

## Audition form—*Father of the Bride*

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

Name :

Email address (illianaweb address, please):

Cell phone number:

Home phone number:

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 a female, are you willing to play a male role?

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 direst reasons, you cannot miss any rehearsals after Oct. 3. 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 before your audition.**

# AUGUST 2022

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
31	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18 Auditions 3-5 pm	19 Auditions 3-5 pm	20
21	22 Everybody 4-6:15 pm	23 Act 1 3-4:30 pm	24 Act 2 3-4:30 pm	25 Act 3 3-5 pm	26 Act 3 3-5 pm	27
28	29 Act 2 4-6 pm	30 Act 1 3-5 pm	31 Act 1 3-5 pm	1	2	3

# SEPTEMBER 2022

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
28	29	30	31	1 Open House Act 2 3-5	2 Day off!	3
4	5 Labor Day	6 Act 3 3-5 pm	7 Act 3 3-5 pm	8 Act 2 3-5 pm	9 Act 1 3-5 pm	10
11 Blocking this week	12 Act 1 6-8:30	13 Act 2 3-5:30 pm	14 Act 3 3-5:30 pm Non-speaking roles join us from here forward.	15 Make-Up Day for scenes not blocked 3:30-5 pm or Day off	16 Act 1 3-5 pm	17
18	19 Act 2 6-8 pm	20 PSAT Coaching Act 3 3-5 pm	21 Act 3 3-5 pm	22 Act 2 3-5 pm	23 Day off!	24
25 Memory this week	26 PSAT Coaching Act 1 4-6 pm	27 Act 2 3-5 pm	28 Act 3 3-5 pm	29 Act 1 3-5 pm	30 Day off!	1

# OCTOBER 2022

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
25	26	27	28	29	30	1
2	<b>3</b> Act 2 6-8 pm	<b>4</b> <i>PSAT Coaching</i> <i>Day off!</i>	<b>5</b> Act 3 3-5 pm	<b>6</b> <i>Concert</i> Act 2 3-5 pm	<b>7</b> <i>Spire Party</i> Act 1 3-4:30 pm	8
9	<b>10</b> Act 1 6-8 pm	<b>11</b> Act 2 4-6 pm	<b>12</b> Act 3 3-5 pm	<b>13</b> <i>Concert</i> <i>Day off!</i>	<b>14</b> Everybody 3-5:30 pm	15
16	<b>17</b> Everybody 6-8:30 pm	<b>18</b> <i>Fall Break</i>	<b>19</b> <i>Fall Break</i>	<b>20</b> <i>Fall Break</i>	<b>21</b> <i>Fall Break</i>	22
23 <b>Tech Week</b>	<b>24</b> Everybody 6-9:30 pm	<b>25</b> Everybody 6-9:30 pm	<b>26</b> Everybody 6-9:30 pm	<b>27</b> P/T Conferences <i>Day off!</i>	<b>28</b> Everybody 3-6 pm	29
30	<b>31</b> Dress rehearsal 6-10 pm	1	2	3	4	5

# NOVEMBER 2022

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
30	<b>31</b> Dress rehearsal 6-10 pm	<b>1</b> Dress rehearsal 6-10 pm	<b>2</b> Dress rehearsal 6-10 pm	<b>3</b> Performance 6-10 pm	<b>4</b> Performance 6-10 pm	<b>5</b> Performances 12-4 pm 6-10 pm
6	<b>7</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>10</b>	<b>11</b>  Veterans Day	12
13	<b>14</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>16</b>	<b>17</b>	<b>18</b>	19
20	<b>21</b>	<b>22</b>	<b>23</b>	<b>24</b>  Thanksgiving Day	<b>25</b>	26
27	<b>28</b>	<b>29</b>	<b>30</b>	1	2	3

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. BANKS, *in the middle forties*  
MRS. BANKS, *in the early forties*  
KAY BANKS, *twenty or twenty-one*  
BEN BANKS, *eighteen or nineteen*  
TOMMY BANKS, *fifteen or sixteen*  
BUCKLEY DUNSTAN, *about twenty-three*  
BUZZ TAYLOR, *fifteen or sixteen*  
PEGGY SWIFT, *about eighteen*  
DEILILAH, *in the middle twenties*  
MISS BELLAMY, *in the late thirties*  
MR. MASSOULA, *in the twenties or thirties or even a little older*  
JOE, *in the twenties or thirties*  
MRS. PULITZKI, *between the thirties and the fifties*

