

Bafana Republic: Extra Time

**By Mike van Graan
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When the audience enters, there is a loop of 7-10 recent Zapiro cartoons relevant to the 2010 World Cup and/or South Africans' obsession with sport.

When the doors close, a well-designed slide comes up with the following information:

Bafana Republic: Extra Time

By Mike van Graan

Directed, designed and with visuals by Francois Toerien

Featuring Rea Rangaka

With cartoons by Zapiro

The lights go down and there is darkness.

World Cup Ambassador, Hayi Buti

The actor wears a Madiba-shirt.

(upbeat, gung-ho in tone) Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for inviting me to address this prestigious dinner in my capacity as the Ambassador for the first Football World Cup to be held in Africa. My name is Hayi Buti, and I was appointed to my present job by the **current** President of Mbekistan. For those of you not familiar with African geography, Mbekistan is a **breakaway** homeland in South Africa, just south of Polokwane. **The national diet is humble pie and beetroot, and it** gets its water from the deep river of De Nial.

Before taking up this post, I served as a quiet diplomat in Zimbabwe. Maybe that's why you haven't heard of me? I'm proud to say that because of our efforts, we've been able to make the Zimbabwe Ruins accessible across the whole country.

My job in Europe is to put to rest any doubting Thomases, Dickses and Harryses, who are unsure about Africa's ability to host the Cup. There are some who still think of Africa as the dark continent. And I know this perception is reinforced by Eskom. But on behalf of our beloved President, I would like to share a poem by a famous African poet, William Bleke:

Asian Tiger burning bright
We envy you in our candle light
But on we go to 2010
We hope to have some light by then.

You will notice that I speak of the African World Cup. Not the 2010 World Cup. Nor the 2012 World Cup. Not even the 2015 World Cup. For we refuse to be bulldozed by colonial notions of "time".

What I would like to say to any doubters out there is simple: look at our record. Our country has already won a 2010 World Cup. *(proudly)* It was last year in France that our Springboks won the Rugby World Cup, on the 20th of

October, the 20th of the tenth month. You have your 9/11. We have our 20/10.

Lights fade. The screen explodes into life with some stunning football skills and goals by African soccer players. It plays against the background of a funky soundtrack of African music.

After 35-45 seconds, the lights come up, the screen images fade.

The first logo and music of the reality show medley appears. Each “show” is introduced by the theme music from that show.

Reality show medley

***FX:** Music. Voice: And now, ladies and gentlemen, the South African reality show medley!*

Actor enters. He will be the presenter/host for each of the shows.

Music to introduce Survivor.

Survivor

Welcome to another edition of Survivor, this time played in the wild jungle of South African sport! With dangers lurking after every board meeting!

On my left, we have a motley tribe made up of coaches! Most of the tribe have been voted out, but these coaches have already survived a whole week in their jobs! Let’s see if they will win indemnity for another week!

On my right, we have a tribe of players: 5 blacks, 1 coloured, 1 Indian of Muslim descent, one half-Afrikaans white and a disabled lesbian Jew.

Tribes ready? For today’s challenge...you have to win the World Cup. (*Beat*) That’s it! *Any* world cup.

(*Listens*) Er, no. If you win the world cup, it doesn’t mean you’ll win immunity. The only way to get immunity is to become....(*drum roll*) a Sports Administrator!

Survivors ready?

Lights half-fade. Music to introduce The Biggest Loser.

The Biggest Loser

We have four contestants in this week’s Biggest Loser competition!

Weighing in at 240 kilograms is Mr Tshabalala, member of the Executive of the South African Football Association. He once played soccer for his school

team, but was kicked out when he ate all the doughnuts during half-time. Mr Tshabalala has now gone on to higher things, scoring lots of kilograms with his first class lifestyle. He even manages to attend a few games when the catering is sponsored.

Then, at 264 kilograms, is Mr Pienaar from the South African Rugby Football Association. He has been working on his build from the days of Rugby, Braaivleis, Sunny Skies and Chevrolet, and is always to be seen in the scrum for food!

Then, weighing in at a sprightly 218 kilos, is Mr Petersen, vice-chairperson, or maybe it's chairperson of vice, with Cricket South Africa. He no longer tours Pakistan because of his drinking problem, his administration skills are suspect, but he knows a good coconut when he sees one.

Finally, we have Mrs Khumalo from the Parliamentary Committee on Sport who lost a few kilos while monitoring the election in Zimbabwe, but still comes in at a whopping three hundred and two kilos. She couldn't help them count the votes, but neither can she count calories. Her favourite dish is blackened wings!

These are some of the administrators and politicians responsible for sport in our country. And all because of interfering incompetents like these, the biggest losers are...YOU! The fans!

Lights half-fade, music to introduce the Weakest Link.

The Weakest Link

Who hired Carlos Perreira at R1,8 million a month and forgot to give him homesick pills?

Who declined to negotiate a new contract with Jake White because he did not transform his surname?

