

BAFANA REPUBLIC

**A SATIRE
ABOUT DRIBBLING OUR WAY TO THE WORLD CUP**

**By
Mike van Graan**

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Before the play opens, the poster image of the actress is projected on the screen with the title of the play, Bafana Republic, and the three main sponsors' logos and names: Die Burger Suidoosterfees, Spier and Prince Claus Fund. Then, in quick succession, photographs and titles as follows, with music:

Written by Mike van Graan (photograph)

Directed by Lara Bye (photograph)

With cartoons by Zapiro (photograph)

Followed by appropriate cartoon about sport, FIFA World Cup and then

Visual effects by Jaco Boucher (under the cartoon)

Sound track by James Webb (under the cartoon)

And Featuring Lindiwe Matshikiza (photograph, but as Lindiwe rather than character in the play)

Screen goes black.

When the play begins, the stage is in darkness. Light comes up on Martina van Schalkwyk holding five boards behind each other. Music forms the backdrop to this introduction of this character who will more-or-less hold the sketches together. This sketch sets her up as a "New South African convert" who will preach the gospel of the NSA, naively and proudly, with little self-consciousness or sense of irony.

Music: Traditional Afrikaans music. Spotlight on Martina, smiling.

Board: 1994: Vote New National Party (in colours of NNP).

Lights dim on Martina, but no blackout; she simply tosses the board away.

Music: Robust, classical. Light comes up on with another board. Her smile gets broader.

Board: 1999: Vote DA

Lights dim, she tosses this board. Music: Kwaito. Light comes up. Smile even broader.

Board: 2004: Vote ANC

Lights dim, same routine. Music: Traditional, Zulu. When lights come up, she's unsure whether she's smiling.

Board: 2007: Vote Mbeki (But Mbeki is clearly scratched out, and is replaced on the same board with "Zuma")

Lights dim and when they come up, Martina, is standing with a sign at the airport, waiting for her tour party to arrive. The sign has dollars (\$), Euros, sterling and Yen making up its border. She also has a little broly in the colours of the South

Africa flag slung over her one arm. She is excited and her whole tone is upbeat, positive, almost Evita Bezuidenhout in her naive zeal.

Board: Rainbow Nation Tours Welcomes You to the 2010 World Cup

Martina *(with broad, plastic smile)*

I'd like to welcome you to our beautiful country on behalf of President Zuma and the First Lady. Make that...first...five ladies. *(sniggers)* No, that's not what we mean by the big five... My name's Martina van Shalkwyk, and I'll be your guide throughout your stay during the World Cup. And if I'm not available, then one of my *(grits teeth)* sleeping *(normal)* partners in Rainbow Nation Tours –Loshni Naidoo, Rosie September or Moses Mtethwa – will stand in for me.

I trust you all had a good flight? Yes, we are aware that it takes two days to get through passport control...but just be glad you're not applying for a car licence. We are still upgrading our airport...we've given it a second name so people can call it either Johannesburg International *or* the Tambo Airport. That's why O.R. is in capitals. OR Tambo.

At the hotel, you'll find a welcome gift...it's a feather of our national bird, the ostrich. **LB** The ostrich is found everywhere, but mainly in the **Office of Thabo Mbeki** where they don't know anyone who died of AIDS, where crime is just a pigment of white imagination, and where Robert Mugabe is believed to be Zimbabwe's answer to Mother Theresa.

We also have an international bird...and, dear tourist, it...is...YOU! You are our golden geese! Every golden geese makes...four jobs! *(Gritting teeth, under her breath)* That's why we've spent billions on the World Cup, so that you can spend millions...and we can create...a few hundred jobs...LBLB

(raising her brolly) Please follow my brolly, and stay (close) together to make it easy for the police to protect you. **LB** Just so you know, the guys in blue with the automatic rifles are the police. And the guys in brown with the panic buttons are the private security firm, hired to protect the police. **LBLB** *(turns to go)* Follow me....

Lights fade on Martina.

The screen comes to life, with a 30-60 second edited clip of funny soccer "bloopers" moments against the background of an upbeat, funky, catchy theme tune:

After the credits, the screen goes black, lights come up and Jorge enters, wheeling two suitcases on roller wheels in either hand. He is smartly dressed, in

a white suite, tropical shirt, and Panama hat. He speaks to an imaginary person behind a desk.

Jorge

Ola, My name's Jorge, Carlos Perreira's assistant. Actually, I'm his B.E.E. partner. Brazilian Economic Empowerment. LB (*Laughs*) (I called earlier?) Yes, I've come to collect his salary. You *are* paying in dollars, yes? No, no, not Zimbabwean dollars. I only have *two* suitcases. LB (*Good humoured laugh again*). Sure, electronic transfers would be good, but electronic transfers need bank accounts and bank accounts need work permits....**AND SAFA FORGOT TO APPLY FOR A WORK PERMIT**...SO you see, ish a problemo. LB

That's right, 250 000 US dollars. No, no...that's just for *this* month. Well, the man has expenses. He must put in a trellidor. Buy a generator. Pay for bodyguards... (*Whispers conspiratorially*) No, no, the bodyguards are) to protect him from the South African Football Association...Twelve coaches in thirteen years? That should be in the Guinness Book of Records! LB

How much is 250 000 dollars in rand? One-comma-eight million? (*Beat*) Is that a lot? It's a little more than President Mbeki gets in a year yes, but President Mbeki only has to run a country. Mr Perreira has to get Bafana Bafana to score. LB No, no, *on* the field.

(Opens the cases, to start putting notes into them).

Do I know how many houses could be built with one point eight million? That's a good question. I checked...and you know what? It would only get us a toilet in Clifton. LB And that's not even with a sea view. LBLB But we accept, we accept. Because SAFA...they promise Mr Perreira, he could get a photo with Mr Mandela.

Look, Madam, Mr Perreira...he don't need this job. If we wanted poverty, if we wanted crime, if we wanted inequality, we would've stayed in Brazil. LB But Mr Perreira, he's a...missionary. He's come to save South African football. Mr Perreira coached many teams for the World Cup. But this is the first one that pay to be in the World Cup. LBLB All other teams he coached qualify because they can play football. LB This one, not good, so they have to pay. LB 10 billion dollars! (*Makes "mad" sign*) E muito loco! So 250 000 dollars a month for a coach...that's nada).

