

RETURN OF THE ANCESTORS

**A PLAY BY
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About the Play

Return of the Ancestors genuflects to *Woza Albert*, a South African theatre classic featuring two actors with the basic theme of Jesus Christ's return to South Africa during the apartheid era.

In *Return of the Ancestors*, two struggle icons – Steve Biko and Neil Aggett – who died in apartheid detention, are sent back to South Africa during 2014, twenty years after the first democratic elections, to see whether the sacrifice of those who have gone before, has been worth it. They travel through the country on their way to a celebration that culminates in Nkandla, taking in the sights, sounds and experiences of ordinary South Africans along the way.

Style

The style of *Return of the Ancestors* also genuflects to *Woza Albert* with two actors playing multiple characters in an energetic, physical style with scenes transitioning into one another through performed music, dance and song. The props and costumes are suggestive rather than realistic with all of these present on stage as the actors change into costumes on stage, and appropriate what props they need for each scene. For example, a bicycle is exemplified by the handle bars of a bike, and when both actors are riding on the bike together, the physical portrayal represents an exaggeration of this as it would be in real life.

The songs that transition from one scene to the next may be ironic or serious, but the actors should be able to sing.

Given the other-worldliness of the characters and their return, they have the power to interface with, and talk to inanimate objects and to animals too.

The play comprises multiple short scenes. Throughout the piece which is fairly direct and critical of much about contemporary South Africa, there are short, satirical news reports of under the banner "The Good News Story", with the actors playing reporters telling ironic "good news", sunshine journalism stories.

Genre

While the piece makes serious points, it does so with a mixture of comedy and satire.

Pushing boundaries

Stylistically, elements of the play would have been seen before, but the intention of the piece is to push both artistic and content boundaries. Its very concept will be provocative and controversial, and the intention is not to do it for its own sake, but in the context of a serious reflection on where we are as a country twenty years into our democracy.

SCENE ONE

Mama is seated on a drum, singing or humming a song quietly to herself. Steve enters, looking a bit lost, holding a card (an invitation) in his hand.

Steve: Hello, Mama...

Mama: Molo, umfana.

Steve: Sorry to disturb you mama...

Mama: No disturbance, umfana. I'm just waiting anyway. *(Beat)* Are you the Messiah?

Steve: *(politely, smiles)* Mama's waiting for the Messiah?

Mama: The Messiah's going to come...any time now.

Mama coughs again.

Steve: Can I get you a glass of water?

Mama: *(laughs and coughs)* You can get me a glass. But there's no water.

Steve: No water?

Mama: I'm waiting for my grandchild. She's gone to get water at the communal tap. *(Coughs again)*

Steve: Mama...you should get that cough seen to.

Mama: It's just a cough.

Steve looks around.

Steve: I wanted to be a doctor. In a place like this.

Mama: *(lights up)* We're getting a doctor. And a clinic.

Steve: That's...good!

Mama: My sister's village...they got a clinic eight years ago. We should be getting ours any time now.

Steve: Did the government tell you...?

Mama: (*excited*) Madiba came, and we got a tap. (*still animated*) Then Thabo visited us, and we got a big, new graveyard. And Zuma...Zuma gave us a toll road.

Steve: (*approvingly*) He saw how bad the roads were and then tarred the road....

Mama: No, it was tarred just before he came.

Steve: Ah, so the presidential convoy wouldn't be damaged by the bad road, saving taxpayers money.

Mama: He came in a helicopter.

Steve: And promised you a clinic?

Mama: (*excited*) They all did! And electricity. And houses. And a school.

Steve: But...nothing yet?

Mama: Things don't change overnight, umfana.

Steve: Twenty years is a long night, Mama.

Mama: Agh, you know how it is with this democracy. The leaders keep changing. And the leaders must first look after themselves. But just when they are ready to do things for the people, a new leader comes. And then he first has to take care of himself...and we have to wait again. (*Coughs. Steve rubs her back*) We never got anything from the boers, umfana. Our leaders won't desert us. We just have to be patient and vote for the same party... and hope they keep their leader so he has enough time to eat, and then let us eat.

Steve: Hayi, mama...is that how democracy is here?

Mama: Is it different somewhere else, umfana? (*Beat*) I haven't seen you around here before. What's your name?

Steve: You can just call me Bantu.

Mama: (*jumps up excitedly*) Holomisa?

She grabs and shakes his hand exaggeratedly. She dances around a bemused, protesting Steve.

Mama: Joh! Joh! Joh! Joh! Have you got groceries?

Steve: Mama...I'm not Holomisa.

Mama stops abruptly, disappointed.

Steve: Were you expecting Holomisa?

Mama: *(sits down, rubs her tummy)* Umfana, I'm too old to expect...now...now I just wait.

Steve: For the Messiah?

Mama: For a miracle, yes. I'll vote for him when he comes. The whole village will vote for Jesus when he comes. The ANC knows that. That's why they say they will only rule till Jesus comes. They know we will all vote for him. *(starts holding forth as an excited preacher)* Then we will see change, umfana!! He'll turn our shacks into mansions! He'll give us fish and bread and we'll never go to bed hungry again! He'll raise my daughters from the dead, and my grandchildren will have their mothers again! Woza Lerato! Woza Nomhle! *(emotional, she stops and coughs again)*

Steve helps Mama to sit down.

Mama: How can I help you, umfana?

Steve: Mama, a friend and I got an invitation to celebrate twenty years of democracy....

He shows her the invitation.

Mama: *(embarrassed, she squints)* My eyes, umfana...

Steve: When the clinic comes...you must get glasses.

Mama: *(laughs good humouredly, shakes her head)* It will be like glasses with no water. *(They look at each other)* I can't read. *(Beat)* Where's the celebration?

Steve: *(looking at invitation)* It says Nkandla...

Mama: *(excited)* Serious?

Steve: I need directions...but I can get it from someone...

Mama: *(animated)* No problem!

She jumps up and starts giving him directions.

Mama: You take this gravel road all the way down the hill. You'll pass a school under a tree. When you get to the graveyard, turn left at the section for children. You can't miss it. Then you'll come to a row of unfinished RDP houses.

Steve: RDP?

Mama: *(laughs)* Really Defective Premises! That's what my sister's village calls it. Because of how they fall apart. Anyway, you'll cross a bridge over a river...be careful. The bridge is broken...

Steve: And then I'll come to Nkandla?

Mama: *(laughs and coughs)* No! You'll come to the toll road that will take you to the airport. Then you must catch a plane to Nkandla! Joh, umfana, you must be special to get the invitation....

Steve: Is Nkandla a special place?

Mama: It's the *only* place in the world with a firepool.

Steve: What's that?

Mama: I don't know. But it's there. At Nkandla.

Steve: Thank you, Mama. I'm supposed to meet my friend here, so I'll just walk along the road...

