

SUPERSNOUT AUDITION PIECES

ANDRE & JULIE

A lounge-dining room with a couch and side-table centre stage. At stage left there is a large dog bed, bowl, toys etc. At stage right, a dining-type table with one chair. There is a landline phone on the table JULIE enters, carrying groceries and handbag and keys. She is obviously in a hurry.

JULIE: *(Dropping her keys.)* Bloody hell!

She picks up the keys and struggles to the table with the groceries, calling out as she peels off her coat and places it on the back of the chair.

JULIE: Andre! Andre! I'm home! Andre? You poor darling!

In bounds Andre, her dog – a normal actor, except with a dog's nose and whiskers painted on. He runs around the couch in excitement and rushes over to her, jumping up, pawing her and trying to lick her face.

JULIE: *(Patting him in greeting, and laughing)* Down! Down!

She returns to the table and begins to unpack groceries.

ANDRE: *(Agitated.)* Where the hell have you been? I'm busting.

Julie stops dead, holding a can of dog food in mid air. She looks toward the other door, which leads to the bedroom.

JULIE: Tom? Is that you?

Andre sits at her feet, wriggling with impatience.

ANDRE: Down here, stupid!

JULIE: *(Looking around, puzzled.)* Tom? *(Calling off)* I'm in the kitchen!

ANDRE: So am I – down here! Hurry up! I've been waiting six hours to pee.

JULIE: *(Slowly, incredulously, Julie looks down and around. She calls off again.)* Tom? Is this a joke?

She looks under the table for a microphone.

ANDRE: *(More agitated.)* Jeez, and I thought you were the smart one. If I piss on your leg, maybe you'll get the message.

Slowly it dawns on Julie. She drops to her haunches until she is face to face with Andre. She stares at him in disbelief.

ANDRE: Stop staring. You're making me nervous.

JULIE: *(Falling back in shock)* You... you... you can talk!

Andre leaps back in shock, too, then with stares with sudden realisation.

ANDRE: You...you ...can understand me?

They stare at each other in disbelief.

TOGETHER: It's a miracle!

JULIE: It can't be. Maybe I'm delusional? I'm hearing voices. I'm just

imagining my dog can talk. I've always wondered what you'd say if you could talk. Maybe I want you to talk, so I am imagining you can talk.

ANDRE: Maybe you could just shut up for a minute and let me out. I told you - I'm busting.

JULIE: (*Staring.*) What did you say?

ANDRE: (*Shouting.*) Maybe you can imagine me pissing on the couch, and then you'll let me out?!

JULIE: (*Thoughtfully, to herself.*) My dog just asked me to let him out for a pee - a perfectly reasonable request. I will let him out, and while he is outside, I will pour myself a wine and sit on the couch. I will let him back inside, drink my wine and the voices will go away.

ANDRE: Whatever! Open the bloody door!

Julie rises zombie-like, and opens the door. Andre exits quickly. Julie goes to table and pours herself a wine. She sits heavily on the couch - dazed. She pauses, and then skulls the drink. Andre returns, obviously relieved.

ANDRE: That's better. Now, where were we?

He jumps on the couch, turns around three times and then settles with his head on her lap.

ANDRE: So how was your day?

JULIE: (*With disbelief.*) You can talk!

ANDRE: (*Exasperated.*) I thought we'd established this? (*Patiently, patronisingly.*) No, you can understand. I've been talking for years.

JULIE: You have?

ANDRE: Of course. You have no idea how frustrating it's been trying to train you.

JULIE: Train me?

ANDRE: Yeah, when to let me out, when and what to feed me, when to take me for a walk...it's taken years for you to just learn the basics. And you're the smart one. That other one - the fat one - he's hopeless.

JULIE: Tom's not fat.

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TOM, GLORIA & ANDRE

The front door of the apartment (implied stage left) Sound of giggling from Gloria and drunken “Shhhs...” from Tom. Tom fumbles with his keys. He is carrying a bottle of champagne under his arm and his jacket over the other arm.

TOM: Shit! Here, hold this. *(He hands the bottle of champagne to Gloria.)*

GLORIA: I feel a bit funny about this. What if she comes home?

TOM: She won't. She's out visiting her mother in the country. It's just me and the dog.

GLORIA: Well... okay, but it just doesn't feel right.

TOM: *(Lewdly squeezing her buttock.)* It feels right to me.

GLORIA: *(Giggling.)* Ohh Tom! *(Tom finally opens the door and they fall through it together, laughing - obviously pissed. He dumps the keys on the side table and throws his jacket on the couch.)*

TOM: Hang on. Have to let the damned dog out for a wee.

(He takes the champagne from Gloria, kissing her in thanks, and then puts it on table. He looks around and starts calling.) Andre! Come on you old bastard, get outside.

ANDRE *enters slowly, looks at TOM and growls.*

GLORIA: *(Uneasily.)* He doesn't look very friendly.

TOM: He's okay - just old and grumpy. *(He gives Andre a half kick, moving him towards the door with his foot.)* Get outside, you old mongrel.

Andre growls again and exits slowly. Tom starts looking for champagne glasses, while Gloria sits awkwardly on the couch, looking around.

Andre comes back quickly – too quickly - and jumps on the couch beside her.

GLORIA: *(Peering at Andre cautiously.)* What kind of dog is he? He looks so small.

TOM: *(Opening champagne and filling glasses.)* He's a Chihuahua. A Chihuahua with a prostate problem. All he ever does is wee.

Gloria pats Andre tentatively.

Andre wags his tail gratefully and nuzzles her hand.

GLORIA: He's so tiny and adorable. What's his name again?

TOM: Andre – after Andre the Giant.

GLORIA: That's a strange name to give a dog.

TOM: It's a joke.

Gloria looks blank.

GLORIA: Oh...I get it. Andre - It's French isn't it? Are Chihuahuas French?

Andre *lies down and puts his paws over his head in disgust.*

GLORIA: Oh, look at him! He wants to go to sleep. He's so cute!

TOM: Come on, sweetheart - enough of the damned dog.

(He hands her a champagne glass, skulls his own and leads her to couch, pushing off Andre, who growls. Gloria and Tom fall on the couch, laughing, and start fooling around. Andre jumps on the couch and sits on Julie's side.

TOM: Hey, buddy - off!

ANDRE: Grrrr!

GLORIA: He doesn't seem to like you.

TOM: He's Julie's dog. Come on! Off!

He tries to pick up Andre.

ANDRE: Grrrrrrrr

TOM: Off, ya fuckin' weirdo!

He pushes him roughly to the ground. Andre yelps. Tom gets up, irritated.

TOM: Into bed!

He points to the dog bed.

Into bed!

Andre limps dramatically to his bed and starts licking his wounded leg.

GLORIA: Oh the poor little thing! You hurt him.

TOM: Not as much as I would have liked to.

GLORIA: That's not very nice!

TOM: He's not as cute as he looks.

Tom turns Gloria's face towards him.

TOM: Now, we're were we?

He falls upon her, kissing her passionately. They fall back on the couch together.

The glorious Gloria. I've been waiting all day for this.

From his bed, Andre is heard howling.

TOM: Jeez, now what?

Tom tries to ignore it.

GLORIA: *(Pushing Tom off.)* Tom, stop! Stop! I can't concentrate with the dog howling.

TOM: *(Ignoring her.)* Who needs to concentrate?

GLORIA: *(Pushing him off again.)* Go see what he wants.

GLORIA: Please...

Tom gets up and goes over to Andre. Andre tries to dash out stage left - then remembers to limp. TOM runs after him and shepherds him back to bed with his foot.

TOM: Ya puny bastard! Back to bed!