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Comedy 喜劇类型

GIRLS 女性角色

SABRINA FAIR

*Samuel Taylor*

Sabrina is the vivacious daughter of the chauffeur for a wealthy family on the North Shore of Long Island. She has just returned home after three years in Paris and is described by one character as an “earnest scholarly little mouse” when she graduated from college and before she left for France. Sabrina is now, at this homecoming, described as chic and apparently in “love with the world.” The part was played by the famous Margaret Sullavan in New York City in 1953 with co-stars Cathleen Nesbitt and Joseph Cotton. The following scene takes place just as Sabrina enters the room. Naude, her father’s employer, doesn’t immediately recognize her but then gives her a warm welcome. Some of Maude’s short lines, as well as lines by other characters, are deleted and marked by asterisks as Sabrina chatters happily.

. . .

SABRINA.

Oh, I was hoping you wouldn’t recognize me! Have I changed? Have I really changed? (*She backs up a bit, hanging on to MAUDES’s hands*) I’m so glad to see you! David, you didn’t recognize me either, did you? (*He shakes his head, fascinated*) Ah! Then I have changed, haven’t I? I don’t mean just the clothes, that’s easy. But me! Myself! Do I seem very different? Here! Now! Without the hat! (*And she tears off the smart, ridiculous little hat, and shakes out her hair*) Now!

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How wonderful! I wanted to hear you say that. Is that vain of me? I don’t mean it to sound vain. But I thought it would be such fun to hear you say it. Because I feel so different! It was the first thing I thought of when I woke up this morning, as the ship was coming up the bay. And then later, lying in my berth, having breakfast- my last breakfast of that good French bread and that horrible coffee that I love so- I thought: (*She closes her eyes and tells her dream, with a soft smile*) what fun it will be ... they’ll all be in the garden, in the walled garden off the terrace... and I’ll come running in to them to say hello. And they’ll say: “Sabrina? Is it Sabrina? Why, Sabrina, we didn’t recognize you!” (*She opens her eyes and grins*) And that’s the way it happened! Ah! I think if you had just said, “Oh, hello, Sabrina, how are you?” I’d have died. (*She whirls on JULIA*)

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It still is. (*She turns and yells*) Father? (*Her father has appeared from the garage court*) I wish you could have seen Father at the station. He was completely baffled. There I was, charging across the platform at him, yelling, “Father!”, and he kept looking over his shoulder to see who my father was! (*She crosses to him swiftly, smiling at him lovingly*) I finally had to leap at him to make him recognize me, didn’t I Father? And the most terrible thing happened! I leaped too hard and knocked him down! Right there in front of all Glen Cove! Father! The most dignified man on Long Island! (*She gives him an affectionate peck on the cheek*) Thank goodness it wasn’t a commuters’ train.

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## ALICE IN WONDERLAND

*Adapted by Eva Le Gallienne and Florida Friebus*

This adaptation of Lewis Carroll's work was first performed in 1947. It is a well-known fantasy about a curious young girl transported to a world where magical things happen. The following monologue opens the play with Alice curled up in an armchair at home and talking to the kitten she is holding.

. . .

ALICE.

Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing! Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! Now, don't interrupt me! I'm going to tell you all your faults. Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning. Now you can't deny it, Kitty; I heard you. Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her. Now for number three: you unwound every bit of worsted while I wasn't looking! That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week. Suppose they have saved up all my punishments! What would they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came. Kitty, can you play chess? Now don't smile, my dear, I'm asking it seriously. Because, when we were playing it; and when I said "Check!" you purred! Well, it was a nice check, Kitty, and really I might have won, if it hadn't been for that nasty Knight that came wriggling down among my pieces. Kitty dear, let's pretend that you're Red Queen! Do you know, I think if you sat up and folded your arms, you'd look exactly like her. Now do try, there's a dear! You're not folding your arms properly. I'll just hold you up to the looking glass and you can see how sulky you are! *(She does so.)* And if you're not good directly, I'll put you through into Looking-glass House. How do you like that? Now, if you'll only attend, Kitty, I'll tell you all my ideas about Looking-glass House. First, there's the room you can see through the glass... that's just the same as our drawing-room, only the things go the other way. Oh, Kitty, how nice it would be if we could only get through into Looking-glass House! I'm sure it's got, oh, such beautiful things in it! Let's pretend there's a way of getting through into it somehow, Kitty. *(She rises and climbs from the arm of the chair to the mantel.)* Let's pretend the glass has got all soft like gauze, so that we can get through. Why, it's turning into a sort of mist now, I declare. It'll be easy enough to get through...*(ALICE finds that the glass is indeed like a bright, silvery mist, and she goes through it at once, as LIGHTS dim... emerging, presently, on the other side, into the Looking-glass room, LIGHTS UP.)* Oh, what fun it'll be when they see me through the glass in here, and can't get at me! *(She discovers a book lying near her on the mantel, and sits down on the mantelpiece to read it.)* It's all in some language I don't know! Why, it's a Looking-glass book, of course! And if I hold it up to the glass, the words will all go the right way again. *(She holds the book up to the glass reading, as if from its reflection...)*