Who pays themselves huge bonuses for having one of the worst football teams on the continent?

Who put themselves in business class while disabled athletes sat in economy class because they – apparently – didn't need the legroom?

The answer I'm looking for is...“Sports Administrators” Sports administrators are the Weakest Link. Goodbye!”

Lights half-fade. Music to introduce The Amazing Race.

The Amazing Race

And in this edition of the Amazing Race, we have ten stadiums competing to make the 2010 deadline. (*adopts horse-racing commentary tone*) And they're off! It's Soccer City in the lead, followed by Mbombela in Mpumalanga, then Polokwane's Peter Mokaba followed by Royal Bafokeng, with Green Point bringing up the rear.

(continuing in horse-race commentary mode) Now there are a few delays. It's raining in Cape Town. They're striking in Joburg and a middle-man is demanding his cut in Mpumalanga. It's Vodacom Park in the lead, Loftus not far behind and Soccer City has fallen back with Green Point bringing up the rear.

They've run out of materials in PE. Cranes have broken down in Mmabatho and there's a court case in Cape Town, with Green Point bringing up the rear.

Now it's rolling black outs in the north, load-shedding in the east, electricity-saving in the west and politicians are fighting in the Cape, and it's Green Point Stadium bringing up the rear....

(As Race announcer) **Green Point Stadium, you are the last to arrive. But since it's you that FIFA wants, we'll eliminate...the Athlone Stadium.**

Lights fade. Images of Africa and the big five.

American and Frenchie on safari

This sketch has two distinct characters represented by puppets, an American investor and a French talent spotter looking for African soccer talent. They are on an African safari together.

American: *(reciting as in soldiers training)*
You don't know what I've been told!
Biofuel is the next gold!

French: Sshhh...! You'll scare off the game!

American: Ah, that's okay. I don't like cricket!

French: *(irritated)* Not cricket! Elephants! Lions!

American: Oh....where?

French: Here!

American: What's this?

French: "Hunting for Beginners...."

American: How long you been doing this?

French: Centuries.

American: Really?

French: Why do you think a third of our football team comes from Africa?

American: Like 90% of our basketball teams.

French: See? Slavery wasn't all bad!

They laugh.

American: But now we can let them slave away right here! We don't have to bring them with all their children and diseases to our countries anymore! And we can pay them 50 times less than the going rate at home!

French: (*laughs*) Slavery! What were we thinking!

The both laugh.

French: And when you *do* need someone skilled, you can come here and hunt for the best. Nurses. Teachers. Even musicians.

American: What are you hunting?

French: African footballers for Europe.

American: How's it going?

French: Well, so far, I've got an indomitable lion from Cameroon, two super eagles from Nigeria, a couple of elephants from the Ivory Coast and a desert fox from Algeria.

American: Not bad!

French: And what are *you* doing here?

American: I love the bush.

French: (*under his breath to audience*) Of course, he's American...! He loves Bush!

American: And I've come to buy a football team...

French: A whole team?

American: All my friends are doing it...Manchester United. Liverpool.

French: (*nudge, nudge, wink, wink kind of way*) But it's cheaper in Africa....

American: Bloody bargains!

French: Where are you thinking of buying?

American: South Africa. They have a team...Banana, Banana or something...like your typical African republic...bunch of losers.

French: They're selling their team?

American: Practically giving it away....But that's just for my tax write-off. I'm actually in maize.

French: Maize? You grow food?

American: That's all you frogs think of....food. I'm talking biofuel. Have you seen how much land is out there? And the labour's cheap!

French: I know. We pay these footballers for a week what 10 000 workers here make in a year! And then they want the footballer to come back and play for his country...for peanuts!

American: Bloody monkeys!

Frenchie doesn't respond.

American: Peanuts...monkeys....get it?

Frenchie: That's not funny. I deplore racism!

American: Hey, me too, me too. I voted for Obama...

French: Sshhhh!

American: (*whispers*) What?

French: A black antelope...Angolan!

A shot rings out.

American: Damn! You're good!

French: I know...I'm French!

American: But we're still better than you....

French: Impossible...!

American: We've got ourselves a black president!

French: Just one? We've bought black presidents all over Africa...!

Lights fade.

Screen images of Green Point Stadium from various angles. Final slide is of Green Point Stadium with a "For Sale" sign outside.

Estate Agent

The Estate Agent becomes increasingly desperate to sell it. She is a Sea Point kugel.

Location! Location! Location! That's the bottom line, isn't it? And what better location for a football stadium than one kilometre from the sea, 50 kilometres from the townships and right next to a McDonalds? Hey?

Check out the stunning views, doll! (*conspiratorially*) We've managed to block everyone else's view, but this stadium has 360 degree views. It's almost like surround sound, hey? (*Beat*) No! Not like 60 000 vuvuzelas!

