

A mannequin is shown from the chest up, wearing a white polo shirt with horizontal stripes in blue and red. A pair of black headphones is draped around its neck. The background is a blurred outdoor setting. Overlaid on the image is the title 'DEAR EVAN HANSEN' in large, bold, sans-serif font. 'DEAR' and 'EVAN' are in light blue, while 'HANSEN' is in black. Below the title is the hashtag '#youwillbefound' in a blue, handwritten-style font. At the bottom, the author's name 'Jared Kleinman' and the subtitle 'Audition Materials' are written in a white, bold, sans-serif font.

**DEAR
EVAN
HANSEN**

#youwillbefound

Jared Kleinman
Audition Materials

Character Description:

Jared Kleinman – Droll and sarcastic, Jared covers his own insecurities with a well-practiced swagger and a know-it-all arrogance.

Gender: male presenting 17 year old.

Vocal range top: B4.

Vocal range bottom: D3.

Audition Specifics:

- Sing "Sincerely Me" from measure 147 to end and go up to High B at measure 170.
- Familiarize yourself with the two scenes provided for a reading portion.

CUE:

HEIDI: "I love you."

EVAN: "I love you, too."

(START COUNT-IN)

SINCERELY, ME

Words and Music by Benj Pasek & Justin Paul
Orchestrated by Alex Lacamoire

Upbeat piano rock - swing 8ths

1 = 196

1 2 2A 2B 3 Stgs. 4

Stgs. *f*

[CLICK "2, 3, 4"]

f G G⁷/F Em G⁺/D[#] G G⁷/F Em G⁺/D[#] G G⁷/F Em G⁺/D[#]

w/Gtrs, Bs, Drs. +HH on 2&4 +Bs. (HH + BD)

5 CONNOR:

6 7 8

Dear Ev-an Han-sen: We've been way— too out of touch

Band: downbeat (then OUT)

a bit softer Solo *mf* B⁷ Em C

+Bs. +BD

9 10 11 12

Things have been cra-zy And it sucks— that we don't talk— that much

G B⁷ Em C

13 But I should tell you that I think of you each night

14

15

16

simile
Em

Dm¹¹

C

G

B⁷/F[#]

w/G1, Bs o's

17 I rub my nipples and start moaning with delight

18

19

20 [CLICK OUT]

Em

Dm¹¹

C

f A⁷/C[#]

w/Drs.

EVAN: "Why would you write that?"

JARED: "I'm just trying to tell the truth."

EVAN: "You know, if you're not going to take this seriously—"

JARED: "Ok, you need to calm yourself."

EVAN: "This needs to be perfect. These emails have to prove that we were actually friends. They have to be completely realistic."

JARED: "There is nothing unrealistic about the love that one man feels for another."

EVAN: "Just, let's go back."

JARED: "In fact, some would say there's something quite beautiful..."

EVAN: "Let's go back, Jared."

(START COUNT-IN)

22

CONNOR:

21

23

24

[CLICK "1, 2"]

I got-ta tell you, life with-out you has been hard

f B7/D#
+Ac. Gl, Bs, Drs.

w/Gl o's
mf
Em

Dm11

C

+Cr.
+X-stick
backbeat

25

26

27

28

Has been bad Has been rough And I miss

JARED:

Hard?

Bad?

Kink-y!

G

C

G

C

G

B7/F#

Em

JARED: "Very specific."

EVAN: "Shut up."

29

30

31

32

talk-ing a - bout life and oth-er stuff

Solo

Dm11

C

f A7/C#
sub. *p*
(Rhy. out)

sub. *f*
D9sus
+Rhy.

JARED: "Who says that?"

33 CONNOR: 34 35 CONNOR: 36

I like my par-ents- I love my par-ents but each day's

mf
as before

G B7 G B7

37 38 39 40

an-oth-er fight If I stop smok-ing drugs— Then ev -

Em C G B7

JARED: "Smoking drugs?"
 EVAN: "Just fix it."
 JARED: "This isn't realistic at all. It doesn't even sound like Connor."
 EVAN: "I want to show that I was, like, a good friend. That I was trying to help him. You know?"
 JARED: "Oh my God..." (**GO ON**)

41 42 43 **Vamp**

'ry thing— might be— al - right

Em C B7/D# Solo sub. p

[CLICK OUT]

44

45

CONNOR:

46

EVAN:

[CLICK IN]

If I stop smo - king crack - Crack?

"1" "2"

G1 - strummy

sub. *f* +Rhy.

G *mf* B7

tacet

47

CONNOR:

48

49

50

If I stop smok - ing pot Then ev - 'ry thing - might be - al - right -

G B7 Em C B7/D#

51

52

53

54

I'll take your - ad - vice I'll try to be - more nice

Em G+/D# Em7/D A7/C#

55

56

57

58

I'll turn it a - round - Wait and see

(+Stgs.) -> G1's

fp Am7 G/B C A7/C# *mf* D5 *f* w/G2 Bs. +fuzz F

w/Toms w/ pedal

59

60 61 62

'Cause all that it takes — is a lit-tle re - in - ven - tion

G1 1/2's Stgs. Stgs. Stgs. Stgs.