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THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS

*Paul Zindel*

The touching play—which the author, in an introduction, infers is somewhat autobiographical - is essentially about a courageous, pathetic, and outrageous woman trying to keep her family and life afloat. Her family and life are as different from each other as possible. Ruth is a blatant flirt rebellious, and argumentative. Tillie is the student, fascinated by science and also sensitive to her eccentric mother's feelings. This second monologue from the play is delivered as a speech at a high school science fair by one of the contestants, who apparently is overly satisfied about herself and her accomplishment with a rather ludicrous experiment. This is in contrast to the serious science project presented by Tillie.

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JANICE

*The Past:* I got the cat from the A.S.P.C.A. immediately after it had been killed by a high-altitude pressure system. That explains why some of the rib bones are missing, because that method sucks the air out of the animal's lungs and ruptures all cavities. They say it prevents cruelty to animals but I think it's horrible.

*(She laughs.)*

Then I boiled the cat in a sodium hydroxide solution until most of the skin pulled right off, but I had to scrape some of the grizzle off the joints with a knife. You have no idea how difficult it is to get right down to the bones.

*(A little gong sounds.)*

I have to go on to *The Present*, now- but I did want to tell you how long it took me to put the thing together. I mean, as it is now, it's extremely useful for students of anatomy, even with the missing rib bones, and it can be used to show basic anatomical aspects of many, many animals that are in the same family as felines. I suppose that's about the only present uses I can think for it, but it is nice to remember as an accomplishment, and it looks good on college applications to show you did something else in school besides dating.

*(She laughs, and a second gong sounds.)*

*The Future:* The only future plans I have for Tabby- my little brother asked the A.S.P.C.A. what its name was when he went to pick it up and they said it was called Tabby, but I think they were kidding him-

*(She laughs again.)*

I mean as far as future plans, I'm going to donate it to the science department, of course, and next year, if there's another Science Fair perhaps I'll do the same thing with a dog.

*(A third gong sounds.)*

Thank you very much for your attention, and I hope I win!

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## THE STAR-SPANGLED GIRL

*Neil Simon*

Neil Simon's comedies are as popular with actors as they are with audiences. The characters are grounded in reality and identifiable, and the humor comes out of the situations and funny lines. The actor should not try for humor; it is already there. In this play, two young men live in a studio apartment where they also publish a small magazine. Norman has fallen totally for Sophie, the girl who has just moved next door. As her following monologue attests, Norman is overly attentive. Sophie is from the South, and all-American girl, and genuinely upset as she talks to Norman in this scene. She is carrying a basket.

. . .

SOPHIE

Mr. Cornell, Ah have tried to be neighborly, Ah have tried to be friendly and Ah have tried to be cordial... Ah don't know what it is that you're tryin' to be. That first night Ah was appreciative that you carried mah trunk up the stairs... The fact that it slipped and fell five flights and smashed to pieces was not your fault... Ah didn't even mind that personal message you painted on the stairs. Ah thought it was crazy, but sorta sweet. However, things have now gone too far... (*Goes down to the pole table*) Ah cannot accept gifts from a man Ah hardly know... (*Puts the basket on the pole table*) Especially canned goods. And Ah read your little note. Ah can guess the gist of it even though Ah don't speak Italian. This has got to stop, Mr. Cornell. Ah can do very well without you leavin' little chocolate almond Hershey bars in mah mailbox- they melted yesterday, and now Ah got three goeey letters from home with nuts in'em- and Ah can do without you sneekin' into mah room after Ah go to work and paintin' mah balcony without tellin's me about it. Ah stepped out there yesterday and mah slippers are still glued to the floor. And Ah can do without you tying big bottles of eau de cologne to mah cat's tail. The poor thing kept swishin' it yesterday and nearly beat herself to death... And most of all, Ah can certainly do without you watchin' me get on the bus every day through that high-powered telescope. You got me so nervous the other day Ah got on the wrong bus. In short, Mr. Cornell, and Ah don't want to have to say this again, *leave me ay-lone!*