And it has wonderful finishings. The roof's from Germany. The tiles are from Morocco. Showers from Italy. Even the grass is from...Swaziland! (*aside*) The worst finishing of course was from Bafana Bafana...the only team not to have scored a goal in the whole World Cup!

Anyway, moving on, I don't need to point out its spaciousness. It can take up to 80 000, and if you get a taxi driver to manage the stadium, you can almost double the capacity. But of course, since the World Cup, the largest crowd we've had here was 2000. Yes, that was for President Zuma's family reunion. The reason they had it here was because of the off street parking. There are 3000 parking bays...just enough for the President's fleet of bodyguards.

And it's great for entertainment. It has a huge lawn for picnics or croquet. It will suit a young family or a retired couple very nicely. (*absent-mindedly*). Sorry, that's my semi-detached speech...Of course, it's also a renovator's dream. Just think what you could do with this space...You could...you could...well, I don't know. You could open a zoo. At least you'll start with a white elephant.

With the current credit crunch, the stadium is a superb investment. (*Beat*) Why? Because all around the world they'll still be having Olympic Games, football world cups, rock concerts and so on. But no-one's going to be able to afford new stadiums anymore, so you could rent it out. Lease it to London for their Olympics in 2012! You know what I mean?

Yes, no, it's very secure. Very. Ever since the Italians said they were robbed in the semi-finals, we haven't had a problem with crime. We've put movement sensors in the floodlights so if anyone tries to get in at night, the floodlights come on. And that's the other great thing! It's an Eskom-free facility. Yes, the generators are included in the price. (*conspiratorially*) In fact, you could even sell electricity to the Nigerians at the craft market...!

How much?

Well, it's as good as new! It's only been used for five football games! It cost us five billion, but we're selling it – not for R6 billion, not for R5,5 billion. Not even for five billion. We're practically giving it away for R4,9 billion! In fact, we're paying you to buy it from us.

(beat, buyer is still hesitant) If you buy it now, we'll throw in Robben Island. Absolutely free. With its 10 000 rabbits. Think of it as another income stream. Bunny chow! *(beat)*

Okay, I see. I see. I see. So can I interest you in something else maybe? There's a lovely little semi in Green Point. The price has been reduced. It used to have great views.....

AA On-Screen Filler 1: Affirmative Anonymous

There are three AA on-screen fillers for the director to use at appropriate times. They can either be filmed and used as links between sketches, or they can be performed by the Actor, or both.

AA is the acronym for Alcoholics Anonymous, but here it is used for a variety of similar therapy sessions. In the background of each sketch is an AA sign and it becomes clear during the sketch what the AA in that sketch refers to.

Fanie

Wearing a scrum cap.

Hello, my name is Fanie van Schalkwyk – no relation to Marthinus *(spits)* - and I'm a victim of affirmative action.

General: *Hello Fanie...*

Where I come from, it's every boy's dream to play for the Springboks. That, *(smiles goofily)* and to marry Charlize Theron. But I don't have the height of a lock. I'm too light for the front row. And now...I'm too white for a wing.

My father – Piston - used to play for the Bokke. He tells me it was almost impossible for a soutpiel to get into the national rugby team, let alone a person of colour.

But why should I pay for the sins of my father's generation? I was three years old when Mr Madiba was released from prison. We're all equal now. Hey? But like my dad says, the whole world is going backwards. Lewis Hamilton is Formula 1 champion. Usain Bolt is the fastest man in the world. Obama is president of the United States. And it was coloureds – the Chinese – who cleaned up at the Olympic Games.

So I'm emigrating to New Zealand. I'm still young. Their team is called the All Blacks, but at least, they still have space for whites.

Music, fade.

A Man's Game

The character is a thirteen-year-old child soldier. He wears a headband and carries a revolver behind his back which he pulls out later in the monologue.

Where were you when they said “the World Cup’s going to Africa”? My father was listening to the radio. My mother was selling vegetables at our stall in the village. School was over. I was outside. Playing football with my friends.

(Like a sports commentator) “Gwandoya passes to Kigongo. Kigongo up the middle. He sends a through ball to Akiki *(getting more excited)* who crosses to Lutalo *(to audience)* – that’s me – Lutalo traps the ball. He dribbles past one defender. Goes round another. Lutalo shoots! *(raises his arms triumphantly)* Gooooaaallll!

My father runs out excited. “We got it, Lutalo! We got it!” Got what? “The World Cup! It’s coming to Africa!”

He was excited. A lot more excited than when George Bush came to Africa. The World Cup’s like our saviour! We starting singing “The World Cup’s coming to Africa! The World Cup’s coming to Africa”.

“We must start saving”, my father interrupted. “We’ve got a few years. I’m taking you to South Africa in 2010.” *(Big-eyed, as son)* South Africa? Will I see Mandela? *(father)* “Maybe. You’ll nearly be finished with high school. We can look for a place for you to study there.” *(Disappointed, son)* Study? *(father)* “You can’t just play football, Lutalo! You must study to get a good job.”

