

MAX SECOND AUDITION PIECE PAGE 1

ACT ONE

Scene 5

The Office of Max Bialystock

As lights come up we discover MAX lying on the sofa reading from a play script while LEO is sitting at Max's desk doing the same. THEY are surrounded by stacks of play scripts, half eaten pizza, and food containers. THEY have gone from late afternoon of one day until dawn of the next.

LEO

Max, let's give up. I can't read anymore. How many plays can a person read?

MAX

Stop complaining! We have to find the worst play ever written!

LEO

But we've been reading all night.

MAX

Who cares? You wanna be a producer? Read, read. Keep reading.

(opening a new script)

Here's one. Act One, Scene One. "Gregor Samsa awoke one morning to discover that he had been transformed into a giant cockroach."

(HE thinks for a beat and then tosses the script aside)

Naaaa, too good.

LEO

(starting to read yet another script)

"But how could you see me? The glass was frosted." Wait a minute, wait a minute. I've read this before. I know I've read it before. What's it called, what's it called? "The Frosted Glass." Max I'm reading plays I read last night. I can't go on, it's too much. Let's face it, we'll never find it.

MAX

(sitting up with a new script HE has been reading)

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha. Ho, ho, ho. We'll never find it, eh? We'll never find it, eh? We'll never find it, eh? Leo, see it. Smell it. Touch it. Kiss it. It's the motherlode. The mother of them all.

LEO

What is it? You found a flop?

MAX

A flop, that's putting it mildly. This is a catastrophe. A disaster. Certain to offend peoples of all races, creeds and religions. A guaranteed-to-close-in-one-night beauty.

LEO

Let's see it.

(taking it and reading the title page)

"Springtime For Hitler, A Gay Romp with Adolf and Eva at Berchtesgaden." Oh, my God!

MAX

Oh, my God is right. It's practically a love letter to Hitler.

LEO

Max, this won't run a week.

MAX

A week? Are you kidding?

(searching the script in LEO's hand)

This play has got to close on page 4. What's the author's name again?

LEO

Franz Liebkind. 61 Jane Street, New York, New York.

MAX

Franz Liebkind. 61 Jane Street, Jane Street? That's the village, off-Broadway. I hate off-Broadway. Mimes, experimental theatre, no parking. It's a jungle down there. Let's go. We'll get the Broadway rights to "Springtime For Hitler" even if we have to go so far as to pay him.

(HE puts on his producer's Homburg hat)

C'mon.

LEO

(indicating a second producer's Homburg hanging on the hat rack)
This other hat. May I wear it?

MAX

No, you may not.

LEO

Why?

MAX

Because that is a Broadway producer's hat and you don't get to wear a Broadway producer's hat until you're a Broadway producer. And you're not a Broadway producer until ...

LEO

I know. I know. Until I produce a show on Broadway. But I'm gonna wear that hat. And soon, too. 'Cause...