



Aunt Eller

Laurey's wise, humorous, and respected aunt. Moral anchor and matriarch of the community.

Playing Age: 40s/50s/60s

Music audition:

- Bars 4-20 - The Farmer and the Cowman

Dance audition:

- Please attend the dance audition workshop for the group dance

Lib audition:

- Laurey/Aunt Eller Act 1 ('Aunt Eller don't go to Skidmore's' – 'Will Parker's Ado Annie')
- Laurey/Aunt Eller Act 2 ('Maybe it's better for you and Curly' – 'shore's youre borned')

Notes:

- Please learn the lines for the lib audition if possible.
- Auditionees will be asked to audition in pairs that will be decided on by the production team in advance of the auditions. Some of the men may be asked to audition more than once to allow for all the women to have partners.
- The Laurey auditionees will be doing Laurey/Aunt Eller Act 2 ('Maybe it's better for you and Curly' – 'shore's youre borned') in addition to the two sections required for Laurey, so there is not a requirement for them to learn this piece.
- Please do an American accent.

Aunt Eller Audition



9

15

I'd like to teach you all a lit tle say in' And

learn the words by heart the way you should I don't say I'm no bet ter than

an y bod y else but I'll be damned if I aint just as good

The musical score is written in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature change from Bb to B. The lyrics 'I'd like to teach you all a lit tle say in' And' are aligned with the notes. The second staff starts at measure 9 and contains the lyrics 'learn the words by heart the way you should I don't say I'm no bet ter than'. The third staff starts at measure 15 and contains the lyrics 'an y bod y else but I'll be damned if I aint just as good'. The score ends with a double bar line.

OKLAHOMA AUDITIONS

AUNT ELLER/LAUREY (Act One)

LAUREY (*She comes DOWN CENTER from porch and speaks with a strange, sudden panic in her voice*): Aunt Eller, don't go to Skidmore's with Curly tonight. If you do, I'll have to ride with Jud all alone.

AUNT ELLER: 'That's the way you wanted it, ain't it?

LAUREY: No. I did it because Curly was so fresh. But I'm afraid to tell Jud I won't go, Aunt Eller. He'd do sumpin' turrible. He makes me shivver ever' time he gits clost to me . . . Ever go down to that ole smoke house where he's at?

AUNT ELLER: Plen'y times. Why?

LAUREY: Did you see them pitchers he's got tacked onto the walls?

AUNT ELLER: Yeah, I seed them. But don't you pay them no mind.

LAUREY: Sumpin' wrong inside him, Aunt Eller. I hook my door at night and fasten my winders agin it. Agin *it*—and the sound of feet a-walkin' up and down out there under that tree outside my room.

AUNT ELLER: Laurey! (*Takes LAUREY in her arms*)

LAUREY: Mornin's he comes to his breakfast and looks at me out from under his eyebrows like sumpin' back in the bresh som'eres. I know whut I'm talkin' about.

AUNT ELLER: You crazy young 'un! Stop actin' like a chicken with its head cut off!

(*The voices of ALI HAKIM and ADO ANNIE are heard offstage LEFT*)

AUNT ELLER: Now who'd you reckon that is drove up? Why, it's that ole peddler! (*Crosses up to gate and opens it*) The one that sold me that eggbeater!

LAUREY (*looking off*): He's got Ado Annie with him! Will Parker's Ado Annie!

OKLAHOMA AUDITIONS

AUNT ELLER/LAUREY (Act Two)

AUNT ELLER: Mebbe it's better fer you and Curly not to go 'way tonight. (*She breaks off, realizing how feeble this must sound*)

LAUREY: (*As if she hadn't heard AUNT ELLER*) I don't see why this had to happen, when everythin' was so fine.

AUNT ELLER: Don't let yer mind run on it.

LAUREY: Cain't fergit, I tell you. Never will!

AUNT ELLER: 'At's all right, Laurey baby. If you cain't fergit, jist don't try to, honey. Oh, lots of things happen to folks. Sickness, er bein' pore and hungry even—bein' old and afeared to die. That's the way it is—cradle to grave. And you can stand it. They's one way. You gotta be hearty, you got to be. You cain't deserve the sweet and tender in life less'n you're tough.

LAUREY: I—I wisht I was the way you are.

AUNT ELLER: Fiddlesticks! Scrawny and old? You couldn't h'ar me to be the way I am! (*LAUREY laughs through her tears*)

LAUREY: Oh, whut ud I do 'thout you, you're sich a crazy!

AUNT ELLER (*Hugging Laurey*): Shore's you're borned!