**Oedipus Audition Monologue**

I hear your prayers and they move me.

And now I’ve come to ask you to join me in lifting this sickness

from our beloved city.

I came as a stranger to this country. I knew nothing of your

king’s death when I entered this valley for the first time,

alone, to meet the Sphinx.

But this I cannot do alone. I will need your help.

Each of you is the vessel of the history of your city.

One of you knows the truth.

Where is the murderer?

Tell me.

*(Silence.)*

Let him who knows speak.

Who is the murderer?

*(Silence.)*

I will not harm the one who speaks. Even he who did this.

All he will receive in return for this knowledge is banishment,

unharmed. He will go with a king’s thanks. Though he has

blood on his hands, he will merely leave us.

That is all I ask.

Who is the man?

*(Silence.)*

Whoever did this thing, whoever lives silent, his crime now

poisoning this city, let him know this: He will find no shelter

here, nothing will be given to him, no one will pray for him.

He has no recourse here, he is accursed.

I drive him out, comfortless, into eternal exile.

He is the disease. He is the corruption.

I speak for Apollo. I speak for my city. I speak this for myself.

As far as I cast my eye, even on the clearest day, my power

is absolute. I will find him out. He can no longer shelter in

shameful obscurity.

The light of my eyes is searching and, like an eagle, I will

plummet down upon him unsuspecting.

My justice is wide.

Whoever he is, I curse him.

Let his days be cruel, burning in nullity and under the lash of

hatred. Let his life be long and terrible, leached of any human

happiness. Let him find kindness nowhere.

 And if I unwittingly sheltered this man, if I have ever offered

him comfort, however unknowingly, let this curse fall on me.

Let me suffer what I demand in justice. The curse is complete

and knows no rank or border. The curse is eternal and binding,

no matter where it falls. Let it pursue the guilty unto the

gates of hell itself.

A king! A king was murdered!

 How could a single citizen sleep while this killer slunk free?

I walk that king’s very halls, sleep in his bed, share his queen,

planted the seed of my children in the same furrow where he

could have planted his. I live in his shadow, sleep within the

echo of the footsteps of his unquiet ghost. I will fight for

him. Fight for him as if he were my own father. I will see all.

I will know all.

Nothing will stop me.