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THE DAYS AND NIGHTS OF BEEBEE FENSTERMAKER

*William Snyder*

This comedy traces the life of a young woman over a period of three years. Beebee has left her hometown and with huge aspirations has gone to a large city. She has just moved in to her own rented apartment and has met Nettie Jo, a young neighbor who is helping her unpack. Here, Beebee explains her actions and feelings to the new friend.

. . .

BEEBEE

I had to get out.. My family life was very complicated. It's funny. On the one hand I believe my future's as bright as a button and nothin' can stand in my way. But sometimes when I'm home, a little devil gets next to me and says, "Beebee, you fly mighty high in your mind's eye, honey. But if you ever took the trouble to look two inches past your nose you'd see your life was signed, sealed and delivered before you were born. And it's got nothin' to do with love or careers or flights of fancy." In one way or another my whole family's just waitin it out. They talk about what they're gonna do or what they should have done but they're just sittin there waitin for the axe to fall. And I must say, when I walk those streets in the dead of August, and the trees are dry as paper and the grass is burnt up crisp. And the sun's so hot and the air's so thick they shut out all the sounds. And I go to my grandmother's and see her moving from room to room, doin a little dab here and a little dab there. Waitin for night to come so she can sit on the porch and do something that's *nothin*. I think there's no comfort on this porch. There's no life in this town. There's no hope in this world. And God has long since passed away. Fall in line, Beebee, fall in line. In a hundred years who'll know the difference. Follow the path of least resistance, act out your part and *die*. But I said no! (*Crosses to bureau*) I'm not gonna sit around waitin for what I dread most to happen to me. I'm not gonna be one more ribbon on the maypole. (*Sets bureau.*) I'm cutting loose! So last week when I got home from college- before I could even give myself time to think- I cashed in my six hundred dollars worth of savins bonds I'd received over the years as prize money- packed up Miss Amelia Earhart- (*Gets other suitcase and places it U. of bureau*) and high-tailed it down to the Trailways Bus Station and took off. So here I am, footloose and ready to tackle anything. I got money, an apartment and I'm free!

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THE MIDDLE AGES

A.R. Gurney, Jr.

This is a play that goes back and forth in time. It opens in the elegant trophy room of an exclusive men's club where people are gathered after the funeral for Charles, a successful businessman and prominent member of the club. Charles' son, Barney, who has been away and returns for the funeral, remembers the many times he has spent in this room. He met Eleanor there when she was fourteen and shy and hiding her Jewish background. Years later, before she goes off to college, Eleanor becomes involved with Barney's brother. The following monologue follows a scene in which Barney, who has flunked out of college, tries to win Eleanor back. He has just gone into the bathroom and Eleanor talks to the bathroom door.

. . .

ELEANOR.

The party's over, Barney. Everyone's leaving. I want to leave too. I don't want to stay here tonight, sweetie. Really. I don't (*She picks up a cookie, takes a bite, shakes her head, puts it down.*) I want my eight hours sleep. I want to go to Bermuda, Barney. I want to lie around in the sun with Billy and the whole gang. I want to play tennis and hear the Whiffenpoofs at the Elbow Beach Club. What's wrong with that, Barney? What's wrong with people having fun? I love all that, Barney. I love all those people. They're good-looking, and they play games, and they know all the lyrics to all the songs. (*Pause.*) You don't, Barney. You can't sing and your tennis is terrible. You're bad for me, Barney. Mother says so, and it's true. Every time I get with you, I get all mixed up. That's why I arranged Bermuda. You're too much for me, Barney. (*She blows out the candles.*) I don't love you, Barney. I love Billy. He was editor of the Year Book, and he's going to Princeton in the fall, and he wants to be a lawyer. You? You couldn't even stay in Franklin and Marshall. What kind of a future would I have with you? I want a home. I want a family. I've never had them. I'll never get them with you, Barney. Barney? Did you hear me, Barney?

