



Jud Fry

The brooding, dangerous hired farm hand on Laurey's farm, who harbours a dark and obsessive desire for her. He is an outsider.

Playing Age: Late 20s/30s

Music Audition:

- Bars 1-19 - Lonely Room

Dance audition:

- Please attend the dance audition workshop for the group dance

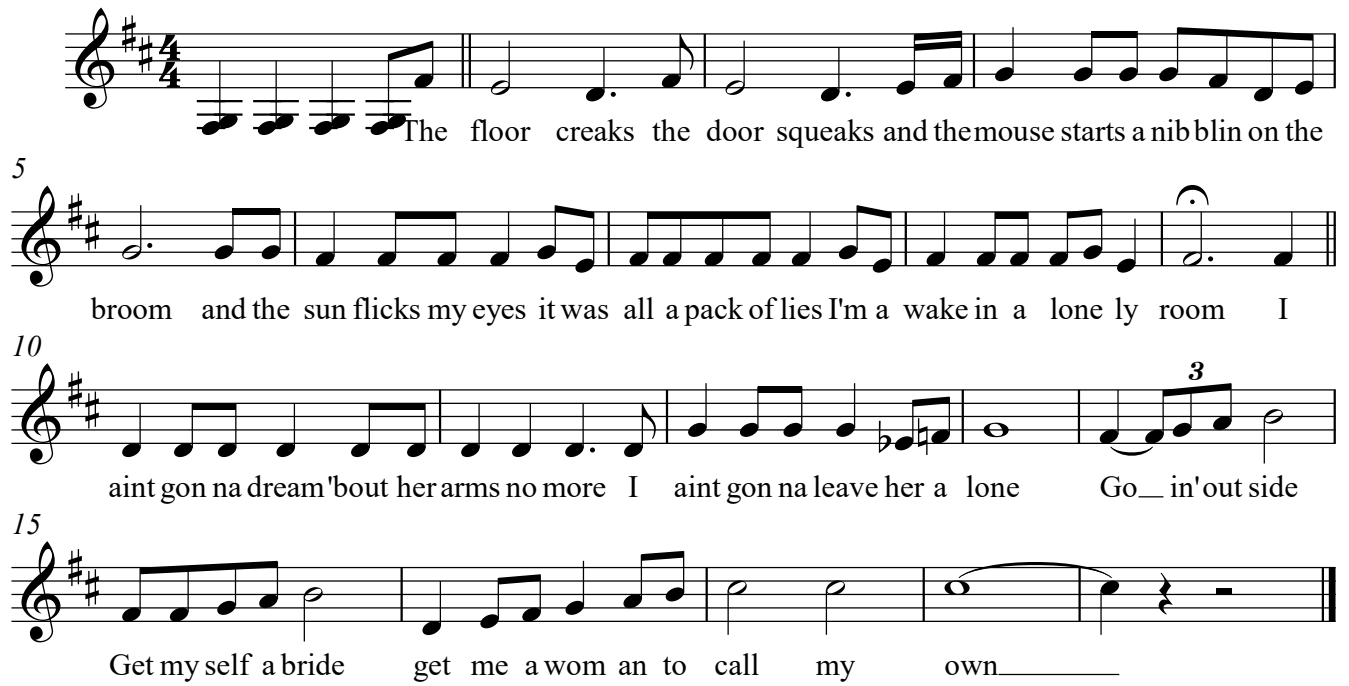
Lib audition:

- Curly/Jud ('If it ever come to getting even' – 'But I know you Jud')
- Jud ('Mornings you stay hid in your room' – 'You're such a fine lady')

Notes:

- Please learn the lines for the lib audition if possible.
- Auditionees will be asked to audition in pairs for the first piece of lib, that will be decided on by the production team in advance of the auditions. The second piece is addressed to Laurey but auditionees will perform it on their own.
- Please do an American accent.

Jud Fry Audition



The floor creaks the door squeaks and the mouse starts a nibblin on the

5 broom and the sun flicks my eyes it was all a pack of lies I'm a wake in a lone ly room I

10 aint gon na dream 'bout her arms no more I aint gon na leave her a lone Go__ in'out side

15 Get my self a bride get me a wom an to call my own_____

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.

OKLAHOMA AUDITIONS

JUD (to Laurey)

JUD: Mornin's you stay hid in yer room all the time. Nights you set in the front room, and won't git outa Aunt Eller's sight. . . . Last time I see you alone it was winter 'th the snow six inches deep in drifts when I was sick. You brung me that hot soup out to the smoke house and give it to me, and me in bed. I hadn't shaved in two days. You ast me 'f I had any fever and you put your hand on my head to see.

JUD: Bet you don't remember as much as me. I remember eve'ything you ever done . . . every word you ever said. Cain't think of nuthin' else. . . . See? See how it is? (*He attempts to hold her. She pushes him away*) I ain't good enough, am I? I'm a h'ard hand, got dirt on my hands, pigslop. Ain't fitten to tetch you. You're better, so much better. Yeah, we'll see who's better—Miss Laurey. Nen you'll wisht you wasn't so free 'th yer airs, you're sich a fine lady. . . .