



# Cambridge IGCSE™ (9–1)

**DRAMA**

**0994/12**

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: MOLIÈRE**

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

Extract 1 is taken from Mikhail Bulgakov's *Molière (The League of Hypocrites)*, translated into English by Michael Glenny. It was first performed at the Moscow Art Theatre in 1936. The play is in four Acts, and the extract begins at the start of the play and continues to almost the end of Act Two, Scene One.

The play was controversial at the time of its production because it was seen to be presenting a critical commentary on the Stalinist regime in the Soviet Union. The play is set in France in the seventeenth century, and the action takes place backstage at the theatre and at the court of Louis XIV. The central character is the playwright and actor, Jean-Baptiste Poquelin de Molière (1622–1673).

**CHARACTERS**

Jean-Baptiste Poquelin de MOLIERE	famous playwright and actor
Jean-Jacques BOUTON	candle-snuffer and Molière's servant
Philibert DU CROISY	actor
PROMPTER	
MADELEINE BEJART	actress
CHARLATAN	illusionist
LOUIS XIV	King of France, surnamed 'The Great'
Charles Varlet de LAGRANGE	actor, nicknamed 'The Scribbler'
MARIETTE RIVALE	actress
ARMANDE BEJART de MOLIERE	actress
Marquis D'Orsigny	duellist, nicknamed 'ONE-EYE'
Marquis de CHARRON	Archbishop of Paris
Father BARTHOLOMEW	itinerant preacher
Brother FAITH	member of the League of Holy Writ

Members of the League of Holy Writ in masks and black capes. Courtiers, musketeers and others.

## ACT ONE

*Backstage at the Théâtre du Palais-Royal. Heavily muffled sound of laughter from beyond the curtain.*

*Gusts of laughter can be heard, then a final burst of laughter and applause. A moment later MOLIERE appears between a gap in the curtains and runs down the steps into his dressing room.*

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*MOLIERE is wearing a vast wig and grotesque helmet, and he holds a property sword. He is comically made up as Sganarelle: a mauve nose with a wart on it. He presses his left hand to his breast as though suffering from heart trouble. Make-up is running down his face.*

MOLIERE *[throws off cloak, gasps for breath]:* Water! 10  
 BOUTON: *At once. [Gives him a glass.]*  
 MOLIERE: *Ah! [Drinks, listening anxiously.]*

*The door bursts open. DU CROISY, made up as Polchinelle, runs in.*

DU CROISY: *The king is applauding! [Exit.]*  
 PROMPTER *[through a gap in the curtains]:* The king is applauding! 15  
 MOLIERE *[to BOUTON]:* Towel! *[Nervously mops his forehead.]*  
 MADELEINE *[in make-up, enters between the curtains]:* Quick! The king is applauding!

MOLIERE *[excitedly]:* Yes, yes I can hear. I'm coming. *[To BOUTON.]:* Open up the stage! Holy Virgin! *[Crosses himself before passing through the curtain to the stage, where we see him in profile. One invisible person in the auditorium starts to clap, followed by a crescendo of applause from the rest of the audience. Then silence.]*

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*Your...M-Majesty...your majesty...Most illustrious sovereign... [He speaks the first words with a slight stutter – he has a trace of a stutter when speaking normally offstage – but then his speech becomes steadier and as soon as he is under way it is obvious that he is a great actor. He has an infinite wealth of intonation, facial expression and movement. His smile is very infectious.]* The actors of the Company of Monsieur, your most loyal and most devoted servants, have asked me to thank you for the unprecedented honour you have shown us by attending our theatre...Therefore, sire...I can say no more. 25

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*A slight titter breaks out among the audience and fades.*

O muse, o muse, my cunning Thalia! 35  
 Each night, in answer to your call,  
 At risk of ridicule and...failure  
 I play at Sganarelle within this hall!  
 Gauging my bow according to the prices –  
 Tonight it's thirty sous a person in the stalls – 40  
 I entertain by showing men their vices,  
 In verse that's often little more than...rubbish!

*A burst of laughter from the audience.*

Tonight, though, fairest muse of comedy,  
 I beg thee – fire me with thy glance: 45

How else my meagre gifts to remedy  
And raise a smile upon the Sun of France?

