

## GRADE 10 AND 11 MALE MONOLOGUES

### Option A:

#### **Hally from 'Master Harold' ... and the Boys by Athol Fugard**

[Hally is a 17-year-old schoolboy, an only child, growing up in Port Elizabeth. His father is disabled and in hospital; his mother runs the St George's Park Tearoom, where this scene is set. Hally's closest relationship is with Sam, his mother's long-time black domestic worker and now waiter. Hally is reminiscing with Sam about a younger time together. Athol Fugard is South Africa's major internationally known playwright. This full play is published by Oxford University Press, Oxford, 1983, and Cape Town, 1993. ]

(Pause. The telephone rings. HALLY answers it)

Hello, Mom ... Yes ... Yes no fine. Everything's under control here. How's things with poor old Dad? Has he had a bad turn? ... What? ... Oh, God! ... Yes, Sam told me, but I was sure he'd made a mistake. But what's this all about, Mom? He didn't look at all good last night. How can he get better so quickly? ... Then very obviously you must say no. Be firm with him. You're the boss. ... You know what it's going to be like if he comes home. ... Well then, don't blame me when I fail my exams at the end of the year. ... Yes! How am I expected to be fresh for school when I spend half the night massaging his gammy leg? ... All it needs is for you to put your foot down. Don't take no for an answer. ... Yes, Sam gave me lunch. ... I ate all of it! ... Right, I'll tell them. I'll just do some homework and then lock up. ... But remember now, Mom. Don't listen to anything he says. And phone me back and let me know what happens. ... Okay. Bye, Mom. (He hangs up. The men are staring at him) My Mom says that when you're finished with the floors you must do the windows. (Pause) Don't misunderstand me, chaps. All I want is for him to get better. And if he was, I'd be the first person to say: 'Bring him home.' But he's not, and we can't give him the medical care and attention he needs at home. That's what hospitals are there for. (Brusquely) So don't just stand there! Get on with it!

**Option B:**

**Cold Blooded Murderer by Elisa Thompson**

[Elizabeth is being interviewed by two police officers. She has just confessed to murdering 6 girls.]

Elizabeth: You want to know, I suppose, what turns a nice little girl like me into a cold blooded murderer. You want the truth? You want to know why I did it? Why I killed all those girls? It's because I like it. I don't expect you to understand what it's like. You have no idea. To hold someone's life in your hands. To be in control. There's always that moment of acknowledgement between a killer and their victim. That instant when she realizes your power, and she looks at you and you look at her, and she pleads with her eyes. She begs for mercy, for her life. And you have a split second to decide: To save her, well that's great. You could give her her life back, give her back to her family and friends, the people that love her. But to kill her... That's something different. To remove her from this earth, to take away the thing that most value above all: Her life. Now that's real power. None of these girls deserved their lives. Look at them! The musician, the actor, the writer, the dancer, the artist, the model. None of them appreciated what they had. They were the best. And that meant nothing to them. I've never been the best. Always smart, but never the smartest. Pretty, but never the prettiest. Talented, but never the most talented. But despite all this, I always thought I was special. I thought there was something inside me, lurking within, that would make me great. I've never been content with the idea of simply living my life, dying, and being forgotten. That's just not me. I want to be remembered for my achievements. And I will be, won't I? sure, you're disgusted by what I've done. You're horrified, you think I'm a monster. But I can guarantee that you're not going to go home to your boring lives and just forget me.

**Option C:**

**The Faculty Lounge**

**Written by Michael Schulman**

(This is the first day of school. When Norman Barnes went to his car this morning to drive to his job as Chairman of the high school English Department, he discovered that his trunk had been broken into. Among the items missing were some home movies that, to say the least, could be very embarrassing if shown to the wrong people. He rushes to the faculty lounge to make a phone call. After a brief encounter with the new mathematics teacher he is left alone and dials)

