



Cambridge IGCSE™

DRAMA

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Paper 1

May/June 2022

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL



Centres should download this material from the School Support Hub and give it to candidates.

INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
- A copy of the pre-release material will be provided with the question paper.

This document has **28** pages. Any blank pages are indicated.

EXTRACT 1: ADAM AND EVE

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Extract 1 is taken from Mikhail Bulgakov's *Adam and Eve* translated into English by Michael Glenny. The play was commissioned by a Leningrad theatre and first performed in Moscow in 1931. The play is in four Acts, and the extract consists of an abridged version of Act One.

Although the play has many comedic elements, there is an underlying serious message about the danger of a future war that could destroy everyone.

CHARACTERS:

ADAM KRASOVSKY	a civil engineer, 28
EVA VOIKEVICH	a student of foreign languages, 23
ANYA	a housemaid, 23
ZAKHAR MARKIZOV	an ex-member of a trade union, 32
PROFESSOR YEFROSIMOV	a scientist, 41
PAVEL PONCHIK	a writer, 35
ANDREI DARAGAN	an aviator, 37
TULLER 1	cousin
TULLER 2	cousin
KLAVDIA PETROVNA	a psychiatrist, 35

ACT ONE

Leningrad in May.

A ground-floor room; one window opens on to a courtyard. The most remarkable item in the set is a large, heavily shaded lamp hanging above a table.

ADAM:	[<i>kissing EVA</i>]: Do you love me?	
EVA:	Yes, I do.	
ADAM:	Tomorrow evening we go to the Crimea! What bliss! When I was queuing for the tickets, I broke out in a hot sweat because I realized how wonderful life is!	5
	[<i>ANYA enters suddenly.</i>]	
ANYA:	Oh, sorry ...	
ADAM:	Anya! You might at least ... you know ... knock ...	
ANYA:	I thought you were in the kitchen.	
ADAM:	In the kitchen? In the kitchen? Why should I be in the kitchen?	10
	[<i>ANYA starts laying the table.</i>]	
ADAM:	And tomorrow we're off to the Crimea for six weeks! [<i>He juggles with a glass and drops it; the glass breaks.</i>]	
EVA:	Doesn't matter – that means good luck.	
ANYA:	Now look what you've done. That was Daragan's glass.	15
ADAM:	I'll buy him another one. I'll buy Daragan five glasses.	
ANYA:	Oh, and where will you buy one? There aren't any glasses to be had.	
ADAM:	Don't panic! There'll be glasses galore at the end of the five-year plan ... You're right, though, Anya. I really should be in the kitchen now, because I was going to clean my brown shoes.	20
	[<i>He exits.</i>]	
ANYA:	Oh, how I envy you, Eva. He's handsome, he's an engineer and he's a communist.	
EVA:	You know, Anya, I really think I <i>am</i> happy. Although ... and yet ... oh, I don't know! ... Yes, Anya – why don't you get married, if you like the idea so much?	25
ANYA:	All the men I meet are no good. Everyone else manages to get a decent one, but all I ever end up with is some kind of teddy bear, like the booby-prize in a lottery! And the wretch drinks, too!	30
EVA:	He drinks?	
ANYA:	Sits around in his vest and pants and blue specs reading <i>The Count of Monte-Cristo</i> and drinking with his friend Kubik.	
EVA:	He's a bit of a tearaway, your young man, but he's great fun.	
ANYA:	Fun! He's nothing but a hooligan with an accordion. No, I'm not going to marry him. Last week he beat up that little man in number ten and was thrown out of his trade union for it. And he left his wife, so he has to pay her alimony. Catch me living with <i>him</i> !	35
EVA:	Yes, I've been looking at myself and I've come to the conclusion I really am happy.	40
ANYA:	But Daragan is unhappy.	
EVA:	Does he know already?	
ANYA:	I told him.	
EVA:	Now that was rotten of you, Anya!	45
ANYA:	Why? He's bound to find out. He asked me today: 'Is Eva coming to see Adam this evening?' So I said: 'She's coming – and she'll be staying.' – 'What d'you mean?' says he. 'What I say – they got married today!' 'Wha-at?!' ... Aha, you're blushing, Eva! All the	

	men in this flat have fallen for you, you know!	50
EVA:	What?! Who's fallen for me?	
ANYA:	You'll soon see, when Ponchik comes. He's in love with you too.	
EVA:	I'm off to the Crimea! Tomorrow evening sharp at six in the first-class sleeper – and to hell with all Ponchiks!	
	[ANYA sweeps up the broken glass and exits.]	55
	[ADAM rushes in.]	
ADAM:	Do you like my room?	
EVA:	I think so. Yes, I do ...	
	[ADAM kisses EVA.]	
EVA:	Don't ... wait ... Anya will come in again at any moment ...	60
ADAM:	No one's going to come in. [He kisses EVA.]	
	[Voices can be heard outside the window.]	
MARKIZOV'S VOICE:	Bourgeois!	
YEFROSIMOV'S VOICE:	You're behaving like a hooligan!	
MARKIZOV'S VOICE:	Who are you calling a hooligan?	65
	[YEFROSIMOV jumps up from the courtyard on to the window-sill, twitching with indignation. YEFROSIMOV is thin and clean-shaven. From his immaculate, well-cut suit it is obvious that he has recently been abroad on a government-sponsored trip. Slung on a leather strap across his shoulder is some kind of apparatus that is clearly not a camera. YEFROSIMOV startles all those who meet him by his curious tone of voice and gestures.]	70
YEFROSIMOV:	Please forgive me ...	
ADAM:	What the hell are you up to?	
YEFROSIMOV:	I'm being chased by a gang of drunken louts! [He jumps down from the window-sill into the room.]	75
	[MARKIZOV appears on the window-sill. As ANYA described him, he is wearing vest, pants, socks with suspenders, blue spectacles and, despite the warm weather, an overcoat with a fur collar.]	80
MARKIZOV:	Who's a hooligan? [Out of the window.] Comrades! Did you hear that? He called me a hooligan. [To YEFROSIMOV.] Any more out of you and I'll fetch you one round the ear, then you'll see who's a hooligan!	
ADAM:	Markizov! Get out of my room this minute!	85
MARKIZOV:	I could tell he's a bourgeois 'cos he was wearing a hat.	
YEFROSIMOV:	For goodness sake, stop him somebody! He'll smash my apparatus.	
EVA:	Get out of this room! [To ADAM.] Go and phone for the police at once.	90
	[ANYA runs in.]	
ANYA:	Are you at it again, Zakhar?	
MARKIZOV:	I'm sorry, Anya, but I've been insulted. [To EVA.] You're not going to bother the police at this hour, are you?	
ANYA:	Get out, Zakhar!	95
MARKIZOV:	All right, I'm going. [He shouts out of the window.] Hey, Vasya! Kubik! I want you to be my seconds! Go round and stand by the front door, there's good lads, and wait for this fool in a mauve suit to come out. He's an alcoholic with a camera. I'm going to fight a duel with him. But I advise you, Mr Foreign Bourgeois, Count Dracula or whoever you are, not to try leaving this building! In fact, if I were you I'd put up a camp-bed in this flat and settle in here. See you later. [Exit through window.]	100
	[Exit ANYA.]	
YEFROSIMOV:	My only regret is that all the members of the Soviet government	105