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## SUPERHEROES

Ian McWethy

For superheroes, saving the world is tough, but the time spent away from work is tougher. The Hulk has to do taxes, a crime-fighting sidekick joins a support group, and Batman goes stir-crazy without enough criminals to take down. Superheroes is a funny, fast-paced series of vignettes that explores how the caped crusaders deal with life in street clothes. In this scene a woman's purse is stolen and Aquagirl volunteers to try and catch the man. The woman's lines have been deleted and are marked with asterisks. One line has been slightly altered for continuity and is marked by brackets.

. . .

### Aquagirl

Ma'am are you okay?

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Well, you are in luck. I happen to be a superhero. [I know I am not as big as the others but I can probably catch that man for you.] I am Aquagirl.

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No. Shoot water at criminals? That's ridiculous, I don't do that. I can breathe under water. I can swim really fast. And I can talk to aquatic animals. Any aquatic animal. Dolphin, tuna, anchovy. If it's underwater I...can talk to it.

\*\*\*

What do you mean that's it? Can you breathe under water? Can you talk to sharks? I fight crime. I fight pirates...and uh...this one time a guy robbed a bank and tried to escape on a boat. I nailed that guy. He was like "Ha ha, no one can catch me now...oh my gosh where did all these salmon come from? Ahhhhhh." Haha..that was a good day. Good...You know what? I wonder if your guy will be running by Rickshaw Pond, there'll probably be some goldfish there. I could probably get them to jump out of the water and hit him. Although do goldfish do that? No, right? Oh! Maybe if he fell in. If he fell in I'll swim around him, put him in headlock...yeah. I mean I could go after him...but if he is not submerged in a body of water...you know what...a police officer might be better.

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BOYS 男性角色

EAT YOUR HEART OUT

Nick Hall

This is a humorous play that takes place in a Manhattan restaurant. Charlie is a personable and attractive young waiter who wants to be an actor. He has just witnessed an argument between a man and a woman sitting at one of his tables. After they exit, he speaks to the audience.

. . .

**Charlie**

See that? That's one of the problems of being a waiter. You hear snatches, fragments, and just as it's beginning to get interesting, they ask for the check. I always wanna know what happened. That's why I'd rather be in the theatre. First of all, in the theatre they would stay at home in their living room. On Friday night, they'd have a fight – Act One. On Saturday, they'd have a complication – Act Two. And for a nice Act Three on Sunday morning, they'd make up and we'd all go home. That's what it is supposed to be. *(Beat.)* Actually, in this particular case, I'll probably find out. I mean, they're regulars; they eat out all the time. He eats lunch too. I'll probably run into him soon. They wanted eggs. Maybe I should've suggested they stay here. We serve eggs. We serve Eggs Benedict and a mushroom omelet.

*(During the above, Charlie has stacked the two glasses and three candles onto his tray. He has also bundled up the tablecloths. The cloths are very noticeable, possibly a loud black and white pattern. He spreads them.)*

I'm up for a Colgate commercial. We tested today. That means I got to spend half the day standing around in a towel, smiling is one of the things I do very, very well. Everybody said so. *(Smiles.)* That is my standing-around-in-a-towel-smiling smile. I've got a good chance. They liked me; I could tell. It all depends on whether they want a smooth chest or hairy chest. So. *(The word "So" used by CHARLIE is generally a verbal shrug.)* I wished they'd let me know. I phoned my agent. She was out. At least they said she was out. Maybe she was. I checked my service this evening. Seven times. Finally they said, "Charlie, don't you call again. If anything happens we will get to you." But I don't trust 'em. I'll call again.

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## THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Tennessee Williams

This lyrical, autobiographical play made Tennessee Williams known to an adoring public. Set in St. Louis, Amanda, described as a mother “clinging frantically to another time and place,” is struggling to keep her family intact after her husband has deserted them. Her son Tom is a frustrated writer, miserable working in a shoe warehouse. He finds some outlet for his unhappiness by drinking and going to the movies. In the following scene, he has just staggered home drunk. It is late and he is met by his sister, Laura, a lame, shy girl and owner of a glass menagerie. Laura’s lines and one reply by Tom are deleted and marked by asterisks.

. . .

### Tom

There was a very long program. There was a Garbo picture and a Mickey Mouse and a travelogue and a newsreel and a preview of coming attractions. And there was an organ solo and a collision from the Milk Fund – simultaneously- which ended up in a terrible fight between a fat lady and an usher!

