
THE MERRY WIVES OF ZUMA

a play about lies, love, lust and the longing for a better life

by Pieter-Dirk Uys © 2012

inspired by a Rainbow Nation and William Shakespeare's play
The Merry Wives of Windsor

As on 19.10.2012

This version of the play was performed on Sunday 7th October 2012 after a brief rehearsal period. The focus was to present a production without a budget: everything was borrowed, found or made, with minimal lights and no technical effects. The play can now be performed anywhere.

There are seventeen characters, plus stagehands. If more 'bodies' are available, they can be used as 'the poor' throughout: servants in the homes of the Patels and Rosenbergs, vagrants and vendors in the street, patients waiting in the doctor's rooms and adding to the crowd at the opening town hall meeting and the cemetery.

CAST OF THE WORKSHOP PRODUCTION AT WITS WITH THE
DRAMA FOR LIFE COMPANY, 1 - 7 OCTOBER 2012, DIRECTED
BY THE PLAYWRIGHT:

<i>Mayor Gedley</i>	Arthur Zitha
<i>Mrs Indira Patel</i>	Khutjo Green
<i>Inky</i>	Benjamin Bell
<i>Ashwari Patel</i>	Moliehi Makobane
<i>Colin Fern</i>	Ashalin Singh
<i>Dr Castro</i>	Pusetso Thibedi
<i>Mina Snell</i>	Cherae Halley
<i>Comrade Vuva</i>	Moelefi Lebone
<i>Comrade Blunt</i>	Masiza Mbali
<i>Comrade Juju</i>	Kagiso Mereyotlhe
<i>Comrade Yengi</i>	Nat Ramabulana
<i>Magistrate Slophe</i>	Makhaola Ndebele
<i>Fenella Rosenberg</i>	Leila Henriques
<i>Dominee Cruywagen</i>	Mark Hyde
<i>Mahatma Patel</i>	Toni Morkel
<i>Mrs PJ Marais</i>	Andisiwe Mpinda
<i>Basil Rosenberg/Mr Brook</i>	Gys de Villiers

Stage Director: Abby Thatcher
Stage Manager: Laura Kelly
Stagehands: Senzo Ntuli, Zintle Radebe, Faith
Busika, Caitlin McGregor
Design and props: Barati Montshiwa

DRAMA FOR LIFE TEAM:

Warren Nebe, Munyaradzi Chatikobo, Caryn Green,
Miriam Behrend, Natasha Mazonde, Joe Teffo, Rahel
Freist-Held, Katharina Wortberg, Lea Kress

www.dramaforlife.co.za

PLAYWRIGHT'S NOTE

The success of *MacBeki* has inspired yet another PDU assault on the legacy of the greatest English dramatist in history. William Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is not gifted with as obvious a guide track to local political farce as *Macbeth* was. There the eternal struggle of power versus leadership, of lust versus love, of good versus interesting lent itself well to the drama being played out on our political road to the ANC 2007 Congress in Polokwane. That led to the in-house coup that said a loud 'Ta Ta' to Thabo and the exit of President Mbeki.

The universal enjoyment of *MacBeki* at the Market Theatre from a rainbow South African audience of all ages and political persuasions made a theatre piece inspired by the many wives of President Jacob Zuma inevitable. But not easy. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is a comedy of bad manners including love and marriage, jealousy and revenge, social class and wealth, explored with irony, sexual innuendo, sarcasm and stereotypical views of classes and nationalities.

The text of *The Merry Wives of Zuma*, not just a local version of the Shakespeare opus, is grounded in what could be seen as a comedy of bad moves. It was conceived and structured on the long winding road to Mangaung – the December 2012 ANC Congress where, as in Polokwane, the next leader of the ANC is elected. If Jacob Zuma wins a second term and stays the country's president till 2014, this play will also win a new breath of topicality till that general election. If not, the story can still stand on its feet, as it is not essentially about Jacob Zuma and his four wives.

It is about a town in South Africa like so many towns, adjusting to a new name and local government of the people by the people, but not necessarily for the people. The mayor and his town council manipulate the ups and downs of municipal corruptions and eruptions. There is the intrigue of lust and love, the chess game of marriage and morality, of greedy fads and garish fashions. A rainbow of vibrant emotions, which is also a comedy about serious issues: freedom, opinion, commitment, transparency and truth, all bundled together as political pantomime.

Pieter-Dirk Uys
October 2012

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THE STORY OF THIS PLAY

The Merry Wives of Zuma is a play about lies, love, lust and the longing for a better life.

A municipal election is pending in Zuma, formerly known as Verwoerdville. The mayor of the town, Dr Gedley, expects to be re-elected for the fourth time. His three wives are in full support. But he has his eye on two more wives, both married to other men – his lawyer Basil Rosenberg and his accountant Mahatma Patel. Fenella Rosenberg and Indira Patel meet the challenge of Dr Gedley's passionate onslaught with humour and style.

All this takes place against the background of political manoeuvring, corrupt dealings, scandalous fraud and other familiar municipal dramas involving the mayoral sidekick Juju, Comrade Vuva the trade unionist, Comrade Blunt the town clerk, Magistrate Slophe in disgrace and his nephew, fashion plate and ex-con Yengi. They are observed by *Dominee* Cruywagen and ex-councillor Mrs Marais, each with a chequered history, as well as Doctor Castro, the Cuban quack with no history at all.

Meanwhile real love flourishes between Ashwari the beautiful daughter of the Patels and TV heartthrob Colin Fern, supported by Nurse Mina Snell. But who is she really? A trickster? A guardian angel? Lady Justice herself? And who is Inky, the layabout cartoonist creating such an uproar with each scribble of his Koki pen?

'Artistic endeavours of this kind can make a valuable contribution to a nation's socio-political discourse and, judging from the robust laughter of recognition the piece elicited, it definitely strikes a chord. What follows is what Uys dubs a 'political pantomime' and a 'comedy of bad moves' – a not-so-subtle metaphor for the current government. At the core of this farce, though, is a theme similar to the one underlying the Bard's work: a niggling sense that the affluent political elite is hopelessly out of touch with the working class and the poor, who interest they claim so grandly to represent. It is a genuine attempt to trigger dialogue through humour and irony about the state of the nation – and expose it for the slapstick comedy that it is. Let's see what young people in particular think about this cheeky, but fair, comment of merriment and morality at this critical juncture in our country's history.'

– Christina Kennedy, *Business Day*, 9 October 2012

Characters

The town of Zuma, formerly Verwoerdville, ruled by the National Civil Association – the NCA. We meet the following people who live there:

Dr Dr Dr GEDLEY – the mayor of the town, in his fourth term, with three wives

JUJU – his Youth Brigade councillor, with dreams not to become a carpenter

VUVA – the town trade unionist who wants to play fair

BLUNT – the Communist town clerk who hates the trappings of his job

Magistrate **SLOPHE** – suspended pending corruption trial for dumping chemicals into the town's dam

YENGI – his nephew, newly enriched and on parole

INKY – his bodyguard, a layabout and budding cartoonist

Mr Basil **ROSENBERG** – a lawyer for the NCA (later disguised as 'Mr Brook')

Mrs **FENELLA ROSENBERG** – his wife, a former actress

Mr Mahatma **PATEL** – a financial advisor, on early parole on humanitarian grounds

Mrs **INDIRA PATEL** – his wife, a former beauty queen

ASHWARI PATEL – their daughter and heir

Dominee **CRUYWAGEN** – a former Dutch Reformed Church minister

Doctor **CASTRO** – a Cuban doctor not legally registered

Nurse **MINA SNELL** – his nurse with a remarkable secret

COLIN FERN – a television personality and teenage idol

Mrs **P. J. MARAIS** – an ex-councillor, ex-jailbird now running the hotel and bar

OPENING SCENE

THE STATUE OF LADY JUSTICE IS A CENTREPIECE THROUGHOUT THE ACTION. WHEREVER PERTINENT THE MAYOR WILL STROKE IT IN PASSING. BY THE END OF THE PLAY, THE STATUE'S BOSOM IS UNCOVERED

INKY SITS ON THE STAGE DRAWING A CARTOON. 'THE PLAY DIRECTOR' (COULD BE THE STAGE MANAGER) WELCOMES THE AUDIENCE, THEN TO INKY:

DIRECTOR: Inky? Are you busy with your subversive cartoons again?

INKY: Yes, I am.

DIRECTOR: Don't tell me you're doing one of me?

INKY: Yes, I am.

HE SHOWS

DIRECTOR: That's not me!

DIRECTOR EXITS

INKY: Well, they say a cartoon is in the eye of the beholder. **CALLS** Okay all? Are you ready? Five..four..three...two...one...Go!

WITH A HUGE BURST OF ENERGY, THE ENTIRE COMPANY SURGES INTO THE AREA, EACH CARRYING A CHAIR. CONVERSATIONS. NOISE. THEY SIT.

COLIN FERN ENTERS WITH HIS TV MIKE

COLIN: This is an ordinary South African town in an extraordinary democratic state of mind. Local elections. The town hall, like the streets, is full of political posters. Ah, here is Comrade Blunt, the town clerk. Comrade, for a devout Communist you seem to enjoy the latest model luxury car...

BLUNT: No comment.

COLIN: And Comrade Vuva? You are respected as the trade unionist who always plays fair...

VUVA: You can't have your cameras here...

COLIN: Our Mayor Gedley, who was the first democratically elected first citizen of this town...

VUVA: And a force to be reckoned with...

COLIN: ... now in his fourth term....

VUVA: A man of the people.

COLIN: ... and with three wives?

**REACTION AS THE THREE WIVES ENTER AND SIT.
BLUNT JOINS THEM
BASIL ROSENBERG JOINS COLIN AND VUVA**

ROSENBERG: Comrade Vuva, the mayor has asked...

HE SEES THE TV MIKE

I thought it had been made very clear. The media stays outside.

COLIN: I have a personal SMS from the mayor welcoming us here.

HE SHOWS

VUVA: This SMS could be from anyone...

COLIN: We would like a few words from Mr Patel....

VUVA: He is very frail...

ROSENBERG: Mr Patel cannot be disturbed...

COLIN: But as the mayor's personal accountant, there are many questions ...

VUVA: Refer those questions to my office. No, rather to the office of Town Clerk Comrade Blunt.

ROSENBERG: Mr Patel, as you know, has been dangerously ill....

FENELLA ROSENBERG JOINS THEM

FENELLA: Poor man. A severe case of shabir-shaikilitis. Are we in the way here, Colin?

COLIN: No, Mrs Rosenberg, they've gone on to the section on the latest *Idols* winner.

FENELLA: You mean as TV news our local election is more important than that! Wake me when it's over!

ROSENBERG: Fenella, take your seat. The mayor's on his way.

FENELLA: My husband, always the lawyer, should've been a traffic cop.
SHE WINKS AT COLIN.

A wink for you, my boy.

COLIN: And one to you, Mrs Rosenberg.

INKY HAS BEEN AROUND THEM AND HANDS OUT PAMPHLETS TO EACH. IT IS A CARTOON.

