

The DROWSY Chaperone

A MUSICAL WITHIN A COMEDY.

Please prepare one of the following sides for your audition.

Male Sides:

Aldolpho: Yes, I must take-a this groom into my hands and kill him! Show me to to this groom Wait! What kind of man is this groom? A big man? A burly fellow? No, no, no. Aldolpho will not fight big men - small, pale wheezy little dwarf people that Aldolpho can punt far away. But no big men! Aldolpho is a lover of beautiful ladies. Some say I am the King of Romance. And the best way to get back at a man is through his woman. Aldolpho must seduce his woman! This will show people that Aldolpho is no scoundrel. Show me to this bride!

Robert: Well, I just wanted to thank you all for coming. I tell you I must be some lucky fellow. WHY, who would have thought that I, Robert Martin, would be marrying a glamorous showgirl, and that that glamorous showgirl would be willing to give up a successful career for me, Robert Martin. Now if it weren't prohibition, I'd say let's raise a glass to Miss Janet Van de Graaf - the most beautiful girl in the world.

Female Sides:

Chaperone: Life is a mad whirlwind. You see, I've never been married. I drink for pleasure, not out of necessity. You don't know if this man loves you? Why don't you ask him? Why don't you say, "Roger, do you love me?" I know it's my job to keep you away from him, and I take that responsibility very seriously. However, I'm just this moment feeling terribly, terribly drowsy. I'm afraid I have to take a lie-de-down. Now, whatever you do, don't go wandering through the garden seeking out your fiance to ask him the question upon which your future happiness depends.

Janet: In a few hours I'm going to be Mrs. Robert Martin. Oh, my head is spinning. I'm so full of apprehension, but I suppose that's normal, considering the circumstances. I know it seems crazy to give up a successful career to marry a man I hardly know, but somehow, for some reason when I look into his eyes...his big, monkey eyes...ah gee...I get all woozy. And that's love, isn't it? Couldn't you at least allay my fears with a few choice words of inspiration? Oh, I'm so conflicted. Please tell me, Chaperone. Is Robert the man for me? I just don't know if he loves me.

Gender Non-Specific Sides:

Man (or Woman) in Chair: And that's that. The curtain falls, and it's time for the intermission. At least it would be, if we were actually sitting in the Morosco Theatre watching *The Drowsy Chaperone*, which of course, we are not. I don't like intermissions. They ruin the magic, you know? They yank you back into reality. One moment you're lost in a glamorous world of music and romance, and then, bang, you're surrounded by tourists. Crinkling candy wrappers and nattering about the lack of women's restrooms. It's cruel. I remember my wedding day. I didn't eat breakfast and the ceremony wasn't until four in the afternoon. Aaaaah! I do, I do! Are you surprised that I was married. Well, there you are: you shouldn't go making assumptions about people, should you? I'm a very complicated person. I have to pee now. It'll be quick, I promise, and while I'm gone you can listen to the beginning of Act Two.

Gangster: Your confusion is to be expected. Although we stand here before you in the guise of innocent pastry chefs, we are also - and primarily - employees of a certain individual. A certain individual who happens to be the largest single investor in Feldzieg's Follies. He has sent us here as pastry chefs to express his concerns about Ms. Van de Graaff's impending nuptials. Specifically that if she gets married and leaves the show, then there ain't no show. We'll leave the matter in your hands, Mr. Feldzieg. In the meantime, feel free to browse the dessert carousel. Try the Toledo Surprise. It's to die for.