

***BAFANA
REPUBLIC 3:***

***PENALTY
SHOOTOUT***

**By
Mike van Graan**

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Introduction

The emphases in the *Bafana Republic* brand are

- a. the versatility of the actor (playing multiple roles with appropriate physical and voice characterisation)
- b. portability (so, minimal props and costume changes)

The video, cartoons and soundscape links are to allow for changes between sketches.

While the brand is linked to the 2010 World Cup and to sport generally, the main point is about contemporary social commentary through satirical and humorous means.

Consideration should be given to having the actor change in front of the audience i.e. have costumes hanging on a rail on stage. Between sketches, the actor changes, gets the props and the audience witnesses these changes, but also watches the video link – whether a short video clip or cartoon.

As for costumes, one or two items should be used to indicate a different character, over the basic costume worn by the actor all the time.

When the audience enters, there is a loop of 7-10 recent Zapiro cartoons relevant to the themes of Bafana Republic 3: Penalty Shootout and/or an image of the poster advertising the show.

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

Bafana Republic 3: Penalty Shootout

By Mike van Graan

Directed by Mandla Mbothwe

Featuring Lungi Pinda

Soundscape by

Visuals and video by

With cartoons by Zapiro

The lights go down and there is darkness.

Julius

Julius is the character that floats through the play, coming in and out for 6-8 lines as a linking character. The Actor wears a toga or something that hints at the Roman Empire times. The style of delivery is blustering, full of bravado, yet charm. The character skips from one thought to another with the ease of drinking water.

Friends,

Roman Creams, Coconuts

Borrow me – Julius - your ears

We have come to Polokwane to bury Thabo

Not to praise him

Toilet Cleaner

The character is a thirty-something, black man, with a matric certificate. The style of the piece is, on the one hand, to talk to his “clients” and to alternate this with speaking to the audience. He has the tools of his trade, a cloth and water bottle that can spray the liquid. He is light, charming, funny with everything told with a broad smile.

(to audience) My father always told me to finish my matric so I could get a good job. He only had primary school education...so he worked as a labourer in the building trade. Till he passed on to that big mansion in the sky. I got my matric. And a job at the OR Tambo airport departure terminal. I wonder

how my father would feel about his son being an engineer? A “sanitary engineer”....(*sniggers*) big name for a toilet cleaner.

(*to a “client”*) “Hello sir, welcome to my boardroom. You can use cubicle number two...let me just wipe you throne (*as if wiping the toilet seat*) before you sit down. Enjoy it sir.” (*to another*) “Hello boss. Allow me to turn on the tap. You can dry your hands here, chief.” (*putting out his hand to a third to accept a tip*) “Oh, thank you, sir. God bless.”

(*to audience*) You probably think this is going to be full of toilet humour. (*reassuringly*). Relax. It’s not a Leon Schuster movie. But there are some funny things that happen here. (*acting out some of the scenes*) Like the guys who come in, bursting to use the loo, but it’s a full house! Then you see them doing these strange things (*imitating people trying not to keep in their poo*) to make sure they don’t mess in their pants. I call it “the number 2 shuffle”! (*does it exaggeratedly again*).

But there was this one guy who actually did wet his pants. Too much coffee he explained later. His breath did smell like coffee, with a lot of Irish! I helped him by washing his pants in the basin and then drying it under the hand dryer while he waited in a cubicle in his yellow underpants. That used to be white. I got a big tip for that one. The notes were also full of pee, so I had to launder the money too...

Sometimes all five cubicles are full. *And* there’s a queue. All those Wimpy breakfasts with beans now exploding...like an orchestra of volcanic eruptions. Those in the queue look away embarrassed, or make like they can’t hear anything or smile nervously, knowing that they’re up next. Like they’re taking part in Idols or something. Except, the really big farts are on the outside...the judges.

You get all types though. There are the ones who sit on the loo and read their newspapers. My worst are those who read the *Mail and Guardian*. They sit there for hours! Fortunately, there’s no wi-fi in the cubicles. Some people would set up office. And the people who talk on their cellphones. They think because they can’t see anyone, no-one can hear them. The things I’ve heard! The financial deals that were made. “I’m just finishing off the paperwork now.” The breaking up (*mockingly*) “It’s not you, it’s me...”.

There was this guy who was literally finishing off the paperwork (*makes as if wiping his bum*) but talking on his mobile at the same time. Resting between his shoulder and his ear. But somehow, it fell into the toilet. And it wasn’t a floater. He asked me to help get the phone out. I said...(puts up his hands as if he was going to say “*absolutely not*”) “how much?”.

