

IS IT BECAUSE I'M JACK?

**A PLAY BY
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Scene 1

Spotlight on Farai. He performs a stand up comedy routine. This routine inter-splices with a series of other scenes. He is alone on stage, with a wireless microphone in hand, using the stage as he needs.

Farai: People ask me why I left Zimbabwe. I haven't left Zimbabwe. We're just...separated. It's a trial separation. We'll be reunited as soon as Mugabe's on trial in The Hague.

I used to think that the difference between South Africa and Zimbabwe is that in Zimbabwe, freedom of expression comes with an arrest warrant. Here, you only get called names. Racist! Bloody agent! Counter-revolutionary! But now there's this push for the Protection of Information Bill. I thought a democracy is supposed to protect journalists, not information?

There was this sign outside a Hair Salon. Gents' cut and blow: R60. Alan Levenstein went in and asked (*conspiratorially*) "how much if you're already circumcised?"

Okay, that's my token Jewish joke. Just to show that I don't believe that you have to be Jewish to make Jewish jokes. Or black to make black jokes. Or Afrikaans to make jokes about Steve Hofmeyr, right? I'm anti-discrimination. I make jokes about everyone.

Did you hear the one about Mohamed? (*Beat, looks at audience, knowingly*.) Not the prophet. The shopkeeper. The one who wanted to *make* a profit. Oh never mind....

A lot of my friends in Zimbabwe left for London. I thought, why go all the way to London to have South African neighbours when I can just go to Joburg?

I have many friends in South Africa. Zimbabweans. Mozambicans. *White* South Africans.....

Amakwerekwere. (*wryly*) Another Proudly South African product. I believe there are tensions between Zulus and Indians in Durban. Ama-kierie-kierie against Ama-Curry-Curry!

Since the ANC's in denial about xenophobia, I thought I'd sign up with the Freedom Front. They told me to go around the back.

Spotlight fades on Farai.

Lights up on Tim and Jack

Scene 2

Tim has photographs of children at an orphanage run by the Catholic Church. Jack is looking at one such photograph. Tim is telling Jack about the little girl in the photograph.

Tim: She's been with us for just over two years.

Jack: Great smile. *(Beat)* What's her name?

Tim: Charity...She was one of a set of triplets.

Jack: *(smile)* What are the others called? Faith and Hope?

Tim: Their shack burned down...Charity was the only survivor.

Jack: Shit.

Tim: She came to us deeply traumatised. You'd never think it now. She's an amazingly positive kid.

Beat.

Jack: Does she have AIDS?

Tim: Is orphan not enough?

Jack: You said she's an amazingly *positive* kid...so...

Tim: You want one with AIDS?

Jack: I was just asking if....

Tim: We've got six AIDS orphans.

Jack: I don't want an AIDS orphan.

Tim: What do you want?

Jack: I just want to do something for a couple of kids.

Tim: Why?

Jack: Padre, it's not like I'm trying to buy my way into heaven if that's what you're thinking.

Tim: You don't believe in heaven.

Jack: I'm trying to get a few kids out of hell. That's all...

Beat

Tim: This inheritance...it's getting to you.

Jack looks at Tim, bemused.

Tim: Your dad made a fortune defending bad guys.

Jack: Like ...Father Steven.

Tim: I was disappointed when your dad took it on.

Jack: The priest didn't get off....

Tim: (*conceding*) No, he didn't.

Jack: And yet, his crimes weren't half as bad as other priests protected by the Church.

Tim: Stealing church funds? Spending it on prostitutes? Come on Jack.

Jack: So the church charges him and not the priests who fuck up the lives of little altar boys?

Tim: We've been down this road before....

Jack: And I still don't really know why you chose to become a priest.

Tim: You *do* know why.

Beat.

Jack: Because your parents were killed in a car crash. (*with a hint of sarcasm*) That was your Damascus moment. When God spoke to you and called you to be a priest.

Tim: I don't expect you to understand.

Jack: Shit, Tim. What kind of God is that?

Tim: They were on their way to pick me up.

Jack: Wasn't there a gentler way for him to have spoken to you?

Tim: They were coming to fetch me from rehab.

Jack: How do you know it was God?

Tim: If it wasn't for my addiction, they'd still be alive today.

Jack: (*ironically*) It could have been the devil...

Comment [YH1]: Taking out cigarette.

Tim: Maybe it was the devil who made me do drugs!

Jack: (*wryly*) The devil made you do it...you and Hansie.

Tim: Go ahead Jack. Laugh at me...I know what I've been through.

Jack: We all did drugs together, Tim. You, me, Marty...I don't remember a horny little creature with a fork offering it to us!

Tim: I remember *you* offering...

Jack: That's because I'm a horny little creature...

Comment [YH2]: Stick cigarette behind ear

Jack exits, laughing. Lights fade on Tim and come up on Martin. Martin starts to skip as Jack's laugh tapers off. Jack moves seamlessly into this scene.

Scene 3

Martin, dressed in a running shorts and tight vest, is skipping. Jack sits, an unlit cigarette in his mouth, and he is holding a document.

Martin: So...what do you say?

Jack: I'm still thinking.

Martin: Jeez, Jack....

Jack: 300k's a lot of money.

Martin: You've been thinking for two days already.

Jack: Why don't you ask your dad?

Martin stops skipping.

Martin: I can't.

Jack: Oh right! Because he's already ploughed more than 400 thousand into two of your previous failed ventures.

Martin: This is going to be different.

Jack: Now where did I hear that before?

Martin starts skipping again.

Martin: I'm going to do this, Jack. I'm going to fucking do this. I'll pay him back. Every last cent. He'll be as proud of me as he is of Jenny.

Jack: Won't Jenny help?

Martin: She's my kid sister. I can't ask her.

Jack: Why not?

Martin: (*snorts*) That would be an admission of failure.

Jack: Why don't you get a loan from a bank?

Martin stops skipping, irritated.

Martin: Okay, you know what Jack? Don't worry.

Jack: Hey! Why are you being so sensitive?

Martin: Forget I asked, okay? Life's too short for this crap.

Jack: I said I'll think about it.

Martin: So what's with this "go to the bank for a loan" stuff? If I could, I wouldn't be asking you to invest in my business.

Jack: The bank won't give you a loan?

Martin: (*Beat*) I've got some debt.

Beat. Jack gets up to go.

Jack: I'll tell you tomorrow, okay?

A little awkward silence.

Martin: Your mom wants me to help you look after this money.

Jack: You can help me with the money *she* leaves me...if she leaves me anything. This is my inheritance from my dad. I have to honour his memory by having the best fucking time of my life!

Martin: Jeez, Jack....

Jack takes the skipping rope from Martin and tries to skip. He is hopeless at skipping and he gets his feet entangled every second or third skip.

Jack: She's all sugar and spice with you, Marty. But she's a selfish bitch!

Martin drinks from a plastic water bottle.

Martin: She's your mother! Life's too short....

Jack: And because of her, I don't have a father.

Martin: You still blame her for your dad shooting himself!

Jack: She made his life hell!

Martin: (*quietly*) You have an inheritance of three-point-two million.

Jack: (*angry at the implication*) So I should be grateful to her?

Martin: She cares about you, Jack. She's been going on at me for years about getting you to stop smoking. To look after your health.

Jack: (*taking unlit cigarette from his mouth*) I have stopped.

Martin: Stop. Start. Stop. Start. What is it this week, Jack? I don't know how you can want to save the earth, but you're quite happy to fuck up your body. You see what it's done to Farai.

Jack's hopeless at skipping and he gets his feet entangled every second or third skip.

Jack: You're right, Marty. I should be more consistent.

Martin: That's good.

Jack: So I've decided...

Martin: Not to smoke.

Jack: Not to invest in your company.

Martin: (*beat, taken aback*) Where does this come from?

Marty is seated on the chair, bottled water in hand.

Comment [YH3]: Jack moves centre

Jack: (*still trying to skip*) Water's a basic human right, Marty! People shouldn't have to buy it. With climate change going the way it is, you know what they say...future wars are going to be fought over water!

Martin: I know all that shit, Jack!

Jack: Everything's become a commodity. Health! Education! Water! Fuck that, Marty. Next you'll be bottling air, and selling that!

Martin: Why didn't you just say so in the first place? Why has it taken you two days...

Jack: Because you're my friend! Sometimes, we do things we don't like, for our friends. (*Beat*) I know money's tight for you, Marty.

Comment [YH4]: Marty goes for water bottle

Martin: Tough times offer opportunities, Jack. I can get bottles made in China for half the price I get here. That's why I need the three hundred thousand. To set that up.

Jack: And put people out of work here....

Martin: That's...business, Jack.

Jack: (*ironically*) That's...business, Jack.

Martin: It's crap but...that's how the world is.

Jack: We were going to change the world, Marty. What happened?

Martin: We grew up....

Jack: (*Beat*) Like you said Marty, you know all this shit. So I don't need to tell you how plastic fucks up the planet. (*Picking up the business plan he was reading earlier, he tears it up*). Come to me when you have something greener.

Martin: Jeez, Jack....

Jack: (*sarcastically*) "Hey, your dad shot himself in the head! But you got 3 million out of it!" (*Beat, turns on Martin*) Surely there are still some things that shouldn't be bought or traded, Marty!

Lights fade on Jack and Martin. Lights come up on Tim.

Scene 4

Tim: I'm just a little surprised, that's all. I didn't expect you to give away such a lot...