RED, *furniture mover, almost any age, not too old*  
PETE, *furniture mover, same as above*  
TIM'S MAN, *almost any age*  
*Extras, men or women, to bring in flowers, plants, etc.*

The scene is the same throughout

## NOTE ON CASTING

It will be noticed that the cast calls for two furniture movers (Red and Pete), Tim's Man and two or three extras who bring in flowers, potted plants, etc. The director is advised that it is possible, with very few minor changes in the text, to increase or decrease the number of minor parts of the sort above mentioned. It is also suggested that one or more of the men (non-speaking parts) who bring in flowers and potted plants may be played by women, who might be made not simply truck men but could be given the job of carrying in occasionally the smaller pots or flowers and be considered as persons who are competent to arrange flower decorations.

In casting if there happens to be either a shortage of men available or it is wished to give available actresses a chance to participate in the more important parts, there is no reason why the part of Mr. Massoula could not, with only the slightest technical changes, be converted into "Miss" or "Mrs." Massoula. The same thing could easily apply to Joe, although of course his character and speech would have to be slightly modified.

The next scene is when we first meet the family and hear about the impending marriage.

(KAY comes tripping in L.)

KAY. (*Going to table.*) Good morning—everyone. (*Kisses top of her father's head as she passes his chair.*) Good morning, Pop—(*Everyone says good-morning. KAY sits at table.*)

BANKS. (*Solemnly, to KAY.*) Good morning, my dear—(*Slight pause.*)

KAY. Pop—is something the matter?

BANKS. Nothing—nothing at all.

MRS. BANKS. (*Quickly.*) What would you like—a roll, Kay—?

KAY. Oh, no! Just coffee—I'm not hungry.

TOMMY. There, you see—goofy!

BEN. It does that to you sometimes.

KAY. What does what? Are you all crazy?

BEN. Takes your appetite away—you can't sleep—

KAY. *What!*

TOMMY. L-O-V-E—*love.*

KAY. Oh, stop it!

BANKS. There's no reason why a healthy girl shouldn't eat her breakfast. (*Stares at her.*)

KAY. Goodness knows I'm old enough to know when I'm hungry! Pop—*why* are you looking at me like that?

BANKS. Because I'm seeing you with two brown pig-tails and a very dirty face and a pair of overalls—about so high. (*Holds out arm.*)

KAY. Mom—what *is* wrong with Pop?

MRS. BANKS. Nothing, my dear—he didn't sleep very well.

KAY (*Patting his hand.*) I'm sorry, Pops—

BANKS. Was that years ago? It seems yesterday.

TOMMY. Oh! Holy Smoke—Pop—pull yourself together.

MRS. BANKS. Have another cup of coffee, Stanley.

BANKS. No, thank you. (*Pause.*)

KAY. Mom—before I forget it—I won't be here tonight. (*Dead silence.*)

MRS. BANKS. Where are you going, my dear?

KAY. I'm going to spend the night with Buckley's family. (*Pause.*)

MRS. BANKS. (*Weakly.*) How nice! (*Pause.*)

BANKS. Look here—are you going to *marry* this character?

KAY. I guess so.

BEN. Good girl—congratulations!

TOMMY. A fool there was—

MRS. BANKS. *Tommy!*—(To KAY.) When—when were you thinking of getting married, dear?

KAY. I don't know, Mother!

MRS. BANKS. Well—just who does know, dear?

KAY. It all depends on Buckley's plans. It might be months—it might be weeks—it might be tomorrow, and—there's one thing—we won't be pinned down. Buckley's very decided about that sort of thing.

BANKS. (*Sarcastically.*) I hope Buckley won't think I am pinning him down if I ask a few simple questions?

TOMMY. Here we go!

KAY. Okay, Pops—I suppose we have to go through this. It's a little Victorian—

BEN. After all—it's *their* business, Pop.

MRS. BANKS. Now you boys keep out of this.

KAY. Let's get it over with, Pops.

BANKS. Very well—to begin with—who the heck is Buckley anyway?

KAY. Now, Pops—please—if we're going to—

BANKS. And what's his last name? I hope it's better than his first?

KAY. Pops—I'm not going to sit here—

BANKS. And where the heck does he come from?

