

WAITING FOR NELSON
a full length one act play

by Mbaso Tsetsana

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WAITING FOR NELSON

Adapted from Pierre Perold's THE DEAD WILL AWAKEN

Written and directed by Mbaso Tsetsana

Choreography By Thuso Nokwanda Mbedu

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

[David, Langa, Michelle and Ayanda are preset on stage. David is standing upstage left while Langa is standing downstage right. Ayanda and Michelle are downstage center stage, facing the audience at a 45 degree angle. David is impatient. He looks around constantly, looking at his phone and watch. It is dark but there is some light. It is in the evening. Michelle and Ayanda start to mutter gradually from the moment the audience enters. The muttering gradually gets louder and faster. They mutter gibberish and random words. They start to make sense as the pace increases. They start to associate what they are saying, being informed by what the other says. Michelle and Ayanda represent the thoughts (true feelings and state of being) of David and Langa. Ayanda represents those of Langa while Michelle represents David's. Langa is simply standing in his position smoking a cigarette. He continuously and cautiously gives himself opportunities to look at David.]

Michelle:

Kaff... Kaffer... Cafeteria. I'm in a fucken cafeteria infested with coffee addicts who don't realize that this caffeine is killing them. Fuck. Fucken Kaff... Café lovers. Where the fuck is she?

Ayanda:

What's this boy doing here at this time? People are brave these days neh? It's hot man... Yeses. A want a cold one. I NEED a cold one. I need a beer.

[He drops his cigarette to the ground and stomps on it with his foot. Very confidently and very gradually, he

walks towards David. David tries very hard to not notice Langa approaching.]

Michelle:

Oh fuck no man. Not another one. Please God, not another one. It's your café. I get it. I get it. My café... Our café's closed down a long time ago. I'm not a café manager anymore. I don't want your café. Please, just leave me the fuck alone. Oh God, he's getting closer... Relax David. Breathe David... Run David!

Langa:

Eita.

David:

No sorry my guy, I use Vodacom.

[Langa laughs.]

Langa:

Funny guy hey? I like you. I like you.

[David gives a nervous laugh.]

Michelle:

Thank God. OK. Now please leave.

David:

Thanks.

[SILENCE.]

Langa:

So, what's your name funny guy?

David:

My mother taught me never to speak to strangers hey.

[David gives a nervous laugh. Langa just stares at him.
David stops laughing.]

It's David.

[SILENCE.]

Langa:

Aren't you going to ask me what my name is?

David:

I wasn't going to. But I mean, if you want me to, then
sure.

[SILENCE.]

Langa:

Well?

David:

Well what?

Langa:

Ask!

David:

Ask what?

Langa:

My name funny guy!

David:

Oh shit, yes of Corse. Sorry man. What's your name?

Michelle:

What the hell is this guy still doing here? God, come on man. I've been waiting!

Ayanda:

Eish. This boy needs a slap nhe? If being stupid was a sickness, he'd be stone dead. Doesn't he know that *kuseKasi la*? You can't be living in yesterday.

Langa:

It's Langa. It means "sun" in isiXhosa. Though I wonder sometimes why my mother named me that. I mean, I'm not a bright guy. Well, I try to be, but I'm not intelligent. Books have never been my thing. But I'm clever. You see funny guy...

David:

Uhm... It's... It's David hey.

Langa:

[Langa smiles.] My apologies. You see David, there's a difference between intelligent people and clever guys. Intelligent people base their evidence and opinions on books and facts. In essence, those opinions aren't really theirs. Clever people, on the other hand, well, we use our environment AND the books to formulate our own opinions. Me? I'm a clever.

Michelle:

Shit. That's deep. I didn't expect that from... Well, from a café-terian.

David:

Yeah. Listen man, I need to get going.

Langa:

Is it? Where to?

Ayanda:

Why is he lying?

Michelle:

Why is he interrogating me?

David:

I have an appointment with someone.

Langa:

An appointment? In Alex? At this time?

Ayanda:

Fucker is probably fucking one of these bitches. Why do we do this to ourselves? Why the fuck do we always seem to sell ourselves to them? Sell our souls to them?