Jack: Okay, I get it. You think I feel guilty about having this money because my dad earned it defending some immoral bastards. You think I'm here to make amends for my past. Tim, that may be the way your world works, but it's not mine. You want to spend the rest of your life as a celibate do-gooder because you did drugs and your parents were killed on their way to get you from rehab, that's your choice. Me? I don't need religious crutches.

Tim: (*with irony*) Because you're Jack! Mr Can-Do!

Jack: No, because I'm a normal, rational person who's not hung up on narrow notions of morality! I don't need to be here Tim. I have some extra money. I want to help some kids. I don't believe in your God. And I'm definitely not a fan of your church. But you're my friend. And

you do good work. But if you don't like my dirty money...I'm happy to take it somewhere else.

Tim: Okay. So you want to set up educational trusts for two kids at the orphanage....That's...great.

Beat. They look at each other for a moment.

Jack: It's black kids who are going to shape tomorrow's world, Tim *Our* world. *Our* kids' world. (*Beat*) Okay, maybe not *your* kids....(*snorts*)

Tim: (*smiles*) What's your point?

Jack: The point is...if we don't want to live in a fucked up world, then we need to invest in these kids now.

Tim: Make "them" like us, hey Jack? And we'll all live happily ever after....

Jack: That's not what I'm saying...you know that's not what I'm fucking saying, Tim!

Beat.

Tim: We have twenty-six kids at this orphanage. Including the AIDS orphans...

Jack: I don't want AIDS orphans, Tim. You send them to school. They get to university maybe. And then, boom. They die. Like Marty would say, there's no return on your investment.

There's an awkward silence. Tim is aggrieved that Jack would be so cynical.

Jack: Look, I know all that "AIDS orphans are people too" bullshit. But I don't want to do charity, okay? I mean...(holding up photo) I'd like to support *this* Charity but...agh! You know what I mean. (*Beat*) Do you have any Zimbabweans?

Tim: Negative Zimbabweans....positive Zimbabweans....

Jack: I'd like to set up one of the trusts in Farai's name.

Tim: (*breaks into a smile*) That's a cool idea.

Jack: For Zimbabwean kids.

Tim: Does he know?

Jack: I'm not sure he needs to know. It will be a way of preserving his memory.

Beat.

Tim: Would you like to meet them now?

Jack: Who?

Tim: Charity...the kids from Zimbabwe.

Jack: *(throwing up his hands in mock horror)* No! Fuck, no! I don't want to meet them.

Tim: *(taken aback)* No?

Jack: Definitely not.

Tim: I see. Chequebook charity.

Jack: It's not charity.

Tim: Then what is it Jack? An arm's length hug?

Jack: What do I need to meet them for? So they can all genuflect and go "dankie baas" or whatever that is in Shona? I don't need that shit, Tim.

Tim: These kids are orphans. They don't just need money thrown at them. They need relationships.

Jack: They need opportunities. That's what I'm giving them.

Tim: They need love.

Jack: *(snorts)* Do I look like Angelina Jolie? I'm not looking to adopt any kid, Tim.

Tim: I'm not saying...(that you have to adopt)

Jack: I'm not going to do that ebony and ivory, white-dad-pushing- black-model-C-kid-in-shopping-trolley thing.

Lights fade on this scene and come up on Farai.

Scene 5

Farai: I often get asked why my humour deals with the dark side of life. Well hello! Look at me! *(with a broad smile)* I was born on the dark side! I don't have a choice, man! I don't need a quota of affirmative action jokes! 'Cos black humour...that's what I do!

I was feeling really depressed the other day – Malema had just nationalised the gold at the end of the rainbow. So I went to this

Restaurant for Suicides and the *Maitre d's* like "Shall I hang you up in your coat sir?"

She leads me inside and says "would you like smoking or smoking"? I ask what's the difference? She says "this one's for 60-a-day and that one's 100-a-day".

We walk past the Family Section, and to cater for their primary market, all the menus are in Afrikaans. And they have a 20% discount if at least one of the party is in police uniform.

I sit next to a window overlooking a 100 metre drop. There's a sign saying "Please shut the window before you jump".

Behind me is the section for suicide bombers, salivating – not at their last supper – but at the prospect of 70 virgins. (*dismissively*) Virgins? Suicide bombers should get (*with emphasis*) *blow up dolls!*

Lights come up on Martin, Jack and Tim seated together, Tim in the middle of Jack and Martin. They've been listening to Farai who's been testing his material on them at Tim's home. They all have numbers 1-10 in their hands. Tim puts up 9, Martin 7 and Jack 8.

Farai: I have a terminal illness. (*Beat*) So I've stopped spending time at airports.

Tim puts up 9, Martin 7 and Jack 9.

Tim: It's better than a 7 Marty.

Jack: Marty thinks he's that poes Randall on Idols.

Marty: Farai wants honest feedback....

Farai sets himself up for another one-liner.

Farai: Okay, okay, last one. There was this really good stand-up comic, but he was only recognised after he died. Post-humorously.

Martin puts up 8 and laughs. Tim and Jack don't put up numbers, and they don't laugh.

Tim: That's not funny, Farai.

Jack: It's clever....

Martin: I think it works.

Farai: You think so?

Jack: Overall, out of ten, eight-comma-five.

Tim: Nine for me.

Farai: *(smiling broadly)* Nine?

Tim: At least.

The congratulatory laughs end and there's a beat of silence as everyone looks at Martin.

Martin: Ja, no, for me too.

Jack: What?

Tim: Out of ten...?

Martin: 7 to 8.

Tim: *(to Farai)* Maths wasn't Marty's favourite subject at school.

Jack: So 7 to 8 is like 11 to 12 for Marty.

Martin: I'd just like to remind you fuckers that I got a C for maths in matric.

Jack: Just imagine if they had OBE then! You'd have got an A plus!

General laughter. Martin shows them the finger.

Tim: The material's great, Farai!

Jack: I'll definitely recommend friends to see it. *(to Marty)* Marty, you *must* see Farai's show.

General laughter again.

Martin: It's better than your first two shows.

Tim: Much better.

Farai: Really?

Jack: Definitely cleverer....

Farai: You're not patronising me?

Martin: Why? Because you're black?

Jack: *(deadpan)* No, because he's Afrikaans.

General laughter. Even Martin laughs.

Farai: I'm talking about the cancer thing.

There is a beat of silence.

Farai: You feel sorry for me so you tell me the material is better than what it actually is....

Martin: If I was patronising you, I would've given you nines all the way through.

Tim: You laugh, but it also makes you think.

Jack: I like the edge in the material.

Farai: So you think people will come?

Jack: Definitely.

Tim: (*seriously*) I didn't get the Jewish joke....

Martin: Yeah, right! It's the kind of joke you used to tell before you became a priest!

Farai: (*laughing*) It's *his* joke!

Tim: (*half-protests, laughing*) It's not my joke...

Farai: Tim...!

Tim: Okay...I heard it in a bar.

Jack and Martin beat Tim playfully with cushions, or cuff him behind his head gently.

Jack: That's 10 Bloody Hail Mary's for you, father!

Martin: And no chicken soup tonight!

Farai: (*To Tim*) Where is Mary?

Jack: (*mockingly*) Oh, she's here with us, brother.

Martin: She's at Mandarin classes.

Farai: Mandarin?

Jack: Marty's in bed with the Chinese.

Farai: Lucky bastard also gets to bed Mary.

Tim reacts, Martin senses it and deflects the comment.

Martin: *(chuckles)* She'll love your material.

Jack: When's the show?

Farai: Eight days... before the next round of chemo.

Beat, silence.

Jack: Shit, bro!

Farai: Shit happens.

Martin: This kind of shit's not supposed to happen to us.

Tim: Us?

Martin: Thirty-somethings...

Tim: I've buried babies, five-year-olds, teenagers....

Jack: You're too young for that, Tim!

Martin: It's not right.

Jack: It's fucked up.

Farai: You're not going to get depressed on my behalf, okay? I've done all that anger, denial, depression stuff. So now I accept that I don't have much time left, and I'm going to use it as best I can...

Jack: *(disbelievingly)* Raising money for the Free Zimbabwe Coalition?

Farai: Among other things.

Martin: Like what?

Farai: Bungee jumping, skydiving, swimming with sharks....*(Beat)* What would you guys do?

Beat of silence.

Farai: If you knew you only had six months. What would you do?

Jack: I'll apply for an extension.

Subdued laughter.

Farai: No...seriously... I want to know.

Martin: There should be a manual for this kind of thing: "The Bucket List for Thirty-Somethings".

Jack: "Death 101"

Tim: "The End: For Beginners"

Jack: Are there any places in the world you'd like to see before....?

Farai: Bulawayo.

The others laugh.

Farai: I haven't been there for six years. I miss the smells, the sky, the spaces.

Jack: And if you could go to any other place...?

Martin: Harare....

General laughter.

Farai: I don't know...I haven't thought about it. It sounds too...indulgent.

Jack: What if someone else pays?

Beat. Farai has an awkward moment. Tim rescues him.

Tim: I don't know what I would do....

Jack: I know what I'll do...Rent a room at Teazers and have sushi delivered every day. Sex and sushi...what better way to go?

Farai: And you, Marty?

Martin: Me?

Jack: (*sarcastically*) No, the other Marty....

Martin: I'll take out the hugest loan from a bank I can get. In fact, from all the banks that will give me one. And then...I'll blow it all. And invite them to my funeral to see their money disappear six feet under.

Jack: (*to Farai*) Marty has a problem with banks...or rather banks have a problem with Marty.

Farai: And how would you like to go? (*Beat*) I mean...I'm going to die of cancer.