VUVA: You do not have permission to hand out these things!

INKY: Just my freedom of speech.

FENELLA: You mean the opposition has woken up?

ROSENBERG: It's more of those disgusting cartoons!

FENELLA: Let me see? **LAUGHS** Looks just like him too!

ROSENBERG: Give them to me. If this carries on, we will have to sue.

HE COLLECTS THEM AND TEARS THEM UP.

**APPLAUSE AS DR GEDLEY ENTERS
TOWN CLERK BLUNT CALLS GATHERING TO ATTENTION**

BLUNT: Welcome all. Election day is round the corner. All parties are welcome. The mayor of our town stands above the political fray. I give you Comrade Dr Dr Dr Gedley.

APPLAUSE. THE MAYOR MAKES HIS SPEECH

GEDLEY: I am a cadre of the National Civic Association.
APPLAUSE
I joined the NCA to participate in its programme to deliver freedom
APPLAUSE
...and then to be ready to serve the people.
SOME BOOS
The policy is you don't pick and choose positions and say: 'I am here. I want to be the leader.' It is the NCA that decides on the basis of its view about you.
APPLAUSE
I've never defied the NCA ever since I became a member. When they say 'Do this' I cannot say 'I don't want to.' I would not be loyal. I trust its judgement.

JUJU: Nationalize now!

INKY: We want jobs!

GEDLEY: But if the NCA says to me 'We don't think you should continue as mayor from now,' that's the NCA's view.

MINA: Viva democracy!

SHE TAKES PIC OF HER AND GEDLEY ON CELL PHONE

GEDLEY: I will sit back and work for the NCA in whatever capacity. If the party says: 'We think you should continue with the work,' that's the view of the NCA. I can't determine it on my own. The NCA decides.

**APPLAUSE. THE CROWD STARTS TO DISPERSE NOISILY
COLIN PICKS UP ONE OF THE PAMPHLETS**

COLIN: Have you seen these?

MINA: They're all over town.

ROSENBERG: Some subversives at work again!

DOMINEE: Has he seen it?

SLOPHE: Don't dare show him one of these.

PJM: It's funny!

YENGI: It's racist!

CASTRO: It's disgusting!

JUJU: Destroy them before he sees one.

DR GEDLEY JOINS THEM

GEDLEY: What have you got there?

VUVA: Nothing, Comrade Mayor.

BLUNT: Nothing, Comrade Mayor.

GEDLEY: Then it's nothing.

**A MOMENT OF TENSION AND THEN THEY ALL LAUGH AS ON CUE.
THEY ALL EXIT**

INKY: Shhhhhh. It's nothing..... Okay, you go ahead to the house of the Patels. I'll join you just now. Just have some cartoons to get onto YouTube!

SCENE CHANGE

**STAGEHAND WITH VASE OF GARISH PLASTIC FLOWERS
ESTABLISHES THE PATEL HOUSE.**

ENTER MAGISTRATE SLOPHE, YENGI & DOMINEE CRUYWAGEN

SLOPHE: *Dominee* Cruywagen, don't talk me out of it. I intend to take this issue as far as I can. Even if he were above the law, our esteemed mayor will not abuse Judge Slophe at your service.

DOMINEE: But you're not a judge, Your Worshipful.

SLOPHE: I should be!

YENGI: And Uncle, I love your suit!

SLOPHE: You should shop there, Nephew Yengi. The best Chinese design.

YENGI: Not to ignore your new Mercedes. Justice is being done.

SLOPHE: I'm not in this job because of my greed. For too long we have stood back. Now we stand up and be counted.

YENGI: One, two, three, four new vehicles!

DOMINEE: And I have only one. A servant of God has other rewards.

SLOPHE: Like what?

DOMINEE: *Hel nee*, I can't recall now ...

SLOPHE: You stand up for the Dr Dr Dr?

DOMINEE: If the Dr Dr Dr Comrade Mayor has been unfair to you, Your Honourable, I am from the church and knowing his respect for our teaching, I will make amends between you.

SLOPHE: It should come before the highest court.

DOMINEE: Surely His Throne above is the highest court?

SLOPHE: If I were younger, I would ball my fists and fight.

DOMINEE: *Ja-nee*, there will a time and a place for all that. My point here and herewith is still to introduce your cousin here to Ashwari Patel.

YENGI: The beautiful daughter of Mahatma Patel? He has a Lamborghini! And only an accountant?

DOMINEE: But a mayor's accountant!

SLOPHE: What a medical miracle he is. At death's door and now behind the wheel of such a car!

DOMINEE: *Ja-nee*, in spite of his frailty too. But his daughter is a beauty, a brain and the heir to his fortune if he were, G-o-d forbid, knocked down by a four-by-four, flashing blue lights.

YENGI: Amen, *dominee*, amen.

DOMINEE: A marriage between her and you, Comrade Yengi!

YENGI: Amen to that too. I believe her *tata* in India also left her a pretty dollar?

DOMINEE: *Wragtig*.

YENGI: I've followed her on Facebook. Very pretty.

DOMINEE: Very rich.

SLOPHE: Well, let us approach her father, Mr Patel. He is a great supporter of our struggle. Wait. Do you think our Dr Dr Dr Mayor is here now?

DOMINEE: Man, shall I lie to you and make you feel better? Can I lie and make myself feel worse? I'm sorry to be honest. He is here, but, *Magistraat* Slophe, please stay calm. Matters of the heart must override manners of the muscle.

HE KNOCKS

Ja, hello?

PATEL (OFF): Who's there?

MR PATEL ENTERS. HE HAS A SMALL OXYGEN TANK AND A MASK TO ASSIST HIS BREATHING TO GIVE THE APPEARANCE OF FRAILTY AND ILLNESS, BUT KEEPS FORGETTING THE ACT.

DOMINEE: Hello, my Indian friend. It's just me and the *magistraat* here with young Comrade Yengi, with a lot of interesting chat and gossip to entertain you and...

PATEL: I'm very happy to see you all, come in come in. And dear magistrate, thank you for the wink-wink.

DOMINEE: The what-what?

SLOPHE: I sent him some lovely Karoo lamb that I got from the Grebble people.

DOMINEE: The Grebble case? Isn't that a bit uncomfortable?

SLOPHE: You say I take bribes?

PATEL: No, you take meat before it goes bad. It was delicious.

SLOPHE: How is your lady wife? Say hello, Yengi.

PATEL: Comrade, I like your shoes.

YENGI: Handmade. Croc skin.

DOMINEE: *Ou Krokodil vel?*

YENGI: And congratulations on your horse's win at the Durban July.

DOMINEE: Made a packet there, I read in *Rapport*.

PATEL: It'll all go in tax.

YENGI: 'Buy new CARS, or else it all goes to SARS!'

THEY ALL LAUGH

SLOPHE: Is Mayor Gedley also here?

PATEL: Funny you should ask. He's inside and maybe I could mediate between you?

DOMINEE: Spoken like a true Christian.

PATEL: I'm Muslim on Mondays, Hindu on Tuesdays, Jewish on Wednesdays, Christian on Thursdays, Atheist on Fridays, myself on Saturdays and on Sundays I rest.

DOMINEE: Don't worry, God is colour blind and totally disorganised.

SLOPHE: Comrade Gedley really upset me, Patel.

PATEL: He's very aware of your upset.

SLOPHE: Aware does not wish it away. Isn't that so, Patel? He passed me over for promotion. No, worse! He questioned my integrity, and more. He insulted me in the face of the community.

PATEL: Hang on, here he comes...

ENTER MAYOR GEDLEY WITH JUJU, VUVA AND BLUNT

GEDLEY: Acting Magistrate Slophe? You'd accuse me live on television it seems?

SLOPHE: Comrade Mayor, you must understand. My staff has been harassed, my telephone tapped, my guard dogs poisoned. I was robbed of my reputation too!

GEDLEY: But I see you didn't lose your sense of humour, in spite of it.

SLOPHE: Are you being funny?

GEDLEY: I'll put my cards on the table. Yes, I did all that. I'm sorry.

SLOPHE: The press must be informed that the National Civic Association has backed down.

GEDLEY: Wait for the NCA Media Tribunal to control such freedom of opinion. Imagine the cartoons?

HE SHUDDERS

DOMINEE: And you're not even the Prophet Mohammed.

GEDLEY: As the beautiful wife of the former French president said: *C'est la vie*. Yengi? I had you locked up for lying. Do you also have a threat against me?

YENGI: Not against you, Comrade Mayor, but I'm pretty pissed off with your people here.

JUJU: You cockroach!

YENGI: And that coming from you.

VUVA: Hyena!

YENGI: Ha ha!

BLUNT: This peacock is in danger of losing the best part of his name!

YENGI: I need a dictionary for that. Where's my bodyguard with the Blackberry? **CALLS** Inky!

DOMINEE: Everyone calm down. This is a tricky triangle. Me of the *kerk*, you Comrade Patel of the *kerrie* and then you lot of the *coin*.

PATEL: Then let's come to an agreement.

DOMINEE: Okay, I'll SMS my people to draw up a press release announcing this new *détente*.

GEDLEY: Juju?

JUJU: Nationalize nothing until I suggest it.

YENGI: Wasn't that on yesterday's menu?

DOMINEE: Whatever you covet, leave the church to God.

GEDLEY: Juju, did you make fun of Comrade Yengi and call him more pea than cock?

YENGI: Not only that, but it was picked up by the BBC reporter.

JUJU: That bloody agent!

YENGI: And is now on YouTube for the world to laugh at!

GEDLEY: Is this true, my boy?

DOMINEE: Hey! You can't call him 'boy'.

GEDLEY: He could be a son of mine.

DOMINEE: You'll soon field your own soccer team!

JUJU: I'm still a child. I don't mean to insult my elders. But I cannot hide behind fashion and fast cars. I must speak my mind.

YENGI: Speaking my mind does not make sense.

VUVA: Relax, comrade, and take it all in the spirit of *ubuntu*.

YENGI: Call me a Bantu if you will, but not in front of live mikes or whirling cameras!

GEDLEY: We will protect our information with the needed act of council.

BLUNT: Then Yengi should stop parading in front of the media like a peacock.

DOMINEE: Let us not insult by repeating insults. Comrade Yengi's past is past and his present is present.

BLUNT: So let his future be focused on the needs of the people we serve.

GEDLEY: That's me.

BLUNT: I meant the poor.

DOMINEE: That's me. Small price to pay for amnesty and forgiveness.

YENGI: Okay, so I was snapped drinking on probation. Okay, so I asked for a Jacuzzi in my cell. Okay, so I had my prison clothes cut in Hong Kong. It doesn't make me a bad person. Just a comrade who struggled and was trapped by the forces of racism and....

BLUNT: Capitalism?

YENGI: That's good.

ENTER ASHWARI WITH MRS FENELLA ROSENBERG AND MRS INDIRA PATEL

ASHWARI: What are you all doing out here?

INDIRA: Go prepare places at the table for our new guests, Ashwari.