He closes the one suitcase and looks in exasperation at the woman, but with a twinkle in his eye.

(Oh) Madam, if you want a cheap Brazilian, go get a wax. LBLB (*winks, smiles*)

Music, lights fade to black. Cartoons to facilitate transition. Lights come up

Scene: Actor plays the part of the Journalist interviewing Hack, CEO of SAFA. Actor does the voice of the puppet too (Alternatively, voice of Journalist is recorded and actor plays part of the CEO, talking into a telephone receiver)

Journalist: There's been a lot of controversy about the expenditure on Bafana Bafana's coaches.... We have the CEO of SAFA (on the line) in the studio. Mr Hack, thank you for (doing this interview) joining us.

Hack: Good morning Lerato, and good morning to your listeners.

Journalist: Mr Hack, there are rumours that you've imported more coaching staff, not just Mr Perreira....

Hack: Yes, Lerato. Thank you for that question. (You see), Mr Perreira is the head coach. He gets the boys' minds right. LB Then we have a bunch of specialist coaches.

Journalist: Like?

Hack: Like a throw-in coach. A free-kick coach. A passing coach. At the end of the day, you can't have just one man doing all these things.

Journalist: Is it true that you also have a left-wing coach?

Hack: Yes, he's from Cuba.

Journalist: And a scoring coach?

Hack: We've hired a Somalian refugee to stand in the goals during practice.

Journalist: Somalia?

Hack: We thought it would help the boys to shoot straight.

Journalist: *And* you have a penalty coach?

Hack: Yes, Lerato, that's how to take them, not how to give them away. In which case, we would have hired a player from the Stormers.

Journalist: That sounds like a lot of coaches.

Hack: And that's not all. We also have a diving coach.

Journalist: A diving coach?

Hack: Lerato, this is a very important part of the modern game, so we've hired someone from Hollywood's Stunt Department to show the boys how to dive in the penalty box.

Journalist: That makes it eight coaches.

Hack: Nine.

Journalist: (*bemused*) Two more and you could make up a whole soccer team of coaches.

Hack: Thanks for that comment, Lerato. Yes, we have our full quota of coaches, but we're still fundraising for one important coach.

Journalist: Which one's that?

Hack: The FOUR WHEELED COACH to take the team from the hotel to the stadium.

Journalist: So how *are* you going to get the team to travel?

Hack: Lerator, thank you for that question. We're starting a Bafana Bafana lift scheme. It's called "Give Bafana a lift, and we'll take you for a ride.

Journalist: So are you raising funds for the team bus?

Hack: Yes, in fact, straight after this, I'm off to the casino...

Journalist: Oh, so *they're* sponsoring the coach?

Hack: No, we're using some of our sponsors' money as a kind of investment. I've got a poker game. Danny's doing blackjack. And the other SAFA members are playing the slot machines.

Journalist: So you're gambling with the sponsors' money to raise more money?

Hack: Every business has an element of risk, Lerato...

Journalist: Is that the only way you're raising money?

Hack: Well, no, [we're hoping they'll bring the lottery back on line....](#)

Journalist: Just a final question, Mr Hack. Bafana Bafana is ranked 12th in Africa and 60th in the world. No-one expects them to get beyond the first round. Isn't all this expenditure on them a waste of money?

Hack: *(pause, reflects)* The World Cup is not really about *our* soccer team....

Journalist: What is it about?

Hack: It's about...it's...about...

(Redo line to make it more professional, matter of fact)

Journalist: It's about showcasing Africa....

Hack: Exactly! Ja, exactly....!

(Redo this line too to make it more professional, matter of fact)

Journalist: Thank you, Mr Hack.

Hack: *(imitating the journalist, and putting down the receiver)* "It's about showcasing Africa..." *(snorts)* I must remember that one!

Music, CARTOON. Towards the end, lights come on Chardonnay.

Martina (voice over)

Our country is famous for its whines. Some of our top white wine makers are found in the suburbs. They whine about affirmative action. They whine about quota team selections. They whine about crime. They whine about their black neighbours slaughtering animals. They whine about the country going to the dogs, and they whine about people who don't pick up the poo after their dogs. These are some of the country's top white whines.

BEAT, BEAT to allow laughter before moving to next sequence.

We export a lot our white whines to Europe, Australia and New Zealand, but we have an over supply of red wine in the country at the moment, made exclusively from the grapes of wrath.

Cartoon disappears. Lights come up on Chardonnay.

Chardonnay

Chardonnay is a footballer's wife. She is chicly dressed. She tells her story through a combination of Alcoholics Anonymous "confession" type scenes, with a bottle of wine and a glass to help. She gets progressively drunker, louder and less sophisticated through the course of the scene.

Hello, my name's Chardonnay. And I'm an alcoholic. *(Takes a sip) (Sips again)* I wasn't always an alcoholic. But then, I haven't always been a footballer's wife. *(Sniggers)* When I was a cricketer's girlfriend, I was a dagga addict. And when I was engaged to a rugby player, I nearly overdosed on steroids.

(She pours wine into four glasses)

I met my husband at a wine-tasting. *(Sips from a glass and spits)* I was there with my friends, Brandy and Savannah. He was very charming. But I should've known. Only weeks after our wedding, he was tasting other wines. There was this white French chick, Chenin. Chenin Blanc. Then there was the red headed Merle....Oh....different vintage...Mature. In fact, bloody old! She could've been his mother.

He even cheated on me with my friends. One day I came home, and he was with Brandy. They were doing coke. Another time he and Savannah had just made out in the pool. Savannah looked at me, all innocent. She was already...dry. Once, I found him in bed with Brie, a desperate housewife from around the corner. Unfazed, he asked me to join them. *(wryly)* Chardonnay and Brie. I felt like I was at a cheese and wine party. LBLB

I suppose I should be grateful. At least he cheats on me with women. My friend, Shiraz...her husband was a centre forward. *(Checks to see who's listening, then whispers loudly to audience)* He came out of the cabernet ...and now he plays for the other side.

