

Audition form—*Our Town*

(Please fill in the form below and on the back side, and bring it with you to auditions. Be neat!)

Name :

Email address (Illiana Christian email address, please):

Cell phone number:

Year in school (please circle): 9 10 11 12

For which roles are you auditioning? Please list your top three choices.

Are you willing to play a role other than those listed above?

If you are female, are you willing to play a male role if necessary?

Can you sing? Have you ever sung in a choir?

Are you interested in the possibility of being a student director?

Please list your involvement with past theater productions both here and elsewhere.

Please look carefully over the attached calendar of rehearsal times. If you get a part, you are expected to be at all rehearsals for the scenes in which you appear. Except for the most dire of reasons, you cannot miss any rehearsals after Oct. 1. Please list any conflicts you have with these dates in the space below:

What follows are a rehearsal calendar, a character list, and scenes that we will be using at auditions. Know the story and characters, and practice these scenes--both vocally and physically--before your audition.

August 2024

◀ Jul 2024 August 2024 Sep 2024 ▶						
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15 Auditions 3-5	16 Auditions 3-5	17
18	19 <i>Day off!</i>	20 Whole Cast Read Through 3-5:15	21 Pages 2-30 3-5	22 Pages 31-51 3-5	23 Pages 52-67 3-4:30	24
25	26 Gibbs Family 4:15-5:45	27 Webb Family 3-4:30	28 George, Emily, Stage Manager 3-4:30	29 Page 52-67 3-4:30 Back to School Night	30 <i>Day off!</i>	31

September 2024

September 2024						
◀ Aug 2024						Oct 2024 ▶
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2 Labor Day <i>Day off!</i>	3 Our Town Choir 3-5:00	4 Pages 2-30 3-5	5 Pages 31-51 3-5	6 Pages 52-67 3-4:30	7
8 <i>Blocking this week</i>	9 Emily, George, Stage Manager 4:30-6	10 Pages 2-30 3-5	11 Pages 31-51 3-5	12 Pages 52-67 3-4:30	13 Our Town Choir 3-4:00 (if needed)	14
15	16 Pages 2-30 3-5	17 <i>Day off!</i> <i>PSAT Coaching</i>	18 Pages 31-51 3-5	19 <i>Day off!</i> <i>Early Dismissal / PSAT Coaching</i>	20 Pages 52-67 3-5	21
22 <i>Memory this week</i>	23 Pages 52-67 6-8	24 Pages 31-51 3-4:30 <i>PSAT Coaching</i>	25 Pages 2-30 3-5	26 Pages 2-30 3-5	27 <i>Day off!</i>	28
29	30 Pages 31-51 6-8					

October 2024

◀ Sep 2024		October 2024					Nov 2024 ▶
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat	
		1 Pages 52-67 4-6	2 Pages 2-30 3-5	3 Pages 31-51 3-5	4 Pages 52-67 3-4:30 Spire Party	5	
6	7 Everybody 6-9	8 <i>Day off!</i> Concert	9 Pages 2-30 3-5	10 Pages 31-51 3-5	11 Pages 52-67 3-4:30	12	
13	14 Everybody 6-9	15 Pages 2-30 4:30-6	16 Pages 31-51 3-5	17 <i>Day off!</i> Concert	18 Pages 52-67 3-4:30 Dodgeball Tournament	19	
20	21 Everybody 6-9	22 <i>Day off!</i>	23 <i>No School</i>	24 <i>No School</i>	25 <i>No School</i>	26	
27 <i>Tech Week</i>	28 Everybody 6-10	29 <i>Day off!</i> P/T Conferences	30 Everybody 6-10	31 Everybody 6-10			

November 2024

November 2024						
◀ Oct 2024						Dec 2024 ▶
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
					1 <i>Day off!</i>	2 Everybody 8-12 (if necessary)
3	4 Dress Rehearsal 6-10	5 Dress Rehearsal 6-10	6 Dress Rehearsal 6-10	7 Performance 6-10	8 Performance 6-10	9 Performances 12-4 6-10
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

The first performance of this play took place at the McCarter Theatre, Princeton, New Jersey, on January 22, 1938. The first New York performance was at the Henry Miller Theatre, February 4, 1938. It was produced and directed by Jed Harris.

