**Monologues for auditions!**

These are monologues from the show. PLEASE take a look at the specific characters, and have a look into the play so you can get a bit of an idea of who these people are. Gender specificity is not required, so feel free to use whichever of the monologue you would like.

**Whiteside:**

One misty St. Valentine’s Eve – the year was 1901 – a little old lady who had given her name to an era, Victoria, lay dying in Windsor Castle. Maude Adams had not yet caused every young hear to swell as she tripped across the stage as Peter Pan; Irving Berlin had not yet written the first note of a ragtime rigadoon that was to set the nation’s feet a-tapping, and Elias P. Crockfield was just emerging from the state penitentiary. Destitute, embittered, cruel of heart, he wandered, on this St. Valentine’s Eve, into a little church. But there was no godliness in his heart that night, no prayer on his lips. In the faltering twilight, Elias P. Crockfield made his way to the poor box. With callous fingers he ripped open this poignant testimony of a simple people’s faith. Greedily, he clutched at the few pitiful coins within. And then a child’s wavering treble broke the twilight stillness. “Please, Mr. Man,” said a little girl’s voice, “won’t you be my valentine?”

**Whiteside:**

Come here you two. Come on, come on. I’m not going to bite you. Now look here. I am by nature a gracious and charming person. If I veer at it, it is on the side of kindness and amiability – I have been observing you two for this past week, and you seem to me to be extremely likable young people. I am afraid that when we first met I was definitely unpleasant to you. For that I am sorry, and I wish that in the future you would not treat me like something out of Edgar Allen Poe. How do you like my new tie?

**Maggie:**

Now listen to me, Whiteside. I know you. Lay off. I know what a devil you can be. I’ve seen you do it to other people, but don’t you dare do it to me. Don’t drug *yourself* into the idea that all you’re thinking of is my happiness. You’re thinking of yourself a little bit too, and all those months of breaking in somebody new. I’ve seen you in a passion before when your life has been disrupted, and you couldn’t dine in Calcutta on July 12th with Boo-Boo. Well that’s too bad, but there it is. I’m going to marry Bert, if he’ll have me, and don’t you dare try any of your tricks. I’m on to every one of them. So lay off. That’s my message to you, Big Lord Fauntleroy.

**Beverly: (British accent)**

It is the latest report from London on the winter maneuvers of Miss Lorraine Sheldon against the left flank – in fact, all flanks – of Lord Cedric Bottomley. Listen: “Lorraine has just left us in a cloud of Chanel Number Five. Since September, in her relentless pursuit of His Lordship, she has paused only to change girdles and to check her oil. She has chased him, panting, from castle to castle, till he finally took refuge, for several week-ends, in the gentlmen’s lavatory of the House of Lords. Practically no one is betting on the Derby this year; we are all making book on Loarraine. She is sailing tomorrow on the Normandie, but would return on the Yankee Clipper if Bottomley so much as belches in her direction.”

**Lorraine:**

What do you mean take it easy? Do you realize I’ll be the laughing stock of England? Why, I won’t dare show my face! I always knew Beverly Carlton was low, but now this low. Why? WHY? It isn’t even funny. Why would he do it, that’s what I’d like to know. Why would he do it! Why would anyone in the world want to play a silly trick like this? I can’t understand it. Do you, Sherry? Do you, Maggie? You both saw him this afternoon. Why would he walk out of here, go right to a phone booth, and try to ship me over to England on a fool’s errand! There must have been some reason – there must have. Why would Beverly Carlton, or anybody else for that matter, want me to--? Ohhhhhh. Oh! I think I begin to – of course. Of course, that’s it. Yes, and that’s a very charming bracelet that Mr. Jefferson gave you – isn’t it, Maggie dear? Or course. It makes complete sense now. And to think that I nearly – well! Wild horses couldn’t get me out of here now, Maggie, and if I were you, I’d hang onto that bracelet dear. It’ll be something to remember him by.

**Miss Preen:**

I do indeed. I am not only walking out on this case, Mr. Whiteside, but I am leaving the nursing profession. I became a nurse because all my life, ever since I was a little girl, I was filled with the idea of serving a suffering humanity. After one month with you, Mr. Whiteside, I am going to work in a munitions factory. From not on anything that I can do to help exterminate the human race will fill me with the greatest of pleasure. If Florence Nightingale had ever nursed you, Mr. Whiteside, she would have married Jack the Ripper instead of founding the Red Cross. Good day.

**Mr. Stanley:**

I am pleased to inform you sir, that your plans for my daughter seem to have gone a trifle awry. She is not, nor will she ever be, married to that labor agitator that you so kindly picked out for her. As for my son, he has been apprehended in Toledo, and will be brought home within the hour. Not having your gift for invective, I cannot tell you what I think of your obnoxious interference in my affairs, but I have now arranged that you will interfere no longer. Mr. Whiteside, these men are deputy sheriffs. They have a warrant by which I am enabled to put you out of this house, and I need hardly add that it will be the greatest moment of my life. Mr. Whiteside, I am giving you 15 minutes to pack up and get out. If you are not gone in 15 minutes, these gentlemen will forcibly eject you. 15 minutes, Mr. Whiteside – and that means bag, baggage, wheelchair, penguins, octopus, and cockroaches. I am now going upstairs to smash our radio, so that not even accidentally will I ever hear your voice again.