	aren't here to witness this scene, so that I could show them the sort of raw material they're using to build an ideal, classless society ...	
	[<i>A brick flies through the window.</i>]	
ADAM:	Markizov! I'll have you up for assault and you'll be sent to Siberia!	110
EVA:	Ugh, what a horrible man.	
YEFROSIMOV:	[<i>still twitching</i>]: I am calm! I am calm! I'm only upset because I've disturbed you. How long do you suppose we shall be besieged in here?	
ADAM:	Oh, don't worry about them. Those 'seconds' of his will soon get bored and disappear. If the worst comes to the worst I shall take steps to deal with them.	115
YEFROSIMOV:	You don't happen to have some of that ... what's it called ... water, do you?	
EVA:	Of course. [<i>She pours out a glass of water from a jug on the table.</i>] Here you are.	120
YEFROSIMOV:	Thank you. [<i>He drinks.</i>] Allow me to introduce myself. My name is ... h'm ... Alexander Ippolitovich ... I can't believe that I've forgotten my surname!	
ADAM:	You've forgotten your surname?	125
YEFROSIMOV:	Oh Lord, this is terrible! ... What <i>is</i> my surname? It's very well known ... begins with 'R', I think ... R ... Let me see: hydrocyanic acid ... phenoldichloroarsenate ... Ah yes! Yefrosimov. That's it. Yefrosimov.	
ADAM:	I see ... Are you <i>the</i> Yefrosimov?	130
YEFROSIMOV:	Yes, yes, I am. [<i>He drinks some more water.</i>] In short, I am Academician Yefrosimov, professor of chemistry. You don't object?	
EVA:	We're delighted.	
YEFROSIMOV:	And you? Whose window did I climb through?	135
ADAM:	I am Adam Krasovsky.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Are you a Communist Party member?	
ADAM:	Yes.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Very good. [<i>To EVA.</i>] And you?	
EVA:	I'm Eva Voikevich.	140
YEFROSIMOV:	Communist?	
EVA:	No, I don't belong to the Party.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Excellent. Excuse me ... what did you say your name was?	
EVA:	Eva Voikevich.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Can't be!	145
EVA:	Why not?	
YEFROSIMOV:	And you? ... Er ...	
EVA:	This is my husband. We were married today. Yes, yes, yes ... Adam and Eve!	
YEFROSIMOV:	Aha! I spotted that at once. And you say I'm mad.	150
EVA:	No one has said anything of the sort!	
YEFROSIMOV:	I can see you think I am. But no, I'm not. Don't worry, I'm quite normal. I admit I do look rather ... When I was walking along the street, those ... Oh, I've forgotten again ... you know: small people ... go to school ...	155
EVA:	Children?	
YEFROSIMOV:	That's it! Boys! They whistled at me, and those ... reddish-brown, furry ... they bite ...	
ADAM:	Dogs?	
YEFROSIMOV:	Yes. They went for me. And at street corners those ... er ...	160

ADAM:	}	Policemen!	
EVA:			
YEFROSIMOV:		Gave me some funny looks. Perhaps I was walking in zigzags. I came into your house because I wanted to see Professor Buslov, but he wasn't at home. He had gone to the opera, to hear <i>Faust</i> . Would you mind if I rest a little? I'm exhausted.	165
EVA:		Please do. Stay here and wait till Buslov comes back.	
ADAM:		We were just about to have something to eat ...	
YEFROSIMOV:		Oh, thank you! You are quite charming!	
ADAM:		Is that a camera?	
YEFROSIMOV:		No. Ah ... I mean, yes. Of course, it's a camera. And since fate has brought me into your home, you must let me photograph you!	170
EVA:		Well, really ...	
ADAM:		I don't know ...	
YEFROSIMOV:		Sit down, sit down ... [To ADAM.] Is your wife a person of good character?	175
ADAM:		To me, she's perfect.	
YEFROSIMOV:		Excellent! I shall photograph her. She must live.	
ADAM		[aside to EVA, quietly]: To hell with him ... I don't want my photo taken.	
YEFROSIMOV:		Tell me, Eva, do you love life?	180
EVA:		Oh, I do. Very much.	
YEFROSIMOV:		Good for you! Splendid. Sit down, please.	
ADAM		[aside]: Dammit, I don't want him to photograph me, he's mad!	
EVA		[whispers to ADAM]: He's just eccentric, like all chemists. Shut up! [Aloud.] Come on, Adam – sit down and smile!	185
		[Grim-faced, ADAM sits down beside EVA. There is a knock at the door, but YEFROSIMOV is busy with his apparatus and ADAM and EVA are absorbed in their pose. PAVEL PONCHIK opens the door and stands on the threshold, while MARKIZOV cautiously clambers up on to the window-sill.]	190
YEFROSIMOV:		Attention, please! [A blinding ray of light is projected out of the front of the apparatus.]	
PONCHIK:		Oh! [Exit, dazzled.]	
MARKIZOV:		Aargh!!! [He shields his eyes and falls back off the window-sill.]	
EVA:		Goodness – that was some magnesium!	195
PONCHIK		[knocks twice]: Adam, can I come in?	
ADAM:		Yes, of course. Come in Pavel.	
		[Enter PONCHIK, a short man in horn-rimmed spectacles, wearing shorts and checked stockings.]	
PONCHIK:		Hello, old man. You and Eva here? Having your picture taken together, eh? He, he, he! I see! Hang on a moment – I'll just go and smarten myself up. [Exit.]	200
EVA:		Will you give us your card?	
YEFROSIMOV:		Of course, of course. Only not just now – a little later.	
ADAM:		What a strange camera. Is it foreign? I've never seen one like that before ...	205
		[A dog's plaintive howl is heard in the distance.]	
YEFROSIMOV		[alarmed]: Why is that dog howling? H'mm ... What is your job, Eva?	
EVA:		I'm studying foreign languages.	210
YEFROSIMOV:		And you, Adam?	
ADAM:		I'm an engineer – a civil engineer.	
YEFROSIMOV:		Can you tell me some simple chemical formula – the formula for chloroform, for instance?	
ADAM:		Chloroform? ... Chloroform ... Eva, can you remember the	215

	chemical formula for chloroform?	
EVA:	I never knew it!	
ADAM:	I'm afraid chemistry's not up my street. My job is building bridges.	
YEFROSIMOV:	But there's no point ... There's no point in building bridges now. Give it up! Who on earth can think about building bridges <i>now</i> ? The idea's laughable ... You spend two years building a bridge and I'm proposing to blow it up in three minutes. What's the point of wasting time and materials? ... God, it's stifling! And why are the dogs howling out there? The fact is, I've been sitting in my laboratory for two solid months and this is my first breath of fresh air. That's why I'm behaving so oddly and forget the simplest words. [<i>He laughs.</i>] But I can't help imagining the look on their faces in Western Europe. Adam, have you ever thought there might be a war?	220
ADAM:	Of course I have. It's highly likely, because the capitalist world hates socialism so much.	230
YEFROSIMOV:	The capitalist world is filled with hatred for the socialist world and the socialist world seethes with hatred for the capitalist, my dear bridge-builder – and the formula for chloroform is CHCl_3 ! There <i>will</i> be a war because it's so close and stifling today. There <i>will</i> be a war because every day in the tramcar people say to me: 'Look at him – wearing a hat!' There'll be a war because when you read the newspapers [<i>He takes two newspapers out of his pocket.</i>] your hair stands on end and you think you're having a nightmare. [<i>He points at one of the newspapers.</i>] What are they saying? 'Capitalism must be destroyed'.	235
ADAM:	Well, we'll see about that!	
YEFROSIMOV:	I'm very much afraid that most people won't have the opportunity to 'see about it'. It's all to do with the little old men ...	
EVA:	What little old men?	245
YEFROSIMOV:	[<i>mysteriously</i>]: Nice little old men, with clean collars and well-pressed trousers ... Essentially, little old men don't care a damn about any ideas except one – that their housekeeper serves them their coffee at the right time every morning ... And they're not squeamish – oh no! One of them, you see, used to sit in his laboratory and, impelled by nothing more than childish curiosity, amused himself by mixing various smelly things in a test tube – perhaps some of that chloroform, for instance, a bit of sulphuric acid and so on, and then he heated it up just to see what would happen. What happened was that before he'd even had time to finish his coffee thousands of people were lying around in heaps; first they turned dark blue, then other people loaded them on to lorries and drove them away to be buried in a pit. But most interesting of all, Adam, was the fact that they were all young men and absolutely innocent of any ideas ... I'm frightened of ideas! Any one of them may be all right in itself, but only until some old professor uses technology to arm it and make it lethal. You may have a perfectly innocent idea, but one day a scientist will come along and add arsenic to it ...	250
EVA	[<i>miserably</i>]: I'm frightened too. You'll be poisoned, my Adam!	255
ADAM:	Don't be afraid, Eva, don't be afraid! I'll put on a gas-mask and we'll beat them!	
YEFROSIMOV:	You might just as well pull a hat over your face. The only thing that matters is – what <i>it</i> will smell like. But the fact is, Adam, it now <i>has</i> no smell, it <i>doesn't</i> explode – and it works quickly.	260
EVA:	I don't want to die! What are we going to do?	270

