

Father of the Bride

Audition Monologues

STANLEY BANKS

I used to think a wedding was a *simple* affair. Boy and girl meet. *He* buys a ring. *She* buys a dress. They say *I do*. I was wrong. That's *getting married*. A *wedding* is an entirely different proposition. I've just been through it. My daughter's. Kaylene Banks Dunstan. That's her married name. (*Making fun of it*) Dunstan. When I bought this house 17 years ago, it cost less than this (*qualifying it*) *blessed event* in which Kaylene Banks became Kaylene Banks Dunstan. I am told one day I will look back on all this with great affection and nostalgia. I hope so. Your father's will understand. It was three months ago that it happened here. Three months ago that the storm broke. And you lose her, and before you know it, you're sitting all alone in a big house wearing rice in your hair, wondering what happened.

ELEANOR BANKS

(*Speaking to Buckley Dunstan's mother on the telephone*) No.....No.....Mrs. Dunstan. There's no use calling the hospitals again. Stanley called them just a few hours ago and left both phone numbers.....yours and ours.....Has Buckley ever *gone missing* this way before? (*Apologetically*) I'm sorry, Mrs. Dunstan, I should have known better. Of course he always comes home when something goes wrong. I know that it sounded silly, but he seems such a sound boy to me. Yes! Yes! The police have our number, too.....(*Amazed*) You called everybody you could think of.....(*after a pause*) No luck? Oh! Please, Mrs. Dunstan, don't let yourself get hysterical. You what? Oh! (*To her husband sympathetically*) You keep thinking he might be wandering about lost.....why? O! *Amnesia*.....but, he's only been gone one night. Please, try not to worry, Mrs. Dunstan. Goodbye, Mrs. Dunstan.

KAYLENE BANKS

(*Excitedly*) There's Buckley now! Dunstan, Dad. Please, try to remember---Dunstan. *Hello darling*. (*Turning to her Mother*) We're so excited, Mom---Buckley and I. (*After a pause*) What plans? (*Insistently*) Mother---I told you we have no plans. (*Amazed*) Announcements. Miss Bellamy? We don't need Miss Bellamy---this is not a business! (*Assuredly*) Yes, we plan to get married. We don't *know* the date. Don't try to organize us, Mom. I want everything very *simple*. We just thought we'd get married sort of when the spirit moved us. (*Idealistically*) With no fuss or feathers---no effort---we want to live *simply*---without all the fussing---You don't have to lift a finger, Mother! It's Buckley and I who are getting married, and not you and Dad---and we'll arrange it, and there's no use trying to push us around.

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BENJAMIN BANKS

(Coming in with Peggy to look at the wedding presents) Hi, Tommy! *(Getting rid of him)* Bye, Tommy! Go find Buzz.....now! *(Tommy doesn't leave.)* Yes, I've got company. Yes, Peggy. Outa here! *(Looking at the wedding gifts on the table)* You like? *(Flirting)* Wish they were yours? Me too, little one. What do you mean, "when?" We could get married tomorrow, if we didn't have to eat three times a day. *(Peggy cuddles up.)* When? *(Assuredly)* As soon as I get that raise. Then, you can have a tea-set just like that! *(Walking to the card index)* What am I doing? I'm just looking up something while I think of it.....Oh! You'll like what I'm doing. I know what my father said. *(In his father's voice)* "No one is to touch these cards, but Miss Bellamy." *(To Peggy)* I know. BUT, *(extracting several pink cards and substituting same number of white cards)* I have some friends of ours that I put down for *Church Only* that should come to the *Reception*, so we have somebody to talk to. I told you you'd like it.

TOMMY BANKS

(Speaking to his Mother holding many packages of new clothes as an adult) What did I tell you! And you didn't find a thing, did you? What I don't understand is.....when you try to close Kay's closet you can't.....it's too full.....and she and Mom go on and on buying. *(Looks toward his Dad amazed)* I don't understand? I said I don't understand, didn't I? What do you mean---old clothes. You bought 'em at Christmas. 6 months old? Yes, Mother, explain it to me. A girl has a closet full of clothes, and she goes and buys another closet full of clothes! Explain that! *(Getting it)* You don't want Kay to get married in clothes that everybody has seen. *(A pause)* Why not? They look good on her. You can't make me understand! *(Sitting patiently and listening to Mother)* O.K. I'm listening. A girl gets married and starts a new life. Part of her new life is new clothes. *(Thinking about it)* You mean if she had on the same pair of shoes, it wouldn't be a new life. It doesn't make sense!

BUCKLEY DUNSTAN

(Talking to the parents) Well---you see---I wouldn't want a lot of trappings---I thought---*(a pause)* as a matter of fact, we *do* want a church. But I thought we could just drive around in the country and find a nice little church with lots of ivy---you know---and get someone to play the organ---and we could just walk down the aisle hand in hand---and---well---just do it like that. The way I feel, Mr. Banks---it's between me and Kay--and---well---God. I mean---I love Kay---Mr. Banks---and I want to pledge myself to take care of her---BUT, I don't see why Tom, Dick and Harry have to gawk at me, or why I have to get in a monkey suit---or be made into a tribal exhibit---! Thank you, Mr. Banks. I thought it was a good idea, too. Kay, what do *you* think?

