

Music Man Audition Scenes

Audition Scene 1 - Winthrop

WINTHROP: My Cornet! Gee thankth, Profethor! Thither! Thither! Ithn't thith the motht thcrumpthyuth gold thing you ever thaw. I never thought I'd ever thee anything tho thcumphyuth ath thith thcrumpthyuth tholid gold thing! O thither!

Audition Scene 2 – Harold

HAROLD: Mothers of River City! Heed the warning before it's too late! Watch for the tell-tale signs of corruption! The moment your son leaves the house does he rebuckle his knickerbockers below the knee? Is there a nicotine stain on his index finger? A dime novel hidden in the corn crib? Is he memorizing jokes out of Captain Billy's Whiz Bang? Are certain words creeping into his conversation? Words like "swell" and "so's your old man"?

Audition Scene 3 – Mayor Shinn

SHINN: I'm sure we're all grateful to my wife, Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn for leading the singing and to Jacey Squires for his fine stereoptician slides... and to Ethel Toffelmier, our fine player-piano player – piano. As Mayor of River City I welcome you River Citizens to the Fourth of July exercises set up for the indoors here in Madison Gymnasium account the weather. Four score... Four score (*Shinn is handed a note*)

Ah – the members of the School Board will now present a patriotic tablow. (*Re-reads note*) Oh – the members of the School Board will NOT present a patriotic tablow. Some disagreement about costumes, I suppose. Instead the Wa Tan Ye girls of the local wigwam of Heeawatha will present a spectacle my wife – (*looks at note again*) in which my wife, Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn will take a leading part.

Audition Scene 4 – Winthrop, Harold

HAROLD: Hey, wait a minute here, son.

WINTHROP: I'm not your thon! Leave go me!

HAROLD: Not till I talk to you for a minute.

WINTHROP: I won't lithen! You wouldn't tell the truth anyway.

HAROLD: I would too.

WINTHROP: Would not.

HAROLD: Would too! Tell you anything you want to know.

WINTHROP: Can you lead a band?

HAROLD: No.

WINTHROP: Are you a big liar?

HAROLD: Yes.

WINTHROP: Are you a dirty rotten crook?

HAROLD: Yes.

WINTHROP: Leave me go, you big liar!

HAROLD: What's the matter? You wanted the truth, didn't you? Now I'm bigger'n you and you're going to stand here and get it all so you might as well quit wiggling. There's two things you're entitled to know. One, you're a wonderful kid. I thought so from the first. That's why I wanted you in the band, just so you'd quit mopin' around feeling sorry for yourself.

WINTHROP: (*Sarcastically*) What band?

HAROLD: ... I always think there's a band, kid.

WINTHROP: What'th the other thing I'm entitled to know?

HAROLD: Well – actually the other thing isn't any your business now that I think of it.

WINTHROP: I wish you'd never come to River Thity!

Audition Scene 5: Amaryllis, Winthrop, Mrs. Paroo

AMARYLLIS: Hello, Winthrop. I'm having a party on Saturday. Will you please come? (*Silence*) I would especially like it very much if you'd come... Winthrop? (*Silence*)

MRS. PAROO: Well, Winthrop, Amaryllis asked you to her party. Are you goin' or aren't you?

WINTHROP: No, thank you.

MRS. PAROO: You know the little girl's name.

AMARYLLIS: He won't say Amaryllis because of the "s" because of his lisp. He's ashamed.

MRS. PAROO: We know all about his lisp, Amaryllis. Well, Winthrop.

WINTHROP: No thank you, Amaryllith.

AMARYLLIS: Amaryllith – Amaryllith! (*She turns to MRS. PAROO with surprise*) He's crying. Why does he get so mad at people – just because he lisps?

MRS. PAROO: It's not only because he lisps. That's just part of it, Amaryllis.

AMARYLLIS: What's the other part?

MRS. PAROO: Never mind, dear. It's just that he never talks very much. We all have to be a little patient.

