Bryce Lead role

THE COMPOUND QUEEN BRYCE — AUDIOBOOK AUDITION SCRIPT Character: Bryce Vocal Age: 35–45 Voice Direction: Deep, mature, smooth, articulate, and naturally commanding. Bryce is confident without arrogance. He has a dry sense of humor, a patient teaching style, and a vulnerability he rarely allows anyone to see. Avoid an exaggerated seductive voice. His appeal comes from intelligence, restraint, and quiet confidence. AUDITION SCENE: "CASH IS A POSITION" BRYCE: "Rue, close the laptop." Bryce watched her fingers hover over the keyboard. "I said close it. The market will still be there tomorrow." He leaned back, studying her expression. "You know what your problem is? You think every opportunity you don't take is money you've lost." A faint smile crossed his face. "That's not investing. That's fear dressed up as ambition." He reached for his glass. "Cash is a position, Arula. Sometimes the smartest move you can make is absolutely nothing." A pause. "And before you start rolling those pretty eyes at me, I'm not telling you to quit. I'm telling you to learn the difference between patience and hesitation." His voice softened. "You've got something most people spend their whole lives trying to develop. Hunger. Curiosity. The willingness to start over when something doesn't work." He leaned forward. "But you've also got this habit of believing everything worth having has to be fought for." A beat. "Some things are supposed to come to you, Rue. Not because you chased them. Because you positioned yourself to receive them." She looked at him suspiciously. Bryce chuckled. "What?" Another pause. "No, I'm not talking about the stock market anymore." His smile faded slightly. "And that's probably the problem." He looked away for a moment before meeting her eyes again. "I can teach you how to recognize a good investment. I can show you how to protect your capital. Hell, I can even teach you when to walk away." His voice lowered. "But I can't keep pretending I don't notice what happens every time you walk into a room." Silence. Bryce straightened his jacket, recovering his composure. "Anyway..." A small, knowing smile. "Market opens at nine-thirty. Try not to lose your mind before then."