YEFROSIMOV:	Go underground! Down into the nether regions, Eve, oh primal mother of mankind! Instead of building bridges, Adam, burrow down, build a subterranean city and take refuge in it!	
EVA:	I don't want any of that! Adam, let's get away to the Crimea – as quickly as possible.	275
YEFROSIMOV:	Oh, my child, have I upset you? Calm down, don't worry. Forget everything I've been saying: there's not going to be a war. Off you go and catch the train for the Crimea! You have my blessing, Adam and Eve!	280
	<i>[DARAGAN has appeared silently in the open doorway. He is clad from head to foot in black leather, except for a silver bird, with wings outstretched in flight, that is embroidered right across his chest.]</i>	
	Now if someone invents a defence against this gas, then, Adam, there will be no more chemical warfare, and consequently there will be no more war at all. But the only question will be – who to give this invention to ...	285
DARAGAN	<i>[suddenly]</i> : That is the easiest question of all, Professor. If that invention exists, it must immediately be given to the Revolutionary Military Council of the Soviet Republic ...	290
ADAM:	Ah, Daragan! Let me introduce you: Professor, this is Andrei Daragan.	
DARAGAN:	I know the Professor already. Pleased to meet you.	
ADAM:	Look, Daragan, I have a confession to make – Eva and I got married today.	295
DARAGAN:	I know that too. Ah well, congratulations, Eva. So have you moved in with us? We'll be neighbours. I've heard you speak, Professor: you once gave a lecture to our officers. It was entitled 'The Detection of Arsenical Gas in Chemical Warfare'. It was brilliant!	300
YEFROSIMOV:	Ah yes, I remember ...	
DARAGAN:	It's good to know there are scientists in our workers' republic who have such colossal knowledge as yours.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Thank you. And what, if I may ask, is your profession?	305
DARAGAN:	I serve the republic as commander of a fighter squadron.	
YEFROSIMOV:	I see, I see ...	
DARAGAN:	You were saying just now, Professor, that it might be possible to invent something that would put an end to chemical warfare.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Yes, I was.	310
DARAGAN:	Amazing! And you also wondered, didn't you, about who to give it to?	
YEFROSIMOV	<i>[frowning]</i> : Oh, yes. That is an agonizing question. I suppose, in order to save mankind from disaster, an invention like that should be given to every country simultaneously.	315
DARAGAN	<i>[looking grim]</i> : What? <i>[Pause.]</i> Every country? Do you mean that, Professor? You'd give an invention of unique military importance to capitalist countries?	
YEFROSIMOV:	Well, what else do <i>you</i> propose?	
DARAGAN:	I'm amazed at you. In my opinion ... Forgive me, Professor, but I advise you not to breathe a word of your ideas anywhere outside this room ...	320
	<i>[Behind YEFROSIMOV's back ADAM makes signals to DARAGAN which obviously mean: 'Yefrosimov is out of his mind'.]</i>	325
DARAGAN	<i>[staring at YEFROSIMOV's apparatus]</i> : Of course, I do realize the whole matter is a very complex one ... And is this invention	

	simple to put into effect?	
YEFROSIMOV:	I imagine it will be simple ... comparatively ...	
PONCHIK	[<i>enters noisily</i>]: Greetings, comrades, greetings! Here I am! Ah, Eva! [<i>He kisses EVA's hand.</i>]	330
EVA:	Meet the Professor ...	
PONCHIK:	How d'you do. Pavel Ponchik – writer.	
YEFROSIMOV:	Yefrosimov.	
	[<i>They shake hands.</i>]	335
	[<i>All sit down at the table.</i>]	
PONCHIK:	Congratulate me, my friends! A great literary event has taken place in Leningrad ...	
EVA:	What's that?	
PONCHIK:	My novel has been accepted for publication ... Six hundred pages. And so ...	340
ADAM:	Read it to us ...	
EVA:	But we're just going to have supper ...	
PONCHIK:	I can read during a meal, you know.	
ADAM:	We have some literary news too: Eva and I were married today.	345
PONCHIK:	Where?	
ADAM:	Where? ... At the register office, of course.	
PONCHIK:	I see ... [<i>Pause.</i>] Congratulations.	
DARAGAN:	Where do you live, Professor?	
YEFROSIMOV:	I live ... it's number sixteen ... a brown house ... I'm sorry, er ... [<i>He takes out a notebook</i>]. Aha. Yes, that's it: Zhukovsky Street ... Dear me, I must fight this problem.	350
DARAGAN:	Have you only just moved there?	
YEFROSIMOV:	Oh, no. I've been living there for the last three years. I just forgot the name of the street.	355
EVA:	It can happen to anybody.	
DARAGAN:	H'mm ...	
	[<i>PONCHIK stares wildly at YEFROSIMOV.</i>]	
	Fill your glasses! Another vodka all round!	
	[<i>The telephone rings in the hall. DARAGAN runs out and pulls a curtain over the doorway into the room.</i>]	360
	Hello, yes ... Yes, it's me. [<i>Pause. He turns pale and clutches his forehead.</i>] Has the car left already? [<i>Pause.</i>] Right – at once! [<i>He replaces the receiver and calls in a low voice.</i>] Ponchik! Come here!	365
PONCHIK	[<i>goes out into the hall</i>]: Who is that fool?	
DARAGAN:	It's Professor Yefrosimov, the famous biochemist.	
PONCHIK:	Well, to hell with him. He may know a lot about chemistry, but ...	
DARAGAN:	Shut up, Ponchik, and listen. I'm now going to drive out to the airfield on an urgent matter. <i>You</i> will do the following: without using the telephone and having first told Adam that the Professor is on no account to leave this flat, go straight to You-Know-Where and tell them, firstly – that I suspect Professor Yefrosimov has made a discovery that is of the greatest possible military importance; that he is carrying his invention on him in the guise of a camera, and that he is here. Secondly – that I suspect he is mentally unstable and may do something idiotic, by which I mean take his invention abroad ... Thirdly – tell You-Know-Who to come here at once and check out my suspicions. That's all. But, Ponchik, if the Professor and his apparatus leave this flat, you will be responsible and you may have to face a charge of high treason.	370 375
PONCHIK:	Comrade Daragan – for goodness sake ... but if I ...	380

	<i>[There is a sharp knock at the front door.]</i>	
DARAGAN:	That's my driver. <i>[He opens the door.]</i> No ifs and buts. I'm going. <i>[Exit, leaving his peaked cap behind.]</i>	385
PONCHIK:	Comrade Daragan, you've forgotten your cap.	
DARAGAN:	<i>[from outside]:</i> To hell with it!	
PONCHIK:	What have I got myself into?! <i>[Quietly.]</i> Adam!	
ADAM	<i>[coming out into the hall]:</i> What is it?	390
PONCHIK:	Listen, Adam – make sure that bloody chemist and his apparatus don't leave this flat until I get back.	
ADAM:	What's this all about?	
PONCHIK:	Daragan and I have come to the conclusion that his apparatus is a secret military invention that rightly belongs to the state.	395
ADAM:	But it's a camera!	
PONCHIK:	Camera my foot!	
ADAM	<i>[pause]:</i> Aha ... I see ...	
PONCHIK:	When I come back, I shall not be alone. And remember: <i>you're</i> responsible for keeping the Professor here. <i>[Exit through the front door.]</i>	400
ADAM	<i>[calls to PONCHIK through the doorway]:</i> Where's Daragan?	
PONCHIK	<i>[from the landing]:</i> I don't know.	
ADAM	<i>[shuts the front door]:</i> What a ghastly evening this has turned out to be. <i>[Shaken and bewildered, he returns to the room.]</i>	405
EVA:	Where are Ponchik and Daragan?	
ADAM:	They've gone out to the shop.	
EVA:	What on earth for? There's everything here ...	
ADAM:	They won't be long ...	
YEFROSIMOV	<i>[suddenly]:</i> Jack! Jack! ... What a fool I am! I forgot to photograph Jack ... And I should have taken him first of all. Oh Lord, this is appalling. But surely it couldn't happen all at once and so quickly? <i>[He goes over to the window and peers out.]</i>	410
ADAM	<i>[quietly to EVA]:</i> Do you think he's normal?	
EVA:	I think he's absolutely normal.	415
	My dear Professor, what's the matter? Calm down! Have a drink!	
YEFROSIMOV:	Wait, wait! ... Do you hear? There it is again ...	
ADAM	<i>[nervously]:</i> What? It's only a dog howling.	
YEFROSIMOV:	But they've been howling all day. If only you knew how that worries me. I'm torn between two desires: to wait for Buslov or to abandon him and run and find Jack ...	420
ADAM:	Who is Jack?	
YEFROSIMOV:	Ah, if it weren't for Jack I'd be quite alone in this world, because I don't count my aunt, who irons my shirts ... Jack brightens my whole life ... <i>[Pause.]</i> Jack is my dog. You see, I once saw four people walking along, carrying a puppy and laughing. It turned out they were going to drown it! And I paid them twelve roubles not to drown it. Now he's full-grown and I'm never parted from him. On the days when I'm not using toxic materials he sits in the laboratory and watches me working. Why should anyone want to drown a dog?	425
EVA:	What you need, Professor, is to get married!	
YEFROSIMOV:	Oh, I can never get married until I've found out why the dogs have started howling. So please tell me – should I wait for Buslov or go home to Jack? What do you advise?	430
EVA:	But Professor – you mustn't go on like this! What on earth can happen to Jack? You're just being neurotic! Obviously, what you must do is wait for Buslov, talk to him, then go home and go to bed.	435

