Billy Cane Monologue: *Bright Star*

BILLY CANE (to the gravestone) Mama, when I was in mud up to my knees, I thought it would be you mourning me. Not this way round. (He puts the rose on the grave, then looks around.) TRW Perusal Not for Production 9 BILLY CANE (CONT’D) 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. (then) 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? (he kneels) I made it back home like you always said I would. But I never thought homecoming could be so cruel. You are my Mama, and I place my hand here... (he puts his hand on the dirt) ...to touch you now and forever. B