

SNOWBOUND Audition Sides

Setting: Christmas Eve 1955, Madison County train depot interior and exterior / Present day- living room.

SIDE FOR CONDUCTOR

CONDUCTOR: Can I have your attention please? (Everyone stops talking, and listens.) First off, thank you to our merry gentlemen! [The band waves and bows.]We appreciate your playing. Now, I just got off the phone with the depot in Knoxville. They've cleaned up the initial slide, but there are a couple of boulders that are too big for the crew to move by hand. (The phone rings and BETTY answers it again.) They're going to bring a derrick to the site, and get the boulders moved. It could be a while. They plan on working through the night if needed. In the meantime, the company has offered to send a Greyhound to take you all on to Knoxville. All expenses will be covered by the railroad.

SIDE FOR ALL CHILDREN:

CATHY and JAMES: Daddy! Please, Daddy, Please!!

JOYCE: Hey mister, if you play a song, we can sing.

CAROL: We're real good at Christmas songs. We know most of them.

MARGARET: Miss Iris, Miss Iris! We had a dance!

JEFFREY: And there's a band here tonight!

PHOEBE: And we all got candy canes!

LOTTIE: [Goes to iris, and kneels down beside her.] Yes, a drawing of Daisies, Queen Anne's Lace. And he gave you a little piece of paper with a poem written on it, and a wooden heart necklace, that he had carved.

SIDE for GREGORY:

GREGORY: *(Excited to hear Charles Lindberg's name, stands up, and proudly says)* Charles Lindberg? I learned all about him in social studies this year. Charles Augustus Lindbergh was born in Detroit Michigan on February 4th, 1902. He was a 25 year old U.S. Airmail pilot when he rose from obscurity to world fame by flying a nonstop, solo flight from Roosevelt Field on New York's Long Island, to Le Bourget Field, near Paris, France. He took off in his single engine, Ryan Monoplane called, "The Spirit of Saint Louis," on May 20th, 1927 at 7:52 A.M. and landed on May 21st at 10:21 P.M., Paris time, which is 5:21 P.M., New York time, by the way. Thousands of people were there to meet him, and cheer for him. He flew just over 3600 miles in 33 ½ hours. President Calvin Coolidge awarded him The Distinguished Flying Cross Medal. His nicknames are, "Slim," "Lucky Lindy," and "The Lone Eagle." (He takes a breath, proud of himself.) I hope to become a pilot just like him someday.

SIDE for IRIS

IRIS: *(stunned)* Yes it was. How did you know? *(Iris looks around.)* He'd picked them on the way to our cabin. We walked to the high school, danced all night, and walked back home. And I got my first kiss. We were together every day after that. All that fall. And then came the Christmas break from school. It snowed and snowed. And we didn't see each other for several days. Our family didn't have a phone – I couldn't just call him up. I missed him so bad. Then, on Christmas Eve that year, he comes riding up to our house on his daddy's horse. He was like my knight in shining armor, on that strawberry roan. Mama cooked a big meal. She had ham, apple sauce, mashed potatoes, and green beans. Daddy and Mama were surprised to have a guest, but he just pulled up a chair to the dinner table like he owned the place.

SIDE FOR VERNIE:

VERNIE: The year was 1919. The place was Gillsville, Georgia. World War I was over. Times were hard for most folks. My husband and I worked very hard to have enough food for the five of us to eat. It was Christmas. We cut a tree from the woods. It was sparsely decorated, just popcorn and berries. Even so, the children were so excited. We had no money for gifts. I would lie awake at night asking myself, "What can I do? - The children must have something."