CHARACTERS (in the order of their appearance)

Stage Manager
Dr. Gibbs
Joe Crowell
Howie Newsome
Mrs. Gibbs
Mrs. Webb
George Gibbs
Rebecca Gibbs
Wally Webb
Emily Webb
Professor Willard
Mr. Webb
Woman In The Audience
Simon Stimson
Mrs. Soames
Constable Warren
Si Crowell
Sam Craig
Joe Stoddard

The entire play takes place in Grover's Corners, New Hampshire.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

*A factory whistle sounds.
The children dash in and take their places.*

Mrs. Webb

Children! Now I won't have it. Breakfast is just as good as any other meal and I won't have you gobbling like wolves. It'll stunt your growth. That's a fact. Put away your book, Wally.

Wally

Aw, Ma! By ten o'clock I got to know all about Canada.

Mrs. Webb

You know the rule's well as I do No books at table. As for me, I'd rather have my children healthy than bright.

Emily

I'm both, Mama, You know I am. I'm the brightest girl in school for my age. I have a wonderful memory.

Mrs. Webb

Eat your breakfast.

Wally

I'm bright, too, when I'm looking at my stamp collection.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Mrs. Gibbs

I'll speak to your father about it when he's rested. Seems to me twenty-five cents a week's enough for a boy your age. I declare I don't know how you spend it all.

George

Aw, Ma. I gotta lotta things to buy.

Mrs. Gibbs

Strawberry phosphates! That's what you spend it on.

George

I don't see how Rebecca comes to have so much money. She has more'n a dollar.

Rebecca

I've been saving it up gradual.

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, dear, I think it's a good thing to spend some every now and then.

Rebecca

Mama, do you know what I love most in the world. Do you? Money.

Mrs. Gibbs

Eat your breakfast.

The Children (*Overlapping*)

Mama, there's first bell! I gotta hurry! I don't want any more! I gotta hurry!

George, Rebecca, Emily *and* Wally *exit center aisle*.

Mrs. Webb

Walk fast, but you don't have to run. Wally, pull up your pants at the knee. Stand up straight, Emily.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Mrs. Gibbs

Tell Miss Foster I send her my best congratulations. Can you remember that?

Rebecca

Yes, Ma.

Mrs. Gibbs

You look real nice, Rebecca. Pick up your feet.

All:

Good-by.

Mrs. Gibbs *and* Mrs. Webb stand center.

Mrs. Gibbs

Good morning, Myrtle. How's your cold?

Mrs. Webb

Well, I still get that tickling feeling in my throat. I told Charles I didn't know as I'd go to choir practice tonight. Wouldn't be any use.

Mrs. Gibbs

Have you tried singing over your voice?

Mrs. Webb

Yes, but somehow I can't do that and stay on the key.

Mrs. Gibbs

Now, Myrtle. I've got to tell you something, because if I don't tell somebody I'll burst.

Mrs. Webb

Why, Julia Gibbs!

Mrs. Gibbs

Myrtle, did one of those secondhand-furniture men from Boston come to see you last Friday?

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Mrs. Webb

No-o.

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, he called on me. First I thought he was a patient wantin' to see Dr. Gibbs. 'n he wormed his way into my parlor, and, Myrtle Webb, he offered me three hundred fifty dollars for Grandmother Wentworth's highboy, as I'm sitting here!

Mrs. Webb

Why, Julia Gibbs!

Mrs. Gibbs

He did! That old thing! Why, it was so big I didn't know where to put it and I almost give it to Cousin Hester Wilcox.

Mrs. Webb

Well, you're going to take it, aren't you?

Mrs. Gibbs

I don't know.