TOMMY. Go it—and then a right and then a left to the jaw—!

MRS. BANKS. *Tommy!*—

BANKS. And who does he think is going to support him?

BEN. Oh—now listen, Pop—

KAY. I don't like your attitude, Father.

BANKS. If he thinks *I* am going to support him he's got another guess coming—

MRS. BANKS. (*Shouting.*) Stanley!—Nobody's deaf—and you don't give Kay a chance. Let her—

KAY. I'm twenty-one years old and Buckley's twenty-three—we're *grown* people—you have no *right* to talk like that!

BANKS. I have no right? You happen to be my daughter and a mere child—

KAY. I'm *not* a child—I just told you—

TOMMY. And a right to the body, and a left to the face—!

MRS. BANKS. Tommy—do you want to be sent from the room?

BANKS. A man is having a quiet Sunday breakfast and all at

once his only daughter comes in and says she's going to marry a character.

KAY. *Stop* calling Buckley a character, Pops—you're not fair!

BANKS. But they don't know when they're going to get married and they're going to live on air—

KAY. Buckley—wouldn't let anybody support him—he'd *die* first. Buckley wouldn't come to you for help not even if we were starving in the gutter.

BANKS. (*Shouting.*) That's a great comfort to me!

MRS. BANKS. Your father's upset, Kay.

BEN. Keep cool, Pops—nobody's starving in the gutter.

BANKS. I never said a word about gutters!

TOMMY. He's down—he's down—one—two—three—!

KAY. Buckley's a *wonderful* business man and he has a *wonderful* job.

BANKS. Doing what?

KAY. Well, he—he makes something—Does it really make any difference what it is?

BANKS. Sometimes it does—yes—

KAY. Well—I don't know what it is—it's a something or other—he's the kind of a person can do *anything!*—

BANKS. Would somebody mind telling me this character's last name?

EVERYONE. Dunstan!

KAY. And his mother and father are just as good as you and Mom and they live in East Smithfield, which is just as good as Fairview Manor—and don't call him "*this character!*"

BANKS. Mr. Dunstan makes something-or-other—and won't be pinned down—

BEN. I don't blame him, Pop.

MRS. BANKS. Please *try* to act reasonable. Stanley—really—you shout so.

BANKS. And he lives in East Smithfield, and he's *wonderful!*

MRS. BANKS. You don't know the boy, dear—

KAY. He's not a boy—he's a man—and this is strictly our business and—

BANKS. One day a man has a little girl in pigtails who skins her knee and goes through his pockets for chewing gum—and the next day she wants to marry a stranger who makes something-or-other and it's strictly her business—

KAY. But, Pops—you're so unreasonable.

The next scene is when Mr. and Mrs. Banks first meet with the caterer who will oversee the wedding reception.

thought some assorted sandwiches and ice-cream and little cake

MASSOULA. We usually serve that at children's parties.

MRS. BANKS. (*In a flash of anger.*) Well, that's what we want!

MASSOULA. (*Conceding.*) Of course . . . of course . . . and Buckingham wants you to have what you want . . . Now, where will the reception take place?

BANKS. Here!

MASSOULA. Here? In *this house*?

BANKS. We live here.

MRS. BANKS. It's our home.

MASSOULA. May I bring in Joe<sup>1</sup> who is our circulation expert?

BANKS. Circulation?

MRS. BANKS. Yes, of course . . . (*MASSOULA goes off L.*)

BANKS. My Heavens! Ellie, what are we in for?

MRS. BANKS. Sally said he was *reasonable*.

BANKS. (*In a mutter.*) He's a twirp. (*Enter L. MASSOULA with JOE.*)

MASSOULA. This is Joe.

JOE. Pleased to meetcha.

MRS. BANKS. How do you do!

MASSOULA. What attendance do you anticipate?

BANKS. About a hundred and fifty.

JOE. Chees! (*A horrible silence.*)

MASSOULA. Of course you're planning for a marquee on the terrace?

(*Another horrible silence while MR. and MRS. BANKS look at each other.*)

BANKS. (*A voice of doom.*) There is no terrace.

MASSOULA. But, Mr. Banks . . .

BANKS. (*Beginning to shout.*) The house has no terrace!

MASSOULA. Then certainly we must have a marquee.

BANKS. Nonsense! If they overflow the house they can tramp around the yard!

MASSOULA. And *what* if it rains?

