

SIDES FOR RUNNING WILDE AUDITIONS:

**ALAN AND GWEN (ACT 1, SC. 2)**  
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(The year is 1882. ALAN is a bellboy at the British American Hotel in Kingston, Ontario, where the play takes place. GWEN is a young woman reporter. They are both in their 20s. For the purposes of this side, the acting area consists of a corridor, the living room of the hotel suite where Oscar Wilde is staying, and the imaginary wall and mimed door between them. ALAN carries some of Oscar's luggage, which may also be mimed. They are in the corridor, with the luggage. ALAN knocks on the door. Silence.)

ALAN: Mister Wilde? Hotel staff! Are you in there, Mister Wilde? Comin in! (Takes out keys, also perhaps mimed.) He musta gone straight out to look at the Opera House.

GWEN: Good.

ALAN (unlocking door): What's good about it? You wanted to meet him. (Opens door.)

GWEN: Yes, but the next best thing is to get a look at his rooms.

ALAN: Whoa, now, hold on a second! This is not what you and I agreed we would – (GWEN starts to cross into the room.) Wait, no, you're not comin in here, Gwenny! (Rushes into the room, turns and barricades the door with Oscar's luggage.)

GWEN: I most certainly am, Sweetheart.

ALAN: Darlin, this is not the plan we agreed on!

GWEN: Alan, kindly remove this luggage. I'm not going to clamber over it.

ALAN: No, that's right, you are not. We agreed I was gonna bring in the luggage, introduce you, and leave you to it. I never thought of what to do if he aint here.

GWEN: Well, I did, so I'm coming in. Un-barricade this door this instant.

ALAN: Gwenny –

GWEN: You do as you're told, young man, or I'll have to punish you!

ALAN (aroused): Oh, Gwenny, don't start *that* stuff! You know how I feel when you start *that* stuff.

GWEN (innocently): How, Sweetheart?

ALAN: It wouldn't be right to tell you. Not til we're married.

GWEN: And that'll happen soon enough, Sweetheart, but right now –

ALAN: No, it won't happen soon enough, Darlin, but don't change the subject. Right now you're just takin advantage of makin me feel like that, so you can get what you want.

GWEN: Of course I am. It always works. To both our benefits. As you know.

ALAN: Stop – *doin* that! Me lettin you in here aint proper, professional, or legal!

GWEN: I'll just look around for a few minutes, and then go down and wait for him in the lobby.

ALAN: How many minutes?

GWEN: Until I find what I'm looking for.

ALAN: And what's that?

GWEN: I'll know when I find it.

ALAN: And if he comes in an' catches us?

GWEN: We'll say I'm the cleaning staff.

ALAN: There aint nothin to clean yet, and anybody takes one look at you knows you aint no cleanin staff. Gwenny, this could get me sacked. Maybe even arrested.

GWEN: Really? Then we'd get sacked and arrested together! Fighting for a free press!

ALAN: No, Darlin, 'cause you're Gwendolen Darlington, so you'd get the full-time job at the Whig and I'd go to jail.

GWEN: Alan, are you disobeying me?

ALAN: No, don't start that again, it's just – Okay, look, I got a question. You answer my question and I'll let you in.

GWEN: Well, you go ahead and ask your question, then. (Aside:) This is so cute.

ALAN: Are you usin me to get to this Oscar Wilde fella 'cause you're sweet on him?

GWEN: Why, Alan Merriman! Certainly not! I have never in my life been sweet on anyone but you!

ALAN: Your aunt says you're practically in love with him.

GWEN: That's ridiculous, I've never met the man! That's just Aunt Gussie, still trying to come between us. Of course I think Mister Wilde is just too too utterly utterly, and I'm eager to meet him and share our views as fellow intellectuals, but that's got nothing to do with –

ALAN: I aint no fellow intellectual.

GWEN: Oh, we know that, Sweetheart, but my admiration for Mister Wilde isn't love. I love *you*. And that's why I'm here: to do the research I need, so I can do a consummate interview, so I can get the job at the Whig, so we can afford to get married whether our folks like it or not. I'm not using you to get to him, Alan. I'm using him to get to you.

ALAN: Oh. All right. Good answer.

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