Mama: Do it before dark, umfana. There are tsotsis everywhere.

Steve: And you must get your cough seen to. *(smiles)* Or you won't be here when the Messiah comes...

Mama: Then I'll be in heaven, umfana.. And then...everything will be alright...

Music/singing as scene changes

SCENE TWO

Steve is standing, trying to hitch a ride. Neil passes by on a bicycle. He rides past Steve, then turns back.

Neil: Steve?

Steve: Bantu.

Neil: Biko?

Steve: (*suspiciously*) Who wants to know?

Neil: It's me. Neil.

Steve: (*surprised*) Aggett?

Neil puts down his bike. Happily warms up to Steve.

Neil: I've been looking for you.

Steve backs away.

Steve: Hey, hey, hey. Hold on. Who *are* you?

Neil: Sorry, my bad. You were expecting a white guy.

Steve: I would have preferred someone black...

Neil: Blame it on Madiba. The Ancestors were going to send you and Chris on this mission.

Steve: Hani and I were the first to volunteer.

Neil: And then Madiba arrived.

Steve: We were all so happy to see him!

They sing a song in praise of Nelson Mandela's arrival.

Steve: When he heard about it, Mandela said the mission should include a black and a white person.

Neil: And, apparently, Madiba gets what he wants.

Steve: Except...(*laughs*) when he got up there, he wanted to start an ANC branch...

Neil: Really?

Steve: They told him he can't. There is no ANC or PAC or BC afterlife...they told him if he wanted that, he could go to hell.

Steve laughs. Neil eventually joins in. Steve stops laughing abruptly.

Steve: You didn't hear that?

Neil: No.

Steve: It was all over the news...in *The After Times*.

Beat

Neil: I must have missed it.

Steve is suspicious. He goes up behind Neil, and grabs him around the neck with one arm, and with the other, twists Neil's one arm behind his back.

Neil: Hey! What are you doing?

Steve: How do I know it's really you?

Neil: You're being paranoid!

Steve: Everyone heard about Madiba wanting to start an ANC branch, except you. How do I know you're not an Askari?

Neil: Why would I be an informer?

Steve: What is our mission?

Neil: I know you didn't want me...

Steve: (*more firmly*) What is our mission?

Neil: We must travel the length and breadth of South Africa to see if the sacrifices made by the ancestors were worth it.

Steve: What *can* we do?

Neil: We can talk to anyone and anything we want. We can make ourselves visible or we can be invisible.

Steve: What *can't* we do?

Neil: We can't become involved in the pajrty politics of the day.

Steve: What else?

Neil: We can't make contact with any of our loved ones who are still alive.

Steve: Or?

Neil: Or we'll be recalled.

Steve pushes Neil to the ground.

Steve: So why are you black?

Neil: (*rubbing his arm*) Jimmy Kruger's thugs taught you well!

Steve: We're not supposed to be feel any pain.

Neil: I meant the interrogation.

Steve: I still want to know what you're doing in a black body....

Neil: It was a compromise. Madiba insisted that a white person be included, and the Council of Ancestors said okay, but he must go as a black person. Because they had made their sacrifices so that black people could be free. But Madiba said we had fought to liberate all South Africans, black and white, so we had to see whether the struggle was worth it for all the people of the country.

Steve: Madiba...eish! Those twenty-seven years on the island made him soft.

Steve puts his hand out towards Neil. He pulls him up from the ground.

Steve: Let's go see if Mandela's rainbow nation works.

Neil: Or for whom it works.

SCENE THREE

One Actor plays the role of Gravestone. He is on his knees with his arms above his head like a steeple. Steve is in the graveyard.

Gravestone: (*as Steve walks past*) Pssst!

Steve: Can I help you?

Gravestone: Actually, that's what I was going to ask you.

Steve: You're a gravestone. How can you help me?

Gravestone: You look lost. This is my turf. Just saying...

Steve: I was looking...

Gravestone: You look familiar.

Steve: We all look the same (*laughs wryly*)...more especially when we're dead!.

Gravestone: Biko! You're Biko, right? You've come to look at your grave...

Steve: It's around here somewhere...?

Gravestone: Follow those people over there...we get groups coming in every day making the pilgrimage to your grave. We call it Biko tourism...it's been great for the upkeep of this resting place.

Steve: Who's buried here?

Gravestone: (*points to his chest*) Humphrey Maponya, born 1977...

Steve: The year I was brought here...

Gravestone: Died 2008.

Steve: Same age I was...people weren't supposed to die so young now.

Gravestone: This whole row and that one and all of those in front of you...as far as you can see...all in their twenties and thirties.

Steve: AIDS?

Gravestone: (*nods*) Very sad.

Steve: (*shakes his head*) If the Boers had done this...we'd have called it genocide.

Gravestone: (*wanting to sound upbeat*) The good thing is we're getting some of our land back from the Boers. So now we have space to bury all our people.

Steve: Whose graves are those?

Gravestone: Which ones?

Steve: Behind you...hundreds of them...open...like greedy mouths waiting for something to be dropped into them.

Gravestone: I'm glad I'm facing this way.

Steve: Why?

Gravestone: I wouldn't be able to bear to look!

Steve: (*insisting*) Whose graves are they?

Beat.

Gravestone: (*quietly*) That's the children's section.

Biko: (*angrily*) So many children are dying everyday? Still?

Gravestone: Hey, I'm not the bad guy here!

Biko: Of what?

Gravestone: Diarrhea, hunger, rape, murder...

Biko: Rape...?

Gravestone: Humans are weird.

Biko: What happened to Ubuntu?

Gravestone: They need you back here, Bantu!

Biko: The boers...still killing our people?

Gravestone: No, black people are now fully empowered. They kill themselves. 17 000 murders every year...46 a day.

Biko: Is this what we fought for?

Gravestone: No-one's safe. Teachers, musicians, farmers, soccer stars...

Biko: What are the politicians doing?

Gravestone: Except politicians...they're okay. They have bodyguards.

Biko: We died so that people could live!

Gravestone: Here's another one for you, Bantu. Average life expectancy is lower now than during apartheid.

Biko: You're killing me...again!

Gravestone: Everyone's getting stoned....

Biko looks at him quizzically.

Gravestone: Gravestoned.

Gravestone sings "Senzenina", Biko joins in as part of the scene's transition.

SCENE FOUR

Sunshine: Good evening, this is Sunshine Tshabalala with the Good News for Rainbow Television. The Auditor General reported that in the last financial year, only seven-point-two-billion rand was lost to corruption. It could have been so much more. For Rainbow Television, this is Sunshine Tshabalala.

SCENE FIVE

One Actor plays the part of a Preacher spreading "The Good News" and he does so in a passionate American southern Baptist manner. He wears a showerhead. The second Actor plays the part of a sign-language Translator, making up Jantjie-type translations, and saying something else with a broad smile on his face, clenching his teeth.

