

AUDITION MONOLOGUE

Senior Boys

“My Children, My Africa” - Athol Fugard

Mr M:

Good heavens! A good teacher doesn't have favourites! Are you suggesting that I might be a bad one? Because if you are ... *{looking around}* you would be right, young lady. Measured by that yardstick I am a very bad teacher indeed. He *is* my favourite. Thami Mbikwana! Yes, I have waited for a long time for him. To tell you the truth I had given up all hope of him ever coming along. Any teacher who takes his calling seriously dreams about that one special pupil, that one eager and gifted young head into which he can pour all that he knows and loves and who will justify the years of frustration in the classroom. There have been pupils that I'm proud of, but I've always had to bully them into doing their school work. Not with Thami. *He* wants to learn the way other boys want to run out of the classroom and make mischief. If he looks after himself he'll go far and do big things. He's a born leader, Isabel, and that is what your generation needs. Powerful forces are fighting for the souls of you young people. You need *real* leaders. Not rabblers. I know Thami is meant to be one. I know it with such certainty it makes me frightened. Because it is a responsibility. Mine and mine alone.

I've got a small confession to make. In addition to everything I've already said, there's another reason for this idea of mine. When you and Thami shine at the Festival, as I know you will, and win first prize and we've pocketed a nice little cheque for five thousand rand, I am going to point to Thami and say: “And now ladies and gentlemen, a full university scholarship if you please.”