



**DEAR
EVAN
HANSEN**

#youwillbefound

**Zoe Murphy
Audition Materials**

Character Description:

Zoe Murphy – Sensitive and sophisticated, with a sharp sense of humor, Zoe could care less about the status games and popularity rites of high school. She feels a terrible ambivalence over her brother's death.

Gender: female presenting 17 year old.

Vocal range top: E5.

Vocal range bottom: F3.

Audition Specifics:

- Sing “Requiem”, Zoe’s verse: top of song thru measure 40.
- Familiarize yourself with the two scenes provided for a reading portion.

REQUIEM

CUE: CYNTHIA:

"I know how much you miss your brother. We all do. You can read these when you're ready."

[CYNTHIA turns upstage to leave]
(START COUNT-IN)

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

Moderato ♩ = 78

[ZOE puts bag on floor.]

1 2 3 4

[CLICK: "3-and"]

K1 TACET til m. 21

Ac. G1, El. G2
mf
C#m Eadd9 Aadd9 Badd4 C#m Eadd9 Aadd9 Badd4

5

ZOE:

Why should I play this game of pre-tend?

Re-mem-ber-ing through a sec-ond-hand sor-row

G2
C#m B/D# E/G# Aadd9 C#m B/D# E/G# Aadd9

9

Such a great son and won-der-ful friend

Oh don't the tears just pour?

C#m B/D# E/G# Aadd9 B E/G# Aadd9

13

14 15 16

I could curl up— and hide in my— room There in my bed still sob-bing to - mor - row

Vla. Solo

C#m B/D# E/G# *p* A add9 C#m B/D# E/G# A add9

17

18 19 20

I could give in— to all of the— gloom But tell— me, tell me what— for

C#m B/D# E/G# A add9 B A add9 B add4

Vcl.

21

♩ = 81

22

Why should I— have a heav - y heart? Why should I— start to break in piec - es?

G1

PIANO *p*
PLAY w/Stgs. F#m7add4

C#m7 A add9 B add4

23

24

Why should I— go and— fall a - part— for you?

[CLICK OUT] TACET

F#m7add4 C#m7 B add4

25

(Più mosso) ♩ = 83

Why [CLICK IN] should I play the griev - ing girl and lie

G1 (G1 etc. →)
G2 E5
Bsus

28

29

30

31

(to 39)

Say-ing that I miss you and that my world has gone dark with-out your light?

Bsus C#m7 Vla. Asus² Bsus Vln. *mf*
+Vcl.

V.S.

LARRY: "I'm going to bed."
 CYNTHIA: "Come sit with me."
 LARRY: "Cynthia..."
 CYNTHIA: "You can't stand to be in his room for five minutes, can you?"
 LARRY: "I'm exhausted."
 CYNTHIA: "Larry, at some point, you're going to have to / start..."
 LARRY: "Not tonight. Please."
 CYNTHIA: "Just read this." (Beat.)
 LARRY: "I'll leave the light on for you." [HE goes.]

39 40 40A 40B (to 41)

♩ = 78

I will sing— no— req - ui - em ————— to - night ————— *1st x only*

[CLICK OUT] [CLICK IN]

w/G1 arps (Rhy. stop) TACET

PLAY *p* (Stgs. out) F#m7add4 Eadd9 G# E#add9 A# Asus2 C#m Eadd9 Aadd9 B

+Bs: Elec. G1 w/G2

41 42

LARRY:

I

w/G's. sim. +Stgs.

PLAY *p* C#m Eadd9 Aadd9 B

Toms

Bs.

43 44 45 46

♩ = 80

gave you the world, you threw it a-way Leav-ing these bro-ken piec-es be-hind you—

TACET Stgs.

C#m B/D# Eadd9/G# Aadd9 Stgs. C#m Badd9/D# Eadd9/G# AMaj9 *p*

G's

mf

47 48 48A

Ev - 'ry - thing was - ted, no - thing to say So I can sing - no - req - ui - em -

CYNTHIA:

I hear

C#m Badd9/D# Eadd9/G# Aadd9 F#m7 EMaj9/G#

Vc. *mp*

PLAY *p*

G's cont'd. *sim.* w/Bs. *sim.*

48B 48C 48D 48E

(CYNTHIA)

— your voice and feel you — near With - in — these words I fi - nal - ly find you And

Vln, Vla.

pp *mp* *pp*

w/Cyms.

pp murmuring

bring out C#m B/D# E/G# Aadd9 C#m B/D# E/G# Aadd9

w/Vc. cont'd.