Preacher: My people-a...thank you for coming-a!

Translator: *(waves)* Baaahhhhh *(as in sheep)*

Preacher: We want everyone to hear what we have to say-a, even the deaf-a, which is why we have our sign language interpreter-a....

Translator: *(makes an exaggerated karate movement, then...)* Baaahhhh....!

Preacher: For we have a good story to tell-a!

Translator: *(uses hands to indicate three stories)* I live in a three-storey house.

Preacher: We have given land-a...back to our people-a!

Translator: *(makes the sign of McDonalds golden arches)* Like old McDonald, I have a farm.

Preacher: We have given you electricity-a!

Translator: *(hand on sign of head making on-off sign)* I have a generator.

Preacher: Because of us-a, you have the seen the light-a!

Translator: *(hands over eyes)* Except when Eskom turns it off.

Preacher: Because of us-a, you have toilets-a!

Translator: *(squats and greets people as they go past)* Without any walls.

Preacher: Water is a human right-a!

Translator: *(makes a money sign, rubbing thumb over middle-finger)* For which we make you pay.

Preacher: We have given you water-a!

Translator: *(makes a swimming sign)* I have a firepool.

Preacher: Education is a human right-a!

Translator: *(typing sign, as if on a computer)* The more you pay, the better your human right.

Preacher: Every child-a...are you listening people...I said every child-a...can now be educated-a!

Translator: *(as if doffing a hat)* My children are at private schools.

Preacher: We have created one million jobs-a!

Translator: *(hands out as if begging)* And lost two million more!

Preacher: We have created hundreds-a, I said hundreds-a, black millionaires-a!

Translator: *(puts his arms as if hugging someone on either side of him)* Mostly my friends and family!

Preacher: We have attracted foreign investment-a!

Translator: *(nodding his head in Indian way, and in Indian accent)* Hello Gupta!

Preacher: We have provided clinics-a, hospitals-a, medicines-a!

Translator: *(waves sadly as if at an airport waving goodbye to someone)* And exported our doctors and nurses.

Preacher: We are dealing with crime-a!

Translator: *(looks at Preacher and shakes his head)* Except when we commit it!

Preacher: We have increased the number of police-a!

Translator: *(makes as if shooting with a machine-gun)* Now no-one's safe!

Preacher: We have a plan to deal with poverty-a!

Translator: It's called the Ministerial Handbook!

Preacher: There are more people on social grants than ever-a!

Translator: *(manipulating his fingers as if he has puppets at the end of them)*
To keep you dependent on us!

Preacher: Did you hear me? I said-a...there are more people on social grants than ever-a! Amen?

Translator: *(makes big X sign)* So keep voting for us!

Preacher: This is the good news!

Translator: *(makes a pelvic thrust or two)* This is the Gospel of Jacob.

Preacher: And this is why we will rule till Jesus comes-a. Halleluja!

Translator: *(puts one hand behind his back to accept money)* Better the devils you know....

They sing a hymn and march around as in an African Zionist church while transitioning to the next scene.

SCENE SIX

Steve walks down the road. A dog runs and barks at him. He turns around and makes as if to kick the dog.

Steve: Hey, voertsek!

Dog: Voertsek yourself!

Steve: Why are you barking at me?

Dog: *(looks at him, feigning surprise)* Because you're black! Hello!

Steve: But *you're* black!

Dog: Haven't you heard of black on black violence? *(Laughs and barks/grunts)*

Steve: The Van der Merwe family must be happy!

Dog: You're such a racist!

Steve: / don't bark at black people!

Dog: There are no Van der Merwes here! I live with the Khumalos.

Steve: Black people live here?

Dog: And next door. And next door to them. And opposite. In fact, 60% of this street is black. All the way down to the ADT shed and the booms.

Steve: Double storeys? Electric Fences?

Dog: All black.

Steve: What happened to the whites who lived here?

Dog: Moved out.

Steve: They didn't like living next to black neighbours....

Dog: That wasn't the problem.

Steve: No?

Dog: You know how white people love animals?

Steve: More than blacks, yes.

Dog: They couldn't take it that their neighbours were slaughtering goats or sheep in the backyard to appease their ancestors. White people prefer to get their meat already slaughtered at Pick 'n Pay.

Steve: Are the Khumalos here?

Dog: No, they're at a rally to save the rhino. The white rhino nogal!

Steve: You speak quite well for a dog.

Dog: I went to a Model C training school. *(looks in other direction, growls)* Just wait...

Dog runs off and barks, watched by a bemused Steve. Dog comes back, smiling.

Steve: Model C...and you still chase cars.

Dog: Yes, but not the four-by-fours. Only the jalopies. *(Beat)* What are you doing here anyway?

Steve: I'm looking for Nkandla...I heard it was big so I thought it may be in this neighbourhood.

Dog: *(laughs)* This is nothing...Where are you from?

Steve: From another time...

Dog: You must be. Humans usually have a more limited vocabulary. Like "Sit!" "Fetch!" "Get away from that bitch!". I'll give you directions if you do me a favour.

Steve: What?

Dog: Tickle me. *(sits on his haunches, with head to the side)* Please?

They look at each other. Steve nods.

Steve: Over here.

Dog goes to Steve. Turns on his back with four paws in the air. Steve tickles Dog's tummy.

Steve: Are you happy here?

Dog: The Khumalos are okay. I think my sister has it better. She's with the Harris family.

Steve: They're white?

Dog: You're so obsessed with colour...you could be from now!

Steve: I'm just interested in why she has it better than you...

Dog: They love her just because she's a dog. Here, they're good to me because I help to keep them safe. There's been a lot of crime in this area.

Steve: It's just you and your sister?

Dog: *(sighs, rolls back onto his legs)* Yeah...my mom read this sign saying "Do not litter..." I love my mom, but she didn't go to a Model C dog school. Like this guy who lives in Nkandla...I was watching TV with the Khumalos and he comes on and says that blacks owning dogs is un-African.

Steve: *(smiles)* He's got a point. You can't pay lobola with dogs.

Dog growls at Steve.

Steve: It's a joke!

Dog: For you, maybe! After that, Mr Khumalo made me sleep outside.

Steve: That's how I was brought up. Dogs sleep outside.

Dog: Not here! Not in the twenty-first century! It's like being a domestic worker!

Steve: The Khumalos have a domestic worker?

Dog: *(laughs)* Where are you from? *Everyone* has a domestic worker.

Steve: *(with a little anger)* And she sleeps outside?

Dog: In an outside room, yes. Which makes us about the same. In the suburbs, dogs should be above domestic workers. And gardeners and such like.