(reflecting, childlike) I wonder if Drogba’s father ever told *him* that....

We were about to restart our game. When we heard the whistles. But we didn’t have a referee. Where was the whistling from? First from that way. Then behind us. Then from there. Then all around us. Then there were the shots. And only then we saw them. About 20...25 of them. Closing in. Surrounding the pitch. Pointing their guns at us. This wasn’t supposed to happen here. Our village was safe. There were government soldiers here. But it was happening. Our parents’ worst nightmare.

Akiki tried to run away. They caught him. And then they...shot him. In the head. One minute, he was a centre forward. The next minute, he was on his back, dead. They said nothing. Their guns said everything. They took thirteen of us that day....My father, on his knees, an AK pointed at him, helpless.

I try not to remember. Memories like that make me weak. They make me sad. Like a child. But I’m not a child! I’m a man! A soldier! Fighting for the freedom of my people!

I still play soccer in our spare time. But not with many of the friends from my village. Gwandoyo had his legs blown off by a landmine. Now we call him "Footloose". (*laughs*) Kigongo tried to escape and was shot. Traitor! Magomu...poor Magomu...he messed with the Commander's girlfriend and had his dick chopped off. (*Laughs hysterically*) But that was after the Commander shot his girlfriend. And forced Magomu to have sex with the body. In front of all of us. (*wry smile*) The Commander says Magomu can't score anymore....

Last night, we watched television. Brazil against Chile. We were all Brazilians. Shoot! Shoot! Shoot...we all shouted whenever the strikers had the ball! (*Beat, remembers, tone changes*) It was like my first time. We were just outside our camp. There was a man tied to a tree. The Commander said he was a spy. He gave me a gun. (*pulls out the revolver from behind his back*) All around me, they began to chant Shoot! Shoot! Shoot! I missed. The Commander made me go closer (*he moves towards the audience*). I hit the man in the shoulder. Closer. (*gets as close to the audience as possible*) I couldn't miss. (*elated*) Yes! I scored!

It got easier and easier. We used to go to a place. Line everyone up. Get them to raise their hands in the air. Then shoot from the one side to the centre, and then from the other side to the centre. We called it the Mexican Wave. (*laughs hysterically*) The Commander gave me a trophy. Leading striker! Thirty-seven goals in one week!

I wish my parents could see me! They would be proud of the name they gave me. Lutalo! Fighter! Warrior!

The Commander says the way things are going, we'll soon have our freedom! I ask him if it will be before the World Cup in 2010. "Why?" he laughs. "Even then you'll be too young to make the national team. Soccer's a man's game."

Lights fade.

On screen, "And now for a word from our sponsors". In the red and yellow colours of McDonalds:

McDonald's, proud sponsor of the 2010 World Cup supports literacy in Africa. Every child should be able to read and say "SUPERSIZE"!

On screen

Child reciting as at primary school

A is for Africa
Virgin Cup hosts
B's for Bafana
Who can't find the posts

C is for Coach
Brought in from abroad
Paid in D-Dollars
So at least, *he* scored!

E is for Egypt
Africa's champs
F is for floodlights...
And G...for gas lamps

H for home game
At least we'll have three
To I for Insult
Add Injury

J's for June's start
In a few hundred days
But K'll be for Kak-off
Caused by delays

L's for Laduma
We shout when we score
Oh please, please Bafana
Let us shout once More!

N is for Nando's
With left and right wings
O is for offside
That rhymes with...nothing

P's for police
That thin, thin blue line
At least during the Cup
We should be fine

Q? Qualifiers...
Which we don't have to play
'Cos we're in the World Cup
We just had to pay

R is for ranking
We're 69...
S is for stadiums
2 billion a time

T is for Third Force
We'll give them the blame
Not for our Ups
But for losing each game

V? Vuvuzela!
W? whistleblower!
X? Xenophobia
Z? Zuma's shower!

And Y is for You
Eternal taxpayer

For the A.B.C.
Of the F.I.F.A.
Is for the next forty years
You'll have to pay!

Security chief

The character is someone who revels in security, a former senior officer in the old SADF, a man who loves being in charge. He only has one arm and he is dressed in a security type jacket. His accent is old Afrikaans. At one level, it's about prejudice towards "other", people who "wear towels"; at another level, it is about an old soldier, rejected by the new South Africa, now feeling wanted again. Once castrated, now being restored to manhood.

Manne! Welcome back from Iraq! I hope you made lots of dollars, and that it made up for your nearly having your heads chopped off on the 8 'o clock news! (*laughs*)

Now, ordinarily, many of you can't be employed in terms of our country's employment equity laws, because you are the wrong colour. Which is why you were given packages to leave the Defence Force in the first place. But I am able to employ up to 2% disabled persons. So, the war in Iraq might have cost you an arm or a leg, but say hello to security work in the new South Africa as an affirmative action employee! Those of you who can still do it, give the guy next to you a high five! Yes!