Langa:

So, funny g... David. Be honest man. What are you doing here? Alone? At this time of the night? It's not safe man.

David:

I'm just... You know, getting a feel of the real South African culture you know?

Langa:

The real South Africa? Oh. Okay. I see. So the part you live in, that's what? The fake part of the country?

David:

[Starting to panic.] No! No, no, no! I didn't mean it like that.

Langa:

[Advancing towards David.] Well then how did you mean it David? Huh? You people forget us when business is going well. When we protest about toilets, or unemployment, you keep quiet and do nothing, while we wait. But when your people from overseas come, you bring them here.

David:

Listen Lungi...

Langa:

[In a sudden rage.] LANGA maan!

David:

[David is shocked and now starting to panic more.]

Langa. Sorry. Sorry. Listen bro, I think you're barking up the wrong tree here hey.

Langa:

So now I'm a dog?

David:

No. No. You're not getting me.

Langa:

Oh. So I'm stupid then?

David:

For fuck sakes, listen to me man! Jeez. What I'm saying is you're speaking to the wrong guy here. Firstly, I'm not a politician. Secondly, I'm not the bloody government. You okes are doing this to yourselves!

[SILENCE. David realizes what he has just said. Langa smiles.]

Langa:

Funny guy. Tell me something, do you like beer?

David:

Do I like beer?

Langa:

Yes. Do you like beer?

David:

Uhm... Yeah. Yeah, I do.

Langa:

Me too. And you know what the worst thing is? When you want beer and just don't have the money to get it. When you can't quench that thirst. I want a beer David.

David:

Well I hope you get it.

Langa:

[He smiles.] Don't worry, I will. Do you believe in God David?

David:

What's up with all the...

Langa:

Answer the question. Do you believe in God?

David:

[David is very confused now. Confused and scared.] I guess so.

Langa:

That's good. Because now would be a good time to pray to him. [He takes out a gun.] Phone. Wallet. Throw them to the floor.

David and Michelle:

You've got to be fucken kidding me.

Langa:

[He's now looking around nervously, also starting to panic.] Hey! I said phone and wallet on the floor now!

David:

Ok! Ok! Relax. Relax. Here. [David looks behind Langa. He pretends he is talking to someone.] Yes! He's trying to mug me. [Langa turns around and in the split - second that he's distracted, David tackles him. A struggle ensues. The gun gets thrown to one side. They struggle some more and both go for the gun. David gets to it first and points it at Langa.]

David:

Not so fun on that side of the fence is it? Is it?! Go! Get the fuck out of here! [Langa backs off with his arms up, watching David, and then runs off. David starts to shake and looks at the gun and then drops it. Shaking and

panicking. He runs off. Ayanda and Michelle remain on stage as neutral bodies.]

SCENE TWO

[Thuso walks on stage. She is clearly disturbed by something. She keeps checking her phone. Finally she gets a message. Michelle sound scapes the message tone. Thuso reads.]

Michelle:

What the fuck Thuso? Where were you last night? I waited for over half an hour. In bloody Alex! With my car! Do you know that I nearly got killed by some thug?

[Thuso types. Ayanda soundscapes a message tone.]

Ayanda:

Jeez David, I'm sorry OK. There was a situation at home. My father was... He was sick, and we had to take him to the hospital. I did come though. If you had waited a bit longer, we would've met up. I'm sorry to hear about that. What happened? How did you manage to keep your phone? You exaggerate things sometimes, you know that right?

Michelle:

Exaggerating?! A gun... A GUN was pulled on me Thuso. Instead of saying "David, I'm glad you're OK", you tell me that I'm exaggerating. Do you know what it's like for someone like me to be in a place like that?

[Ayanda sound scapes the message alert. Silence. Thuso doesn't type. She looks at the message for a while in astonishment. She types, and then deletes what she was

typing until she finally decides on the appropriate response.]

Ayanda:

Someone like you? What does that mean?

[Michelle sound scapes a message tone.]

Michelle:

OK. Listen, it's late. I'm really not keen to get into this now. I'll see you tomorrow.

[Thuso reads the message. She replies furiously. Ayanda sound scapes a message tone.]

Ayanda:

Don't you dare sleep on me!

