

SIDES FOR CHEAPER BY THE DOZEN AUDITIONS 2016

FRANK and ERNESTINE (Teen Male & Female)

FRANK: I thought I heard a whistle – like Dad used to whistle assembly call. Funny how a sound stays with you.

ERNESTINE: It's Dad that stays with you.

FRANK: *(with affection)* Because he had enough gall to be divided in three parts. Mother said the day the United States entered the First World War, Dad telegraphed President Wilson – “Arriving Washington seven P.M. If you don't know how to use me, I'll tell you how.”

ERNESTINE: *(defensively)* He showed them how to save time assembling machine guns.

FRANK: But you couldn't tell where Dad's scientific management ended and his family life began. *(Smiles)* Even buttoning his vest from bottom to top to save four seconds.

ERNESTINE: *(with pride)* But he could walk into the Zeiss works in Germany or the Pierce Arrow plant in this country and announce he'd speed up production one-fourth – and then do it.

FRANK: *(imitating Dad, speaking decisively)* “And what works in the factory will work in the home.” I guess with so many of us it was scientific management or bedlam.

ERNESTINE: Even with a dozen, I don't think Dad was satisfied. I remember him looking us over, and then saying to Mother, “Only twelve, but never mind, Lillie, you did the best you could.”

FRANK: Remember when Mother came home from a trip and asked him if everything had run smoothly: He told her: “Only had trouble with that one over there *(points)* but a good spanking brought him into line.” Mother had to say: “That's not one of ours, dear. He belongs next door.”

LARRY, BILL, ANNE (Teens)

ANNE: Come on in, Larry. *(Larry looks around hesitantly)* Just – my house.

BILL: I'm starved.

ANNE: *(irritably)* Well, go eat.

BILL: Don't worry. And don't think I didn't notice.

ANNE: Notice what?

BILL: Remember that silly part in the movie? . . . That part all about-- *(with distaste)* -- love? *(Continues, accusingly)* I saw you holding hands.

ANNE: *(gasping)*. That's a lie!! *(BILL folds his arms and glares)*

LARRY: If anything like that happened, for maybe ten seconds, it was just because of the movie and entirely involuntary.

ANNE: *(turning towards LARRY, wistfully)* It was?

LARRY: *(nodding)* It was just that kind of movie.

ANNE: *(swallowing her disappointment)* Oh.

BILL: *(to ANNE)* See?

DAD and KID (Adult Male, Young Male/Female)

DAD: Now, if there's no further business -- --

KID: Mr. Chairman, I move we spend the five dollars we just saved to buy a collie puppy.

DAD: Hey, wait a minute!

KID: A dog would be a pet. Everyone could pat him, and I would be his master.

DAD: Out of order. Very much out of order.

KID: A dog would sleep at the foot of my bed, and I would wash him when he was dirty.

DAD: A dog would be an accursed nuisance. He would be our master. Nobody would wash his filthy, flea-bitten carcass. He'd positively sleep on the foot of my bed.

KID: Let's vote.

DAD: Any pet that doesn't lay eggs is an extravagance.

KID: All those in favor?!

MISS BRILL and DAD or MOTHER (Adults)

MISS BRILL: The superintendent directed me to give these texts. That doesn't mean I approve of anyone graduating ahead of her class. . . . There's no real harm in home studies. But you shouldn't try to do so much with them.

D/M: Why not?

MISS BRILL: If everyone went in for irregular education like that, there wouldn't be any system left. There'd be chaos.

D/M: Perhaps you'd better mark the papers and see how much chaos you find.

DAD and MOTHER (Adult Male, Adult Female)

DAD: Boss, here are the charts I've worked out – rotations of duties and assignments, records of results. I want to get all of this functioning before I leave.

MOTHER: I wish you wouldn't go. Doctor Burton says –

DAD: Doctor Burton – Doctor Burton! We'd better concentrate on some way to knock a little sense into our older daughters.

MOTHER: *(smiling)* They're perfectly normal – at least they want to be.

DAD: They want to be wasting a lot of time. *(with a slight pause)*. And time's too precious.

MOTHER: Is it really so important to go to this Management Conference?

DAD: *(seriously)*. A conference like that gives me a chance to explain motion study to the world. *(wryly)* The world could stand a little efficiency. Besides, it can be awfully good for business. It costs a lot to run a family like this.

MOTHER: *(smiling)*. Remember when we first talked about the family we'd have? Our wedding day. You said we'd have a wonderful life and a wonderful family. A great big family.

DAD: I warned you – children from the basement to the attic: from the floorboards to the chandeliers.

MOTHER: And when we went for a Sunday walk, we'd look like Mr. and Mrs. Pied Piper.