BANKS. It won't.

MRS. BANKS. Stanley, what would we do if it rains?

BANKS. It *won't*, I say.

MASSOULA. MISTER Banks, how can you say?

MRS. BANKS. It *might*, dear . . . 45

BANKS. (*Bellowing.*) I say it won't rain! (*Another horrible silence. MASSOULA looks at JOE.*)

MASSOULA. Well . . . Joe . . . what do you say?

JOE. (*Shrugs hopelessly.*) Small.

MASSOULA. (*With a sigh.*) Yes.

JOE. How many heads did you say?

MASSOULA. Hundred and fifty!

JOE. Chees!

MASSOULA. (*Staring around.*) Circulation's bad.

JOE. I'll say.

MRS. BANKS. (*Placating.*) Surely we can open all the windows?

MASSOULA. What *we* mean by *circulation* is the *guest flow* from room to room.

MRS. BANKS. (*Blankly.*) Oh! The guest flow.

JOE. Death trap!

JOE. (*Goes to R. door, looks off.*) Where does this go?

MRS. BANKS. It's just a pantry.

MASSOULA. (*Following JOE and looking off.*) Small.

JOE. Dark. (*MRS. BANKS follows the men off R.*)

MRS. BANKS. I'll turn on the light for you.

JOE. (*Re-entering.*) Never mind. I seen enough, lady.

MASSOULA. (*Re-entering.*) You couldn't get more than a hundred in this room!

JOE. Squash like bugs if you did.

MRS. BANKS. (*Enters R., pleading.*) I'm planning to take a lot of things up to the attic . . . we're going to take up the rug . . .

JOE. (*Stares reproachfully at MRS. BANKS.*) Taking up the rug don't give no more room.

BANKS. (*Furious.*) All right . . . you don't like our house!

MASSOULA. MISTER Banks . . .

BANKS. Have you any suggestions?

MASSOULA. (*Leaping into the breach, all set.*) Yes, sir. I have. Even with the marquee you're going to be cramped. Joe, go out back and measure for a marquee.

JOE. Oke! (*He goes out R.*)

MASSOULA. Madam, the first thing is to clear this room of ALL furniture.

MRS. BANKS. You don't mean the big davenport and the arm-chairs?

MASSOULA. I mean EVERYTHING!

BANKS. Well, for Pete's sake!

MASSOULA. And that chandelier . . . could that be looped up or something?

BANKS. It's not rubber.

MASSOULA. It's in the way. Get rid of it. Now these doors between the rooms . . . take them off.

MRS. BANKS. What do you think I've got upstairs, a storage warehouse?

BANKS. And who's supposed to get the stuff up there and down again?

(MASSOULA *throws open window R., sticks head out.*)

MASSOULA. Hey! Joe, how is it? There are too many bushes out here. We'll have to get rid of them.

MRS. BANKS. Now don't touch my Spirea! I planted it myself. (MASSOULA *closes window.*) You mustn't really touch my Spirea . . . it was just a little tiny bush . . . (No one pays any attention to her.)

BANKS. And you haven't answered my question about the furniture?

MASSOULA. It must all come out. I TOLD YOU, Mr. Banks.

BANKS. *Who takes it all out?*

MASSOULA. Our movers, Mr. Banks. Buckingham will take care of everything, sir.

BANKS. (*Really working himself up.*) And for tearing down my house, pulling up my shrubs, banging around my furniture and taking care of everything, how much will Buckingham charge me?

MASSOULA. It will be trifling, sir. Trifling . . . and satisfaction guaranteed.

BANKS. No matter how trifling, I'd like some idea?

MASSOULA. It's hard to say exactly, now.

BANKS. I'D LIKE SOME IDEA . . . NOW!

MASSOULA. Say . . . approximately three seventy-five a unit . . .

The next scene is when Kay and Buckley get into a fight at the end of Act 2 about the scope of the wedding, and they decide to call the whole thing off.

BUCKLEY. (*Like a man facing a firing squad.*) Darling . . . would you . . . I mean . . . couldn't you pack your suitcase and come away with me right *now*, this minute?

KAY. Oh! NO Buckley . . .

BUCKLEY. I mean . . . lots of people elope. There's nothing wrong about eloping. We could go just anywhere. I've got the car outside. I've got the license. We could find someone to marry us tonight . . . You could just put a few things in a bag . . . and we could go.