(This time, takes a swig of wine, takes a chair)

Anyway, I decided I would get *back* at my husband. To see how he liked it if I cheated behind his back. *(Sits on chair, opens and lifts her legs)*. So I did the right back *(Twists around with the chair's back to audience and as if she's on top of a lover)* The left back. *(Bends over, facing the audience, looks lustily behind her)* And the centre back. *(Beat)* Like they say on the Cape Flats, I became...Chardonnaai. LB

(Takes a slow sip of wine.)

My husband's a footballer. He kicks for a living. Sometimes he brings his work home. *(Rubs her stomach and grimaces)* He could be a goalkeeper. *(Rubs her*

cheek) He has a mean punch). (*Beat*) At least I'm alive to tell the tale. (*Pours another drink*) I could've been a policeman's wife, like my sister Cheryl. And I would never know if my children and I would be alive the next day!

(Drinks a little more, and gets a little more loose-tongued, and louder)

At least I'm not alone. There's like a whole Footballers' Wives Club. Thank Goodness for my support network. I know some women laugh at us... (*Sneeringly*) The Footballers' Wives Club. They think they're superior with their book clubs. Well, we also read! Menus! Labels! (*Quietly*) Court orders...LB .They think all we do is shop and go for facials. But) We also do charity work. We raise money for children of single mothers...mainly our husbands' illegitimate children.

(Drinks again).

I was pregnant once. I was fourteen. He was thirty-two. My schoolteacher. It was a backstreet abortion. I didn't know at the time...I would never be able to have kids again. (*Wry smile*) But that's the year I got my best marks for maths. My mother wanted me to be an accountant. My father still wasn't convinced. He's the one who advised me to snag a rich sportsman. (*beat, sadly*) I was lucky. My sister got the policeman. No-one else knew. Just me and my teacher. But I felt a twist in my womb every time I was called *Chardonnaai*.

A child goes missing every six hours in this place. Babies are raped all the time. There are thousands of AIDS orphans. So I can't have children...was I cursed or am I blessed?

Now drinking out of the bottle.

Anyway, three weeks ago, I'm watching *Days of our Lives* and the bell rings. It's Mr and Mrs Jansen. And their fifteen-year-old daughter. Pink-cheeked Rose. Full bodied, but under age. She's pregnant. And she's fingered my husband.

Drinks deeply.

At first, my husband denies it. Then he admits it. Then he's like...she said she was eighteen. *She* threw herself at *him*. *She* spiked his drink. *She* rented the hotel room....Slut!

The girl's mother wants money. The girl's father wants to lay a charge of statutory rape. All the girl wants is to Mixit on her phone.

Drinks again.

My husband calls me over. He says Mr Jansen's willing to drop the charges if...if I sleep with him. My husband says I don't have to do it. What could I do? This is my husband. He's not perfect. But I don't want him to go to jail. I mean, *he* could get raped. LB

Tries to regain her sophisticated composure.

Hello, my name's Chardonnay. And I'm an alcoholic. (*whispers conspiratorially to audience*) But not for long. I'm writing a book. Kiss and tell. It's called "The smaller the dick, the bigger the prick". And I'm launching it in 2010. It will be a bestseller. I'll sell the movie rights. Make a television series. Perhaps I'll get my own talk show. "Tipsy Talk with Chardonnay". I'll be financially independent. And then I'll be able to walk away...free...free at last!

Lights fade on slowly on Chardonnay. Music. CARTOON.

Lights come up on a chair, stage centre and PAHAD representative dressed in a raincoat, hat and dark glasses.

PAHAD Representative

Good evening, Mr Manjatwa. I'm from Patriots Against Heretics and Detractors, PAHAD. (*Beat*) No, not PAGAD. PAHAD. We want to know...what's your problem? (*Beat*) We saw that you wrote a letter to the newspaper yesterday. (*Beat*) Did you or did you not write a letter to the newspaper? You did. Exactly. No, no, I don't have to reveal my sources. Do you remember what you wrote? Let me remind you anyway. (*takes out letter*)

"Given the challenges of poverty, unemployment, housing, crime, HIV/AIDS, blah, blah, blah, is it the wisest thing to be spending so much money on the 2010 FIFA World Cup?"

(*as he folds up the letter*) Tell me, are you a racist? (*Beat*) Yes, Thomas Manjatwa....or is it Uncle Tom? I can see you're black...at least on the outside! LB Tell me something...where were you in the struggle for liberation? When we were working our butts off in exile in London, Berlin, Paris so that *you* could be free LB, what were you doing? (*Beat*) Okay...so you were in the United Democratic Front. (*Snorts*) Everyone was in the United Democratic Front. LB So tell me...did you join the struggle to be poor? (*beat*) Ultra-leftist!

(*changes tack to "good cop"*) I think I know what's going on here. There's a bit of sour grapes...you're not getting a bit of the World Cup "action"...am I right? So why don't you start a company? You've got the credentials...you're...black. You have a bit of a struggle record. (*Beat*) Start a construction company... everyone's got a construction company. Or shares in one. (*Laughs*) You don't need to know anything about construction. You're the guy who wins the tender.

You take off 25% and then you get the white guys to do the work. LB (*Beat*) It's not illegal...it's empowerment, (you cretin!) Mugu!

Okay, fine. Then don't do it. Disempower yourself! LB (*Beat, beat*)

Tell me something. Who do you work for? The D.A.? I know they say they want the World Cup, but these honkies don't really care about the beautiful game. They'll do anything to embarrass us, to make a black government look bad...even writing letters like this and putting a black name to it!

Okay, so not the D.A. Is it Patricia? I know...it's the Australians! You're working for the Australians, right? (*Angrily*) You unpatriotic bastard! You're giving ammunition to our enemies! (*Beat, quietly sinister*) What do you mean it's your democratic right to ask questions? *Who do you think you are? You're not even a Deputy Minister...!* Do you think we'll allow people like you to abuse the freedoms that were bought at a heavy price so that you can undermine our glorious democracy? (*Spits*) Bloody coconut!

