

THE PEN
BY
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CHARACTERS:

- 1. Siph****o:** A young male, who is a struggling playwright.
- 2. Pinky:** A young female, who is a struggling actress and staying with Siph**o**
- 3. Thandi:** A young female who is Siph**o's** dream girl.

THE PLAY:

The Pen takes audiences on a trip into the mind of young playwright, Siph**o**, in the throes of writing a new play. Beset by writers block, the playwright is drawn into a relationship with Thandi, his Muse. Lured into a seductive journey, the boundaries between fantasy and reality become blurred as he begins to live in an increasingly illusionary world dominated by his sexy, assertive writing Goddess. His girlfriend Pinky, innocently drawn into his tender reverie, suffers as she begins to understand the depths of his passion for Thandi.

Pinky's attempts to resuscitate their romance are frustrated by the fact that, unbeknownst to her, her rival in

love is an ethereal siren, the perfect woman, the stuff of every man's dream. Or is she?

The tale of these two star-crossed lovers, told with great verve and wit by author Monde Mayephu, becomes highly memorable and entertaining a comedy of errors.

THE SETTING:

The action takes place in a room full of books. Upstage centre there is a door leading to the bedroom and one door downstage left to enter the room.

TIME:

Present.

PROLOGUE

There is a pack of cigarettes and one cigarette burning inside an ashtray, a script, a pen, a glass and a half bottle of whiskey, all these are on top of the table.

A spotlight on Siphho climbing on top of the table with a rope in his hand just as he is about to hang the rope on the roof there is music that segues into sound of footsteps... and the footsteps stop.

The footsteps continue and become louder on the soundtrack and stop and the lights fade to black out- gunshots and lights up.

Then we see Thandi running around the stage, Siphho joins her - they run around the stage as if someone is pursuing them, then they suddenly stop.

THANDI: *(Panicking)* He is shooting at us!

SIPHO: Run Thandi run - run baby.

THANDI: No I won't leave you *(protects him from the gunfire - she knows who it is - Themba)* HELP!! Help!

SIPHO: No one will help us!

THANDI: Help! Somebody wants to kill us! Oh no Themba! *(But Siphho does not hear her when she mentions Themba.)*

SIPHO: Sshh! I think he is gone *(They listen ... quietly)*

THANDI: Do you think so?

SIPHO: JA he's gone? *(Looks around)*

THANDI: Did you see him?

SIPHO: Uggh - uggh! Are you alright?

THANDI: I'm fine... I'm fine - and you?

SIPHO: I'm okay!

THANDI: He was dressed in black!

SIPHO: Oh?

THANDI: Do you think he was a tsotsi?

SIPHO: No.

THANDI: It must have been a tsotsi!

SIPHO: It's madness - one minute you are kissing - and suddenly psow! Pwoosh! Baf! Kepow!!

THANDI: I'm sure he was a tsotsi.

SIPHO: I don't think so - a tsotsi would have said something or wanted to take you - grab you.... No I think it someone we know...

THANDI: Who?

SIPHO: I don't know...but he was afraid we were going to recognize him, his voice - hence the clothes and the silence! Come on Thandi - forget him.

He kisses her and Thandi exits. Sipho goes to the table, pours a drink and lights a cigarette, then pages through the last page of the script and reads.

SIPHO: She knocks gently. He gets up from the lazy - boy. She knocks again. He stands behind the door breathing heavily - contemplating his next move. No. ***(Takes his pen and crosses out on script)*** He stands...full stop. ***(Continue reading)*** She knocks slowly, losing patience. He stands still, sweating, with a lit cigarette in his hand. She looks at the door and one...two...three...she walks away...he just stands there listening to her footsteps... ***(He crumbles the paper - and throws the rolled up ball down)*** Fuck!!!

(Black Out)

SCENE ONE

We see Sipho and Pinky inside their flat Sipho is as usual with pen and paper and Pinky is reading a magazine and she is reading out loud and this annoys Sipho.

SIPHO: For heavens sake Pinky, some of us are trying to concentrate here!

PINKY: Sorry, honey I can't help myself.

SIPHO: And why are you so much obsessed about reading magazines about famous people - are you famous?

PINKY: I am waiting for my turn.

SIPHO: So long as you do mediocre shows you will wait a little longer.

PINKY: But something tells me my time will come and it must find me ready.

SIPHO: Ready for what - will you ever be ready?

PINKY: I will, you'll see. I will be ready for Paradise City.