DAD: *(gravely)* Mrs. Piper, shake hands with Mr. Piper. *(takes her hand tenderly)* Mr. Piper, Meet Mrs. Piper.

MOTHER: I asked you how many children – just as an estimate. You told me – just as an estimate – many.

DAD: That day when we got on the train – you tried to appear blasé – as if we'd been married for years.

MOTHER: *(smiling in reprimand)*. And when I took off my hat, you gave that loud whisper – “Good grief, woman, why didn't you tell me your hair was that color?” Everyone turned around to leer and wink.

DAD: I shouldn't have done that. It was just that I was so proud of you. I wanted everyone to look at you and know you were my wife. *(MOTHER puts her hand on his arm. DAD goes back to paper.)* I think the work charts and committees are working out fine. *(Pleased.)* The family's getting so it runs itself.

MOTHER: You've thought of most everything, Mr. Piper.

DAD: Thank you, Mrs. Piper.

DAD and ANNE #1 (Adult Male, Teen Female)

DAD: No need for any last-minute nonsense now. You know your jobs and responsibilities. My last official act before leaving is to nominate your mother for chairman of the family council. All those in favor? . . . *(nodding)* She is now your new chairman.

ANNE: Dad – before you go – there is just one thing I don't understand?

DAD: *(fondly)* Just one?

ANNE: I think maybe I know why you want us to get ahead – but everything you do – all your work to save time for everybody – the thing I don't understand is – what do you want to save time for?

DAD: *(after slight pause)* For work, if you love that best. For education, for beauty, or art. *(Smiles)* For mumblety-peg, if that's where your heart lies. *(Looking from face to face of the children)* It's for where your heart lies – that's what you save time for.

DAD and ANNE #2 (Adult Male, Teen Female)

ANNE: *(gulping)* There is still further business I wish to place before the council. I'm not hiding a thing. I want the entire family to know.

DAD: *(half smiling at this)* Shall I bring down the babies?

ANNE: I bought – *(swallows)* – silk stockings, *(holds one up)*.

DAD: *(shocked)* You might as well go barelegged as wear these! You can see right through them *(Pause, then shouting)* They're like the last of the seven veils.

ANNE: Now you know.

DAD: Don't you realize what might happen if you go around showing your legs through silk stockings?

ANNE: What?

DAD: Never mind.

ANNE: But that's the way everybody dresses today. Boys don't notice when everyone dresses that way.

DAD: *(sharply)* Don't tell me about boys. I know all about what boys notice.

ANNE: Don't you see, Dad? I've never even been asked to the drugstore for a plain, ordinary, vanilla soda!

DAD: *(reasonably)* If it's vanilla sodas you want –

ANNE: Oh, Dad!

DAD: As for boys, they don't get serious about the kind of girl who wears silk stockings. They just run around with them. Listen to me, Anne. When a man picks a wife, he wants someone he can respect.

ANNE: They certainly respect me. I'm the most respected girl in the whole school. The boys respect me so much they hardly look at me.

DAD: I don't want you wasting your time with a lot of boys! *(Hopefully)* Look at the fun we have right here at home with our projects.

ANNE: *(pausing)* You don't understand! You don't understand at all! I wish your job was selling shoes, and you only had one or two children -- -- and neither of them was me!

MOTHER and ANNE (Adult Female, Teen Female)

MOTHER: Aren't you going to eat any ice cream, dear?

ANNE: I don't have much appetite.

MOTHER: Are you worried about the test?

ANNE: The test and – everything.

MOTHER: That boy? (*ANNE nods*) Anything else?

ANNE: Dad.

MOTHER: You're worried about Dad?

ANNE: We used to understand each other so well. Now it seems like we don't understand each other at all.

MOTHER: Your father tries to do so much. Sometimes he gets impatient.

ANNE: Why's he in such a hurry for us? Why doesn't he want us spending time with boys -- - or anything like that? It seems like we have to make every minute count.

MOTHER: He might have a reason.

ANNE: What, Mother?

MOTHER: (*smiling*) He might want to get as many of his dozen as possible through school. You especially. You're the oldest.

ANNE: But we'll all get through school. Why the hurry?

MOTHER: After all, Dad's along in his fifties.

ANNE: (*laughing*) Dad's young!

MOTHER: People get things wrong with them – things like – heart troubles.

ANNE: (*after a pause, speaking quietly*) Is that why Doctor Burton's always coming over?

MOTHER: It's nothing for you to get excited about.

ANNE: Mother, does Dad have heart trouble?

MOTHER: (*unsure of herself*) You see

ANNE: (*urgently*) Does he?

MOTHER: (*looking at ANNE for a moment*) You're so eager to grow up.

ANNE: (*realizing*) Oh, Mother!

MOTHER: There, darling. It isn't that bad.