Without warning, Dog runs off and barks furiously. Steve claps his hands, calls him back. Steve apologises to the person whom Dog has been barking at. "I'm sorry". He turns to Dog.

Steve: What did he do to you?

Dog: (*shrugs*) Nothing.

Steve: So?

Dog: So he's a gardener from Malawi!

Steve: So?

Dog: We don't like Malawians.

Steve: What's the problem with Malawians?

Dog: They think like Africans.

Steve: He *is* African.

Dog: Exactly! So he could want to steal from us! And take our bitches. We have so many Malawians and Zimbabweans here...they should go home.

Steve: Why?

Dog: That's what the Khumalos say. Because it's not good to have aliens in your gardens. They stop the indigenous from growing.

Steve: Where are you from?

Dog: (*proudly*) I have English in my pedigree....!

Steve: So it's okay to have English dogs but not African human beings....

Dog: Now *you're* thinking like an African. Always the poor victim.

Beat.

Steve: Why am I even having a conversation with you? I can't say it was good to meet you...whatever your name is!

Dog sits on his haunches.

Dog: The Khumalos call me Biko. After one of their heroes. And you?

Dog lifts his paw for Steve to shake.

Steve: Never mind.

Steve walks away. Dog looks at audience. Shrugs his shoulders.

The two actors start shouting about their wares. “Ice-cold cokes” or “Windscreen washing” and variations thereof as they get their props and to the required stage places till both are ready and shouting about their wares.

SCENE SEVEN

The two actors play characters - SA and Zim – who are hawkers at a set of traffic lights, SA selling a service as a windscreen washer and Zim selling cold Cokes. The tension rises through the scene as Zim does better than SA.

Zim: (stage right) Ice-cold cokes, hello sir, just ten rand for you sir.

There’s an exchange of money and cans (mimed).

SA: (stage left) Five rand to wash your screen. Just five rand, mam!

Zim: I put it to you...you need a cold Coke! Thank you, have a good day sir.

SA: (after being chased away) Ah, fok off!

Zim: Hot, hot day! Cold, cold cokes!

SA: Five rand for a clean windscreen!

Zim: No worries, mam! Next time.

SA: Fok off, bitch!

Zim: Two Cokes coming up, milady!

SA: (running up to same car, pushes Zim) I’ll wash your windscreen, mam.

Zim: (jostling back, to SA) She said “no thank you”.

SA: Then just fok off!

They both stand there as the car obviously pulls off without Zim having made his sale.

Zim: You’ve chased her away!

SA: So sue me!

Zim: I don't interfere in your business.

SA: If you don't like it, there are other traffic lights.

Zim: I was here first.

SA: This is *my* country.

Zim moves away to a car that has attracted his attention.

Zim: (*back to selling*) Yes sir, just ten rand sir. Thank you sir!

SA: Why don't you just fok off back to Zimbabwe?

Beat.

Zim: You would do better if you change your attitude.

SA: I don't have money to buy wholesale Cokes like you!

Beat.

Zim: Here...you sell my Cokes, I'll wash your windscreens.

Beat.

SA: And I keep the money from the Cokes.

Zim: You keep the Coke money, I get the windscreen money.

They exchange utensils.

Zim dances in front of the cars, charming the drivers.

Zim: How much to wash your windscreen sir?

SA: Hot, hot day! Cold, cold Cokes!

Zim: Not today? No problem sir.

SA: (*smiles at Zim's lack of success*) Hot, hot day! Cold, cold Cokes!

Zim: You can give me whatever you'd like 'mam! (*washes her windscreen*) Twenty rand? I'll give you change, mam. Ah, God bless you, mam!

SA: *(jealous)* Hot, hot Cokes; cold, cold day!

Zim: Sure, sir. Next time.

SA: Cold, hot day; hot, cold Cokes...!

Zim: Big spot on your windscreen, sir. I'll do it for free. Pleasure sir.
(takes money) Ah, thank you sir!

SA goes to Zim aggressively.

SA: I want 50%.

Zim: That's not what we agreed.

SA: You can get 50% of what I make.

Zim: You're not making anything.

SA: Then you can have 100%!

Zim: Look, I don't want to fight with you.

SA: Then just give my equipment back.

Zim gives back SA's equipment.

Zim: So give me back my Cokes.

SA: Or what?

Zim: I also have people to support.

SA: You're taking away my business.

Zim: There's no work in Zimbabwe.

SA: That's not my problem.

Zim: There's enough here for all of us.

SA: You can have your stuff back...if you work for me.

Zim: I don't want to work for anyone. I'm an entrepreneur.

SA: I'm offering you an opportunity.

Zim: No thank you.

SA walks away with the Cokes and the windscreen equipment.

SA: Free Coke with windscreen wash!

Zim: Hey...!

SA: Free windscreen wash with ten rand Coke!

Zim recognizes he is powerless. He turns to go.

Zim: Have a good life, brother.

SA: Fok off. You're not my brother. You're my competition...

Zim walks away. Actors make the sound of car screeching and hooting, and then a thud. Zim goes sprawling as he is knocked over.

SA rushes across to him and furtively takes the money out of Zim's pocket.

SA: *(with melodrama)* No! You've killed my African brother! You've killed my brother!

SCENE EIGHT

Sunshine: Good evening, for Rainbow Television, this is Sunshine Tshabalala. In tonight's Good News, we are pleased to report that, in the last twenty-four hours, the police did not shoot dead any protestors. For Rainbow Television, this is Sunshine Tshabalala.

SCENE NINE

The two actors each represent a different Black Consciousness strand in contemporary South Africa. They are working in a mine.

Two: *(wryly)* I miss Mambush. Jesus must come now...I've had enough of this government.

One: We don't need Jesus...we need the second coming of Steve Biko.

Two: Ja...if Biko were here and formed a party...it will be a landslide.

One: (*shaking his head*) You still believe in bourgeois democracy? Once they take part in parliament, they all sell out!

Two: Biko wouldn't sell out.

One: That's what you people in the Revolutionary People's Movement have already done...you've sold out Biko!

Two: What do you mean?

One: Turning Biko into a commodity. Biko T-shirts. Biko keyrings. Biko caps. Next you'll be bringing out Biko cellphones!

Two: The Revolutionary People's Movement survives through entrepreneurial activity. Biko's our brand. The more he sells out, the more we are able to promote his ideas. We don't depend on handouts from America like you!

One: The Black Consciousness Coalition doesn't get handouts from America. Our funding is based on solidarity from our African American friends!

Two: Who get their money from where? Starbucks? The CIA?

One: You've sold Biko to capitalism!

Two: You're selling Biko to American imperialism! You'll be the next AGANG!

One: AGANG is what you are about - bourgeois democracy. You kiss Mamphela today, and tomorrow, you're kissing Zille! Biko should lead the people on the streets, not in parliament.