*Thunderous applause.*

BOUTON:	Ah, what talent! ‘The Sun’ – that was a brilliant stroke!	
CHARLATAN:	[ <i>enviously</i> ]: When did he write that?	50
BOUTON:	[ <i>haughtily</i> ]: He didn’t. Made it up on the spot.	
CHARLATAN:	Incredible.	
BOUTON:	You couldn’t do it.	
MOLIERE:	[ <i>abruptly changes his tone</i> ]: For us thou bear’st the burden of a crown; Compared with thee an actor’s but a paltry thing, Louis the Great, nay [ <i>raises his voice.</i> ] France’s <i>greatest</i> [ <i>shouts.</i> ] King!!	55
VOICE OF LOUIS:	We thank you, Monsieur de Molière.	
MOLIERE:	Your Majesty’s most humble servants beg you to watch one more comic interlude – but only if we have not tired you.	60
VOICE OF LOUIS:	Oh, with pleasure, Monsieur de Molière.	
MOLIERE:	[ <i>shouts</i> ]: Curtain!	
	<i>The main curtain falls and shuts off the auditorium, where the orchestra at once strikes up. BOUTON then closes the backstage curtain, shutting off our view of the stage. CHARLATAN disappears.</i>	65
MOLIERE:	[ <i>muttering as he enters dressing room</i> ]: That does it! I’ll murder him!	
BOUTON:	Who should he want to murder in his hour of triumph!	
MOLIERE:	[ <i>grabs BOUTON by the throat</i> ]: You!	
BOUTON:	[ <i>screams</i> ]: You’re strangling me...at a royal performance!	70
	<i>LAGRANGE makes a move, but stops. Hearing the cry, MADELEINE and MARIETTE RIVALE – in the midst of changing – rush in. The two actresses seize MOLIERE by his breeches to pull him away from BOUTON, whereupon MOLIERE kicks out at them. Eventually MOLIERE is torn away, clutching a piece of BOUTON’s coat. They manage to push MOLIERE into an armchair.</i>	75
MADELEINE:	You’re mad! The audience can hear everything!	
MOLIERE:	Let me go!	
MARIETTE RIVALE:	Monsieur Molière! [ <i>Claps her hand over MOLIERE’s mouth.</i> ]	
BOUTON:	[ <i>looking into mirror, feels his torn coat</i> ]: Well done. You move fast, I must say. [ <i>To MOLIERE.</i> ] What’s the matter?	80
MOLIERE:	You scoundrel...Why do I keep you on in the company when you try me so? We’ve played it forty times if we’ve played it once and everything was perfect – then just when the king comes a candle has to fall out of the chandelier and drip wax all over the stage.	85
BOUTON:	Maître, it was your fault – when you did your little jig you knocked the candle off with your sword.	
MOLIERE:	You lying good-for-nothing!	
	<i>LAGRANGE puts his head in his hands and quietly weeps.</i>	
MARIETTE RIVALE:	He’s right. You hit the candle with your sword.	90
MOLIERE:	The audience is laughing. The king is shocked...	
BOUTON:	The king is the best-mannered man in France and he hasn’t noticed a thing.	

MOLIERE:	So I knocked it off, did I? H'mm...in that case why was I shouting at you?	95
BOUTON:	It is not for me to say, sir.	
MOLIERE:	I seem to have torn your coat.	
	BOUTON <i>laughs convulsively.</i>	
MARIETTE RIVALE:	Oh my God – look at me! [ <i>Grabs a coat, wraps herself in it and rushes out.</i> ]	100
DU CROISY	[ <i>appears in a gap in the curtains holding a lantern</i> ]: Madeleine Béjart – on stage please, on stage...[ <i>Exit.</i> ]	
MADELEINE:	Coming! [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	
MOLIERE	[ <i>to BOUTON</i> ]: Take this coat.	
BOUTON:	Thank you. [ <i>Takes off his own coat and breeches, hastily dons a pair of MOLIERE's breeches with lace ruffles at the knee.</i> ]	105
MOLIERE:	Just a moment...why the breeches too?	
BOUTON:	You must agree, maître, it would be the height of bad taste to wear such a gorgeous coat with these shabby breeches. Look at them – these breeches are a disgrace. [ <i>Puts on the coat.</i> ] Maître, I have found two silver coins of trifling value in the pocket. What would you have me do with them?	110
MOLIERE:	Damn me! Give them to a museum, you rascal. [ <i>Freshens his make-up.</i> ]	
BOUTON:	Agreed. I shall do as you say. [ <i>Pockets the money.</i> ] Well, I'm off to trim the wicks. [ <i>Picks up his candle-snuffer.</i> ]	115
MOLIERE:	And kindly don't stare at the king from the stage.	
BOUTON:	No need to say that to me, maître – I'm as good a Frenchman as you are.	
MOLIERE:	Yes, a Frenchman by birth and a blockhead by profession.	120
BOUTON:	And you are a great actor by profession and a boor by character. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	
MOLIERE:	I must have committed some sin and God sent him to me from Limoges as a punishment.	
DU CROISY	[ <i>looks in with his lantern and book.</i> ]: Monsieur de Molière – on stage please. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	125
MOLIERE:	Yes, coming. [ <i>Exit. As soon as he goes a muffled roat of laughter is heard.</i> ]	
	<i>The curtain over the entrance into the other dressing room is pushed aside and ARMANDE appears. She is seventeen, pretty, and her features are reminiscent of MADELEINE. She tries to slip past LAGRANGE.</i>	130
LAGRANGE:	Stop!	
ARMANDE:	Ah, it's you, Scribbler. Why do you hide yourself away here like a mouse? I've been looking at the king. I must hurry now.	135
LAGRANGE:	There's plenty of time. He's on stage. Why do you call me 'Scribbler'? I'm not sure that I like it.	
ARMANDE:	Dear Monsieur Lagrange! The whole company has the greatest respect for you and your chronicle. But I'll stop calling you that if you don't like it.	140
LAGRANGE:	I was waiting for you.	
ARMANDE:	Why?	
LAGRANGE:	Today is the seventeenth – look, I've put a black cross against the date in the chronicle.	
ARMANDE:	But what happened? Has someone in the company died?	145