SIPHO: Paradise what - Where is that - does the place exist? Be real now Pinky.

PINKY: You are a playwright. You always create reality out of the imaginary.

SIPHO: *(Impressed)* Yeh you are right - Tell me about this Paradise City.

PINKY: It doesn't exist, that's what you said.

SIPHO: Be sensible now Pinky, you know I would love to hear about Paradise City.

PINKY: Why?

SIPHO: I am a playwright - I create reality out of the imaginary. Tell me about this Paradise City... please.

PINKY: That's where the real action is.

SIPHO: Did you say action? I love action - show don't tell.

PINKY: There's more money to be picked up in Paradise City than any other city in the world.

SIPHO: Uggh Pinky. Even if this Paradise city is imaginary you've got to make it real... make me believe - like... what's so good about it?

PINKY: Paradise city is known as the millionaires' playground.

SIPHO: You sound like you believe the City exists.

PINKY: It does exist.

SIPHO: I like that, first believe, and we all follow suite.

PINKY: I believe that's where you are taking me with your next script.

SIPHO: *(Excitedly)* Do you think so baby?

PINKY: I know so.

SIPHO: Tell me more.

PINKY: It is super deluxe where anyone with what it takes, can pick up a load of the green stuff.

SIPHO: Green stuff - what green stuff?

PINKY: Money baby.

SIPHO: Of course it is green.

PINKY: Now a stag like you could have a real ball there. That's a place where fifteen percent of the City's population represented is the rich.

SIPHO: And us - are we part of this fifteen percent?

PINKY: No ways, there is still the fifty percent representing the various well paid serfs who keep the stinking rich in luxury.

SIPHO: Yeh!

PINKY: Thirty percent are the workers who keep the city ticking over, and five percent are the boys and girls who latch on the stinking rich and, if they were smart enough, picked up enough folding money to keep them happy until the following season when they descend once again on the City.

SIPHO: If we are not the fifteen percent, are we the fifty percent? *(Pinky shakes her head)* Are we the thirty percent then?

PINKY: No we are not.

SIPHO: So we are the five percent?

PINKY: Baby we are the stinking rich, of course - because of your writing skills and my acting ability.

SIPHO: I love this City and everything that comes with it. Come here, baby take me there right away!

She jumps into his arms and they start to kiss, and the action leads to their act of making love, but things turn nasty when Siphon calls Pinky not with her name.

Oh Thandi now a stag like me could have a real ball there - in Paradise city.

PINKY: Why do you always call out her name when you are about to make love to me?

SIPHO: What? What are you talking about Pinky?

PINKY: Did you call me by my own name? Was that my name I heard?

SIPHO: You heard me! What's wrong with you, one moment we are about to make love the next thing this?

PINKY: You know what Siphon, you are not being honest and you know it!

SIPHO: Us?

PINKY: When was it the last time you took me out? When was it the last time you told me you love me? When was it the last time you bought me something? Hey? What does that say - Nothing?

SIPHO: I can't.

PINKY: You can't! You know what! I can't. She is destroying you like can deadly disease no one can cure - except yourself. You can't. You can't even finish the script you are writing. What happened to the playwright I used to admire so much? You will never be as brilliant until you let go!

SIPHO: I just need to get the facts right.

PINKY: *(Goes to the bedroom and comes back with a photo)*
Maybe this will help you. Use this to get your facts right.

SIPHO: Where did you get this?

PINKY: In your underwear drawer.

SIPHO: You are invading my private life.

PINKY: You have no private life. It's you and me. No one else! *(On her way out)*

SIPHO: Woman! Where are you going?

PINKY: To a photo shoot. Remember I got a part in a political play! *(She exits)*

SCENE TWO

We see Sipho looking at the photo of Thandi and also looking at the script. Suddenly there is music that segues into sound of footsteps ... and the footsteps stop. The footsteps continue and become louder on the soundtrack and stop.

SIPHO: My myth is real and sacred... it has become a prototype and consequently repeatable... for it serves as model ... and also a justification for all human actions. My

myth ... is a true story which took consigns at the beginning of time and it is a model for my actions. **(Lights a cigarette)** Pinky is right I can't handle it. **(Pours a drink)** That day I first met you Thandi- it was - it was...s... sublime ... Only this paper and pen knows. This paper and pen they know the pain I'm going through.

