

AUDITION SIDE FOR WALTER LEE YOUNGER

(Moment before: It is a somber morning, the day that the Younger family is expected their deceased father's \$10,000 insurance check to arrive in the mail. Walter, who works as a chauffeur, has all his hopes and dream in investing the check into a liquor store. He knows his mother won't be in favor of this but believes if he can convince his wife Ruth to talk to his mother, she will agree. Nevertheless, there is tension between Walter Lee and Ruth, most of which stems from her frustrations with his "unrealistic" dreams in her eyes and his frustrations with his current situation and need to feel in control and supported.)

Walter: Mama would listen to you. You know she listen to you more than she do me and Bennie. She think more of you. All you have to do is just sit down with her when you drinking your coffee one morning and talking 'bout things like you do and— (He sits down beside her and demonstrates graphically what he thinks her methods and tone should be) —you just sip your coffee, see, and say easy like that you been thinking 'bout that deal Walter Lee is so interested in, 'bout the store and all, and sip some more coffee, like what you saying ain't really that important to you— And the next thing you know, she be listening good and asking you questions and when I come home—I can tell her the details. This ain't no fly-by night proposition, baby. I mean we figured it out, me and Willy and Bobo.

You see, this little liquor store we got in mind cost seventy-five thousand and we figured the initial investment on the place be 'bout thirty thousand, see. That be ten thousand each. Course, there's a couple of hundred you got to pay so's you don't spend your life just waiting for them clowns to let your license get approved-- (Frowning impatiently) See there, that just goes to show you what women understand about the world. Baby, don't nothing happen for you in this world 'less you pay somebody off! hat's it. There you are. Man say to his woman: I got me a dream. His woman say: Eat your eggs. (Sadly but gaining in power) Man say: I got to take hold of this here world, baby! And a woman will say: Eat your eggs and go to work. (Passionately now) Man say: I got to change my life, I'm choking to death, baby! And his woman say— (In utter anguish as he brings his fists down on his thighs) —Your eggs is getting cold! This morning, I was lookin' in the mirror and thinking about it... I'm thirty-five years old; I been married eleven

years and I got a boy who sleeps in the living room— (Very, very quietly) — and all I got to give him is stories about how rich white people live ...

(Slams the table and jumps up) —DAMN MY EGGS—DAMN ALL THE EGGS THAT EVER WAS! (Looking up at her) See—I'm trying to talk to you 'bout myself— (Shaking his head with the repetition)— and all you can say is eat them eggs and go to work.