Two: (*to One*) The apartheid regime murdered Biko. Now you want the ANC to murder him on the streets? Like they killed Mambush?

One: Parliament changes nothing, except the gravy dividend for MPs!

Two: Biko died for the democratic institutions we have. He would use these to continue the struggle for the liberation of black people.

One: Biko will see that we're worse off now than before. Before, we knew whites were the enemy. Now Zuma's ANC defends white privilege and continues to kill and keep black people poor. They talk black, but act white!

Beat.

Two: We need Jesus....

One: We need Biko.

Two: We need Jesus and Biko.

One: The whites gave us Jesus. We just need Biko.

SCENE TEN

Steve and Aggett are tip-toeing towards a function for which they do not have invitations. Steve is leading the pair, with Aggett coming up behind him. Through the course of the dialogue, the tension between them shifts as they hold each other back from confronting their former tormentors.

Aggett: What are we doing here?

Steve: Sssshhhh!

Aggett: Who's that? The guy getting out of the Mercedes?

Steve: That's the Minister of Police. We were students together.

Aggett: He's done well.

Steve: He used to be Black Consciousness. Now he's fully ANC.

Aggett: What's he doing here?

Steve: He's been invited by this Company to open their new building.

Aggett: What do they do...this company?

Steve: Security.

Aggett: Is it a private firm?

Steve: Yes.

Aggett: Why would the Minister of Police be opening a private security company's building?

Steve: They get a lot of government work...

Aggett: Like?

Steve: Like protecting police stations and stuff.

Beat.

Steve: Shit!

Aggett: What?

Steve: They guy who's greeting him....

Aggett: They chubby guy shaking the Minister's hand?

Steve: *(getting angrier)* He was one of them.

Aggett: One of who?

Steve: One of the boers who interrogated me...

Steve makes up as if to head to the former policeman. Aggett pulls him back.

Aggett: Are you sure?

Steve: I'll never forget his face. His evil smile...

Steve tries to pull himself free from Aggett.

Aggett: What are you going to do?

Steve: I'm going to confront him!

Aggett pulls back Steve.

Aggett: You can't do that!

Steve: He beat the shit out of me....

Aggett: You can't get involved. They'll recall you.

Steve: How can he be free...?

Aggett: It's reconciliation stuff. It's after our time. *(Aggett sees someone)* Shit!

Steve: What is it?

Aggett: The guy in the grey suit...

Steve: And the tie with the company's logo?

Aggett: He kept me awake for hours.

Steve: He's also a former security boer?

Aggett: He humiliated me.

Aggett tries to run towards his former torturer. Steve grabs hold of him.

Steve: Where do you think you're going?

Aggett: This isn't right!

Steve: No it isn't.

Aggett: Fuck reconciliation! Where's the justice?

Lights fade.

SCENE ELEVEN

One actor picks up a spade and ballroom dances with it. The second actor serves as the voice of the spade. The speaking actor dances by himself, and speaks the voice of the implement being danced with by the other actor. Each dance with a different implement is a different ballroom dance.

Neil and Spade, after they have done a bit of a foxtrot.

Neil: Do you come here often?

Spade: Is that your best line?

Neil: I haven't done this for a while.

Spade: Dance with a spade?

Neil: I haven't done that...ever. *(Beat)* What shall I call you?

Spade: Just call me "Spade"

They dance a little more.

Spade: What about you?

Neil: What about me?

Spade: You have a name?

Neil: Neil.

They freeze.

Spade: You want me to kneel?

Neil: That's my name.

Spade: I was just teasing.

They dance again. Neil doesn't smile.

Spade: You're very serious.

Neil: That's what people say.

Spade: Thanks for dancing with me.

Neil: You looked so...lonely.

Spade: You felt sorry for me?

Neil: That...and you looked like you wouldn't send me away.

Spade: Like I was.

Neil: Explain?

Spade: And yes, I *do* come here often.

Neil: Do you want to talk about it?

Spade: (*sighs*) Not much to say really. New mineowners came. Some black. Some Indian. They weren't interested in mining. Said it was uneconomical. They stripped the mine of everything valuable and sold it off.

Neil: Not you?

Spade: Everyone lost their jobs. They gave me to one of the workers in place of a final wage. He took me home. (*Beat*) And hung himself.

Neil: I'm sorry to hear that.

Spade: So I come here every night, looking for someone to dance with. But there's nothing here. And don't worry. I'm not expecting anything from you.

They dance in silence as Steve gets his implement – Hoe - to dance with. When he is ready, Neil puts down Spade. Steve and Hoe will dance the Tango. Neil will be the voice of Hoe. Steve is charming, confident.

After they have done a few steps.

Steve: This is such fun!

Hoe: Yeah, baby, yeah!

Steve: You've obviously been doing this for a while.

Hoe: I have lots of time to practice.

Steve: Rich farmer?

Hoe: I wish! I have to move around. Seasonal work.

Steve: So you go from farm to farm, selling yourself?

Hoe: What can I say? I'm a Hoe!

They dance in silence.

Hoe: Where did you learn to dance?

Steve: Learn?

Hoe: You're pretty good.

Steve: Look at me, Hoe honey...I'm black. We don't need to *learn* to dance!

Hoe: (*ironically*) You're just born with the Tango inside you.

Steve: Not just the Tango...you want to do this again tomorrow night?

Hoe: Wish I could.

Steve: But?

Hoe: Me and my man are taking the bus to Mpumalanga first thing tomorrow morning.

Steve: That's a thousand miles away!

Hoe: Work's scarce around here. He's got a family to support.

Steve: They don't have their own land?

Hoe: They live in a shack since been thrown off the farm.

Steve: The farmer....

Hoe: Unwilling seller.

Steve: So...the land still hasn't been given back...?

Hoe: (*snorts*) Where've you been?

They dance. Steve puts down Hoe as Agget picks up Broom. Neil and Broom do the salsa.

Neil: What happened to your hair?

Broom: Stress.

Neil: How does a Broom have stress?

Broom: I feel like a cancer patient.

Neil: You say you used to work in a factory....

Broom: Clothing, yes.

Neil: And then...they got a new broom, and you were out?

Broom: No.

Neil: So tell me?

Broom: China.

Neil: What about China?

Broom: They make cheaper clothes than us.

Neil: But our workers are paid better.

Broom: Those who still have jobs.

Neil: Surely government protects these jobs?

Broom: It's called globalization. It's much cheaper for retailers to import. So factories closed down. Thousands lost their jobs. And here I am...

Neil: Dancing salsa.

Broom: I do some work for the Implementing Agency...

Neil: That's not so bad then.

Broom: It's a Labour Broker. Month-to-month contract. No benefits. Take-it-or-leave-it long hours....

Neil: And the unions allow this?

