

Bye Bye Birdie

Audition Monologues

Rosie: *(after he asks to make a deal with her)* All right, Albert, you're on!
(getting a bright idea, picks a card from a file folder and reads)

MacAfee. Kim MacAfee. Age fifteen president and recording secretary of the Conrad Birdie Fan Club Number 2748 of Sweet Apple Ohio. This is what's going to send you back to college with the biggest hit song this business has even seen! It's called 'One Last Kiss!' *(Albert: I've never heard of it)*

You haven't *written* it yet. But when you do... and when that one last kiss is from Conrad Birdie on his way into the big cold Army for two long years... and when he gives that kiss to one of his fans chosen at random from one million two hundred thousand hysterical tennagers, it'll make Mr. Birdie the hottest soldier since...Joan of Arc.

Kim: Hugo, I'm your steady. Oh I may admire Conrad Birdie as one admires a far distant and unattainable ideal. But I'm pinned to you, Hugo, and I don't care how common and ordinary you are, that's how I'm going to stay! You were silly to worry Hugo. Conrad Birdie may be a great public figure but he doesn't make me feel all dizzy and faint when I think of him. Why, even when I say his name, I don't feel a thing. Listen. *(without effect)* Conrad Birdie. *(it affects her; she speaks with restraint)* Conrad Birdie. *(it hits her full on and she loses it)* Conrad Birdie!

Ursula: Kim MacAfee, what do you mean you're resigning from the Fan Club! I mean just because Hugo Peabody gave you his pin doesn't mean you have to retire from all social life! Going steady is very important but there are some things... *more* important than *very* important!... and the *Conrad Birdie Fan Club* is one of them. I mean, after all, where else can we girls gather together to worship that wonderful creature? I mean, do you realize that you'd be giving up the scream, Kim? So... when Conrad Birdie sings, on television, you're not going to go "AAAAAA!"...Oh, Kim!

Mrs. MacAfee: Your father has the right to enjoy his eggs, Kim. But I'm sure he won't mind if we just quietly start clearing away some of these other things...*(turning to Mr. MacAfee)* I know the house is a bit hectic this morning but Kim's gone to a lot of trouble to fix a special breakfast for Mr. Birdie and I want to make sure everything's ready and waiting for him when he comes down. After all he is a national figure and I want to show these New York people we know how to treat a national figure here in Sweet Apple.

Mae Peterson: (*speaking to Albert*) Don't worry about me, sonny.... I'm just a little faint from taking the subway... (*he asks why she didn't take a taxi*) Taxi! What do I need with taxis?.... I'll leave the taxis for my successful son. A mother can ride crowded in a dirty subway full of people who wouldn't give you a seat if your life depended on it – but what's the difference' nowadays a mother is lower than dirt, anyway! Here's the money I saved from not taking the taxi; buy some candy with it!

MEN'S MONOLOGUES

Albert: (*on the phone*) ...I know that, sir,... but think of the disastrous effect this might have on the morale of the American teenager! ...no, I am not suggesting the boy doesn't want to go into the Army. It's just that... no, I'm not trying to...Well, it seemed to me that... two weeks from today? At the Induction Center? (*sighs, resigned*) He'll be there.

(*hangs up the phone deflated; swallows an aspirin to calm his headache; sees Rose*). Rosie, thank God you've come. This is the end of the Almaelou Music Corporation! Conrad Birdie is going into the Army! Rosie, I'm up to my ears in debt! Conrad's got a 50,000 dollar guarantee which I can't pay. And... I've just taken a severe overdose of aspirin.

Hugo: Kim, before you go, could I talk to you for a minute? ...It's important. (*Ursula questions him*) What's so important? I'll tell you what's so important! The day after I give her my pin she goes around kissing someone else...THAT's what's so important! I want you to know I'm quite upset about this. I've already had several headaches and a nosebleed! (*"you're just jealous of Conrad"*) Me, jealous? I'm the *opposite* of jealous. I'm...very jealous! And I have every right to be. *I'm* Kim's steady.

Mr. MacAfee: I have tried to run this house on a democratic basis. I have extended the privilege of self-determination to both the woman I married, and the children I have sired... the vote has been denied no one for reason of age, sex, or political affiliations. There has been no taxation without representation! Last night I gave up my room to a guest who repeatedly referred to me as... 'Fats!' Telephone calls were made on my phone to New York, Chicago, Fairbanks Alaska and... Hong Kong! Outside my window three harpies shrieked 'We Love You Conrad' four thousand seven hundred and twenty three times... and now, I've lost... two. fried. eggs. Gentleman, the democracy is over!