Tim: It's not like we have a choice.

Farai: But if you did...would you like to go slow...like me? Or quick?

Jack: Slow must be terrible... you know it's going to happen in a few months, then weeks, then days....

Tim: But it gives you time to prepare. You and your loved ones.

Martin: I haven't thought about how...but as for when, I'm thinking 92. Like my grandfather on my dad's side.

Tim: I wouldn't like to die like my folks. Not in a car accident.

Jack: If it's an accident, then it must be immediate! No pain.

Martin: *(to Jack)* How would you like to go?

Jack: *(beat, smiles)* Making love...

Farai: Is that really what you guys would do? If you had six months left... sex and sushi and blowing thousands of bucks?

Slight hesitation, looks at Jack.

Martin: Probably.

Jack: These are your last 180 days on earth, bro. It's too late to do anything to get an airport or a street named after you. So you may as well go out with the things that give you the most pleasure.

Martin: It's like someone who's sentenced to death, and he gets to choose his last meal.

Tim: I'm with Farai on this one. It sounds terribly superficial.

Martin: So what do you think we should do?

Farai: I don't know...spend time with your family. With the people you love.

Jack: Fuck no! I couldn't think of anything worse. Everyone looking at you everyday like you're going to die that day...all being terribly sombre around you. If I only have six months to live, then that's what I want to do – live! Not fucking die for six months!

Martin: You *must* spend some time with family...

Jack: No, fuck that!

Martin: Someone's going to have to look after you...in those last few days.

Jack: Not me. I'll check into a hospice. And when the pain gets too much, I'll ask one of you to pull the plug.

Farai: That's not legal here is it?

Jack: No, but then neither's murder...that still happens 50 times a day.

Tim: It's like abortion...but at the other end of life.

Jack: Okay, so that rules out Saint Timothy. He's not going to pull the plug.

Martin: I couldn't do it.

Jack: Pull the plug?

Martin: Ending the life of your friend?

Jack: What if I ask you to? As my friend?

Martin: I couldn't.

Jack: What if I paid you?

Martin wavers.

Martin: (*not very convincing*) No!

Jack: 500 000?

Farai: Zimbabwean dollars.

General laughter.

Martin: Can we change the subject? I'm not comfortable talking about this.

Jack: We all have to go some time, Marty.

Martin: I thought of a line for your show....

Tim and Jack mock groan.

Farai: Tell me...

Martin: You know your line about having a terminal illness?

Farai: So I avoid airports, yes?

Jack: It's clever...

Martin: I thought you could say something like you were so patriotic, you supported Zimbabwe's tobacco industry to the tune of 80 smokes a day. You gave your lungs for your country.

Tim: That's sick.

Jack: It's cheesy. The last thing the audience wants to know is that Farai has lung cancer. Hey guys, we're going to see "Dead Man Joking" tonight.

General laughter.

Farai: Can I use that?

Martin: Sure!

Farai: I meant "Dead Man Joking". The show needs a title.

Jack: You can use it, but I don't think you should.

Martin: Do you have a sponsor?

Jack: Peter Stuyvesant.

Laughter.

Farai: We don't have a sponsor. It's just a bunch of Zim artists living in South Africa putting on a show to raise money for the Coalition.

Tim: Maybe you should approach a South African company making money in Zimbabwe now.

Farai: Who's going to do that? Who's going to risk alienating Mugabe? You know the corporate sector's a bunch of cowards. They'll sup with the devil if it's good for business.

Jack: Not Marty. *(grinning)* Marty's got principles.

Martin: *(good humouredly)* Fuck off Jack. But I was thinking...

Jack: Here it comes....

Martin: We can make some extra cash by selling bottled water with a special label. Like a pink ribbon. You know...for breast cancer.

Jack: Shit, Marty, do you have no scruples?

Martin: *(innocently)* What?

Jack: (to *Tim*) Next he'll be selling bottled holy water. Still or sparkling, padre? Next he's going to ask to put his logo on the side of your coffin Farai.

Martin: *That's* sick, Jack!

Farai: I've already sold that space to Coke. "Coke adds life!" (*general laughter*)

Tim: I don't how you do it Farai...

Farai: What?

Tim: Staying so positive Farai...

Farai: Positive? (*slight snort*) I wish I were positive!

Tim: (*not getting his meaning*) You are!

Farai: (*reflectively*) Sometimes I think, why cancer? Cancer is so...yesterday! I'm not the only one dying. There are others. Like some of the artists in the Save Zim Concert.

Jack: AIDS...

Farai: Exactly. And here I am...with cancer. With all due respect, cancer's such a...white disease.

Awkward silence.

Jack: You do say that you only have white South African friends.....

Martin: Thank you for that. You're our only black friend.

Tim: (*offended*) Speak for yourself....

Jack: Maybe cancer's also a coconut disease.

Farai: Okay, I asked for that.

Martin: Can we *please* talk about something else?

Jack: (*to Farai*) It's easy to get AIDS, bro.

Farai: So it's an achievement to get cancer....?

Jack: No, I'm thinking...now that you *have* cancer, why don't you go out there and get AIDS too? You may as well...

Tim: I agree with Marty. Let's change the subject.

Jack: *(to Farai)* Can I ask you something? In one of the debates we've had about religion...you said you were an agnostic.

Farai: *(summarising the four of them)* Two atheists, one agnostic, one priest....

Jack: And now?

Farai: You mean...with death staring me in the face...am I getting religion?

Tim: *(cutting in)* That's between him and....(God).

Farai: Tim's making me think about it.

Jack: *(half-joking)* Shame on you Tim! Taking advantage of Farai's sickness to convert him!

Tim: I pray for you guys every day....

Farai: I'm about to die. It would be stupid not to keep my options open.

Martin: I like that....

Jack: There is no heaven. No hell. What do you want to keep your options open for?

Martin: What if there is?

Farai: If there isn't, I don't lose anything. But if there is...then it's a good idea to have a passport to heaven...

Jack: Whose heaven?

Tim: *(he's heard it all before)* Here we go again....

Jack: Hindu heaven? Muslim or Jewish heaven? Or which Christian heaven? Catholics? Baptists? NGKerk?

Martin: Do they allow blacks in NGK heaven now?

Jack: Only since 1994. But the whites and the ANC elite get the mansions, and the rest get RDP houses.

Tim: I hope for your sakes that you guys never die....

Jack: Promise us something Farai...

Farai: What?

Jack: That you'll cross over and send us a message...if there's a heaven and hell.

Tim: What if Farai's not the first to go?

Silent, awkward, tense beat.

Tim: Tell them your dream, Farai.

Farai: No...

Tim: Tell them...

Farai: It's a horrible dream.

Jack: Marty's marrying my mother....

Martin: *(with a sense of foreboding)* If he doesn't want to tell us....

Tim: Farai had this dream....

Farai: Tim...!

Tim: Not just once...a few times in the last month.

Jack: Maybe it's your ancestors speaking to you, bro!

Martin: Shurrup, Jack.

Tim: Tell them, Farai.

Farai: It's just a dream.

Jack: So tell us!

Tim: I've told you Farai...keeping these things bottled up inside only makes the cancer worse.

Farai: I dreamt...that...of the four of us...

Silent beat

Jack: Tim's going to be the next to get married.

Chuckles.

Farai: I...was going to be the last to die.

Stunned silence. Then there's a burst of laughter.

Martin: Okay, now I really have to be going.

Jack grabs his arm.

Jack: Shit! Fuck! Damn!

He collapses to the floor in dramatic fashion.

Martin: *(with irony, to Farai)* Now look what you've done!

Tim clutches his chest. He falls to the ground.

Martin: *(to Farai)* Now who's going to conduct your funeral?

Farai: Maybe you can do the eulogy?

Martin drops down to the floor too. They all lie there. Farai sits down and surveys them.

Farai: *(with a wry smile)* That's why I love South Africa. One's dreams can come true....

Tim rises slowly. He stands up and begins to flap his arms as if he were an angel and "flies" around the room.

Tim: Fortunately for me, I'm the only one who believes in the afterlife....

Marty gets up.

Martin: And, *(to Farai)* if you don't mind, I have to get on with life. I've only got 60 years left.

Farai: *(nodding towards Jack)* And him?

Martin: Oh, he'll resurrect soon enough. Before Teazers closes.

Jack sits up with a start, excited.

Jack: Teazers? Did someone say Teazers? *(looks around him with a broad smile, winks at the audience)* Now *there's* a little piece of heaven...

Lights fade on this scene. Music. Spotlight comes up on Farai, performing his routine.

Scene 6

Farai: The Minister of Welfare was having trouble solving the street children problem. So her adviser told her to put their parents on the street as well. That way it becomes the Minister of Housing's problem.

I believe the whole South African government's been admitted to the maternity award to have a Caesar. They're finding it hard to deliver. Especially now that FIFA's not on their case.

So Zimbabwe might also get a Truth Commission. They're just working out how much commission politicians will get for telling the truth.

I wonder if they'll have the same problem trying to find people who supported Mugabe as one has trying to find people who supported apartheid. Many white people here tell me they didn't support apartheid, but they think it would be a good idea now. I did the patriotic thing and donated my lungs to my country. And now I carry inside me the Zimbabwe Ruins.

Lights fade on Farai.

Scene 7

Lights up on Martin and Jack, both in running gear. Martin has a running shorts, running shoes and is topless while Jack has a Bermuda shorts, a vest and a pair of Loxions i.e. not running shoes. They have just returned from a run. Jack is lying on his back, panting. Martin is stretching.