ASHWARI EXITS

Greetings all, welcome to our humble home.

FENELLA: Howzit, *Dominee* Cruywagen?

DOMINEE: Hello Mrs Patel.

TO MR PATEL

Are the Jews also here?

YENGI: She didn't even look at me.....

DOMINEE: Hello, my dear Mrs Rosenberg.

GEDLEY: Mrs Rosenberg? Or can I call you Fenella? You're looking very well.

FENELLA: It's Botox, Dr Mayor, I won't lie to you.

YENGI: Dr Dr Dr Mayor!

BLUNT: Five honorary doctorates!

VUVA: Not counting the most recent one.

GEDLEY: Two will do in familiar company.

FENELLA: So have you two patched it up now?

PATEL: Let my wife lead you all in to the patio. We will enjoy some lamb that fell off the back of a lorry. Come, comrades, let us drink to happiness and a rosy future.

HIS WIFE NUDGES HIM. HE BECOMES FRAIL AGAIN

Can someone give me a hand. I am still very very frail ...

ALL EXIT EXCEPT FOR SLOPHE, DOMINEE AND YENGI:

YENGI: I've been working on a song to sing for her. Damn it, and now the chance is gone.

ENTER INKY

Hell Inky, where have you been? I need my Blackberry and the iPod connection so I can play the backing tracks.

INKY: The arrangement is not yet ready, man. I need to add some *vuvuzelas*. Where's the chick?

SLOPHE: Let's not let things get out of hand, comrades. In my experience a good word in your favour from someone with higher contacts... Yes, let us ask *Dominee* Cruywagen to speak on your behalf.

YENGI: I'm quite happy. Believe me, soothing words are not always my forte.

INKY: Hey?

SLOPHE: Good. *Dominee*?

DOMINEE: *Ja-nee*, I was just going to underline all that with the words: *boer maak 'n plan*.

YENGI: Translated?

INKY: Kiss the boer!

YENGI: Magistrate Slophe is wise. He must be respected.

DOMINEE: Is this about his respected wisdom, or your proposed marriage?

SLOPHE: That's the issue!

DOMINEE: Marriage to Ashwari Patel. I'll take the service – free.

SLOPHE: Terms and conditions will apply.

DOMINEE: *Ja-nee*.

YENGI: I must be seen to marry her on her terms.

SLOPHE: Wink-wink.

DOMINEE: She's not a fool, hey. You pretend, she will see.

SLOPHE: Can you love her, comrade?

YENGI: Even if she was as ugly as a Zille.

DOMINEE: Or a De Lille?

SLOPHE: And luckily her culture will not require a dowry from you.

INKY: *Ag shame, no cow?*

DOMINEE: Maybe your culture will give her a bull?

YENGI: Listen. Marriage has always frightened me off. That great passion of ‘I do’ could so easily diminish with better acquaintance. And they say familiarity could breed contempt.

INKY: On both sides, *ek sê*.

DOMINEE: No, go not forth into holy matrimony with such thoughts of failure.

SLOPHE: I think the comrade means well.

YENGI: Absolutely. Or else you can have my new plasma wall screen.

SLOPHE: Here comes the bride. If only I was younger

ASHWARI PATEL ENTERS

I regret my maturity in your presence.

ASHWARI: I’m just asking you all to come and sit down. My father is waiting to cut the roast.

DOMINEE: Hell, *ja*, let me go and say grace.

HE EXITS WITH SLOPHE

ASHWARI: Comrade? Are you coming?

YENGI: Thank you I .. eh ...

ASHWARI: You’re not a vegetarian, are you?

INKY: The more raw the meat, the bloodier the treat!

YENGI: I’m really not that hungry. Inky, go and see if my uncle and the *dominee* need anything.

INKY: Hey?

YENGI: *Voertsek!*

INKY EXITS

If I’d known dinner was to be on the schedule, I would have worn something more suitable.

ASHWARI: What you’re wearing is very attractive. Come, we won’t start without you.

YENGI: To tell the truth, I’m on a bit of a diet right now. As you can see, my buttons are straining.

ASHWARI: Get a bigger size.

YENGI: They don’t make them in bigger sizes.

ASHWARI: I'll count the calories on your plate. Come.

YENGI: I must have pulled a muscle at the gym. I took some painkillers and I think they've affected my appetite.

ENTER PATEL NOW NOT FRAIL

PATEL: What's the problem here? Comrade, we're waiting for you.

YENGI: I'm really not hungry.

PATEL: Then just talk to me. I believe you have multidirectorships of many companies? Let us compare notes and bonuses.

YENGI: After you.

PATEL: No, after you.

HE PLAYS FRAIL

Give me your arm. I am very frail. You know if they hadn't released me on humanitarian grounds, I would have died in that jail.

ASHWARI: We've all been there, Daddy.

YENGI: Ashwari? Ladies first.

ASHWARI: I live here. You are the guest.

YENGI: My last meal was twenty-four hours ago.

ASHWARI: You poor thing.

YENGI: At least I can fit into the clothes. Armani.

ASHWARI: Awethu!

ALL EXIT

INKY ENTERS

INKY: Comrade Yengi? I have your iPod....

DOMINEE ENTERS IN HASTE

DOMINEE: Listen boy, quickly go to Dr Castro's house and ask for Mina.

INKY: The maid?

DOMINEE: She's not just the maid. I think she's also more than just the nurse.

INKY: *Sis*, the dirty old man.

DOMINEE: Cubans have a different way of looking at life.

INKY: Communism.

DOMINEE: And good doctors. All our medical people have been seduced overseas.

INKY: I wanted to be a doctor and seduced.

DOMINEE: And why didn't you?

INKY: They gave me a job in the NCA. I hope to be a millionaire before I'm twenty. Why Mina?

DOMINEE: She and Ashwari always meet at the beauty parlour. Ashwari for a facial and Mina to do the hair. Mina can help oil the engine of affection for Comrade Yengi.

HE EXITS

INKY: And Vaseline my embrace of Mina. I have some more subversive things to smoke. Meet you for a free beer at the Grand Hotel bar?

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND CARRIES ON A BIG BRASS CHANDELIER TO INDICATE THE GRAND HOTEL.

ENTER GEDLEY AND MRS P J MARAIS PLUS JUJU, VUVA AND BLUNT

PJM: Mayor Dr Dr Dr Gedley, darling, welcome to my place.

GEDLEY: Mrs Marais! Last time I saw you was in the council chambers. What happened?

PJM: Comrade Blunt caught me. Magistrate Slophe sentenced me. You expelled me.

GEDLEY: And now you're running this place? Not a bad swop. Grand larceny for Grand Hotel.

PJM: My barman didn't turn up. Sorry, Comrade Mayor, no free beer.

GEDLEY: Let my young cadre here assist. Juju? Help Mrs Marais find her barmaid's feet.

JUJU: Last time I was here, you promised me sushi eaten off a naked girl.

PJM: Shame, dearie, all the girls were pregnant and the sushi just rolled off. But I've still got some snacks left over from last night's party. Half a million rand just for the drinks. Why weren't you here?

JUJU: I was at a better party. The food alone cost two million. But let me taste the trivial.

HE EXITS WITH PJM

VUVA: I'm glad you diverted him elsewhere. The boy's feet are getting too fat for his boots.

BLUNT: You must be more strict with him. He seems to think he's allowed to say anything.

VUVA: His lack of respect is not a good example.

GEDLEY: I will talk to him. He's young.

VUVA: Like a father talks to a delinquent son?

GEDLEY: No, like an employer talks to an employee. Now, comrades, as you know I have a full house.

VUVA: Three wives and place for more.

GEDLEY: Always place for more, but in my job, I need variety as well as wisdom. The three Mrs Gs suit me well. There is no Hillary Clinton among them, so I don't have to watch my back.

BLUNT: And your front?

GEDLEY: I also need a consort who can go through a door without going sideways.

BLUNT: Widen the doorframes.

VUVA: Take out the doors.

GEDLEY: I have my eye on two potentials.

BLUNT: The mayoral budget won't be able to carry them.

GEDLEY: That is where you are wrong. If we can get young Yengi wed to the beautiful Miss Patel, our financial worries will be over.

VUVA: You have an eye on her too?

GEDLEY: Maybe later when she tires of Yengi and his peacock tastes. No, comrades, this is why I have called a special council meeting here.
HE LOOKS AROUND TO CHECK IF THEY ARE ALONE
I intend to seduce Fenella Rosenberg and Indira Patel.

VUVA: Seduce, or wed?

GEDLEY: In that order.

BLUNT: An Indian consort and a Jewish wife? You'll die of exhaustion!

VUVA: Comrades, both of them have control over their husbands' wealth.

GEDLEY: I thought of sending Valentine cards to each of them, but one never knows who else might see.

VUVA: Sending an email or SMS is also problematic, as both husbands have secretaries who redirect whatever comes in.

BLUNT: Twitter?

GEDLEY: How can I fit in my declaration of affection into only 140 characters? No, I have letters here, one to the wife of Basil Rosenberg and one to the wife of Mahatma Patel.

VUVA: If we have eleven language groups, I fancy the idea of a spouse from each communication.

GEDLEY: I have been watching Fenella Rosenberg at various occasions. I spy entertainment in her.

BLUNT: Her Zionist humour is too loud for me.

VUVA: She talks, she gossips, she intrigues, she laughs. She flirts.

GEDLEY HANDS OVER LETTERS

GEDLEY: Here are two letters. Each of you choose your address of destination. Make it look like an official invitation, or a note from the shrink.

BLUNT: The Indian spouse surely is not of the sort to besport herself with you behind her husband's back?

GEDLEY: Indira Patel has given me good eyes too, run her glances over me with unsubtle interest. Her Indian cool I think hides a furnace of molten passion.

VUVA: Like sun shining on a heap of manure?

BLUNT: That's helpful.

GEDLEY: Besides, her husband is so thin, he could fall through the cracks. She looks at me and sees the man she sees. Here is the letter to her.

GEDLEY EXITS

VUVA: Of late he has been keeping us at arms length.

BLUNT: Maybe that's just his way of being fair.

VUVA: Surely three wives is enough.

BLUNT: You have only one.

VUVA: And you have none.

BLUNT: We sacrificed all for the people. To bring in the white face and the beige glow will only diminish the black diamonds in the crown of power.

VUVA: What if the letters were to fall into the hands of not the mistress, but the master?

BLUNT: But he trusts us with these letters.

VUVA: As we trust him with our ambitions. But partners are meant to be equal. A cake three ways cut and divided.

BLUNT: Are we not?

VUVA: He holds the knife. It could end up in your back, or mine.

BLUNT: But in whose hand? His? Or the Juju?

**THEY EXIT.
ENTER INKY.**

INKY: Oh shit, too late for that free beer. Come with me to Doctor Castro's waiting room. And meet Mina!

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND ROLLS A HOSPITAL SCREEN INTO PLACE TO INDICATE THE DOCTOR'S WAITING ROOM.

