

AUDITION SIDE FOR GEORGE MURCHISON

(Moment before: George has been pursuing Beneatha for some time. He has come to pick her up for a date and is shocked that her hair is no longer straight; instead, she enters the room with her hair in an afro. .)

George: What have you done to your head—I mean your hair! Oh, don't be so proud of yourself, Bennie—just because you look eccentric. *(patronizing)* Oh, dear, dear, dear! Here we go! A lecture on the African past! On our Great West African Heritage! In one second we will hear all about the great Ashanti empires; the great Songhay civilizations; and the great sculpture of Benin—and then some poetry in the Bantu— and the whole monologue will end with the word heritage! *(Nastily)* Let's face it, baby, your heritage is nothing but a bunch of raggedy-assed spirituals and some grass huts!

Sometimes ... I want you to cut it out, see—The moody stuff, I mean. I don't like it. You're a nice-looking girl ... all over. That's all you need, honey, forget the atmosphere. Guys aren't going to go for the atmosphere—they're going to go for what they see. Be glad for that. Drop the Garbo routine. It doesn't go with you. As for myself, I want a nice—*(Groping)* —simple *(Thoughtfully)* —sophisticated girl... not a poet—O.K.? I don't go out with you to discuss the nature of "quiet desperation" or to hear all about your thoughts—because the world will go on thinking what it thinks regardless! *(beat)* Then why read books? Why go to school? *(With artificial patience, counting on his fingers)* It's simple. You read books—to learn facts—to get grades—to pass the course—to get a degree. That's all —it has nothing to do with thought!