	<i>[The front doorbell rings. ADAM goes to open it, admitting TULLER 1, TULLER 2 and KLAVDIA PETROVNA. Last of all to enter is a worried PONCHIK.]</i>	440
TULLER 1:	Hello, Adam! We heard about your wedding, old man, and decided to drop in and congratulate you! Good to see you ... <i>[ADAM is nonplussed; he has never seen TULLER before in his life.]</i>	445
ADAM:	Er ... good to see you too ... Come in, come in! <i>[All five go into the room.]</i>	
TULLER 1:	Introduce me to your wife.	
ADAM:	This is Eva ... Eva, this is ... er ...	450
TULLER 1:	Tuller, friend of Adam's. I suppose he hasn't told you about me, has he?	
EVA:	Well, no, he hasn't ...	
TULLER 1:	The old so-and-so! Let me introduce my cousin – he's Tuller too!	
TULLER 2:	Pleased to meet you.	455
TULLER 1:	Eva, we've brought Klavdia along with us too. I was sure you wouldn't mind. She's a very clever lady – a doctor. Psychiatrist, actually. Adam hasn't told you about her, either! Some friend, eh? Oh, Adam! <i>[To EVA.]</i> You don't mind some uninvited guests dropping in out of the blue?	460
EVA:	No, no, of course not – why should we? Adam always has such nice friends. Anya! Anya!	
TULLER 1:	You mustn't put yourself to any trouble. My cousin Tuller has taken care of everything ...	
TULLER 2:	Tuller's right – I have ... <i>[He unwraps a large parcel containing several cardboard boxes.]</i>	465
EVA:	Oh, you shouldn't have done that. We have plenty here. <i>[Enter ANYA, who takes the boxes and exits.]</i> Ponchik – sit down. But where's Daragan? Do sit down, comrades.	470
KLAVDIA:	God, the heat!	
EVA:	Adam! Do the introductions ...	
TULLER 1:	You mean – introduce us to Professor Yefrosimov? No need. We know each other.	
TULLER 2:	Tuller, the Professor obviously doesn't recognize you.	475
TULLER 1:	Impossible!	
YEFROSIMOV:	Do forgive me ... I confess I'm a little confused ... I'm afraid I <i>don't</i> recognize you ...	
TULLER 1:	Oh, come now ...	
KLAVDIA:	Oh, shut up Tuller! I couldn't recognize my own brother in this heat.	480
TULLER 2:	By the way, have you seen that remarkable camera the Professor's got?	
TULLER 1:	Oh really, Tuller! That's not a camera.	
TULLER 2:	Tell me another! That's a foreign camera.	485
TULLER 1:	Now, Tuller ...	
TULLER 2:	It's a camera!	
TULLER 1:	And I say it's not!	
TULLER 2:	It is a camera!	
YEFROSIMOV:	You see, comrade Tuller, it ...	490
TULLER 1:	No, no, Professor, he needs to be taught a lesson. <i>[To TULLER 2.]</i> Want a bet? Fifteen roubles?	
TULLER 2:	Done!	
TULLER 1:	Well now, Professor, what is that apparatus of yours? Is it a camera?	495

YEFROSIMOV:	You see ... no, it's not a camera ...	
EVA:	What?!! [ANYA enters and starts to clear the table. From the radio comes the strains of the 'Internationale', performed by massed choirs and orchestra.]	500
TULLER 1:	Right! Hand over your fifteen roubles! And let that be a lesson to you.	
TULLER 2:	But look here ... I mean, anyone can see ... it's a 'Pixie'!	
TULLER 1:	Pixie yourself! Come on – pay up. [From outside comes the howl of a dog, followed by a woman's short, bloodcurdling scream.]	505
ANYA	[drops the crockery]: Oh, I feel sick ... [She falls dead.] [Several brief, agonized cries are heard from the courtyard. An accordion stops playing mid-phrase.]	
TULLER 1:	Aaaah! [He falls dead.]	510
TULLER 2:	Bogdanov! Get that apparatus ... [He falls dead.]	
KLAVDIA:	Oh God, I'm going ... [She falls dead.]	
PONCHIK:	What's happening?! [He staggers, then runs headlong out of the flat, slamming the front door behind him.] [The music on the radio drops in pitch as it slows down and stops. A second or two of confused voices, then the radio goes dead.] [Total silence reigns everywhere.]	515
YEFROSIMOV:	My premonition! I knew it! Jack! [Despairingly.] Oh, Jack! [ADAM runs over to the body of KLAVDIA, examines her face intently, then stands up and slowly walks towards YEFROSIMOV; he has a grim look.]	520
ADAM:	So what is that apparatus of yours? You've killed them, haven't you! [In a frenzy.] Help! Help! Seize this man and his machine! [He lunges at YEFROSIMOV.]	
EVA:	Adam! What are you doing?	525
YEFROSIMOV:	Stop! You're mad! Don't you understand? Eva, get this wild beast off me!	
EVA	[glancing out of the window]: Oh, what's happening? Adam, look out of the window! The children are all lying on the ground ...	
ADAM	[leaves YEFROSIMOV, runs over to the window]: Explain this!	530
YEFROSIMOV:	That? That – is your ideas in action! ... It's the man in the electric chair! It means I've failed! It's 'Red rifles shooting!' It's war! It's ... solar gas! ...	
ADAM:	What? I can't hear you properly ... What? Gas?! [He grabs EVA by the hand.] Come on – down into the cellar! Hurry! [He pulls EVA towards the door.]	535
EVA:	Adam, save me!	
YEFROSIMOV:	Stop! You don't have to run anywhere. You're in no danger. Don't you understand? This apparatus protects you from the gas! I invented it! Yes, I did! I – Yefrosimov! You're both safe! Hold your wife tightly, Adam, or she'll go out of her mind.	540
ADAM:	And are the others dead?	
YEFROSIMOV:	Yes!	
EVA:	Adam! Adam! [Pointing to YEFROSIMOV.] He's a genius! He foresaw it all!	545
YEFROSIMOV:	Say that again! Genius, did you say? Genius? If there's anyone else left alive, let him repeat her words!	
EVA	[in a paroxysm of fear and revulsion]: I hate dead bodies! I'm afraid of them! Oh quick – let's go down to the cellar. [Exit, followed by ADAM.]	550
YEFROSIMOV	[alone]: They're dead ... And those children? They would have	

grown up, ideas would have got at them ... What sort of ideas?
The idea of drowning a puppy? ... And you too, my friend. You
hadn't an idea in your head, except a few innocent ones – to do
harm to no one, to lie at my feet, to look into my eyes, and to
have enough to eat! ... why, oh why drown a dog?
[The light slowly fades until Leningrad is in darkness.]