(Sits and starts to read through the script)

Enter Thandi ... No wait ... if I had to direct this scene she could be wearing her favorite grayish wrap around skirt. Thandi enters wearing a grayish wrap around skirt **(Thandi enters)** ... with a tennis ball, with a big smile **(She smiles broadly)**

THANDI: (Stern) Okay what is it?

SIPHO: You came.

THANDI: Of course.

SIPHO: You look ... you look ... enchanting.

THANDI: (Laughs) - Well what is it?

SIPHO: (Sipho joins Thandi in the action) There is this girl I'm interested in - my problem is ... I don't know what to say to her.

THANDI: You can't be serious?

SIPHO: I don't know what to say to her, to prove my love for her.

THANDI: Just say it.

SIPHO: What?

THANDI: Who is she?

SIPHO: I was hoping you will ask.

THANDI: Her name?

SIPHO: Her name is Thandi.

THANDI: This must be a joke.

SIPHO: I'm afraid it's not.

THANDI: *(She realizes that he is talking about her.)* Why me, not the other girls?

SIPHO: You are not any kind of girl.

THANDI: I hear what you are saying, but I hope you are not expecting me to answer you right away.

SIPHO: Just tell me when and ...

THANDI: You will wait?

SIPHO: Yes I'll wait.

THANDI: You will know by tomorrow.

SIPHO: And if tomorrow ...

THANDI: ... And if tomorrow never comes? *(He nods)* I know that song. From the movie Notting hill.

SIPHO: Do you like it?

THANDI: It's one of my favourites.

SIPHO: Me too. *(Thandi exits, pour another drink and lights a cigarette, we see a sign of relief.)* ... And of course the first time I met Pinky too ... too different. *(To the audience)* How can I feel so differently for two people who I love?

Sipho with a cigarette in hand and being too sure of himself enter Pinky with snickers in her hands.

PINKY: *(All bubbly)* Hi, Did you like the show?

SIPHO: Well it was not bad - you were...

PINKY: *(Feeling dejected)* - You didn't like it.

SIPHO: *(Giving a lecture and not giving Pinky a chance to express herself)* I did not understand the whole point of doing the play. The hypothesis is bad ... no emotional

journey of the main character ... in fact it is not clear whose story is the writer trying to tell ... I just didn't know why he is telling the story ... no man ... there is no story ... if there was ... there is nothing special - it's time people started writing about issues affecting us psychologically not just generally. Plays should not have baggage! You know when some of us are trying to bring people to the theatre there are those who are desperately chasing them away with their mediocre shows, come on now ... it's time these theatre managers think about the craft ... not bums on seats. Serious good work is not being produced only this verbiage shit that is disgracing us! And actors like you perform in these plays ... it a sin to be desperate!

He lights another cigarette, Pinky feeling dejected and Sipho realizes this.

Why is such a nice girl like you alone? Don't you have a boyfriend?

PINKY: He is with the lucky girl, she is the lucky one.
(All bubbly) But I am free! And there is this show I want you to see.

SIPHO: Another show?

PINKY: When are you free - will you come with me?

SIPHO: Who is the guy who didn't realize he was lucky having you?

PINKY: We just broke up. **(Changing the subject)** You know what - let's have some drinks...

SIPHO: ...And talk about it.

PINKY: Yeh! Paradise City! **(Pinky exits)**

SIPHO: **(To himself)** Yah - Paradise city, known as the billionaire's playground, where the extra noughts make a difference.

(Sipho crumble another sheet of paper and throws it down. Enter Pinky carrying a sports bag, in gym clothes)

PINKY: **(Up and bubbly - energized)** Hi!

SIPHO: Hi.

PINKY: It was so full at the gym... it took one ages to have a shower!

SIPHO: Hey you smell nice!

PINKY: Yes! It's a new perfume "The Red Door"! Do you like it!

SIPHO: With a name like The Red Door it has to be good! I should sue them for copyright!

PINKY: *(Waves her hand for the smell)* Sipho, you just drink, drink, drink all day. Haven't you slept yet?

SIPHO: No. Pinky, can you lend me fifty bucks. *(She looks at him)* I haven't had time to go to the ATM. *(She looks away)* don't worry I'll reimburse you.

PINKY: Don't use big words - just pay me back. You've got babalaas! What more do you want?

SIPHO: It's the damn script!

PINKY: I thought you were nearly finished.

SIPHO: No. *(Pause)* I'm finished! *(Looks at the crumbled paper)*

PINKY: *(Laughs)* -Any playwright who writes and drinks as much as you should produce a brilliant script! I bet is brilliant, is it brilliant?

