

Oklahoma! Auditions

JUDD: I bet you don't remember as much as me. I remember everything you ever done; every word you ever said. I can't think of nuthin' else. You see how it is? I see. I ain't good enough fer you, am I? I'm a hired hand. Got dirt on my hands, pigslop. Ain't fittin' to touch you. We'll see who's better, Miss Laurey Williams. Then maybe you won't be so free and high-filootin' with yer airs. You're such a FINE lady! I TOLD YOU THE WAY IT WAS, AND YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! Well, you ain't NEVER gonna be rid of me.

LAUREY: Me? Course I want sump'n. Want a buckle made outa shiny silver to fasten onto my shoes! Want a dress with lace. Want perfume, wanta be purty, wanta smell like a honeysuckle vine! Want things I've heard of and never had before-a rubber-t'ard buggy, a cut-glass sugar bowl. Want things I can't tell you about-not only things to look at and hold in yer hands. Things to happen to you. Things so nice, if they ever did happen to you, yer heart ud quit beatin'. You'd fall down dead!

AUNT ELLER: Now Curly, don't say nuthin' agin him! He's the best hired hand I ever had. Jist about runs the farm by hisself. Well, two women couldn't do it, you orta know that. 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.

ALI: This here is a very special kind of smelling salts. Read what it says on the label: "Take a deep breath and you see everything dear." That's what Pharaoh's daughter used to do. When she had a hard problem to decide, like what prince she ought to marry, or what dress to wear to a party, or whether she ought to cut off somebody's head-she'd take a whiff of this ... Precious stuff ... Only two bits.

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 . . . then I'd think of you. See a lot of beautiful gals in Kansas City. Didn't give one a look (catching himself) I mean I didn't look lovin' at 'em- like I look at you. Please, Ado Annie.

ADO ANNIE: Will Parker! I didn't count on him bein' back so soon! The peddler - man's gonna drive me to the Box Social, Laurey. I got up sort of a tasty lunch (Laurey give Ado a questioning look) Not what you might say promised. I jist told him mebbe. (thinking) They won't never be nobody like Will ... and they won't never be nobody like the peddler man, neither. Laurey, I like it so much when a feller talks purty to me I get all shaky from horn to hoof! Don't you?