555

EXTRACT 2: LIKE DOVES WE RISE

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Like Doves We Rise is part of a trilogy of testimonial plays by South African playwright, Yaël Farber. The play was first performed in South Africa in 2001 and has since been performed in the United Kingdom, Australia, Ireland and the United States.

Yaël Farber describes testimonial theatre as 'a genre wrought from people bearing witness to their own stories through remembrance and words'. Each play in the trilogy is therefore based on first-hand testimony of those who lived through the harsh laws of Apartheid in South Africa. The stories are linked through the South African spirituals and protest Songs that were sung in church and during the years of the struggle against Apartheid.

The version presented here gives the dialogue in English for ease of reading, but the original performance used many of the official languages of South Africa, such as Xhosa, Pedi and Afrikaans. Songs are given in English in the text with the original lyrics provided at the end.

PROLOGUE

[A single voice in the dark sings. The company's voices rise in response. It is a call and refrain popularly sung by the young 'comrades' of the political struggle in South Africa, during the turbulent eighties. This refrain is repeated indefinitely during this prologue. Lights rise on five performers standing in large enamel bowls, each illuminated by a single ray of light. The effect is evocative and intimate. The song continues gently under the spoken text, which is addressed directly to the audience.]

BONGI	<i>[With longing.]:</i> All my life – I have waited for the moment when the future would arrive. As a girl – I knew that some day the present would be the past. And I wanted the present to pass. I wanted the past to be the past – a country I would never have to visit again. From dust we come. And to dust shall we return...	5
	Never to pass this way again.	
JABU	<i>[Smiling gently at the memory.]:</i> Everything was so much simpler when I was a child...like washing myself. All I had to do was sit there and let Mama and the water do the work. But things change. The train pulls out of each station – forever going forward. And home is nowhere but in your memories.	10
TIPO:	Growing up in the townships – washing was no simple matter. All we had were those small bowls.	
	And no matter how hard I tried –	
	I couldn't reach around to clean my back.	15
	<i>[With a smile and a wink.]:</i> So I decided to forget what's behind me...	
	And concentrate on making my front look good.	
ROELF:	I remember the day I realised I was growing. I couldn't fit in the bowl anymore. I understood then that someday I would be a man... And washing was never going to be simple again.	20
	But year by year – the memories gather like dust...	
	Until we feel we will never be clean.	
	<i>[The singing swells, as the cast stand and gather the bowls of water. They maintain the song as they move the enamel bowls to the periphery of the stage – forming a border around the playing area. The cast gather centre stage. The singing continues beneath the following:]</i>	25
TSHALLO:	We come from a time and place that we would rather forget.	
	We are the lost generation of our country – where everyone has a story to tell. And most would rather forget. There is nothing special about our stories – but tonight we will tell them. For somewhere beneath the dust is the past...	30
	And until we go back and claim each broken piece – we will never be free.	
	<i>[The song resolves.]</i>	35

ONE • BONGI

[BONGI closes her eyes and, lifting her arms in praise, begins to sing. The company turns to watch her. They circle her and join the song. It is a ritual they will repeat, preceding each new narrative: the person about to share their 'story' will stand centre, as the others encircle him/her – singing the story's 'theme' song.]

40

[BONGI Sings]

O Lerato – O Lerato – O Lerato
You are Love – You are Love – You are Love

[The other cast members support her by her outstretched arms, and lower her to the ground. Leaving her seated centre stage, they retreat to the shadows on the periphery. BONGI concludes her song, looks up at the audience and smiles.]

45

BONGI:

I grew up between two rivers in the rural Transkei. The nearest village was two hours away. If I faced the mountain – Mqumangwe River was on my left, and Zibhiza River was on my right. As a child – I would try to see where these two rivers met and ran towards the sea. Somewhere out there – beyond my village – was a world where children had enough to eat and a mother to hold them when they were too scared to sleep. There are so many shadows in my past that I have never spoken about. So many questions that no-one can answer today.

50

55

But sometimes – when I sing... I'm back there in Stavela Village. I can hear it – I can feel it – as if it were just yesterday.

[Softly, they are singing a song from her childhood – transporting her back to the past.]

60

I was woken by a song
Woken by a song
From a deep sleep
The song continued
From a deep sleep
The song went on
It continued / It went on

65

[The other actors appear upstage of her, in a shaft of morning sun. They carry large enamel bowls on their heads – calling out to her.]

CHILDREN

[As though from a distance.]:

70

Bongeka! Let's go and fetch water.

BONGI:

We had no running water or electricity...and as children – we would have to fetch water from the river each day.

CHILD BONGI

[In response to the other children.]:

I'm coming! Don't leave me behind!

75

[She rises, balancing a bowl on the top of her head, and runs to join the other children. They are already on their way to the river – where they will gather water, as they continue to sing.]

From a deep sleep
The song continued
It went on

80

	<i>[The children place their bowls on the river bank, and sit together in the morning sun.]</i>	
BONGI:	In Stavela Village our lives were governed by hunger. Our stomachs were always empty and our heads were always light. As children – we would spend hours talking about the food we would never have. It helped fill our stomachs just to dream about food.	85
CHILD 1:	I'd like to eat Turkey, and Mayonnaise!	
CHILD 2:	<i>[The others giggle and moan with longing at the thought.]</i> I'd like to eat Curry and Rice!	90
	<i>[They all react by licking their lips and trying to pluck such a dish from the air.]</i>	
CHILD 3:	I'd like to eat Jelly and Custard!	
	<i>[The excitement is growing, as they kick their legs and grab at imaginary jelly and custard.]</i>	95
CHILD 4:	I'd like to eat ice cream and pudding!	
	<i>[They fall silent suddenly – confused by this last suggestion.]</i>	
CHILDREN:	What is 'pudding'?	
CHILD 4	<i>[Uncertain.]:</i> I don't know... Nice things for white people!	
	<i>[They explode into laughter, pointing at and teasing the initiator of this idea.]</i>	100
CHILD 2:	Hey! Hey!	
	<i>[Triumphantly.]</i> I'd like to eat...Kentucky Fried!	
	<i>[Triumphantly.]</i> A BUCKET FOR TEN!	
	<i>[They roar with delight.]</i>	105
BONGI:	Sometimes we could forget our hunger – by playing for a few hours together.	
	<i>[They leap into 'Pimpire' – a childhood game of intricate leg work and hand clapping. When the song is over, the other children pick up their bowls and begin to leave. Night is falling. MPUME, BONGI's older sister, calls out to one of the boys.]</i>	110
MPUME:	Solomzi why are you going home now?	
SOLOMZI:	We have to go home.	
	Our mothers are waiting for us.	
MPUME	<i>[Waving and feigning nonchalance.]:</i>	115
	OK! See you tomorrow then.	
BONGI:	But that hour would always come when all the other children returned to their families at home. And Mpume, my sister, and I would stay outside as long as we could – because we had no parents or food to go home to. Our parents had abandoned us when we were children. Even in Stavela Village – we were the poorest of the poor.	120
	<i>[The other cast members hold the enamel bowls vertically, in front of their face, creating the closed door of each hut in the village.]</i>	
	We borrowed from the neighbours – in spite of the shame.	
	<i>[The sisters go door to door, asking for food and being turned away. They knock.]</i>	125
NEIGHBOUR 1	<i>[Whispering from behind the closed 'door'.]:</i> Who is it?	
MPUME:	It's me Nompumelelo, Father.	
NEIGHBOUR 1:	What do you want?	130
MPUME:	Father, I'm here to ask for some maize meal.	
NEIGHBOUR 1:	Oh! I'm sorry my child.	
	<i>[They turn away and knock on the next door.]</i>	
NEIGHBOUR 2:	Who is it?	
CHILD BONGI:	It's Bongeka, Father.	135