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And oh, I forgot! There was a big stage show! The headliner on this stage show was Malvolio, the Magician. He performed wonderful tricks, many of them, such as pouring water back and forth between pitchers. First it turned to wine and then it turned to beer and then it turned to whisky. I know it was whisky it finally turned into because he needed somebody to come up out of the audience to help him, and I came up – both shows! It was Kentucky Straight Bourbon. A very generous fellow, he gave souvenirs. *[He pulls from his back pocket a shimmering rainbow-colored scarf.]* He gave me this. This is his magic scarf. You can have it, Laura. You wave it over a canary cage and get a bowl of goldfish. You wave it over the goldfish bowl and they fly away canaries...But the wonderfulest trick of all was the coffin trick. We nailed him to a coffin and he got out of the coffin without removing one nail. There is a trick that would come in handy for me – get me out of this two-by-four situation!

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You know it don’t take much intelligence to get yourself into a nailed-up coffin, Laura. But who in hell ever got himself out of one without removing one nail?

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## NOURISH THE BEAST

Steve Tesich

A drama filled with wonderfully comic characters, this play is about a family struggling to survive as a family. The following scene, with Bruno talking to his not-quite sister, Sylvia, and someone called Criminal, reflects the sad, funny lines of the play. They are sitting at a kitchen table in a modest apartment. Short lines by other character are deleted and marked by asterisks as Bruno talks about his childhood.

. . .

### **Bruno**

Let me continue...I don't know how old I was when they put me in the orphanage...not very...and the first time I heard the word "orphan" I thought it was this guy's name. Billy Orphan. Then I found out that I was an orphan too, and I figured that Billy and I were related. Then I found out that we were all orphans...and I figured...hell...somebody must be lying...we can't be relatives.

\*\*\*

Let me finish. So we were all orphans but I still didn't know what the word meant except that we talked about everything in terms of that one word...the outside world was a non-orphanage...those that got placed were de-orphanated...those that came back were re-orphanated. For a long time I thought only boys were orphans. Then I found out that there were female orphans too...we called them orphenes. But I still didn't know what the word meant. So I asked one of the guards one day...what's an orphan? He said it was somebody that nobody liked. But these other orphans liked me...Billy liked me...so I asked him if that made me a non-orphan. He said no...He said being like by another orphan didn't count.

\*\*\*

So I started thinking that nothing that happened in the orphanage counted. The only things that mattered happened on the outside. For the whole time that I was there some police athletic league kept promising to take us to a ball game. We went to bed every night hoping that tomorrow was the big day when we'd go to a ball game. Hell, we didn't know what a ball game was...properly speaking...but it was on the outside so we assumed it was something incredible...something unheard of...and finally the big day came and this man took us all to a ball game.

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The Yankees won.

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That was it. The Yankees won...And all of us orphans sat there scratching our ass thinking...you mean this is it...this is the real thing...That's why I still go to ball games...I figure one of these days I'm going to see it the way I thought it would be...you know...the ball game of the century...the ball game of all time...

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## IT'S CALLED THE SUGAR PLUM

Israel Horovitz

This funny two-character, one-act play begins with the audience learning that Zuckerman, a twenty-two-year-old Harvard student, has accidentally run over and killed a young man on a skateboard. It would be a tragic scene except that in the playwright's hands, it becomes comic and satirical. The girlfriend of the victim confronts Zuckerman, and it becomes apparent that she is a superficial young woman enjoying the drama. After a short visit, the two begin their own intimate relationship. The following monologue is delivered by Zuckerman to the girlfriend, Joanna.

. . .

### Zuckerman

That's right. Cellar door. Name two other words more beautiful. Go on, try. You just can't. Cellar door. (*He's excited again. Sits in bed L. of JOANNA.*) Hey. You want to hear a great story? I mean a *great* story. It happened back home. I used to pass a gourmet shop on my way to Boston. When I came into my Uncle's to work on Sunday. I was just a kid then. I used to come in every Sunday from Wakefield. On the bus. Anyway. There was this gourmet shop. German. They sold pastries and stuff to make your own pastries. Anyway. They had this terrific sign in their window for years advertising dough for strudel. Huge sign. Strudel dough. It was up for years. I used to pass it every Sunday. And I used to think about all those people who had to keep staring at it every day. They never ever changed the sign/ I mean, it just *hung* there, taped to the window getting old and sort of yellow and terrible. Strudel dough. Get it? So one day, I got off the bus near the pastry shop; and I took a magic marker and right under "strudel dough" I wrote "strudel dee!!" Isn't that beautiful? (*He's laughing.*) Strudel dough. Strudel dee. Can you imagine what all those poor people said when they saw it? After all those years of passing that sign, all of a sudden it's funny. Strudel dough. Strudel dee. You think that's funny, don't you?

