

AUDITION MONOLOGUE

SENIOR BOYS

Excerpt from “MY LIFE” by Athol Fugard

THOLO: [*Full of authority and confidence and commanding attention.*]

My story begins in a dark night, very very dark, so dark that you could not even see the fingers of your hand. All around in the whole expanse of the heavens from horizon to horizon, there was not a single star to console the lone traveller. Why? Because dark rain clouds occupied the sky. And they moved this way and that way, this way and that way, in a frightening manner, threatening to spit out rain at any moment. Once in a while, the sky lit up with lightning and people shrank with fear. The kind of lightning that makes children dive under blankets and cover their heads as we have all done in our youth. Lucky children in their cosy little beds, sheltered from the evils of the night.

But for those outside there in no bed. No, there is no blanket either, no raincoat, nothing. Just you and the dark heavens and the pouring rain. Yet here were these three people walking out in the dark cold rainy night. Some of them did not plan to be out that day. So they were ill-prepared for the weather. The threesome – first two, then one – walked on the mountainside and among the trees and on the rocks, climbing now, then descending, rising, falling, rising, falling. The one behind was the most scantily dressed. He shivered with the cold and his clothes stuck to his flesh until he was like a chicken plucked of its feathers. His teeth were chattering too. But why did he not go home?

But all that aside for a while. Our man made slow progress, leaning against this tree and then that tree. This way and again that way. What could he do? It was dark and the leaves of the trees were dancing in the air and could go into his eyes. He had to move slowly with his hands up in the air protecting his face. And he could not afford to move carelessly either, because he did not want to be heard. Who by? Oh yes, by whom? I can stop the story here if it is boring.

Heard by the other two, of course. What kind of people were these who did not mind the rain? For it was heavy, I tell you. But we shall soon come to that. The rain came down, Hoaa, hoaa, hoaa. And the one behind sang in the rain as it beat on his face. He took the rain in his face and sang in the manner of our people.