NEIGHBOUR 2:	What do you want?	
CHILD BONGI:	My sister has sent me to ask for sugar, Father.	
NEIGHBOUR 2:	Ayikho! There's none!	
BONGI:	In our village – it was not often that anyone had food to spare. [<i>They knock on the next door.</i>]	140
NEIGHBOUR 3:	I'm sorry there's nothing, my child. [<i>The girls turn to each other in despair. BONGI begins to cry.</i>]	
MPUME	[<i>Taking charge.</i>]: Bongeka, let's pick wild spinach.	
CHILD BONGI:	OK sister. [<i>They pick frantically at the ground, putting the wild spinach in a three-legged black iron pot.</i>]	145
BONGI:	Hunger is an animal. It eats you slowly from the inside. Most nights we picked wild spinach and boiled it – just to stay alive. [<i>They return to their house – indicated by a square of light and an upturned bath.</i>]	150
MPUME	[<i>Praying over the pot.</i>]: God bless this food. Amen. [<i>They quickly devour the little there is.</i>]	
BONGI:	There was never enough. For as long as I can remember, hunger was always there...	
CHILD BONGI	[<i>Scratching in the dry pot.</i>]:	155
MPUME:	Sister! I haven't had enough. Is there any food left? No Bongeka, there isn't. And the money for this month is finished. That's all we have.	
CHILD BONGI	[<i>Clutching her stomach.</i>]: Sister, my stomach...it hurts.	
MPUME	[<i>Holding her against the pain.</i>]:	160
	Oh Bonggi – don't worry, Sister. The pain will pass.	
BONGI:	But the pain did <i>not</i> pass. It became a part of my life.	
	We would go to sleep on empty stomachs...sometimes for weeks at a time. [<i>She sings a few notes of 'O Lerato' communicating the pain through song.</i>]	165
	O Lesedi – O Lesedi You are Light – You are Light Morena Jesu. <u>Lord Jesus.</u>	170
	When I recall the shadows of those years – I try hard also to remember the small moments of joy. [<i>An old man, in a ragged black jacket and hat, totters through the village towards his house, singing drunkenly.</i>]	175
TATOMKHULU	[<i>Singing.</i>]:	
	The Ancestral Spirits Are coming tomorrow. Those who are sick should know – they are coming tomorrow. <u>They are coming tomorrow.</u>	180
BONGI	[<i>Laughing gently at the memory.</i>]: The sound of my grandfather returning in the evenings... Calling me to sit with him in his house next door.	
TATOMKHULU	[<i>Calling out, despite the late hour.</i>]: Bonggi?	
CHILD BONGI	[<i>Calling back.</i>]: Tatomkhulu? Grandfather?	185
TATOMKHULU	[<i>Slurring.</i>]: Bonggi! Don't just sit there, come and help me!	

	<i>[She runs to him joyfully and helps him to stagger home, trying to quieten his song and prevent him from waking the village.]</i>	
BONGI	<i>[Once in his house.]:</i> Grandfather – mind the chair!	190
	<i>[She tries to help him into the chair but they tumble to the floor, laughing.]</i>	
TATOMKHULU:	Hey man! I'm not that drunk!	
BONGI:	I loved that old man! But I hardly ever saw him sober. Still he was the only father I have ever known.	195
	<i>[BONGI helps him to the chair – an upturned zinc bath – and sits at his feet tying his shoe laces.]</i>	
CHILD BONGI:	Grandfather, Zovuyo's father was here to borrow your saw.	
	He was here to borrow the saw.	
TATOMKHULU	<i>[Slurring.]:</i> No no Bongi. No! No! No!	200
	What is he going to do with it?	
	Why can't he buy his own saw?	
CHILD BONGI:	He said he wants to build a kraal.	
TATOMKHULU:	Ye Hey Bongi? Did you ever see a saw that saws like this saw saws?	
	<i>[They laugh together.]</i>	205
CHILD BONGI:	Grandfather! What do I tell Zovuyo's father?	
	Are you saying yes or no about the saw?	
	Grandfather? Grandfather?	
	<i>[But he is snoring softly.]</i>	
	BONGI rises and tiptoes to the door, leaving him to sleep.	210
	<i>[She whispers.]</i> Good night, Tatomkhulu.	
	<i>[MPUME sings softly to herself from inside their house. BONGI watches her quietly.]</i>	
BONGI:	I depended on my thirteen year old sister for everything. But Mpume was a child herself, and she couldn't carry us both.	215
	<i>[MPUME covers BONGI with a blanket as she lies in her lap. They sing together in gentle harmony.]</i>	
	Under a big umbrella. Under a coconut tree. Going to school together. <u>Waiting and waiting for you.</u>	220
MPUME	<i>[Tentatively.]:</i> Bongi...	
CHILD BONGI:	Sisi? Sister?	
MPUME	<i>[Delicately, after a pause.]:</i> I'm going.	225
	<i>[BONGI turns away in shock and quietly starts to cry.]</i>	
	I have to leave the village to start school.	
	Will you walk me to the station?	
CHILD BONGI:	Will you visit me, Sister?	
MPUME	<i>[Trying to hold back her tears.]:</i> I'll come back for you someday, Ma Bongi. I promise!	230
	<i>[They embrace, weeping. They rise, and walk to the station, singing and holding the ends of the blanket between them.]</i>	
	Under a big umbrella. Under a coconut tree. <u>Going to school together.</u>	235
BONGI:	I walked her the two hours to the station.	
	<i>[They wave goodbye to one another and sing.]</i>	

Waiting and waiting for you...

	<i>[MPUME drops her end of the blanket – severing the connection between them – and disappears into the shadows.]</i>	240
BONGI:	And at eight years old – I was abandoned. From then on – everyone in the village knew it: In the Mpongwana house – on the outskirts of the village – there was a little girl living there on her own.	
CHILD BONGI	<i>[Looking around anxiously, she sings:]</i>	245

Waiting and waiting for you.

	<i>[She scratches in the pot. There is nothing in it but sand. A cloud of dust rises. She pushes the pot over in despair, and begins to weep. She prays desperately.]</i>	
	<i>[A strange whispering fills the house. Frightening voices imitate her prayers and laugh amongst themselves.]</i>	250
BONGI:	I would hear voices in that house and see figures in the beams of the roof. I wanted to sleep to get away from the fear...but the hunger pains kept me awake.	
	<i>[The 'Mpundulus' Zombies come out of the shadows. They claw at her blanket, trying to carry her away into their world. BONGI manages to free herself from their grasping. She runs – terrified – to TATOMKHULU's door, frantically knocks and enters.]</i>	255
CHILD BONGI:	Grandfather? Grandfather?	
TATOMKHULU	<i>[Drunk and singing to himself:]</i>	260
	They are coming tomorrow.	
CHILD BONGI:	Those who are sick should know – they are coming tomorrow. Tatomkhulu!	
	<i>[She falls at his feet, weeping.]</i>	
	Grandfather, there are things walking on the roof at home.	265
	Why doesn't mama come and get me? Grandfather, I want my mother. I'm hungry, and I'm scared!	
	<i>[But he is asleep, snoring softly.]</i>	
	<i>[Backing towards the door, in despair.]</i> Good night Tatomkhulu.	
	<i>[The company begins to sing 'O Lerato', stepping forward with the bowls in front of their faces – creating the village's closed doors. She knocks at each door – but there is no response. She sits.]</i>	270
BONGI:	Night after night – I lay in the dark, praying to be heard. But no one came for me. I lived on my own until I was old enough to walk away. Whenever I visit Stavela Village today... I feel nothing but despair. I lost my childhood. I lost myself. I know I lost so much there. But how do we lose things we never had? Why do I grieve for what was never mine? I know no one has any answers for me today. All I have is a voice that God gave me to sing with...and a hunger in my soul that won't go away.	275
	<i>[She closes her eyes, and begins to sing – as the cast circle her.]</i>	280

O Lesedi – O Lesedi – O Lesedi
 Morena Jesu.
 Watshepeha – Watshepeha – Watshepeha
Morena Jesu.

285

[They continue to sing, as they move swiftly to set props for the next story.]