Jack: *(panting)* How long was it this time? Five k's?

Martin: *(hardly sweating, smiles)* Two-and-a-half.

Jack: Fucking hell!

Martin: It will be easier in a few weeks.

Jack: Why am I doing this again?

Martin: Two reasons....

Jack: Because I don't want to be the average South African man with a beerboep at 35 and my first heart attack before I'm fifty.

Martin: Make that three reasons.

Jack: What are the other two?

Martin: Because Farai's cancer has scared you shitless?

Jack: *(trying to be cool)* If it's your time to go, it's your time to go. And the other reason?

Martin: I want you to look good in your best man's suit.

Till now, Martin has continued doing different stretches, while Jack has

remained largely sprawled on the ground. At this point, Jack sits up sharply.

During the first part of the next sequence, Martin gets a pair of boxing gloves and a pair of hand-pads. He throws the hand-pads to Jack and puts on the boxing gloves, preferably a pair that is tightened with Velcro. He gets Jack to put on the pads, and then he throws punches against these pads. When Jack drops his hands during the conversation, Martin may continue to simulate punching, weaving, bobbing.

Jack: Fucking hell, Marty! (*mischievously*) Anyone I know?

Martin: (*chuckles*) Fuck off!

Jack: You dog! You and Mary have been going out for...what? Three months?

Martin: Five. We've known her forever.

Jack: Not for the seven years she spent in London.

Martin: She left as Tim's little sister, and came back one smart, sexy woman.

Martin throws the pads at Jack. They've done this before.

Jack: You sure about this?

Martin: as sure as one can be about these things, Jack?

Jack: How sure is that?

Martin: I don't know Jack. It's not like I've been married before.

Jack: I was "as sure as one can be about these things"

Martin: And it lasted a whole 18 months!

Jack: My point exactly!

Martin spars with an imaginary opponent.

Jack: Marty, I like Mary. Everyone does. But if I am to be your best man, then I *have* to do this, okay?

Martin: Do what?

Beat.

Jack: Do you think Mary's fine...now?

Martin: (*firmly*) She's fine!

Comment [YH5]: Punch

Jack: You sure?

Martin hits Jack's pads hard.

Martin: She's absolutely fine.

Jack: Okay, okay....

Martin: They've even reduced her medication.

Jack: That's...cool. I don't want you to make the same mistake....

Martin: We're different, Jack.

Jack: But women...marriage...*they're* the same.

Martin stops boxing.

Jack: For the first couple of years, everything's going to be cool. You'll talk about everything, and nothing. Laugh. Ignore each other's irritating habits. And have sex. Five, even seven times a week.

Comment [YH6]: Jack moves from USR to DSR

Martin: I feel a "but" coming...|

Comment [YH7]: Cuff and duck

Martin starts boxing again. Throughout the next speech, Martin rains blows on Jack's pads harder and harder, faster and faster.

Jack: But then Mary will have a kid. And every conversation will be about babies, nappies, what the kid did today. Mary's body will change. Her sex drive will go into reverse. And you'll feel guilty about pressurising her for sex because shame, she's getting up to feed at night...And anyway, her tits won't be so attractive with a kid attached to them all the time.

Comment [YH8]: Marty in a circle around Jack, standing centre

Martin stops landing blows.

Martin: (*smiling*) I know all that shit, Jack. I have sisters.

Through the next sequence, Jack walks backwards, Martin following him, dancing, weaving, punching the air.

Jack: (*as if in an infomercial*) But that's not all! Mary's extra layer of fat will turn you into a liar for the rest of your life. (*Imitating someone lying*) "No darling, you're not as fat as Matthew's mom." "I love women with big hips, honey".

Martin stops boxing.

Martin: All I want to say to you is...Rick and Sue.|

Comment [YH9]: Marty goes for water

Jack: Sure. Sue looks great.

Martin: And she's had *three* kids.

Jack: And they're happy.

Martin: Very happy.

Jack: But only since their third kid died. And they became born-again, happy clappies. B.A.'s aren't allowed to be unhappy. It's against God's will. When you have an intellectual and emotional lobotomy because everything is "God's will", then you too can walk around with bland, happy families' smiles!

Comment [YH10]: Marty sparring alone

Jack lifts up his pads so that Martin can start punching them again.

I'm telling you, Marty, if it weren't for their religion, Rick and Sue will end up like the average couple you see in the Spur.

Martin: The Spur? Who goes to the Spur?

Comment [YH11]: Stops the punch

Jack: People with kids. (*Punch*) They talk to each other through their kids. They have nothing to say to each other. (*punch*) But they'll stay together, not because of love, (*punch*) but because it's too much fucking effort to go through all of that again with another person. (*punch*)

Martin: Journalism has turned you into one cynical bastard.

Jack: I'm a travel writer...

Martin: You weren't married long enough to know all this shit.

Jack: We hung out with other couples. I had parents! I see things.

Martin: Like I said...I'm different to you. To your dad.

Jack: I was coming to you....

Martin: (*chuckles*) Me?

Jack: Look at you.

Martin: What do you see?

Jack circles Martin who strikes different poses in response to some of Jack's comments.

Jack: Good looking. Takes care of his body. Lifts the seat when taking a piss. But in 7, 10 years' time, you'll have a boep from too many business lunches. You'll hog the tv remote for the sports channels.

Martin: That's such a stereotype....

Comment [YH12]: Throws bag down and goes down to floor

Martin starts doing sit-ups.

Jack: (*again, as in an infomercial*) But that's not all. Mary will buy earplugs because of your snoring. You'll fart in bed. You'll find more and more excuses to hang with us...single boys. Except on Wednesdays when you and Mary have agreed to have sex... in the missionary position... And she'll be wondering what happened to the flowers. The phone calls. The "I-love-you" sms's And one day she'll wake up one day next to this balding, farting, snoring boeppens thinking "hey, this isn't sexy...how did I land up with this?" (*with a satisfied smirk*) This is the point where you can call witnesses in your defence...

Comment [YH13]: let's go of Marty...

Martin: Teddy Milner.

Jack: Your father doesn't count, Marty.

Martin: My parents have been happily married for 36 years. And they're not B.A.'s.

Jack: With all due respect to Teddy Milner, he *has* a boep.

Martin: A small one.

Jack: But he has a boep.

Martin: A small one.

Jack: And he's balding...

Martin: Thinning...

Jack: And he snores.

Martin: Well, my mum's snoring cancels that one out. The point is, they're still married.

Comment [YH14]: Pushes him over...

Jack: Happily?

Martin: I think so. Yes. Definitely.

Jack: Thirty-six years with the same woman! There must be more to life than that.

Martin: Like what?

Jack: I don't know, Marty. But why don't you come with me...for the next 3 or 4 months. Let's go travel the world. And if you still want to get married after that...fine! I'll be your best man.

Comment [YH15]: Marty starts doing arm presses.

Martin: We did the gap year thing, Jack.

Jack: Yes, but that was the usual boring Europe. There's a whole world out there. I want to see what's under an Iranian burka! I want to (*with a pelvic thrust*) take way a Chinese... in China. I want to find out how many Brazilians actually have...Brazilians!

Comment [YH16]: Jack up and posing

Martin: I wish I could, Jack.

Jack: Ah, come on, Marty! You're already sounding boring and you're not even married yet!

Beat.

Martin: Mary's pregnant.

The repartee has been fast and furious till this point. Now, there is a stunned silence.

Martin: Six weeks.

Jack falls to the floor, sits on his bum.

Jack: Fucking hell!

Martin: No, it wasn't planned. No, it's not a great reason to get married. And yes, I'm happy. I'm ready to settle down.

Jack: How long have you known?

Martin sits down on the floor next to Jack.

Martin: About a week. We didn't want to tell anyone...we were trying to work out what to do. We're still not...broadcasting it.

Comment [YH17]: Marty sits down next to Jack

Jack: Does Tim know?

Martin: He's probably going to marry us.

Jack: Convenient. Having a brother as a priest. What did he say?

Martin: We haven't told him yet.

They look at each other and burst out laughing.

Jack: Forgive me father, for I have sinned. I've been sleeping with your sister.

They laugh like teenagers again.

Jack: But, on the plus side, father, I've been doing it as a good Catholic. I didn't use a condom.

Jack laughs uproariously. Martin smiles rather than laughs.

Martin: Mary told me she was on the pill.

Jack bursts out laughing again.

Jack: That's what she told me...(realises what he's said)

Jack laughs, more forced this time. Martin's laugh disappears.

Martin: (seriously) When?

Jack stops laughing.

Martin: When did she tell you she was on the pill?

Jack: In a... conversation.

Martin: (gets more serious) Did you sleep with her?

Jack: When...?

Martin: Don't fuck with me, Jack!

Jack: You know we had a fling before she went to London.

Martin: In the last five months...did you fuck her?

Jack: Marty...

Martin gets up and sits astride Jack.

Martin: Yes or no!

Jack: If you hit me, I'll never....

Martin: (raising his voice) When...?

Jack: Four...five months ago.

Martin hits his fist on the floor, close to Jack's head and then rolls off Jack.

Martin: *(emotionally, angrily)* Fuck you, Jack! *(gets onto his knees as if about to hit Jack)* Fuck you, man! *(gets up and turns his back on Jack)*

Awkward, tense silence.

Jack: *(quietly)* Marty...it's not like this is the first time we bonked the same woman.

Martin: I wasn't going to marry any of the other women!

Jack: I didn't know you were going to marry Mary!

Martin: We were in a relationship!

Jack: I didn't know it was serious.