KAY. But . . . but . . . what happened, darling?

BUCKLEY. (*Starts pacing.*) It's just more cousins for dinner and more presents and more and more . . . (*Points a trembling finger at presents.*) What are we supposed to do with all those things they sent us? It looks like a fifteen-room house with five servants. We could just get married tonight and go somewhere nice for a few days and then go home to the little house, couldn't we?

KAY. Darling . . . let's talk about it!

BUCKLEY. (*Pacing nervously, stopping before card index.*) Kay, what is that thing that looks like a card index?

KAY. It *is* a card index.

BUCKLEY. It *is* a card index? What for?

KAY. The guests, darling . . . but it's just to try and cut the list *down*, dear!

BUCKLEY. A card index to cut it down! Kay . . . HOW BIG IS IT?

KAY. But just temporarily . . . on paper . . . it . . . well, it got awfully out of control! Pop's secretary is working on it.

BUCKLEY. His *secretary*! Kay, tell me the truth. *How big is it!*

KAY. (*Very nervous.*) Buckley . . . I tried and tried . . . you ask one person and then you don't ask the second one and then you know the second one will be mortally wounded because you asked the first one and didn't ask *her* . . . and it just keeps going like that . . . and you can't stop . . . and everybody has so many relatives . . .

BUCKLEY. (*Sternly.*) Kay . . .

KAY. (*Stricken.*) Yes, Buckley . . . ?

BUCKLEY. How many?

KAY. (*In a whisper.*) Two hundred and something . . . I mean . . . *three* hundred and something.

BUCKLEY. (*Horror in his voice.*) *Three hundred and something!* (*Very solemn.*) Is *that* all a promise means to you?

KAY. No . . . it isn't, darling . . . I meant it when I promised . . .

BUCKLEY. But not enough to keep it!

KAY. How dare you talk to me like that, Buckley Dunstan! I did my *best* to keep it . . .

BUCKLEY. It's the principle of the thing! How can I trust my *wife* if she starts off like that?

KAY. Well, don't trust me, then . . . it's not my fault!

BUCKLEY. You know you want it big . . . you really want it big . . . You're lying about it!

KAY. I am not lying. I never said I wanted it small. I don't care whether it's big or small. I just want it simple and lovely. You were the one who wanted it small.

BUCKLEY. You're cheating, Kay!

KAY. I'm not cheating. I'm trying to have it the way *you* want it.

BUCKLEY. It looks that way! Why, you wouldn't care if there were a *thousand* people there.

KAY. All right . . . so I wouldn't! Why should I? I'm not ashamed of getting married! I'm not ashamed of you! I don't care how many people are there.

BUCKLEY. You *admit* it!

KAY. Of course I admit it. But I wanted it to be the way *you* wanted it. And that's more than I can say for you! And I tried and tried . . .

BUCKLEY. How can anyone tell what you want? You say one thing one time and another thing another time.

KAY. Buckley Dunstan, are you calling me a liar?

BUCKLEY. I'm saying . . .

KAY. You're calling me a liar! And you called me a cheat and a promise-breaker and you don't love me!

BUCKLEY. Kay . . . that's not true!

KAY. It is *so* true! Well, I'll tell you something! I think you're selfish . . . Plenty of other men have had big weddings whether they wanted them or not. And I think you're a coward . . . and I've fought with my family . . . until I'm half *dead*!

BUCKLEY. Oh! So now I'm selfish and a coward!

KAY. Yes! And you needn't worry about how many will be at the wedding because there isn't going to *be* any wedding!

BUCKLEY. (*Stunned.*) Kay!

KAY. (*Picks up letter and throws it at him.*) And take your mother's letter! *You* read it!

BUCKLEY. Kay, listen . . . for the last time! Will you marry me

now? Just as you are?

KAY. (*Furious.*) No . . . I won't!

BUCKLEY. All right, then . . . have it your way. (*He marches off L., slamming door.*)

KAY. (*Starting after him.*) Buckley! (*Stands facing door, then gives off a wail like a mournful siren. She hurls herself into an upholstered chair, sobbing.*) Oh! No! No! No! (*Her hands before her face. After a second she runs to window R. and looks out.*) (*To herself:*) He's gone! (*Turns from window, walks over in front of card index. Stares at it hypnotically, her back toward audience.*)