Then there were these two George Michaels who obviously had the hots for each other. They tried to slip into one cubicle together, but I saw them through the mirror. I knocked on the door and told them that this was a family facility. And that the mile-high club was still parked on the runaway outside!

They said “it’s our constitutional right...!”. I said, “maybe in South Africa, but here, it’s Zimbabwe!”

You can see the differences in nationalities from their toilet habits. The French never lift the seat before they pee. The British don’t put down the seat afterwards. And the Germans don’t wash their hands. But they tip really well. Especially when you look after their giraffes while they’re doing their business. Every time a tourist does a number two, I see it as foreign direct investment. They do their job, so I have mine!

This toilet is a public-private partnership. I’m an entrepreneur. It’s like a tourist destination. Not exactly the big five. But maybe for a big number two.

It’s about the experience. That’s where I come in. Those 3-5 minutes they spend in the loo must be the best time they’ve ever had in a toilet. Then they’ll not only tip me, but they’ll come back again. And maybe send other people too.

My dream is to be the first sanitary engineer millionaire! The World Cup is going to make that happen! I’ll be able to say that I’ve worked myself up from the *bottom*. I’ll be a BEE millionaire – Bum Economic Empowerment. Maybe they’ll make a movie about me...Bum Bog Millionaire....

Bollywood music. Character dances to music. Lights fade. Cartoon.

Estate Agent

The Estate Agent becomes increasingly desperate to sell the stadium. 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. Table Mountain. The Waterfront. Robben Island...although you can’t see the actual island because of all the rabbits.

And the stadium has wonderful finishings....unlike Bafana’s finishing at the World Cup, hey. The only time they scored, it was an own goal! But check out these finishings. The roof’s from Germany. The tiles from Morocco. The showers are pure Italy. Even the grass is from...Swaziland! (*aside*)

And I don’t need to point out its spaciousness. It can take 80 000 comfortably, but if you get a taxi driver to manage it, you can almost double the capacity. We haven’t had much use of the stadium since the World Cup. The largest crowd since then was President Zuma’s family reunion. They had it here

because of the off street parking. Ja, the 5000 parking bays were just enough for the bodyguards.

Just think what you could do with this space....You could...you could...well, I don't know. You could open a zoo. (*snorts, under her breath, aside*) At least you'll start with a white elephant.

With the current credit crunch, the stadium is a superb investment. (*Beat*) No, I mean it! All around the world they'll still be having Olympic Games, football world cups and rock concerts, right? But no-one's going to be able to afford new stadiums anymore, so you could rent out this one. Lease it to London for the 2012 Olympics! Earn some pounds, doll!

And yes, it's very secure. Okay, so the Italians were robbed in the semi-finals, but since then we haven't had a problem with crime. And it's got its own generators...so it's an Eskom-free facility.

The price? Well, it's as good as new! It's only been used for five football games! It cost us four billion, but we're selling it – not for five billion, not for 4,5 billion. Not even for four billion. We're practically giving it away for 3 billion. In fact, we're paying you to buy it from us.

2.5 billion? 2? 1.5? Okay, okay, I see. So can I interest you in something else maybe? There's a lovely little semi also in Green Point. It has great views of the stadium....great views.

Lights fade. Screen comes to life with some of the best goals from the recent African Cup.

False Prophet

The character is a 50 plus preacher who talks to the audience – his congregation – in the style of a southern American preacher or like Martin Luther King style. He wipes the sweat off his forehead as he preaches.

Brothers and sisters-a, some call me a false prophet-a, but they are the ones who say that you, the poor-a, shall always be with us-a! But today, I bring you tidings of great joy-a! For the good news-a, is that the FIFA World Cup, brothers and sisters-a, shall deliver you from your poverty-a!

I know that I once told you to believe in the arm's deal-a! That submarines and jets and corvettes will deliver houses, and jobs, and security, and comfort-a! And for some, it did-a! Look at Brother Shabir Shaik, brothers and sisters-a. He was *secure* in Westville Prison-a! He was *comfortable* in Durban hospitals-a!

But my dear brothers and sisters-a, if the arm's deal brought benefits for some-a, it is the FIFA World Cup-a, that will save you all from the damnation of poverty-a! That will deliver you from the hell of your townships and squatter

camp-a, and take you to heaven, to a land flowing with milk and honey...to...Khayelitsha!!

Yes, brothers and sisters-a! I have been to the mountain-a! (*hinting at initiation*) And I have been become a man-a! And then I went to the top of the mountain-a! And from there, I saw the promised land-a! And in it was Green Point Stadium-a! Brothers and sisters-a...we promised you jobs-a, health-a, education-a, houses-a, and we gave you...the FIFA World Cup-a!

