

Audition dialogue: Mrs. Partlet, Dr. Daly & Constance

Mrs. Partlet - Good day, reverend sir.

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

Constance - (aside) Oh, mother, I cannot speak to him!

Mrs. Partlet - 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. Daly - (aside to Mrs. Partlet) Dear me, you pain me very much. Is she delicate?

Mrs. Partlet - Oh no, sir – I don't mean that – but young girls look to get married.

Dr. Daly - 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–

Constance - (aside) Oh, mother!

Dr. Daly - To some strapping young fellow in her own rank of life.

Constance - (in tears) He does not love me!

Mrs. Partlet - I have often wondered, reverend sir (if you'll excuse the liberty), that you have never married.

Dr. Daly - (aside) Be still, my fluttering heart!

Mrs. Partlet - 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. Daly - 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.

Constance - Oh, mother, mother! (Sobs on Mrs. Partlet's bosom)

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

(Exeunt Mrs. Partlet and Constance)

Dr. Daly - (looking after them) Poor little girl! I'm afraid she has something on her mind. She is rather comely. Time was when this old heart would have throbb'd in double-time at the sight of such a fairy form! But tush! I am puling! Here comes the young Alexis with his proud and happy father. Let me dry this tell-tale tear!