

Bright Star Audition Monologues

Alice:

Like I said, here are your stories back. Except this one, which I'm buying from you for ten dollars. I am not publishing it, but I am investing in you. You have a flair, Mr. Cane. Not for the scourge of war, but for gentleness and tenderness, and also the well-timed lie. You write well. I don't have time to hand out compliments I don't mean. But you will write better when you find your voice. You need to find a sweeping tale of pain and redemption. In the people you know and in the people you meet.

Alice:

You married? ... I guess I would have heard. I followed you... We were so young. When I came to Raleigh today, it wasn't my intention to see you. I was at the hall of records. With the same woman who had been there for twenty years. And I asked if anyone else had looked for the whereabouts of our child. And she said not one person. Not you. And you never came to see me.

Margo:

Max just returned the Thesaurus. He thought it was a book about dinosaurs. Oh, and Billy, I read the story you sent me. It started out great, but then then it got better and better! Billy, you've grown up and so has your writing. Now, I caught a few typos and retyped it on heavy bond. In fact, I retyped all of it. You're ready for your life to start. He leaves. For what it's worth, I'll miss you.

Margo:

Tomorrow, I turn 21. I've known Billy Cane since I was six, and it's time he sees me in a new way. As the woman I am. Billy's back from Asheville today, and he said he was coming over here with a surprise!

Mama Murphy:

You doin' okay, Alice? I know your father is a tender man. Right now, he's searching scripture to justify what he did, but the Bible is not obliging. You were always too smart for this town, and Chapel Hill is a wonderful school. And you got a scholarship! How's Jimmy Ray doing?

Mama Murphy:

You watch the way you talk about our daughter. No one is taking this baby. He's our grandson. He's our only one.

Lucy:

When I was twelve, I gave my father a Raymond Chandler mystery novel. I was watching him read it, and suddenly, his face went the color of a rose. He set the book face down and called for my mother and took her into another part of the house and shut the door. I went over to the book to see what he had just read, and right there in the middle of the page was the word "brassiere." I thought, "This must never happen again." So now a few nights a week, I take a manuscript home, fix myself a Manhattan, and search for hidden erotic content. Would you like to do that with me sometime?

Billy Cane (At Mother's Grave):

Mama, when I was in mud up to my knees, I thought it would be you mourning me. Not this way round. And, I'm sorry that daddy put an angel over your grave. You used to make fun of people for doing that. You said you'd rather let your deeds speak for your time on Earth. Mama, thank you for the way you raised me. The way you spoke, your parlance around the house, made me a curious lover of words, and you always pointed me toward the writers who used them well. Remember when you had me copy stories out of the Asheville Southern Journal, just so I'd know what it feels like to write well? I made it back home like you always said I would. But I never thought homecoming could be so cruel.

Billy:

Margo, I think I'm seeing you in a new way. Since I came back from the war, many things have changed in my life.... And some things have remained constant. Family. This place, Hayes Creek. But one thing has been both constant and changing. And I wonder, "how is this possible?" I mean Us. There could be an Us if you want there to be.

Jimmy Ray:

I never married. Close, a couple of times. I know you never married. I paid attention. You did well in Asheville. I had some trips there, looked up at your building, never went in though. I always paid attention to you, Alice. If I didn't, I knew I was in trouble.

Jimmy Ray:

I don't care who sees me with you. Daddy made me have tea at the Magnolia House with Ola Conklin. He thinks it's good business. He thinks we're still living in the Old South. Well, she sneaked rum into her tea. Are you jealous?

Mayor Dobbs:

College? Four years away from home when everything you need to learn I'm teaching you here within these walls? Your grandfather taught me, and I teach you. That chain must not be broken. Son, the way it works is the business is handed down, and we marry conveniently, in order to live well. Let the Jazz Age infect someone else.

Mayor Dobbs:

Nobody knew the mayor on that train: I got on in Ryan County. I was just a businessman passing through. But not with papers in a briefcase.... Something better. Something better to relocate. Had me a baby in a suitcase. I walked toward the far end of the train where there was just me and the creature and the clatter of the tracks. I stepped out between the cars. And as we passed over the river, I flung it high into the air. I did it for you.

Daddy Murphy:

Through the years, reasonableness has laid its hand on my shoulder, and things I've done in the past don't quite stand up like they used to. That had to be the most painful day of your life. It was, wasn't it, sweetheart. It was. Well, if shame could ever equal pain, I would say I know how you feel. Because what I did that day made it the most shameful day of my life. I believe that was the last day my own daddy still had hold of me. How I felt after that helped me purge him from me. I don't ask for forgiveness...No, Alice, I cannot even forgive myself. I wonder what happened to the boy. Do you know, Alice?

Daddy Murphy:

Your Mama's at the neighbors'; she'll be back. But I'm glad to have you alone. I can talk to your Mama, but not about certain things. Certainly not about things that happened twenty-three years ago. If shame could ever equal pain, I would say that I know how you feel. Because what I did that day made it the most shameful day of my life.

Daddy Cane:

Mary Lee would be awfully pleased to know that Billy is being published. She died last year at sixty-five. She had Billy late in life. That's a rarity around these parts, where everyone's married and bearing kids before they can ride a bike.

Darryl:

I gave Miss Murphy one of my humor pieces. She said she really liked it and I could I turn it into a humor piece.

Darryl:

(trying to get rid of Billy) Let me take your stories. Now wave them good-bye. Our editor, Miss Alice Murphy, is one of the keenest editors in America. But not for young tadpoles like you. Now, where did that door go? Oh --- there it is....