V.S.

now that I know that you are still _____ here I will sing_ no re - qui - em_ to-night

mp *pp* *mp*

mf *pp* *mp*

C#m7 B/D# E/G# F#m/A# A Badd4

Dr. fill

51

♩ = 82
ZOE:

52

53 **poco accel.**

Why should I_ have a heav-y heart? Why should I_ say I'll keep you with me? Why should I_ go and fall a-part for

LARRY: CYNTHIA:

(CYN) Why should I_ have a heav-y heart? *under vocal* I'll keep you with me

(Vcl. out)

w/G's strums

mf F#m7add4 C#m7 A add9 Badd4 F#m7add4 C#m7

+Cr's

55 **Poco più mosso** ♩ = 87
ZOE:

54 you? Why should I play the griev - ing girl and

CYNTHIA:
Ah

LARRY:
Ah

+Vcl.

w/Stgs. o's

w/G's, Vcl, Bs.
Eadd9

Badd4

Dr. fill Drs: time +Cr.

57 lie Say - ing that I miss you and that my world has gone

58

59

Ah

Ah My world has gone

Bsus

C#m7

60 61 62

dark with-out your light? I will sing no req - ui - em

CYNTHIA:
I can see your light

LARRY: Vln, Vla. Stgs.

dark

A add9 w/Vc. Bsus Dr. fill F#m E/G# F#add9 A#

63 64 65

to-night 'Cause when the vil-lains fall, the king-doms nev-er

G2 (G1 OUT) f

A add9 Tom fill Bsus4 EMaj7/G# Asus2(add#4) (Bs, Drs. OUT)

66 67 68

weep No one lights a can - dle to re - mem - ber No, no one mourns at all

+G1, w/
Vln, Vla.

w/G2 strums

Badd4 EMaj7/G# Asus2(add#4) F#m7 Badd4 EMaj7/G#

w/Vc.
+Bs. Drs.

69 70 71

when they lay them down to sleep So don't tell me that I did-n't have it

CYNTHIA:
Ah Ah

LARRY:

Stgs. - 8ves

ff

Stgs. (+8vb)

Asus2(add#4) /C# Badd4 Dadd9 Aadd9

72 73 74

— right — Don't tell me that it was-n't black and white — Af - ter all

Ah Ah Ah Ah

ZOE BGV: Ah Ah Ah Ah

+Stgs. - 8ves Stgs. (+8vb) +Stgs. - 8ves

E add9 D add9 A add9 E add9

Dr. fill

75 76 77 78

— you put methrough Don't say it was-n't true That you were not the mon-ster that I knew 'Cause

Ah Ah

Colla voce

Ah [CLICK OUT] w/G's, Bs.

Dsus2 A/C# D add2 A/C# F#m7add4 mf A add9

79

A tempo ♩ = 84

80 81

I can-not play the griev - ing girl and lie

Vln. *mf*

[CLICK IN]

pp

SOLO

p E5 w/G1 sus *simile* Bsus

82

83 84

Say-ing that I miss you and that my world has gone dark...

Vla. solo

p

Bsus C#m Asus2 +G2 o's

85

86

LARRY:

87

I will sing no req - ui - em

[CLICK OUT]

w/G1 *arp*s

+Stgs.

Bsus G's arp Badd4 F#m7 Eadd9 G# F#add9 A# A add9

w/G2. Bs.

88 89 90 ZOE: 91

I will sing no req - ui - em _____ to -

CYNTHIA:
I will sing no req - ui - em _____

TACET

F#m7 Eadd9/G# F#add9/A# Aadd9
F#m7 Eadd9/G# F#add9/A# Aadd9
G1 solo

92 93 94

night Oh _____

CYNTHIA:
Oh _____ Oh _____

LARRY:
Oh _____ Oh _____

SOLO

PLAY C#m Eadd9 A B C#m Eadd9
+Vcl. 8vb

95

rall.

