

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

<http://www.docstoc.com/docs/23159714/Master-Harold-and-the-Boys>

### **Master-Harold-and-the-Boys**

HALLY: I don't give a shit about my homework, so, for Christ's sake, just shut up about it. [

Slamming books viciously into his school case.

] Hurry up now and finish your work. I want to lock up and get out of here. [

Pause.

And then go where? Home-sweet-fucking home. Jesus, I hate that word.

Hally goes to the counter to put the brandy bottle and comics in his school case. After a moment's hesitation, he smashes the bottle of brandy. He abandons all further attempts to hide his feelings. Sam and Willie work away as unobtrusively as possible.

Do you want to know what is really wrong with your lovely little dream, Sam/ It's not just that we are all bad dancers. That does happen to be perfectly true, but there's more to it than just that. You left out the cripples. SAM: Hally! HALLY: [

Now totally reckless.

] Ja! Can't leave them out, Sam. That's why we always end up on our backsides on the dance floor. They're also out there dancing . . . like a bunch of broken spiders trying to do the quickstep! [

An ugly attempt at laughter.

] When you come to think of it, it's a bloody comical sight. I mean, it's bad enough on two legs . . . but one and a pair of crutches! Hell, no, Sam. That's guaranteed to turn that dance floor into a shambles. Why you shaking your head? Picture it, man. For once this afternoon let's use our imagination sensibly. SAM: Be careful, Hally. HALLY: Of what? The truth? I seem to be the only one around here who is prepared to face it. We've had the pretty dream; it's time now to wake up and have a good long look at the way things really are. Nobody knows the steps, there's no music, the cripples are also out there tripping up everybody and trying to get into the act, and it's all called the All-Comers-How-to-Make-a-Fuckup-of-Life-Championships. [

Another ugly laugh.

] Hang on, Sam! The best bit is still coming. Do you know what the winner's trophy is? A beautiful big chamber-pot with roses on the side, and it's full to the brim with piss. And guess who I think is going to be this year's winner?