AMARYLLIS: I'm patient. Even though he doesn't ever talk to me – but I do him – every night – I say goodnight to him on the evening star. You have to do it the very second you see it, too, or it doesn't count. "Goodnight, my Winthrop, goodnight. Sleep tight."

Audition Scene 6: Mrs. Paroo, Harold

HAROLD: Mrs. Paroo, do you realize you have the facial characteristics of a Cornet virtuoso?

MRS. PAROO: I don't know if I understand you entirely, Professor.

HAROLD: If your boy has that same firm chin, and those splendid cheek muscles – By George! Not that he could ever be really great, you understand, but –

MRS. PAROO: Oh, is that so. And in the name of St. Briget, why not?

HAROLD: Well – you see all the really great Cornet players were Irish – O'Clark, O'Mendez, O'Klein –

MRS. PAROO: But Professor, we are Irish!

HAROLD: No! Really? That clinches it! Your boy was born to play the Cornet! Fine, fine. That will be seven dollars earnest money. Nothing more due until the first installment payable at opening of band practice. And of course, I'll need the boy's measurements for his band uniform.

MRS. PAROO: His uniform!

HAROLD: Certainly his uniform. And there won't be a penny due till delivery, which gives him four weeks to enjoy, to anticipate, to imagine, at no cost whatever. Never allow the demands of tomorrow to interfere with the

pleasures and excitement of today.

MRS. PAROO: You'll have to excuse Winthrop, Professor. We can't get him to say three words a day even to us. And if you get him to play in the band you'll have St. Michael's own wings with you. But if anybody can do it I'll bet you can. Out of a crowd I'll pick you for a hod-carrying, clay-pipe smokin', shamrock-wearin', harp-playin', Mavorneen-pinchin', Tara's hall minstrel-singin' Irishman! Be-gob and be-jabbers! Where are ye from, me bye?

HAROLD: Gary, Indiana.

MRS. PAROO: I knew it! Gar – Where did you say?

Audition Scene 7 – Harold, Tommy, Zaneeta

HAROLD: Tommy, like to talk to you about the band.

TOMMY: Aw gee, Professor, that's for the little kids.

HAROLD: I'm not talking about you playing in the band. You're mechanically minded, aren't you? Ever do anything with perpetual motion?

TOMMY: (*Sadly*) Nearly had it a couple times.

HAROLD: You did! You're my man! Do you realize nobody has ever invented a music-holder for a marching piccolo player? No place to hang the music.

TOMMY: (*Impressed*) Jeely Kly! Wonder where I could get some wire from.

HAROLD: Look in your cellar, that's where people keep wire. Oh young lady, Oh miss... what's your name?

ZANEETA: Zaneeta. I didn't have any idea you was beckoning to me. Ye Gods.

HAROLD: Do you know Tommy Djilas?

ZANEETA: Well, I –

HAROLD: Tommy, this is Zaneeta. Escort the young lady home.

ZANEETA: Only excepting I'm not going home. I have to go to the Liberry. Ye Gods.

HAROLD: Then escort the young lady home by way of the library – (*Takes out coins*) by way of the candy kitchen.

TOMMY: Yes sir. Do I hafta?

HAROLD: You hafta.

TOMMY: Yes sir.

ZANEETA: Ye Gods!

Audition Scene 8 – Tommy, Zaneeta

TOMMY: ...Zaneeta ... Hey, Zaneeta...

ZANEETA: Tommy, Papa and Mama are sitting right there in the bank. Ye Gods!

TOMMY: All right, then meet me after supper.

ZANEETA: I can't. It's Epworth League night. Meet you where?

TOMMY: The footbridge.

ZANEETA: You see? Isn't that just what I said? Last time the lumber yard and now the footbridge. And where will you meet me after that? In the Black Hole of Calcutta? Ye Gods.

TOMMY: I only want to show you my invention.

ZANEETA: What invention?

TOMMY: My music holder for a marching Piccolo player. It still has a couple of minor flaws; like when you keep it tight enough to hold the music steady you cut off the circulation and you can't wiggle your fingers. Meanwhile (*demonstrates how close it would be in playing position*) You could go blind!

