



## DGASS Sorcerer 2019 – Audition Dialogue

### MRS PARTLET

**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.**