INKY SITS

NURSE MINA SNELL ON HER CELL PHONE

MINA: Doctor Castro's Clinic? No, you can't just skip a week. You must take the medication as prescribed. No, if you skip a week, you will build up an immunity to the ARVs and then you will get Aids and die, and won't get your government grant for having HIV, you bladdy fool.

ENDS THE CALL

Who's next to see Dr Castro?

SHE SEES INKY ON THE CHAIR

You again? I told you wash your feet. They smell because they haven't been washed.

INKY: No, I need medicinal *muti*.

MINA: Smoke your socks, my china.

INKY: Did you get the SMS from *Dominee* Cruywagen?

MINA: I did. He wants me to put a good word in with Ashwari about Yengi's hopes to be her husband? What's in it for me?

INKY: I can do with a nice kind woman around Comrade Yengi. Now he wants to get onto *Idols*.

MINA: He can't sing.

INKY: He belongs to the NCA. That means he will win.

MINA: Doctor Castro will not be happy if he finds out I'm helping Comrade Yengi collect another trophy for the front page of the gossip magazines. Oh hell, here he comes.

INKY: He'll give me an injection if he smells me here!

MINA: Then hide quickly.

**INKY HIDES
DR CASTRO ENTERS. HIS ENGLISH IS NOT GOOD.**

CASTRO: Something stinks dead.

MINA: It's the reservoir down the road. The town's drinking water is rotten.

CASTRO: I see many ladies in waiting room. Is today Botox?

MINA: *Ja*, that Mrs Zille is back again.

CASTRO: She here last week.

MINA: No, she says it's too difficult to smile now and she needs to smile.

CASTRO: What she got to smile about?

MINA: Last time she said her eyes would not close.

CASTRO: She must stop the Twitter.
SNIFFS THE AIR
Spy under your shoe, Nurse Snell.
DISCOVERS INKY HIDING
Ah, a dead body!

INKY: Hello, Doctor Castro.

CASTRO: You! Nurse, bring me big needle.

INKY: No, please, I am here as a messenger from the church.

CASTRO: The Pope?
HE CROSSES HIMSELF
I confess. I illegal here. I bribe immigration. I have naked picture of Lady Gaga.

INKY: No, man, not the Pope. The *dominee*.

CASTRO: I cancel the confession.

INKY: I come to ask your Nurse Snell to assist in arranging the marriage soon of my employer, Comrade Yengi, with the beautiful daughter of Mr Patel.

CASTRO: Nurse, give me my prescribe pad and pen.

HE MOVES AWAY AND WRITES

MINA: These Cubans are so unpredictable. Sometimes they just explode for no reason.

INKY: Suicide bombers?

MINA: No, man, eat too much chilli and onions. But I hope Doctor Castro has taken this well.

INKY: Is he writing me a prescription for *zol*?

MINA: No, but the paper he is writing on is thin enough to roll one if you find the right poison.

CASTRO: By the way, Nurse Snell, we can throw away all garlic, African potato and beetroot.

INKY: Is that no longer the cure?

CASTRO: No. All you now need do is take a shower.

INKY: What do I tell the *dominee*?

MINA: I think he should know that Doctor Castro himself has got plans to propose to the beautiful Miss Patel.

INKY: Oh shit!

MINA: She knows how he feels and just laughs at him. Poor old Doctor Castro!

CASTRO: Here is letter back to Afrikaans parson. I will not lie down for the comrade with the big car and the peacock feathers. Tell the dominix that I will fight for hand of *Senorita* Patel. Go, before I stick big needle in your bony bum.

INKY EXITS QUICKLY

MINA: Shame, Doctor Castro, the boy is just the messenger.

CASTRO: They easily get killed. I will be the one to marry Miss Patel. I stand scalpel drawn, Botox syringe ready.

MINA: I promise you, doctor, Miss Patel loves you. She told me as much at the beauty parlour. Just leave it to me.

CASTRO: If I don't get her as mine, you will all be without job. I will go back to Havana and take my Botox with! The faces of neighbourhood ladies will crumple and flop! Send in next patient.

HE EXITS

MINA: Bladdy old fool. I can hear Ashwari Patel laugh at you, like rusty bells in the spring rain. Who's next?

ENTER COLIN FERN

COLIN: Mina!

MINA: Colin? No man, are you sick?

COLIN: Yes, because it's you I want to see.

MINA: I'm working.

COLIN: What news?

MINA: Good or bad?

COLIN: Start with the bad.

MINA: Comrade Yengi is after her. So too is the doctor.

COLIN: That's bad. What's good?

MINA: Ashwari Patel really loves you. Did you not add an extra wink at the TV camera at the end of your programme last week?

COLIN: I did.

MINA: She saw it and said it was specially for her.

COLIN: You're sure she loves me?

MINA: Would I make it up?

COLIN: Thanks, Mina. Here's a little something for your trouble.

GIVES HER A TIP

MINA: Before you go. . . .

COLIN: Yes?

MINA: Give me the wink!

HE DOES

No wonder they call you the sexist man on SATV!

HE EXITS

So that gives me the hundred from the *dominee* on behalf of the comrade, twenty from the doctor as down payment for my support and now another ten from the winker. I should be in politics!

SHE EXITS

INKY ENTERS

INKY: I delivered the doctor's note to the *dominee*, but now I believe there are two other letters in circulation. The plot thickens. Back to the Patel house.

SCENE CHANGE

THE STAGEHAND IS BACK WITH THE VASE AND FLOWERS.

ENTER INDIRA PATEL WITH LETTER IN HAND

INDIRA: Goodness gracious me, do people still write letters? Who is this old-fashioned person? Oh, a man who smokes. I smell the cigarette on the paper. Oh, a man who drinks. I see the stain on the sheet.

READS

'Ask me no reason why I love you, for though love use reason for his doctor, he does not admit him as his councillor.'

This is deep!

'You are not young; no more am I. Go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I ha ha!'

Ha ha?

'Then there's more sympathy. You love sack and so do I; would you desire better sympathy?'

Sack? Hello Gedley!

'Forgive me quoting from Shakespeare, dear Mrs Patel, for my humble words can do my passion no justice. Yes, I love you, or as the great

William would say, thee. Don't just be nice to me; I don't want pity. I want love. Your love. With my love'
Goodness me!
'Thine own true knight, by day and night, or any kind of light, with all his might, for thee to fight.'
Oh goodness gracious me, has Mayor Gedley been drinking more than usual? He's a mature man, for heaven's sake, now pretending in borrowed words to be a young stud? A Youth Brigade champion? Have I given him any careless encouragement to step over the line like this? I scarcely know the man! He is close to my husband, because Patel is his financial advisor, and even went to jail for him, but what should I say to him now? Merry indeed? There should be a law against this exploitation of women's feeling by men without feelings! If only I was a politician too, I could revenge myself on this lovesick fool.

ENTER FENELLA ROSENBERG

FENELLA: Indira! I'm absolutely finished! Forgive my intrusion, doll, but I need to speak to you.

INDIRA: And I to you! I was going to Twitter.

FENELLA: I was going to Tweet.

INDIRA: You look paler than usual. Are you unwell?

FENELLA: I could be having a nervous breakdown on the spot.

INDIRA: Tell me.

FENELLA: I need your advice.

INDIRA: And I yours.

FENELLA: Me first. Do you know Shakespeare?

INDIRA: What a strange question.

FENELLA: 'Thine own true knight, by day or night?' Does that ring a bell?

INDIRA: Indeed it does.

FENELLA: *Romeo and Juliet? Hamlet? Much Ado About Nothing?*

INDIRA: Much ado about something. I have a letter.

FENELLA: So have I.

INDIRA: Swop and read.

THEY SWOP AND READ

FENELLA: Identical letters.

INDIRA: Only our names are different. Me: 'Dearest Indira'

FENELLA: Mine: 'Dearest Fenella!'

INDIRA: That crafty cadre.

FENELLA: That randy goat! I swear he has a stash of these letters all written and prepared.

INDIRA: All he does is fill in the name.

FENELLA: And the address.

INDIRA: Zuma! I will never get used to it!

FENELLA: We have no choice. It is a name here to stay, like it or not.

INDIRA: We were not consulted. I would not have voted for Zuma.

FENELLA: That's democracy, my dear. Nod and do as you're told.

INDIRA: I had to have everything reprinted. My stationary, my cards. My address stickers.

FENELLA: And think of how the legal firm of Rosenberg & Rosenberg had to spend thousands just to get it right.

INDIRA: Zuma. You must admit it is better than Verwoerd.

FENELLA: I agree, but the name has been here for so long, I never ever thought of that man.

INDIRA: Those names must be changed. Verwoerdville can't be on our new nonracial map.

FENELLA: So now it's Zuma. Where do you live Mrs Rosenberg? I live at 234 Coronation Boulevard, in the town of Zuma!

INDIRA: My Patel says there is a beach in Los Angeles that was the inspiration. Zuma Beach.

FENELLA: Well, the address in my letter says Zuma.

INDIRA: And mine.

FENELLA: So it was written recently.

THEY SIT

I can only think that he is fishing in our ponds now.

INDIRA: He already has beached three whales.

FENELLA: Very nice women

INDIRA: Very nice.

FENELLA: Charming too.

INDIRA: I agree.

FENELLA: I keep mixing them up.

INDIRA: They wear the same clothes.

FENELLA: Cheaper to buy gowns by the dozen.

INDIRA: They don't really look alike.

FENELLA: In spite of what some people say.

INDIRA: So why us? I'm not of his tribe.

FENELLA: Nor am I. Is that the reason why? He needs us to represent our beige and pink sides of the rainbow nation.

INDIRA: I said to my Patel: this is a very serious exception to our rule.

FENELLA: Hey?

INDIRA: Polygamy. The polygamist is the man who marries all his mistresses at the same time.

FENELLA: *Mazeltov*. The monogamist is the man who never tells his wife about his mistresses!

INDIRA: Oh goodness gracious me. We can't take this lying down.

FENELLA: I hope you're talking idiomatically?

INDIRA: No, let's do it idiotically! Let us trap this small-town Romeo with his own intrigues. Let us arrange meetings, lead him along, tease him into offering us a *lobola* that will put him in debt and force him to sell his house.

FENELLA: I'm prepared to go to the edge of imagination as long as my honour is not compromised.

INDIRA: I agree.

FENELLA: I am very tempted to leave this letter lying around. If Mr Rosenberg saw it, he would *platz* on the spot.

INDIRA: He might have another heart attack and then you will be a widow and ripe for the picking by this polygamist.

FENELLA: Oi wei!

INDIRA: Here they come, back from their weekly golf outing.

FENELLA: We do the Botox, they do the green. Let us two work out some plan of attack.

THEY BOTH EXIT

ENTER ROSENBERG WITH VUVA AND PATEL WITH BLUNT

ROSENBERG: Comrade Vuva, do me a favour!

VUVA: No, I'm telling you, Mr Rosenberg. He is in love with your wife!

ROSENBERG: But she's no chicken! Fenella's over the hill. Through the valley and across the horizon!