Audition Scene 9 – Ethel, Harold, Eulalie

ETHEL: Oh, Professor Hill! We're all agog – simply agog! I'm Ethel Toffelmier. The pianola girl? And of course you met Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn? Our Mayor's wife? Isn't it exciting, Eulalie?

EULALIE: Oh, I couldn't say. I could not say. Oh no. I could not say, at this time. My husband will wish to investigate, I'm sure. And naturally I'm reticent. Oh yes, I'm reticent.

HAROLD: Of course, Mrs. Shinn, I understand. But you see, part of my music plans include a committee on the dance and – no wait – wait! Do that again, Mrs. Shinn! (*She looks behind her mystified*) Your foot! The way you raised it, just now!

EULALIE: (*Lifting foot slightly*) Oh. Well I have a bunion there that bothers –

HAROLD: Ohh what grace! What natural flow of rhythm! What expression of line and movement!

EULALIE: Mr. Hill.

HAROLD: You must accept the chairmanship of the Ladies Auxiliary for the Classic Dance, mustn't she, ladies?

ETHEL: Oh yes! Please! You must, Eulalie!

HAROLD: Every move you make, Mrs. Shinn, bespeaks Del Sarte. Will you – will you? Say yes, Mrs. Shinn!

EULALIE: Eulalie Mackecknie Shinn – ah – well! I – ah – that is – Dancing! Well!

HAROLD: Then you accept?

EULALIE: Yes indeed! And I would like to say –

HAROLD: Thank you. Now the young lady who plays the piano – Marian Paroo, I believe?

Audition Scene 10 – Shinn, Harold

SHINN: Just a minute here. Are you soliciting? You haven't got a license.

HAROLD: Oh no, Mayor Shinn, I collect doorbells. This particular specimen has an unusual tone quality that –

SHINN: Flattery will not avail you. Soliciting is statutory in this county – malfeasance requires a permit. Why haven't you been down to City Hall with your references?

HAROLD: Just missed you I – Mr. Mayor! Your hand – oh no!

SHINN: What, what...

HAROLD: That spread of the little finger! It's hereditary!

SHINN: Oh it is – what does that mean?

HAROLD: It means that your son's little finger is perfectly situated to operate the spitvalve on a B-flat Flugel Horn!

SHINN: (*Wide eyed*) Is that good?

HAROLD: Good! It means that America has at last produced an artist who can Flugel the Minute Waltz in 50 seconds.

SHINN: How could I get one of those horns?

HAROLD: Sign here, Mr. Mayor. That'll be seventeen dollars import fee.

SHINN: Yes sir. Just think I could've missed this whole – (*Stops suddenly*) I haven't got any son! You unscypulous flew-by-night, you unflypulous – you down to City Hall with your By God papers at three o'clock.

Audition Scene 11 – Marcellus, Harold

MARCELLUS: Hey! Gregory! You old son of a gun! What in –

HAROLD: Professor Hill's the name – Harold Hill.

MARCELLUS: But Greg, what are you doing here? Why didn't you let me know you was comin'?

HAROLD: I didn't know I was myself. Besides how could I know you'd end up in a little tank town like this? You were a pretty big slicker when you were in business with me.

MARCELLUS: Too many close shaves the way you work. Besides I got me a nice comfortable girl – Ethel Toffelmier – boss's niece.

HAROLD: Gone legitimate, huh? I knew you'd come to no good.

MARCELLUS: What's the new pitch? You're not back in the band business! I heard you was in steam automobiles. What happened?

HAROLD: Someone actually invented one. Now give me the lowdown here, Marce.

MARCELLUS: You'll never get anywhere in the band business with these stubborn Iowans, Greg. Besides we got a stuck-up music teacher here who'll expose you before you get your grip unpacked.

HAROLD: Male or female?

MARCELLUS: The music teacher? She's the librarian – female.