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## SUPERHEROES

Ian McWethy

For superheroes, saving the world is tough, but the time spent away from work is tougher. The Hulk has to do taxes, a crime-fighting sidekick joins a support group, and Batman goes stir-crazy without enough criminals to take down. Superheroes is a funny, fast-paced series of vignettes that explores how the caped crusaders deal with life in street clothes. In the opening scene we meet Hawkeye talking to a teenage girl who asked him for an autograph. He tells her how hard it is being a superhero because doing ordinary tasks after an action-packed day is extremely boring.

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### Hawkeye

*(A spotlight on HAWKEYE, holding his bow. He looks at the audience.)*

Being a superhero isn't easy: dedicating yourself to an ideal. The physical toll it takes on your body. Risking your life at a moment's notice. Knowing that if you mess up...it literally could be the end of the world. *(Beat)* That's the easy part. I mean, that's what we live for. The rush you feel when you defeat a villain, the thrill of shooting that perfect arrow. And there is nothing, and I mean nothing, better than saving the world. It's after that. The downtime. The regular stuff. Getting stuck in traffic, going to the gym, doing your taxes. All the boring stuff you find boring we find really *really* boring. Like imagine on day, you're fighting a clone army, jumping off buildings, firing exploding arrows, and just when you think you've saved the day, you find a bomb! A huge, city-ending, nuclear bomb! And guess what?! There's only 30 seconds left until it goes off. So you do your best to dismantle it but you're really just guessing 'cause you've never done this before. You're furiously cutting wires, green, then blue, then green again. 10, 9, 8...it should be working but it's not. 7, 6, 5,...Oh gosh! I didn't train for this what do I do! 4, 3, 2 and then, in a split-second decision you reach in, pull out a handful of wires and...it works! It really shouldn't have worked but it worked! You look at the timer and there is 1 second left! 1 second! Holy Cow! Woo! You're the man Hawkeye! You're the man! I mean my gosh it is such a rush! *(Hawkeye takes a minute to collect himself.)* And the next day you're folding laundry. You're just a guy with a bow and arrow...folding laundry. It could drive a person nuts. So you spend the next day walking around, searching for that high again. That rush of...seeing someone in danger and you saving them. But most days...it never comes.

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“MASTER HAROLD” ...AND THE BOYS

Athol Fugard

Hally is a seventeen-year-old white boy in South Africa in 1950 who is close to two black men – when apartheid was still legal. The play explores the tensions, the loneliness, and the changes in a young man’s mind as he struggles with the status quo of his country and his own ambivalent feelings about race. The play takes place in a tea room where the two black men work. Hally is remembering with pleasure an afternoon he spent with Sam. The monologue progresses from being light-hearted to dramatic, however for optimal effect it is advised that the young actor does not overlay the final lines.

. . .

**Hally**

It started off looking like another one of those useless, nothing-to-do afternoons. I’d already been down to Main Street looking for adventure, but nothing had happened. I didn’t feel like climbing trees in the Donkin Park, or pretending I was a private eye and following a stranger...so, as usual: See what’s cooking in Sam’s room. This time it was you on the floor. You had two thin pieces of wood and you were smoothing them down with a knife. It didn’t look particularly interesting, but when I asked you what you were doing, you just said, “Wait and see, Hally. Wait...and...see.”...in that secret sort of way of yours, so I knew there was a surprise coming. You teased me, you bugger, by being deliberately slow and not answering my questions! (*Sam laughs.*) And whistling while you worked away! Gosh, it was infuriating! I could have brained you! It was only when you tied them together in a cross and put that down on the brown paper that I realized what you were doing. Sam is making a kite! And when I asked you, you said: Yes...! (*shaking his head with disbelief*) The sheer audacity of it took my breath away. I mean seriously, what the hell does a black man know about flying a kite? I’ll be honest with you, Sam, I had no hopes for it. If you think I was excited and happy, you got another guess coming. In fact I was shit-scared that we were going to make fools of ourselves. When we left the boarding house to go up onto the hill, I was praying quietly that there wouldn’t be any other kids around to laugh at us.