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BUZZ TAYLOR

(Looking at all the wedding presents) Look at all the loot! Gee whiz! Why do people send her all this stuff? This a pretty neat racket if you ask me. What is she going to do with it? A garage sale? What do you mean--- beat the record? She's trying to beat Betty "Booboo" Bachelor's wedding present record? *(Impressed)* Two hundred and sixty-five! Wow! I guess that's what you get when you're the senator's daughter. How many has Kay got? *(Impressed)* Holy cow! BUT, she's got a lot of time yet? Right? *(Thinking about it)* I think it's nuts! The whole business. Boy! If you sold all this junk, you could get a neat motorcycle. Yeah!

PEGGY SWIFT

(Dressed in her lady-in-waiting regalia) Mr. Banks.....could I ask your advice about something? Do you think that it would be awfully dishonest, if I asked Kay to throw her bouquet just a little bit in my direction, so I almost couldn't help being the one to catch it? *(Responding to Mr. Banks)* It's been done?! *(Rethinking it seriously)* Do you think it would be unforgivable? You don't? *(Pleased)* Thanks, Mr. Banks, because I think I'll die.....I'll just DIE if Ben and I aren't the next ones to get married. And catching the bride's bouquet really cinches it. I know people say it's a superstition, but I *do* know it works. I've counted wedding after wedding.....you'd be surprised how it works. *(Responding to Mr. Banks)* How is my father? Fine. Why do you ask? *(Worried)* Do you know something awful that I don't know? *(Relieved)* Oh, good, Mr. Banks. *(Inquisitively)* Why are you smiling, Mr. Banks? You think he's the goat? Why? Because his only contribution to my wedding is Ben. But, Mr. Banks, that's a big contribution!

DELLA

(Yelling at Joe with a duster) I told you before.....I am not chasing you around with this thing. Oh! Mr. Banks,!.....my floors..... they've got mud on their shoes. I spent two days polishing this floor the way it is, and I'm going to see it stays polished. *(To Joe)* I will not wait till you get through, Joe. You've been crawling in and out of here like a mess of fleas. You may not think you're in my way, but you ARE! *(Turning to Mr. Banks)* Mr. Banks! My kitchen is full of men carrying in boxes and barrels, and they've got everything covered.....they're in my icebox.....they just push me away..... one of them is even changing his shirt in there, Mr. Banks. No man is going to change his shirt in my kitchen.....not with me around. *(Responding to Mr. Banks)* I don't want to walk to the church yet. I don't care how silent it is. All I want is them out and Miss Kay to get married. *(Thinking of Kay in her wedding dress in an instant)* I do want to. She's so beautiful.

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MISS BELLAMY

I am saying merely that I wish to resign my position as your secretary, Mr. Banks. Why? Because I have failed. I cannot do this job. When you asked me.....two days ago.....to leave my desk in your office to help with the wedding guests, I was honored. It seemed only just I should have my little part in helping with the wedding. I came here in peace and happiness to do my bit, but, Mr. Banks, these are the facts: when I arrived you had a list of 472. I was pleased. That left the problem of who belonged in the Church and who belonged at the Reception. The next day I moved the Garden Club from the *House* and into *Church Only*.....and the Boy Scouts and your Bridge Club, and Miss Kay's friends from the High School. I went on shaving the list. I had only 32 surplus cards in the *House* to get rid of to make *your* figure of three hundred in the *Church* and one hundred and fifty in the *House*. That's fine. I have just recounted, Mr. Banks. Eighty people who *were* in *Church Only* have got back into the *House* when my back was turned. There is a state of Civil War in your home, Mr. Banks, and I wish to resign.

MR. MASSOULA

Buckingham Caterers. Massoula's the name.....Sir.....Madam.....at your service. (*Staring at Banks*) Dress rehearsal, I see. Very becoming. (*Banks says nothing.*) Now let me see.....(*being too obvious*) we were interested in a wedding reception, I believe. (*Opening his photo album*) First, I'd like to get your idea about a wedding cake. Once the wedding cake has been established, Buckingham Caterers takes over. (*A pause*) Now, here is a popular cake. This was served at the wedding of Nancy Sinatra....you know.....Tommy Sands.....Frankie Baby. (*Both Banks stare meekly at the album.*) That's *one* of Elizabeth Taylor's weddings.....we've done almost all of them. Quite a girl, Liz. Delightful person, isn't she. (*Turning toward the Banks*) Is it going to be a large reception? (*The Banks stare back at him.*) Small and SEE-lect I understand perfectly. (*Responding to their negative reaction.*) Oh, you don't *want* a cake! You think they're *cheap*. Really! The smartest weddings don't have them anyway. But we have to show them, of course.

JOE

What do I say, Mr. Massoula? (*A pause*) Small. How many heads did you say? A hundred and fifty! Chees! Circulation's bad. Opening the windows won't help, Mrs. Banks. What we mean by *circulation* is *guest flow* from room to room. Where does this go? (*Realizing*) A pantry? (*Under his breath*) A death trap. It's dark. Don't turn on the lights, Mrs. Banks. I've seen enough. You couldn't get more than a hundred in this room! Squash like bugs, if you did. Have any storage? (*Responding*) Up in the attic. Good. Taking up the rug won't help. Taking up the rug won't give no more room. I'll go out and measure for a marquee. First thing is to clear this room of ALL furniture. The davenport. The armchairs. Everything. Oh, that chandelier---get rid of it. (*Walking to the garden door*) There are too many bushes out here. We'll have to get rid of them.