96

97

Oh

Oh

Oh

+G1

+G2

A

B

C#m

+Bs,
Cym. roll

G1, Bs,
pizz. Stgs.

pp

ELEVEN

Cynthia goes as lights find Evan standing in Connor's bedroom, alone, looking around, a complete stranger.

A long beat.

Zoe enters.

ZOE: Why are you in my brother's room?

EVAN (*Caught by surprise*): I was just waiting for—

ZOE: Don't your parents get upset that you're here all the time?

EVAN: Well, it's not like I'm, I'm not here all the time . . .

ZOE: Just two nights in a row.

EVAN: Well. It's just my mom and she works most nights. Or she's in class.

ZOE: Class for what?

EVAN: Legal stuff.

ZOE: Where's your dad?

EVAN: My dad is um . . . he lives in Colorado. He left when I was seven. So. He doesn't really mind either.

(Pause.

Evan stands there, awkward.)

Your parents . . . they're really great.

ZOE (*Matter of fact*): They can't stand each other. They fight all the time.

EVAN: Everyone's parents fight.

ZOE: My dad's, like, in total denial. He didn't even cry at the funeral.

(Beat. Not knowing what to say, Evan changes the subject.)

EVAN: Your mom was saying, gluten-free lasagna for dinner. That sounds really

...

ZOE: Inedible?

EVAN (*Laughs*): You're lucky your mom cooks. My mom and I just order pizza most nights.

ZOE: You're lucky you're allowed to eat pizza.

EVAN: You're not allowed to eat pizza?

ZOE: We can now, I guess. My mom was Buddhist last year so we weren't allowed to eat animal products.

EVAN: She was Buddhist last year but not this year?

ZOE: That's sort of what she does. She gets into different things. For a while it was Pilates, then it was *The Secret*, then Buddhism. Now it's free-range, *Omnivore's Dilemma* . . . whatever.

EVAN: It's cool that she's interested in so much different stuff.

ZOE: She's not. That's just what happens when you're rich and you don't have a job. You get crazy.

EVAN: My mom always says, it's better to be rich than poor.

ZOE: Well your mom's probably never been rich then.

EVAN: You've probably never been poor.

(*Beat.*)

Oh my God. I can't believe I just said that. I'm so sorry. That was completely rude.

ZOE (*Laughs*): Wow. I didn't realize you were actually capable of saying something that wasn't nice.

EVAN: No, I'm not. I never say things that aren't nice. I don't even *think* things like that. I'm just, I'm really sorry.

ZOE: I was impressed. You're ruining it.

EVAN: I'm sorry.

ZOE: You really don't have to keep saying that.

(Beat.)

EVAN: Okay.

(Beat.)

ZOE: You want to say it again, don't you?

EVAN: Very much so, yes.

(They smile a little.)

ZOE: You're weird.

EVAN: I know.

ZOE (*Difficult to ask*): Why did he say that? In his note?

*(Evan looks at her, unsure what she means.
She's embarrassed to have to say it out loud.)*

"Because there's Zoe. And all my hope is pinned on Zoe. Who I don't even know and who doesn't know me." Why would he write that? What does that even mean?

EVAN (*Hesitates*): Oh. Um . . .

(Zoe looks away, realizing that he doesn't have the answer.)

Seeing her disappointment, Evan feels compelled to offer something.)

Well, I guess—I'm not sure if this is definitely it, but he was always . . . he always thought that, maybe if you guys were closer—

ZOE: We weren't close. At all.

EVAN: No, exactly. And so he used to always say that he wished that he was. He wanted to be.

ZOE: So you and Connor, you guys would talk about me?

EVAN: Sometimes. I mean, if he brought it up. I never brought it up. Obviously. Why would I have brought it up?

He thought you were . . . awesome.

ZOE (*Skeptical*): He thought I was "awesome." My brother.

EVAN: Definitely.

ZOE: How?

