

Monologue from Oklahoma

Jud: You didn't wanna be wit' me by yerself; not a minute more'n you had to.

Laurey: Why, I don't know what you're talkin' about. I'm with you here by myself now, ain't I?

Jud: You wouldn'ta been; if you had the chance. Mornings you sit in yer room all day; nights you come out to the front room and won't get outta Aunt Eller's sight. Last time I saw you alone, it was winter, with the snow six inches deep in drifts when I was sick. You brung that hot soup out to me, and me in bed. I hadn't shaved in two days. You asked if I had any fever and put yer hand on my forehead to see.

Laurey: I remember...

Jud: Do you? I bet you don't remember as much as me. I remember everything you ever done; every word you ever said. I can't think of nuthin' else. You see how it is? I see. I ain't good enough fer you, am I? I'm a hired hand. Got dirt on my hands, pigslop. Ain't fittin' to touch you. We'll see who's better, Miss Laurey Williams. Then maybe you won't be so free and high-filootin' with yer airs. You're such a FINE lady! I TOLD YOU THE WAY IT WAS, AND YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! Well, you ain't NEVER gonna be rid of me.