LAGRANGE:	I have marked this evening with a black cross as a sign of ill-omen. You must refuse him.	
ARMANDE:	Monsieur de Lagrange, who gave you the right to meddle in my affairs?	
LAGRANGE:	Harsh words. Don't marry him. I implore you!	150
ARMANDE:	Oh, so you're in love with me, are you?	
	<i>Faint music heard from behind the curtain.</i>	
LAGRANGE:	No. I don't even like you.	
ARMANDE:	Let me go, sir.	
LAGRANGE:	No. You have no right to marry him. You're so young! I appeal to your better feelings.	155
ARMANDE:	Truly, everyone in the company has taken leave of their senses. What is it to do with you?	
LAGRANGE:	I can't tell you, but it would be a great sin.	
ARMANDE:	Oh, you mean the gossip about my sister? I've heard that – pure nonsense. And even if they did have an affair once, what's that to me? [ <i>She tries to push LAGRANGE out of the way and pass by.</i> ]	160
LAGRANGE:	Stop! You must refuse him. You won't? Well then – I shall kill you. [ <i>Draws his sword.</i> ]	
ARMANDE:	Madman...Murderer!	165
LAGRANGE:	Why do you have to do this? It will be fatal. You know you don't love him. You're a young girl and he...	
ARMANDE:	No, I do love him.	
LAGRANGE:	Refuse him.	
ARMANDE:	Scribbler, I cannot. We are already lovers and...[ <i>She whispers into LAGRANGE's ear.</i> ]	170
LAGRANGE	[ <i>sheathes his sword</i> ]: Very well, go. I won't keep you any longer.	
ARMANDE	[ <i>sidles past him</i> ]: Brute. You threatened me and for that I hate you.	
LAGRANGE	[ <i>anxiously</i> ]: Forgive me. I only wanted to save you. [ <i>Wraps himself in his cape and walks off holding his lantern.</i> ]	175
ARMANDE	[ <i>in MOLIERE's dressing-room</i> ]: It's monstrous, monstrous...	
MOLIERE	[ <i>entering</i> ]: Aha!	
ARMANDE:	Maître, the whole world is up in arms against me!	
MOLIERE	[ <i>embraces her. At that moment BOUTON appears</i> ]: Devil take it. [ <i>To BOUTON.</i> ] Listen, go and see to the candles in the pit.	180
BOUTON:	I've just done so.	
MOLIERE:	Very well, then, go along to the steward and bring me a carafe of wine.	
BOUTON:	I've already brought one. There it is.	
MOLIERE	[ <i>in a low voice</i> ]: In that case just get out of here and go to the devil.	
BOUTON:	You should have said that in the first place. [ <i>Starts to go.</i> ] Ha, ha, ha... [ <i>From the doorway.</i> ] Tell me, maître, how old are you?	185
MOLIERE:	Why?	
BOUTON:	Some men of the Horse Guards were asking me.	
MOLIERE:	Get out!	
	<i>Exit BOUTON. MOLIERE locks the door behind him.</i>	190
	Kiss me.	
ARMANDE	[ <i>puts her arms round his neck</i> ]: That nose! I can't get under it...	
	MOLIERE removes his nose and wig. Kisses ARMANDE.	
	You know I...[ <i>Whispers something in his ear.</i> ]	