In the past-a, it was said that religion was the opiate of the masses-a. But today, brothers and sisters-a, it is not religion-a! It is not television-a! Certainly not SATV where there is more drama in the boardroom than on our screens-a! I don't mind telling you this-a, but today's opiate of the masses-a is....sport-a! Rugby-a! Cricket-a! Football-a!

Which is why we are giving you the FIFA World Cup-a!

When you wait in that queue to have your sick child seen to at the clinic, just believe in the World Cup-a! When you stand by the side of the road waiting for someone to give you a job-a, just believe in the World Cup-a! When you don't have food to feed your family-a, when it rains and your shack is under water-a, when you have no money to send your children to school-a, just watch football-a!

There's a good thing coming, brothers and sisters-a! And it will save you from all your misery. The world is not going to end-a! No brothers and sisters-a, your new world-a, our new world-a, will start on the 11 June 2010-a! It will be the dawn of houses for all! Jobs for everyone! No more crime-a! And no more taxi drivers-a!

So, in closing, brothers and sisters-a, we are taking up a collection for the FIFA World Cup today-a, (*aside*) and for the next twenty years! Dig deep into your pockets brothers and sisters-a, give generously. For it is in your giving that a few of us shall receive! Amen!

Music. Lights fade. Images/cartoon/s of Julius Malema.

Madonna of Africa

Character is a Madonna-like singer. She is hosting a press conference to launch an international adoption agency. She sings in between talking to the audience. Madonna enters, hands in the air, singing:

"We are the world, we are the children....
We are the ones to make a better day
So let's start giving...
We are the world...."

(acknowledging the applause) Thank you, thank you. I want to thank the media, my fans and all my fellow celebrities – Oprah, Bono, *(gritting her teeth)*, Angelina *(under her breath)*...bitch! – *(back to a big smile)* for coming to the launch of Celebrity Adoptions of Children for Africa...*(beat)* CACA.

We're here today because Mother Africa has so many children. And Father Africa has deserted her.

When I first visited Africa...through Google Earth...I was surprised to see how big it was. Then when I actually visited the place to get the one thing I didn't have - a photo with Nelson Mandela – the flight was taking so long, I said to the pilot, just stop at the next airport. That's how I landed up in Malawi. And I'm glad I did. Better Mal-awi than Mal-ema...

Anyway, it was there that I heard about all these orphans...genocide orphans, AIDS orphans, liberation struggle orphans, taxi orphans. Aw...ful! And I knew I just had to do something. *(false smile)* That, and because I saw how much publicity Angelina was getting from all her adoptions! *(aside again)* Bitch!

So I took some money out of my marketing and publicity budget and bought...sorry, adopted, a child. Right there and then. David. Beautiful African name.

(She then speaks the words of the first two verses of her song "Like a virgin")

I was a bit incomplete
Though I'd been had so many times
I was sad and blue
But David made me feel
Yeah, David made me feel
Shiny and new

(She sings the chorus, her tone and almost nun-like movements in contrast to the racy words)

Like a virgin
Touched for the very first time
Like a virgin
When your heart beat
Next to mine

There are so many children in Africa looking for a home! So I would like to challenge all my fellow artists to adopt African children...Bob Dylan, Lionel Ritchie, Michael Jackson...okay, maybe not Michael Jackson.

Mother Africa has given us Obama. It is only right that we give something back. **How about we give them George Bush? *(laughs)* No, they already have Mugabe.** These countries are in such debt, we can each adopt a country! Bono can have Botswana. Geldoff can adopt Ghana...And because his music is among the most pirated, Michael Jackson can have Somalia.

(She sings, swaying from side to side with her hands in the air, with the lights fading slowly and with a lighter in hand)

Feed the world

Let them know it's Christmas time

Even though most Africans are Muslim....

Lights fade. Appropriate cartoon/s up on screen.

Disabled

Character is a thirty-something male with a leg crippled by polio. He walks with difficulty and uses a crutch. Lights come up and he walks on stage so everyone can see him. Then, he starts to use his crutch as sporting equipment. First, he uses it as dumbbell, in one hand counting to ten and then the other. Then, he uses it as if it is heavy weights, lifting it up his head with both hands. Finally the anthem plays, and he carries it in front of him as if it is a flagpole. Throughout, he engaged with the audience, smiling and making them laugh with his physical antics. The anthem fades and he faces the audience.

I'm practising for the Paralympics. *(Does dumbbell lift again)*. Swimming. I'm going to be the first black swimming champion. At the Paralympics. That's why I like the New South Africa. Anything's possible. Even for the challenged. The intellectually challenged can become MPs. The morally challenged can be priests. And those who can't play...can become sports administrators.