(Pinky exits to put her gym bag in the bedroom, talking from the bedroom)

Hey! Maybe I could get a part in your play! I'm tired of performing in political plays. They are just words, and ideas... *(Comes back all changed)* ...there's no passion...no emotions...no drama.

SIPHO: There are good political plays. It depends on their structure and that they get the message across without preaching.

PINKY: Believe me my dear. I have performed in them. Always the same...plays about politicians making false promises. There is always a hero - people worship him - they forget he is human - flesh and blood - a character.

SIPHO: (*Impressed*) Mmmm.

PINKY: You know what I like about your writing; there are no heroes and villains...only human beings. You write differently.

SIPHO: Differently?

PINKY: (*Pinky gestures okay*) Where does that desire come from?

SIPHO: I don't know...but it is a desire for clarity...for precision...for detail - not just adlibbing around some idea approximating the text. Having been an actor...well once...I feel the text can improve actors.

PINKY: How?

SIPHO: To get them to dig for the riches in the words...the sounds...the meanings...the metaphors...to challenge the actor.

PINKY: Ever since I started acting I've performed in workshop plays. I'd love to work with text - that is already there - not some old classic - something from now. From our experience now! I have done so many of these plays. I should be ready! Am I ready?

SIPHO: Ready? (*Takes out a cigarette - starts looking for a lighter*) -Ready for what?

PINKY: For your play. I can just feel it...being part of a play you have penned...can be my break! Two directors said my skills and talent have been misdirected for too long. (*Sipho still looking for a light*) Yes! If our play is a success - we could go to Grahamstown...Edinburgh. Tour the UK...the States...Germany...Sweden... (*Sipho looks at her*) The Swedes love us! We'll have money, we'll move from Yeoville, we'll buy a nice car, our kids could go...

SIPHO: Kids...what kids?

PINKY: Yes of course we'll have kids... (*Lights his cigarette*) after we get married.

SIPHO: "Marriage! One man's slave all you life, slog away until your grave - For what - Happiness in Heaven? I've seen them...with more kids than they can count...and no money"

PINKY: What?

SIPHO: Athol Fugard, Hello and Goodbye. (*Mind not convinced*) Of course we'll get married.

PINKY: And of course I am going to be in your play! Isn't that nice honey?

SIPHO: JA it's nice - but the character's a bit different - it's not like you.

PINKY: But that's the point of acting.

SIPHO: The play needs someone who is...

PINKY: Who is?

SIPHO: (*Hits on this idea - thinking she will not like it!*) Who is down to earth!

PINKY: I can be down to earth. Look. (*Doing the action*) I can go down - Especially if you are there to help me.

SIPHO: I don't think I will direct this play. Yes I will look for someone to direct it. I don't think writers should direct their own plays. Plays need...they deserve objectivity.

PINKY: You directed The Red Door.

SIPHO: Case!

PINKY: What?

SIPHO: The Red Door Case.

PINKY: Didn't you change the title of that play?

SIPHO: Not only the title also the number of characters. It is now called Master to Jack with three characters, you know love triangle?

PINKY: Isn't Jack your nickname?

SIPHO: So?

PINKY: I see maturity.

SIPHO: Thank you.

PINKY: What's different about this one - is it about a love triangle as well? **(Taking the script)** Can I read it?

SIPHO: **(Taking the script back)** we've been through this before. No you can't read it.

PINKY: I know it is still in its early stages.

SIPHO: Exactly, it is not ready.

PINKY: Do you want to talk about it?

SIPHO: I don't think you want to know.

PINKY: I get it. You have someone in mind for the part. Not me.

SIPHO: No, no, no - I don't have someone in mind. It can't be you - but I don't know who.

PINKY: I have the voice. "There were thousands of us standing everywhere on the steps in this big space before the building! Black women in traditional dress...white woman... and the Indian women in their white saris. You strike a woman you strike the rock!" I can also sing **(sings)** Paradise is almost closing down.

SIPHO: Ahgg Pinky! This is not a musical - it is drama - pure drama!

PINKY: **(After a long pause)** -Because I could never be her!

SIPHO: **(Being serious)** -What did you say?

PINKY: You still love the illusion...she still has you under her spell!

SIPHO: Don't start that again!

PINKY: You started it!

SIPHO: What?

PINKY: Two weeks ago.