[Michelle sound scapes a message tone. Silence.]

[Thuso types. Michelle sounds a message tone. Silence. Thuso tries to call David. Michelle soundscapes the ring tone.]

Michelle:

You have reached the voicemail service of 0 -7-3-8-4-2-3-7-5-0. At the tone record your message, then press hash or just hang up.

Thuso:

Mnxim.

BLACKOUT

SCENE THREE

[All of the characters are seated around the table. Thuso and David are seated on the two chairs. They are still. The characters swop places 3 times, but Thuso and David remain in the same position on the two chairs.]

Movement duet: Thuso and David

[At the end of the duet, Thuso and David are about to kiss but Thuso pushes him away when their lips are literally inches apart.]

[A table and two chairs are present from the duet. The other characters have exited with their chairs.]

Thuso:

No.

David:

No what?

Thuso:

David, how could you?

David:

How could I what? What are you on about?

Thuso:

What am I... You slept on me!

David:

No. I actually slept on my bed, with a mattress, sheets, blanket...

Thuso:

Yah, that's it. Make a joke of it.

David:

Ah come on babe. Why are you making a mountain out of a mole hill?

Thuso:

Because you're a mole David. You're not only blind, you're also deaf.

David:

A mole. I can go with that. Better than being a dawg.

Thuso:

David!

David:

Thuso!

Thuso:

You know what? I can't do this man. I'm tired. Not today. I can't do this today. [She sits down. David goes to her and attempts to massage her. Thuso flinches at his touch. He stops. David sits. Silence.]

David:

OK. I'm sorry.

Thuso:

Do you mean that?

David:

Of Course I do T. Why do you always doubt me?

Thuso:

It's because you doubt yourself.

David:

What's that supposed to mean?

Thuso:

Nothing. Just leave it.

David:

No. Tell me. Clearly you want to tell me something. Get it out.

Thuso:

I said leave it, OK? Not today. Please. [She stands up.]
I'll be waiting in the car. [She exits.]

[David hits the table in frustration. He takes out his cell phone to make a call.]

Hey. Where are you? OK cool. Listen, can I come over? I need to talk. Just cancel on him and tell him something came up. Michelle please man, I need you. OK cool. See you in a bit.

SCENE FOUR

[David and Michelle walk on stage. They have been talking.]

David:

Exactly my point!

[Thuso enters. She is typing on her phone.]

Michelle:

Oh monkey balls.

David:

T. Hey! I didn't... I didn't expect to see you here.

Thuso:

Hi Michelle.

Michelle:

Thuso.

[Thuso and Michelle stare at each other. There is an awkward silence.]

David:

Alright then! Michelle, I'll see you later, yeah?

Michelle:

What? But I thought we were going to...

David:

Next time, I promise. Cheers. [He turns around to face Thuso. Michelle stands there for a bit, stunned. She exits.]

David:

Babe, it's so good to see you. [He attempts to kiss her. Thuso turns her head.] And then?

Thuso:

I can't.

David:

Can't what?

Thuso.

I just can't OK?

David.

Can't, or won't?

Thuso:

David, I just can't OK! It's complicated.

David:

Then uncomplicate it for me.

Thuso:

You wouldn't understand.

David:

Then make me understand!

Thuso:

David, please. Just stop it. Stop pushing.

David:

It's you that's doing the pushing Thuso.

Thuso:

What do you mean?

David:

You're pushing me away.

[He sits down.]

Thuso:

Listen David, it's not as simple as we'd like it to be OK?

David:

Nothing is ever simple with you. And that's the truth.

Thuso:

Truth? What is truth David?

David:

Could you please stop saying my name?

Thuso:

Don't change the subject. What is the truth...? David?

David:

Your true feelings... For me.

Thuso:

Would you like to hear some real truth David? I'm black, you're white. I'm a kaffer, with hair that a pencil can fit through. With a father and sister that live in a dilapidated shack.

David:

Thuso, stop. Please, don't...

Thuso:

No, no. We're speaking about the truth right? And you? You're white. Umlungu. The supposed white scum of the sea. Scum. Wow. That actually makes me laugh. How can you be scum? I mean, you live in houses with bedrooms that you don't even use. You go to the police, they take you seriously. We go to the police, it's either we deserved it or we were the cause of whatever it was that happened.