Norman: Roger. Roger. The movies were stolen. What am I going to do? They stole them from my car - right out of the trunk. I don't know what to do first, take poison or slit my wrists. I'd jump out the window, but the bloody building has only two floors. Roger, I'm desperate. Help me!... It's NORMAN, YOU ASS-HOLE. Who do you think it is? Well, yes, Roger, I do tend to lose my sense of humor when I'm thinking of killing myself. Don't you understand how serious this is? This is a small dorpie. My whole life is... How the hell do I know who stole them? One of our postgraduates, no doubt - and definitely one who failed industrial arts from the mess he made of the back of my car. (With repugnance) Industrial arts - a training ground for second-story men, if you ask me. What difference does it make why I left them in the trunk? I thought they'd be safe there. Don't you tell me to calm down. By the time this day is over the whole town will know that crusading Mayor Bertram and his head speech writer, yours truly, who also happens to be the respected chairman of the high school English department, are homosexual lovers. Or will they prefer fags or faggots or moffies or... It's not serious? I can't believe you. You idiot. It's the end of our careers. And it's all your fault.

**Option D:**

**Black Dog**

**Written by Barney Simon**

I remember when he came to our school. It was on June 16, 1976. We were all sitting in our classrooms waiting. We knew something was going to happen but we didn't know exactly what. And then we heard the voices of many children singing outside. The voices came nearer and nearer.

"Sizobadubula Ngombayimbayi!"

We all ran to the windows and teachers tried to chase us back to our desks, but we ignored them and shouted 'Bayesa! Bayesa! They're coming! Bayesa!' Soon the marchers were in our playground and in our classrooms. At their head was Madoda Dhlamini, Nj'emnyama. He swung the chain over his head and everybody had to duck. He shouted, Amandla! Awethu! He said: 'Fello students, we would like to apologise for being so late. Things have already started. The protest is soon. As you all know there's been a boycott of classes. Do you know why? Crowd? Yes! Because we want to have a say in what we learn ... Do you want to learn maths in Afrikaans? No! Do you want to learn history in Afrikaans? No! Do you want to learn science in Afrikaans? No! So this is what is happening today. The Soweto Students Council have organized a protest march to Orlando Stadium where we will meet. Please! Please! Try to be strong. There's been some trouble on our way. And in Orlando West some people have been killed. So when you see the police coming don't throw stones. Don't do anything. Just sing, and if they charge at us, we all sit down and shout peace. Do you understand? Crowd? Yes!' Soon we were in the streets.

Kubi Kubi yoo!

Siyaya!

When we passed Nancefield Station, we saw many people watching and shouting from trains and platforms. Hadibaje! – they shouted - Go for it!

## GR 10 AND 11 FEMALE MONOLOGUES

### Option A:

#### Hello and Goodbye by Athol Fugard

[The play is set in 1965. It is about a woman who returns home to Port Elizabeth after being away for 25 years. She had been working as a prostitute in Johannesburg.]

Hester: Once you got money you can do anything you like. Change my name! Stay at a posh hotel! I could. And then let them try and refuse to serve me just because I'm sitting by myself in the lounge. Some of those big-shot places don't serve you if you're a woman by yourself. I wasn't trying for a pick-up. I just wanted a few beers and a little peace and quiet somewhere nice for a change. They're supposed to be open to the public! But when I walked in they all started staring and then this coolie waiter comes to me and says they don't serve 'ladies' by themselves. Well this time they will. Because, I'll be a boarder. I'll pay in advance. And then let one of those bitches smile as though she's not also selling what she's got between her legs. Give them a chance to say Yes and I DO —because who the hell ever says no- put a ring on their finger and they think they're better! That being married gives them a license to do it! I'm sick of that lot with their husbands and fashions and happy families. They don't fool me. And I'll tell them. Happy families are fat men crawling on to frightened women. And when you've had enough he doesn't stop, 'lady'. I've washed more of your husbands out of me than ever gave you babies.

