

**OKLAHOMA! Audition Pieces*****Aunt Eller – Dialogue Piece 1***

AUNT ELLER: If I wasn't a ole womern, and if you wasn't so young and smart alecky—why, I'd marry you and git you to set around at night and sing to me.

CURLY: No, you wouldn't neither. Cuz I wouldn't marry you ner none of yer kinfolks, I could he'p it. *(Crosses up to porch)*

AUNT ELLER: *(Wisely)* Oh, none of my kinfolks, huh?

CURLY: *(Raising his voice so that LAUREY will hear if she is inside the house)* And you c'n tell 'em that, all of 'm, includin' that niece of your' n, Miss Laurey Williams! *(AUNT ELLER continues to churn. CURLY comes down to her RIGHT and speaks deliberately)* Aunt Eller, if you was to tell me whur Laurey was at—whur would you tell me she was at?

AUNT ELLER: I wouldn't tell you a-tall. Fer as fer as I c'n make out, Laurey ain't payin' you no heed.

CURLY: So, she don't take to me much, huh? *(Crosses LEFT up behind her)* Whur'd you git sich a uppity niece 'at wouldn't pay no heed to me? Who's the best bronc buster in this yere territory?

AUNT ELLER: You, I bet.

CURLY: *(Crossing to her)* And the best bull-dogger in seventeen counties? Me, t hat's who! And looky here, I'm handsome, ain't I?

AUNT ELLER: Purty as a pitcher.

CURLY: Curly-headed, ain't I? And bow-legged from the saddle fer God knows how long, ain't I?

AUNT ELLER: Couldn't stop a pig in the road.

CURLY: Well, whut else does she want then, the damn she-mule?

*(Crosses DOWN LEFT)*

AUNT ELLER: I don't know. But I'm shore sartin it ain't you. Who you takin' to the Box Social tonight?

CURLY: Ain't thought much about it.

AUNT ELLER: Bet you come over to ast Laurey.

CURLY: Whut 'f I did?

AUNT ELLER: You astin' me too? I'll wear my fascinator.

CURLY: Yeow, you too. *(Laughing)*

**OKLAHOMA! Audition Pieces*****Aunt Eller – Dialogue Piece 2***

ALI: All right! All right! If the eggbeater don't work I give you something just as good!

AUNT ELLER: Jist as good! It's got to be a thousand million times better!

*(ALI puts down his bulging suitcase, CENTER, his little beady eyes sparkling professionally. He rushes over and, to LAUREY'S alarm, kisses her hand)*

ALI: My, oh my! Miss Laurey! Jippity crickets, how high you have growed up! Last time I come through here, you was tiny like a shrimp, with freckles. Now look at you—a great big beautiful lady!

LAUREY: Quit it a-bitin' me! If you ain't had no breakfast go and eat yerself a green apple.

ALI: Now, Aunt Eller, just lissen—

AUNT ELLER: *(Shouting)* I ain't yer Aunt Eller! Don't you call me Aunt Eller, you little wart. I'm mad at you.

ALI: Don't you go and be mad at me. Ain't I said I'd give you a present? *(Getting his suitcase)* Something to wear.

AUNT ELLER: Foot! Got things fer to wear. Wouldn't have it. Whut is it?

ALI: *(Holding up garter)* Real silk. Made in Persia!

AUNT ELLER: Whut'd I want with a ole Persian garter?

ADO ANNIE: Oh! They look awful purty, Aunt Eller, with bows onto 'em and all.

AUNT ELLER: I'll try 'em on.

ALI: Hold out your foot.

*(AUNT ELLER obeys mechanically. But when he gets the garter over her ankle, she kicks him down)*

AUNT ELLER: Did you have any idy I was goin' ter let you slide that garter up my limb? *(She stoops over and starts to pull the garter up)* Grab onto my petticoats, Laurey. *(Noticing ALI looking at her, she turns her back on him pointedly and goes on with the operation. ALI turns to ADO ANNIE .*

ALI: Funny woman. Would be much worse if I tried to take your garters off. *(Crosses back to suitcase CENTER)*

ADO ANNIE: Yeh, cuz that 'ud make her stockin's fall down, wouldn't it? *(Backs away to LEFT)*

AUNT ELLER: Now give me the other one.

ALI: Which one? *(Picking it out of his case)* Oh, you want to buy this one to match?

*(Crosses to AUNT ELLER)*

AUNT ELLER: Whut do you mean do I want to buy it?

ALI: I can let you have it for fifty cents—four bits.

AUNT ELLER: Do you want me to get that eggbeater and ram it down your windpipe! *(She snatches the second one away)*