David:

This has absolutely nothing to do with us!

Thuso:

Doesn't it David? Really, doesn't it? Even if you walk with a white person on the street, people stare. If you speak English in a taxi, you're called a traitor. A cheese boy.

David:

That's your problem! You care too much about what people think!

Thuso:

And you don't? We meet in places kilometres away from places where people we know will see us. You'd rather get mugged than be seen with me in public.

David:

Oh come on Thuso, that's...

Thuso:

And don't give me that "I want to show you new experiences" bullshit.

David:

Babe, we're living in a new country. A democracy. None of that shit matters anymore.

Thuso:

A democracy? Yeah. Sure. On paper maybe.

David:

Fuck Thuso! Why does EVERYTHING have to be political with you? I mean, you'd find something political about a fly passing by. "David, did you see how that black fly just passed by? These flies don't care about the real issues anymore".

Thuso:

It's fine, you can joke. But deep down inside, you know it's true.

SILENCE

David, are you ashamed of me?

David:

What?

Thuso:

Did I stutter? I asked if you're ashamed of me.

David:

Now you're just being ridiculous.

Thuso:

Am I?

David:

Thuso. You're the one against PDA.

Thuso:

The world doesn't need to know how I feel about you.

David:

But your father should.

Thuso:

Sorry, what?

David:

I want to meet your father.

Thuso:

OK. Whoa. Let's hold the phone there. You cannot meet my father.

David:

Why not? You've met my parents.

Thuso:

True. But... Well, you see... The thing is...

David:

What?

Thuso:

I'm black.

David:

Yeah. I think I figured that one out the day we met.

Thuso:

No, you don't understand. I AM BLACK.

David:

Yeah, I got that the first time. But what does that have to do with anything?

Thuso:

Trust me, everything.

David:

You're not making any sense.

Thuso:

How can I put this... We aren't as... As free as you guys.

David:

God! Is everything about colour?

Thuso:

In this country? Yes. Remember I told you my father was involved in the struggle?

David:

Yes?

Thuso:

He's a... He's a MK veteran.

David:

Fuck my life. My future father in law was part of Hitler's SS.

Thuso:

Hitler's SS?

David:

Yeah, they were the secret police that did all like the terrorizing and dodgy shit and...

Thuso:

I know what they were. Why the hell would you equate uMkhonto weSizwe with Hitler's bloody SS? Do you even know what uMkhonto weSizwe means?

David:

Something about the world?

Thuso:

Spear of the nation. The apartheid government had been killing innocents. Torturing and killing them.

David:

OK. But babe... At the end of the day, you do know that Mandela and his gang were terrorists right?

[Thuso stares at David.]

Thuso:

What did you say?

David:

Mandela and his gang were terrorists.

Thuso:

I heard you.

David:

Then why ask me again?

Thuso:

I can't believe you said that.

David:

Babe, it's great that they set you guys free and all, but let's face it. They were terrorists. Traitors. They were fighting their government. Whether the cause is just or not, if you fight against your government, that is treason.

[Thuso walks up to him and looks at him for a second. She slaps him and leaves.]

David:

What the... What the hell? Thuso? Thuso listen, I was just... Thuso!

[He exits.]

SCENE FIVE

[We are now in a dodgy shebeen. The 2 chairs and table are still set on stage. Langa is seated and has opened a couple of beers and is drinking by himself. Langa is deep in thought. He clicks out and takes a long deep, frustrated sip from the open beer. Ayanda enters.]

Ayanda:

I knew I'd find you here.

Langa:

Eish.

Ayanda:

Ya, eish, eish, eish, EISH!

Langa:

What do you want here?

[Silence.]

Langa

Speak man!

Ayanda:

[He stretches.] Yah neh. Quite a few beers you have here.

Joseph:

Ayanda, what do you want?

[Pause.]

Ayanda:

It's just, you amaze me bra.

Langa:

I know. I amaze myself sometimes.

Ayanda:

Langa, you weren't always like this man.

[Pause.]

I haven't seen you sober in 6 weeks.