VUVA: He's not fussy. He goes for the high and the low, the rich and the poor, young and old. He likes the choices like different sushi on the naked back of a pole dancer!

ROSENBERG: And he loves my Fenella?

VUVA: With a Saturday night fever! You better act soon, or else you will join the ranks of former husbands. His battlefield of love is littered with formers. Comrade Blunt? Tell your story to Mr Patel. And you'd better sit down, Mr Patel, for every word is loaded with truth.

VUVA EXITS

ROSENBERG: I also need to sit in on this, Patel.

BLUNT: As town clerk, I am by nature and learning a man of my word. A socialist! A man of the people. A man of no means.

ROSENBERG: You have a bigger car than I do.

BLUNT: Alas, it came with the job. I hate it!

PATEL: You say you were given a letter to my wife which you have delivered? And now you double cross and inform me of this shocking news?

BLUNT: If my blade is blunt, it is because I wish you no pain. But yes, Mr Patel, he loves your wife too. I wished I could just talk of the weather, but I'm sorry, the ball is now in your court.

HE EXITS

ROSENBERG: The shit hits the fan.

PATEL: This fan would like to shit back. I am his financial advisor. I went to prison to cover for him!

ROSENBERG: And my firm does his legal work. A full-time job.

PATEL: We must end this now, before it ends us.

ROSENBERG: Why are we surprised, Patel? He is known for his roving.

PATEL: Thirty offspring clutter the neighbourhood? Called affirmative breeding.

ROSENBERG: So many not even with names, but numbers!

PATEL: Oh my gosh, here come the ladies in question.

FENELLA AND INDIRA ENTER

INDIRA: How was the game today?

FENELLA: Both looking so down?

ROSENBERG: Down? Why should I be down? Let's go, Fenella, I want to catch the Oprah rerun on TV.

FENELLA: You always watch Oprah when you're down. Why are you down? Indira, we'll talk?

INDIRA: We will Skype and Twitter.

FENELLA: SMS and Tweet.
SEES MINA APPROACH
But look who's here?

INDIRA: Doctor Castro's nurse?

FENELLA: Or a close facsimile.

INDIRA: Maybe she can be our messenger to that lovesick fool?

FENELLA: A very good idea.

INDIRA: Hello, Mina dear?
MINA ENTERS
Have you come to see my daughter Ashwari?

MINA: I thought I'd help her with her hair for tonight. How is she?

INDIRA: She's upstairs and will be very happy to see you. We will show you the way and have a little chat. Forgive us, gentlemen.

FENELLA: Husbands?

THEY EXIT

PATEL: You heard what Comrade Blunt said to me?

ROSENBERG: And you what Comrade Vuva said to me?

PATEL: It can't be true.

ROSENBERG: The fact that they told us proves it. Even his own people are now abandoning him.

PATEL: There have been rumours of a split in the council. He might not get another term in office.

ROSENBERG: So he is probably planning his next move.

PATEL: I can only hope that if he attempts any embrace of my Indira, her sharp tongue will lacerate his smile forever. If not, I'll be to blame.

ROSENBERG: I don't have any doubts about Fenella's reaction to all this, but then Again, at her age flattery of this kind could make her turn the other cheek, or even expose both nether cheeks!

PATEL: And here comes the terrifying owner of the Grand Hotel. And the justice too. Where is my mask.
HE ADJUSTS HIS ACT AS SLOPHE AND PJ MARAIS ENTER
Why are you here? Forgive me, I am still very frail.

PJM: To invite you gentlemen to the reopening of my white wine bar....

SLOPHE: And I need two objective witnesses in the argument between *Dominee* Cruywagen and Doctor Castro.

PJM: Bets will be invited. Booze on the house.

SLOPHE: Not quite. The loser will foot the bill. Come, Mr Patel, the outing will do you good.

PATEL: I am not strong enough ... but if you insist.

HE ENERGETICALLY EXITS WITH SLOPHE.

PJM: And you, Mr Rosenberg? We might need legal advice. *O duiwel se hol*, why so deep in thought? Should I be nervous?

ROSENBERG: You know, when I met my wife, she was on the stage.

PJM: An actress? Was she in *Isidingo*? Is she that famous?

ROSENBERG: Only as my wife. But I was also occasionally in plays at university.

PJM: That's how I ended up in local politics. It's all bad acting.

ROSENBERG: And everyone's a tweeting critic! Assist me here, Mrs Marais. Keep Mayor Gedley at your hotel after his lunch and I will appear in disguise as Give me a name?

PJM: *Onderbroek*. Mr Brook?

ROSENBERG: . . .Mister Brook, who is in love with Fenella Rosenberg, who won't cheat on her husband.

PJM: But that's you.

ROSENBERG: Yes, but Mayor Gedley must believe Mr Brook, who will ask him to seduce the sexy Fenella and so destroy her honour.

PJM: And then Mr Brook can have his way with her? Hells Bells, Mr Rosenberg. You lawyers seem to know exactly which way to go and when. Okay, I'll do my bit. See you on my stage!

SHE EXITS

ROSENBERG: Maybe it's a cultural thing, but Patel seems to be quite calm about the whole mess. Trusts his wife too. But I know mine too well. She's the mistress of the double meaning. And if she was in the old fucker's presence at Patel's house, anything could have developed from there. I think a brilliant disguise is in order here.

ENTER INKY WITH PACKET

INKY: Mr Rosenberg? Here. A brilliant disguise.

ROSENBERG TAKES IT AND EXITS

If they call me a Jack-of-all-trades, why wouldn't I have a perfect disguise at hand? Meet you at the Grand Hotel.

WE HEAR OFF:

GEDLEY: Not a cent!

INKY: Hello, I think someone is demanding more taxpayer's money.

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND ENTERS WITH CHANDELIER TO ESTABLISH GRAND HOTEL. GEDLEY AND JUJU ENTER

GEDLEY: No, not a cent!

JUJU: I'll pay you back.

GEDLEY: With what? More promises?

JUJU: But I support you in everything, Comrade Mayor. I would kill for you!

GEDLEY: When I said walk in my footsteps, Juju, I meant stay in my shadow. Don't jump out from behind every tree and shrub and echo my words. I have a lifetime of experience behind me, fighting real wars, burying true comrades.

JUJU: Viva comrades, viva!

GEDLEY: You come straight from kindergarten into my world and expect me to suck at the same teat of adolescence?

JUJU: *Jo!*

GEDLEY: Not a cent! You waste what you earn on raw fish and Scotch whisky?

JUJU: It is our turn!

GEDLEY: Take that lesson and learn from it. You're all the same - you, Vuva and Blunt - all clustering round me like moths around the fame. And now when your wings burn, I know who you will blame!

JUJU: Is it because I'm black?

GEDLEY: No, it's because you're an idiot. Now get on with the job at hand. You divide, I rule. You call the spade a spade; I protest it should be a shovel.

JUJU: You need a spade?

GEDLEY: You will demand what I cannot be heard to demand. Lay down the foundation for my future success, Juju. Round up those like you.

JUJU: The future!

GEDLEY: The half-knowledged, the dreamless and impatient ones. Promise them the world and then bring their support to me at the ballot.

JUJU: Can I then have the Breitling watch?

GEDLEY: I will reward you with more than just your debts repaid. There is a line in the sand, Juju, cross it and I bury you.

MINA CALLS:

MINA (OFF): How long must I wait here, damn it!

JUJU: Oh yes, there's that woman to see you.

GEDLEY: Then bring her in. *Yo!*

SHE ENTERS

MINA: It's only me.

GEDLEY: Hello, Wife number four?

MINA: In your wet dreams.

GEDLEY: Greetings Florence Nightingale!

MINA: Doctor Castro is determined to win his wager against the poor *dominee* for the heart of Miss Patel.

GEDLEY: We will all bet on him, fear not.

MINA: The reason for my visit . . .

JUJU IS RIGHT UP AGAINST HER LISTENING

... but must the appendix be so close to listen to all I have to whisper?

GEDLEY: Juju, go and see if you can find some cheese in Mrs Marais's fridge.

JUJU EXITS

Now what, Nurse Mina?

MINA: I bring more messages than you whisper under your breath.

GEDLEY: Keep heaving. I am transfixed by your ripe bosom and its possibilities under my gentle touch.

MINA: Touch me there and my mouth freezes over. No information will reach your ears.

GEDLEY: I surrender, but won't give up.

MINA: Okay. Firstly, the Jewish African Princess is moved to tears by your letter.

GEDLEY: Real tears, or bad plastic surgery.

MINA: Oh no, real. The nose runs too, and the voice goes up an octave.

GEDLEY: Cut to the car chase, dear Sister Snell. Did Mrs Rosenberg receive my letter well?

MINA: Oh yes, and she thanks you a thousand times.

GEDLEY: And?

MINA: Fenella Rosenberg is expecting you to visit her tomorrow morning between ten and eleven.

GEDLEY: So her husband will be gone?

MINA: He is in court defending your chemical disposal contracts.

GEDLEY: Yes, that should keep him busy. Mina, I think I can fit the old kugel in. Or should I say, I hope she can fit me in ha-ha-ha!

MINA: Her Mr Rosenberg is wildly jealous and is not to be teased.

GEDLEY: Tease him I will not. But as for her? I have plans to wear my traditional tribal dress and dance for her. That always leads to step two ha-ha-ha.

MINA: You're a dirty old *bogger*, do you know that?

GEDLEY: It's our secret. What about the Taj Mahal?

MINA: Mrs Indira Patel also sends you her warmest thanks and embraces, but unfortunately has a 'frail' husband who works from the house.

GEDLEY: Ah yes, my dying accountant!

MINA: So it won't be as easy to organise a time for you to penetrate her battlements.

GEDLEY: I love your figures of speech. But tell me, do each of these ladies know about my love for the other?

MINA: No, no, no, that will set the kitten among the canaries. I can assure you that Mrs Indira Patel is highly respected in the neighbourhood.

GEDLEY: And truly one of the best wives here in Zuma.

MINA: With respect, Comrade Mayor, I suggest you refrain from sending her SMSes or emails that could be hijacked by an unfriendly eye. She is not as wise to the world as our Jewish Princess.

GEDLEY: Well informed, dear Nurse Snell. Go back to both individually and give them my love. And for you, here's an envelope of gratitude.

MINA: No, I don't do this for money, heavens above. I do it for the sake of friendship and ... oh, alright, but only this once to keep you happy.

**MINA TAKES THE ENVELOPE AND EXITS
GEDLEY DOES A DANCE**

GEDLEY: Not bad for a body that has been much younger but still as keen.

JUJU ENTERS

JUJU: There is a Mr Brook here to see you.

GEDLEY: If he's from the media send him away. Be rude, be insulting. They expect that from you.

JUJU: If he's from the media, he is one to encourage. Look, he sent you a bull as a gift.

HANDS HIM A RED BULL DRINK

GEDLEY: That should put lead in my pencil. Send him in, Juju.