I'm thinking of becoming an activist for disability. I want to be the Zackie Achmat of disability. And let down the tyres of all those Mercedes and BMWs that park in disabled bays. Pricks!

Did you know that 5% of our population is disabled? And the most affected province is the Free State. Don't ask me why. But the Free State Cheetahs are at the bottom of the Super 14 log so it must be true.

You're probably wondering how I got like this. Maybe you're thinking taxi accident. Or gang shooting. Or rugby tackle? Actually, I was chasing after a BEE deal, and I tripped over Cyril.

I'm not too worried. Best thing that ever happened to me. Now I qualify for affirmative action on two counts. And for a disability grant. My neighbour wants to take me to Rhema. He assured me they don't let Carl Niehaus take the collection anymore. And he said they pray for the sick...they could cure my disability. *(snorts)* If you're on disability, why would you want to get healed? Especially in a recession?

But I'm not a hands-out kind of guy. I want to do something really useful. Like the Paralympics. Our disabled athletes do so much better than our able-bodied.

That's why I think they should let disabled people run the country. I mean, everyone's going on about Zuma. They tell us he's only got a standard six education. He's morally challenged, they say. He's not Presidential, they moan. They make out like he's completely disabled!

But look at the guy before him. Intellectual. But he didn't know that HIV causes AIDS. And now thousands of people are dead. He's such a bright spark, but he didn't know they needed more electricity plants to drive the economy. He was so clever that we had the biggest rate of unemployment, and the widest gap between rich and poor when he was President. Under him we had the worse crime and the Zimbabwe Ruins went national.

And no, I'm not looking for a job. I don't want to be in Zuma's cabinet. I mean, imagine having to go to fortnightly meetings with Nkosazana Zuma?

All I'm saying is that maybe someone who's not perfect, who's flawed – like the rest of us will be humbler. A bit more caring. And listen more.

Our Trophy Cupboard can be so much fuller! I say, bring on the disabled.

Music, appropriate cartoons.

Jimmy Blonde

The character – a forty-something, been-through-the-mill, streetwise, Afrikaans-speaking guy who thinks he's cool - uses many of the names of Bond movies as part of the sketch. These are highlighted in bold italics. The sentences are short and punchy, indicating the manic style that the sketch should be played in.

James Bond movie theme music. Enter Actor wearing a blonde wig and suit.

The name's Blonde. Jimmy Blonde. Code 00-2-7-21-531 6749. *(takes traditional phone receiver out of his pocket)* Hello there, Jimmy here...how may I direct your call? Joost? *(to audience, snorts,, referencing Joost saying that it wasn't him in the video as that man was better hung)* **The Man with the** – short - **Golden Gun!** *(into the phone)* What can I do you for? You want me to find who leaked that video? I'm sorry...I'm a private detective, not a private parts investigator! That video should have been **for your eyes only**, Scumbag! *(puts the phone down)* Besides, I'm busy. *(conspiratorially, to audience)* I'm on contract to Helen Zille. That's right! I'm **on Her Majesty's Secret Service**. My assignment? **No, not to find a woman for her cabinet, or a concubine for her bed, but to find out who leaked the botox story.**

James Bond movie theme music.

First stop. The plastic surgeon. A black cat runs across my path. I swerve. And almost make peanut butter. It loses one life. But **Octopussy** lives **to die another day**. The surgeon's (*cups his two hands under his breasts*) loaded. **A view to kill** for...! Her melons may be temporary, but her bling, bling **diamonds are forever**. (*with a suggestive pelvic movement*) I can't say I'm not stirred! This could get interesting. I check the bathroom for protection. Yes! It has a shower! But, business first. (*interrogatively*) Did she leak the story? No. Does she know who did? No. Does she think I'm sexy? No. **Dr No** sends me on my way, this time with her bling **Goldfinger** (*shows his right middle finger*)

James Bond movie theme music.

I drive away. Deep in thought. Then it strikes me. This could be an inside job. Tony Leon! He's travelling the globe since he resigned. But maybe...**the world is not enough**. Maybe he doesn't like Helen getting so much press. **Live and let die**...like his hair. No, that would be too easy. And the sketch would end now. And I've only worked through half the Bond movie titles!

James Bond movie theme music

I hear a whistle. I turn around. I find myself staring into the eyes of Arletta Louisa Terreblanche, **the spy who loved me** when she and I worked for the Bureau of State Security. For her, **tomorrow never dies**. She dreams that one day, we'll ride off into the sunset together. The very thought makes me fart. Like a **thunderball**. She smiles adoringly through her crooked teeth and scares **the living daylights** out of me! I run like hell.

James Bond movie theme music.