Langa:

And I haven't seen you with a woman in 6 months. So, what exactly is your point here?

Ayanda:

It's just that... We're worried about you. Amagents have also pulled away from you.

Langa:

Great. More beer for me!

Ayanda:

No bra. They're afraid of being around you. They don't like being around you.

[Langa suddenly bursts into a sudden rage.]

Langa:

Then who the fuck is forcing them to hang around me? Don't piss me off man. I've got enough shit going on in my life.

Ayanda:

Life? You call what you have a life?

Langa:

Ayanda, look here. I'm not in the mood for one of your sermons OK? Please, just leave me be.

Ayanda:

Listen, I know that mom's death really...

Langa:

How dare you? How dare you bring up that day when you know...

Ayanda:

Listen, I understand. It wasn't your fault.

Langa:

You understand? What the hell do you understand boy?
[This freezes Ayanda. He tries to calm himself while packing the empty bottles.]

Ayanda:

I can see that you've had a bit too much to drink. Let's leave it for tonight.

Langa:

I've been to the mountain buddy! You may be older, but I have been to the mountain. I am a real man!

Ayanda:

[Getting more and more frustrated.]

Langa, you're drunk. Let's speak about this tomorrow.

Langa:

This bottle has been more of a brother to me than you'll ever be.

[Ayanda calmly puts the bottles down. In a sudden rage he tackles Joseph.]

Ayanda:

[He starts for Langa. A fight ensues.]

You ungrateful bastard. I said no to going to the mountain so that we could have more money to take care of you. Going to the bush doesn't make you a man.

Langa:

And how would you know?

Ayanda:

You're living proof. [There is silence for a while. Joseph stands up and looks at Ayanda for a while and then exits. Ayanda sits down. He looks at the beer and takes a sip. He spits out disgusted. He goes silent.]

Ayanda:

It's your fault. You ran away on us. You never came back.

[Ayanda clears the beer bottles and exits. Michelle walks in and takes a seat. She lights a cigarette. She looks around for a while impatiently. Khuleka walks in.]

Michelle:

Jesus, finally.

Khuleka:

Sorry Ma'am. We've been very busy today.

[Michelle looks around.]

Michelle:

Busy? Please man. I've received better service in Hillbrow!

[There is an awkward silence. Michelle smiles.]

Michelle:

I'm just shitting with you sweety! How're you doing my darling?

[Khuleka hits her with a cloth she has with her.]

Khuleka:

Don't do that man! You know I can't respond. And if the boss sees...

Michelle:

Argh relax babe. It's 2014, not 1984. What'll he do? Ask for your dompas?

Khuleka:

Mnxim!

[Michelle laughs.]

Michelle:

So... How's your sister?

Khuleka:

Michelle, I told you that... That I don't feel comfortable with doing this.

Michelle:

Khuleka, Khuleka, Khuleka... You really disappoint hey babe. I mean, what you're doing isn't really bad. All you're doing is telling me how your sister is. How she is. You do care about her don't you?

Khuleka:

Of Corse I do!

Michelle:

Great then. And it's not like I don't treat you well, is it?

[She slides over a R100 note to Khuleka. Khuleka hurriedly takes it.]

Khuleka:

Well, last her and...

[David exclaims "Where the hell did you get your licence from?!" from backstage.]

Michelle:

Shit. He's here. Go, go, go!

[As Khuleka exits David enters. Khuleka gives him a nervous and perplexed glance and then quickly exits.]

David:

Ok. Hey Mich. Sorry I'm late. I was a bit held up.

Michelle:

No worries. I only just got here.

David:

Ok great.

Michelle:

So? What's up babe? Spill the beans.

David:

It's Thuso man.

Michelle:

Isn't it always. What happened this time?

David:

She's just so... She thinks about EVERYTHING.

Michelle:

Uhm... But isn't that a good thing?

David:

Michelle, she's just over the top man. We can never just spend time together and speak about crap. We watch a movie, something political about it comes up, we eat at a restaurant, something political comes up. I take a crap, something political comes up. Being with her is like dating the female version of Julius bloody Malema. And she's confused you know? Like that Ramphela woman.

Michelle:

What a concoction. Wow. But babe, you knew what you were getting yourself into. Even before getting to know her, there were already politics.