Broom: (*snorts*) They make a noise, but the leaders are in the pockets of government...out of apartheid, into tripartite...(Actor says "heid" and "ite" as if they sound the same)

The actors transform from dancing Tango to a high energy African dance. Then, they sing "We bring you the good news"

SCENE TWELVE

Sunshine: Good evening, this is Sunshine Tshabalala for Rainbow Television. Our country's unemployment rate is measured by people who don't have jobs, but are still looking for work. We are therefore pleased to announce that our unemployment rate dropped by 25% during the last quarter, as 2 million unemployed people stopped looking for work. For Rainbow Television, this is Sunshine Tshabalala signing off.

SCENE THIRTEEN

Two filmmakers see Steve. They chase him down to get some footage. They are young, under 30, new South African hipsters, who could be white or black or one of each. It starts off pretty politely and then degenerates.

Filmmaker 1: (*calling*) Mr Biko!

Filmmaker 2: *(calling)* Steve!

Filmmaker 1: Mr Biko!

Filmmaker 2: *(whistles, then, raising his hand)* Over here!

Filmmaker 1: Thank you for agreeing to give us a few minutes of your time. I know you're very busy...

Filmmaker 2: I'm glad we could fit this in too...we're working on an American shoot and shit, they want their dollar of flesh!

Filmmaker 1: I first want to say...it's amazing to meet you.

Filmmaker 2: Fucking awesome, if you excuse my French.

Filmmaker 1: We see your name everywhere...on hospital buildings...

Filmmaker 2: Street names...

Filmmaker 1: History textbooks.

Filmmaker 2: I fucking hate history...if you don't mind my saying so. Everyone goes on and on about apartheid this, apartheid that. Like just get over it already! But you...you're the man!

Filmmaker 1: So like we're making this documentary on 20 years of democracy and shit like that and we wanted to get some footage of you...

Beat.

Filmmaker 2: No, we don't need you to say anything...

As if Steve objects, insisting that he wants to say something.

Filmmaker 1: Well, you can say *some* things...

Filmmaker 2: Whatever you like.

Filmmaker 1: What we really want...I don't know if you've been following the stuff about the ANC ruling till Jesus comes? Anyway, what we'd like you to do is kind of assume a crucifix position.

Filmmaker 2: *(showing)* Like this...And then if you can take off your shirt...

Filmmaker 1: So we can see your scars and stuff.

They look at each other as if someone has said something to them. It's Neil who has said something.

Filmmaker 2: Sorry, Steve, is he with you?

Filmmaker 1: I didn't get your name? (*Beat*) Neil Aggett? Okay, like whatever. Can you move out of the way already?

They talk to each other.

Filmmaker 2: Neil Aggett...wasn't that the guy who walked on the moon?

Filmmaker 1: No, you're thinking Lance Armstrong!

Back to focus on Steve.

Filmmaker 2: Okay, so if you could like just assume the position. And if you could look sad.

Filmmaker 1: Like the ANC has let you down.

Filmmaker 2: So, kak sad.

Filmmaker 1: And if you could take that fake blood and spread it around your head and stuff...

Filmmaker 2 puts his arm around Filmmaker 1 and walks him towards the audience. They talk conspiratorially to each other, their backs to "Steve".

Filmmaker 2: Dude, don't forget to get him to sign the release form!

Filmmaker 1: For sure! This is going to be our fucking exclusive!

Filmmaker 2: I'm seeing Toronto International Film Festival!

Filmmaker 1: I'm tasting Cannes!

Filmmaker 2: I'm smelling fucking Oscar!

Filmmaker 1: What if he talks crap?

Filmmaker 2: We edit it. Do a voiceover.

Filmmaker 1: We can airbrush and make changes to the images in studio!

Filmmaker 2: And if he gives the footage to anyone else?

Both: We sue the bastard!!

Filmmaker 2: Can you see the merchandising? Biko soccer balls!

Filmmaker 1: I'm thinking Biko earrings, tattoos, condoms...

They turn around to face Steve.

Filmmaker 1: Fuck! Where did they go?

Filmmaker 2: Mr Biko?

Filmmaker 1: Mr Aggett?

They go in different directions, searching for them.

Filmmaker 2: Mr Biko? Mr Aggett?

Filmmaker 1: Mr Aggett? Mr Biko?

They turn to face each other.

Filmmaker 1: Fucking hell!

Filmmaker 2: They just vanished.

Filmmaker 1: No respect for artists...

Filmmaker 2: Fucking hell!

SCENE FOURTEEN

Two white people are in a queue at the airport, waiting to board their plane out of South Africa. One is a Jew, the other a white Afrikaner. Each is carrying a little suitcase. They talk conspiratorially to each other.

Jew: How long is this going to take?

Afrikaner: This is Africa, my man.

Jew: One would think that after hosting the World Cup, the system would be running smoothly.

Afrikaner: I heard FIFA brought in a lot of Europeans to run our airports. Now we're back to the Affirmative Actions.

Jew: I thought it would be better if I travelled BA.

Afrikaner: I travel BA because I like sitting on the aisle. I can't stand SAA's koffie siesies with their fat arses bumping into me all the time!

Jew: I don't mind black people in these jobs, but then they must be competent.

Afrikaner: Ja, I don't mind having a black pilot as long as I know there's a white co-pilot and engineer with him.

Jew: This could be such a beautiful country!

Afrikaner: You know what the problem is? They're still stuck in the past. Apartheid's gone twenty years already, and they're still carrying this chip on their shoulders. They should just forget about apartheid and move on.

Jew: You're right. If you think the past owes you your future, you'll never get on with the present.

Afrikaner: Apartheid wasn't even so bad. Not like now. I didn't know why we had to fix a wheel that wasn't broken. But I voted yes in the referendum because I wanted to see the Boks moer England and the All Blacks. England for what they did to us Afrikaners...

Beat.

Jew: And the All Blacks? Because they were the best?

Afrikaner: Ag,no, just because of their name. (*Laughs*) It's illegal to moer blacks now, so at least we can do it in rugby.

Jew: I really had high hopes when Madiba was president.

Afrikaner: Ja, me too. I mean our blacks were better educated than in the rest of Africa, and we gave them a fantastic country to start with. But you know what they say...you can take the black out of Africa, but you can't take Africa out of the black.

Beat. Jew's a little awkward.

Afrikaner: So where you going?

Jew: Back to Israel.

Afrikaner: You living there?

Jew: For the last thirteen years.

Afrikaner: But you're still on a South African passport.

Jew: Ja, I can get to more places on it than an Israeli passport. Would you believe it!

Afrikaner: Those were the days hey. South Africa and Israel. We learned about the military and nuclear stuff from you. You learned about apartheid from us.

Jew: (*awkward, changes the subject*) Where are you off to?

Afrikaner: London.

Jew: Holiday?