Martin: But you knew we were in a relationship.

Jack: What's the big deal, Marty? It was just sex!

Martin: With the woman I'm going to marry!

Jack: I didn't know....!

Martin: You're supposed to be my friend!

Jack: I *am* your friend, Marty!

Martin: *(hurt)* Friends don't do this....

Jack: Mary didn't know if your relationship was serious...You were in China.

There is silence. Martin shakes his head.

Jack: Okay, look, I feel a little...investment coming on. I'll put two-fifty thousand into your business, okay?

Martin: How many times, Jack?

Jack: I can probably up that to two sixty k.

Martin: In the last five months, how many times did you fuck Mary?

Jack: Eighty....

Martin's jaw is about to drop.

Jack: Two eighty. That's my final offer.

Martin: I'm serious, Jack! *(walks to Jack, threateningly)* Tell me!

Jack: Three hundred. Three hundred thousand...to get your plastic fucking bottles from China. Okay?

Jack puts out his hand to shake on an agreement.

Jack: Are we good?

Martin looks at Jack; they hold each other's gaze.

Martin: 320.

Jack: 310.

Martin shakes Jack's hand. Lights fade.

Scene 8

The next few scenes will inter-splice with the scene between Tim and Martin. with the Tim-Martin scene being the through-scene towards the final third of the play. The Tim-Martin scene takes place upstage centre; the Tim-Farai scene happens stage left and the Tim-Jack scene, stage right. All other scenes take place downstage, centre. The Tim-Martin scene is current; the Tim-Jack scene is the day before and the Tim-Farai scene is the day before the latter.

Tim sits cross-legged, pen and paper in hand, taking notes. Farai paces up and down.

Farai: I want something simple. No long speeches. No flowers. And just a pine coffin. Nothing fancy.

Tim: *(scribbling notes)* Any particular music? Songs?

Farai: Anything by DKR.

Tim: DKR?

Farai: Divided Kingdom Republic. A Zim hip hop band.

Tim: Sounds cool. *(Beaf)* So...you want a memorial service here in Jozi. And to be buried in Bulawayo.

Farai: Next to my parents.

Tim: With another memorial service there.

Farai: And I want you to do both.

Tim: What about your uncle?

Farai: He can take part in the service. But I want you to lead it.

Tim: I don't want to step on anyone's toes.

Farai: I'll write it into my will. And the services must be short and sweet, Tim. No longer than an hour. Please. I've been to too many funerals where they just go on and on and on.

Tim: Sure.

Farai: And both services must be followed by a party later. With only Zimbabwean music.

Tim: Do you want to say something?

Farai: (*snorts*) At my funeral?

Tim: I was thinking...we could play extracts from your latest show. Maybe we can record a message from you in the next few weeks and screen it at the memorial services.

Farai: Like...speak from the grave. I hadn't thought about it.

Tim: Could be quite nice. Especially for people in Zim who wouldn't have seen you for about eight years. And you can say what you want...without Mugabe's thugs getting to you.

Farai: You don't know that guy. (*wryly*) He's got Central Intelligence agents in heaven and in hell.

Scene 9

Tim and Jack are playing chess. Scene opens with Jack contemplating a move. Tim walks into the scene.

Tim: You still haven't played....

Jack: Go take a longer piss.

Tim sits down.

Tim: It doesn't matter how long I take...three more moves and you're dead.

Jack: No fucking way, padre!

Jack makes a move.

Tim: You sure you want to do that?

Jack retracts the move and reconsiders.

Tim: We were planning Farai's funeral yesterday.

Jack: No shit.

Tim: It's hard. So much harder doing that with a friend.

Jack: You always come across so cool though. Always saying the right thing. I admire that.

Jack makes a move.

Tim: I'm beginning to wonder...what is the right thing? I know what I'm *supposed* to say....but...what is *really* the right thing to say?

Tim makes a move.

Tim: Check!

Jack: Fuck!

Tim: I hear the words coming out of my mouth. But I don't feel them. It all sounds so trite.

Jack makes a move.

Tim: Check.

Jack: Fucking hell.

Tim: It's flipping hard having to say the right thing all the time.

Jack: There you go again...

Tim: What?

Jack: Flipping hard...that's the *right* thing to say. When actually what you want to say is...*fucking* hard!

Tim: Okay, fucking hard!

Jack: That's lame. It's not just (*blandly*) fucking hard. It's (*with emphasis*) *fucking* hard!

Tim: *Fucking* hard!

Jack: That's it!

Tim: Okay, so it's *fucking* hard having to say the right thing all the time.

Jack: What did you say to Mary and Marty?

Tim: When?

Jack makes the move, thinks it is the right one!

Jack: Did you say the *right* thing to them?

Tim: (*making a move*) Check mate.

Jack: Fuck, you're good!

Tim: What are you talking about?

Jack: Haven't they spoken to you?

Scene 10

Tim hands Martin a beer. Tim has one too. Tim knows what Martin is there for, but he deliberately plays hard ball. Martin is increasingly uncomfortable.

Martin: Is Mary here?

Tim: No.

Martin: She's not answering her phone.

Tim: So you came here to look for her?

Martin: We wanted to see you....

Tim: About what?

Martin: Has she spoken to you?

Tim: She's my sister...we speak.

Martin: I mean...did she mention...?

Tim: That you wanted to see me?

Martin: She was going to make the appointment.

Tim: Why would my sister and my friend need an appointment?

Martin: We wanted to see you in your...in your professional capacity.

Tim: About what?

Martin: We wanted to do this together.

Tim: Do what?

Martin: Speak to you....

Tim: About what?

Martin: About...us.

Tim: (*with a twinkle in his eye*) You and me?

Martin: No. Me and Mary.

Tim: Well, she's not here. So, either you do this by yourself....

Martin: I've sent her emails. Sms's. But I've had no response.

Tim: I wouldn't worry.

Martin: I know she sometimes takes time out. But we made a plan to see you.

Tim: So talk to me.

Martin: We said we'll do this together.

Tim: You having problems?

Martin: (*hastily*) No.

Tim: If you need relationship counselling....

Martin: We don't need....

Tim: How's it going?

Martin: What?

Tim: With you and Mary?

Martin: It's going well. *Very* well actually.

Tim: How long is it now?

Martin: Just over five months.

Tim: (*with a bit of needle*) This must be one of your longer relationships.

Lights fade on this scene and come up on Farai. Tim enters that scene.

Scene 11

Farai: I want to go to Bulawayo before I die. I want to experience it...even for a few days.

Tim: Have you spoken to your uncle?

Farai: I know what he'll say...*(as if he were his uncle)* "The time's not right..." With him the only right time will be when I go back in a coffin.

Tim: He sent you away so that you don't end up in a coffin!

Farai: I don't know why *he* stayed. Just about everyone around him has been killed. They've burned down his church, his house, his car....

Tim: It's still too dangerous for you to go back, Farai. They've been harassing him because of you.

Farai: He asked your diocese to take me in. I'm grateful for that. But now it's time for me to go back.

Tim: They'll arrest you at the airport.

Farai: What do I have to lose, Tim?

Tim: What's the point of spending your last days in a horrible prison? Life is God's most precious gift. Enjoy it while you have it.

Farai: And cancer? Whose gift is that? *(beat)* What have I done wrong, Tim? Why is this happening to *me*? Why not Mugabe? Why not Marty? Or Jack?

Tim: You resent us, don't you?

Farai: I don't resent you.

Tim: Your dream...the one about you being the last to die of the four of us....

Farai: It was just a dream.

Tim: Maybe...but I think it reflects your resentment...why you? Exactly what you're saying now. Why not Jack? Or Marty? Or me?

Farai: Not you.

Tim: No?

Farai: You're a good guy.

Tim: So Jack and Marty are bad guys and if life were really fair, then they should die before you.

Farai: I don't want to sound like a pathetic victim...but I listen to them and...Jack would spend his last six months having sex and sushi. And Marty would do what he does best...spend other people's money. And then here I am...first, I get born black! Strike one! As if that's not bad enough, I get born in Zimbabwe, for goodness' sake! Why not black in America? And then, just in case I thought I was getting lucky with permanent residence here, my new South African brothers turn into xenophobic cannibals! But now *they* don't have to eat me, because the cancer is getting me first! Four bloody strikes, and I'm out.

Tim: I don't mean this as a consolation, but... at least you've lived longer than your parents.

Farai: Make that *five* strikes! Thanks to Mugabe's Fifth Brigade, I don't have parents! And twenty-five years later, that murdering son-of-a-bitch is still in power. And I'm about to die. And I'm not even half his age! How does that work Tim? How does this God of yours work?

Scene 12

Tim and Jack. Jack is setting up the chess pieces for a new game. Tim is pacing up and down.

Jack: Please don't let them know I told you.

Tim: Bastard!

Jack: Marty will kill me.

Tim: I feel like killing *him*! (*Beat*) You both know...Mary's not well.

Jack lights up a cigarette.

Jack: He said they've reduced her medication.

Tim: They have. But she's not ready to be a wife. And definitely not a mother! (*Beat*) I thought you stopped.

Jack: I did. This is just...recreational.

Tim takes the cigarette out of Jack's mouth.

Tim: (*reprimanding*) You see what these have done to Farai!

Jack puts up his hands in mock surrender. Tim takes a drag.

Jack: (with mock surprise) Padre!

Tim: Forgive me son, for I have sinned. (takes another drag) And it feels good.

Tim hands the cigarette back to Jack.

Jack: Have it. I'll have another.

Tim: (wryly, taking another drag) You devil....