MOLIERE:	My dear girl... <i>[Reflects.]</i> : That no longer frightens me, I have decided. <i>[Leads her to the crucifix.]</i> Vow that you love me.	195
ARMANDE:	I love you, I love you, I love you.	
MOLIERE:	You won't deceive me? Look, I'm already getting wrinkles and I'm starting to turn grey. I am surrounded by enemies and the shame would kill me.	200
ARMANDE:	No, no! How could I?	
MOLIERE:	I want to start a new life with you! But I'll pay the price for it, never fear. I shall make you! You are going to be a great actress, the first lady of my company. That is my dream and therefore it will come true. But remember – if you break your vow, you rob me of everything.	205
ARMANDE:	I can see no wrinkles on your face. You are so brave and so great that you can never be wrinkled. You're Jean...	
MOLIERE:	Baptiste...	
ARMANDE:	. . . Molière. <i>[She kisses him.]</i>	
MOLIERE	<i>[Laughs, then assumes dignified tone]</i> : Tomorrow we shall be married. Of course it will bring me many cares...	210
	<i>Distant roar of applause. Knock at the door.</i>	
	Ah, this life!	
	<i>Another knock.</i>	
	We cannot meet at Madeleine's house tonight, so instead when all the lights are out in the theatre come to the stage door, wait for me there in the garden and I will bring you here. There's no moon tonight.	215
	<i>The knock becomes a loud hammering.</i>	
BOUTON	<i>[shouts from behind the door]</i> : Maître...	
	MOLIERE <i>opens the door. Enter</i> BOUTON, LAGRANGE <i>and</i> ONE-EYE, <i>wearing the uniform of the Company of Musketeers and a black eyepatch.</i>	220
ONE-EYE:	Monsieur de Molière?	
MOLIERE:	Your most obedient servant, sir.	
ONE-EYE:	The king has commanded me to hand you the cost of his seat in the theatre – thirty sous. <i>[Gives him the coins on a cushion.]</i>	225
	MOLIERE <i>kisses the coins.</i>	
ONE-EYE:	But since you performed some extra items, and in thanks for the poem which you composed and recited to him, his majesty bids me add something to the price of his ticket – here are five thousand livres. <i>[Gives him a bag.]</i>	230
MOLIERE:	The king is gracious. <i>[To LAGRANGE.]</i> Put aside five hundred livres of this for me, and divide the rest equally among all the members of the company. Give it to them personally.	
LAGRANGE:	Thank you on behalf of all the actors. <i>[Takes bag and exit.]</i>	235
	<i>Distant sound of a fanfare.</i>	
MOLIERE:	Excuse me, monsieur, the king is leaving. <i>[Exit.]</i>	



ONE-EYE	[to ARMANDE]: Delighted to have this opportunity, mademoiselle... [Sniggers]...Allow me to present myself – d’Orsigny, captain of musketeers.	240
ARMANDE	[curtseys]: Armande Béjart. Are you the famous swordsman who beats every opponent?	
ONE-EYE	[sniggers]: And you, mademoiselle, are an actress in this company?	
BOUTON:	It’s started. Oh, mon maître, how could you be so careless?	
ONE-EYE	[staring in astonishment at the lace on BOUTON’s breeches]: Did you say something to me, my dear sir?	245
BOUTON:	No, sir.	
ONE-EYE:	Then are you in the habit of talking to yourself?	
BOUTON:	Just so, sir. I once used to talk in my sleep.	
ONE-EYE:	Indeed?	250
BOUTON:	On my honour. And would you believe it...	
ONE-EYE:	Curious fellow...[To ARMANDE.] Your face, mademoiselle...	
BOUTON	[edges between them]:...I even shouted aloud in my sleep. Eight of the best doctors in Limoges treated me...	
ONE-EYE:	And they cured you, I hope?	255
BOUTON:	No, sir. They bled me eight times in three days, after which I lay motionless and was given the sacrament.	
ONE-EYE	[bored]: What an eccentric fellow you are to be sure. [To ARMANDE.] I flatter myself, mademoiselle...Who is he?	
ARMANDE:	That is our candle-snuffer, monsieur – Jean-Jacques Bouton.	260
ONE-EYE	[reproachfully]: Some other time, my good man, I shall be delighted to hear how you roared in your sleep.	
	<i>Enter MOLIERE.</i>	
	Allow me to take my leave. I must join the king.	
MOLIERE:	Au revoir, monsieur.	265
	<i>Exit ONE-EYE.</i>	
ARMANDE:	Au revoir, maître.	
MOLIERE	[sees her out]: There is no moon. I shall be waiting for you. [To BOUTON.] Ask Madame Béjart to come and see me. Then put out the lights and go home.	270
	<i>Exit BOUTON, MOLIERE changes out of his costume. Enter MADELEINE, her make-up removed.</i>	
MOLIERE:	Madeleine, I have something very important to tell you.	
	MADELEINE <i>clutches at her heart, sits down.</i>	
	I intend to get married.	275
MADELEINE	[in a lifeless voice]: Who to?	
MOLIERE:	Your sister.	
MADELEINE:	Please – tell me you’re joking.	
MOLIERE:	Not at all.	
	<i>The lights in the theatre start to go out.</i>	280
MADELEINE:	And what about me?	



