

HAROLD

The Boys in the Band · Audition sides · p. 66-67

HANK. *Air* spray, not *hair* spray.

MICHAEL. There's a can of floral spray right on top of the john.

HANK. Thanks.

HAROLD. I keep my grass in the medicine cabinet. In a Band-Aid box. Somebody told me it's the safest place. If the cops arrive, you can always lock yourself in the bathroom and flush it down the john.

DONALD. *Very cagey.*

HAROLD. It makes more sense than where I *was* keeping it – in an oregano jar in the spice rack. I kept forgetting and accidentally turning my hateful mother on with the salad.

(A beat.)

But I think she liked it. No matter what meal she comes over for – even if it's breakfast – she says, "Let's have a salad!"

(COWBOY laughs out loud, provoking MICHAEL.)

MICHAEL. You are definitely the type who still moves his lips when he reads, and who sits in a steam room and says things like, "Hot enough for you?"

COWBOY. I never use the steam room when I go to the gym. It's bad after a workout. It flattens you down.

MICHAEL. Just after you've broken your back to blow yourself up like a poisoned dog.

COWBOY. Yeah.

MICHAEL. You're right, Harold. Not only can he not talk intelligently about art, he can't even follow from one sentence to the next.

HAROLD. *But he's beautiful. He has unnatural natural beauty.*

(Quick palm upheld.)

Not that that means anything.

MICHAEL. It doesn't mean *everything*.

HAROLD. Keep telling yourself that as your hair drops out in handfuls.

(Quick palm upheld.)

Not that it's not *natural* for one's hair to recede as one reaches seniority.

MICHAEL. Faggots are worse than women about their age. They think their lives are over at thirty. Physical beauty is not that goddamned important!

HAROLD. Of course not. How could it be – it's only in the eye of the beholder.

MICHAEL. And it's only skin deep – don't forget that one.

HAROLD. Oh, no, I haven't forgotten that one at all. It's only skin deep and it's *transitory*, too. It's *terribly* transitory. I mean, how long does it last – thirty or forty or fifty years at the most – depending on how well you take care of yourself. And not counting, of course, that you might die before it runs out anyway. Yes, it's too bad about this poor boy's face. It's tragic. He's absolutely cursed!

(Takes COWBOY's face in his hands.)

How can *his* beauty ever compare with *my* soul? And although I have never seen my soul, I understand from my mother's rabbi that it's a knockout. I, however, cannot seem to locate it for a gander. And if I could, I'd sell it in a flash for some skin-deep, transitory, meaningless beauty!

(ALAN walks weakly into the bedroom and

*sits on the bed. Downstairs, **LARRY** enters from the kitchen with salad plates. **HANK** comes into the bedroom and turns out the lamps. **ALAN** lies down. Now, only the light from the bathroom and the stairwell illuminates the room.)*

MICHAEL. *(Makes sign of the cross with his drink hand.)*
Forgive him, Father, for he know not what he do.

*(**HANK** stands still in the half-darkness.)*