David:

What do you mean?

Michelle:

Let's face it Dave. She's black, and you're white.

David:

What is the bloody problem with that?

Michelle:

Oh don't give me that "I don't care what people think" ignorant shit! This is South Africa boet. We're what, like 20 years old? I'm no politician and politics actually bore the shit out of me, but it is what it is man. Bring a black friend over for a sleepover, sure. Date a black girl, the apocalypse begins. We're just not ready for that.

David:

Then when will we be ready?

Michelle:

These conversations depress me. Ok. David, 1994 came and everyone had a party. Well, not exactly everyone. We were all equal and all that other bullshit under the sun, but you forget that people don't forget. What we did to black people was inhumane man.

David:

What WE did? Dude, I wasn't even born yet! Why the hell must I suffer for something some old Afrikaner oak did? He probably got rejected by his maid or some black woman in the forest and then started apartheid. But still, I did jack squat.

Michelle:

But look at this place. I mean, kudos to Mandela for the TRC and trying to bring us together, but some things just can't be forgiven. And some things are just hard to accept.

David:

Like an evil racist white guy dating a black chick?

Michelle:

You said it, not me.

David:

Really though, this is all bullshit man. It's that father of hers. [They freeze. Tyson walks on and picks up the table to make it a podium - addressing the audience who are his crowd. Before he speaks, Khuleka walks onto stage holding a sign with the date JUNE 1976. She struts around the stage like one of those boxer girls do then walks off stage.]

Tyson:

Amandla!

Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka (OS):

Awethu!

Tyson:

Amandla!

Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka (OS):

Awethu!

Tyson:

[In one of those ANC veteran voices.]

Yes, yes comrades. I am humbled and extremely thrilled that we have had such a tantamount and prosperous turn out of delegates. It warms my heart to see that so many of our individuals are totally against this totalitarian system that has been de-emancipating the black man for so many years. It is only up to us to castrate the Caucasian so that we can see and secure a better future for ourselves.

[Langa, Khuleka, Thuso and Ayanda cheer OS]

Yes, yes maqabane. It discombobulates the mind that a human being, supposedly created by God can create such a regime whereby his fellow man has to live in ungodly situations. Stalin, Chairman Mao Zedong and Malcolm X - these men are my role models. They saw what they wanted and took it. The only way to deal with violence is to be violent. Tomorrow, we as the youth of this nation will make history. We will burn their unjust schools...

Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka:

Yes!

Tyson:

We shall fight their police!

Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka:

Yes!

Tyson:

And we shall make a statement that people will speak about for many years to come.

[Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka roar and whistle and cheer.]

Tyson:

Viva ANC viva!

Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka:

Viva!

Tyson:

Viva Mkhonto weSizwe, Viva!

Langa, Thuso, Ayanda, Khuleka:

Viva!

Tyson, Langa, Thuso, Ayanda and Khuleka:

[SINGING]

My mother was a kitchen girl, my father was a garden boy,
that's why, that's why I am a communist, I am a
communist, I am a communist. [x2]

[Tyson goes offstage singing and dancing. Once he is
offstage, David and Michelle unfreeze.]

Michelle:

Her father? What about him?

David:

He's a... Flip, I can't even say it. He's a bloody MK
veteran.

Michelle:

Whoa. Wow. Yoh, that's heavy.

David:

You're telling me. I don't know what to do anymore.

Michelle:

Listen babe. Life is full of ups and downs, but it's the downs that keep us up. When life knocks you down, you get up and you moer it in the face. When life throws you lemons, you throw them right back, and leave a few to make some lemonade. Don't cry over spilt milk. Remember that the glass is always half full. We regret the things we don't do more than the things we do. The chicken came before the egg. Beer is always better served cold.

David:

What the hell are you going on about?

Michelle:

Facebook. Very inspirational quotes there.

David:

Beer is best served cold. That's an inspiring quote?

Michelle:

Maybe not inspiring, but it's bloody good advice.

David:

Always with the jokes.

Michelle:

Oh come on babe, lighten up.

David:

Here I am, speaking to you about something very serious and you tell me about cold beer. There's useless, then there's bloody useless, then there's Michelle!