Afrikaner: No, we emigrated during the TRC.

Jew: You coping with the weather?

Afrikaner: I'll never get used to it but I'd rather live under grey clouds than a black government. In any case, we come back every year. Our families are here. And we still have two farms and a holiday house.

Jew: Ja, we come back every year too. We still have a lot of money tied up here, so each time we come, we're able to take more out with us. We're getting a better return on our money here because of the interest rates.

Afrikaner: Same here. (*whispering*) We also take out money for my extended family. We declare only what we need not to raise suspicions. No ways are we contributing to more Nkandlas!

Jew: The corruption in this place...it's depressing!

Afrikaner: We tried to Christianise them but...it's like trying to get a fish to live on land.

Jew: We don't have very much family left here now. But we still have lots of friends...it was great to see most of them on Remembrance Day.

Afrikaner: Jews have so much history. What do you remember on Remembrance Day?

Jew: The Holocaust. Not that we need a special day to remember what happened to us seventy years ago.

Afrikaner: We had a weekend remembering the Anglo-Boer War. It's the one-hundred-and-twelfth anniversary this year!

Jew: Did you do something special?

Afrikaner: We always do. My great-grandfather was a general in the guerilla army that fought the verdomde Engelse! He had one of the main roads named after him in Pretoria, the capital. And then these people removed his name and replaced it with that terrorist, Joe Slovo....

Jew: This is getting a bit much now...(to an imagined staff member) excuse me, miss, we've been in this queue for fifteen minutes and it's not moving.

Afrikaner: (with a touch of arrogance) We're on British Airways. For London.

They both looked stunned.

Afrikaner: Oh...what queue is this?

Jew: So we need to go...over there?

They pick up their suitcases and walk to the other queue.

Afrikaner: (shaking his head) They could have told us we were in the wrong queue. These people...stupid, I'm telling you.

SCENE FIFTEEN

Sunshine: Good evening. This is Sunshine Tshabalala with the Good News for Rainbow Television. The President today announced that the Cabinet has agreed to donate 246 million to charity. As we all know, charity begins at home, in this case, the President's home. For Rainbow Television, this is Sunshine Tshabalala signing off.

SCENE SIXTEEN

Two curators at an exhibition doing a walkabout for their visitors. One plays a curator, the other plays the Dinosaur.

Curator 1: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, thank you for joining us on this walkabout of the arts installation, *Exhibit D*. That's D for Dinosaurs. It's been twenty years since the fall of apartheid, since Nelson Mandela waved his magic wand and made all supporters of apartheid disappear. But, with the help of our present government, we have been able to – rather easily – find a bunch of dinosaurs from our recent past, and we take little pleasure in presenting these to you now.

First up, we have the Klap-you-sore-us Rex. This dinosaur preys on prostitutes and domestic workers, which it believes to be the same thing. It is in the DNA of the Klap-you-sore-us Rex always to be right, to take the law – and the faces of black women – into its own hands, preferably clenched as fists.

The natural habitat of the Klap-you-sore-us Rex is civilized suburbs, English countryside, gentrified swimming pools, one-of-the-boys, backslapping, nudge-nudge-wink-wink clubs.

The Klap-you-sore-us Rex is unable to distinguish between not voting for the National Party on the one hand and on the other, an innate racism that casts the Klap-you-sore-us as rightful policeman, judge and executioner of the inferior race. And gender.

Curator 2: The Klap-you-sore-us Rex is a cousin of the Vloek-Ceratops whose language is punctuated by “hotnot”, “coolie” and “kaffir”, terms the Vloek-Ceratops suppressed for a brief period of Madiba rainbowism.

Confined to living under bridges during the Madiba era, Vloek-Ceratops are now most likely to be found as trolls spewing racial invective under online articles and around braai fires telling jokes to other meat-eaters.

These meat-eating dinosaurs are not the products of Banting Education. Surprisingly, they have some education. Like the Klap-you-saurus Rex that does what others in the herd would like to do, the Vloek-Ceratops says things that others in the herd only think, but may be too afraid to do and say, for fear of being exposed as dinosaurs.

Curator 1: The interesting thing about these dinosaurs is that they do not think of themselves as dinosaurs. They think of themselves as being highly evolved; in fact, they think they are human. Take Suburbasaurus. She no longer feeds her Malawian gardener out a plastic plate and a tin cup. She pays the school fees for the Malawian gardener's daughter. She gives the gardener Enid Blyton books to read to his daughter. She teaches the gardener's wife to make lasagna. But when she's jogging in her neighbourhood, and a black man comes down the street, she still crosses the road to the other side. Even if it's her Malawian gardener....whom she only recognizes when he greets her.

Curator 1 looks quizzically, having heard a noise from outside.

Curator 1: What's going on?

Curator 2 peers "outside".

Curator 2: It's a protest by white people. They're singing *Die Stem*.

Curator 1: I can also hear *God save the Queen*.

Curator 2: They want the exhibition to be closed. They say it's racist.

Curator 1 peering outside.

Curator 1: They say we cannot white what we like....

Curator 2: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, I'm afraid that we have a situation. As you know, dinosaurs are fully armed. One dinosaur, four arms! We cannot guarantee your safety...so we're going to close the exhibition temporarily. Please disperse as quickly as you can. And, do stay out of the toilets...

SCENE SEVENTEEN

Tour Guide with an umbrella in the colours of the flag and an American Tourist with a huge camera.

Tour Guide: Please put away your jewelry and your phones, and hang onto your bags. And follow my umbrella.

Tourist: (*American accent*) So crime's really bad around here, huh?

Tour Guide: Sir, I was thinking about the wind.

Tourist takes a selfie, that's all he does – in different positions, using a regular camera though.

Tourist: I was expecting to see lions in Adderley Street...

Tour Guide: No, no lions in Adderley Street, but we do have a white elephant in Green Point.

Tourist: You know what you should do?

Tour Guide: *(to audience, gritting her teeth)* No, but I know what you should do!

Tourist: You should turn the stadium into low-cost housing.

Tour Guide: That, sir, would devalue property values in the area. So we're keeping the stadium as a monument to remind us of our priorities.

Tourist: I must say, I was really impressed with the Gautrain.

Tour Guide: Thank you! That's another of our priorities...to improve public transport for tourists.

Tourist: Is that Robben Island over there.

Tour Guide: It is indeed!

Tourist takes a selfie against the backdrop of Robben Island.

Tour Guide: Our first President was made there. Our second President was also made on an island called Britain. And our third President was made on Robbing Island.

Tourist: Is it safe to take the cable car?

Tour Guide: Absolutely! It's never been hijacked. *(beat)* Which is why Table Mountain has been voted one of the seven wonders of the world.

Tourist: When are we doing the township tour?

Tour Guide: This afternoon. By helicopter.