The following monologues are not from Cheaper By The Dozen but are suitable audition material for children or younger teens. Feel free to prepare one of these monologues for your audition!

MONOLOGUE #1 – SHARING (Youth 8-10)

Some people think I don't like sharing, but that isn't true at all. I love sharing. I mean, what's not to love about being able to go up to someone and say, "Hey, can I have some of that candy?" And then they give you some! Or, "Can I ride your bike for a while?" And then you get to ride their bike! Sharing is awesome. Sometimes you have to be careful, though. Like if someone comes up to me and says, "Can I have one of your cookies?" Well, if I gave them a cookie, then I might not have any cookies left to share with other people and that would be, like, the opposite of sharing. So I have to say no. Because sharing is really important.

MONOLOGUE #2 – SCOUT (Youth 8-12)

Before we moved here, we had this big dog named Scout. Mom always said he was a total mutt, but I think he was also part collie. And maybe part golden retriever. But he was definitely at least half mutt. Scout was supposed to be the whole family's dog, but he was really mine. I mean, after school, it was me he would be waiting for. And when anyone threw his ball, I'm the one he always brought it back to. And at night, it was always my bed he slept in. But before we moved here, my Mom found out we weren't allowed to have any pets, so we had to give him away to my cousins. I don't really talk about it, but sometimes I dream about Scout. He's got his ball in his mouth and he's looking for me. And I'm saying, "Here, Scout. I'm right here." But he doesn't hear me, and he can't see me, and I'm saying, "I'm right here. Scout. I'm right here." And then, I don't know, I guess I wake up . . . I don't know if Scout dreams about me.

MONOLOGUE #3 – VOTE (Youth 10-16)

Hi, my name is Terry Taylor and you should vote for me for class president, because of all the really amazing ideas I have to make all of our lives here at Garfield a better place. Like, OK, for instance, this one idea that I have that there should be a table out in the hallway all the time filled with free cookies and cupcakes and brownies and maybe those amazing frittata bites that they sell at Mr. Chulo's down on the corner. I mean, if everyone likes frittata bites or even knows what they are. They're really good. This would improve school morale and also keep everyone's energy up for better studying.

And finally, I would like to introduce a by-law or something, that would make it socially not acceptable for anyone to be called a geek or maybe shoved into a locker or have their lunch money stolen just because they maybe wear glasses or, for instance, are running for class president. So there's that. Thank you . . . Terry Taylor. Vote for Terry Taylor . . . Thank you.

ENSEMBLE WORK (Teens: 3 Females, 2 Males)

BILL: Of all the dumb dogs!

MARTHA: What do you expect for five dollars!

BILL: Up on Dad's bed again.

MARTHA: He's always on Dad's bed. He's crazy about Dad!

BILL: The basement window—across the coal bin – up the back stairs – Dad's bed!

ANNE: He was right about the dog. Now he'll think he's right about everything.

ERNESTINE: Clothes, make-up, and everything.

FRANK: *(to Bill)* They're still hoping the boys will go mad over them.

BILL: *(Incredulously)* Over them? *(FRANK nods.)*

MARTHA: What's so ridiculous about that?

BILL: Nothing, only ----

ANNE: Only, what?

ERNESTINE: If you've anything to say ---

BILL: I just wouldn't think you'd have that sort of effect on anybody.

FRANK: And we've known you all our lives. *(Being fair)* Of course, some boy who didn't know you so well –

ANNE: *(bitterly)* Thanks for the compliment.

BILL: *(trying to patch things)* I think you're very good swimmers –and at tennis.

ERNESTINE: We don't care for your opinion.

MARTHA: Other boys don't feel like that about us.

ANNE: *(to BILL)* Do they?

BILL: *(shrugging).* I've never even heard the subject mentioned.

FRANK: If you want an honest, frank answer – *(Takes a deep breath).*

ERNESTINE: *(cutting him off).* We don't.

FRANK: All those silk stockings – what good did they do?

ANNE: Some day you're going to be surprised. *(Points to telephone.)* Some day that phone's going to ring and it'll be – *(She is cut off sharply by the sudden ring of a telephone. ALL turn towards it. ANNE is fascinated)* And – it'll – be -----

FRANK: Somebody for Dad. *(Picks up telephone.)* Hello? What? *(surprised)* You want to talk with *who?* You're absolutely sure? You haven't got her mixed up with somebody else?

ERNESTINE: Who's it for?

FRANK: *(into telephone)* You don't mean Anne Gilbreth, the one with the freckles?Oh My!! Don't hang up, please – are you still there?Thank goodness --- please don't hang up.

ANNE: *(in horror).* What are you saying?

FRANK: *(holding the telephone so the boy can hear, too.)* Hey, Anne, imagine! A boy calling for you!!! Isn't that wonderful! Hurry before he hangs up!