

Please locate and read the entire play – the monologue below is merely a suggested one.

An excerpt from: *Boo to the Moon* by Paul Slabolepszy

ALLIE: Oh, Bing. Oh, ja. I know him. He's the bloke with the turned up nose.

SPIDER: That's Bob Hope.

ALLIE: Ja-well ...

SPIDER: Same thing. *[Takes comfort from his bottle, pausing before contin-*

uing] And it goes on and on. And all the time he's saying this is music.

People don't know how to make music any more. And I'm nodding - ja,

ja. And all I'm hearing coming outa' the speakers is this pure kak. This

total unadulterated shit. Every time I try make a quick duck to go to bed,

he says no, wait. And he plays me something else.

It gets to the point where I'm virtually catatonic. I'm sleeping wide awake.

Now he thinks he's got me, you see. The rigor mortis has sorta fooled him.

So he starts expounding. He's lekker loose now. The 'philosopher' coming

out. Waxing lyrical - you know - 'man's higher purpose in life' - and all

that shit. 'The fruits of your labour' - that's another one. He's big on that.

'Life's rich tapestry'. I mean you gotta picture it man - this thick tongue

trying to get around 'life's rich tapestry'.

[Pause] My best was when he came out with how privileged we are to

live in this beautiful country. And this on the same day a' the bladdy bomb.

We'd just finished walking through the blood and the glass to get back to

the car - he's talking about our beautiful country. His brain's gone, swear

to God. It's like a piece a' blue cheese.