Mrs. Webb

You don't know. Three hundred fifty dollars! What's come over you?

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, if I could get the Doctor to take the money and go away someplace on a real trip, I'd sell it like that. Y'know, Myrtle, it's been the dream of my life to see Paris, France. It sounds crazy, I suppose, but for years I've been promising myself that if we ever had the chance...

Mrs. Webb

How does the Doctor feel about it?

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, I did beat about the bush a little and said that if I got a legacy—that's the way I put it—I'd make him take me somewhere.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Dr. Gibbs *enters*.

Dr. Gibbs

Oh, George, can you come down a minute?

George

Yes, Pa.

George *descends the ladder*.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Dr. Gibbs

Make yourself comfortable, George; I'll only keep you a minute. George, how old are you?

George

I? I'm sixteen, almost seventeen.

Dr. Gibbs

What do you want to do after school's over?

George

Why, you know, Pa. I want to be a farmer on Uncle Luke's farm.

Dr. Gibbs

You'll be willing, will you, to get up early and milk and feed the stock ... and you'll be able to hoe and hay all day?

George

Sure, I will. What are you...what do you mean, Pa?

Dr. Gibbs

Well, George, while I was in my office today I heard a funny sound...and what do you think it was? It was your mother chopping wood. There you see your mother...getting up early; cooking meals all day long; washing and ironing and still she has to go out in the back yard and chop wood. I suppose she just got tired of asking you. She just gave up and decided it was easier to do it herself. And you eat her meals, and put on the clothes she keeps nice for you, and you run off and play baseball...like she's some hired girl we keep around the house but that we don't like very much. Well, I knew all I had to do was call your attention to it. Here's a handkerchief, son. George, I've decided to raise your spending money twenty-five cents a week. Not, of course, for chopping wood for your mother, because that's a present you give her, but because you're getting older and I imagine there are lots of things you must find to do with it.

George

Thanks, Pa.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

I

Laughter and good nights can be heard from the Choir members. Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Soames and Mrs. Webb come down Main Street. They stop.

Mrs. Soames (to off stage)

Good night, Martha. Good night, Mr. Foster.

Mrs. Gibbs

Real nice choir practice, wa'n't it? (Pause) Myrtle Webb! Look at that moon, will you! Potato weather, for sure.

The three are silent a moment, gazing up at the moon.

Mrs. Soames

Naturally I didn't want to say a word about it in front of those others, but now we're alone...really, it's the worst scandal that ever was in this town!

Mrs. Gibbs

What?

Mrs. Soames:

Simon Stimson!

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Mrs. Gibbs

Now, Louella!

Mrs. Soames:

But, Julia! To have the organist of a church *drink* and *drunk* year after year. You know he was drunk tonight.

Mrs. Gibbs

Now, Louella! We all know about Mr. Stimson, and we all know about the troubles he's been through, and Dr. Ferguson knows too, and if Dr. Ferguson keeps him on there in his job the only thing the rest of us can do is just not to notice it.

Mrs. Soames

Not to notice it! But it's getting worse.

Mrs. Webb

No, it isn't, Louella. It's getting better. I've been in that choir twice as long as you have. It doesn't happen anywhere near so often.

They look at the moon in silence.

My, I hate to go to bed on a night like this. I better hurry. Those children'll be sitting up till all hours. Good night, Louella.

They all exchange good nights. Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Soames exit. Mrs. Gibbs and Dr. Gibbs meet at center.

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, we had a real good time.

Dr. Gibbs

You're late enough.

Mrs. Gibbs

Why, Frank, it ain't any later 'n usual.

Dr. Gibbs

And you stopping at the corner to gossip with a lot of hens.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Mrs. Gibbs

Now, Frank, don't be grouchy. Just smell the heliotrope in the moonlight. Isn't that wonderful? What did you do all the time I was away?

Dr. Gibbs

Oh, I read. As usual. What were the girls gossiping about tonight?

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, believe me, Frank, there is something to gossip about.