EVAN (*Struggling to articulate this*): Well. Like . . . whenever you have a solo. In jazz band. You close your eyes and you get this—you probably don't even know you're doing this. But you get this half smile. Like you just heard the funniest thing in the world, but it's a secret and you can't tell anybody. But then, the way you smile, it's sort of like you're letting us in on the secret, too.

(Evan realizes he isn't getting through.

He decides to start over.)

IF I COULD TELL HER

Time does its work.

Slowly, the sky begins to open.

It is enormous.

A vast green field.

As far as the eye can see: rows and columns of wooden stakes planted in the grass.

Tied to each stake, a small, spindly tree.

An orchard.

Zoe, sitting on a wrought iron bench, waits, nervous.

After a moment, Evan enters.)

EVAN: Hey.

ZOE: Hi.

(They smile, a bit awkward.

Beat.)

EVAN: How are you?

ZOE: Good. Pretty good.

EVAN: You graduate soon, right?

ZOE: In two weeks.

EVAN: Wow. How's being a senior?

ZOE: Busy.

EVAN: I remember that.

ZOE: How's being a freshman?

EVAN: Oh. Well. I actually decided to take a year off . . .

ZOE: Oh.

EVAN: Yeah. Try to save some money. Get a job. I've been taking classes at the community college. So I'll have some credits to transfer in the fall.

ZOE: That's smart.

EVAN: Yeah. We'll see.

(Beat.)

In the meantime, though, I can get you a friends and family discount at Pottery Barn. If you're looking for . . . overpriced home decor.

ZOE: You know, not at the moment . . .

EVAN: Well, if you change your mind . . . I'm only working there for a few more months, though, so the window of opportunity is closing fast.

(They smile.)

ZOE: I always imagine you and Connor here. Even though, obviously . . .

EVAN: This is my first time. I mean, I've probably driven by it a thousand times. I just, every time I think about getting out of the car, I feel like . . . I don't know. I just . . . like I don't deserve to, I guess.

(Beat.)

It's nice. Peaceful.

ZOE: My parents, they're here all the time. We do picnics, like, every weekend. It's helped them. A lot, actually. Having this.

(Beat.)

EVAN: They never told anyone. About Connor's, about the note. About . . . who really wrote it.

(Zoe nods.)

They didn't have to do that. They could have told everyone. What I did.

ZOE: Everybody needed it for something.

EVAN: That doesn't mean it was okay.

ZOE: It saved my parents.

(Pause.)

EVAN: It's weird. I um . . . over the fall, I found this, um, yearbook thing my class made in eighth grade. Most people did, like, collages of their friends. Connor's was a list of his ten favorite books. I've been trying to read all of them.

(Beat.)

I know it's not the same thing as knowing him—it's not, at all, but, I don't know, it's . . .

ZOE: Something.

(Pause.)

It's been . . . hard. It's been a hard year.

EVAN *(For him, as well)*: I know.

(Beat.)

I've been wanting to call you for a long time. I didn't really know what I would

say, but then I just . . . I decided to call anyway.

ZOE: I'm happy you did.

(Pause.)

EVAN: I wish we could have met now. Today. For the first time.

ZOE: Me too.

(They look at one another for a long time.)

I should probably . . .

EVAN: Of course.

ZOE: It's just, exams are this week . . .

EVAN: No, totally.

(Zoe begins to go.)

Can I ask you, though? Why did, um, why did you want to meet here?

(A long pause.)

Zoe looks around.)

ZOE: I wanted to be sure you saw this.

(A beat, and Zoe goes.)

Evan takes in the immensity of all that is around him.

Music begins slowly, softly underneath, as one by one the company begins to enter around him.)

EVAN: Dear Evan Hansen:

Today is going to be a good day and here's why. Because today, no matter what else, today at least . . . you're you. No hiding, no lying. Just . . . you. And that's . . . that's enough.

FINALE

HEIDI/ALANA/JARED:

*All we see is sky
For forever
We let the world
Pass by for forever*

HEIDI/ALANA/JARED/LARRY/CYNTHIA:

*Feels like we could
Go on for forever*

HEIDI/ALANA/JARED/LARRY/CYNTHIA:

EVAN: Maybe *This way*
some day,
every-
thing that
happened . . .
maybe it will *This way*