MOLIERE:	Madeleine, you and I are old, firm friends, you are my true companion, but you know there has been no love between us for a long time now . . .	
MADELEINE:	Do you remember when you were in prison twenty years ago? Who used to bring you food?	285
MOLIERE:	You did.	
MADELEINE:	And who has looked after you for twenty years?	
MOLIERE:	You, you have.	
MADELEINE:	No one would chase away a dog who has guarded a house for twenty years. But you would, Molière. You are a terrible man. You frighten me, Molière.	290
MOLIERE:	Don't torture me. Passion has seized hold of me.	
MADELEINE	[ <i>suddenly falls on her knees, crawls towards MOLIERE</i> ]: Couldn't you change your mind, Molière? We'll pretend you never said those words just now. Shall we? We'll go home. You'll light the candles, I'll come to you...you can read me the third act of 'Tartuffe'. [ <i>Flatteringly</i> .] I think it's a work of genius...and if you need advice, whom will you ask, Molière? She's only a little girl...You know you've aged, Jean-Baptiste, your temples are turning grey. You like your hot-waterbottle... I'll do everything for you...Just think – the candle's burning...We'll light the fire and all will be well. And if...you can't do without...oh, I know you...Look at Rivale...she's not bad, is she? What a body! Well? I won't say a word...	295
MOLIERE:	Think what you're saying! What's come over you? [ <i>Miserably wipes the sweat from his brow.</i> ]	305
MADELEINE	[ <i>gets up, dazed</i> ]: Marry anyone you like, only not Armande! Oh curse the day that I brought her to Paris!	
MOLIERE:	Please, Madeleine, be quiet. [ <i>Whispers.</i> ] I must marry her...it's too late. I must, don't you understand?	310
MADELEINE:	I see. Heavens! [ <i>Pause.</i> ] I can't fight any more, I've no more strength left. Do what you want. [ <i>Pause.</i> ] I feel sorry for you, Molière.	
MOLIERE:	Let us still be friends...	
MADELEINE:	Don't come near me, I implore you! [ <i>Pause.</i> ] Well, I shall leave the company.	315
MOLIERE:	Out of spite?	
MADELEINE:	Not out of spite, as God's my witness. Today was my last time on stage. I'm tired...[ <i>Smiles.</i> ] I shall go to church.	
MOLIERE:	I see your mind's made up. The theatre will give you a pension. You've earned it.	320
MADELEINE:	Yes...	
MOLIERE:	When the shock has passed I believe you will feel more kindly about me and you will be my friend again.	
MADELEINE:	No.	
MOLIERE:	Don't you want to see Armande again either?	325
MADELEINE:	I shall see Armande. She must know nothing of this, do you understand, nothing.	
MOLIERE:	Yes...	
	<i>All the lights are out.</i>	
	[ <i>Lights a lantern.</i> ] Come, it's late. I'll see you home.	330
MADELEINE:	No thank you, there's no need. Just let me sit here for a few minutes.	
MOLIERE:	But you...	
MADELEINE:	I'm going soon, don't worry. You go.	
MOLIERE	[ <i>wraps himself in his cape</i> ]: Farewell. [ <i>Exit.</i> ]	

*Muttering occasionally, MADELEINE sits deep in thought by the crucifix. A light is seen through the curtain. Enter LAGRANGE.* 335

LAGRANGE [gravely]: Who's still in the theatre? Who is it? Is that you, Madame Béjart? Has it happened, then? I know.

MADELEINE: I think so, Scribbler. [Pause.]

LAGRANGE: And you didn't have the strength to tell him? 340

MADELEINE: It's too late. I can't tell him now. It's better for me alone to be unhappy and not all three. [Pause.] You are a man of honour, Lagrange, and you're the only one I've told the secret to.

LAGRANGE: I am proud that you trust me, Madame Béjart, I tried to stop you telling me, but I failed. No one will ever find out. Come, I'll see you home. 345

MADELEINE: No thank you. I want to think alone. [Gets up.] I gave up acting today, Lagrange. Farewell. [Starts to go.]