SIPHO: *(Desperate)* It's over...it's over - how many times do I have to tell you! *(Pinky exits, dejected)*

SCENE THREE

Lights up -with Sipho holding the new pen/bookmark and looking at the photo of Thandi

I can't believe I went this far loving you - I still remember how it felt when you touched me - your warm lips, your reassuring smile, and that music when you called my name. You took me to the edge of heaven where it is evergreen and lush, I was in paradise, and we shared eternity.

Nothing would separate us because our love was as strong as the walls of Jericho, Abraham was never more faithful to God than we were to each other, Everybody knew you were mine - cats, dogs, the wind, the grass, rain, sun, the moon and the stars, the planets, astronauts ... Like the old lady I caught sight of looking at us - yearning for her youth, recognizing the love she saw in the air around us, like no other couple - she nodded and smiled as if she were thinking - those two are on a journey to paradise and know where they are going. Our love was so real, it was blessed *(sighs)* If William Shakespeare was alive to day - he would re-write Romeo & Juliet for us - Sipho & Thandi - star crossed lovers! The greatest love story ever told..

He walks into the room - lights follow him as THANDI appears with a tennis ball.

(Sipho Quoting Songs of Solomon)

Who is it that appears?
Like the dawn,
Fair as the moon,
Bright as the sun,
Majestic as the stars

In procession?

THANDI: Do not stare at me
Because I am dark,
Because I am darkened
By the sun

SIPHO: *(breaking the formality of the quoting)* I love you

THANDI: I love you too!

SIPHO: You have my heart.

THANDI: I gave you mine.

SIPHO: It's our anniversary

THANDI: The first. Let's celebrate it - my love - make this
day special forever! *(Underlying that this is the last
anniversary)*

SIPHO: You are ... you are....

THANDI: No - sing me the Songs of Solomon again please!

SIPHO: Oh how beautiful you are my darling
Oh how beautiful!
Your eyes are like doves.
Your lips are like a scarlet ribbon
Your mouth is lovely,
Your temples behind your veil
Are like the halves
Of a pomegranate
Your neck is like the tower
Of David
Built with elegance

THANDI: My lover is mine and I am his;
He browses among his lilies.
Until the day breaks,
And the shadows flee,
Turn my lover,
And be like a gazelle
Or like a young stag
On the rugged hills

SIPHO: *(snorts like a stag! They both laugh)* Gee Solomon was clever! *(Laugh heartily at her)* and you, everything you do is magic.

(Thandi bounces the ball and Siphon catches it holding it close to him and disappears)

Words chasing each other around my brain - "Be careful what you wish for Siphon - you might just get it' - BAM! Like a massive tidal wave you crashed down right in front of me and made me thirsty for your love. JA...suddenly no time...no place! Oh! Thandi

(Then he sees Pinky's magazines, goes through them.)

Pinky? Well...how would I describe Pinky to someone that's never met her - Pinky is just Pinky.

(Looks at the picture of Thandi)

What date is it today? Huh? The 13th! Unlucky for some - but not for me - the 13th was the day we met - yes I met you on that day and from then on we celebrated it as our anniversary. Guess what I've got for you?

Thandi appears

THANDI: A special card - you made yourself?

SIPHO: Ugh!

THANDI: Tickets for a movie - a romantic movie - like Pretty Woman?

SIPHO: Try again!

THANDI: Vetkoek - Vetkoek with mince?

SIPHO: Oh just close your eyes - *(play around with her and the bear)*

THANDI: *(Opens her eyes - sees the cute teddy bear)* Oh thank you it will always remind me of you - forever!

SIPHO: I liken you my darling to a mare.

THANDI: Harnessed to one of the chariots of the Pharaoh

SIPHO: Your cheeks are beautiful with earrings.

BOTH: Your neck with a string of jewels.

SIPHO: I have for you earrings of gold - studded with silver

THANDI: Oh my, oh my - these are beautiful - **(takes the earrings puts them on)** How do I look?

SIPHO: Great - you look you look like...a goddess...

THANDI: No shush! It was just a simple question - Guess what I've got for you?

SIPHO: I don't know?

THANDI: Close your eyes!

SIPHO: Come on Thandi -

THANDI: Close your eyes!

SIPHO: Okay - this better be good -

(He closes his eyes she kisses him - music starts to play - she kisses him on the forehead, nose, cheeks, etc - she exits as the lights fade)

Scene Four

On a creative roll he opens a packet of cigarettes and finds it empty, takes out some coins and counts them and becomes agitated. He picks up a jacket and slings it over his shoulders, as he is about to exit Pinky enters.