JUJU EXITS

Even a member of the free press would be welcome now. I would have to bite my tongue so as not to tell the world that soon there will be two more lusty mares in my stables.

**JUJU AND 'BROOK' ENTER. IT IS MR ROSENBERG IN DISGUISE AND
GEDLEY IS CONVINCED.**

BROOK: A few words with you, Dr Dr Dr Gedley?

GEDLEY: At your service, my friend. Juju?

JUJU: More cheese?

GEDLEY: What a good idea!

JUJU EXITS

BROOK: I want to make a donation to your favourite charity.

GEDLEY: Orphans. Widows. Police. Me.

BROOK: I have a bag full of money.

GEDLEY: Rands?

BROOK: Dollars.

GEDLEY: Zim?

BROOK: Oh no, real US green.

GEDLEY: The orphans thank you, as do the widows. And as for the police? That depends on you.

BROOK: There is lady in this town; her husband's name is Rosenberg.

GEDLEY: Ha.

BROOK: For long I have loved her, spent much time and energy dreaming about her, watched her from afar with doting affection, sent gifts through third parties. And what do I get in return? Nothing.

GEDLEY: Nothing?

BROOK: Not even a smile.

GEDLEY: I am sorry for you. But why tell me all this?

BROOK: You are a man of the world. You have the respect of many and the envy of others. Your reputation is legendary, not only in the art of politics, survival, innocence, but also love.

GEDLEY: Ah love.

BROOK: You have power over women; I have power over money. What use are my riches if they cannot be used to fulfill my dreams.

GEDLEY: I have no idea.

BROOK: Then use my money and spend it however you wish and lay siege to the honesty of this strange and brooding woman, this Mrs Rosenberg who will not look at another, not because of love, but because of her reputation.

GEDLEY: Ah reputation. How would I succeed where you have failed?

BROOK: Just to distract her from her commitment to faithfulness, Comrade Mayor.

GEDLEY: But if she falls for my charm? Which she will....

BROOK: I'm sure you would then prove that her rigid morality is cracked from foundation to frown.

GEDLEY: I see it before me.

BROOK: I could then step into the space left by your withdrawal and captivate her without apology.

GEDLEY: Your subversion is shocking! I like it!

BROOK: I will steal her from her husband thanks to the weakening of her resolve through your romantic interventions.

GEDLEY: Your language is fruity and very tutti. But I get the drift of your passion. Comrade Brook, leave it to me. Yes, I will take your money, thank you, and I will spend it as you suggest on ways to make your dreams come true.

BROOK: And give to the orphans?

GEDLEY: Of course. If need be, create some. Let's shake on it. I will do what I can do and then you should be able to do what you have not been allowed to do.

BROOK: Remember, weaken her - not waste her.

GEDLEY: How strange that we should be having this chat for, by some stroke of fate, I already have a date with the woman of your dreams.

BROOK: How so?

GEDLEY: Between ten and eleven I intend to call on her as her husband is working and not at home.

BROOK: Do you know this husband?

GEDLEY: He is associated with the law firm who look after my affairs.

BROOK: Which I believe keeps them busy full time.

GEDLEY: All thrown out of court, my friend.

BROOK: So he is a crooked lawyer!

GEDLEY: And a pathetic husband who will soon be sitting on the pavement on a suitcase, holding his golf bag and I will laugh at him from his own bedroom window, my arms round her whom he always took for granted.

BROOK: But don't you already have more wives than one?

GEDLEY: I have three delicious, sweet and caring wives. But I feel the need to extend my footprint into other areas of our nation.

BROOK: Hence the assault on my wife.

GEDLEY: Your wife?

BROOK: No, I jest. I have no wife. I am a widower. I envy you, that's all I can say.

GEDLEY: And all I can say is thank you for your faith in me. We will talk again, for you see I intend to use the road to her heart as a way to open the safe to her wealth. The Rosenbergs are rich, my friend.

BROOK: I did not know lawyers made so much money. But what if you were to meet this person unexpectedly?

GEDLEY: Well, why don't you come to his house tomorrow morning? Wait outside. By then I would have done the deed and sown the seed. When I am done with Mrs Rosenberg, you can visit and ...

BROOK: And?

GEDLEY: I think I have run out of fancy words.

BROOK: How did you manage to get so far?

GEDLEY: I joined the NCA.

HE EXITS

'BROOK' BECOMES ROSENBERG AND SPEAKS INTO HIS CELLPHONE

ROSENBERG: Testing testing ... in one of our other ten languages NCA also stands for anti-nuptial contract, which I have with Mrs Rosenberg, so don't think for a moment that you will be getting to my vaults through her crack! That's not the issue here: she has already made a date with him. Between ten and eleven! In the morning! Rolling around in my bed, ransacking my wealth, demeaning my reputation? Patel always teases me about my jealous protection of my marriage. I will take my Blackberry and video the proof, catch them on the job and show Patel that my green glow is more than jealousy. It is the look of a winner.

HE EXITS AS INKY ENTERS HOLDING BUNCH OF FLOWERS

SCENE CHANGE

**STAGEHAND APPEARS HOLDING STREET SIGN: VOORTREKKER RD
CROSSED OUT. BELOW MK BOULEVARD.**

INKY: I love the streets of our town. My cartoons really appeal to the people here. Even the street names have been changed. Now people don't know where they are.

MRS PATEL ENTERS CONFUSED.

Mrs Patel? Flowers for you from a secret admirer.

**HANDS HER THE FLOWERS
INDIRA PATEL MAKES A PHONE CALL**

INDIRA: Fenella? Me. The old fool sent me flowers. What did you get?

ENTER MR ROSENBERG
Oops!

SHE ENDS THE CALL

ROSENBERG: And where are you off to?

INDIRA: Basil! I was just trying to get your wife on the cell. It went into message.

ROSENBERG: Message? You mean she's busy doing something more important than answering the phone. I wonder what that could be?

INDIRA: Maybe she's not home?

ROSENBERG: She never leaves her cell phone behind. What lovely blooms.

INDIRA: And such a surprise too. From an admirer.

ROSENBERG: You mean not from Mr Patel?

INDIRA: Oh goodness gracious me, my husband is too busy hiding money for Mayor Gedley.

ROSENBERG: So who are the flowers from?

INDIRA: There is no card.

ROSENBERG: But you know?

INDIRA: My feminine intuition. Goodbye, Mr Rosenberg.

ROSENBERG: Good day, Mrs Patel.

SHE EXITS

Testing testing ...what a fool Patel is to keep boasting about his wife's honesty. Those flowers are probably from the beast. This is much more complicated than I thought. Let me first catch my Fenella with her modesty down, give the panting polygamist something to remember me by and then expose the saintly Indira Patel to her short-sighted husband as a loose and lusty horizontal!

THE CLOCK STRIKES

Ha ha! 'Tis ten. Let me back to my abode and with a whistle on my lips, stumble into the bedroom and find him on her, or even vice versa! But hello, is this a march on city hall by striking civil servants?

ENTER PATEL, SLOPHE, YENGI, PJM, DOMINEE AND CASTRO.

SLOPHE: Mister Rosenberg, just the man we're looking for.

ROSENBERG: You need a lawyer? I need a witness. Come with me to my home.
It might be early, but I can always open a bottle of the best.

PJM: *Lekker soos 'n krekker!*

SLOPHE: Unfortunately I cannot accept.

YENGI: Nor I.

SLOPHE: We have a date to brunch with Ashwari.

YENGI: Oh yes, she has invited me and I will take the magistrate my uncle as a chaperone.

SLOPHE: You never know, the lady might just grab him and kiss him all over.

YENGI: I need protection.

SLOPHE: Well, today you are definitely more cock than pea.

YENGI: Today we must hear her answer.

SLOPHE: Yea or nay.

PJM: *Naai?* No!

YENGI: I hope you will approve of me then, Mr Patel. I'm watching the DVD of Ghandi, the other Mahatma. I want to emerge myself in your culture.

PATEL: It's your culture too. I was born down the road.

YENGI: I was born up at the top of the great mountain of gods and kings. You will be proud of me as a son-in-law.

PJM: You're prettier than his daughter!

PATEL: You're a fine example of today, comrade, and my wife thinks that in capital letters and full colour! But she prefers a doctor in the house....
HE REALIZES HE IS NOT ACTING ILL. SO HE DOES.
....ever since I was given compassionate parole due to terminal ill health. Where is my oxygen...? I have the shakes

CASTRO: *Si, si! Non, non!* The beautiful Ashwari loves me! My Nurse Mina tell me so!

PJM: But what about Colin Fern, the television star and teenage heartthrob?

CASTRO: He says on his Book of the Face that he is her chosen throb.

PJM: His tweets boast her love.

CASTRO: His winky-winkies on YourTubes beam message of bad sex!

PJM: *Ja-nee.* Let's not even talk about his blog! *Djags bliksem!*

PATEL: Well I'm sorry, but I am not impressed by all that jigging and frigging.

YENGI: You mean poking.

PATEL: No poking while I am still there to protect her!

SLOPHE: It means...oh never mind.

PATEL: All that image of orgy is empty. He who wants my daughter must strip himself of all the façade and just be honest.

YENGI: As I said, the main attraction is here.

PATEL: Her future depends on my consent and as yet it has not yet been given either or.

ROSENBERG: All I can say again is: come home with me, you who have the time and the interest. I will not just tickle your palate with the best chardonnay, but you will see a monster at work.

YENGI: Sorry to miss all that. My uncle and I are off to the first moment of the rest of my life. With her!

YENGI AND SLOPHE EXIT

CASTRO: Why do I smell rat and mouse here?

PJM: *Ja,* I must get back to the hotel. Dr Dr Dr Gedley will want his pick-me-up before he puts himself down.

SHE EXITS

ROSENBERG: We might do a bit of putting down ourselves.

DOMINEE: Yes-No.

CASTRO: So-so.

PATEL: And away we go! But not too fast, I am very frail.....

THEY ALL EXIT

SCENE CHANGE

**INKY ENTERS WITH A LARGE BASKET/SKIP ON WHEELS.
STAGEHAND ENTERS HOLDING LARGE FRAMED PORTRAIT OF A
FAMILIAR ARTWORK ESTABLISHING THE ROSENBERG MANSION**

INKY: They say Moses was found in a basket. Welcome to the Rosenberg mansion and see what's mixed up with the dirty washing.

FENELLA AND INDIRA ENTER. FENELLA REFERS TO THE BASKET

FENELLA: When I was a member of the Black Sash against apartheid we would collect clothes in this basket for the families of the men who were in prison.

INDIRA: The ones who we now call minister.

FENELLA: And Dr Dr Dr Comrade Mayor Majesty and Saint!

INDIRA: Why is he all doctors? Are they for real?

FENELLA: Honourary, my dear. The most recent one was given him by the local university.

INDIRA: For services?

FENELLA: Yes, he only impregnated five of their students!

SMS SIGNAL ON HER CELL

Ah, speak of the devil.

SHE READS

He's at the back door. Sly old thing. Slinking in like a burglar.

