LITTLE FALLS THEATRE COMPANY

Summer 2024

# The Music Man

## Audition Sides

**Harold Hill:**

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 corncrib? 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"?

**Marian Paroo: (choose one)**

**1.**

Oh yes, you have! Something beautiful. That's why I came – and I'm glad! Oh, please don't be afraid that I expect too much more. One can't expect a traveling salesman to stay put. I know there have been many ports of call – and there will be many more.

**2.**

Now mama. Surely a girl's future doesn't depend on encouraging every fast-talking, self-centered, woman-chasing travelling man who comes to town. And the fact that he claims his commodity is music does not, in this particular case, impress me.

**Mayor Shinn:**

Men, this calls for emergency action. That man is a spellbinder. I haven't seen Iowa people get so excited since the night Frank Gotch and Strangular Lewis lay on the mat for three and a half hours without moving a muscle! Never Mind! I want his credentials!

**Tommy Djilas;**

Meet me at the footbridge. I only want to show you my invention. It's my music holder for a marching Piccolo player. It still has a couple of minor flaws; see, when you keep it tight enough to hold the music steady you cut off the circulation and you can't wiggle your fingers. Meanwhile –

**Eulalie Shinn:**

Lovely, ladies, lovely. Now turn. Take the body with you. Lovely.
Now let's have a go at our Grecian Urns…
One Grecian Urn…
Two Grecian Urns…
and a Fountain…trickle, trickle, trickle.
Splendid, ladies. I predict that our Del Sarte display will be the highlight of the Ice Cream Sociable.

**Zaneeta Shinn:**

Tommy, Papa and Mama are sitting right there in the bank. Ye Gods! I can't meet you. Meet you where? You see? Isn't that just what I said? Last time the lumber yard and now the foot-bridge. And where will you meet me after that? In the Black Hole of Calcutta? Ye, Gods.

**Marcellus Washburn:**

Hey, Gregory! How'd you make out with the music teacher? I bet you had her eating out of your hand. Boy, did you cut a swath tonight. For a minute I thought you knew somethin' about leadin' a band. Just like when you used to imitate that band-concert fellow back in Joplin.

**CHILD MONOLOGUES**

**Winthrop Paroo: (male)**

"Thithter! Thithter! Ithn't thith the motht thcrumpthyuth tholid

gold thing you ever thaw. I never thought I'd ever thee

anything tho thcrumpthyuth ath thith thcrumpthyuth tholid

gold thing! O thithter!"

**Amaryllis: (female)**

"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."

**Female Ensemble:**

Oh, Professor Hill, we're all agog – simply agog! Everyone's so excited about the band. I'm Ethel Toffelmier. The pianola girl? And this is Mrs. Squires, and Mrs. Hix. And, of course, you met Eulalie MacKecknie Shinn? Our Mayor's wife? Isn't it exciting, Eulalie?

**Male Ensemble:**

Just a minute - Professor Hill. We'd like to have your credentials. We're the school board. – Your Academic credentials. We need letters and papers! Sorry, Professor, but we got our orders. We all been deputized.