

Monologues

Frequently Asked Question from the Director: Does this need to be memorized?

Short answer, no. It doesn't *have* to be. BUT, when an auditioner is memorized, it helps free their body to make physical and vocal choices that they might not be able to make with a script in their hands. Memorization is always best and leads to a stronger character creation and therefore a stronger audition.

Children:

Male Children, please prepare the following monologue:

APPLESELLER: Seven million people in this city and you can't sell one lousy apple. Empty pockets and freezing fingers. Newspapers for blankets? I guess it's time to give up.

Female Children, please prepare two of the following monologues.

ANNIE 1: (the orphans are all woken up by Molly crying) Pipe down, all of ya. Go back to sleep. (*Motherly*) It's all right, Molly. Annie's here. (giving her a hanky) Blow. It was only a dream honey. Now, you gotta go back to sleep.

ANNIE 2: (*Disappointed*) So, I'm an orphan, after all. Like the other kids. I guess I always knew my folks were dead, or they would have come for me. I love you Daddy Warbucks (they hug). (*Sarcastically*) Now who the heck are Ralph and Shirley Mudge?

Orphan 1: (*sad - just woke up from a bad dream*) It is my Mama, Annie. She was riding on a ferry boat. And she was holding me up to see the big ships. And then she was walking away, wavin'. And I couldn't find her no more.

Orphan 2: (*whining*) Oh my goodness, Oh my goodness they're fighting and I won't get no sleep all night. Oh my goodness, Oh my goodness.

Orphan 3: (*mad*) I said shut up Molly. Can't anybody get any sleep around here? You're keeping me awake.

Orphan 4: (*tattling*) Miss Hannigan, Miss Hannigan, Miss Hannigan. You know your favorite shiny satin souvenir pillow from Coney Island? Molly just threw up on it.

Orphan 5: (*excited*) Holy cow! Annie is on the radio - coast to coast. She's famous. Gosh, I wish I were on the radio.

Adults

Female presenting actors, please prepare two of the following:

MISS HANNIGAN #1: (catching Annie sneaking out) Aha! Caught you! I hear ya, brat. I ALWAYS hear ya. Rotten orphan. Now, for this one's shenanigans, you'll scrub this floor, and strip them beds for the laundry man. And then you'll get down on your knobby little knees and clean this dump until it shines like the top of the Chrysler Building. Get to work. Now! Why any kid would want to be an orphan, I'll never know.

MISS HANNIGAN #2: Well, well, well. Miss. Farewell. You're early. Only one week? What's the matter, Warbucks fed up with Annie already? What? He wants to adopt Annie? How nice. How wonderful. Now let me get this wonderful news straight. Annie is going to be the daughter of a billionaire. My, my, my, my. Would you excuse me for a moment, please. (she lets out a blood curdling SCREAM!) You got any more wonderful news?

LILY #1: I'm Miss Lily St. Regis. I'm named after the hotel, you know, in Jersey City? Crummy orphan livin' in the lap of luxury. It ain't fair. When the Rooster wants something to disappear, it disappears. For good! And we are going to fool Warbucks, too! Get ourselves fifty thousand big Ones.

LILY #2: (*as Shirley Mudge*) Honey, we're your Mom and Dad. Ralph and Shirley Mudge. You never knew it dear, but you're Annie Mudge. We were sick and broke honey and didn't know which way to turn, and a man gave us a chance to work on his farm up in Canada. But we couldn't bring along no baby. Oh, Annie, all the years I dreamed of holdin' you in my arms.

GRACE #1: (*all business*) Good afternoon, Miss Hannigan? I'm Grace Farrell, and the New York City Board of Orphans suggested that... (she gets interrupted) I'm sorry, but I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about. I am not "peddling" anything. I'm private secretary to Oliver Warbucks. Miss Hannigan, Mr. Warbucks has decided to invite an orphan to spend the Christmas holidays at his home. I'm here to select one.

GRACE #2: (*she's been handling the search for Annie's parents*) Drake, look at all these questionnaires. Do you realize that I've talked to 617 women who've claimed to be Annie's mother and 619 men who've said that they were her father? That makes...a lot of liars. Drake, I never realized that there were so many dishonest people on the island of Manhattan. They were all liars and fakes, after nothing but the \$50,000. None of them knew about the locket.

Male presenting actors, please prepare two of the following:

LT. WARD: (*thinking Sandy is a stray dog*) Hey, you, little girl. Come here. That dog there. Ain't I seen him runnin' around the neighborhood? Ain't he a stray? Your dog, huh? So, what's his name? Sandy, because of his Sandy color. Okay, let's see him answer to his name. When you call him... Well, maybe he is your dog. But the next time you take him out I wanna see him on a leash and with a license. Or else he goes to the pound. You understand?

WARBUCKS #1: (*on phone*) Yes Yes ...yes, Mister President, I'll grant you that Barney Baruch and I are not exactly standing on breadlines, yet ... No, I'm not asking for your help. I've never asked

for any man's help and I never will ... but ... but I'm telling you that you got to do something and do it damn fast. All right we will talk about it on Friday. Listen Mr. President, why don't you come here for Christmas Dinner? You will??? I'm delighted. Goodbye Mr. President. (*Hang up phone*) If I thought he was going to say "yes" I never would have asked him. Grace! Find out what Democrats eat.

WARBUCKS #2: (*explaining his story to Annie*) I was born into a very poor family in what they call Hell's Kitchen, right here in New York. Both of my parents died before I was ten. And I made a promise to myself – someday, one way or another, I was going to be rich. Very rich. By the time I was twenty-three I'd made my first million. Then, in ten years, I turned that into a hundred million. Boy, in those days that was a lot of money. Anyway, making money is all I've ever given a darn about. And I might as well tell you, Annie, I was ruthless to those I had to climb over to get to the top. Because I've always believed one thing: You don't have to be nice to the people you meet on the way up if you're not coming back down again.

BERT HEALY: (*ending his radio show*) Thanks for dropping by, Oliver Warbucks. So, Annie's parents, if you're listenin' in, there's fifty thousand dollars and a wonderful daughter waiting for you. So get in touch right away, ya hear? Well, I see by the old clock on the wall that another of our Thursday-night get-togethers has gone by faster than you can say Oxydent – the toothpaste of the stars, to make your teeth Hollywood bright. So until next week, same time, same station, and gosh, I almost forgot – good night!

FDR: Annie, early this morning FBI Director Hoover telephoned me with some very sad news. Through the paper and handwriting on your note, he succeeded in tracing the identity of your parents. Your parents were David and Margaret Bennett. Annie, your mother and father passed away a long time ago.

ROOSTER #1: This is going to be the best bunco job ever, Aggie. I know a guy outta jail who can doctor up fake birth certificates or any other papers you want. But we need your help, Sis, for details about Annie that can help us pull this thing off. But we gotta do it fast Aggie. Give'em some of the old Rooster razzle dazzle. In and out. Two-three minutes at the most. Get the money and get the kid and get the hell out of town.

ROOSTER #2: (*as Ralph Mudge*) Excuse us, ma'am, we knocked upstairs but nobody answered. Are you the lady who runs this establishment? I'm Ralph Mudge and this is my wife Shirley. Well, we had terrible troubles back then. We had to head up North to Canada. Had to leave a baby here. On the stoop. Our little girl Annie. We come from a little farm up in Canada where we got lots of chickens, ducks, geese, and roosters. (crow) Gotcha Sis!