

## **“DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS” - Audition Monologues**

**Choose one role to read for, but you may be asked by the Director to read additional roles as well.**

**Lawrence Jameson:** (M 40-55)

*(to Freddy)*

Freddy, as a younger man, I wanted things too. I longed to be someone remarkable – a painter, a poet, a musician. There was only one problem, I had no talent. I woke up one morning to the frustrating conclusion that all I had to offer the world was taste. And a certain charm, imagination, supreme confidence, classic good looks.....I realized that day I would have to use those attributes to create a world I would never be allowed access to otherwise. Freddy, what I’m trying to say is – know your limitations. In other words, Freddy... you are an idiot.

This is an arm’s length business, my friend. As the man said, “We are the stuff that dreams are made on”...Their dreams, not ours. What they want, not you. If you can have the patience and stay detached, which I highly doubt, you’ll get your castle in time. But make sure you build your walls high, because as soon as you let someone else in, the game is over.

**Freddy Benson:** (M 25-40)

*(In the con of a beautiful woman)*

To be honest with you I never was very good with money. I just seem to take whatever salary the Red Cross pays me and donate it right back to them. At this rate Grandma will never get her operation. It’s not that she is very sick, she just tips over sometimes. I can’t wait to see her face Christmas morning when she wakes up and finds that new hip under the tree.

*(to Lawrence as woman walks away)*

Just giving the people what they want. Beautiful woman like that, how often does she get to feel all good and charitable about herself? And what did it cost her? Look at this – she gave me twenty bucks. You know what it feels like to take a woman for twenty bucks? Ah, don’t sell yourself short. Ya want, I can show you the ropes. What I’ve seen, some dames really go for your type... You know...old.

**Christine Colgate:** (F 20-35)

*( to Lawrence)*

Do you really think the therapy is working? That's wonderful. I'm sorry about the delay in paying your fee. I should have it by tomorrow it just took longer than I thought to raise the money. The cash prize wasn't quite enough, so I had my father sell off the car, the furniture and all the jewelry they gave me. I was selected the American Soap queen, by the company who makes the laundry detergent I use.

Doctor, I want to do whatever I can to help Sergeant Benson, but I am not selling everything...they gave me a year's supply of fabric softener and I am keeping that.

*(shifts to a New Yorker)*

So, there you are. Long time, no see, huh, boys? C'mon everybody, I want you to meet Mr. Big Stuff. So I was showing Nikos some property in Boca. He says, "Paula if I'm gonna invest sixteen million bucks, I want to do it someplace special." I go, like where? He goes How about Majorca (may YOUR ka) and then it hits me... BOOM! Majorca, what are you kidding me?

**Andre Thibault:** (M 30-60)

*(to Lawrence)*

You may want to look at this on the front page of today's Le Monde – It seems a clever young American con artist nicknamed the Jackal has recently been rumored to be working along the southern coast of France. You might be wise to keep an eye out. What? You have met him? Take him on as a student? You can't be serious. You can't afford the distraction. If it's a roller coaster you want, I'll take you to the fair. I'll even buy you a pencil. .... They sell those big pencils...I don't know..

Wait. There is a man I know – Pierre the knife. I can give him a call and I give you my word of honor as the chief of police, the case will be investigated in a very slipshod manner.

**Muriel Eubanks:** (F 40-60)

*(bumps into Andre at an art exhibit)*

Oh hello, can you help me? I have spent the last five days trying to find the Princes' country on the map. Is it to the right or left of the Alps? Anyway, I thought as long as I'm here I should pitch in. I'm a docent at our museum back in Omaha and minored in Art History, so I know a lot about these places...or I just make it up.

*(as if to a group of tourists)*

May I call your attention to the Rapture of Louise LaBoeuf. Following a brief career as a Gregorian Chanteuse, this poor peasant girl married the CEO of a major pharmaceutical company and after eighteen years of devotion caught him with a dental hygienist half his age. Praying for guidance, she took him to the cleaners, had some work done, and voila.

*(resumes to Andre)*

Did his highness receive my scarf? You know, I can talk to some of the other women around town. You know, to rally the troops?

**Jolene Oakes:** (F 25-45)

*(to Lawrence)*

Hey Sugarpop. Sorry I'm late. I was just buying up France. Don't tell Daddy. Wait'll you see the veil I bought. They told me nuns went blind makin' it or something, but heck..., it's not like they go skeet shootin'.

*(hears a question she didn't expect)* What? When did we decide we're getting married? Alrighty. Remember the other night when you were telling me about your family ring? ....and then you said my eyes were like the ocean?...And then I ordered the iced tea?... Somewhere in there. Okay now listen up, I got Daddy's jet pickin' us up at the airport nine a.m. Europe time, then it's straight on to Oakes for the close of barbecue season and your bachelor party. Aw, look, you're getting all nervous like...Don't worry honey, you're gonna love Oklahoma. It's all so...flat and peaceful and ...flat. We're gonna be so happy!