Whinging about crime...*real* black people don't whinge about crime, Thomas! LB It's people like you who have sold out the struggle, Thomas Manjatwa! Once you were with us, but now you're against us, against the people.

But let me tell you something...we're watching you. LB You're on our list...of people NOT to invite to the opening of parliament, LB or to (our special business briefings), Miss South Africa or to our golf days....LB

As lights fade.

We are watching you...

Black out. Music, cartoons transition.

John Pearl-before-swine-Snuki

The character has a pair of headphones, one part on an ear, the other off the other ear. There is a radio microphone and a tall swivel chair. The character jumps on and off the chair depending on the excitement of the game. Since it is radio sketch, much use of sound effects is made.

FX: happy crowds, the odd vuvuzelas being blown.

Good afternoon and welcome to this afternoon's match brought to you by the public broadcaster, S.A.N.C. 1, S.A.N.C 2 and S.A.N.C 3. I'm John Pearls-before-that-swine-Snuki-got-me, and today's political football is the Green-what's-the-Point Stadium LB played between Tripartite Disunited and D.A. City.

FX: Crowd roars as their teams come onto the field.

For Tripartite Disunited, we have the ANC playing centre and right wing; the South African Communist Party is on the left wing LB, and COSATU is left...out. They're on the Substitutes Bench, and will be brought on when the team needs good *strikers*.

FX: Crowd marching.

D.A. City is captained by Helen Zille. The MDC in Zimbabwe is also trying to buy her, but she's not for sale, so they're considering Tony Leon on a free transfer.

FX: Wind blows.

Tripartite Disunited has won the tender, or rather, the toss, and will play from black to front. D.A. City will play from white to left, against the wind...of change. The ANC is also against change, especially small change; they want the whole bank.

FX: Whistle blows.

Tripartite Disunited kicks off and the ball hits a DA City player, and it's a corner to Tripartite Disunited. The former ANC mayor's brother is called up, and is given a contract to take the corner...which has great sea views.

FX: Sea lapping the shore.

Wait a minute...the Communist Party is objecting to this game plan, but...I've never seen this before, the ANC has given a red card to the SACP. (Well) I suppose communists should expect a *red* card, but not from their teammates!

I wonder what my fellow commentators think about this. (*Listens to producer*) Oh, I've just been informed that my fellow commentators have been blacklisted, LB especially the black ones.

FX: Crowd becomes increasingly animated.

Okay, back to the game. Tripartite Disunited are on the attack. They've kicked one of D.A. City's players in the balls. They're playing the man, *and* his balls. The referee is reaching into his pocket. (*surprised*) He's going to give the D.A. City player a card. Is it a yellow card? Is it a red card? No, it's the race card! And it's in the penalty box...

CUT BEFORE Tripartite Disunited is caucusing about who will take the penalty. Whoever nets this, will score big time.

FX: slow hand clapping from crowd.

As we wait, Tripartite Disunited has bussed in its supporters. And D.A. City has bussed in *its* supporters. Things could get ugly around here. Ah yes, there's Pieter Marais. Now things are *really* ugly.

Cartoon: 21 August 2001 – Pieter Marais

It looks like Tripartite Disunited wants Tony Yengeni to take the penalty. He's an expert at free kick...backs.

Cartoon: 10 May 2001 – Yengeni in 4x4

He's just gone into prison. We'll have to wait a little for him to come out. It won't be long now. Yes, there he is. Tony takes two steps back, three steps forward...(excited) and slots the ball (past a despairing gaol (jail) keeper), into the back of the net!

FX: Cheering crowd, vuvuzelas and slot machines with jackpot being hit and coins falling into metal container.

Cartoon: 13 February 2001 – referees taking bribes.

It's one-nil to Tripartite Disunited. (*Beat*) Now we have another hold up. Tony wants to slaughter a cow. But D.A. City has brought in the SPCA....to protect Zille.

Now it's the turn of D.A. City to attack. It's Zille to Zille. Then, Zille passes back to Zille. Zille dummies to the right. She forensic audits to the left. Zille investigates up the middle. The Tripartite's defence is not very tight. Their discipline is letting them down. The cracks are appearing.

FX: Boos from crowd.

(*not very excited*) Zille's straight through and she scores! (*quietly*) Laduuuuuma!

FX: Toyi toyi sounds.

Tripartite Disunited is protesting to the referee. They're digging up the turf. Now they're shifting the goalposts. LB Their supporters are setting fire to the stands. Now it's D.A. City's chance to protest. (*Snorts with laughter*) They're writing letters to the newspaper. It looks like the referee's going upstairs. This is definitely not cricket, but we're going to have a replay. (*makes the sign of a television – square – as cricket umpires do when asking for a television replay*). The third umpire says it was an own goal by Tripartite Disunited.

FX: Toyi toyi sounds and protest noise grows.

The ANC's not happy with the referee's decision. They want the whistleblower to be suspended. LB The ANC has offered to be the player *and* the referee. They're not used to losing. The ANC won the first division and the second division a number of times, and would like to win this third division. So they're inviting members of the D.A. City team to cross the floor to their team and are offering them the next corner with sea views.

Now the blindsman has raised his flag. The blindsman is from the Friends of the Jacob Zuma Trust.

It's a throw-in to D.A. City. The African Muslim Party is throwing in the towel, and (*excited*) it looks like this could be the end of D.A. City.

FX: Trumpet/vuvuzela playing the death march.

But wait! Patricia de Lille is coming off the fence, I mean, the bench. She was given a yellow card by her fans for chickening out of opposition. Now she's joined D.A. City, and Tripartite Disunited is on the back foot again.

CUT: (This is a good time) It's time for a commercial break, brought to you by FNB, patriotic sponsors of the World Cup. (listens to his earpiece) Oh, I've just been told that the unpatriotic FNB ad has been scrapped.LB

Meanwhile, (*loyal*) fans injured in the fighting on the stands are now being taken to Groote Schuur where they should be admitted by 2010. The waiting list is a little longer now that money had to be taken from the people's hospital to ensure that we could build FIFA's stadium.