Manne, it's like old times! Like you, I don't care much for soccer. It's a game for girls. But if nothing else, the FIFA World Cup will give us the chance to be men again! Security men!

So listen up! We're in the midst of a new total onslaught. And it's moerse exciting! Don't take it from me, take it from George W. Bush. The threat, gentlemen, is coming from ouens running around with towels around their heads!

(Picture of Osama bin Laden comes up on screen)

You all know about 9/11. (*Conspiratorially*) Intelligence has come up with an interesting theory. 9 and 11 make 20. And the number missing between 9 and 11 is 10. The good money says that the next big total onslaught by the towel heads will be 2010!

(loudly again) You have been recruited because of your expertise. The task of this unit are to secure the skies and related areas. To do whatever it takes.

So, gentlemen, here are our 2010 ten-point plan:

One: We spread disinformation. We let the towel heads think that the World Cup are in Australia. Let them bomb Australia. Some of you may have heard rumours about the World Cup moving to Australia. *(winks)* That are part of our disinformation strategy.

Two: Only pork are to be served on all incoming flights to South Africa for one month before, and during the World Cup, to discourage towel heads from flying here.

Three: The only movie to be shown on incoming flights during that time will be *The Passion of Christ* to further root out any towel heads intent on attacking our civilisation and way of life.

Four: All teams will be required to change on the pitch in full view of spectators to ensure that no-one are wearing a suicide vest.

Five: If you can't take it on the plane, you can't take it to the game! That rule means no dangerous weapons like water, perfume, hair gel, cooldrink and toothpaste will be allowed into the stadiums.

Six: Men's toilets are the favourite place for cells to meet before carrying out their evil plans. Accordingly, it will be illegal for men to go to the toilet during the world cup.

Seven: Football stadiums are now national security areas. Anyone caught filming or photographing a stadium will be detained and renditioned to Guata...Gatsha...Guata...that place! until after the World Cup.

Eight: All stadiums will be declared no-fly zones. And I mean, no-fly! There will be no aeroplanes, helicopters, microlyte aircraft, remote control children's plane, kites, birds...Even a mozzie, by that I mean mosquito, will not be allowed in!

Nine...fok, there is no nine. And there's no eleven. So, moving along.

Ten: Home Affairs will issue a special identity document for everyone who has a valid ticket to a game. No id, no entry. Home Affairs? *(snorts)* The stadiums are going to be empty ouens, but they will be safe!

(hands behind his back, feed astride) For some this are a game. For us, this are a war. Gentlemen, the war on terror are coming to our country! Bring it on! Our country needs us again!

At ease! That's all for this week. Next week's workshop *(checks his paper)* it says here...will be on cultural diversity training. Ja, Whatever!

Screen fades.

AA On-Screen Filler 2: Alcoholics Anonymous

Jabu

Hello, my name is Jabu Molebatsi, and I'm an alcoholic.

General: *Hello, Jabu*

Hello Ricky Januarie. Hello Herschelle. We even have some internationals here. Jimmy Cowan. The two Andrews: Symonds and Flintoff. We're obviously in the wrong job, guys. If Ricky was a judge, he'd be taking up court time to save his career. Herschelle, if you were a police chief like McBride, you'd be given a promotion. And if I was Tony Yengeni, I'd be on my way to becoming a minister!

But I'm not bitter. I admit. I have a problem. The coach first noticed it when I kept on vomiting on the Bafana Bafana jersey. And that was before they told us that we were ranked 85th in the world!

Many people have asked how the richest country on the continent has sixteen African teams ranked above it. The simple answer is they score more. We don't score. Well, not on the pitch. (*smiles goofily*).

I know that as sports stars, we have a responsibility as role models, especially for the youth. That is why I am here today, to clean up my act, so that Bafana's results will be a better inspiration for young people than Julius Malema's matric results.

Lights fade.

Bafana Election Fever

Actor sits on a chair with headphones. In his right hand is a woman puppet – Presenter - covering his whole hand. On his left hand are five finger puppets, each representing a different political party (each puppet is in the colours of the respective party).

Music.

Presenter: (*over-the-top Model C accent*) This is Radio 702. With the elections in 2009 and the World Cup in 2010, we've asked today's roundtable of political parties to tell us what they will do to help Bafana Bafana if they came to power.

We'll start with the ruling party. Please tell us what the ANC stands for.

ANC Finger Puppet (middle finger):

(*earnest, boring, monotone*) Dogs, snakes and other counter-revolutionaries say that A.N.C. stands for Arrogance. Nepotism. Corruption. But these are the initials of our movement's true icons: A for Albert Luthuli. N for Nelson Mandela. And C for...for Comrade Zuma.

Thank you for this opportunity to speak to the public, especially since *our* public broadcaster was hijacked by Mbeki's tsotsis.