Jack lights up another cigarette and tries to go batting for Marty.

Jack: Marty might surprise you.

Tim: There are no surprises with Marty. He's one selfish SOB.

Jack: Say it...

Tim: What?

Jack: SOB's the *right* thing.

Tim: Okay. (raising his voice, cathartically) Marty's one selfish fucking *son-of-a-bitch!*

Jack: (laughing) Why didn't you do something about their relationship in the first place?

Tim: I thought it would be good for Mary. With Marty's record, I didn't think it would last longer than a few months. There was no way I thought they would get married, let alone have a kid.

Jack: She's looking well. You'd never say....

Tim: It's nearly nine years since her breakdown. Ten years after my parents' crash. She had the best care in London. But there's always the danger of a relapse....Fucking bastard, Marty! Why now? Why's it all happening now? And this thing with Farai...

Jack: He's dealing with some tough shit.

Tim: It's coming at a bad time for the project! I developed this refugee project from nothing. Farai's its poster boy.

Jack: You'll have to get a new poster boy!

Tim: It's not so simple. The project's now the focus of international attention. We're about to get major funding from the US Bishops

Conference. As coordinator, Farai ticks all the right boxes. Exiled activist. Murdered parents. Black. His cancer's a disaster for the project...

Jack: *(ironically)* And for him, of course.

Tim: *(smiles)* A couple of years ago when the xenophobic violence broke out, I got him to take out a life assurance policy. The project pays the premiums. When things quietened down, I was going to cancel it. Then he gets diagnosed with lung cancer. *(wry smile)* If he dies, the project gets four million. We could run for three years.

Jack: Jesus!

Tim: Please Jack...you know how I feel about using the Lord's name in vain.

Lights fade on this scene and come up on Farai at his house.

Scene 13

Farai is sitting with his chin in his hand, remote pointed in front of him, channel-surfing. Jack enters, carrying his helmet.

Jack: Knock-knock.

Farai: Jack?

Jack: I tried calling your mobile....

Farai: It's charging...Sorry.

Jack: Hope I'm not disturbing you?

Farai: No. Just waiting for the soccer to start.

Jack takes up a seat next to Farai.

Jack: Who's playing?

Farai: It's the start of the Premier league...Liverpool against Arsenal. I'm going to miss this. *(Beat)* You want a drink?

Jack: Sure.

Farai: You're on your bike...

Farai gets up to get the drinks.

Jack: One beer will be fine. *(over his shoulder in Farai's exit direction)* Maybe you'll be able to watch from wherever you are....Or maybe you

watch soccer if you get to heaven. And if you're in hell, you get to watch repeats of the Proteas choking at the world cup.

Farai enters with a beer for Jack and a glass of water for himself.

Jack: I thought you were a Man U fan.

Farai: Only while that loser Benitez was in charge of Liverpool. I'm switching back...not that it matters. (*Beat*) Not that anything matters anymore.

They sit and watch the television in silence for a few moments, sipping their drinks. The conversation takes place while their attention is half-focused on the television screen.

Jack: I'm sorry about planning to set up the trust without talking to you...

Farai: Don't be sorry...

Jack: Tim thought you were pissed off.

Farai: I wasn't.

Jack: I didn't want to make a big thing of it. Or embarrass you.

Farai: It has nothing to do with you, Jack. It's my own shit. For the last eight years, I watched people who fought selflessly against apartheid turn into greedy, selfish opportunists. It's the same in Zim. The liberating heroes becoming the new enemies of the people. I don't want to be treated like a hero...like I'm someone special.

Jack: It's just a way to remember you.

Farai: I appreciate the gesture, Jack, but it makes me uncomfortable. Why me? Why not any of the thousands of Zimbabweans who've died – also prematurely - because of Zanu-PF?

Jack: I don't know them. I know you. (*Beat*) So you don't want a Trust to be named after you? Even one for Zimbabwean orphans?

Farai: Jack, Zimbabwe is happening right here! Now! What's happening to the media, the judiciary, state institutions....I've seen it all before. Charity begins at home. You should be doing something to protect what you have.

Jack: I don't understand the difference between the Trust and the insurance policy.

Farai: (*genuinely surprised*) What policy?

Jack: The one the refugee project pays for. Tim says if you die, the project gets four million.

Farai remembers, but is perturbed.

Farai: I told Tim to cancel it. I signed a letter cancelling it.

Jack shrugs his shoulders.

Farai: I didn't want to take it out in the first place. I preferred to get a gun as my insurance policy against the xenophobes. When our funding was hit by the recession...we couldn't afford the premium. *(Beat)* He didn't cancel it?

Jack: The Trust will benefit young kids. The policy will benefit refugees. What's the problem?

Farai: *(angrily)* I'm not a project, Jack! Or a bloody investment! I'm a human being! Why do I have to die so that others can benefit? *(staring blankly in front of him)* I'm going to die before I've even lived.

Jack puts his arm around Farai.

Farai: I don't want to die, Jack. I don't!

Lights fade slowly...

Scene 14

Marty: That's all in the past, Tim. I really love Mary. I've never felt this way about anyone. I'm going to make this work.

Tim: Sit down, Marty.

Martin: What's going on Tim?

Tim: Sit down.

Martin: I prefer to stand.

Tim sits down.

Tim: Suit yourself. *(Beat)* When my parents died, I made two decisions. One was to do good, to help other people through the Church for the rest of my life. And the other was to look after my little sister.

Martin: *(getting it)* Now you can just do good...because I'll look after your little sister.

Tim: Marty, I've been hanging out with you since high school. I know you and women. You're going to break Mary's heart.

Martin: I love her, Tim.

Tim: How many women have you loved Marty?

Martin: Mary is the first woman I've thought of marrying.

Tim: My fear is that she won't be the last.

Martin: This is bullshit, Tim! Mary's 29. You can't make decisions for her.

Tim: Tell me honestly...when did you first think of marrying Mary? After you found out she was pregnant?

Martin: *(taken aback that Tim knows about the pregnancy)* She told you?

Tim: Are you just doing it because you think it's the right thing to do?

Martin: Before...I wanted to marry her even before I knew she was pregnant.

Tim: Really?

Martin: Where is she? I want to talk to her.

Tim: She'll call you...or send you an email when she's ready.

Martin: What do you mean when she's ready? Ready for what?

Tim: Ready to tell you.

Martin: *(increasingly desperate)* Tell me what?

Tim: I don't know...

Martin: *(threateningly)* Stop fucking with me Tim!

Tim: If she's not answering her phone, she's not ready to talk to you. That's all I'm saying.

Martin backs off and thinks. He tries a different approach.

Martin: I thought you'd be happy.

Tim: That one of my best friends got my little sister pregnant? Do you know how embarrassing that is for me as a priest? My parents are turning in their grave.

Martin: I've already told *my* parents that Mary and I are going to be married.

Tim: Did you tell them Mary's pregnant?

Martin: They're delighted! They hope it will be their first girl grandchild!

Tim: Even Teddy?

Martin becomes more subdued.

Martin: My mom will speak to him...he loves his grandchildren.

Tim: I'm sorry, Marty. I'm not going to marry you. I can't.

Martin: Is it against church rules or something?

Tim: No, it's against my conscience.

Martin gets angry.

Martin: You don't think I'm good enough for your little sister!

Tim: One day you'll thank me for it.

Martin: You may be her brother, but Mary's going to be the mother of my child. You'd better get used to that, *Father* Timothy.

Beat.

Tim: Are you sure it's your child?

Martin is taken aback, stunned into silence.

Martin: (*trying to regain his footing*) I know about her and Jack. But it can't be Jack's.

Tim: (*surprised*) Jack?

Martin: Jack doesn't have the sperm count. That's one of the reasons he and Cindy split. They couldn't have kids.

Tim: What about Farai?

It's Martin's turn to be shocked.

Martin: What about Farai? Are you saying....

Tim: I'm just asking if you're sure.

Martin bursts out laughing at the ridiculousness of the suggestion.

Comment [YH18]: This was the main thing that Morne was fighting for. He feels like he has lost the drive through that the dreams gave him, and he at least needs the insecurity real or not about farai and Mary to be able to launch into the last part of the play... Your thoughts here?

Martin: Mary wouldn't have said yes if she didn't think...if she didn't *know* I was the father of the child! What about Farai?

Beat.

Tim: Mary spoke about a termination.

Martin is flabbergasted. He grabs Tim by the front of his shirt. Holding him like this, Martin pushes Tim around.

Martin: (*gritting his teeth*) Tell me you're joking.

Tim: (*quietly, firmly*) Let go, Marty.

Martin: First tell me you're fucking joking.

Tim: I'm just the messenger here.

Martin: (*angrily*) Where is she?

Tim: (*still calm, but firm*) This is not good, Marty.

Martin: (*louder*) Where is she?

Tim: Let me go. And I'll tell you.

Martin releases Tim reluctantly, slowly. Tim backs away from Martin.

Tim: Mary's in London. She left last night.

Martin crash tackles Tim to the floor and sits astride him.

Martin: You're going to hell! You know that? (*shouts*) You fucking murderer!

Both Tim's phone starts to ring.

Tim: It could be Mary.

Martin slowly gets off Tim. Tim gets up, picks up his phone, checks the number and answers.

Tim: Farai...what's up?

Appropriate music. Phone rings. Jack's voice mail comes on.

Voice: Hello, this is Jack. Leave a message. I'll get back to you.

Tim: (*shocked*) What?

Martin expresses concern, uses gestures to ask what's happening.

Tim: When?

