



DGASS Sorcerer 2019 – Audition Dialogue

CONSTANCE

MRS. P. Come, tell me all about it! Do not fear – I, too, have loved; but that was long ago! Who is the object of your young affections?

CON. Hush, mother! He is here! (*Looking off.*)

Enter DR. DALY. He is pensive and does not see them.

MRS. P. (*amazed*) Our reverend vicar!

CON. Oh, pity me, my heart is almost broken!

MRS. P. My child, be comforted. To such an union I shall not offer any opposition. Take him – he's yours! May you and he be happy!

CON. But, mother dear, he is not yours to give!

MRS. P. That's true, indeed!

CON. He might object!

MRS. P. He might. But come – take heart – I'll probe him on the subject. Be comforted – leave this affair to me.

SKIP DR DALY'S SONG AND CONTINUE STRAIGHT INTO THE FOLLOWING

MRS. P. Good day, reverend sir.

DR. D. Ah, good Mrs. Partlet, I am glad to see you. And your little daughter, Constance! Why, she is quite a little woman, I declare!

CON. (*aside*) Oh, mother, I cannot speak to him!

MRS. P. Yes, reverend sir, she is nearly eighteen, and as good a girl as ever stepped. (*aside to DR. DALY*) Ah, sir, I'm afraid I shall soon lose her!

DR. D. (*aside to MRS. PARTLET*) Dear me, you pain me very much. Is she delicate?

MRS. P. Oh no, sir – I don't mean that – but young girls look to get married.

DR. D. Oh, I take you. To be sure. But there's plenty of time for that. Four or five years hence, Mrs. Partlet, four or five years hence. But when the time does come, I shall have much pleasure in marrying her myself –

CON. (*aside*) Oh, mother!



DR. D. To some strapping young fellow in her own rank of life.

CON. (*in tears*) He does not love me!

MRS. P. I have often wondered, reverend sir (if you'll excuse the liberty), that *you* have never married.

DR. D. (*aside*) Be still, my fluttering heart!

MRS. P. A clergyman's wife does so much good in a village. Besides that, you are not as young as you were, and before very long you will want somebody to nurse you, and look after your little comforts.

DR. D. Mrs. Partlet, there is much truth in what you say. I am indeed getting on in years, and a helpmate would cheer my declining days. Time was when it might have been; but I have left it too long – I am an old fogy, now, am I not, my dear? (*to CONSTANCE*) – a very old fogy, indeed. Ha! ha! No, Mrs. Partlet, my mind is quite made up. I shall live and die a solitary old bachelor.

CON. Oh, mother, mother! (*Sobs on MRS. PARTLET'S bosom*)

MRS. P. Come, come, dear one, don't fret. At a more fitting time we will try again – we will try again.