LAGRANGE: Shan't I see you home all the same?

MADELEINE: No, you must continue your round. [Exit.]

LAGRANGE [puts the lantern on the table and sits down at his previous place. Lit by the green glow, he opens a folio, speaks as he writes]: 350

'The seventeenth of February. A royal performance. In the king's honour I shall draw a fleur de lys. Afterwards, when the lights were out, I came upon Madame Madeleine Béjart in distress. She has given up acting.' [Puts down his pen.] The reason? A terrible thing 355

has happened in the theatre – Jean-Baptiste Poquelin de Molière is going to marry Armande without knowing that she is not Madeleine Béjart's sister but her daughter. I cannot write that down, but to show my horror I shall put a black cross. And none of those who come after us will ever guess. The seventeenth – the end. [Takes the lamp and leaves.] 360

## ACT TWO

## Scene One

*Versailles.*

*The king's ante-chamber, brilliantly lit. A white staircase leads to unknown regions.*

LOUIS *is the only person seated; all the others are standing and hatless.* 365

LOUIS *wears the uniform of a White Musketeer, a plumed hat set rakishly on his head, the star of an order on his breast, gold spurs on his heels and a sword at his side.*

ONE-EYE *hovers behind the king's chair. Nearby stands an armed MUSKETEER, who never lets the king out of his sight.* 370

*Attendants bustle in and a table set for one appears in front of LOUIS as though materialising from the floor.*

CHARRON [appears suddenly by the fireplace]: Your majesty, allow me to introduce to you an itinerant preacher, Father Bartholomew. 375

LOUIS [starts eating]: I love all my subjects, even vagrants. Introduce him to me, archbishop.

*A strange incantation is heard through the door. It opens and FATHER BARTHOLOMEW enters. He is barefoot, shaggy-haired, and has a rope tied round his waist. He has the eyes of a madman.* 380

BARTHOLOMEW [dancing and singing]: We are all fools in Christ.

*Everyone is surprised except LOUIS. BROTHER FAITH – a wan face with a long nose, wearing a dark habit – moves away from the crowd of courtiers and sidles over to CHARRON.*

ONE-EYE [looks at BARTHOLOMEW; quietly]: Revolting fellow, devil take it. 385  
BARTHOLOMEW: O most illustrious king in all the world, I have come to tell you that the Antichrist has appeared in your kingdom.

*Courtiers are dumbfounded.*

This godless, venomous serpent, which is gnawing at the foot of your throne, bears the name of Jean-Baptiste Molière. Let him be burned in the public square together with his blasphemous creation 'Tartuffe'. Every faithful son of the church demands it. 390

BROTHER FAITH *hears the word 'demands' and clasps his head. CHARRON's expression changes.*

LOUIS: Demand? Of whom do they demand it? 395

BARTHOLOMEW: Of you, your majesty.

LOUIS: Of me? Archbishop, someone is demanding something of me.

CHARRON: Forgive him, your majesty. He is obviously somewhat unhinged. I didn't know. It is my fault.

LOUIS	[into the distance]: Monsieur le duc, if it is not too inconvenient for you, put Father Bartholomew into prison for three months.	400
BARTHOLOMEW	[cries out]: I suffer because of the Antichrist!	
	<i>A brisk movement and FATHER BARTHOLOMEW disappears as if he had never been there. LOUIS continues to eat.</i>	
LOUIS:	Archbishop, come here, I wish to speak to you in private.	405
	<i>All the courtiers retire to the staircase, the MUSKETEER steps back, leaving LOUIS alone with CHARRON.</i>	
LOUIS:	Is he weak in the head?	
CHARRON	[firmly]: Yes, your majesty, he is weak in the head, but he has the heart of a true servant of God.	410
LOUIS:	Tell me – do you think this man Molière is dangerous?	
CHARRON	[firmly]: He is Satan himself, your majesty.	
LOUIS:	H'm. So you share Father Bartholomew's opinion of him?	
CHARRON:	I do, your majesty. And I beg you to hear me, sire. No shadow has yet darkened your unclouded victorious reign, nor ever shall so long as you...	415
LOUIS:	What?	
CHARRON:	Love God.	
LOUIS	[takes off his hat]: I do love Him.	
CHARRON	[raises his hand]: He is there, you are on earth and there is no one besides.	420
LOUIS:	Yes.	
CHARRON:	There are no bounds to your might, sire, and there never will be so long as the light of the church shines upon your kingdom.	
LOUIS:	I love the church.	425
CHARRON:	And so, your majesty, I join the blessed Bartholomew in begging you to intercede for the church.	
LOUIS:	You think Molière has insulted the church?	
CHARRON:	I do, your majesty.	
LOUIS:	He's a talented actor, though, despite his impudence. Very well, archbishop, I shall intercede for the church. But...[Lowers his voice.] I shall attempt to correct his ways, because he may yet be able to add to the glory of my reign. But if he gives us another example of his impudence I shall punish him. [Pause.] This blessed man of yours – does he love the king?	430 435
CHARRON:	Yes, your majesty.	
LOUIS:	Then you may release the monk in three days, but make it plain to him that when speaking to the king of France he must never utter the word 'demand'.	
CHARRON:	May God bless your majesty, and may His hand punish the godless.	440
A VOICE:	The servant of your majesty, Monsieur de Molière.	
LOUIS:	Show him in.	
	<i>MOLIERE enters, bows to LOUIS from a distance, crosses the stage to the extreme curiosity of the courtiers. He has aged considerably, his face looks ill and grey.</i>	445
MOLIERE:	Sire!	
LOUIS:	Monsieur de Molière, you have no objection if I go on with my dinner?	
MOLIERE:	Oh, sire!	

