



Curly McLain

A confident, charming cowboy who is deeply in love with Laurey. He hides his true feelings behind teasing and bravado.

Playing Age: 20s/30s

Music audition:

- Bars 1-25 – The Surrey with the Fringe on Top
- Bars 34-47 - Poor Jud Is Dead

Dance audition:

- Please attend the dance audition workshop for the group dance
- Learn the male principal dance, which will be taught at the dance audition workshop and will be performed on the main audition day.

Lib audition:

- Curly/Laurey ('Curly you're setting on the stove' – 'why I'll marry you if you want me to')
- Curly/Jud ('If it ever come to getting even' – 'But I know you Jud')

Notes:

- Please learn the lines for the lib audition if possible.
- Please do an American accent.
- 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.
- Intimacy: The actor playing Curly will be required to kiss the actress playing Laurie. The director is a trained Intimacy Director and will manage the intimacy according to the latest guidelines around intimacy on stage. There will be no intimacy required in the audition.

Curly Audition



When I take you out to night with me_____ Hon ey here's the way it's goin to

8



be_____ you will sit be hind a team of snow white hors es In the slick est

15



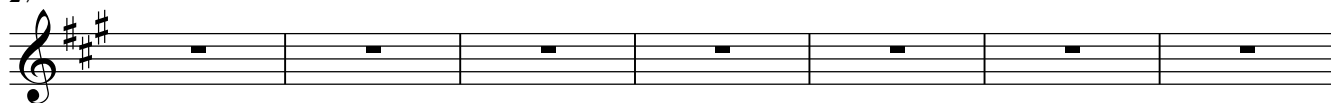
gig you ev er see_____ Chicks and ducks and geese bet ter scour ry when I take you

21



out in the sur rey when I take you out in the sur rey with the fringe on top

27



Poor Jud Is Dead

34



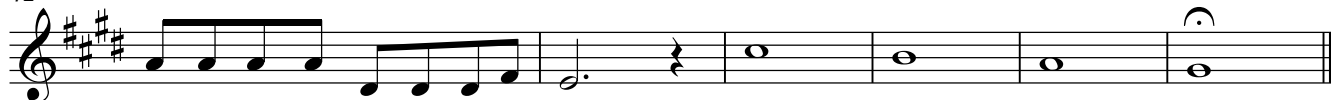
Poor Jud is dead A can dle lights his head He's

38



look in' oh so pur ty and so nice He looks like he's a sleep It's a shame that he won't keep But it's

42



sum mer and we're run ning out of ice poor Jud poor Jud

OKLAHOMA AUDITIONS

LAUREY/CURLY

LAUREY: Curly! You're setting' on the stove!

CURLY (*Leaping up*): Godamighty! (*He turns around, puts his hand down gingerly on the lid*) Aw! 'S cold's a hunk of ice!

LAUREY: Wish't ud burnt a hole in yer pants.

CURLY (*Grinning at her, understandingly*): You do, do you?

LAUREY (*Turning away to hide her smile*): You heard me.

CURLY: Laurey, now looky here, you stand over there right whur you air, and I'll set over here—and you tell me whut you wanted with me.

LAUREY (*Grave again*): Well—Jud was here. (*She shudders*) He skeered me . . . he's crazy. I never saw nobody like him. He talked wild and he threatened me. So I—I fard him! I wish't I hadn'ta! They ain't no tellin' whut he'll do now!

CURLY: You fard him! Well then! That's all they is to it! Tomorrow, I'll get you a new h'ard hand. I'll stay on the place myself tonight, 'f you're nervous about that hound-dog. Now quit yer worryin' about it, er I'll spank you. (*His manner changes. He becomes shy. He turns away unable to meet her eyes as he asks the question*) Hey, while I think of it—how—how 'bout marryin' me? (*LAUREY, confused, turns too. They are back to back*)

LAUREY: Gracious, whut'd I wanta marry you fer?

CURLY: Well, couldn't you meybbe think of some reason why you might?

LAUREY (*Cross LEFT*): I cain't think of none right now, hardly.

CURLY (*Following her*): Laurey, please, ma'am—marry me. I—don't know whut I'm gonna do if you—if you don't.

LAUREY (*Touched*): Curly—why, I'll marry you—'f you want me to. . . .

OKLAHOMA AUDITIONS

CURLY/JUD

JUD: If it ever come to gittin' even with anybody, I'd know how to do it.

CURLY: That? (*Looking down at gun and pointing*)

JUD: Nanh! They's safer ways than that, if you use yer brains. . . . Member that f'ar on the Bartlett farm over by Sweetwater?

CURLY: Shore do. 'Bout five years ago. Turrible accident. Burnt up the father and mother and daughter.

JED: That warn't no accident. A feller told me—the h'ard hand was stuck on the Bartlett girl, and he found her in the hayloft with another feller.

CURLY: And it was him that burned the place?

JUD (*Nodding*): It tuck him weeks to git all the kerosene—buying it at different times—feller who told me made out like it happened in Missouri, but I knowed all the time it was the Barlett farm—what a liar he was!

CURLY: And a kind of a—a kind of a murderer, too. Wasn't he? (*Rises, goes over to the door and opens it*) Git a little air in here.

JUD: You ain't told me yet whut business you had here. We got no cattle to sell ner no cow ponies. The oat crop is done spoke fer.

CURLY: You shore relieved my mind consid'able.

JUD (*Tensely*): They's on'y one other thing on this farm you could want—and it better not be that!

CURLY (*Closing the door deliberately and turning slowly, to face JUD*): But that's jist whut it is.

JUD: Better not be! You keep away from her, you hear?

CURLY (*Coolly*): You know somebody orta tell Laurey whut kind of a man you air. And fer that matter, somebody orta tell you onct about yerself.

JUD: You better git outa here, Curly.

CURLY: A fella wouldn't feel very safe in here with you . . . 'f he didn't know you. (*Acidly*) But I know you, Jud.