Everywhere's a dead end. I need to find a politician. Who'll talk. For a few quick bucks! I make my way to a strip joint, the **Casino Royale**. The girls are **From Russia...with Love**. Just as I thought. The Home Affairs Portfolio Committee is here...to study the patterns (*makes hourglass shape with his hands*) of immigration. I lay my cards on the table. They give me the **golden eye** "Cash only. No credit cards. And no more travel vouchers." (*shrugs his shoulders, wryly*) That was useful...!

James Bond movie theme music

Next, I **steak** out the journalist who broke the news. She's hot. *Well done*, I tune her. I get to the point, "who's your **sauce**?" She **peppers** me with foul language. I'm not shaken. Before you can say "**quantum of solace**", she's off to expose Niehaus....leaving him...Kaal. In politics, **you only live twice**. Once as a liar. Twice as a fraudster. That hack's on a mission. She's a **moon**...no, a **mudraker**...with a **licence to kill**...political careers!

I'm in the wrong business! I should be...in the media!

Bond music.

Lights fade. Music. Cartoon.

School for African Dictators

The character is in his fifties, suave, charming on the outside but just below the surface is a ruthless streak. He smiles a lot, only to stop smiling abruptly. He lectures with a cane in hand. Use can be made of the screen to project images that reinforce, contradict or just add humour to the lecture.

Good morning gentlemen, and welcome to the African Union's exclusive course: Dictators 101. You are here because you have won wars of liberation against the colonialists, the imperialists, the McDonalds globalists. In doing so, you have *earned* the right to oppress and abuse your own people.

Gentlemen – (*with a wry smile*) and the not-so-*gentle*-men among you – in accordance with our African Renaissance Public Relations project, the African Union would like to project an image of peace and stability, democracy and rationality to the outside world. For this reason, we have chosen as our leader for the next period, the Honourable, the One and Only, the *Other* Special One, Colonel Gaddafi.

This is the African century! We will be hosting the Football World Cup for the first time. And just because football has its roots in a colonial power, doesn't mean we reject football. In the same way that we don't reject champagne simply because it is French, right?

We are convinced that an African team will win the World Cup for the first time... For we are saying to FIFA that because of what the west did to Africa – slavery, apartheid, introducing hip hop – we demand compensation. All African teams will start every game with a two-goal advantage. Except Bafana. They will start with four goals. Shame.

For the first time ever, there is an African in the White House. There are the Afro-pessimists who say you can take the African out of Africa, but you can't take the Africa out of the African. So they're all expecting Obama to mess up America – and the world, as if anyone can do worse than George Bush.

Which is why, gentlemen, we are running this course, to help Obama. We can no longer be a factory for trials at the International Court of Justice! Which is not to say you can no longer loot state coffers. It is rather a question of "how". That is why we will teach you how to be a modern, African Renaissance, dictator. How to have your cake...and the whole damn bakery!

Now is the time to project the African way into the global order. In the West, the one with the most votes become President. We must teach them the humbler African way...the loser becomes President, the winner, Prime Minister.

Gentlemen, let us learn from the West. They do far worse things than us, but they don't land up on trial in The Hague. George Bush almost starts World War 3 and all he gets is a shoe thrown at him. Tony Blair supports the murder of thousands of Iraqis. And now he's the Special Envoy to solve the problems of the Middle East!

We're doing something wrong! I ask you to look, not to the west, but to the south. Our esteemed Comrade Mbeki has killed off hundreds of thousands of South Africans. Is he on trial in The Hague? No! Why? Because, gentlemen, he may be African and black, but he looks and talks like the West.

So, in this course, you will no longer learn to kill and loot and rule with an AK-47. But to do so, with poetry.

SA Sports Channel

The actor plays a variety of characters: Studio Presenter, Grand Prix Commentator and Cycle Race Commentator. He carries a hand held microphone. The difference between the characters is shown through different physical characterisation and accents.

As Presenter:

Welcome to the South African Sports Channel. Today we'll be crossing to **a few** important **sports** events across the country.

First, we'll go to the Formula One Taxi Grand Prix, taking place at a Main Road near you.

(As Grand Prix Commentator)

Yes, lining up in the left lane, we have Michael Shu-mange (*play on Schumacher*) in a 1980 Toyota Hi-Ace. Just behind him, also in a Toyota Hi-Ace, is Rubens Bara-gwanath (*play on Barichello*), who's put many people in hospital. And in the same lane, pressing his hooter as usual, is Hamilton Lewis (*play on Lewis Hamilton*) in a repossessed, recapitalised, redistributed...Toyota Hi-Ace.