Dr. Gibbs

Hmm! Simon Stimson far gone, was he?

Mrs. Gibbs

Worst I've ever seen him. How'll that end, Frank? Dr. Ferguson can't forgive him forever.

Dr. Gibbs

I guess I know more about Simon Stimson's affairs than anybody in this town. Some people ain't made for small-town life. I don't know how that'll end; but there's nothing we can do but just leave it alone. Come, get in.

Mrs. Gibbs

No, not yet...Frank, I'm worried about you.

Dr. Gibbs

What are you worried about?

Mrs. Gibbs

I think it's my duty to make plans for you to get a real rest and change. And if I get that legacy, well, I'm going to insist on it,

Dr. Gibbs

Now, Julia, there's no sense in going over that again.

Mrs. Gibbs

Frank, you're just *unreasonable!*

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

*Lights dim to black as George and Emily replace their ladders.
The Choir sings. Lights fade up to full.*

Stage Manager

Three years have gone by. Yes, the sun's come up over a thousand times.

Some babies that weren't even born before have begun talking regular sentences already; and a number of people who thought they were right young and spry have noticed that they can't bound up a flight of stairs like they used to, without their heart fluttering a little.

All that can happen in a thousand days.

Nature's been pushing and contriving in other ways, too: a number of young people fell in love and got married. Almost everybody in the world gets married. In our town there aren't hardly any exceptions. Most everybody in the world climbs into their graves married.

So, it's three years later. It's 1904.

It's July 7th, just after High School Commencement. That's the time most of our young people jump up and get married. Soon as they've passed their last examinations in solid geometry and Cicero's Orations, looks like they suddenly feel themselves fit to be married.

It's early morning. Only this time it's been raining. It's been pouring and thundering.

There! You can hear the 5:45 for Boston.

Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Webb enter.

And there's Mrs. Gibbs and Mrs. Webb come down to make breakfast, just as though it were an ordinary day. I don't have to point out to the women in my audience that those ladies they see before them, both of those ladies cooked three meals a day—one of 'em for twenty years, the other for forty—and no summer vacation. They brought up two children apiece, washed, cleaned the house,—and never a nervous breakdown. It's like what one of those Middle West poets said: You've got to love life to have life, and you've got to have life to love life.. .. It's what they call a vicious circle.

Here comes Howie Newsome delivering the milk. And there's Si Crowell delivering the papers like his brother before him.

Si Crowell and Howie Newsome enter.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Dr. Gibbs

Well, Ma, the day has come. You're losin' one of your chicks.

Mrs. Gibbs

Frank Gibbs, don't you say another word. I feel like crying every minute.

Dr. Gibbs

The groom's up shaving himself. Only there ain't an awful lot to shave. Whistling and singing, like he's glad to leave us. Every now and then he says "I do" to the mirror, but it don't sound convincing to me.

Mrs. Gibbs

I declare, Frank, I don't know how he'll get along. I've arranged his clothes and seen to it he's put warm things on. *(Pause)* Frank! they're too young. Emily won't think of such things. He'll catch his death of cold within a week.

Dr. Gibbs

I was remembering my wedding morning, Julia.

Mrs. Gibbs

Now don't start that, Frank Gibbs.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Dr. Gibbs

I was the scarest young fella in the State of New Hampshire. I thought I'd made a mistake for sure. And when I saw you comin' down that aisle I thought you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen; but the only trouble was that I'd never seen you before. There I was in the Congregational Church marryin' a total stranger.

Mrs. Gibbs

And how do you think I felt! *(Pause)* Frank, weddings are perfectly awful things. Farces, that's what they are!

Dr. Gibbs

How'd you sleep last night, Julia?

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, I heard a lot of the hours struck off.

Dr. Gibbs

Ye-e-s! I get a shock every time I think of George setting out to be a family man...that great gangling thing! I tell you Julia, there's nothing so terrifying in the world as a son. The relation of father and son is the darndest, awkwardest...

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, mother and daughter's no picnic, let me tell you.