Why should you join our party? First, we'll keep you young. You can play in our youth league till you're forty. And with life expectancy now at 49, with us, you can stay young till you die! All this is possible since we replaced the RDP with the RIP.

But there are other reasons to join us. If you're one of our MPs and you defraud parliament, we'll shift the goalposts. When the opposition forces us into a corner, we'll give them the race card. And when our members are sent to jail, we'll get them out early. We call that...half-time.

Presenter: That's all very well, but what are you going to do about Bafana Bafana?

ANC Finger Puppet: (*incredulously*) Nothing. (*Beat*) The national football team is *already* transformed.

Presenter: Okay, thank you. Now I'd like the African Christian Democratic Party to make their pitch. And please try to stick to the point about Bafana.

ACDP Finger Puppet (Pinkie):

Speaks like a preacher.

We have a four-point plan to turn Bafana Bafana into a winning team.

First, we would ensure that every member of the squad is married. We don't believe in scoring before marriage.

Second, we will ban hugging after a goal is scored. This only encourages the abomination of homosexuality.

Thirdly, there are obvious divisions in the team. The left wing doesn't know what the right wing is doing. You can't send out a team on a wing and a prayer. So we would ensure that Bafana sings from the same hymnbook.

And finally, the one thing that we all miss – just like Bafana in front of the posts - is the penalty. To turn us into a winning nation again, we would bring back the penalty. The death penalty!

Hallelujah!

Presenter: Thank you Reverend. And now for the new kids on the block, the Congress of the People...or whatever their name is today.

COPE Finger Puppet (Thumb):

(*speaks fast, in a used-car salesman kind of way*) Everyone wants to know how the Congress of the People differs from the ANC. First, they may have Julius Malema, (*proudly*) but we have Peter Marais! The real difference though - to use a soccer analogy – is that we are professionals. They are amateurs.

Take their slogan that they will kill for Zuma. Well, we already killed for Mbeki! (*proudly*) More than 300 000 people died of AIDS while we were loyal to the President. (*sniggers*) Now there are 300 000 fewer votes for the ANC!

Then take their favourite karaoke song... These amateurs sing about bringing their machine guns (*dismissive snigger*). (*smugly*) During our time in government we bought submarines! Corvettes! Helicopters! Fighter jets!

And do I have to remind you of the records that we achieved? Record unemployment! The biggest gap between rich and poor! The highest number of people infected with HIV...in the world!!

And it was during *our* time that Bafana fell forty places in the world rankings!

So vote COPE! Help us to cut the power of the ANC! Remember, it is us who have the experience in bringing you power cuts!

Presenter: Thank you COPE. And now it's the turn of the Independent Democrats.

Independent Democrats Finger Puppet (Second Finger)

(*conspiratorially*) The ID has received a secret dossier claiming that Bafana Bafana is throwing games deliberately. For a long time we have suspected that there is corruption in football. There is no way that we can have the best strikers in COSATU, and yet Bafana Bafana can't score goals.

We demand a judicial inquiry to investigate if the devil is making Bafana lose games in exchange for bribes! We want Judge Heath to be part of this investigation.

We call on anyone – like referees and other whistleblowers – to come forward with information. It's time to take the kickback out of local soccer, so that we can kick butt again!

Presenter: Thank you Patricia. And now for the Democratic Alliance.

Democratic Alliance

(*tough, aggressive*) If the Democratic Alliance knows anything, then it's how to be a tough opposition! Vote for us, and we'll toughen up Bafana Bafana. First, we'll appoint a White as coach. Jake White. He's won a world cup, so he should be able to help Bafana beat...Lesotho! Second, we'll demand that the demographics of the national team be transformed. At the very least, we would like to see two white wings. Thirdly, we believe that Bafana needs a symbol they can believe in, something they can play for and be proud of. So, we will move the Springbok to the Bafana Bafana jersey – right in between the Protea and the White Flag. Our critics accuse us of defending white privilege. They say we attack the ruling party on every front. We promise to make that our game plan for Bafana Bafana. Attack will be our best form of defence.

Vote D.A. for a national team that will get into the World Cup on merit! And not because we pay R20 billion for them to enter!

Presenter: That's all we have time for this week. Tune in again next week for another hot air discussion on...global warming.

AA On-Screen Filler 3: Animals Anonymous

Bokkie

A really nervous animal.

Hello, my name is Bokkie, and I'm on the endangered species list.

General: *Hello Bokkie.*

I've won two world cups. Lost my stem. Learned to sing "God bless Africa". In Sotho! Got a black majority back line. And now even a black front row! I've outflanked the Lions. Outwitted the cockerels. Outmuscled the wallabies. But outraged the cannibals. And they're not all black. Luke. There's Cheeky. I feel nauseous. Have to run. Just to say, there's hope. Maybe I'll survive. Living in the shadow of the King Protea! (*vomits exaggeratedly*)

Poet Laureate

Actor enters with suit jacket, shirt and tie, but nothing except shorts from his waist down, hinting at a naked emperor. He is smoking a pipe.