INDIRA: To steal something that you can't even give away.

FENELLA: Indira, you old Breyani Bitch. Listen, doll, if I want to have a man, I don't need to play games to get him.

INDIRA: No, you old Kugel Cow, you just get the young masseur round to do his damnedest and then you smile for a week.

FENELLA: My masseur is a devout Catholic woman who was disqualified from the Olympic running team because she had a moustache. I'm quite safe with her ... him ... her.

INDIRA: I will hide myself till I hear your code word.

FENELLA: Code word: 'Shower'.

INDIRA: 'Shower' it is.

SHE EXITS

FENELLA: Oh, but these old clothes do smell! Don't tell me the cat also used this basket as a sandbox!

GEDLEY APPEARS IN THE DOOR

GEDLEY: It is just after ten and I am here. Alone. With you.

FENELLA: As true's God, my very words. Comrade Dr Dr Dr Mayor, welcome.

GEDLEY: I know I shouldn't say this, but if your husband suddenly fell over and passed on, I would immediately take his place and make you my wife.

FENELLA: Wife number four?

GEDLEY: I'll shuffle the others around if you prefer number two.

FENELLA: I'm afraid I won't make much of a consort to you, Dr Gedley. I don't have enough up here, or the overflow down there. My other side is too flat and my front piece is bulgy.

GEDLEY: And I don't have the words in my mouth that cascade out like a fountain of praise, like Comrade Yengi. Or for that matter, Doctor Castro, if you could understand what he said.

FENELLA: The words are always fuzzy, but the tune is clear. But I think you're playing a duet here. You love Indira, the Taj Mahal.

GEDLEY: How unfair. You could so easily then accuse me of falling for the Voortrekker Monument if I looked at *Dominee* Cruywagen's sturdy wife. I can assure you buildings do not arouse me in any way.

FENELLA: Well, the fact is I do love you back, and soon you will find out exactly how much. I will 'shower' you with affection.

PAUSE

I said I will 'shower' you with kisses.

PAUSE

'Shower'!!!

INDIRA ENTERS HAVING HEARD THE PASSWORD AT LAST

INDIRA: Oh Fenella, there you are, goodness gracious me! And you too! What is going on?

GEDLEY: Don't believe what you see!

INDIRA: Alone with her?

GEDLEY: I came round with ... with some old clothes for Mrs Rosenberg to give to the poor.

FENELLA: The poor poor.

GEDLEY: The voters!

INDIRA: Shame, Fenella Rosenberg, to betray a good man like your husband, who has always believed you to be faithful and honourable?

FENELLA: A slip, a slide, a stumble and a fall.

INDIRA: He suspects that too.

FENELLA: Suspects? Never. He never even notices when I am in the room.

INDIRA: No, but the elephant in the room can no longer pretend to be a mouse.

GEDLEY: What is all this talk?

INDIRA: Mr Rosenberg is on his way here with all the worst in the town, the gossipers, the talkers, the journalists.

GEDLEY: They will all be muzzled in time by law, fear not.

FENELLA: I'll serve some drinks and snacks. Why should there be a scene?

INDIRA: He suspects that you are being unfaithful. With him.

SHE GLARES AT GEDLEY

FENELLA: What must I do, what must we do?

GEDLEY: I can hide?

FENELLA: Can't you squeeze out of the window and slide down the pipes?

SHE JUST HAS TO LOOK AT HIS SIZE

No.

INDIRA: You must not be caught here in your bedroom with this character, Fenella!

GEDLEY: Excuse me, madam, there are women who would give their front teeth to be with me.

INDIRA: And I wish you would stick to those toothless hags and leave us married women alone.

FENELLA: Why don't you hide in the bathroom. In the shower?

GEDLEY: Why this harping on shower, shower, shower. Do I need one?

INDIRA: The basket of old clothes for the poor. It smells terrible.

FENELLA: Get in there!

GEDLEY: But the smell.

FENELLA: The clothes won't notice. Get in!

HE GETS INTO THE BASKET

INDIRA: 'Ask me no reason why I love you.' Your words to me?

GEDLEY: I can explain.

SHE PUTS DOWN THE LID FIRMLY

FENELLA AND INDIRA DO A HIGH-FIVE BETWEEN THEM

ENTER ROSENBERG, PATEL, CASTRO AND DOMINEE

ROSENBERG: I'm happy to take the joke for what its worth, but if you mean to harm our marriage, tell me. And what is this?

FENELLA: A basket of old clothes for the poor.

CASTRO: The poor?

DOMINEE: The poor poor.

PATEL: The voters.

ROSENBERG: It smells.

FENELLA: It certainly does.

ROSENBERG: Take it away and throw it into the dam.

FENELLA: Damn it, not the dam!

ROSENBERG: Why not? Water is water.

FENELLA: The dam is rotten with chemicals and death by H2O.

ROSENBERG: Can only improve the quality of stinking castoffs for the poor.

INDIRA: The poor poor!

THEN MUFFLED FROM INSIDE THE BASKET

GEDLEY: The voters!

**EVERYONE LOOKS AROUND CONFUSED: WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? THEN A SNEEZE FROM THE BASKET. IMMEDIATELY INDIRA ALSO SNEEZES. THEN FENELLA SNEEZES TO DIVERT ATTENTION. SHE INSTRUCTS THE TWO SERVANTS (STAGEHANDS) TO EXIT WITH THE BASKET.
ROSENBERG NOW SNEEZES**

FENELLA: *Gesundheit!*

ROSENBERG: Thank you. So here we are and let me tell you, I smell the lust of a monster in my home. A toothless vampire that intends to drain the blood of my marriage and slurp up the soul of my love. Come with me and let us find the fiend.

HE EXITS WITH INTENT

DOMINEE: Is this reaction drug induced?

CASTRO: Where I from come, this could not happen, oh no!

PATEL: Let us not ignore the seriousness of the moment.

INDIRA: Husband? Dying! Dying!
**SHE INDICATES THAT HE HAS DROPPED HIS ACT. HE PICKS IT UP.
DOMINEE, CASTRO AND A FRAIL PATEL EXIT**
I keep having to remind him that he is at death's door! But, Fenella, is this as good as I think it is?

FENELLA: I don't know what is better. Mr Rosenberg in trauma, or the mayor in shit.

INDIRA: I heard him sneeze when your husband asked what was in the basket.

FENELLA: I think a dip in Zuma Dam will certainly cleanse him of some dirty thoughts.

INDIRA: I'm too offended by it all to make jokes.

FENELLA: I'm too excited by my husband's jealous reaction to rumours of a virtual lover.

INDIRA: I cannot step back from the edge of my shame with such ease, Fenella. I want blood on the edge of reason.

FENELLA: Shall we send Nurse Snell to him to soften the shame of his splash into the water of his own creation?

INDIRA: Give him another chance to hassle us?

FENELLA: Give us another reason to be proud of what we are?

BOTH: Yes!

ENTER ROSENBERG, PATEL, CASTRO AND DOMINEE

ROSENBERG: I find no sign of man or beast.

INDIRA: Ha, ha, man in basket.

FENELLA: Ho, ho, soon in Dam. Howzit husband, what is this confusion?

ROSENBERG: Confusion only because of contrition!

INDIRA: Dear Basil, you have been working too hard.

ROSENBERG: That's no lie.

DOMINEE: And talking of which, if there has been any of that from my mouth I ask the forgiveness of heaven.

CASTRO: No stinking bodies, no shitty crime!

PATEL: Forgive me, neighbour, but you must not allow your jealous fits to carry you so far across the line.

ROSENBERG: I know, I know.

DOMINEE: You must order the demons of doubt from your vision. You have an honourable wife!

CASTRO: And quite a looker also!

ROSENBERG: Well, I did promise you chaps a snort of the best. And if there's something in the fridge. But I have some explaining to do. Come Fenella. And Mrs Patel. How can I expect you to forgive my suspicions?

PATEL: Then tomorrow we will all attend the horse race. If I feel stronger of course.

ALL: Of course!

PATEL: I have a good bet on a young filly called The Constitution.

ROSENBERG: They say it is lame.

DOMINEE: Some say The Constitution is crippled.

CASTRO: Then I bet on it as winner.

PATEL: Thank you, Doctor Castro. Cuban optimism is what we need.

DOMINEE: And soon the good *dokter* and I will have some finished business with a certain *ex-Mevrou* Councillor.

CASTRO: *Ex-Senora* Jailbird. We pop in to shop with pink sausage and wobbly mammals. No?

DOMINEE: The porno shop on the corner? *Sies!* It must be closed down! Let's go!

THEY EXIT

INKY ENTERS

INKY: There's more political pornography in town hall. But true love blossoms at the Patel house.

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND WITH VASE AND FLOWERS TO ESTABLISH PATEL HOUSE.

ENTER COLIN AND ASHWARI PATEL

COLIN:and that's the biggest snag.

ASHWARI: He's my father. That's not a snag.

COLIN: Ashwari, he doesn't think I'm the one for you.

ASHWARI: Well, he doesn't have to marry you. I do.

COLIN: But you can't, without his approval.

ASHWARI: We can always run away.

COLIN: Then he will disinherit you.

ASHWARI: I don't mind losing all those millions. You're doing very well on television.

COLIN: You see, your father thinks I'm just after your inheritance.

ASHWARI: I know that's not true.

COLIN: Of course it's not true. But my SABC salary isn't that great.

ASHWARI: Your Facebook hints at great wealth.

COLIN: I tend to add noughts for effect. I must be honest: yes, when I saw you interviewed on *Eastern Mosaic* at your nineteenth birthday, I was dazzled by the prospects of marrying a billionaire's daughter.

ASHWARI: Rand billionaire; dollar mezzo-millionaire.

COLIN: You are worth so much more.

ASHWARI: Yes, your salary.
THEY KISS.
Get my father on your side.

COLIN: Shall I wink at him too?

SLOPHE, YENGI AND MINA ENTER

SLOPHE: You have to speak for yourself, Yengi.

YENGI: I look at her and my jaw freezes. I'm mute with love.

SLOPHE: Then unmute yourself, or you will lose her to the winking weasel.
Mina, prepare her.

MINA MOVES TO ASHWARI

MINA: You cancelled your appointment? I waited.

ASHWARI: Sorry Mina, I forgot I had a meeting with Colin. You remember him from *Idols*?

SLOPHE: I don't watch TV, I'm afraid. Unless I'm in the news.

MINA: I do. The winking Adonis.

COLIN: The lights are so bright.

HE WINKS

MINA: Comrade Yengi wants to talk to you, Ashwari, but his tongue is tied.

ASHWARI: I don't think this is the time to untie it.

MINA: Your father is very keen on Yengi Slophe, Miss Patel! He has prospects in the NCA. He might even become the next mayor of the town. I'll bring him over.

ASHWARI: Yengi? What a name! My father's choice.

COLIN: Yes, the peacock. We all laugh at him.

ASHWARI: Scandal and controversy runs down his back 'like a duck's water'.

COLIN: Do you like him?