F C G Gsus G F

+SD backbeat w/Toms +Cr.

63

64 65 66

It's ea - sy to change — if you give it your at - ten - tion

Stgs. Stgs. Stgs. Stgs.

F C G Gsus G B7

w/Toms +Cr.

67

68 69 70

All you got - ta do — Is just be-lieve — you can be who — you wan-na be

B7 B7/D# Em D7 D7/F# G G7/B

Tom fill

73

71 72 74

Sin - cere - ly, Me Solo

w/Rhy. G/D Toms D 3 3 G (Band OUT)

+Cr. +Cr.

75

3x

76

JARED: "Are we done yet?" EVAN: "I can't just show them *one* email."
 JARED: "Ok. Please stop hyperventilating." EVAN: "I'm not hyperventilating."
 JARED: "You're having considerable trouble breathing." EVAN: "I'm not having any trouble breathing."
 JARED: "Do you need a paper bag to breathe in?" EVAN: "I am *not hyperventilating.*"

last x:
+Ac. G1

+G2

G last X only G7/F Em G+/D#

last x: +Bs, Drs.

77

EVAN:

78

79

80

Dear Con-nor Mur - phy: Yes, I al - so miss our talks El. G2

w/G1 (downstroke ♩'s)

mf

G B7 Em C

+Cr. w/Bs. ♩'s SD backbeat

81

82

83

84

JARED: "No."

Stop do-ing drugs Just try to take deep breaths and go on walks

G B7 Em C +G2

85

86

87

88

JARED: "No..."

I'm send-ing pic - tures of the most a-maz - ing trees G2

Em Dm11 C G B7/F#

+Cr.

JARED: "Absolutely not."

89 You'll be ob - sessed with all my for - est ex - per - tise

90

91

92

Em Dm11 G7sus C A7/C# B7/D# G2

93 Dude, I'm proud of you Just keep push - ing through

94

95

96

Em G+/D# G/D A7/C#

+Cr.

97 (EVAN) You're turn - ing a - round I can see

98

99

100

CONNOR:

Just wait and see

(+Stgs.) -> G1 's

fp Am7 G/B C A7/C# *mf* D5 *f* Bs. +fuzz F

w/Toms w/ pedal Dr. fill +Cr.

101

EVAN/CONNOR:

102 103 104

'Cause all that it takes — is a lit-tle re - in - ven - tion

F w/G2, Bs. C G Gsus G F

Stgs. Stgs. Stgs. Stgs.

w/Toms +Cr.

105

106 107 108

It's eas - y to change — if you give it your at - ten - tion

F C G Gsus G B7

Stgs. Stgs. Stgs. Stgs.

+Cr.

109

110 111 112

All you got - ta do — Is just be-lieve — you can be who — you wan-na be

B7 G's a la Brian May B7/D# Em D7 D7/F# G G7/B

Dr. fill

113 **EVAN**
CONNOR: 114

115 **EVAN:** 116 *(to JARED)*

Sin - cere - ly, Me What the hell?

CONNOR: **JARED:**

Me My sis - ter's hot. My bad.

G1 ♯'s w/Stgs.
w/G2, Bs.

Drs. C

G/D D G

3 3 3 3

V.S.

117

CONNOR:

Dear Ev-an Han-sen: Thanks for ev-'ry note you send—

G1

+trem. Stgs. o's

f

w/G2 o's Bb

Drs: Krupa Toms o's

D7

Gm

Eb

+Cr.

Tom fill

121

EVAN:

Dear Con-nor Mur-phy: I'm just glad to be—your friend—

Stgs.

Bb

D7

Gm

Gm/F

C

+Cr.

gliss.

125

PALS WALK

EVAN/CONNOR:

Our friend-ship goes be-yond— Your av-'rage kind of bond—

(Stgs. out)

C

C7/E

F

F/Eb

D7

D7/F#

Gm

Gm/D

Ride o's

129 **CONNOR:** 130 131 **EVAN:** 132

But not be - cause we're gay — No, not be - cause we're gay —

Stgs. *pizz.* *f* *cresc.* *arco*

p C C⁷/E F F/E^b D⁷ D⁷/F[#] Gm F

133 **EVAN/CONNOR:** 134 135 136

We're close but not that way — The on - ly man — That I love —

w/Rhy. F *mf* F/A B^bsus B^b A^b B^bsus/G

HH *♩*'s w/Toms

137 **EVAN:** 138 139 140

Is my dad You're get - ting bet - ter ev - 'ry day

CONNOR:

Is my dad Well, an - y - way —

w/G's, Stgs. +G2, trem. Vln, Vla. *sus*

F⁵ *fp* *f* Solo *gliss.* +Vcl. N.C.

w/G1

141 142 143 144

Keep bet-ter -'ry

I'm get-ting bet-ter ev-'ry day get-ting ev-

G⁹

w/Toms

145 EVAN/JARED: 146 *ad lib.* Stgs. 147 **ALL THREE DANCE** JARED/EVAN/CONNOR: 148

day Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! 'Cause all that it takes is a lit-tle

day Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

G1 ♩'s (Elec.)
G2, Stgs. glisses

palm on keys (Stgs. out)

Tutti *f* w/Rhy. C

w/Bs. gliss +Loop: Feedback Squeal +Cr. Cr. ♩'s

149 JAR CON/EVAN 150 151 152

re-in-ven-tion It's ea-sy to change if you give it

+Stgs. (Stgs. out)

G Gsus G F C

w/Toms

153 **JAR EVAN** your a 154 **JAR CON/EVAN** 155 **JAR CON EVAN** 156 **JAR CON/EVAN**

CON your a tten - tion All you got-ta do Is just be-lieve
G's a la Brian May

3 3 3 3 3 3 w/Stgs. sus B7/D# Em

+Stgs. w/Toms +Cr.