2002 was a good year for tyres. Seven years later, all the taxis are still on good year tyres. Rubens Baragwanath's brakes...have taken a break. Lewis' indicators don't indicate. And Shumange's windscreen wipers only work... when it's not raining.

The traffic lights are changing from orange....to red! And they're off! Lewis tries to overtake Baragwanath, who shoots at Lewis. With a gun! Accusing him of trying to take over his lane.

Lewis bites the bullet. And spits it out. Onto a passing car. Who hoots. Lewis spits again.

Shumange indicates right. He turns left. (*shocked*) Now they are all getting out of their taxis and are mooning the crowd in protest against passengers wearing mini-skirts.

Things are really hotting up! Baragwanath, Lewis and Shumange are overtaking on the left. On the pavement. Three pedestrians are knocked down. The metro police shrug their shoulders. These drivers may live below the poverty line, but when they drive, they're above the law.

Baragwanath and Shumange are the first to pull in to the pit stop to change their tyres. It takes ten seconds for the local hijacking syndicate to change Baragwanath's four tyres for Shumange's. And vice versa.

Lewis passes them both! He's first to the finish line! His passengers are finished too!

And now it's time to cross over to the big cycle race.

As Cycle Race Commentator

The last few years have seen major sports events moved around the world. The Indian Premier League has come to South Africa. The Dakar rally emigrated to South America. (*as an aside*) If it was the Daggga Rally, it would have gone to Durban. Speaking of dagga, with all the drugs in cycling, the Tour de France has been moved to Mitchell's Plain. Where it is now known as Tour de Tik.

The four main teams to look out for in this year's race are Team Selebi, with Agliotti as the main rider. Then there's a number of suspended stewardesses riding in Team SAA. Team Nigeria has one of the bigger teams, and then there's a team of drug mules that's been taken for a ride, by among others, the wife of the **former** Minister of Intelligence. **Maybe that's why he's the former Minister....**

Things have got off to a very positive start. Team SAA has tested positive for heroin. Team Selebi is positive they can avoid the charges against them. And the largest team in the race...Team HIV...are positive. But only a few of them are able to do drugs at the moment.....

On that note it's back to the studio.

(As Presenter)

As our third race, we were going to show you the Comrades Marathon, that's the one about the long and glorious history of the ANC. Until the marathon went through Polokwane. So we're going to play out rather with some wrestling. This is a recording of a recent three-way fight in the Cope

boardroom with Divine Dandala and Showman Shilowa versus Loser Lekota....

Lights fade. Music. An appropriate cartoon is/cartoons are screened.

Dog Shrink

The character is not a kugel. She is a thirty-five-year-old white liberal mum with two children, the eldest of whom is a son in Grade 10 and a daughter in Grade 6. They attend upmarket single sex schools. She really thinks that she is quite progressive and "New South African".

It was my friend Melissa who told me about you...you can always rely on Melissa Giles-Thompson. Everyone in our book club has a personal trainer, a plastic surgeon and a marriage counsellor, but trust Melissa to have a dog psychologist as well! She says you did wonders for her poodle. He doesn't hump the imported cushions anymore. Just her husband's leg. (*laughs*)

I really hope you can help me. It's quite embarrassing, actually. I mean, it's 2009, (*half-embarrassed*) and our dog still only barks at black people. (*Beat*) She's only two years old, so it's not like she knows anything about apartheid.

And the thing is, she's black! At least on the outside! My husband teases her and calls her Coconut. But her name's actually Coco. Do you think...*she* thinks she's white? I mean, during the elections, she barked at people who put ANC pamphlets in our letter box, but wagged her tail when they were DA pamphlets.

And she hates Zimbabweans. She just barks normally for other blacks, but for Zimbabweans, I swear she barks (*imitating a bark*) "Ama-kwere-kwere-ama-kwere-kwere". We used to have a Zimbabwean gardener. He was such a good worker. Much better than *our* blacks who are a little lazy, full of HIV and prone to violence. Anyway, Coco hated him so much we had to change him for a retrenched white banker who started this landscaping business....Ag shame, we felt so sorry for him! (*Pause*) No...for the banker.

Whenever my son Daniel plays his black music Coco whines so loud and so long, you'd think it was Terror Lekota. But when we put on Lloyd Webber, she just lies there...with a big smile on her face.

It's not that we mind her barking at blacks....It's good if they're scared of her. But it makes Daniel really cross. He doesn't want to bring his black school friends home anymore. When they did come here, I was amazed...they could all swim! So now he's always sleeping out at *their* homes over weekends. And we don't know what he gets up to with them. It's bad enough that when he dances (*gets up to illustrate*) he holds his crotch. And everything is like "eish" and "aweh". And now he wants to give up French for Xhosa. It's like he's changing from a thoroughbred to a mongrel!