FX: Ambulance sirens.

On the field, it looks like one of the ANC forwards has injured himself while diving to win a penalty. Fortunately, he has medical aid, so he will be back for the second half.

FX: Cheering crowd

D.A. City is on the attack again. They've hit the left upright who's played by Robert McBride. LB The ball rebounds. D.A. City strikes again, and this time they've hit the right upright, played by Justice Motata. LB (*quietly*) To be honest, neither of them look particularly upright...that's because they've both just been to the Cross...Bar.

FX: drink being poured into glass.

(Lights go off, there is complete darkness). Oh no, sorry about this...the floodlights are sponsored by Eskom.

Commentator lights a match. As it burns, looks at audience...

Oh well, it looks like at least we'll see the end of *this* match.

Match goes out. Music, cartoons transition.

Martina

She's in the boardroom of the hotel where she's meeting her tour group. She has a slide projector and screen.

Good morning! I hope you all had a good night's rest. I know it is early, but before breakfast is the best time to view game. And anyway, the hotel is still without electricity, so you can't have a cooked breakfast yet. Fortunately, I have a generator, so I can still show you the big five, and in the interests of your safety, we're doing it right here in your hotel!

CUT bit about presidential motorcade.

Picture of a young comrade in the eighties in a struggle T-shirt.

This is a young lion. There used to be a lot of them in the eighties, but they're nearly extinct now. A process of rapid evolution has taken place.

Picture of businessmen, politicians.

Many of them are now fat cats.LB These cats can be spotted feeding (mainly) at the trough of public funds or (in boardrooms) on BEE Income Grants. LB (But) You're also likely to see them in the wide open plains of golf courses.LB

Pictures of people walking, sitting, staring blankly

Normally, a leopard is very rarely spotted, but (here) we have (about) a colony of some five million lepeards...people living with the stigma of HIV/AIDS. This leper'd colony grows with 1000 new infections a day, and thousands of cubs have lost their parents to this disease. **DESPITE US PUTTING THEM ON A HEALTHY DIET OF BEETROOT.**

Pictures of world cup stadiums

Here we have the FIFA stadiums, otherwise known as a herd of white elephants. Now that we've used them for one or two soccer games, we don't know what to do with them.

Some people say we could've halved poverty with the money we spent on the arms deal, the FIFA World Cup and the Gautrain, but then WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD SO MANY OVERNIGHT MILLIONAIRES, and it's important for our country to project an image of success.

Picture of white people drinking at cricket match

Another of the Big Five is the wine-o. The white wine-o is most often spotted at cricket and rugby matches LB and the black wine-o...

Picture of the black people in shebeens

...is most often seen at parliamentary functions. LB (found in the ranks of the unemployed). Both (the) white and black wine-o's are too often found behind a steering wheel. (*Cartoon of Justice Motala and Robert McBride after they crashed their cars*).

Picture of Yengeni, Shaik

Finally, we have the buffaloes, LB (people) fellows caught with their hands in the cookie jar, but who (still claim) try to bluff everyone that they did nothing wrong. (They try to bluff everyone, especially themselves.)

Picture of cheetah

Which brings me to the Cheater. LB Besides the Big Five, we also have the multi-spotted cheater. Not so called because of its many spots, but because this cheater is spotted in many locations, Parliament (*travelgate cartoon*), Business (*Kebble cartoon*), in the civil service, in sport (*Hansie cartoon*), in churches, in prisons (*Prison cartoon*), in the police force. The Cheater is almost as common as the leper'd, but here in the wild, the Cheater has a much better chance of survival.

So much for the big five. Tomorrow, I'll show you the super 14. The Sharks and the Bulls. LBLB

Lights fade, music, transition. Cartoon. Lights come up on Issy Bhamjee.

Bhamjee

The character is Issy Bhamjee, an Indian entrepreneur. He is flogging goods to customers while making a documentary in which he speaks into the camera.

(into camera) So many people have the wrong idea about the Bhamjees, man. Just 'cos my first cousin got caught selling his comps at the World Cup in

Germany! Here, you sell your complimentary travel vouchers, you become a mayor! Know what I mean? And just because Roshnie, my third cousin twice removed...from Edgars for shoplifting is also a Bhamjee, doesn't mean we're all the same! I mean, even her own brother, Sershan, prefers Mr Price. People are so quick to stereotype. *(Beat)* Excuse me, I just have to see to this customer.

Hey, Chetty, I told you not to come in here anymore, man! Okay...just this time. What I can do for you? *(Beat)* Depends...what pirates do you want? We got the latest Pirates of the Caribbean...it's not been released yet. We got the latest Orlando Pirates T-shirts and the latest pirate CDs. Just in this morning from my china...in India. You can have a look around....but Chetty, *(warningly)* my security cameras are also having a look around.

(into camera) So, as I was saying....I started this business after seeing a government ad a couple of months ago..."make corruption *your* business"...so I did. You see, *now* the Bhamjees would be recognized for what we are...pioneers! Know what I mean? Long before anyone else was doing it, we were. You know who started Palmalot? My Uncle Srinath. He got rich greasing a...lot of palms. That's why it was called Palmalot. Long before this dairy company came along. They only milked cows...and their own company. Uncle Srinath fleeced anything that moved.

(to a customer) Yes, sir? *(Beat)* Yes, we do have Bafana Bafana stock...will that be laughing stock or chicken stock? We also have recycled Bafana condoms...only used once. If you're looking for something for your wife, what about the Bafana recipe book? *(Beat)* Ja, the book's blank...so you can ask the players for their favourite recipes and then you paste it in the book. *(to the camera person)* Eish, people want everything on a plate nowadays!

CUT: You know how we got the world cup? *(conspiratorially)* We gave Sepp Blatter Kruger....no, not Kruger rands, the Kruger Park! He owns it...I'm telling you. He asked for a big five (SHOWS MONEY SIGN), and the story goes, Danny misunderstood him, so we gave him "the big five"! LB That's not the big five he was expecting. Can't fit into his bank account! It's true. It's in Noseweek. LB No, I don't read Noseweek...it's too full of our family's biography. LBLB Unauthorised, mind you!