Some among you may have been wondering what the former naked emperor has been doing since his presidency was rudely interrupted. Well, when not trying to lower life expectancy in Zimbabwe even further, he's been reading poetry. This is an open poem to the former President of South Africa.

With the World Cup coming our way
Today it feels good to be an African
I'm not sure about tomorrow
And I wasn't so happy yesterday
But today, let me proudly proclaim
I am an African.

I owe my being to the hills and valleys
The mountains and the glades
The rivers, the deserts, the trees, the flowers, the seas and the
Ever-changing seasons that define one face of my native continent

From which I have now fled
Am thinking of fleeing
Would flee if I had the means

For another face is of power in-continent

A President for Life in Harare
A President on trial in the Hague
A once-President in denial in Pretoria
A thief President in Nairobi
Now am I a President – without the P - abroad

I am a professor in New York
A doctor in London
A musician in Paris
A footballer in Rome
A car guard in Cape Town
I am an African

I am a pin-up girl for famine
I'm a poster boy for AIDS
I'm a cover girl for genocide
I'm the face of a charity concert
I am an African

I'm a runaway from hunger
I seek asylum from war
I am a survivor of violent crime
An exile from poverty
A refugee from refuge in Joburg
I am an African

I'm an optimist, I'm a pessimist
A socialist, a capitalist
An idealist, a pragmatist
I'm a B.E.E, a revolutionary
I am an African

I love, I live, I laugh, I cry
I hurt, I weep, I get sick, I die
I'm black, I'm white, I'm pink, I'm blue
You are like me, I am like you
I am an African

I am the progeny of the past
The off-spring of now
A bastard of the future
I am the still-birth of a Renaissance
I am a child of Africa
Will some pop star adopt me? Please?

Lights fade. Screen comes alive with a soccer game played by Africans without arms, with one leg, etc. Preferably, video footage or if not, then photographs.

Vuvuzela Salesman

Don't delay. Phone now. Unused stadiums. Going cheaply. Call 2010-2010-2010.

If you buy a stadium, (*takes out a vuvuzela*) you get this piece of plastic - absolutely free! But that's not all! Phone now, and you will get full operating instructions. In eleven official languages. And Braille. Especially for referees.

(*holding up the vuvuzela*) Support democracy in Africa. One-man-one-note. (*blows on vuvuzela*).

The vuvuzela! Mating call of an elephant! So, use it at a game, not at a game park! Not to be confused with the Vukazuma, the call of our President-in-mating!

With this piece of plastic, you can...make a noise!

But that's not all!

For a few rand more, we can fit it with a telescopic lens, so you can watch the game even from the cheap seats (*holds vuvuzela to eye as if it's a telescope*).

Or use it for breathalyser tests. Next time, see how much alcohol your favourite politician has consumed by testing how much noise they can make. (*drunkenly, tries to blow, and no sound comes out*)

But even that's not all! Vuvuzelas make wonderful candlesticks! With every vuvuzela, we will give you a free candle! For those night games. Just in case! (*picture of upside down vuvuzelas with candles burning at the blow end*)

Keep it in your car! If your hooter packs up, blow your own horn! Or use it to pour petrol into your tank.....

Lights fade. Footage of fans blowing vuvuzelas.

Whinge

This sketch is played as a stand-up comic. The Actor is to play this with a fast, sharp energy, acting out as much of the story as possible. He enters, running, smiling. He enters as a rapper.

Yo yo
I'm a boy from the 'hood
And I made good
Playing the game
Winning fame
It's not the same

For my homies
Who stayed
Who prayed
For things to get better
I played
And things *are* better

I packed up my bags
For a foreign clime
Took off my talent
To earn me a dime
Now I drink in Euros
And dress to the nines
I party in dollars
Pull babes all the time

When I go back home
Buy my homies a drink
When I go back home
Next time I think
I'll buy my country
Yo, peace y'all!

Thank you! Thank you! Wow! What a great audience! [That's my tribute to Benny McCarthy....Arsehole!](#)

He takes off his rapper gear and is in his normal stand up comic clothes.

[So I'm going to end off tonight's show and tell you about my recent trip.](#) I was checking in at Cape Town International, and right behind me were Mr and Mrs Whinge and their seventeen-year-old daughter, Whingey. It was a typical queue. 65% tourists with their wooden giraffes, 10% government officials on yet another fact-finding mission; 10% business people to help government officials interpret the facts and 15% Whinge families, Packing for Perth or Leaving for London. Certainly not Hurrying to Harare. (**CUT: The queue was as long as a queue of Zimbabweans waiting at Home Affairs...that was before the Third Force was with them.**) The long queue moved slowly, which had Mr and Mrs Whinge sniggering, "And *they* want to host the World Cup!" It didn't strike them that it was a BA flight. With BA staff. Last time I checked, BA wasn't hosting the World Cup!)