- LOUIS: Perhaps you will join me? [*Calls out.*] A chair and another place at table. 450
- MOLIERE [*turns pale*]: Your majesty, I cannot accept this honour. It is too great.
- A chair is brought on and MOLIERE sits on the edge of it.*
- LOUIS: Would you care for some chicken?
- MOLIERE: My favourite dish, your majesty. [*Pleading.*] Allow me to stand.
- LOUIS: Eat your dinner. How is my godson getting on? 455
- MOLIERE: To my great sorrow the child has died, your majesty.
- LOUIS: What, the second child as well?
- MOLIERE: My children do not live long, your majesty.
- LOUIS: You should not grieve over it.
- MOLIERE: No one in France, sire, has ever had dinner with you before. I am 460  
overwhelmed, and therefore somewhat nervous.
- LOUIS: France, Monsieur de Molière, is sitting before you. France is eating chicken and is not nervous.
- MOLIERE: Sire, you are the only person in the world who can say that.
- LOUIS: Tell me, what is your talented pen going to offer the king in the near 465  
future?
- MOLIERE: Your majesty...something that may...serve...
- LOUIS: Your pen is sharp, but you must remember that there are certain themes which you must treat with discretion. And you must admit that in 'Tartuffe' you have been indiscreet. One must respect men of the 470  
church. I hope that no writer of mine could be an atheist?
- MOLIERE [*frightened*]: God forbid, your majesty.
- LOUIS: It is my firm belief that in future your plays will keep to the proper path and therefore I give you permission to perform 'Tartuffe' at the Palais-Royal. 475
- MOLIERE [*a transformation comes over him*]: I love you, my king! [*Anxiously.*] Where is Archbishop de Charron? Did you hear that? Did you?
- LOUIS *gets up*. A voice cries 'The king's dinner is ended!'
- LOUIS [*to MOLIERE*]: Today you shall prepare my bed for me.
- MOLIERE *picks up two candelabra from the table and walks on ahead*. LOUIS *follows him*. Everyone makes way for them as if blown 480  
*aside by the wind*.
- MOLIERE [*intones loudly*]: Make way for the king! Make way for the king! [*Shouts as he climbs the staircase.*] See, Archbishop, you cannot touch me! Make way for the king! 485
- A fanfare above.*
- 'Tartuffe' is allowed! [*Exit with LOUIS.*]
- Exeunt all COURTIERS.*

**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 5  
*[With longing.]:* 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...  
 Never to pass this way again.
- JABU 10  
*[Smiling gently at the memory.]:* 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.
- TIPO: 15  
 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.  
*[With a smile and a wink.]* So I decided to forget what's behind me...  
 And concentrate on making my front look good.
- ROELF: 20  
 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.  
 But year by year – the memories gather like dust...  
 Until we feel we will never be clean.  
*[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:]*
- TSHALLO: 25  
 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...  
 And until we go back and claim each broken piece – we will never be free.  
*[The song resolves.]* 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.]*