(to interviewer) Excuse me....*(to customer)* Yes, mam? Yes, we do sell body parts...*(laughs)* and it won't cost you an arm and a leg because we get our parts from China. *(Beat)* It might be a bit small for you, but yes, they do work, mam. We just sold a liver to the health minister...now we're waiting to sell her a heart.

We also have a special on children this week...but you have to get in quickly before Madonna and Angie come back ...buy one healthy child and get five AIDS orphans free. *(Beat)* Mam, if you think that's sick...you should've seen their parents. I'm just trying to give these kids a chance....

Do you have kids? Then maybe I can interest you in the 2010 Magic Wand... great for vanishing tricks! All you say is "Abra Cadabra, FIFA and Blatter", you make a wish like "Vanish poverty" and, abra cadabra, no poverty. But please, 'mam, this is a children's toy...

I think government's on the right track...sorting out unemployment with this "make corruption your business" campaign. There's a lot of potential for public-private partnerships. I myself have a few joint ventures with Home Affairs. Like "one Zimbabwean, two id books". (*Beat*) "Avoid tax, get a death certificate". And I have a half-brother in the Scorpions. The top half. He had his legs amputated after he was shot in the knees by another family...but that's another story. He collects evidence, and then I sell it back to the criminals. That's how we help to keep the second economy going.

You see, *we're* doing our bit for the country...so before the public paints a stereotype of the Bhamjees, that all Bhamjees are the same...let me just say that we prefer to call it...franchising.

Lights down, music, cartoons transition.

FAN FARE

The actor uses a chair, it's back to the audience, as a roller coaster in this scene. S/he pulls up the chair as the roller coaster goes up, pushes it down, turns it sideways left and right as the roller coaster speeds along according to the commentary which is slow and fast depending on the direction it goes in.

Hello, I'd like to go for a ride on the roller coaster please.

(Sits astride the chair. Slowly rides on the chair lifting it slowly through the next paragraph)

Up

(smiling) Proteas number one heading into the World Cup.
Bafana gets a new coach.
No Springbok injured in training
Wayne Ferreira's still in retirement.
Things are looking up.
Ernie shoots a 65.
Ryk Neethling's looking good.

Down

Proteas lose to Bangladesh.

Bafana thrashed by Zambia.
Netball team loses to New Zealand
Ernie doesn't make the cut.
Wayne Ferreira thinks of coming out of retireeeemmmeennntttt!

Sideways left and right.

Fire the coach.
Get rid of quotas.
Guillotine the administrators.
Drop the captain.
Appoint an Australian.
At least I'm not an English sports fan.....!

Up and Down

Springboks win.
Bafana lose.
Proteas win.
Bafana lose.
Netball team wins.
Bafana lose.

Down

Kallis dropped.
Benni dropped.
Luke Watson dropped.
Ernie misses cut.
Football bosses fight.
Rugby bosses fight.
Cricket players fight...bosses.

Up

Herschelle hits a six.
Bulls win Super 14.
Herschelle hits a six.
Springboks beat England.
Herschelle hits a six.
Proteas beat England.
Another six.
And another.
And another.
We're going to win.
We're on roll.

We're number one.
(sings) Shozaloza
(doing the Mexican wave) Ole, ole, ole.

Down (sharp, scary, depressingly down)

Proteas nearly lose to Sri Lanka.
Proteas lose to New Zealand.
Proteas crash to Bangladesh.
Proteas 27 for 5.
Australia wins World Cup.
Mickey Arthur takes positives from the world cup.
They've tested positive for choking.
I think I'm going to vooomiiiiiiiiit!

Up and down and sideways left and right

Ryk Neethling wins a gold.
Pietersen scores for England.
Montgomery kicks a drop.
Montgomery drops a pass.
Ernie hits a bunker.
Benni scores a goal.
Netball team emigrates to New Zealand.
Radbone scores for Australia.
Elana scores a husband.

Up

Habana scores a try.
Bafana tries to score.
All South African Super 14 final!
Springboks favourites for World Cup.
Bafana beat...themselves.

Up and Down

Skinstadt picked for World Cup.
White doesn't pick Watson.
Ntini slams quotas.
AB scores a hundred.
AB gets a duck.
Bafana draw a friendly.
Perreira scores a million.

Stoooooooooop! I want to get off!

(Breathes heavily. Stops roller coaster, gets off, holds heart)

This is not good for my heart.
It's depressing.
It's exciting.
I can't take this anymore.

(Breathes in and out, till more relaxed, stands there for a few seconds, then goes back to roller coaster)

Hi, I'd like to go again please.

Lights fade. Music, transition. Cartoon. Scene comes up on Martina continuing her guided tour.

Martina

Some of you have been asking about our popular township tours...we created these to spread the benefits of tourism to the historically disadvantaged. Unfortunately, the currently disadvantaged – who are still the previously disadvantaged - were taking advantage of our tourists, and helping themselves to their jewelry, cameras and handbags. And our police escorts no longer feel safe in the townships, so we've had to cancel these tours.

Then we decided to bring the township to you. So instead of you going to look at people in the township, they will come to look at you. Township residents will have two minutes to tell you their story before moving on to the next tourist. If you are moved by anyone's story, you can empower them with \$5, which includes Rainbow Nation Tours' facilitation fee.

Unfortunately, some township residents were mugged close to the hotel a few times, so they no longer feel safe in the city. So we had to cancel this speed township tour dating service.

Now we're planning to build a township in the city. Green Point residents objected to the stadium in their area because it's so far away from the people who really love soccer. They are right, so now we're going to build a township right next to the stadium.

And it will be the genuine thing. There'll be rows of tiny Rising Damp Patches – RDP - houses. The only difference between these houses and those built during apartheid, is that we have placed the toilets inside, so there's less chance of being mugged when you go to the loo at night. **CUT: We also supply enough free water for households to flush up to twice per month, so with unemployment being**

what it is, people won't be able to pay for extra water, and we promise that the Green Point township will be smelling like a real township soon. LB

Today, we are going to take the cable car up Table Mountain. And yes, it is safe. According to police statistics, it's the one kind of car that hasn't been hijacked yet. However, the police have warned that the cable could be stolen at any time.