TWO • ROELF

	<i>[ROELF takes his place centre stage and the cast circle him – casting long shadows and taunting him ominously in a whisper. The cast disperses, leaving ROELF centre stage. He looks at the audience and smiles.]</i>	290
ROELF:	'Amper'. I like that word! In Afrikaans it means 'Almost', 'Nearly...but not quite'. 'Amper' black. 'Amper' white. But neither...not quite. No matter where you go or what you do... If you are a mixed breed – you are neither here nor there. Just a 'Bushy', a 'Hotnot', a 'Boesman'. 'Amper' a Somebody...	295
	But not quite! <i>[The company begins to sing an upbeat traditional 'coloured' song.]</i>	
	<u>The sun has set, it's under the vineyard. We are very hungry.</u> <u>The sun has set, it's under the vineyard. We are very hungry.</u> <u>Give us the jive. We want to go home now.</u> <u>Give us the jive. We want to go home now.</u>	300
ROELF:	<i>[Underscored by the song.]</i> I spent my early years living on Second Avenue – the coloured street of Alexander Township. Mama was a traditional Pedi African Woman, and Papa's blood had some white in it.	305
	Some say my grandmother was half Indian. And in South Africa – that made me... One-Broken-Law-after-Another! <i>[The community gathers around ROELF, arguing passionately. PAPA's voice rises above the rest.]</i>	310
PAPA:	He's not black! You are a coloured. Look at your hair: As soft as silk. Look at your skin: As white as milk!	
MAMA:	No no Roelf! I want you to listen to me very carefully. You are a Pedi!	
NEIGHBOUR 1:	No way! He's a 'hotnot'	315
NEIGHBOUR 2:	Yes! He's 'Almost Boss'!	
PAPA:	You're alright my son. You're fine!	
ROELF:	My brother Solly stayed in Petersburg. He was from a different father – and <i>he</i> was as black as the night!	
CHILD ROELF	<i>[Joking, a police officer:]</i> My boy, you are so dark... I'm going to report your blackness!	320
SOLLY:	I may be black... But you are ugly!	
CHILD ROELF:	Hey brother – I'll take ugly over black.	
SOLLY	<i>[Wrestling with him playfully:]</i> Hey Bushy-Bushman-Hottentot! Piss off! We are brothers. Finish and ready. <i>[They laugh and embrace.]</i>	325
ROELF:	There was nothing 'amper' about Solly and me. We were brothers... Finish and ready. But when Papa left us for good – mama started to look at me differently. She now saw in me the half white man she loved, who had run away. She sent me to live with my brother Solly, and my black grandmother in Petersburg. That's when the shit really began...	330
	<i>[A train whistles. The tin baths are pushed together and the cast gather instantly on them – creating the image and movement of a</i>	335

	<i>railway train and its passengers in motion.]</i>	
	It was a long train ride to get there.	
	<i>[The train whistles and everyone piles off.]</i>	
	And arriving in Petersburg... I knew then – my life would never be simple again.	340
	<i>[A group of Pedi CHILDREN surround him. They are fascinated with the texture of his hair. They tentatively touch it, whispering to each other. They ask him questions, but he is shy.]</i>	
CHILD 1:	Wow! Your eyebrows are big!	345
CHILD 2	<i>[Touching his hair.]:</i> And your hair is like a cat!	
CHILD 3:	Is he a whitey?	
CHILD 1:	Who are you?	
CHILD 2:	Are you dumb? Can't you speak?	
CHILD ROELF:	I don't speak Pedi! I speak Afrikaans.	350
	<i>[They all explode into laughter.]</i>	
ALL:	He <i>is</i> a whitey!	
CHILD 3:	No! He's not white!	
CHILD 4	<i>[Gasping with realisation.]:</i> He's a half-and-half!	
CHILD 3:	Yes! He's a 'Bushy'!	355
	<i>[They dance gleefully around him, chanting.]</i>	
ROELF:	There was no place for me here amongst the Pedi kids. And on the playground it was the Law of the Wild.	
	<i>[A group of adolescents surround him. Their manner is less amused, more threatening and aggressive.]</i>	360
BOY 1:	Hey white boy! Who are you?	
	What do you want here with us?	
YOUNG ROELF:	I stay with my granny and my brother.	
BOY 2:	You're a whitey! What do you want? What do you want among us Pedis?	365
YOUNG ROELF	<i>[Proudly.]:</i> I'm half Pedi!	
	<i>[They all talk aggressively at once, grabbing him.]</i>	
GIRL 1:	Hey you!	
	You are not a Pedi! You are not black!	
YOUNG ROELF:	It's true! Go and ask my granny! I'm half Pedi!	370
GIRL 1	<i>[Ridiculing him.]:</i> 'Half pedi! Half black!'	
	Hey! Say you are a 'Bushy'!	
YOUNG ROELF:	But I'm not a 'bushy'!	
ALL	<i>[Pushing him brutally.]:</i> Hey! You're a bushy!	
	<i>[SOLLY is suddenly at his side. He yells and the children scatter.]</i>	375
SOLLY:	Piss off! Or I'll kick your asses!	
ROELF:	Solly did what he could to protect me.	
SOLLY:	Get away! Get away, man!	
	I'm going to kick the asses off you!	
	<i>[To ROELF.]:</i> Come here!	380
	<i>[With an arm around ROELF, explaining to him.]</i>	
	Roelf – You don't look like the other children.	
	You are different!	
CHILDREN	<i>[Following, to eavesdrop on the conversation.]:</i> Of course!	
SOLLY	<i>[Turning on them.]:</i> SHUT UP! Piss off!!	385
	<i>[The children run away. SOLLY turns back to ROELF.]</i>	
	Don't look for trouble! Stay low!	
	 You must try hard not to be noticed. Don't look people in the eye. But when shit happens...	
	 Brother, you must fight like hell!	390

ROELF:	[SOLLY <i>does a spectacular spin / drop kick, winks and disappears.</i>] I tried to be invisible. I tried to stay low. But there was one person my brother could not protect me from: <i>[A frightening figure of a woman rises. Her height is created by the actress standing on one of the upturned zinc baths, with an extra long skirt – creating the illusion of her towering over the children. She has a ‘sjambok’ – a traditional rubber whip – in her hand. She cracks the whip viciously.]</i> Mrs Popo – The School Principal! <i>[The school bell rings. The children gather around MRS POPO and sing with great gusto.]</i>	395
	All things bright and beautiful All creatures great and small All things wise and wonderful The Lord God made them all.	405
POPO	<i>[POPO conducts the song vigorously. She cracks her whip, indicating the conclusion of the hymn. The children dash to their designated places, sitting around her in a circle. They flinch at her every move.]</i> <i>[Smiling, but with simmering rage.]:</i> Children! It has been reported to me – that a certain <i>somebody</i> has been playing with a tennis ball in my schoolyard and vandalising the school property. Now children – you know that: I do not tolerate trespassing – especially because we are aware that no student is permitted in that area. But this certain... <i>[Her eyes fall on ROELF.]</i> <i>somebody</i> thinks he is too white to follow our rules. I think it’s time we give him what he deserves! <i>[She points her long ‘sjambok’ at ROELF.]</i>	410
YOUNG ROELF:	But it wasn’t me, Principal!	
POPO:	Piss off! Don’t argue with me! You are a criminal! Nothing more! A real hard core criminal. Stretch him!	
CHILDREN	<i>[Surrounding ROELF, they pull the back of his T-shirt over his head to blind him. They lift and carry him to the upturned zinc bath, chanting.]:</i> In the air! In the air!	420
POPO	<i>[With sadistic enthusiasm.]:</i> Stretch him! Stretch him! <i>[The children stretch him over the zinc bath. POPO beats him savagely with her ‘sjambok’. Then reassuming her former composure, she continues where she left off.]</i> Two! Three! <i>[The children continue the hymn.]</i>	425
	Each little flower that opens. Each little bird that sings. He gave them glowing colours. He gave them tiny wings. All things bright and beautiful All creatures great and small.	430
ROELF	<i>[As the children continue singing, ROELF turns to the audience.]:</i> I had never committed any one of the crimes Mrs Popo accused me of. But my hair was soft and my skin was light... And Popo the Principal hated me – for this crime alone. <i>[The children conclude the hymn with a flourish.]</i>	435
CHILDREN:	All things wise and wonderful	440

