

Torbay Theatre presents
THE MUSIC MAN

ACTING AUDITION PIECES

If you are auditioning for a main role, choose one of the pieces below to prepare and perform at auditions. If there is not one for the exact part you want, choose one you think you could do well.

These pieces should be done with an American accent, if you can.

MARIAN

(To Harold Hill; strong but not aggressive)

Even should that happen to be true, does that give you the right to follow me around wherever I go? Another thing, Mr 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.

HAROLD

(To Marcellus; enthusiastic; letting him in on the plan)

I have a revolutionary new method called the Think System where you don't bother with notes. But 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.

EULALIE, MAUD, ALMA, ETHEL, MRS SQUIRES

(To Harold Hill; gossiping about Marian)

Professor, her kind of woman doesn't belong on any committee. Of course, I shouldn't tell you this but she advocates dirty books. Chaucer... Rabalaisse.... Balzac! And the worse thing - of course I shouldn't tell you this but... she made brazen overtures to a man who never had a friend in this town until she came along - old Miser Madison. She was seen going and coming from his place.

MRS PAROO *(*with an Irish accent, if possible)*

(To Harold Hill; she has just been talked into signing up Winthrop based on his Irish ancestry)

You'll have to excuse Winthrop, Professor. We can't get him to say three words a day even to us. And if you can get him to play in the band you'll have St Michael's own way 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?

MAYOR SHINN

(To Eulalie, his wife; exasperated at how he seems to have lost control of the town)

Get that spell-binder's credentials, I said, morning of July fourth, Nineteen and Twelve. And now look! My wife is off dancing at any and all hours instead of in the home. The School Board is singing up street and down alley instead of tending to city matters, my oldest girl is boodleing around with some wild kid and my business has fallen off so far I can't find the balance sheet.

TOMMY

(To Mayor Shinn; strong and respectful, not aggressive)

Mr Shinn, your honor. Your daughter and I are goin' steady behind your back. We'd rather do it in front a'your back but... Zaneeta's scared a'ya, but I'm not. I should think you'd hate having your own daughter scared a'ya.

CHARLIE COWELL

(To Marian; exposing Harold's con)

Name's Charlie Cowell - anvil salesman. But just now I'm out to protect the good name of the travellin' fraternity from this swindler. That fella's been the raspberry seed in my wisdom tooth just long enough. He spoiled Illinois for me and he's not gonna spoil Iowa! Say, what kind of music teacher are you that you didn't see through him?

WINTHROP (**speaks, is written and should be performed with a lisp; translation below*)
(*To Harold Hill & Marian; enthusiastic*)

My Cornet! Gee thankth, Profethor! Thither! Thither! lthn'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!

(*My Cornet! Gee thanks, Professor! Sister! Sister! Isn't this the most scrumptious gold thing you ever saw. I never thought I'd ever see anything so scrumptious as this scrumptious solid gold thing! O sister!*)

AMARYLLIS, ZANEETA, GRACIE

(*To Marian; dreamily; declaring her unrequited love for Winthrop*)

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.”

FOUR TOWNSMEN

EWART: Just a minute, Professor Hill. We'd like to have a look at your credentials. We're the School Board.

OLIN: Academic certificates.

EWART:: Nothing of the kind!

OLIN: We need letters and papers!

EWART: Make him put up a bond!

HAROLD: What am I hearing? Say..... (SINGING) Ice Creeeeeam....

OLIN: Ice cream, but I don't sing, young man, if that's what you're.....

HAROLD: All right, talk then. (LOW) Down here....

OLIN: Ice cream.

HAROLD: Talk slow!

OLIN: Ice creeeeeam.

HAROLD: See? Singing is only sustained talking. (TO EWART) Now youuuuuuu....

EWART: Ice creeeeeeeam.