Look, I have no problem with the school being open to everyone. (*changes tone*) The only thing is...some of these new parents want to introduce soccer at the school. It's crazy. My son's school has always been a *rugby* school! My husband went there. His father went there. And his father. And you know what? They all played in the C team! You don't just mess with tradition! I mean, if you want to play soccer, why come to *our* school when you know it's a rugby school?

I got so angry at a parents' meeting the other day...there was this parent going on and on about football. I nearly threw my shoe at him. I'm glad I didn't. I found out afterwards he's a BEE billionaire who owns a football team.

The thing is, why would any boy *want* to play football? I mean, look at *Bafana Bafana*! There's no incentive to play for them.

And if the school offered soccer, we would attract a lower class boy. I'm sorry, but just because we're open to everyone, doesn't mean we have to lower our standards or our values. Because it's not just soccer. It's the whole culture around it! The drugs. The pregnant teenagers. The losing! And the fighting on and off the field. When they come to our schools, they must understand that it's on our terms. And it's our responsibility to bring them up to our standards.

Okay, look, I know some people will point to Bishops where the matrices trashed the school at the end of last year...and they play rugby. But just think what they would have done if they played football!

And can you imagine having to deal with the opposition's parents...especially from the lower classes. I mean, it's bad enough when our rugby teams have to play against some Dutchman school and get absolutely thrashed while their parents braai on the side....like its Vlakplaas or something. Imagine having to go into the townships to watch your child play football...and everyone is on tik!

Sorry, I know I'm going on...but here's the thing. My husband wants to bring his new boss home for dinner. He's black. *And* he's Zimbabwean! So you understand my problem. I've tried everything. I've taken Coco to what I thought was a model-C dog school...where she can socialise properly. I've even tried to make her feel more black by feeding her Kentucky bones. But she nearly choked....

My husband thinks it will impress his boss if Daniel is at the dinner with some of his black friends...since we don't have any. Yet. But now you can see why Coco's the problem. Can you help?

Lights fade. Music and appropriate cartoons.

The DJ

Character alternates between being a DJ and actually singing the songs.

As DJ

Counting down this week's top ten, we have at number 10, *I still haven't found what I'm looking for* by Peter Marais. Number Nine, *My life would suck without you*, a duet by Buthelezi and himself. Number Eight is Alan Boesak with *When I grow up, I want to be famous*. Number Seven, *Show Stopper* by the Eskom Choir. Then, coming in at number six, George Bush with *I used to rule the world*. Number five, it's Helen Zille singing to her mirror, *You're beautiful*. This week at number four is *Apologise*...It's not sung by Thabo Mbeki. Coming in at number three is Benny McCarthy with *Don't cry for me oh Bafana*. Then, cleaning up his act at Number two – Jacob Zuma with *Bring me my washing machine*

As DJ

And this week's number one, out of nowhere is everyone's favourite.....

Changes into a Dean Martin/Frank Sinatra type character, sings this to the tune of "That's amore". He acts out the words to make the references clear.

When you're caught doing fraud (*looks over shoulder*)
Or being drunk as a lord (*steers car all over the place*)
Blame apartheid

When you fail at your job
Cos you're an AA slob
Blame apartheid

(repeat this format for the next two verses rather than the original version of the song)

When you feel like a fool
Because race is not cool
Blame apartheid

When you're out of the team
For a black quota wing
Blame apartheid

When you have stomach cramps
Or you have rising damp
Blame apartheid

When you fail your exam
Or get chicken not lamb
Blame apartheid

For every thing

A Scorpion sting
No B.E.E. bling
Blame apartheid

If you must
For your lust
Even for a drug bust
Just
Blame apartheid

Lights fade. Music. Cartoons.

Miss South Africa

The opening slide disappears. Music. Darkness. Spotlight comes up on Actor wearing a sash saying Miss South Africa 2009 and a tiara. Character waves to audience, with broad smile. The character is a young, 22-year-old, naïve Afrikaans girl.

I just want to thank Mr Danny Jordan for inviting me to be an ambassador for the World Cup. He says it's because football is the beautiful game. So it makes sense for a beauty queen to be associated with the World Cup (*smiles*). Shoo! If they think football is beautiful, (*excitedly*) they must watch the Blue Bulls play rugby! They say Beauty lives on the inside. I don't know about that. At our house, she still lives outside.

I never thought I would ever watch football. But then, I didn't ever think I would win this title. My papa said since 1994, they always have an affirmative action Miss South Africa. Afrikaans girls **can** be princesses! But I was bored just winning Miss Blou Bul, Miss Klipdrift and Miss De la Rey. I believe I won Miss South Africa because – like George Bush - I wanted world peace. The others only wanted to be the next Mrs Zuma.