We will be going to Kirstenbosch where we're busy with an interesting project to get rid of all the aliens. Especially from Africa. But first, today's exciting tour, brought to you in the safety of your hotel, is a tour of our language monuments!

Now, normally one erects a monument to something that is dead. But we have a monument to the Afrikaans language. Interestingly, built by us Afrikaners ourselves, so I don't know why we are complaining that the language is dying.

But as you can see from this erect monument, Afrikaans may be stiff, but that's because it is virile, not dead. In the interests of national reconciliation, we've built other language monuments next to the Taal monument using the same phallic imagery.

This is the monument for English. You'll notice that although it's large, it's also quite limp. That's because it...came...a long time ago. This assegai-shaped monument is for Zulu, since we know that language can be used as a cultural weapon. With all our public funds spent on the FIFA World Cup, we approached the private sector to sponsor these monuments. So the Zulu monument is sponsored by Leon Schuster with the proceeds of his movie about Jacob Zuma, *There's a Zulu in the soup*. The English monument is sponsored by all the Afrikaners living in London. Hebrew and Arabic are sponsored by Minolta Blades. Oceana fish fingers are the sponsors of the Braille monument LB...and Xhosa is sponsored by Clicks.

Lights fade, music, transition. The first verse of De La Rey is inserted here.

Kabouter Basson

Kabouter Basson is a scientist dressed in a white coat and with big glasses. He sits behind a table with vials filled with liquid. He speaks into a Dictaphone.

(into recorder) Hello oom, hello ouens. It's the twentieth of May, and I'm making this tape for you at my office at the Drugs in Sport Testing Institute...It's not as grand as my job in the army, but not many places will employ a guy with a name like Kabouter Basson. I've sent in a job application to General De la Rey...but there's just been a deathly silence.

But here's the thing, ouens, we might not need De la Rey to take back our country. Serious. This regime is doing a much better job at reducing the black population than we did.

Oom Paul will remember when we killed 69 people at Sharpeville. He always used to say that was his favourite position...no, not 69...coming from behind (*laughs*) and shooting. Now they got a public holiday...Human Rights Day. Big joke, ouens. Why? Because on every Human Rights Day, 51 people are murdered...AND every other day of the year. The good thing, kerels, is that at least 48 of those 51...are black. Now that's the kind of affirmative action we approve of, ne? (*laughs*)

Talking about affirmative action, do you ouks want to hear a joke? What do a township and Red Bull have in common? (*Beat*) You want a clue? (*Beat*) THINK BRIAN HAVANNA, AIKONAH NDUNGANCE, GREYTON PAULSE....what do a township and Red Bull have in common? JA, they both give you wings! (*laughs*)

(*Picks up vial, smells*). Johnny Walker Blue Label. (*Checks label*) Robert McBride. (*laughs cynically*) He kills a few people and is now head of police. I kill a few people, and the only job I can get is testing his piss. (*angrily*) That's because my former bosses are spending their time washing people's feet. Blerry hensoppers!!

NOW they're busy changing street names in your suburb. Ossewabrandwagstraat is now going to be called Robert McBride Avenue. Apparently because he also has a laager mentality...Castle Lager. They say they're honouring the heroes who brought them freedom. Freedom? (*Snorts*) But now you can't walk down the street named after your struggle hero...in case you get mugged!

What if they named streets after all the people who were murdered after so-called freedom arrived? Like the Brett Goldin Highway? The Richard Ismail off ramp. Taliep Petersen Boulevard. Gito Baloi Drive. Dumisani Dlamini Street, Ken Kirsten traffic circle. Jackie Simela Avenue. And these were just some of the country's top artists. They say that artists can now make a living...ja, maybe, but the trick is...to stay alive. Like John Travolta. (*sings*) "Staying alive...staying alive".

(*picks up another vial, checks the label*) Justice Motata. (*snorts*) "I was only drinking tea." (*smells vial, and turns up his nose*) Tea? Tee, hee...ANOTHER FIFTY are killed on the roads EVERYDAY ad most of them black too! Crammed like sardines into mobile coffins they call taxis. I'm telling you guys...we don't have to do anything...black people are killing themselves!

Son...we'll be in the majority! And if you think I've had too much mampoer, that's because you haven't seen the latest AIDS statistics....1 000 vrek everyday, almost no whites! (*Beat*) There are many people who say that I had something to do with the creation of the HI Virus. All I want to say is...I wish! The drugs I experimented with, didn't even come close. THE TRC SAID WE VIOLATED THE RIGHTS OF 22 000. This REGIME just lets 362 000 people die every year...and these are people who vote for them! And they called *me* Dr Death! They said we were racist!

But now you know why there's a need for land reform oom...they need the land to bury the dead!

Just a few more years, ouens...then we can take back our country. The 3 million white people will be in the majority! We must remember to honour those who helped us in *our* struggle. We must create a monument to the Minister of Safety and Security...and to the Minister of Transport. But mostly, we must honour Mbeki and Manto...it doesn't have to be an airport, or even a street. Maybe just a garlic patch...we'll call it the Manto. And in honour of the African Renaissance that buried more people than us racist bastards...the African Pathabo.

Lights fade to black, transition, cartoon and chorus of De la Rey plays.

Bafana Idols

Transition to next scene. In this scene, there is interplay between the screen with different Idols judges making comments (recorded) and the Actor who plays the roles of four different contestants. (Alternatively, the voices are recorded and projected from within the audience). While the judges make comments on the performance, the Actor changes into the costume of the next singer, with each costume being sufficient to suggest the character. On screen is big sign: Bafana Idols Competition.

Judge 1: (on screen) Welcome to Bafana Idols. What's your name?

Lights come up on Jackie Vooma dressed in traditional Zulu garb.

Jackie: Jackie Vooma.

