



A screamplay by

Larry C. Larson & Greyson Wyatt and Eddie "Levi" Lee

Based on the play by

Larry C. Larson & Eddie "Levi" Lee

SAMPLE

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CAST OF CHARACTERS
In order of appearance

CRAZY EDDIE.....	alley bum
SHEILA.....	a dancer
VINNY.....	choreographer
MARK.....	piano player
BARBIE.....	an innocent ingenue
PETER LANCE.....	a dancer
ALLISON.....	a dancer
ESTELLE.....	Latina. A dancer
HEATHER.....	a dancer
JESSICA.....	a past her prime dancer
MONICA.....	a dancer
MICHAEL.....	black. A dancer
PATTY.....	white. A born again dancer
RICCO.....	a dancer
STEPHEN VELOUR.....	an eccentric director
RUFUS.....	hunchback stage manager
MERCY SHERBERT SMITH.....	a poison-penned critic
BERNIE.....	cut dancer
SUSAN.....	cut dancer
OLGA SMIRNOV MEDVEDEV.....	Soviet seamstress
MONA MERKIN.....	a diva on a bender
DALLAS J. COBB.....	a Longhorn producer
ROD LANCE.....	detective. Peter's brother
TIM.....	Mercy's copy editor
DICK LANCE.....	Rod and Peter's brother
DOCTOR.....	a doctor
WILLY LANCE.....	Peter, Rod, and Dick's brother
AGENT.....	looking for Rod

Nonspeaking:

Note: may be played by existing cast

DANCERS

STAN LEPIDUS

CHARLES MANSON

3 REPORTERS

LITTLE STEVE..... played by STEVE in children's clothing

LITTLE COBB..... played by child or COBB in children's clothing

MOTHER VELOUR

FATHER MERKIN

NUN

STRANGER

PREACHER

EXT. NEW YORK CITY (1983) - ESTABLISHING - DAY

It's FABULOUS New York City! The home of BROADWAY!

Dazzling quick cuts of flashing marquees, featuring the mega- (and not so mega-)hits of the day:

La Cage Aux Folles!

Evita!!

The Tap Dance Kid!!!

Moose Murders!!!!

And because this is New York in the 80s, there are flashes of DRUG DEALERS, STREETWALKERS, PIMPS, and PEEP WORLD!!! [Pulpy archival B-roll]

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

We scan over run-down buildings and abandoned cars, settling in front of

VELOUR PLAYHOUSE

SUPER: NEW YORK CITY, 1983

A storefront-theatre/performance art space.

The exterior is graffitied and trash cans overflow with weeks of uncollected refuse.

Tarbox Funeral Home is conveniently next door.

We move past the closed box office and into the dingy ALLEY...

past an overflowing dumpster and to a stage door.

We push to a handscrawled sign in red ink taped to the DOOR: **"CALLBACKS TODAY! 'O, CHARLIE!' THE MUSICAL!"**

SHEILA, 20s, a dancer, stumbles down the alley, dance bag tossed over her shoulder. She's late.

She gets cold feet and stops in front of the door.

SHEILA

Okay, you either score this role,
or you'll be spending the rest of
your life changing diapers at the
old folks home. You got this. You
got this. You got--

She screams as a pile of trash bags next to the dumpster
comes alive.

CRAZY EDDIE, a stereotypical slasher film "crazy warning
guy," emerges from the pile.

CRAZY EDDIE

You're a chorus kid, ain't you?
You're going to that callback,
ain't you?

SHEILA

Yes, so if you could excuse me--

CRAZY EDDIE

Tuuurn baaack--

He hawks a loogie.

CRAZY EDDIE (CONT'D)

That place has a curse.

SHEILA

What?

CRAZY EDDIE

The theatre... It's got a death
curse.

SHEILA

Death curse?

She tries to push past, but CRAZY EDDIE stands his ground.

CRAZY EDDIE

No show has ever made it to opening
night. You're doomed if you go
inside. Your career... will DIE!

SHEILA

Thanks for the advice.

There's an awkward silence.

CRAZY EDDIE

So you're still gonna do it?

SHEILA
My unemployment ran out last week.

He steps aside.

CRAZY EDDIE
Oh. Well. Break a leg!

SHEILA runs inside.

Crazy Eddie cackles, which turns into a nasty cough, then he pulls out a bottle of Ripple and knocks it back.

A hooded FIGURE appears behind him.

Eddie backs into the Figure, startling himself.

CRAZY EDDIE (CONT'D)
Oh... can you spare a dollar for
the starving artist fund. I'm just
an absurdist playwright trying to
make a livin'--

Before Eddie can finish his sentence, the Figure GRABS the Ripple bottle, SMASHES it against the wall, and IMPALES the jagged half through his throat.

Blood SPRAYS through the bottle's neck.

The Figure casually walks into the theater as Crazy Eddie gurgles, frozen in the spasm of death.

