class.

KENICKIE
Yeah, she's just waitin' for ya to grow up.

SONNY
Yeah? Well this year, she's gonna wish she ain't never seen me.

KENICKIE
Yeah? What are ya gonna do to her?

START Sc. 1 

SONNY
I'm just not gonna take any of her crap, that's all. I don't take no crap from nobody.

(*MISS LYNCH enters*)

LYNCH
What's all the racket out here?

DOODY
Hi, Miss Lynch, did you have a nice summer?

SONNY
(*overlapping DOODY, hiding cigarette*)
Hello, Miss Lynch, we was...uh...

LYNCH
(*cutting them off*)
Dominic, aren't you supposed to be in class right now?

SONNY
I...I...uh...

LYNCH

You're just dawdling, aren't you? That's a fine way to start the new semester, Mr. LaTierri. Well, are you going to stand there all day?

SONNY

No, Ma'am.

LYNCH

Then move!!!



(MISS LYNCH exits)

SONNY

Yes, Ma'am.

DOODY

Yes, Ma'am.

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Shaddup!

MARTY

Hey Jan, who's that chick with Frenchy? Is she the one that you were telling me about?

JAN

Yeah, her name is Sandy. She seems pretty cool. Maybe we could let her in the Pink Ladies.

RIZZO

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(FRENCHY and SANDY enter carrying trays)



START Sc. 2

VINCE FONTAINE

Okay, alligators, here it is. The big one... the Hand-Jive Dance contest. Let's get things under way by bringing up your very own Miss Lynch.

(Kids mock Rydell Fight Song)

MISS LYNCH

Whenever you're finished... Before we begin, I'd like to welcome you all to "Moonlight in the Tropics". *(Crowd reacts)* And I think we all owe a big round of applause to Patty Simcox and her committee for the wonderful decorations. *(Group reacts)*

CHA-CHA

They shoulda got real coconuts!

MISS LYNCH

Now I'm sure you'll be glad to know that I'm not judging the dance contest. *(Kids cheer, as she looks around)* All right, all right. I'd like to present Mr. Vince Fontaine...Mr. Fontaine?

VINCE FONTAINE

(Necking with MARTY)

Comin' right up!

MISS LYNCH

As most of you know, Mr. Fontaine is an announcer for radio station WXXX. *(VINCE whispers in her ear)* ...uh... "Dig the scene on big fifteen." Now for the rules! One: All couples must be boy-girl.

ROGER

Too bad, Eugene!

(ALL laugh)

MISS LYNCH

Two: Anyone using tasteless or vulgar movements will be disqualified.

RIZZO

That let's us out!

MISS LYNCH

Three: If Mr. Fontaine taps you on the shoulder, you must clear the dance floor immediately.

←
END Sc. 2

VINCE FONTAINE

These kids are sure lucky to have you for a teacher, Miss Lynch. Isn't she terrific, kids? Only one thing I wanna say, in all sincerity, is enjoy yourselves, have a ball 'cause like we always say at "BIG FIFTEEN" where the jocks hang out - "if you're having fun, you're number one!" And some lucky guy and gal are gonna go boppin' home with a stack of terrific prizes. But don't feel bad if I bump yuzz out, 'cause it don't matter if you win or lose, it's what you do with those dancing shoes. So, okay, cats, throw your mittens around your kittens... and AWAY WE GO.

BEFORE I WAS BORN LATE ONE NIGHT
MY PAPA SAID EV'RYTHING'S ALL RIGHT
THE DOCTOR LAUGHED WHEN MA LAID DOWN
WITH HER STOMACH BOUNCIN' ALL AROUND
'CAUSE A BE-BOP STORK WAS 'BOUT TO ARRIVE
AND MAMA GAVE BIRTH TO THE HAND JIVE

I COULD BARELY WALK WHEN I MILKED A COW
WHEN I WAS THREE I PUSHED A PLOW
WHILE CHOPPIN' WOOD I'D MOVE MY LEGS
AND STARTED DANCIN' WHILE I GATHERED EGGS
THE TOWN FOLK CLAPPED I WAS ONLY FIVE
HE'LL OUT DANCE 'EM ALL HE'S A BORN HAND JIVE

BORN TO HAND JIVE BABY

ALL

BORN TO HAND JIVE BABY

VINCE FONTAINE

HAND JIVE

ALL

HAND JIVE