Judge 1: Okay, Jackie. As you know the winner of this competition will sing at the opening of the World Cup in 2010. The losers will have a choice of watching all the Bafana games or a video of the Proteas World Cup semi-final. So what are you going to sing?

Jackie: Bring me my washing machine.

(to tune of Zuma's "Bring me my machine gun")

She is...a young woman
I am...a Zulu man
She definitely wants me
I must do what I can
Father of the nation
Premature ejaculation
Oh dear, the sheet's a mess
There is no time to rest
Bring my washing machine
To make the sheets clean
Before my wives get here
And smell something queer

Judge 2: No, it doesn't work for me.

Judge 3: Too culturally specific.

Judge 1: Sorry Jackie, it's a no.

Jackie storms out. Mabel enters in Kaapse Klopse costume.

Judge 3: Hello Mabel. Welcome to Bafana Idols. You know the drill. Please go ahead.

Mabel: *(to the tune of "Daar kom die Alabama")*
Daar kom al die bafana
In hul mercs, en hul benz en ook van oorsee
Daar kom al die bafana
Virrie land en die mense te kom speel

Maar waar is Bennie? En waar is Quinton?
Hulle maak hul fortunes in Londen
Hulle sonde, hul's lief vir ponde
En hou nie van die land se rand
As hul terugkom, sal hulle SAFA
Willie speel nie, nee, nie vir Bafana
Nou se die coach, hy's nie getik
Want sy pay cheque is lekker dik

Daar kom al die bafana
In hul mercs, en hul benz maar nie van oorsee
Daar kom al die bafana
Vir jou vrou en jou dogters te kom steel

Judge 2: What language is that?.

Judge 1: I don't think it's national enough.

Judge 3: Ja, too Kaaps. Not black enough. Sorry Mabel.

Just then the lights come up on Actor singing third Idols song.

Judge 2: And you are?

Manual: Manual.

Judge 3: Manual?

Manual: Manual Gear.

Judge 1: Okay, Manual. Take it away.

(Original words of American anthem in brackets, words to be sung below the brackets)

(Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light)
Oh say can't you see, by the Renaissance light
(What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming)
The FIFA World Cup is what we've all been dreaming
(Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight)
If we keep this thing tight and we play our cards right
(O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming)
It should make a few rich and deliver Mercs gleaming
(And the rockets red glare the bombs bursting in air)
This is Africa's cup, so we might even share
(Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there)
With our brothers and sisters (*points far away*) who die over there
(O say does that star spangled banner yet wave)
O South Africa, America of Africa
(Over the land of the free and the home of the brave)
The land of BEE and the home of the grave.

Judge 1: Too much of a cover version.

Judge: He hit the right notes, but it's not for us.

Judge 3: Sorry, Manual, it's a no.

Lights come up on Actor in Boer outfit.

Judge 2: Okay, meisie, so what are you going to sing for us?

Marlize: Van der Spuy

(to tune of De la Rey, words in brackets are the original words...words to be sung are below)

(Op a berg in die nag)
Op 'n bed in die nag
(Le ons in donker en wag)
Le ons in donker en...wag
(In die modder en bloed le ek koud)
Ek's 'n moeder met kind en geen hoop
(Streepsak en reenkleeft teen my)
Geen werk, net 'n lyf te verkoop
(En my huis en my plaas)
In my huis is ek baas
(Tot kole verbrand)
Maar geen brood of kaas
(Sodat hulle ons kan vang)
Dis van honger ek lei
(Maar daai vlamme en vuur)
En die honger en dors
(Brand nou diep, diep binne my)
Brand nou diep, diep binne my

(De la Rey De La Rey)
Van der Spuy, Van der Spuy
(Sal jy die boere kom lei, De la Rey, De la Rey)
Sal jy ons hoere kom vry want ons lei Van der Spuy
(Generaal Generaal)
Ons is kaal, kom betaal
(Soos een man sal ons om jou val Generaal de la Rey)
Dan mag ons eet nog een maal, asseblief, Van der Spuy

(Oor die khakis wat lag)
En die khakis wat wag
('n handjie van ons)
Julle's ook welkom
(Teen 'n hele groot mag)
Op my matras
(En die kranse le diep en ons rus)
Maar die boer is nog diep en ons rus
(Hulle dink dis verby)
Dis nog nie verby
(Maar die hart van a boer)
Want die wors van a boer
(Loop dieper en wyer)

Is dieper en wyer
(Hulle gaan dit nog sien)
Jul moet dit sien
(Op 'n perd kom hy aan)
Soos 'n perd kom hy in
(die leeu van die Wes Transvaal)
die leeuloop van Wes Transvaal)

(De la Rey De La Rey)
Van der Spuy, Van der Spuy
(Sal jy die boere kom lei, De la Rey, De la Rey)
Sal jy ons hoere kom vry want ons lei Van der Spuy
(Generaal Generaal)
Ons is kaal, kom betaal
(Soos een man sal ons om jou val Generaal de la Rey)
Dan mag ons eet nog een maal, asseblief, Van der Spuy

Marlize gets crowd to join her singing chorus. She takes out a lighter, raises it in the air, lights it and sings. Lights fade.

Transition, music and cartoons. Lights come up on Martina doing her last bit.

Martina

Since our Commissioner of Police suggested we legalize prostitution during the World Cup, we've seen a dramatic *rise* in tourism. The effect of this was *hard on* other nice markets, but it did manage to *spread the legs* of the tourism industry further. It also helped us find a use for the Green Point Stadium after the World Cup; we've leased it to the local sex workers association...they can have safe sex there because it has state-of-the-art showers. Of course, we've been prostituting ourselves for a while...most recently to FIFA. And the Commissioner himself has done a few tricks for the odd druglord. But, I'm babbling on...we've reached the climax of our tour. I hope you all had as good a time as we've had laying it...on for you. It's good to see that at least...half of the group is still with us. Do have a good flight home...now that you've all seen what we did with the World Cup, we look forward to welcoming you back...for the Olympics!

Final images: some great, inspiring cartoons interspersed with outstanding soccer wizardry and spectacular goals.