*[BONGI Sings]*

40

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
CHILD 3:	<i>[They all react by licking their lips and trying to pluck such a dish from the air.]</i> I'd like to eat Jelly and Custard!	
CHILD 4:	<i>[The excitement is growing, as they kick their legs and grab at imaginary jelly and custard.]</i> I'd like to eat ice cream and pudding!	95
CHILDREN:	<i>[They fall silent suddenly – confused by this last suggestion.]</i> 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> OK! See you tomorrow then.	115
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. <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>	120
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
BONGI:	Oh BongI – don't worry, Sister. The pain will pass. 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
	<hr/> 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> ]:	
	<hr/> 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> ]: BongI?	
CHILD BONGI	[ <i>Calling back.</i> ]: Tatomkhulu? Grandfather?	185
TATOMKHULU	[ <i>Slurring.</i> ]: BongI! 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. <i>[MPUME covers BONGI with a blanket as she lies in her lap. They sing together in gentle harmony.]</i>	215
	<hr/> Under a big umbrella. Under a coconut tree. Going to school together. Waiting and waiting for you. <hr/>	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>	
	<hr/> Under a big umbrella. Under a coconut tree. Going to school together. <hr/>	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...

- [MPUME drops her end of the blanket – severing the connection between them – and disappears into the shadows.] 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: [*Looking around anxiously, she sings.*]: 245

Waiting and waiting for you.

- [*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.*]
- [*A strange whispering fills the house. Frightening voices imitate her prayers and laugh amongst themselves.*] 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.
- [*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.*] 255
- CHILD BONGI: Grandfather? Grandfather?
- TATOMKHULU: [*Drunk and singing to himself.*]: 260
- CHILD BONGI: They are coming tomorrow.
- CHILD BONGI: Those who are sick should know – they are coming tomorrow. Tatomkhulu!
- [*She falls at his feet, weeping.*]
- CHILD BONGI: Grandfather, there are things walking on the roof at home. 265
- CHILD BONGI: Why doesn't mama come and get me? Grandfather, I want my mother. I'm hungry, and I'm scared!
- [*But he is asleep, snoring softly.*]
- [*Backing towards the door, in despair.*] Good night Tatomkhulu.
- [*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.*] 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. 275
- BONGI: 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. 280
- [*She closes her eyes, and begins to sing – as the cast circle her.*]

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

- [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.*] 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!  
[*The company begins to sing an upbeat traditional 'coloured' song.*]
- 
- The sun has set, it's under the vineyard. We are very hungry.  
The sun has set, it's under the vineyard. We are very hungry. 300  
Give us the jive. We want to go home now.  
Give us the jive. We want to go home now.
- [*Underscored by the song.*]
- ROELF: 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!  
[*The community gathers around ROELF, arguing passionately. PAPA's voice rises above the rest.*] 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 *he* was as black as the night!
- CHILD ROELF [Joking, a police officer.]: My boy, you are so dark... 320  
I'm going to report your blackness!
- SOLLY: I may be black... But you are ugly!  
CHILD ROELF: Hey brother – I'll take ugly over black.  
SOLLY [Wrestling with him playfully.]:  
Hey Bushy-Bushman-Hottentot! 325  
Piss off!
- We are brothers. Finish and ready.  
[*They laugh and embrace.*]
- ROELF: There was nothing 'amper' about Solly and me. We were brothers... 330  
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...
- [*A train whistles. The tin baths are pushed together and the cast gather instantly on them – creating the image and movement of a*] 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 is 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> ]	395
	Mrs Popo – The School Principal! [ <i>The school bell rings. The children gather around MRS POPO and sing with great gusto.</i> ]	400
	<hr/> <u>All things bright and beautiful All creatures great and small All things wise and wonderful The Lord God made them all.</u> <hr/>	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!	410
YOUNG ROELF:	[ <i>She points her long ‘sjambok’ at ROELF.</i> ]	415
POPO:	But it wasn’t me, Principal! 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> ]	425
	Two! Three! [ <i>The children continue the hymn.</i> ]	
	<hr/> <u>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.</u> <hr/>	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> ]	
SOLLY:	Where is this boy? He's coming Granny. Just go back to sleep. [ <i>ROELF sits alone outside, crying. The cast sing gently.</i> ]	460
<hr/>		
All creatures great and small. All things wise and wonderful. The Lord God made them all. <hr/>		
	[ <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!	500
	Mother open for me! It is raining!	
	[ <i>The children are frolicking in the rain.</i> ]	
ROELF:	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!	510
	[ <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> ]	
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
	But suddenly... [ <i>Glancing over his shoulder.</i> ] two boys were coming for me! [ <i>They are suddenly upon him.</i> ]	
BOYS:	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>Horrified.</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
	[ <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
	[ <i>But he knows the damage is done. He leaves.</i> ]	
ROELF	[ <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	
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> ]	555
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
	<hr/> All things bright and beautiful All creatures great and small All things wise and wonderful The Lord God made them all. <hr/>	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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