CUT: We breeze through passport control. Even though it's black people stamping our passports. And they're from Home Affairs! What's that, Mr and Mrs Whinge? Was that a "no comment" I just heard?

We've just taken off when Whingey tells the stewardess (*mimics*) "Sorry, my pack doesn't have an eye mask and ear plugs". (*as stewardess*) "Mam, our packs don't have eye masks and ear plugs." (*mimics mother*) "But SAA has them", says Mommy Whinge. "Mam you're flying BA *because we're cheaper.*")

We arrive in London, 30 minutes early. But, we're *too* early. There's still a plane parked in our berth. So we sit in the plane. On the tarmac. An hour after landing, we get off the plane. I smile at Mr Whinge "And these people want to host the Olympics....".

I make my way towards the KLM check-in counter. We board the plane and we arrive at Schipol. I don't notice there are two queues, one for EU passport holders and another for terrorist suspects. I stand in the shorter EU queue. The little official with pimples the size of his ego looks at my passport, and then - loudly - "Can't you read?" He points to the sign....Friendly place this. Especially for people like me who wouldn't get the lead role in Snow White....

I wait at the baggage conveyor belt. And wait. Everyone's got their bags. Except me. I go to the baggage Help Desk. The "Help Desk" proceeds to interrogate me like I'm the head of Al-Quaeda: "Are you sure you checked it in?" "What did it look like?" "Where are you coming from?" .

They check their computer. Ah, yes, your bag's been left behind. **But it will arrive on the next flight.** CUT: Why? Is it because it was made in Morocco? They give me a code. I can go onto the internet, and follow the progress of my bag (*angrily*) Eish! They're so sophisticated, I can play pac-man with my lost bag; but they can't put the bag on the same plane as me!)

72 hours later, I'm *still* wearing the clothes I wore when boarding in Cape Town. And these people want to host the next World Cup!

My baggage and I are reconciled, about 10 hours before I'm due to fly back! **My return flight via Heathrow is cancelled. Something about a pilot overshooting the runway. Must be a former South African taxi driver...** (CUT: Thankfully, I'm booked to go back on BA via Heathrow. BA tells me that a pilot has overshoot the runway and they still haven't cleared it. So my flight is cancelled. But not to worry; KLM will sort me out.) BA tells me that KLM will fly me to Frankfurt and then get SAA to take me to Cape Town. I check in at their superefficient self-service check-in counters, but then I have to stand in a queue to drop off my luggage. 30 minutes later, the queue has moved 1,5 metres. Backwards. I go to a stewardess who advises me to go to the business class counter. I get there, but of course, they've *just* closed the flight!

So they send me to Lufthansa. They have a flight to Frankfurt that will make my connecting flight in time. Or that's what they told me before bad weather played its part. A German butch bitch serves us. She started just German and butch, and then turns bitch. She announces the gates for all the connecting flights for passengers on board. Except the one to Cape Town. As she passes, I say, "Excuse me". She just continues walking, shaking her head. What was she thinking? That I wanted her phone number? Bitch!

We're on a bus heading to the terminal to catch my connecting flight. I see it, but I don't want to believe it. The rainbow flag on the tail of a plane taxiing, about to take off. It's my connecting flight. And it's...gone.

(Beat) The British Airways plane is cancelled. The Dutch can't get it together to let us board our planes on time. The German airline is delayed by weather. But the SAA plane, the third world, African plane, takes off on time. Go figure!

CUT: I resign myself to sleeping at the Frankfurt airport. I get to the Lufthansa counter, and GREAT NEWS! They Lufthansa can get me onto a flight via Windhoek... Just one problem. The original ticket is British Airways, and Lufthansa can't open it. So I have to go to the BA counter, in Terminal One. I have to go through passport control to get to the BA counter. Sir, we have a problem, says Passport Control. Your Schengen visa is a single entry. You can go to the BA counter over there, but you can't come back. I beg. I plead. **And as I'm wondering whether he's holding out for a bribe, he lets me through.**

I hasten to Air Namibia. I have not encountered more helpful staff. The plane is Noah's Ark vintage. The food is yesterday's boarding house fare. The stewards are former OK Bazaars cashiers. But they're friendly. Efficient. We land at Windhoek airport, the size of a spaza shop. But we board the plane for Cape Town and land...on time.

Cape Town! Home! Yee ha! We're at passport control, and as sure as Mugabe will steal an election, there's a Whinge Family with their new Australian passports. *(mimics)* "Look at this queue! And they want to host the World Cup!" I breeze through passport control for South African passports.

I smiled all the way back home. I open my luggage. *(Pause)* Someone's been there before me. I burst out laughing! And suddenly I get that warm feeling of familiarity...it's a mess, but it's our mess. And somehow, we always pull through! And then I just knew...we're going to host the best World Cup! Ever held...*(aside)* In Africa!

Music. End with stunning football and goals by African teams.