Phone rings again. Jack's voice mail comes on, with a shorter message.

Voice: Hello, this is Jack. Leave a message.

Tim: What happened?

Phone rings again.

Voice: Hello, this is Jack.

Tim: I'm coming through now. I'll pick you up.

Martin and Tim end their calls.

Tim: (*emotionally*) Jack's been in an accident.

Martin: Is he....

Tim: I don't know.

Martin: I'm calling Jack's mom....(*he dials*)

Tim: Fuck!

Scene 15

Light comes up on Jack, wearing a full-face motorcycle helmet, skipping with a skipping rope. He is wearing a jeans and a bloodied shirt.

Jack is not a great skipper. After 2 or 3 skips, his feet get entangled in the rope. He tries again, gets better, but with the same result ultimately.

Lights fade.

Scene 16

Tim and Farai are having a drink. It is just after Jack's funeral. Farai is reading the obituary column in a newspaper.

Farai: (*reads*) The Social Justice Coalition deeply mourns the tragic passing of Jack Newton whose substantial financial contribution helped to set up our regional office. Hamba Kahle Jack. (*to Tim*) Did you know?

Tim drinks and shakes his head.

Comment [YH19]: We changed this and simplified it in the last version. Your version was very wordy and hard to say at such a crisis point.

Farai: Here's another. "Our deepest sympathies to the family of Jack Newton who generously gave of his time and his money. Lifeline".

Beat.

Tim: I still can't believe he's gone. We're never going to see him again.

Farai: Never going to hear him say "Fuck" or "Fucking hell!" (*chuckles*). He could certainly swear...fuck!

They laugh.

Tim: He got it from his dad. Every second word was an expletive. And yet in court, he could speak perfectly without a single F-word.

Martin bursts into the room. He goes straight for Farai.

Martin: Who's next, Farai? Who's fucking next?

Tim: Marty.....

Martin: (*he almost can't get his words out with anxiety*) This...this is *his*...fault!

Farai: (*confused*) What?

Martin: You and your fucking dream!

Tim: Calm down, Marty.

Martin: It's like he said, Tim! He's going to be the last to die....

Farai gets up, walks up to Marty to give him a hug to calm him down.

Farai: It was just a dream, Marty.

Martin: Get away from me! Don't you dare fucking touch me!

Tim: Marty, it was a bizarre coincidence. That's all.

Martin approaches Farai threateningly, who backs away.

Martin: Who's next? (*more hysterically*) Who's next Farai?

Tim restrains Martin, pulls him away from Farai.

Tim: Marty, come on. (*Beat*) We're all quite emotional.

Martin: Is it me?

Tim: We're feeling things a bit more strongly than usual.

Farai: I think I'm going to go.

Martin: Fuck you Farai, fuck you!

Tim hugs Farai. Marty turns away and doesn't look.

Farai: (*as he leaves*) I love you too, Marty.

Farai exits.

Martin: It's not just a dream, Tim.

Tim: It *is* just a dream.

Martin: Black people have ancestors and stuff.

Tim: So do we.

Martin: Black people's ancestors talk to them in their dreams. They tell them things.

Tim: Sure. Like the winning numbers to the lotto.

Martin: You *have* to confess it's weird, Tim!

Tim: Of course it's weird. But no more weird than any other coincidence that happens a hundred times a day!

Martin: What if it's not just a coincidence?

Tim: Marty, it's been a long day....

Martin: Don't you think we should take pre-emptive action?

Tim: Have you been drinking?

Martin: We have ancestors too...you said.

Tim: I'll run you home.

Martin: We can ask them to protect us from Farai's ancestors! You pray to them all the time. Saint Christopher. St Peter. Saint...Bernard.

Tim: You can sleep here if you want.

Martin: Can't you...can you put in a good word for me?

Lights fade.

Scene 17

Martin's dream sequence. Jack is doing stand up comedy.

Jack: Okay people, listen up. The message from upstairs is that we're going to be here a while in this waiting room 'cos they can't cope with the number of South Africans coming up here on a daily basis. They've got a huge backlog processing everyone. AIDS. Crime. Car accidents. Family murders. There are even some natural causes. But they've all been living in Perth.

So, I'm going to entertain you with some stand up comedy to pass the time, okay?

So anyway, I had this friend Farai, and the doctor said he must get his affairs in order as he only had 6 months to live. So Farai first had an affair with Julie, then Lerato, then Mary.

I had another friend in the bottled water industry. You know...beef or chicken, still or sparkling, that kind of thing.

His name is Marty, short for Martin, or Marthinus...or Maatskapy – I don't know, I've always just known him as Marty.

Whoah, Marty's here. Give him a round...

So Death comes knocking and Marty says he's not ready to go. So Death says to him okay, I'll give you one last wish. Sing any song you like. And Marty's like, (*sings*) *One trillion, trillion, trillion, trillion green bottles, hanging on the wall.*

I'm sure we're all thinking the same thing, right? Why me? Why did I have to die? Why not someone else? Is it because I slept with my married neighbour? Is it because I cheated on my tax? Is it because I didn't support Bafana Bafana? All I want to know is...is it because I'm Jack?

I'm quite keen to meet my dad up here. So if any of you sees a guy with a hole in his head...and who looks like me....

Lights fade.

Scene 18

Martin and Tim at Tim's house after Martin has slept there. They're drinking coffee.

Martin: These dreams are freaking me out, Tim.

Tim: It's natural, Marty. At times like this our sub-conscious is very active.

Martin: They always seem to feature Jack.

Tim: Doing what?

Martin: Different things. The night he died, I dreamt he was skipping. He was a kak skipper.

Tim: Our dreams sometimes reflect our anxieties.

Martin: You know how Jack always took the piss out of everything?

Tim: I've been at the receiving end often enough.

Martin: This is going to sound weird.

Tim: I'm a priest...I hear a lot of weird things.

Martin: I'm thinking that after Farai's dream, Jack had that accident on purpose. Just to freak me out.

Tim: That *is* weird. Even for a priest.

Martin: But it's the kind of thing Jack could do.

Tim: Kill himself just to freak you out?

Martin: I don't think he wanted to die. Just have an accident. That would have been enough. He didn't know he'd lose so much blood. Or that the hospital wouldn't have his kind of blood.

Tim: Marty, are you seeing a shrink?

Martin: I'm not crazy Tim.

Tim: I'm not saying you're crazy. I think Jack's death has had a big impact on you. Emotionally. Psychologically. It would be good for you to chat to a professional.

Martin: I'm chatting to you!

Tim: I'm too close to you.

Martin: I don't need a shrink Tim, just a sounding board. A friend. Someone to talk to.

Beat.

Tim: Tell me something...what's freaking you out more? Farai's dream or Jack's death?

Martin: (beat) Both! Jack's death is Farai's dream coming true! How can you not see that? We're going to die, Tim! You and me...the end is nigh!

Tim decides to play along.

Tim: There has to be a way to break the curse, Marty.

Martin: There's only one way...

Martin leans forward conspiratorially; Tim leans towards him. The rest of the conversation takes place in hushed whispers.

Martin: (loud whisper) Farai has to die.

Tim: No!

Martin: That's the only way!

Tim: Are you serious?

Martin: If he dies before us...we're free.

Tim: So...we just have to hang in there for the next six months or so?

Martin: Too long! It only took a few days from Farai's dream for Jack to die.

Tim: So what are you going to do?

Martin: Not me, us! This is for both of us!

Tim: I'm not....

Martin: Don't give me that crap about being a priest, Tim. You're the one with the experience....

Tim looks at Martin quizzically.

Martin: You terminated my baby!

Tim: I didn't...

Martin: Mary would not have done it without your consent! (Beat) I lose my best friend and my child within 48 hours of each other. I'm not going down without a fight!

Lights fade on Martin and Tim.

Scene 19

Lights come up on Farai and Martin at Farai's house.

Martin: Thanks for inviting me around. I want to apologise for going off at you yesterday.

Farai: No worries. It was an emotional day for all of us.

Martin: I've been having weird dreams too.

Farai: Really?

Martin: This last one...*(smiles)* Jack was doing stand up.

Farai: *(snorts)* Is he any good?

Martin: Black humour. Like yours.

Farai: He dies, so I postpone my show...and now he's doing stand up!
(chuckles)

Beat.

Martin: You said you wanted to do some extreme adventure stuff before you...you know....

Farai: That was the cancer talking....

Martin takes out an envelope.

Martin: No, I think it's great. In fact...I got you some tickets. As a gift. From me.

Farai: Marty....

Martin: There's bungee jumping. Sky-diving. Swimming with sharks. This is the cool one...you do it without the cage.

Farai: *(snorts)* And the sky-diving...is it *with* a parachute?

They laugh, even though for different reasons.

Farai: That's very generous, Marty.

Martin: I also got introductory lessons for rock-face climbing, stock car racing and deep water diving....

Farai: Marty, you said you're sorry...you didn't have to....

Martin: To be honest...I got it on a bit of a special.

Farai: Buy one, get one free?

Martin: Sort of, but more like you have to do it all in 48 hours.

Farai: Wow.

Martin: Tomorrow and Thursday. It's like a mid-week package.

Farai: I'm supposed to start chemo on Thursday.

Beat. Martin tries a guilt-trip approach.

Martin: This is a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

Farai: The chemo's been planned for a long time.

Martin: I know, but...I already bought the tickets.

Farai: I'm *really* tempted...

Martin: I'll pick you up and take you.

Farai: I dunno, Marty.

Martin becomes a little more aggressive.

