

OKLAHOMA! Audition Pieces***Will – Dialogue Piece 1***

WILL: Ado Annie! *(He embraces her, lifting her off her feet)* How's my honey-bunch? How's the sweetest little hundred-and-ten pounds of sugar in the territory?

ADO ANNIE: *(Confused)*: Er-Will, this is Ali Hakim.

WILL: How are yuh, Hak? Don't mind the way I talk. 'S all right. I'm goin' to marry her.

ALI *(Delighted)*: Marry her? On purpose?

WILL: Well, sure. *(Sets her down)*

ADO ANNIE: No sich of a thing!

ALI: It's a wonderful thing to be married. *(He starts off.)*

ADO ANNIE: Ali!

ALI: I got a brother in Persia, got six wives.

ADO ANNIE: Six wives? All at once?

WILL: Shore. 'At's a way they do in them countries.

ALI: Not always. I got another brother in Persia only got one wife. He's a bachelor. *(Exit into house RIGHT)*

ADO ANNIE: Look, Will—*(Crosses DOWN STAGE LEFT)*

WILL: Look, Will, nuthin'. Know what I got fer first prize at the fair? Fifty dollars!

ADO ANNIE: Well, that was good . . . *(The significance suddenly dawning on her)* Fifty dollars?

WILL: Ketch on? Yer Paw promised I cud marry you. 'f I cud git fifty dollars.

ADO ANNIE: 'At's right, he did.

WILL: Know what I done with it? Spent it all on presents fer you!

ADO ANNIE: But if you spent it you ain't got the cash.

WILL: Whut I got is worth more'n the cash. Feller who sold me the stuff told me!

ADO ANNIE: But, Will . . .

WILL: Stop sayin' "But, Will"—When do I get a little kiss? Oh, Ado Annie, honey, y'aint been off my mind since I left. All the time at the fair-grounds even, when I was chasin' steers. I'd rope one under the hoofs and pull him up sharp, and he'd land on his little rump . . . Nen I'd think of you.

ADO ANNIE: Don't start talkin' purty, Will.

WILL: See a lot of beautiful gals in Kansas City. Didn't give one a look.

ADO ANNIE: How could you see 'em if you didn't give 'em a look?

WILL: I mean I didn't look lovin' at 'em—*(Breaks slowly Left)* like I look at you. *(He turns her around and looks adoring and pathetic)*

ADO ANNIE *(Backs LEFT)*: Oh, Will, please don't look like that! I cain't bear it.

WILL: Won't stop lookin' like this till you give me a little ole kiss.

ADO ANNIE: Oh, whut's a little ole kiss?

Will: Well, nothin'—less'n it comes from you. *(Both stop)*

ADO ANNIE: *(Sighing):* You do talk purty! *(WILL steps up for his kiss. She nearly gives in, but with a sudden and unaccounted-for strength of character she breaks away to his RIGHT)* No, no, I won't!

OKLAHOMA! Audition Pieces***Will – Dialogue Piece 2***

ALI: Hello, young fellow.

WILL: Oh, it's you!

ALI: I was just hoping to meet up with you. It seems like you and me ought to have a little talk.

WILL: We only got one thing to talk about. Well, Mr. Hakim, I hear you got yerself engaged to Ado Annie. ALI: Well . . .

WILL: Well, nothin'. I don't know what to call you. You ain't purty enough fer a skunk. You ain't skinny enough fer a snake. You're too little to be a man, and too big to be a mouse. I reckon you're a rat.

ALI: That's logical.

WILL: Answer me one question, Do you really love her?

ALI: Well . . .

WILL: 'Cuz if I thought you didn't I'd tie you up in this bag and drop you in the river. Are you serious about her?

ALI: Yes, I'm serious.

WILL: And do you worship the ground she walks on, like I do? You better say yes!

ALI: Yes—yes—yes.

WILL: The hell you do!

ALI: Yes.

WILL: Would you spend every cent you had for her? That's what I did. See that bag? Full of presents. Cost fifty bucks. All I had in the world.

ALI: If you had that fifty dollars cash . . .

WILL: I'd have Ado Annie, and you'd lose her.

ALI: *(Thoughtfully)* Yes. I'd lose her. Let's see what you got in here. Might want to buy something.

WILL: What would you want with them?

ALI: I'm a peddler, ain't I? I buy and sell. Maybe pay you real money . . . *(Significantly)* Maybe as much as—well, a lot. *(WILL becomes thoughtful. ALI fishes in bag and pulls out an item)* Ah, what a beautiful hot-water bag. It looks French . . . Must have cost plenty. I'll give you eight dollars for it.

WILL: Eight dollars? That wouldn't be honest. I only paid three-fifty.

ALI: All right. I said I'd give you eight and I will. . . . *(ALI pulls a nightgown out of the bag. It is made of white lawn and is notable for a profusion of ribbons and bows on the neckline)* Say! That's a cracker-jake!

WILL: Take your hands off that! *(Grabbing it and holding it in front of him)* That wuz fer our weddin' night!

ALI: It don't fit you so good. I'll pay you twenty-two dollars.

WILL: But that's—

ALI: All right then—twenty-two-fifty! *(Stuffing it into his coat with the hot-water bag)* Not a cent more. *(WILL smiles craftily and starts to count on his*

fingers. ALI now pulls out a pair of corsets) What a beautiful ankle brace!

WILL: Them—those—that was fer her to wear.

ALI: I didn't hardly think they was for you. *(Looking at them)* Mighty dainty. *(Putting them aside)* Fifteen dollars. Le's see, eight and twenty-two makes thirty and fifteen is forty-five and fifty cents is forty-five fifty. *(He looks craftily at WILL out of the corner of his eye and watches the idea percolate through WILL'S thick head)*

WILL: Forty-five-fifty? Say that's almos'—that's . . . *(Turning anxiously)* Want to buy some more?