Dr. Gibbs

They'll have a lot of troubles, I suppose, but that's none of our business. Everybody has a right to their own troubles.

Mrs. Gibbs

Yes...people are meant to go through life two by two. 'Tain't natural to be lonesome.

Pause. Dr. Gibbs starts laughing.

Dr. Gibbs

Julia, do you know one of the things I was scared of when I married you?

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Mrs. Gibbs

Oh, go along with you!

Dr. Gibbs

I was afraid we wouldn't have material for conversation more'n'd last us a few weeks. I was afraid we'd run out and eat our meals in silence, that's a fact. Well, you and I been conversing for twenty years now without any noticeable barren spells.

Mrs. Gibbs

Well, good weather, bad weather, 'tain't very choice, but I always find something to say. Did you hear Rebecca stirring around upstairs?

Dr. Gibbs

No. Only day of the year Rebecca hasn't been managing everybody's business up there. She's hiding in her room. I got the impression she's crying.

Mrs. Gibbs

Lord's sakes! This has got to stop. Rebecca! Rebecca! Come down here.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Stage Manager (*Continued*)

George and Emily are going to show you now the conversation they had when they first knew that...that...as the saying goes...that they were meant for one another. But before they do it I want you to try and remember what it was like to have been very young.

And particularly the days when you were first in love; when you were like a person sleep-walking. You're just a little bit crazy. Will you remember that, please? Now they'll be coming out of high school at three o'clock. George has just been elected President of the Junior Class, and as it's June, that means he'll be President of the Senior Class all next year. And Emily's just been elected Secretary and Treasurer. I don't have to tell you how important that is.

Emily *enters*.

Emily (To off-stage)

I can't, Louise. I've got to go home. Good-bye. Oh, Ernestine! Ernestine! Can you come over tonight and do Latin? Isn't that Cicero the worst thing! Tell your mother you have to. G'by. G'by, Helen. G'by, Fred.

George, *enters*.

George

Can I carry your books home for you, Emily?

Emily (*Coolly*)

Why . . . uh . . . Thank you. It isn't far.

Silence

George

I'm awfully glad you were elected, too, Emily.

Emily

Thank you.

George

Emily, why are you mad at me?

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Emily

I'm not mad at you.

George

You've been treating me so funny lately.

Emily

Well, since you ask me, I might as well say it right out, George, I don't like the whole change that's come over you in the last year. I'm sorry if that hurts your feelings, but I've got to—tell the truth and shame the devil.

George

A *change*? Wha...what do you mean?

Emily

Well, up to a year ago I used to like you a lot. And I used to watch you as you did everything...because we'd been friends so long...and then you began spending all your time at baseball...and you never stopped to speak to anybody any more. Not even to your own family you didn't...and, George, it's a fact...you've got awful conceited and stuck-up, and all the girls say so. They may not say so to your face, but that's what they say about you behind your back, and it hurts me to hear them say it; but I've got to agree with them a little. I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings...but I can't be sorry I said it.

George

I...I'm glad you said it, Emily. I never thought that such a thing was happening to me. I guess it's hard for a fella not to have faults creep into his character.

Emily

I always expect a man to be perfect and I think he should be.

George

Oh, I don't think it's possible to be perfect, Emily.

Emily

Well, my father is, and as far as I can see, your father is. There's no reason on earth why you shouldn't be, too.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

George

Well, I feel it's the other way round. That men aren't naturally good; but girls are.

Emily

Well, you might as well know right now that I'm not perfect. It's not as easy for a girl to be perfect as a man, because we girls are more...more...nervous. Now I'm sorry I said all that about you. I don't know what made me say it.

George

Emily...

Emily

Now I can see it's not the truth at all. And I suddenly feel that it isn't important, anyway.

George

Emily...would you like an ice-cream soda, or something, before you go home?

Emily

Well, thank you...I would.

The Stage Manager, as Mr. Morgan, enters.

