



Maggie Rossiter

It was Monday, Aug. 23, and the final school bell had just rung. Classroom doors flew open as students' voices abruptly enlivened the hallways. As junior Michaela McDonald made her way down the familiar hallways of Marian, she had only one thing on her mind: musical tryouts.

Michaela is a well-known face around Marian. As a class officer, she finds it easy to get up in front of the whole school and perform a skit, but when it comes to revealing her alter ego as a singer, she doesn't feel as comfortable. "For me, being a class officer means that I am always looking out for my class, but the decision to tryout was for me. It is much more meaningful and personal." This decision was a piece of her, and trying out for the musical was a big step.

Michaela climbed into her gold 2002 Saturn that still flaunted her sister's old dance team sticker on the back. It smelled musty from the air conditioner, but the aroma from her morning coffee overpowered the smell. She pulled out of the parking lot and headed to audition. The whole way there, she sang to the accompaniment of the tryout piece she was expected to have memorized from a burnt CD her voice coach had made.

She arrived at the tryout location: a quaint white church behind Prep. Nothing too intimidating. The whole group was gathered in a large, bare room filled with no more than a few wooden tables, a piano and an assortment of colored plastic chairs.

Small groups began to form, and Michaela, though feeling a bit out of place, found a group to sit with. In a cloud of Marian blue uniform polos, Michaela stuck out in her bright lime green shirt. But this isn't the only reason she stuck out. She was new to the whole musical scene, not your typical candidate.

"My stomach was like some sort of storm: a hurricane with butterflies. I was nervous and excited." She paced back and forth, frantically reviewing the words over and over again. She needed a moment to calm down so she headed for the bathroom. She looked at herself in the mirror, splashed some water on her face and took a deep breath. This was her chance to sing. To finally get to do something she had always wanted to do.

The group grew quiet as Mr. Luke Ostrander, one of the directors of the musical, called their attention. He slipped in a few words about the musical, and then quickly jumped into auditions.

The room grew quiet as 10 girls stood in front of a panel of judges. Michaela was number three.

"Back up! Stand in a straight line! Girls, give it all you have; pretend you're Millie," shouted Ms. Cathy Pruitte, another director.

This was it. The pivotal moment Michaela had worked for. "I have wanted this ever since, well ever since Savanna, my older sister. Ever since she started musical and choir, I have always wanted to but never had the time

or the chance. This year I told myself 'I've only got two years of high school left.' I want to do everything that I can try, everything that I have always wanted to try, and the musical has always been one of my dreams."

It was her turn to step up. She had pictured this audition in her head many times. She wanted to be confident, animated and sure of herself. And most of all she didn't want to be afraid to show her personality. But, she had no idea what was going to happen.

She took a step forward, cleared her throat and waited for the signal. Her body shook, and she tried to catch her breath. The piano started to bang out the 1920s tune.

"My face was pounding." She couldn't believe she was overwhelmed with all these emotions. She was a bit reluctant at first, but as she became more comfortable, she regained her confidence.

"During tryouts I was trying to picture myself, like during the musical, full acting mindset." The piano stopped and Michaela was done. The short snippet of music was her only opportunity to show the judges what she could do. She stepped back in line, looking displeased with herself.

"I just wish I would have been able to breathe better. I was just trying to push the air out as much as I could." She listened to the other girls sing as she tried to stop her body from shaking. One by one, the other ten sang their part, and Michaela clapped for them all with a smile. The first day

of tryouts was over, and she could only hope for the best.

Day two: acting. Michaela knew she could impress the judges with her theatrical skills, so she decided she was going to go "all out." Today, Michaela didn't feel like the odd ball because she had a full day under her belt. As the second day of tryouts began, everyone was handed a script. Michaela remained calm and didn't let the wordy script overwhelm her. "I knew everyone was in the same boat as me no matter how much experience everyone else

with enthusiasm, even throwing in a few hand motions. When she wasn't reciting her lines, she was focused on the other girls. Instead of only acting during her lines, her face and eyes reacted to the other girls lines as well.

"Okay, thank you, you may sit down."

It was over. Michaela didn't want to brag, but she was proud of herself. She wouldn't know the results for two days, but she hoped for the best. No matter what that might be.

Day three: results. Michaela's palms were sweaty and her legs kept shaking. It was the last block of the day: Pre-Calculus. She was trying to concentrate on the lesson her math teacher was presenting that afternoon, but she was so nervous. She just wanted to know if she made it or not. She tried not to get her hopes up too much because she knew there were plenty of deserving people who tried out.

"My hands were fidgeting and I kept chewing on my pencil. When there was time to do homework, the musical was all I could focus on." Five minutes were left in the class period, and she couldn't stand it any longer. She had to do something; she needed to get up and move around. She moved up to the front corner of the room, the closest possible seat to the door, and kept her eyes glued to the clock. It was 3:08. She had two minutes left.

The bell rang and Michaela disappeared out the door, faster than Marian girls on Marian Mom's salad lunch day. She sprinted up the flight of stairs and down the hallway she went. Everyone was crowded around the list of names, but the swarm of onlookers didn't faze her. She just wanted to look for her name. Her eyes ran down the list, but her name wasn't there.



Making the Cut. A crowd of student rush to Room 312 after school on Friday, Aug. 27 to see who made the cut.



Michaela McDonald

had."

"Be the best, because you are up against 43 other girls who are fighting for the same spot," Mr. Ostrander added as some final words of wisdom. She wanted to stand out from her group of 10, but being the first group meant she had to discover the character Ethel all by herself because she had nothing to go off of. The noise level in the room dropped as the final words were spoken by Mr. Ostrander, "Stand in a straight line."

She dove into the scene and spoke her lines

Cast List

Leads:

Millie - Olivia Hershiser
Jimmy - Eddie McGonigal
Mrs. Meers - Kayleigh Lewandowski
Miss Dorothy - Megan Morrissey
Ching Ho - Mike Mai
Bun Foo - Duc-Minh Vu
Mr. Graydon - Alex Rogers
Miss Flannery - Cassie Thompson
Muzzy - Taylor Wyatt

Supporting Cast:

Ruth - Kathleen Gerber
Gloria - Bridget Birch
Rita - Georgia Andresen
Alice - Christina Rommelfanger
Cora - Nicole Sojka
Lucille - Grace Dickerson
Ethel Peas - Hannah Toohey
Rodney - Michael Madrigal
Kenneth - Alex Marichal
George - Joe Wilson
Walter - James Wortmann
Lawrence - John Paul Joyce
Howard - Billy Talako
Warren - Joe Gehringer
Max - Nick Tvrdy
Policeman - Sam Troia
Dishwasher Earl - Bob McCarthy
Dishwasher Doug - Carl Smith
Mama - Gabriella Martinez-Garro

Chorus:

Eileen Baca
Kathryn Blaser
Allison Dethlefs
Erica English
Colleen Fell
Lauren James
Morgan Harms
Janie Kilgore
Sara Kreski
Elle Mostek
Araya Santo
Emily Swett
Lauren Tussey
Maggie Witzenburg
Rachel Wortmann

Dancers:

Anna Bashus
Kelly Cunningham
Sarah Fisher
Katie Ham
Emily Holt
Lauren Koperski
Caitie Vanhauer
Noelle West
Molly Zabawa

**OPENING NIGHT:
Oct. 28**

Photos by Allison Dethlefs
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