HAROLD: Perfect! That's what I wanted to hear. If she passes by point her out to me.

MARCELLUS: I will. How you gonna start the pitch?

HAROLD: Same old way. Keep that music teacher off balance – and then my next step will be to get your town out of the serious trouble it's in.

MARCELLUS: River City isn't in any trouble.

HAROLD: Then I'll have to create some. I have to create a desperate need for a Boy's Band. You remember – Now what's new around here. What can I use?

MARCELLUS: Nothin' - except the billiard parlor's just put in a new pool table.

Audition Scene 12 – Marcellus, Harold

MARCELLUS: Hey, Gregory!

HAROLD: Oh hi, Marcellus. And don't call me Greg.

MARCELLUS: How'd you make out with the music teacher?

HAROLD: Scrumptious. Ate out of my hand the minute I tipped my hat.

MARCELLUS: Splendid! Boy, did you cut a swath tonight. For a minute even I thought you knew something about leadin' a band. Just like when you used to imitate that band-concert fellow back in Joplin.

HAROLD: Aw – kid stuff. I'm in rare form these days, son. Just you keep your eyes on me for the next four weeks.

MARCELLUS: Four weeks! It only used to take ten days for the instruments to arrive.

HAROLD: It still does. But it takes four weeks for the uniforms. Uniforms and instruction books.

MARCELLUS: Instruction books! But you can't pass yourself off as a music professor – I mean not for any four weeks. You don't know one note from another.

HAROLD: I have a revolutionary new method called the Think System where you don't bother with notes. When the uniforms arrive they forget everything else – at least long enough for me to collect and leave. Oh this is a refined operation, son, and I've got it timed right down to the last wave of the brakeman's hand on the last train out'a town. And now Mr. Washburn, if you'll excuse me –

MARCELLUS: Gonna line yourself up a little canoodlin' huh?

Audition Scene 13 – Marian, Harold

HAROLD: Did you drop your –

MARIAN: No!

HAROLD: Didn't I meet you in –

MARIAN: No!

HAROLD: I will only be in town a short while –

MARIAN: Good!

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**HAROLD:** I don't suppose you live alone, or anything?

**MARIAN:** No!

**HAROLD:** I've got some wonderful caramels over't the hotel if you'd –

**MARIAN:** Mister Hill.

**HAROLD:** Professor Hill.

**MARIAN:** Professor of what? At what college do they give a degree for annoying women on the street like a Saturday night rowdy at the public dance hall?

**HAROLD:** Oh I wouldn't know about that. I'm a Conservatory man myself. Gary, Indiana Gold Medal Class of '05.

**MARIAN:** Even should that happen to be true does that give you the right to follow me around wherever I go? Another thing, Mister Hill, I'm not as easily mesmerized or hoodwinked as some people in this town and I think it only fair to warn you that I have a shelf full of reference books in there which may very well give me some interesting information about you.

### **Audition Scene 14 – Marian, Harold**

**HAROLD:** Never a peaceful moment in the music business. Now, then, where were we?

**MARIAN:** You were about to tell me what I don't know about you.

**HAROLD:** Yeah – well we really don't have to go into that just now – do we –

**MARIAN:** No, we don't – or ever for that matter. Harold. The librarian hasn't felt much like doing research lately – but she did plenty when you first came here.

**HAROLD:** (*Slightly apprehensive*) Oh – about what?

**MARIAN:** About Professor Harold Hill, Gary Conservatory of Music – Gold Medal Class of '05. Harold, there wasn't any Gary Conservatory in '05.

**HAROLD:** Why there certainly –

**MARIAN:** Because the town wasn't even built till '06. I'll see you at the Sociable.

**HAROLD:** (*Calling after her*) You knew all the time?!

**MARIAN:** Since July 7<sup>th</sup> – three days after you came. I tore this page out of the Indiana Journal. It was originally intended to use against you but now I give it to you with all my heart.

**HAROLD:** Bug if you knew – why didn't you – (*MARIAN throws him a kiss as she exits*). Why you little -