PINKY: **(Returning from the photo shoot with Nandos)** Going out?

SIPHO: Yes to get myself cigarettes.

PINKY: You'll want that 50 bucks then?

She gives him some money. He exits. Alone - settles self - gets her chicken out - sees the photograph - looks back at Sipho - to make sure he is gone - and at the picture.

...you really are beautiful - but why did you leave him? What is the secret?

Pinky exits and returns with a waste paper basket to clear up the papers. Catches sight of the picture again Script business - she gets the script - can't believe it - opens the pages with a cloth - feels guilty - but driven compelled needs to look! Starts to read - everything confirmed in her mind.

This can't be *(paging)*

He is writing about his past. *(Looks through the script)* I wonder if I am in here - *(flips through the script)*

There is music that synches into sound of footsteps ... and the footsteps stop. The footsteps continue and become louder on the soundtrack and stop. There is a sound of gunshots; we then see Sipho and Thandi running around the stage as if someone is pursuing them.

THANDI: *(Panicking)* He is shooting at us!

SIPHO: Run Thandi run - run baby.

THANDI: No I won't leave you *(protects him from the gunfire - she knows who it is - Themba)* HELP!! Help!

SIPHO: No one will help us!

THANDI: Help! Somebody wants to kill us! Oh no Themba!

SIPHO: Sshh! I think he is gone *(they listen ... quiet)*

THANDI: Do you think so?

SIPHO: JA he's gone? *(Looks around)*

THANDI: Did you see him?

SIPHO: Uggh - uggh! Are you alright?

THANDI: I'm fine... I'm fine. And you

SIPHO: I'm okay!

THANDI: He was dressed in black!

SIPHO: Oh

THANDI: Do you think he was a tsotsi?

SIPHO: No

THANDI: It must have been a tsotsi!

SIPHO: Its madness one minute you are kissing - and suddenly psow! Pwoosh! Baf! Kepow!!

THANDI: I'm sure he was a tsotsi.

SIPHO: I don't think so - a tsotsi would have said something or wanted to take you - grab you.... No I think it someone we know...

THANDI: Who?

SIPHO: I don't know...but he was afraid we were going to recognize him, His voice - hence the clothes and the silence! Come on Thandi - forget him **(Kisses her)**

We see Pinky paging through the script, stops to read.

But why Thandi? I'll do anything you want - you tell me what to do - If you want gentle - I'll be gentle, if you want slowly - I'll be slow. If you prefer quick - I'll be quick.

THANDI: It's not about being quick or going slow - gentle or rough.

SIPHO: What is it?

THANDI: I don't feel ready?

SIPHO: Does anyone ever 'feel' ready?

THANDI: If what we have is about love not sex - you can wait.

SIPHO: You always just say 'wait'- I'll tell you tomorrow - Wait! Okay I'll wait - do you love me though?

THANDI: If I didn't love you I would not be here with you

SIPHO: Well then why ...

THANDI: (*Interrupts him by putting her hand on his mouth*) Shshsh! I know you wish for it!

SIPHO: And you what do you wish for? Say it

THANDI: I wish that every girl in this world would meet a guy like you ... someone who listens ... who cares ... Who understands ... and is constant and faithful.

SIPHO: (*Playfully*) and waits... and waits!!!

THANDI: I wish you stay alive forever just for me...and I wish to see the day we are husband and wife ... I wish for laughter in the sunshine, for chips with vinegar in the rain, for moonlight walks, and midnight talks and to live happily ever after just like in fairy tales.

SIPHO: (*runs to her excitedly*) Marry me!!

THANDI: What?

SIPHO: Marry me now!

THANDI: What? ...

SIPHO: Come on - this is our fairy tale (*takes her by the hand - they kneel*) I, Sipho take you, Thandi, to be my wedded wife in sickness...health...um in plagues...in hailstorms... in veldfires, among the thorns...in Polokwane...Moesina, anywhere...Dipoelapoela...ja till death do us part. (*Looks at Thandi*) Your turn!

THANDI: I feel stupid... I Thandi take you to be my wedded husband in sickness and in health till death us do part.

TOGETHER: I do.

SIPHO: Okay Thandi - I've made an honest woman of you - we are married - it is now not a sin to have sex - it is there in the bible.

THANDI: (*walks up the stairs*) who do you think I am? Mary Magdalene? (*Turns and exits*)