VERNIE: But there, in the wee hours of dawn, a thought came to me. I got my husband Ernest to take some of our eggs over to Mr. Martin's store. He traded them for flour, sugar, fruits and nuts. On Christmas Eve, after the children were asleep, I mixed the ingredients to make gingerbread cookies - giant gingerbread cookies, 18 to 20 inches tall, decorated with raisins we dried from our own grapes. When Kate, Bob and John found their very own giant gingerbread man under the tree, along with fruits and nuts? Oh, Christmas couldn't have been happier. In my 78 years, that Christmas, so long ago, stands out in my memory more than any others. God bless you all! (Everyone smiles, cheers, and claps)

SIDE FOR JETER

JETER: *(Being silly.)* I'll tell mine. It is a doozie. *(Telling a story that he heard, as the CHILDREN return to their listening positions.)* I fell in love with this girl one time. I mean we was in love. *(He is being overly dramatic. Everyone listens intently.)* Now she had really long beautiful brown hair, but didn't have no combs to pull it back with. I had me a pocket watch, but had no watch fob. *(Vernie, and some others begin looking at each other, and shaking their heads. The children still listen, and believe him.)* You know what I did? I sold my watch, so's I could buy my girl some combs.

JETER: Do you know what my girl did? *(Pauses)* She took them combs I give her, and run off with another feller. *(JETER throws his head back, and laughs.)*

SIDE FOR OTTO:

OTTO: *(Joining in.)* Okay, I'll play. My favorite Christmas was when my Uncle Clarence came to live with us. Uncle Clarence was a WWI hero. He was awarded a Purple Heart, and a Bronze Star.

OTTO: But then, he came upon some bad luck, and didn't have a place to live. Just before Christmas that year, my mama offered to let him live with us. He cried when she made the offer. He lived in our basement, and did so much around the house to help my mom. *(OTTO tears up, then looks at the children. The children pay attention to him.)* I'll tell you something else. Did you know my Uncle Clarence could predict the weather by his aches and pains? *(OTTO looks around at everyone. Everyone laughs.)* On Christmas Eve, we used to get him to predict the weather for Christmas. If the arthritis in his pinky finger is hurting him, *(OTTO holds up his pinky, and wiggles it.)* that meant it was gonna snow just a little. If his ankle was stiff, that meant it was gonna snow ankle deep. If his knee was hurting...

OTTO: If his hip was hurting? *(OTTO ponders for a second or two, puts one hand on his hip.)* If his hip was hurting, you better have plenty of firewood, and plenty of food in the house, or pack up and head on down to Florida.

SIDE FOR PETE

PETE: Hello good people. I have a story. You know, the part of the song about losing a sweetheart reminds me of my most memorable Christmas. It was when I was sixteen years old. A new girl had just come to our school. She was the most beautiful girl that I had ever seen, and I fell head over heels in love with her. We must have spent every day that fall together. We were young, but I knew that she was the one. I wanted to go see her on Christmas Eve, so my daddy let me borrow his horse. It was a strawberry roan named, "Satchel." It was cold, but ole Satchel just kept right on a going like he was going to see his sweetheart too. *(Everyone laughs.)* I liked to have froze to death, but it was worth it. I spent Christmas Eve with my girl and her family, but when I went to see her a few days later, she was gone. The house was empty, and I didn't know what ever happened to her. I moved on, even had a girlfriend or two, but I never forgot about her.

SIDE FOR JACKIE

JACKIE: Can I tell you about my most memorable Christmas? *(Everyone looks at her, and says, yes.)*
Well, it was when I was five years old. It snowed. I mean to tell you, it snowed. Had to be a least a foot deep. My Mama decided that we should make some snow cream, but we didn't have all the ingredients we needed. She got all bundled up, and then bundled me up too, and here we went, trudging through the snow to the store to get some vanilla flavoring to make snow cream. I walked in her footsteps as we went to the store. We got there just as Mr. Adams had closed the store. He was surprised to see us, and opened back up just to sell my mama his very last bottle of vanilla. We walked back to the house, and made snow cream. It was so good. *(pauses)* I had the best mama in the world. God rest her soul.

SIDE FOR BOB

BOB: If the railroad doesn't get us going soon, I just might have to sue!

BOB: *(throws up hands)* Well, that's a bunch of Malarkey!

BOB: Well, just when I thought this night couldn't get any worse!

BOB: *(To the BAND)* Hey guys, you should sing "I'll be Home for Christmas" 'cause it looks like, "if only in my dreams," is about right.