	The Lord God made them all. [<i>The bell rings, and the children scatter.</i>]	
ROELF:	I didn't want to go home after the beatings. [<i>Whimpering, ROELF staggers to a private place to sit alone and cry. SOLLY finds him.</i>]	445
SOLLY:	Roelf? What happened?	
YOUNG ROELF:	Popo hit me again. [<i>SOLLY turns away, furious, and swears under his breath.</i>]	
SOLLY:	Goddamit! That woman makes me mad! If I catch her doing this to you... Let's go! [<i>He helps his brother to walk home.</i>]	450
GRANNY	[<i>Calling for her grandsons into the darkening night.</i>]: ROELF? SOLLY?	
YOUNG ROELF	[<i>Whispering as they approach the house.</i>]: Please brother! Don't tell Granny. It will only make things worse.	
SOLLY:	OK... Go and hide there behind the tree.	455
GRANNY	[<i>Calling out.</i>]: Roelf we! [<i>Night has fallen. SOLLY joins GRANDMOTHER in the house.</i>] Where is this boy?	
SOLLY:	He's coming Granny. Just go back to sleep. [<i>ROELF sits alone outside, crying. The cast sing gently.</i>]	460
All creatures great and small. All things wise and wonderful. The Lord God made them all. 		
	[<i>The school bell rings. It is daytime and the children are playing a game in the school yard.</i>]	465
CHILDREN	[<i>Chanting the game's rhyme.</i>]: Gangster / Criminal! Get on the van!	
ROELF:	As time passed – the children started to accept me in their own way.	
CHILD:	Hey 'half-and-half'... Come and play! [<i>He leaps up eagerly and joins the others.</i>]	
CHILDREN:	Gangster / Criminal! Get on the van! [<i>He gleefully joins them – but makes a mistake in the complex footwork of the game. They all immediately start to yell at him.</i>]	470
ROELF:	But hostility and trouble were never far away.	
CHILDREN	[<i>Shoving him between them.</i>]: Bushy! Bushman! Hottentot! Whitey! Almost boss! Coloured!	475
	[<i>They push him to the ground.</i>]	
ROELF:	And Mrs Popo never missed an opportunity to beat me. [<i>The children gather around ROELF and inform him with glee.</i>]	
CHILD:	Hey you criminal!	
	Mrs Popo wants you in her office...	480
CHILDREN:	NOW!!!!!! [<i>They scatter – giggling.</i>]	
ROELF:	I would dream about Mrs Popo every night... especially during school holidays. [<i>POPO strides out of the shadows. Her height is created by the actress sitting on the shoulders of an actor – hidden beneath her extra-long skirt. The other cast members sing a haunting refrain to create the terror of the nightmare.</i>]	485
POPO:	Hey you criminal! Where is your mother? Where is your father? Why aren't you with other Coloureds? Why are you not with the other half breeds? You make me sick! Keep looking over your shoulder.	490

	For the rest of your life... I will be there! [<i>She retreats back into the shadows.</i>]	495
ROELF: CHILDREN	In all the years Popo beat me – she never knew my name. [<i>Chanting and dancing in the rain.</i>]:	
	Mother open for me! It is raining! Mother open for me! It is raining!	500
ROELF:	[<i>The children are frolicking in the rain.</i>] One night during school holidays – it rained very hard. And the next morning – the children were going swimming because the river was full.	505
SOLLY: YOUNG ROELF	Roelf – C'mon! Let's go swim! [<i>Anxiously.</i>]: I can't Solly! There will be children there who don't know me.	
SOLLY:	Don't worry Brother! I'll protect you. Come on! [<i>ROELF runs excitedly to the river, following the other children. The cast creates a river with their arms, holding one of the actors airborne horizontally – to create the illusion that he is swimming.</i>]	510
SWIMMING BOY: ROELF:	Hey Boesman! Don't be scared! Come and swim! I couldn't see Solly anywhere. But I decided to take the plunge. [<i>He dives in and swims.</i>]	515
BOYS:	But suddenly... [<i>Glancing over his shoulder.</i>] two boys were coming for me! [<i>They are suddenly upon him.</i>] Hey Boesman! You're going to drown! [<i>Laughing, they push him repeatedly beneath the water. Suddenly SOLLY is upon them. He fights the boys off and pulls ROELF, sputtering and coughing, from the water.</i>]	520
SOLLY: YOUNG ROELF	Are you alright? [<i>Gasping for breath, he points to his injured leg.</i>]: My knee!!! [<i>SOLLY puts ROELF on his back and carries him home.</i>]	525
GRANNY SOLLY: GRANNY: YOUNG ROELF:	[<i>Horried.</i>]: What happened? Granny! Some children tried to drown him! They hurt his knee. Are you hurt? Yes I'm hurt, Granny. Here! [<i>Pointing to his knee.</i>]	530
GRANNY	[<i>Furious.</i>]: They'll shit themselves – those bloody dogs! [<i>Turning on SOLLY.</i>] But Solly – where were you? I told you to look after your brother!	
SOLLY: YOUNG ROELF:	I tried Granny! You are lying!	535
SOLLY	[<i>Distraught.</i>] I couldn't see you Solly! You left me there! [<i>Suddenly exploding – he grabs ROELF violently.</i>]: I'm tired of you! It's not my fault the other kids hate you! You are not the only one who is suffering here! You are NOT my brother! Half breed!	540
YOUNG ROELF: SOLLY	Solly please... [<i>He turns to go – but stops for a moment – filled with regret.</i>]: I'm sorry!	545
ROELF	[<i>But he knows the damage is done. He leaves.</i>] [<i>Calling after him frantically.</i>]: Solly please! Come back!	

	But he was gone!	
	<i>[The children gather around MRS POPO, chanting their Multiplication Tables in unison.]</i>	550
CHILDREN:	One times two equals two Two times two equals four Three times two equals six Four times two equals eight	555
ROELF:	I stayed away from school for three months because of my injured knee. But soon...Popo sent for me! <i>[ROELF arrives on crutches. MRS POPO turns to the class with a sneer.]</i>	
POPO:	A certain <i>somebody</i> has been <i>pretending</i> to be injured, and has missed three months of school! He must be taught a lesson! What do you say? Shall we give him what he deserves.	560
YOUNG ROELF	<i>[Panicking.]</i> : But – but Teacher... Some boys...they tried to drown me. Look! I can't straighten my knee!	
POPO	<i>[With relish.]</i> : Yes! Let us help him straighten his knee! Stretch him! <i>[He screams as the children stretch him over the zinc bath, wrenching his injured knee. POPO whips him brutally, as the children sing.]</i>	565
	All things bright and beautiful All creatures great and small All things wise and wonderful The Lord God made them all.	570
ROELF:	<i>[ROELF stands and recomposes himself.]</i> For the rest of my school years – every day – Mrs Popo beat me. To this day – she owns something inside me that I am still trying to set free.	575
	<i>[Smiling with resignation.]</i> : Amper black, amper white.	
	Almost a somebody... But not quite! <i>[The others chant in an ominous whisper, circling him.]</i>	

Notes on the songs

Communal song on page 16 'O Lerato – O Lerato – O Lerato'

This song is given in Xhosa. The English translation of the lyrics is:

You are Love – You are Love – You are Love
 Lord Jesus
 You are Light – You are Light – You are Light
 Lord Jesus
 You are Trustworthy – You are Trustworthy – You are Trustworthy
 Lord Jesus

Bongi's song on page 16 'I was woken by a song' original lyrics:

Mna ndivuswe yingoma
 Ndivuswe yingoma
 Yatsho, ndilele phantsi
 Yatshw' ingoma
 Yatsho, ndilele phantsi
 Iye yatsho lengoma
 Yatshw' ingoma

Tatomkhulu's song on page 18 'The Ancestral Spirits' original lyrics:

Oonomathotholo?
 Bayeza kusasa.
 Abagulayo – bayeza kusasa, bayeza.
 Bayeza kusasa.

Company song on page 21 'The sun has set' original lyrics in Afrikaans:

Die son het gaan saak onder by die wingerd. Ons is baie honger.
 Die son het gaan saak onder by die wingerd. Ons is baie honger.
 Gee ons die 'jive' – Ons wil nou huis toe gaan.
 Gee ons die 'jive' – Ons wil nou huis toe gaan.

Popo's song on page 24 'Hey you criminal!' original lyrics:

Hey wena Tsotsi!
 Uphi unyoko?
 Uphi uyihlo?
 Kutheni ungayi kuyohla la namanye amalawu nje?

Children's song on page 25 'Mother open for me!' original lyrics:

Mma mpulele!
 Pula Yana!
 Mma mpulele!
 Pula Yana!

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