[David gets up and exits.]

Michelle:

David, come on babe. Listen, I was just... Babe!

[Michelle follows after David.]

SCENE SIX

[Khuleka walks onto stage sweeping. She is singing a melody and does a few dance moves too. She is in a good mood. Thuso walks in and watches her for a while and then laughs. Khuleka gets a fright and points the broom at her in attack mode.]

Khuleka:

Don't do that man! I could've killed you.

Thuso:

With what? A mop?

Khuleka:

You underestimate me wena. Where have you been?

SILENCE

Thuso? Come now, speak to Aunty Khuleka.

Thuso:

I went to see him.

Khuleka:

Who's him?

Thuso:

Something smells nice. Did you get a new perfume?

Khuleka:

Perfume mnyefum! WHO DID YOU GO SEE?

Thuso:

Eish Khuleka, just leave it man.

Khuleka:

Don't tell me you went to see... No! What, are you crazy?

Do you want a death wish? Dad will kill you!

Thuso:

I know, but...

Khuleka:

BUT BUT BUT! But nothing man! He told you to stay away from that boy.

Thuso:

He's not a boy.

Khuleka:

He's got a willy wonka doesn't he? Listen dude, you need to stop this. You know how dad feels about him. About them.

Thuso:

Dad, dad, dad! Why does everything have to be about him?

Khuleka:

Why does everything have to... I'll tell you why everything is about utata. He sacrificed EVERYTHING for us. Made sure we went to school. Got an education. Have a roof over our heads.

[Tyson walks on, but waits and listens before entering the scenario.]

Thuso:

A roof over our heads? You call that a roof? He was in the struggle Khuleka. Went to prison more times than you or mom could remember. I may have not been born yet, but I know. I know it all. When he was gone for months, you and mom would sit in this God forsaken place having to worry about the police coming. He abandoned you and mom. And all for what? Look at what his beloved ANC is doing now. What has it done for the people it freed? What did it do for him? He's still unemployed. He didn't get a fancy job and get to steal the people's money. So screw dad and screw the bloody ANC!

Tyson:

ENOUGH! You ungrateful little... Is this how I taught you to behave? Is this what I raised? An ungrateful, disrespectful little...

Thuso:

Raised me? Half the time you're drinking!

[Tyson raises his hand to strike Thuso]

Khuleka:

Tata no!

Tyson:

Ok. That's it. I'm done. I'm sorry. I'm not feeling it.
[Thuso and Khuleka look at each other in nervous
astonishment.]

Thuso:

Uhm... Yes tata. Of course you don't feel it. You have no
feelings to begin with!

Tyson:

Thuso, let it go.

Khuleka:

What do you mean 'let it go'? T. D Jakes 'Let it Go', or
'Let it Go' let it go?

Tyson:

I don't know. I'm just not feeling it.

Khuleka:

Not feeling it?!

If you haven't noticed, we have an audience.

Tyson:

Oh don't worry, I know. Let's call it postmodernism or
something.

Khuleka:

Heh wena Tyson!

Thuso:

I won't lie though. I wasn't feeling it either.

Khuleka:

Oh great. So now it's about feelings. I'm stuck with
divas.

[David, Michelle, Langa and Ayanda walk on. Ayanda is
looking very bleak. He is in deep thought.]

Khuleka:

What are you guys doing? It's not your queue to come on
yet.

David:

I'm also not feeling it.

Michelle:

And it's tiring being backstage. I'm tired of WAITING.
Get it? Waiting? Like Waiting for Nelson?
[They all just give Michelle a blank a stare.]
Whatevs!

Michelle:

[To Ayanda.] Babe, are you OK?

Ayanda:

[He looks at Michelle for a couple of seconds.] Is that
how you feel?

Michelle:

What are you talking about?

Ayanda:

Being with me. Does it... Are you ashamed of being with me?

Thuso:

Ayanda, dude. It was just a play.

Ayanda:

Just a play?

Michelle:

Come on. I thought we were past this. And of all places
to bring it up, you bring it up now. Argh fuck off
Ayanda.

Langa:

Guys, guys... Relax.

[Michelle and Ayanda get into a squabble.]