During my reign as Miss South Africa, I would like to bring unity to our country. So I appeal to my people, the Afrikaners, to support Bafana Bafana. We may as well, 'cos we're so used to losing everything in the new South Africa. President Zuma says we're the only true white South Africans. Well, where would we go? Fanie's family emigrated to New Zealand but he can't get into their rugby team, because even there, it's All Blacks.

Madiba unified the country by wearing a number six jersey at the Rugby World Cup. So I would like our leader, Oom Steve Hofmeyer, to also wear a size six jersey at the Football World Cup.

Finally, on behalf of my people, I just want to thank the President for keeping Oom Marthinus to look after the environment, so he can look after climate change among our people, from pessimism, to less pessimism. Also, thank you for appointing Oom Dr Pieter Mulder to protect our culture... agriculture.

I will look beyond Bafana Bafana and promise to be a proudly South African ambassador....

She waves as the music fades. Steve Hofmeyer song about the Blue Bulls.

Up-beat South African music interlude. Screen bursts with footage of spectacular goals. Screen goes dark, music fades.

Homecoming (R)evolution

Image One

Dyropithecus-type (tree-ape) figure: with old South African flag, with a sign pointing to Australia.

Image Two

Ramapithecus-type figure: waving a new South African flag but at a game in Australia.

Image Three

Australapithecus afarensis type figure: Big hammer saying “Economic Meltdown” on the figure’s head.

Image Four

Homo habilis: Figure returns to South Africa (sign pointing in opposite direction to the Australian sign)

Image Five

Homo erectus: Figure in South Africa, with a “Proudly South African” button and a sheepish smile.

Julius

The Actor wears a toga or something that hints at the Roman Empire times. The style of delivery is blustering, full of bravado, yet charm. The character skips from one thought to another with the ease of drinking water.

Friends, Roman Creams, Coconuts
Borrow me – Julius - your ears
We have come to Polokwane to bury Thabo
Not to praise him

Thabo says that Zuma was ambitious
And Thabo is an honourable man (*laughs, then stops abruptly*)

Like the Honourable Minister of Education
With her fake American accent

Soft, soft, is this...dagga I see before me?
Ah, then I must be flying SAA...

The course of true love never did run smooth
But one must ask if Lekota loved the ANC more
Than he loved himself

I would say to the Scorpions thus:
If you poison us do we not die
If you prick us do we not bleed
And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?

To B.E.E. or not to B.E.E. What a question!
It is softer in the mind to work for a salary
When you can stand in line for a handout

Who would bear the whips and scorns of time
The proud man's contumely that makes calamity

Shoo...sometimes I don't know *what* I am saying

It is as if my tongue is in the Olympics
And my brain in the Paralympics

See, there, I've just done it again.

If music be the food of love, play on...
(*sings*) Umshini wam, umshini wam...
(*stops suddenly*) Enough! No more...

Yond Thabo has a short and angry look
He thinks too much
Such men are dangerous

Zuma, Zuma, wherefore art thou on trial
Thou art a man more sinned against than sinning

To Helen of Troy..ville and other barbarians at the gate
Like Cope who can come with their priests
Beware not the ides of March but the 22nd of April
When we put thee to the sword
And do not misquote me
For I do not mean sword...I mean...sword.

O donner, I see Banquo's ghost
And Peter Mokaba's and the ghosts
Of hundreds of thousands who were fed

Garlic and beetroot
For though we have buried Thabo
The evil that this man did lives after him
Children, do what I did not do
Concentrate on woodwork
For if nothing else
We have grown the industry of coffin-making!

Ah sweet Mal-volio, sweet Mal-ema
Sweet Mal Julius, Sweet my bru....

Fair is foul and foul is fair
But especially fair is the fowl from Nandos
(*holding his stomach*) What pounds of flesh are these?
Agh...too much braai, too much beer, too much Kentucky.

Women of our country, be not afraid of greatness
(*gesturing proudly to groin*) Some are born great
Some achieve greatness...through surgery
And some have greatness (*pelvic thrust*) thrust upon them

My friends have often said "Julius, Seize her!"
And then I do.
I say take off thy kanga or get thee to a nunnery
Some ladies doth protest too much
(*coyly*) But those who like it, I give breakfast in the morning
And some taxi money

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets its hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more;

So bear with me just a little longer
For now elections are over
Mine is a tale
Told by an idiot (*big, broad smile at audience*) full of sound and fury,
Signifying...nothing

I thank you.

Lights fade. Music. Cartoon/s.