157 **JAR CON EVAN** 158 **JAR CON/EVAN** 159 **JAR CON EVAN** 160 **JAR CON/EVAN**

— you can be who you wan-na be Sin - cere - ly,

G's 3 3 3

D7 D7/F# G G7/B C w/Stgs. 's G/D Toms D 3 3

161 **CONNOR EVAN:** 162 **CONNOR EVAN:** 163 **CONNOR EVAN:** 164 **CONNOR EVAN:**

Miss you dear ly, Sin - cere - ly,

sub. p C (Rhy. out) G/D D sub. f C Tutti G/D Toms D 3 3

pizz. Stgs. Rhy. +Cr. +Cr.

CHEST BUMP

165 JAR/CON
EVAN

166 EVAN:

167

168 JARED/EVAN/
CONNOR:

Me Sin - cere - ly, Me Sin - cere - ly, Me

G G7
G2 G2, Vla, Vcl.

Em/G G +Vln. G7

Em/G G

JAR/CON
EVAN

169

170

171 JAR/CON/EVAN

172

Sin - cere - ly, Me

w/Stgs.

G G7/F C/E Eb+

sfz G/D

sfz Tutti G

+Cr. Dr. fill +Cr.

Applause Segue

THREE

Evan and Jared, online.

JARED: A letter to yourself? What the crap does that even mean? It's, like, some kind of sex thing?

EVAN: No, it's not a sex thing. It's . . . it was an assignment.

JARED: Why are you talking to me about this?

EVAN: I didn't know who else to talk to. You're my only . . . family friend.

JARED (*Too pathetic to even engage*): Oh my God.

EVAN: I don't know what to do. He stole the letter from me three days ago, and then he just, he hasn't been at school since.

JARED: That does not bode well for you.

EVAN: What is he going to do with it?

JARED: Who knows? Connor Murphy is batshit out of his mind. Do you remember when he threw a printer at Mrs. G. in second grade, because he didn't get to be line leader that day?

EVAN: Do you think he's going to show the letter to other people?

JARED (*Obviously*): He's going to ruin your life with it. For sure. I mean, I would.

(Lights out on Evan and Jared as Alana appears alone, scanning her phone for emails, texts, anything, all traces of her typical studied cheeriness gone entirely.)

WAVING THROUGH A WINDOW (REPRISE #2)

SEVEN

Evan and Jared, online.

JARED: His parents think you were lovers. You realize that, right?

EVAN: What? Why would they think that?

JARED: Um. You were best friends but he wouldn't let you talk to him at school? And when you did, he kicked your ass? That's like the exact formula for secret gay high school lovers.

EVAN: Oh my God.

JARED: This is why I told you—what did I tell you? You just nod and confirm.

EVAN: I tried to. I just, you don't understand. I got nervous and I started talking, and then once I started, I just . . .

JARED: You couldn't stop.

EVAN (*Realizing the truth of this as he says it*): They didn't want me to stop.

JARED: So what else did you completely fuck up?

EVAN: Nothing. Seriously.

(Beat.)

I mean, I told them we wrote emails.

JARED: Emails.

EVAN: Yeah. I told them that Connor and I, Connor had a secret email account . . .

JARED: Oh, right. One of those "secret" email accounts. Sure. For sending pictures of your penises to each other.

EVAN (*Ignoring this*): Yeah and so I said, he had this secret account, and we would send emails to each other.

JARED: I mean, honestly? Could you be any worse at this?

EVAN (*It suddenly occurs to him*): They're going to want to see our emails.

JARED (*Sarcastic*): You think?

EVAN: What am I going to do?

JARED: I can do emails.

EVAN: How?

JARED: It's easy. You make up an account, backdate the emails. There's a reason I was the only CIT with key card access to the computer cluster this summer: I have skills, son.

EVAN: You would do that?

JARED: For two grand.

EVAN: Two thousand dollars?

JARED: Five hundred.

EVAN: I can give you twenty.

JARED: Fine. But you're a dick.

(Lights out on Jared.

Heidi enters Evan's bedroom, carrying a sheaf of papers, still in her work clothes.)

HEIDI: Hey you. I have some very exciting news. Look what I found online today: college scholarship essay contests. Have you heard of these?

EVAN: I think so . . .

HEIDI: NPR did a whole thing about it this morning. There are a million different ones you can do. A million different topics. I spent my whole lunch break looking these up.

(She hands him the pages, summarizing each one as she does.)