

NOCCA: MUSICAL THEATRE AUDITION SIDE – Spring 2019
CORNELIUS HACKL AND BARNABY TUCKER from “Hello, Dolly!” (edited)

Note: You may choose to read either role.

CORNELIUS: Chief clerk! Promoted from chief clerk to chief clerk! And if I'm good, in ten years I'll be promoted to chief clerk again! Thirty three years old and I still don't get an evening free. When am I going to begin to live?

BARNABY: You can live on holidays, Cornelius!

CORNELIUS: Did you forget what we did last Christmas? All those canned tomatoes went bad and exploded and you and I cleaned up the mess all afternoon. Do you call that living?

BARNABY: No!

CORNELIUS: Barnaby, you and I are going to New York!

BARNABY: You mean close the store?

CORNELIUS: Uh huh.

BARNABY: Cornelius, we can't!

CORNELIUS: We'll have to. Some more rotten tomato cans are going to explode.

BARNABY: Holy cabooses! How do you know?

CORNELIUS: I'm going to light this candle under them, that's how I know. They'll make such a smell customers won't be able to come into the place for twenty four hours. That'll get us an evening off! We're going to New York, Barnaby, and we're going to live! We're going to have a good meal, we're going to be in danger, we're going to spend our money, we're going to be arrested....

BARNABY: Holy cabooses!

CORNELIUS: And one more thing! We're not coming back to Yonkers until we've each kissed a girl!

BARNABY: Cornelius, you can't do that! You don't know any girls!

CORNELIUS: I'm thirty-three years old! I've got to begin sometime!

BARNABY: I'm only seventeen, Cornelius. It isn't so urgent for me.

CORNELIUS: New York. Barnaby! Elevated trains! The lights of Broadway! The stuffed whale at Barnum's Museum!

BARNABY: A stuffed whale?

CORNELIUS: A stuffed whale! What do you say, Barnaby?

BARNABY:Yes, Cornelius! Yes!

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CORNELIUS: *(aside)* When those women come out I'll have to pretend to be a customer! A customer, that's it! Maybe the best thing to do is make them think I'm rich. Then I won't have to spend anything! I'm a man about town looking for hats for ladies. *(Irene Malloy enters.)* Good afternoon, Mrs....

MRS. MOLLOY:Molloy.

CORNELIUS: Here, Cornelius Hackl!

MRS. MOLLOY: My pleasure, sir. Now what can I do for you, hmmm?

CORNELIUS:Well, you see, I'm a lady about town looking for some hats to Molloy and... I'm a hat and I wanted to buy a lady or two to Molloy with.... *(CORNELIUS pulls himself together and continues)* I want a hat! For a lady, of course. And everybody said go to Mrs. Molloy's because she's so pretty.... I mean her hats are so pretty.... And so reasonable! You see, I've come all the way from Yonkers...

MRS. MOLLOY: Excuse me, but did you say Yonkers, Mr. Hackl?

CORNELIUS: Oh yes, m'am, Yonkers! And forgive me for saying this but you should see Yonkers. By that I mean perhaps Mr. Molloy would like to see Yonkers, too!

MRS. MOLLOY: Oh, I'm a widow, Mr. Hackl.

CORNELIUS: *(Joyfully)* You are? A widow!Oh, that's too bad. I'm sure Mr. Molloy would have enjoyed Yonkers. Especially in that hat. I mean on you of course not Mr. Molloy may he rest in peace, you're Catholic aren't you, well don't let that worry you I'd be willing to change.... Mrs. Molloy, if you should ever happen to have a Sunday free in the near future, I'd be more than pleased to show you Yonkers from top to bottom!

MRS. MOLLOY: Well as a matter of fact, Mr. Hackl, I might be there sooner than you think.

CORNELIUS: Oh, really?

MRS. MOLLOY: You see, I have a friend who lives in Yonkers.

CORNELIUS: Do you?

MRS. MOLLOY: Perhaps you know him....

CORNELIUS: Perhaps I do.

MRS. MOLLOY: Oh, it's always so foolish to ask in cases like that, isn't it? *(They both laugh)* It's a Mr. Vandergelder. *(CORNELIUS stops laughing abruptly)*

CORNELIUS: Horace Vandergelder? Of Vandergelder's Hay and Feed?

MRS. MOLLOY: Do you know him?

CORNELIUS: No! Oh, no! No, no....

MRS. MOLLOY:Mr. Vandergelder's a substantial man and well-liked, they tell me.

CORNELIUS: A lovely man, Mrs. Molloy. Has only one fault as far as I know; he's hard as nails.

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MINNE FAY AND IRENE MALLOY from “Hello, Dolly!” (edited)

Note: You may choose to read either role.

MINNIE: ...And as I was saying, Mrs. Molloy, I could bite out my tongue for the things I've said and the things I'm going to say but as long as I've gone this far I might as well go all the way! Mrs. Molloy... why... why...

MRS. MOLLOY: Say it, Minnie. Why have I decided to marry Horace Vandergelder?

MINNIE: Oh Mrs. Molloy, I didn't ask you that! I would rather die on the rack than ask you such a personal question! But as long as you did bring it up...

MRS. MOLLOY: I am marrying Horace Vandergelder for one reason and one reason alone, Minnie! To get away from the millinery business. I hate hats!

MINNIE: Mrs. Molloy!

MRS. MOLLOY: And I can no longer stand being suspected of being a wicked woman with nothing to show for it.

MINNIE: Oh, Mrs. Molloy!

MRS. MOLLOY: Don't protest, Minnie! All millineresses are suspected of being wicked women. That's why I can't go into restaurants or balls or theatres... that's all the proof they'd need! Take my word for it, Minnie... Either I marry Horace Vandergelder or I break out of this place like a fire engine! *(Pointing to a hat box)* ... Oh no, not Miss Mortimer again?

MINNIE: Miss Mortimer. I'll take care of it.

MRS. MOLLOY: No, Minnie, leave it be! You can make another hat for Miss Mortimer if you like. I'm wearing this one myself.

MINNIE: Mrs. Molloy, you can't! You're a widow and that hat... well it's... it's provocative, that's what!

MRS. MOLLOY: Is it, Minnie? Well, who knows who may walk into the shop today... and provocative may be just what I want to be!

MINNIE: *(Shocked)* Mrs. Molloy!