

## AUDITION MONOLOGUES: INHERIT THE WIND

### FEMALE

E.K. Hornbeck

Matthew Harrison Brady came here to find himself a new stump to shout from. That's all. Wake up, sleeping beauty. Mr. Brady isn't the hero of the ordinary people because the ordinary people played a dirty trick on Colonel Brady. They ceased to exist. Time was when Brady was the hero of the interland, water-boy for the great unwashed. But they've got inside plumbing in their heads these days! There's a highway through the backwoods now, and the trees of the forest have reluctantly made room for their leafless cousins, the telephone poles. Henry's Lizzie rattles into town and leaves behind the Yesterday-Messiah, standing in the road lone in a cloud of flivver dust.

Rachel:

Mr. Drummond, I hope I haven't said anything to offend you. You see, I haven't really thought very much. I was always afraid of what I might think – so it seemed safer not to think at all. But now I know. A thought is like a child inside out body. It has to be born. If it dies inside you, part of you dies, too! (Pointing to the book) Maybe what Mr. Darwin wrote is bad. I don't know. Bad or good, it doesn't make any difference. The ideas have to come out – like children. Some of 'em healthy as a bean plant, some sickly. I think the sickly ideas die mostly, don't you, Bert?

Mrs. Brady

You betrayed yourself. You see my husband as a saint, so he must be right in everything he says and does. And then you see him as a devil, and everything he says and does must be wrong. Well, my husband is neither a saint nor a devil. He's just a human being and he makes mistakes. I'm not defending him. I'm defending the forty years I've with this man and watched him carry the burdens of people like you. If he's been wrong, at least he stood for something. What do you stand for? Do you believe in Bertram Cates? I believe in my husband. What do you believe in?

MALE

Drummond:

(Quietly) Can you buy back his respectability by making him a coward? (He spades his hands in his hip pockets) I understand what Bert's going through. It's the loneliest feeling in the world – to find yourself standing up when everybody else is sitting down. To have everybody look at you and say, "What's the matter with him?" I know. I know what it feels like. Walking down an empty street, listening to the sound of your own footsteps. Shutters closed, blinds drawn, doors locked against you. And you aren't sure whether you're walking toward something, or if you're just walking away. (He takes a deep breath, then turns abruptly) Cates, I'll change your plea and we'll call off the whole business – on one condition. If you honestly believe you committed a criminal act against the citizens of this state and the minds of their children. If you honestly believe that you're wrong and the law's right. Then the hell with it. I'll pack my grip and go back to Chicago, where it's a cool hundred in the shade.

Harrison Brady:

Friends – and I can see most of you are my friends, from the way you have decked out your beautiful city of Hillsboro. Mrs. Brady and I are delighted to be among you! I could only wish one thing: that you had not given us so warm a welcome. Bless you. (*He fans himself vigorously.*) My friends of Hillsboro, you know why I have come here. I have not come merely to prosecute a lawbreaker, an arrogant youth who has spoken out against the Revealed Word. I have come because what has happened in a schoolroom of your town has unloosed a wicked attack from the big cities of the North! – an attack upon the law which you have so wisely placed among the statues of this state. I am here to defend that which is most precious in the hearts of all of us: the Living Truth of the Scriptures.

Bertram Cates:

You know why I did it? I had the book in my hand. Hunter's Civic Biology. I opened it up and read my sophomore science class Chapter 17, Darwin's Origin of Species. All it says is that man wasn't just stuck here like a geranium in a flower pot: that living comes from a long miracle. It didn't just happen in seven days. I know that there's a law against it, and everybody says what I did is bad. It isn't as simple as that. Good or bad, black or white, night or day. Do you know, at the top of the world the twilight is six months long?

## MALE OR FEMALE

Rev. Brown:

I saw Drummond once. In a courtroom in Ohio. A man was on trial for a most brutal crime. Although he knew – and admitted – the man was guilty, Drummond was perverting the evidence to cast the guilt away from the accused and onto you and me and all of society. I can still see him. A slouching hulk of a man, whose head juts out like an animal's. (He imitates Drummond's slouch.) You look into his face, and you wonder why God made such a man. And then you know that God didn't make him, that he is a creature of the Devil, perhaps even the Devil himself!