Martin: (*a bit agitated*) You're not going to look this gift horse in the mouth are you?

Farai: I want to do it...

Martin: (*still agitated*) I'm trying to do something for you here!

Farai: And I appreciate it. I do!

Martin: (*firmly*) So cut the bullshit, and just do it.

Farai sits.

Farai: Marty, sit down.

Martin's not sure.

Farai: Just sit. I have a proposition.

Martin sits. Farai talks to him as if in confidence.

Farai: I've been doing a lot of thinking. (*sighs*) I'm on my way out. There's nothing much left for me. In fact, nothing. So I'm thinking, why don't I

Comment [YH20]: We may end up cutting this again as you did, but it felt like Marty needed to try harder to persuade Farai...

go...sooner. Why wait? I don't want to go through that whole chemo thing. The vomiting, the pain, the hair loss. I've had enough. Not a great life in terms of length, but okay in terms of quality. This thing with Jack...it's changed everything. I don't feel so alone anymore.

Martin: *(interested, wants to cut to the chase)* So...what are you thinking?

Farai: My being here is putting *you* through hell. This dream thing....

Martin: *(as if dismissively)* Oh that...I'd forgotten about that....

Farai: I'm thinking of going sooner.

Martin: What do you mean?

Farai: No more doctors, no chemo, just... I don't want all that lying on my bed in a hospice, dying with dignity stuff. I want to go when I'm still lucid and have some self-respect.

Martin: Like...when?

Farai: Like...now.

Martin: Now?

Farai: Right now.

Martin: How?

Farai pulls out a gun which gives Marty a huge fright.

Martin: Fuck, Farai!

Farai: Beautiful, hey?

Martin: Where did you get it?

Farai: This is Joburg.

Martin: You're going to shoot yourself.

Farai: Well....no. *You're* going to shoot me...

Martin: *(shocked)* Me?

Farai: And then you're going to put the gun in my hand to make it look like a suicide.

Martin: *(snorts)* You've been watching too many movies.

Farai: I'm serious Marty!

Martin: Why don't you just do it yourself? (*Beat*) Not that I want you to....

Farai: I don't have the balls....

Martin: Kak, man! You've taken on Mugabe, the local xenophobes....

Farai: It's easy to face an external enemy. Dealing with one's own demons...that's another story. I can't do it....

Martin: There's some trick here.

Farai: There's no trick.

Martin: You're not telling me everything.

Farai: Okay, look, Tim says I've a good chance of getting to heaven, but I can't kill myself. St Peter doesn't like that kind of thing.

Martin: You want me to shoot you.

Farai: One shot. That's all.

Martin: Like an assisted suicide.

Beat.

Farai: Think of it as a mercy killing.

Martin: Whatever you call it...it's...murder. I'll be a murderer.

Farai: It's like turning off a life-support machine, Marty. No big deal.

Martin: I can't do it.

Farai: This is not just for me, Marty. It's for you. And Tim! The longer I'm around, the more chance of you...you know....

Marty walks around, thinking. Farai holds out the gun to him. Marty grabs the gun. He walks away from Farai and points the gun at him.

Farai: No, no, that's too far away. Closer.

Martin: (*lowering the gun*) This is crazy...

Farai sits down.

Farai: Come...put it against my head.

Martin walks slowly towards Farai.

Farai: Don't think about it...just do it.

Martin comes up behind him and puts the gun to Farai's left temple. He then closes his eyes and looks the other way.

Farai: Marty...Marty...I'm right-handed.

Martin: So?

Farai: So you can't shoot me in my left temple and put the gun in my right hand, okay?

Martin: Fuck, Farai...!

Farai: Get this right with one shot, okay? I don't want to have a hole in my head and still be alive.

Martin walks away.

Martin: I can't do this.

Farai: Yes you can! Yes you can! Come on Marty!

Martin: You're my friend!

Farai: That's why you have to do it! For your friend! This is not just about you, Marty!

Martin: No, Farai!

Farai: Marty...this *is* about you! You're next!

Martin: Next?

Farai: In my dream...

Martin: There's an order?

Farai: First Jack, then you...

Martin: You're messing with me...

Farai: No, it's true.

Martin: Fine! *(Beat)* Do you have anything to say?

Farai: I say it all in my suicide note. I thank everyone for their contribution to my life. Tim, Jack, you, my uncle, Mugabe....

Martin lowers the gun

Farai: Mary...

Martin: *(points the gun at Farai's head)* Mary?

Farai: Mary was really kind...

Martin raises the gun.

Martin: How kind?

Farai: *(smiles)* Very kind.

Martin: Goodbye Farai.

Farai: Cheers, Marty.

(Still think we should cut this. It goes on a bit – the real motivation for Marty to shoot Farai is that he – Marty – is next in line to die; doesn't really need the Mary motivation)

Martin points the gun to Farai's right temple

Martin: I can't believe I'm shooting my only black friend.

Farai: You can find other Zimbabweans on the internet...

Tim enters.

Tim: Marty! What are you doing?

Marty lowers the gun quickly, embarrassed.

Martin: He...he asked me...

Farai thinking quickly, jumps up and runs towards Tim.

Farai: Thank God you're here, Tim! He wanted to shoot me...

Marty is gobsmacked.

Tim: *(incredulously)* Marty?

Farai: He thinks this way...he's safe...from my dream.

Tim: I don't believe this.

Martin: That's not....

Tim: I saw it Marty! I saw you standing there with a gun against Farai's head!

Martin: (*vulnerable*) Farai...tell him.

Farai: What? That you were happy to shoot me...to save your own life?

Martin: This is not even my gun. (*to Tim*) He gave it to me and asked me to shoot him.

Forces Farai to take back the gun.

Tim: And being the great friend you are....

Martin: He asked me to help him commit suicide.

Tim: And you just said yes.

Martin: No!

Farai: You didn't need much convincing!

Martin: (*to Tim*) He said it was a mercy killing!

Farai: For who?

Martin: For you!

Farai: No, for you! To put you out of your misery about...dying before me. And you would have done it!

Tim: I came just in time...

Martin: (*almost pleading*) Tim....

Tim: It's *despicable*, Marty.

Farai: Tell him Tim!

Tim: You disgust me!

Farai: Tell him!

Tim: You...you...

Farai: Tell him Tim...tell him how the insurance won't pay out if it's suicide. Or assisted suicide. Tell him....

Tim is embarrassed.

Tim: Farai...

Farai: I asked you to cancel it. I checked the bank statements...the Project doesn't pay for it anymore.

Tim: I was going to tell you....

Farai: You pay for it, don't you?

Tim: (*squirming*) The Project is still the beneficiary....

Farai: I invited you both over.... I wanted to see...to hear it first-hand. Two of my best friends... both wanting me dead...

Tim: It's not like that...

Farai: Would you have done this to Jack?

Tim: Farai....

Farai: (*ironically, wry smile*) Is it because...I'm black?

Tim: Of course not...

Martin: Farai, I can understand that you're upset...

Farai: (*continuing to make them squirm, but with obvious irony*) I know...I know it's not because I'm black... It's because I'm Zimbabwean....

Tim: Farai...I can understand that you're disappointed...but really, I'd hate you to think that we could have done anything to...because you were black. Or Zimbabwean...

Martin: Ja...it's not like you're...Nigerian.

They all laugh. Farai abruptly stops laughing and points the gun at Marty who backs away.

Farai: Some of my best friends are Nigerian!

Tim: Farai...it's really not cool to point a gun at your friends.

Farai turns to face Marty, pointing gun at him and then lowering it.

Farai: (*lowering the gun*) You're right, Tim. It's not cool to point a gun at your friends.

Farai steps forward, away from Martin and Tim. He points the gun at head.

Tim dives at Farai, pushing him to the ground. There's a bit of a struggle. A shot goes off. Marty collapses to the floor. Tim moves away from Farai, and rushes to Marty.

Tim: Marty!

Farai: Fuck!

Tim: Marty...can you hear me?

Farai: They said it wasn't loaded!

Tim: (*angrily*) What? You mean!

Farai: Fucking Nigerians!

Blackout.

Scene 20

Farai is on one side of the stage, in a spotlight, repeating bits of his first comedy routine. About half-way through the second paragraph, the lights come up on Tim and Martin sitting, drinking beer. Martin has his arm in a sling. When they begin to chat, Farai continues but quieter and quieter and the lights fade slowly on him till he is in complete darkness and then exits.

Farai: People ask me why I left Zimbabwe. I haven't left Zimbabwe. We're just...separated. It's a trial separation. We'll be reunited as soon as Mugabe's on trial in The Hague.

A lot of my friends in Zimbabwe left for London. I thought, why go all the way to London to have South African neighbours when I can just go to Joburg?

I have many friends in South Africa. Zimbabweans. Mozambicans. *White* South Africans....

Amakwerekwere. (*wryly*) Another Proudly South African product.

By this time, the lights have faded completely on Farai.

Martin: People loved the video.

Tim: (*smiles*) They did. And now it's gone viral.

Martin: (*wryly*) Dead Man Joking.....

Chuckles. Beat. Silence as they drink.

Martin: What are you thinking?

Tim: Jack left a Trust that will help some kids. Farai's left a video that's at least making people laugh in Zimbabwe. I'm just thinking...what will I leave behind?

Martin: And?

Tim: I don't know hey,...I don't know. And you?

Martin: What am I thinking?

Tim: No...what will you leave behind?

Martin: *(Beat) (sighs)* A lot of empty plastic bottles....

They look at each other, and then stare in front of them as lights begin to fade to black.