PRE-LAP: A piano plays da-da da-da da-AH

VINNY (O.S.)
Alright! If you're not onstage in 5
seconds consider yourself CUT!

INT. STAGE - DAY

An intense DANCE CALL is getting underway, led by a choreographer with big hair: VINNY.

A "Spahn Ranch"-esque backdrop frames the stage.

MARK, the mute pianist, bangs away at an old upright while one-by-one two dozen Lycra-clad YOUNG DANCERS assemble onstage, pulling legwarmers and leotards on, jumping into routine, working their asses off. Sheila's one of the last to file in.

VINNY, the dance captain, takes them through the routine.

VINNY

Step kick, kick leap, kick touch.
Again! Step kick, kick leap, kick
touch! Again!

These hoofers have the passion. But Vinny continues...

VINNY (CONT'D)

Right. That connects with: turn
pivot, pivot turn, stab-the-knife
and Bugliosi Boogie. Got it? Back
line to the front and from the top.
Ah-5-6-7-8!

And BLAM! Our first musical number!

DANCERS

(sings, solo lines TBD)

IT'S AN OLD BROADWAY TRADITION
ANOTHER MUSICAL AUDITION
YOU MEAN SHE'S MY COMPETITION?!
I'D KILL FOR THIS GIG!
I'M SO STRESSED THAT I COULD SHOUT
UNEMPLOYMENT'S RUNNING OUT
I NEED HEALTH CARE FOR MY GOUT
I'D KILL FOR THIS GIG!
SHE'S GIVING ME THE STINK EYE
HER FOOT IS SICKLED
HE'S TOO FAT
GOD, WHY DID I WEAR TIE DYE?
I THINK MY CHEST IS WAY TOO FLAT
WE'RE QUICKLY RUNNING OUT OF HOPE
I REALLY WISH I'D BOOKED THAT SOAP
HE'S COMING FOR ANOTHER GROPE
I'D KILL FOR THIS GIG

BARBIE SMOOND bustles in, dance bag in tow. She's late and very apologetic.

BARBIE

I'm late, I'm late! I'm sorry I'm
late.

(to Vinny)

Hi. Barbie Smoond...

VINNY

You're late!

She takes her place next to PETER LANCE, another auditionee.

PETER

(smiling)

You're late.

BARBIE

Oh, Peter...

VINNY

Back line to the front. Now TRIPLE
TIME!

DANCERS

(sings)

HE'S FORCING US TO DANCE TO DEATH

HE'S ACTING LIKE A MAD MACBETH

I'M LOSING ALL MY BREATH

I'D KILL

(PUFF-PUFF)

FOR THIS GIG!

OH FUCK I THINK I BROKE A NAIL

MY ACTING TEACHER'S STILL IN JAIL

HAROLD PRINCE DIDN'T PAY HIS BAIL?

I'D KILL FOR THIS GIG!

FLY TOWER - INSERT

Hanging from a batten, a loose stage light rattles,
unsecured...

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

DANCERS

STOP WASTING YOUR TIME PRIMPING

YOUR DREAM IS TOO FAR OUT OF REACH

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU ARE LIMPING

IS THAT A MOUSTACHE?

WELL, I BLEACH

I MISS MY DEAR DEAD UNCLE BEN

HE LOVED TO SAY "I KNEW YOU WHEN"

BUT WHEN THE HELL DOES "WHEN"

FINALLY BEGIN?

I'LL SLAUGHTER 'EM AND SLAY 'EM

FRY AND FILLET 'EM

STRING 'EM UP FOR CARVING

LIKE A PIGGY PIG PIG

I'D! KILL!

(PUFF-PUFF-PUFF-PUFF)

I'D! KILL! FOR! THIS GIG!

They collapse in an exhausted, sweaty pile, looking to Vinny.

VINNY

Okay,

(pointing)

You, you, you, you...

(he goes on)

(MORE)

VINNY (CONT'D)
and you. The rest... thank you very
much.

The "cut" dancers bemoan and shuffle out.

The remaining dancers stand in a line: Sheila, Peter, Barbie, MONICA, HEATHER, PATTY, MICHAEL, RICCO, ALLISON, and a few others.

Sheila exhales with relief. Reclining with her legs outstretched, she glances to one of the other dancers.

SHEILA
I actually made it!

FLY TOWER - INSERT

Close on the stage light, a loosened SCREW, the culprit, pops free.

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The stage light comes crashing down right on Sheila's outstretched legs. SPLAT.

Sheila shrieks.

GASPS all around.

VINNY
Well that's horribly broken...

A beat.

SHEILA
C-Can I still audition--

Vinny gestures to one of the previously dismissed dancers, ESTELLE.

VINNY
You! It's your lucky day.

Estelle can't believe it. Can't conceal her squeal of joy.

VINNY (CONT'D)
(projecting to the wings)
Can we get the stretcher onstage!

