

Thoroughly Modern Millie – Audition Monologues

Please prepare one of the following monologues to present at auditions.

Note: You will be considered for all roles, not just the roles of the presented monologues.

Millie: *(female)*

Hey, I'm broke, not poor. There a big difference. Poor sounds permanent, broke can be fixed. I have a plan so far ahead of its time it's almost too bold, too daring, too new woman! I'm going to marry my boss. I don't know when. As a matter of fact, I haven't got one yet. Love has nothing to do with it! Don't you read Vogue? This month's issue clearly states that modern marriage is a business arrangement. Love comes later, occasionally with the man you're actually married to. I'm looking for him in the classifieds. I've been interviewing boss after boss, but so far, married, married, engaged, married, single-and-I-can-see-why... I even read in the tabloids "Manhattan's most eligible bachelors, the movers and shakers that make Manhattan tick!" ... all of them need wives... and at least one of them must need a stenog!

Muzzy: *(female)*

Sit down, Millie, sit down. Now, I know you're not going to believe me, but when I first met Mr. Van H. I had no ideas he was a real multi-millionaire. I really hadn't. He was just another one of those darling daddies hanging around the stage door. True, cross my heart. And he drank beer. Fact be known, I truly prefer beer. Oh, he was a great and wonderful man. Affection, that's what he had. Affection. Well, we became engaged and Mr. Van H., he gave me this great big old green glass brooch. And I lent it to my girlfriend one night so she could impress a new beau. Well, as fate would have it, the new beau turned out to be a jeweler! And the green glass brooch turned out to be emeralds. I've got to admit, in this case, I truly do prefer emeralds. But I was heartsick. I thought Mr. Van H. had stolen it, so I begged him to take it back and go straight. Well, he just laughed and laughed and laughed and then he told me that he really was a real multi-millionaire, even if he didn't look like one.

Miss Flannery: *(female)*

(Millie: I'm looking for a Miss Flannery)

You're looking at a Miss Flannery, You are? Which Mr. Graydon do you wish to see, Senior, Junior or the Third? Theoretically, it's the Third that's hiring. He's looked at every stenog in the tri-state area. Not a one of 'em is fast enough. I don't like Moderns, missy, and you're as up-to-date as they come. *(Millie: thank you!)* It wasn't a compliment! And you'd better be fast, if you want the job.

Mr. Graydon? A Miss Dillmount here to see you, sir. Move it!

Mrs. Meers: *(female)*

*(her dialogue in bold is intended to be spoken in a "Chinese" accent) For example, this line, "**Sad to be all alone in the world. Though none of you need worry, what with your big warm families.**" would sound something like this:*

"Sad to be awe arone in da whirld. Dough none of you need wolly, not with your beeg, warm famiries."

See what you can do with the following lines:

Sad to be all alone in the world. But step into my office and enjoy a soothing cup of green tea. One of the mysteries of the Orient! By the time you finish, you'll be calm and quiet and ready for a very long nap.

(on the phone in a regular voice)

Hello, Buddah? Butterfly here. I got one for you. A southern belle your customers will wanna ring! Four hundred bucks, cash only. What's there to think about?

This offer good for a limited time only, so order now! Attaboy, Buddah!

Phone rings again and she answers it with her Chinese accent:

Hotel Priscilla. How may I help you? What's that? Millie Dillmount? Job?!

Mmmm, aha. Oh I see! Yes, I'd be delighted to give her message. Bye

(Hangs up phone and turns nasty on a dime. Real dragon lady)

You didn't get it. I give you two minutes to pack your things or you find them on the street. The other girls are paid in full. You had one week on credit and time run out!

Jimmy: *(male)*

(after bumping into Millie on the streets of NYC for the first time)

Hey, I feel for you. I'll cross to the other side of the street the next time I see you, but I feel for you. Girls like you arrive here everyday, so full of dreams you may as well be sleepwalking. Well, now that you're awake, why not ask yourself, "Do I belong here?" 'Cause New York is great, but the cost of living is high, and I'm not talkin' cash. And I can't help thinking if I were in your shoe *(Millie's other shoe was stolen)*, I'd make beeline back to Keokuck or Gopherville or where did you say you're from? Kansas? You got a place to stay? *(Millie: no)*, Any friends or family nearby? *(Millie: no, but)*, and you don't have a job? *(Millie: no, but)* No buts! You ain't got nothin'! *(starts to walk away)*. Kansas, was it? You'll soon say to yourself, "Well I had my big adventure, but is sure is good to be back in my own bed."

Mr. Graydon: *(male)*

Miss Dillmount, may I see your references.... No references? How about your previous employers?... You don't have any of those either? *(beat)* I like that! Absolutely, this is the land of opportunity, Miss Dillmount, a place where the right combination of aptitude and enthusiasm can take a girl from nowhere straight to the top. So let's do this the American way. *(removing his jacket)*. Bolt the door, take off your things, let's have a taste. *(Millie: excuse me?)* Take a letter. To Mr. John Hudson, Hudson's Floor Wax. You'll find an invoice in the file for the address. "Dear Mr. Hudson," Colon. How's my speed, Miss Dillmount?

Ching Ho/Bun Foo: *(male)*

These roles speak and sing in Chinese. The rental company provides a CD to help with the Chinese, however for the purposes of this audition speak these lines with Chinese accents.

(Regarding Mrs. Meers)

I don't like woman. She got good head for business but heart of steel. If that American Dream, wake me up when over. Money, that all I care about. Damn right, the faster I earn it, the sooner I bring Mama here from Hong Kong. Won't she be proud. "My son, the kidnapper." At least it better than returning to Hong Kong, no money, no future. *(Feel free to add or delete words to make the accent logical)*