Tourist: Helicopter?

Tour Guide: There is the cheaper option...Google Earth.

Tourist: So we're not actually going into a township?

Tour Guide: Not unless you don't want to come out?

Tourist: Do you have museums?

Tour Guide: Of course! There's the Natural History Museum, you can see the corpse of the Scorpions. And there's the Science Museum which was opened by President Thabo Mbeki. It has beautiful pictures of garlic and beetroot. And of course, there's the Nelson Mandela museum where we keep all the quaint values that he espoused.

Tourist: I would really like to see some theatre.

Tour Guide: That's what we're doing tonight. We're going to see a musical!

Tourist: I hope it's not *Cats*! I can see that at home!

Tour Guide: No, this is our very own. Normally we import the musical, make it with our own actors cheaply and export it globally, this one is our very own.

Tourist: What's it called?

Tour Guide: *Poverty: the Musical*. It's set in Hanover Park.

Tourist: Oh. Not District Six?

SCENE NINETEEN

One actor plays Spy 619 and the other actor is Control at the Headquarters of the National Intelligence Agency (NIA). Spy is a caricature of a spy with dark sunglasses and a raincoat, who has an earphone, and talks surreptitiously into his watch.

Control: 619, this is Control. Come in, over.

Spy: This is 619.

Control: State your position, 619.

Spy: I'm in a bookshop, corner of Tambo and Slovo.

Control: What are they doing?

Spy: They're paging through a collection of Zapiro's cartoons, sir.

Control: And?

Spy: Sir, they're...they're...

Control: What?

Spy: They're laughing!

Control: Racists!

Spy: They're both black, sir.

Control: One of them is only black on the outside! Bloody coconut!

Spy: Are you sure we should be spying on them, sir?

Control: There are counter-revolutionary forces everywhere, 619! Our job is to protect Number One.

Spy: But these are heroes of the struggle, sir.

Control: Heroes change, 619! Yesterday's struggle heroes are today's biggest factory faults! We must neutralise them!

Spy: But what if they have a point? I feel bad...

Control: You're not paid to feel, 619! Or to think!

Beat.

Spy: Sir...

Control: What?

Spy: There's a march taking place against the Secrecy Laws.

Control: That's okay. We don't take notice of marches. But they're good for our democracy ratings.

Spy: Biko has joined the march, sir.

Control: What?

Spy: He has a sign saying "I write what I like".

Control: Ultra-leftist! He was never one of us anyway. He's just an agent of imperialism.

Spy: Sir!

Control: *(thinking Spy is responding to his former statement)* Do you have a problem 619?

Spy: The police...they are shooting at the protestors! With live ammunition sir!

Control: Cool! How many dead? *(excited, laughing)* How many dead?

Spy: What do you want me to do sir?

Beat as Control thinks and rubs his hands together gleefully.

Control: Infiltrate the protestors!

Spy: And then?

Control: Fire shots at the police!

Spy: Sir?

Control: At least two shots, 619!

Spy: And then what sir?

Control: Find Aggett. Plant the gun in his pocket. We'll say he shot at the police first.

Spy: Sir...

Control: Just do it, 619!

Beat.

Spy: Sir...I quit.

Control: What did you say?

Spy: I can't do this.

Control: 619, listen to me! Your country needs you! *(he becomes increasingly animated and outraged, foaming at the mouth)* We can't let these

charlatans embarrass us to our ancestors! (*Spy exits the stage as Control rants*). In the interests of national security, you must do as I say! It's your patriotic duty to silence these imposters! 619? 619? (*No response, then, to audience in frustration*). Bloody agent!!

SCENE TWENTY

Steve and Agget arrive at Nkandla, but it is only Steve whom we see as the other actor plays the role of Security.

Steve: Good evening. Is this Nkandla?

Security puts out his hand. Steve thinks he's wanting to shake his hand, so he shakes Security's hand.

Security withdraws his hand and puts it out again.

Steve: Oh right, the invitation.

He searches his pockets but can't find it. To Neil, next to him but unseen to audience.

Steve: Neil, do you have the invitation?

Steve looks at stern Security.

Steve: We're really sorry...we must have lost it.

Security looks behind Steve

Security: Next!

Steve: Sir, we really have to get in. This is what we came for....

Security: No invitation, no entry.

Steve: They must have our names on the guest list. Please check?

Security: (*looks him up and down, sighs*) Name?

Steve: Biko, Steve. And Neil Aggett.

Security: Faction?

Beat.

Steve: No faction. We're just part of the people.

Security: Everybody has a faction!

Steve: Not us. We just want the best for the people.

Security laughs loudly and shakes his head. Stops abruptly.

Security: The people?

Steve: Yes, all the people. Especially poor, black people. They also want to eat cake.

Security: There is no room for the people. The leaders will eat the cake on their behalf. Next!

Steve: You really don't understand. We have a message from the Ancestors.

Security looks him up and down suspiciously. He talks into his watch/sleeve.

Security: Control, come in. I have a Biko at the bottom of the hill. Steve. And an Aggett. Check the list...

While the list is being checked, Security checks the two visitors.

Security: I need to check your bag in the meantime.

Steve: We don't have a bag.

Security: So where's your costume for the firepool?

Steve: I don't have one.

Security: And your cheque book?

Steve: Cheque book?

Security: To make donations to the Jacob Zuma Family Trust.

Steve: We didn't know...

Security: So you didn't RSVP. Because then you would have been sent the account number... Sign this form in the meantime.

Steve: *(reading the form)* "What goes on at Nkandla, stays at Nkandla".

Security presses his finger to his ear, as if hearing a message.

Security: Yes, Control. I see. I see. I see.

Steve: So...it's all good?

Security: You are on the list.

Steve: Great!

Security: But you've been taken off!

Steve: Why?

Security: Your security clearance has expired.

Steve: What do you mean?

Security: That information is protected.

Steve: It's my right to know!

Security: This is point of national security. You have no rights.

Beat as they standoff. Steve talks to Neil. Then, determined...

Steve: We *will* get in! We have a message to deliver.

Security takes out his gun. Points it at Steve.

Security: (*speaking into his sleeve/watch*) Control, we have a situation...

As Steve moves to Security, Security shoots Steve. This is an actual gunshot FX.

Steve falls. He gets up and walks towards Security again. Security shoots again. Steve falls. He gets up and walks to Security again. Security shoots again and again. Steve doesn't fall anymore. He just walks straight to Security who backs away, scared.

SCENE TWENTY-ONE

Sunshine: Good evening, for Rainbow Television, this is Sunshine Tshabalala. There are reports that the spirit of Steve Biko is alive and among the people. We could not confirm this, but we would like to assure everyone, especially our international investors, that everything is

under control. I repeat, everything is under control. I thank you.
This is Sunshine Tshabalala signing off.