Stage Manager

Hello, George. Hello, Emily. What'll you have? Why, Emily Webb, what you been crying about?

George

She...she just got an awful scare, Mr. Morgan. She almost got run over by that hardware-store wagon. Everybody says that Tom Huckins drives like a crazy man.

Stage Manager

Well, now! You look all shook up. I tell you, you've got to look both ways before you cross Main Street these days. Gets worse every year. What'll you have?

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Emily

I'll have a strawberry phosphate, thank you, Mr. Morgan.

George

No, no, Emily. Have an ice-cream soda with me. Two strawberry ice-cream sodas, Mr. Morgan.

Stage Manager

Two strawberry ice-cream sodas, yes sir. There they are. Enjoy 'em.

The Stage Manager *exits*.

Emily

They're so expensive.

George

No, no. Don't you think of that. We're celebrating our election. And then do you know what else I'm celebrating?

Emily

Nnn-no,

George

I'm celebrating because I've got a friend who tells me all the things that ought to be told me.

Emily

George, please don't think of that. I don't know why I said it. It's not true. You're...

George

No, Emily, you stick to it. I'm glad you spoke to me like you did. But you'll see; I'm going to change so quick; you bet I'm going to change. And, Emily, I want to ask you a favor.

Emily

What?

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

George

Emily, if I go away to State Agriculture College next year, will you write me a letter once in a while?

Emily

I certainly will. I certainly will, George

Pause.

It certainly seems like being away three years you'd get out of touch with things. Maybe letters from Grover's Corners wouldn't be so interesting after a while. Grover's Corners isn't a very important place when you think of all New Hampshire; but I think it's a very nice town.

George

The day wouldn't come when I wouldn't want to know everything that's happening here. I know that's true, Emily.

Emily

Well, I'll try to make my letters interesting.

Pause.

George

Y'know. Emily, whenever I meet a farmer I ask him if he thinks it's important to go to Agriculture School to be a good farmer.

Emily

Why, George...

George

Yeah, and some of them say that it's even a waste of time. You can get all those things, anyway, out of the pamphlets the government sends out. And Uncle Luke's getting old; he's about ready for me to start in taking over his farm tomorrow, if I could.

Emily

My!

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

George

And, like you say, being gone all that time...in other places and meeting other people. Gosh, if anything like that can happen I don't want to go away. I guess new people aren't any better than old ones. I'll bet they almost never are. Emily ... I feel that you're as good a friend as I've got. I don't need to go and meet the people in other towns.

Emily

But, George, maybe it's very important for you to go and learn all that about cattle judging and soils and those things. Of course, I don't know.

George

Emily, I'm going to make up my mind right now. I won't go. I'll tell Pa about it tonight.

Emily

Why, George, I don't see why you have to decide right now. It's a whole year away.

George

Emily, I'm glad you spoke to me about that...that fault in my character. What you said was right; but there was one thing wrong in it, and that was when you said that for a year I wasn't noticing people, and...you, for instance. Why, you say you were watching me when I did everything...I was doing the same about you all the time. Why, sure, I always thought about you as one of the chief people I thought about. I always made sure where you were sitting on the bleachers, and who you were with, and for three days now I've been trying to walk home with you; but something's always got in the way. Yesterday I was standing over against the wall waiting for you, and you walked home with Miss Corcoran.

Emily

George...Life's awful funny! How could I have known that? Why, I thought...

George

Listen, Emily, I'm going to tell you why I'm not going to Agriculture School. I think that once you've found a person that you're very fond of...I mean a person who's fond of you, too, and likes you enough to be interested in your character...Well, I think that's just as important as college is, and even more so. That's what I think.

Our Town by Thornton Wilder

Emily

I think it's awfully important, too.

George

Emily.

Emily

Y-yes, George.

George

Emily, if I do improve and make a big change...would you be... I mean: could you be...

Emily

I...I am now; I always have been.

George.

So I guess this is an important talk we've been having.

Emily

Yes...yes.

George

Wait just a minute and I'll walk you home.