**OPTION B:**

**ABNORMAL LOAD – PAUL SLABOLEPSZY**

GREG: So I say to her, I say – hang on a moment, lady, stick around, just hold your horses, here – all I want is a ticket. She says, sorry, I haven't got a ticket. Now you must know, I been standing there over two hours already – I'm buggered if I'm leaving empty-handed. I say what else you got? She says, like what? I say, like anything. Like, you know, like Clint Eastwood, Jack Nicholson, Al Pacino – anything! She says, no nothing. I say what d'you mean – no, nothing? Have a look, man! She says no, she knows... I say, what – you mean to tell me there's not one movie with either Clint Eastwood or Jack Nicholson or Robert de Niro on the whole bladdy circuit!? She says, no. I say – OK, what about Stallone. No. Schwarzenegger? No. Jackie Chan? No. Now, I'm getting really pissed off now, because this is getting ridiculous now.. (STOPPING AND INDICATING THE GLASSES ON THE TABLE) Sorry – can I get you another drink...! You sure? OK, so where was I?

So, all of a sudden this other bloke pipes up. He's about five back, down the queue. He says, excuse me, he says – you got a problem? I say no, I haven't got a problem – have you got a problem? Because if you haven't got a problem, I'll give you one! Now I'm ready for action, hey – I just wanna kill.

Pow! – glass all over the place.

Next minute – whistles, sirens, cops, security guards – total chaos. I say to myself, oh-oh – Home time! I duck out the back – down the escalators. I'm gone. I wash my hands of it. (HE ALLOWS THIS TO SINK IN) Ja. Moral of the story – if you wanna book for a show, don't try to do it on a Saturday morning. (RAISING HIS GLASS) Cheers.

**Option C:**

**An Ideal Husband by Oscar Wilde**

[An Ideal Husband is an 1895 comedic stage play by Oscar Wilde which revolves around blackmail and political corruption, and touches on the themes of public and private honour. The action is set in London, in "the present", and takes place over the course of twenty-four hours]

Mabel: Mabel Chiltern enters. (She sees Gertrude and Lord Goring) Good afternoon Gertrude, Lord Goring. I must say I am very pleased to see you, specially you Gertrude. Excuse me? You're leaving Lord Goring? But I just arrived? Important business you say? Just when I have come in! Oh, what ghastly dreadful manners you have. Simply dreadful I say. I am sure you were very badly brought up! I wish I had brought you up. What's that? You too? Well, it's too late now I suppose...Well, then off you go. As it stands I have something of grave importance to discuss with Gertrude. Come on, leave then. (She watches as he leaves)

Oh, I love London society Gertrude! I think it has immensely improved. It is entirely composed now of beautiful idiots and brilliant lunatics. Just what a society should be. Except for a certain Mr Tommy Trafford.

Gertrude, I wish you would speak to him. What's wrong, you ask? Well, Tommy has proposed to me again. Tommy really does nothing but propose to me. He proposed to me last night in the music-room, when I was quite unprotected, as there was an elaborate trio going on. I didn't dare to make the smallest repartee, I need hardly tell you. If I had, it would have stopped the music at once. Musical people are so absurdly unreasonable.

**Option D:**

**Catholic Schoolgirls by Casey Kurtti**

[Four girls who explore their beliefs and feelings about life and God. It is a comedic depiction of how Catholic schools were in the early '60s through early '70s. Wanda is an only-child who dances and gets perfect grades. She loves to show off.]

Wanda: My father comes home from work every night and before he even takes off his hat, he drops a bag of leaky, smelly meat on the table for my mother. She waits to see if she should kiss him or not. If it's just hamburger, she grunts. If it's liver, she practically goes to Mars.

I hate liver. I hate all things sometimes, even things I like. My ballet lessons, my dolls, and I hate my smartness. You know why? Because they were given to me. I am working on something that's mine. I have been for a long time. After school, I go home and do all my homework right away so I can go down to my father's store. He's not really a bad man. I just don't like him or something.

While he's in the back room, sawing those bones out of big legs of meat, I take some soda cans and crush them onto my shoes. I move some sawdust into a little pile on the floor, and start to dance. Not like Nancy Sinatra or Diana Ross- oh, I am so much better.

As I'm dancing, my mind just lets go and all these little movies come into my head. My favorite- I'm on the Ed Sullivan show. I'm singing a song. Fake snow is falling all around me. I have on a sexy dress. It's sort of a sad song and I look so incredibly beautiful that people in the audience are starting to cry. Well, I break into a tap dance, just to cheer them up.