The weeping Sheila is carted off on a very-bloodstained-stretcher as the dancers titter and chat (some skeptically looking up to the battens).

PETER and BARBIE take in the scene.

PETER
As if I wasn't nervous enough.

BARBIE
Awful. Just awful... but... it also narrows the competition -- You're gonna get it, believe me.

PETER
Somehow I don't think she was going out for Charlie. This character. He's weirder, you know. I don't feel, well, strange enough.

BARBIE
Peter, listen to me. Look at me. You're just as strange and weird as Charles Manson.
(beat)
But in a sweet way.

PETER
I just... I don't feel... you know...

He makes his bizarre interpretation of "butch."

BARBIE
Constipated? A lawn sprinkler? No, a nutcracker!

PETER
Barbie, I just don't have it in me.

BARBIE
Peter. Trust me. If anyone has it in them, it's you.

PETER
Barbie, you're the best friend a chorus boy could have.

BARBIE
Stop. Listen. Think. You sing like a bird. You dance like a god. You act like a young Marlon Brando. Say it... come on, funny face. "This musical can NOT be done without me!" Say it! "This musical..."

PETER
No. You're too much.

BARBIE

Say it! "This musical..."

PETER

You're the devil.

BARBIE

Don't forget me, okay? Barbie
Smoond! When you're rich and
famous...

PETER

You are the--

The theatre doors swing open with a bang. STEVE VELOUR, director extraordinaire, enters down the aisle, bad toupee and all. Steve occasionally toys with a red yo-yo when present.

STEVE

Alright, everyone! What do you say
we get this turkey into the oven!

They all laugh. Some desperately. Heather approaches Steve and walks with him as he approaches the stage.

HEATHER

Mr. Velour -- I am such a fan of
your work. If there is anything I
can do please--

He soundly ignores her.

STEVE

Line up!

The auditionees do so. They stand stalk still.

Steve walks down the line, inspecting the dancers like a drill sergeant.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Performers are special people. And
I want you to know I think all of
you are VERY special. Welcome to
the final callbacks for what I
consider to be an incredibly
special piece of work. Let me say
something about this fabulous
musical, "O, Charlie."

Heather does everything she can to stay in Steve's sightlines, but Steve doesn't buy it.

STEVE (CONT'D)

People have been coming up to me in the street and saying, "Steve, I hear you're doing a Broadway musical about Charlie Manson. I think it's time." I know you don't want to disappoint these people, and I don't intend to. This is gonna be the biggest hit since Elaine Stritch appeared in *Oh, Calcutta!* By the way, does anyone have a problem with full frontal nudity?

The dancers all nod "no."

STEVE (CONT'D)

Great.

The dancers titter. Some cross themselves.

Steve pulls out a tattered copy of *Variety* and flips to a page toward the back.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Now, as you all know, if you read the trades, and I know you do, the author of this play, Stan Lepidus, died a few weeks ago by his own hand. Mister Lepidus was a sensitive man.

(voice trembles)

And I, for one, am very, very angry at the bitter, bitter people who claim that the producers are doing this show to capitalize on the publicity that arose from Stan's tragically throwing himself off the Chrysler Building.

BARBIE

Some say it wasn't suicide at all.

All heads snap to Barbie.

She back tracks.

BARBIE (CONT'D)

But of course, who would ever want to murder such a sweet, sweet, talented man.

(squirming)

S-sorry, Mister Velour.

STEVE

Enough about that. We're all here to entertain. So give it your best shot, darlings. The only thing that hurts me is that I can't use each and every one of you talented, wonderful, special people in this show. So chin up, and may the best performer win. Alright... Rufus!

RUFUS, a hunchback, climbs down from the flies, holding a clipboard in his teeth.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Do you all know Rufus? He will be our stage manager. I think some of you have worked with him before.

Rufus has a serious speech impediment.

Although we can't understand much of what is coming out of his mouth, nobody in the company seems to have a problem with it.

RUFUS

Hah eheeeunn...
(Hello, everyone!)

PATTY

Hi, Rufus!

RUFUS

Hah Aaghee! Hah aa uuu?
(Patty! How are you?)

PATTY

Fine, Rufus, thanks for asking.

STEVE

Okay, okay, there'll be plenty of time to socialize during the break. Line them up, Rufus.

RUFUS

Unnnnhhhnnnnnuhhhhgghh.
Uuuuhnnnnnnh....unnnhnn...unnhg!

The dancers scramble into place to musical accompaniment.

They hold their headshots up in front of their faces, one at a time, a musical chord on each...

The last dancer begins to sing, in earnest.

RICCO

(sings)

THIS TENSION IS SO GRATING
I HOPE I DON'T START FLATULATING
I'D KILL...

DANCERS

(singing)

I SWEAR I'D KILL--

STEVE

No reprises, please! Rufus, collect
the headshots.