ASHWARI: Like him? Hello?
SHE JOINS THEM
Magistrate Slophe, Comrade Yengi, nice to see you here. I'm sorry my father is elsewhere.

YENGI: Good. I mean, what a shame.

SLOPHE: My young comrade nephew here is smitten with love for you.

YENGI: Please. I mean, yes. I mean, oh.

ASHWARI: Ah.

YENGI: And ah.

SLOPHE: He sits on the boards of seventeen companies. He has four new motorcars. He was anointed best dressed comrade by the magazine *Red Sickle*. He is....

ASHWARI: Not struck dumb, I hope? You speak too, Comrade Yengi? Or does your learned uncle here lend you his tongue?

YENGI: I'm better on a soapbox in front of ten thousand of the poor.

ASHWARI: The poor poor?

ALL: The voters!

YENGI: Then I can speak, because I have the passion of leadership in me.

ASHWARI: And the experience of prison too.

YENGI: Like all great leaders, I first went to jail and then into politics and not the other way round.

ASHWARI: Your suffering in prison must have given you great understanding and strength of character.

YENGI: Oh yes, those three weeks were hell.

ASHWARI: Weren't you sentenced to four years?

YENGI: Yes, but that was just a technicality. Uncle?

SLOPHE: We needed the cell for real criminals.

YENGI: But I left them the Jacuzzi.

ASHWARI: How generous of you.
SHE TAKES HIM ASIDE
Do I make you nervous, comrade?

YENGI: I think you should know that my uncle, the magistrate, and your respected father have been plotting and planning our future.

ASHWARI: Do you not see a future in it?

YENGI: I do, I do, but if you don't, I won't.

MR PATEL AND INDIRA ENTER

PATEL: And what an attractive couple you two make. Ashwari and Yengi.
HE SEES COLIN.
And you?
COLIN WINKS AT HIM
You wink at me?

COLIN: I'm sorry, Mr Patel, I meant to smile and say hello. The wink jumped out.

INDIRA I liked the wink. Can I wink back?

SHE DOES

PATEL: I have already informed you that my daughter is spoken for. As you can see. What a perfect couple they be.

COLIN: But just hear me out, Mr Patel....

PATEL: There is no future point in discussing this. Magistrate Slophe? Good Comrade Yengi, come and let us further discuss the roadmap into your glowing futures.

THEY EXIT

MINA (ASIDE): Colin, charm Mrs Patel. She likes you, I can see.

COLIN: Mrs Patel, forgive me this urgency, but true love does not wait in the shade for the sun to set.

INDIRA: No, it doesn't.

COLIN: I love your daughter. I love her for who she is. I have no interest in what she will inherit. I won't give her up to that peacock!

INDIRA: The peacock is in love with himself.

ASHWARI: So, Mother, please don't push me into a marriage with him.

INDIRA: I give you my promise, darling daughter. Besides, I have a favourite not at present here with us.

MINA: My employer, Doctor Castro!

ASHWARI: 'The doctor's wife'. My mother has always had that fantasy: my daughter, the doctor's wife.

INDIRA: Or 'the politician's wife'?

ASHWARI: You said no peacock for me! What about my choice? Don't have I have a say here?

COLIN I'd better take my leave.

INDIRA: Goodness gracious me, Colin, if I may call you by your name....

COLIN: Of course, Indira.

INDIRA: And I am Mrs Patel. Let me spend time with my daughter and understand the depth of her feelings for you. I am not your enemy. I like your wink very much.

HE WINKS AT HER

At the right time, of course.

COLIN: Sorry.

INDIRA: Yes, it just slipped out again. Come, Ashwari.

THEY EXIT

MINA: Leave it to me. I will balance up the idiotic fashion plate with my unfashionable physician and end up with you as the cock on the steeple.

COLIN: Thank you, Nurse Snell. I was hoping to give her this ring. There was just no chance.

HOLDS A SMALL BOX

MINA: Give it to me. I will slip it to her.

COLIN: And for your trouble.

HANDS HER MONEY

MINA: No, no, no! Alright, but just this once. For the poor.

COLIN: The poor poor?

MINA: We thank you.

HE EXITS

Three into one don't go and won't go. But I have promised them all a helping hand. How sweet they have been to reward me, in spite of my protestations. Obviously I would be happy if my doctor became the husband. I would get a raise. If the peacock won the raffle, I would get municipal tenders. And if the TV winker became the love of Miss Patel's life, I could always wink back over and over and over.

SHE EXITS AND INKY ENTERS

(IF AN INTERVAL IS NEEDED:

INKY: Not over yet – just a quick interval for toilet, tobacco and Tweet!

THEN AFTER INTERVAL)

INKY: I bet you after his dip in Zuma Dam, our mayor smells stronger than my socks! And he's just got back to the Grand Hotel...

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND ENTERS WITH CHANDELIER TO ESTABLISH GRAND HOTEL

ENTER GEDLEY, WHO HAS JUST COME OUT OF THE STINKING DAM, AND JUJU

GEDLEY: Juju?

JUJU: Here, Comrade Dr Dr Dr Dr Dr

GEDLEY: Yes yes yes yes! Get me something to drink and some dry clothes.

JUJU: *Yo!* That stinking dam!

GEDLEY: Yes, strangled by smelly clothes and reeking of cat piss! Thank heavens there were no photographers present.

JUJU: Everyone has a camera in their cell phone, Comrade Mayor. I'll keep an eye on the YouTube.

GEDLEY: And if any cartoons appear, you know what to do.

JUJU: Call Lawyer Rosenberg? And what about Twitter?

GEDLEY: Virtual graffiti.

JUJU: I still say we should close them down. It is racist. It is demeaning us. It makes jokes about me.

GEDLEY: Which you don't even understand.

JUJU: That's why they should be closed down!

GEDLEY: I could have drowned out there.

JUJU: The water is now so poisoned, it has turned to jelly.

GEDLEY: You mean I could have walked across the water?

JUJU: What would the press have said then!

GEDLEY: Mayor Gedley can't swim!

JUJU: That Nurse Snell is here.

GEDLEY: Mina? I'm expecting Mr Brook! Pour me some of that wine. I'm frozen to the bone.
MINA ENTERS
And don't say a word.

MINA: Hello.

GEDLEY: Oh, that word's okay. I thought you'd comment on my appearance.

MINA: You look like shit, Comrade Mayor.

GEDLEY: Always the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

MINA: Mrs Rosenberg sent me.

GEDLEY: I'm finished with that woman. Look what happened to me!

MINA: She apologizes. Her servants are illegals from Zimbabwe and don't understand everything she says.

GEDLEY: I'll have them sent back home!

MINA: You didn't recognise them? They also work for you every Wednesday.

GEDLEY: I don't involve myself with those details. Juju is in charge of the day-to-day runnings. I want nothing more to do with Mrs Fenella Rosenberg.

MINA: That's the point of my visit, comrade. She wants to see you again. Urgently.

GEDLEY: Now?

MINA: No, this evening between eight and nine.

GEDLEY: Ha. Evening.

MINA: Yes. Moonlight.

GEDLEY: Negligee.

MINA: Soft music.

GEDLEY: I better have a shower.

MINA: Why does that sound funny coming from you?

GEDLEY: Take my message to her and say nice things about my feelings for her.

MINA: Have I ever let you down?

HOLDS OUT HER HAND FOR A REWARD

GEDLEY: No change.

MINA: You can owe me.

SHE EXITS

GEDLEY: Now where the hell is that Mr Brook. Ah, hello there!

MR ROSENBERG IN DISGUISE AS 'MR BROOK' ENTERS

BROOK: How did things fare with the delectable Fenella Rosenberg?

GEDLEY: Things were going pretty well, considering that she never allows one the space to utter a word. We kissed...

BROOK: Kissed?

GEDLEY: Embraced and kissed again.

BROOK: Again?

GEDLEY: But then suddenly that idiotic husband of hers stormed in, surrounded by his phalanx of fools. Luckily I was already hidden from view.

BROOK: In the shower?

GEDLEY: Why would I hide in the shower? No, Mrs Patel had just arrived and thanks to her suggestion, she and the frantic Fenella forced me into a smelly basket full of stinking clothes.

BROOK: I heard of the generosity of the Rosenbergs. Clothes for the poor.

GEDLEY: The poor poor.

BROOK: Your voters, yes. You must have felt like one of them ever so briefly. Cold, wet, unwanted, accused, lost?

GEDLEY: I was unceremoniously bounced out of the house in this basket, rolled here and thrown there, and then believe it or nor, Mr Brook, ended upside down in Zuma Dam!

BROOK: I'm shocked.

GEDLEY: I'm still wet.

BROOK: And smelly.

GEDLEY: I'll take a show take a bath.

BROOK: Well, obviously after what you went through, I'm sure you're happy to turn your back on Fenella Rosenberg.

GEDLEY: On the contrary, Mr Brook. I have been given a second chance. Tonight.

BROOK: A second chance tonight?

GEDLEY: I think she realises that as a wife of mine one day...

BROOK: But her husband is still alive, not so?

GEDLEY: Barely. If he should be untimely ripped from her side?

BROOK: Then Fenella Rosenberg will become another Mrs Gedley.

GEDLEY: Mrs Gedley the fourth! Forgive me, I must go.

BROOK: Yes, you need to freshen up. You must not keep that lady waiting.

GEDLEY: Tonight on the dot at eight!

BROOK: I will keep in touch with my cell phone.

GEDLEY: I will SMS you the moment her honour has been compromised.

BROOK: I'll be waiting.

GEDLEY: That should open the road for your 'Humvee' to approach.

BROOK: It will be ready.

GEDLEY: That green-faced husband of hers won't know what has hit him when you become the rooster in fair Fenella's barnyard.

HE EXITS

ROSENBERG TAKES OUT THE CELLPHONE

ROSENBERG: What does he know about my 'Humvee'? Testing testing ... memo to me: He has left to freshen up. For my wife! This is me just giving the correct time - 6.32 p. m. I can't believe he was already in my home before I forced him to hide. Kissing? Embracing? Is this a nightmare? Will I wake up and laugh at my fury? But this time I am sure to catch him bare faced. No more baskets to hide in. No more hysteria on my part. I have the evidence. His 'Humvee' will stand up in court. Fenella Rosenberg and Dr Dr Dr Gedley in the dock. Then we'll see who is the top cock! Over and out!

HE EXITS AS INKY ENTERS

INKY: Meanwhile, back on the M K Boulevard....

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND ENTERS WITH STREET SIGN INDICATING THE BOULEVARD. INKY SITS ON THE KERB AND OBSERVES.

MRS PATEL AND MINA SNELL ENTER

INDIRA: So the mayor is once again in the Rosenberg house?

MINA: Either in or on his way. He's pretty cross about the stinking dam.

INDIRA: He allowed the chemicals to be dumped in the dam. He took bribes. He deserves every rash he will now get!

DOMINEE ENTERS

DOMINEE: Ladies, are you here to help with the children?

INDIRA: Why are you here, *Dominee* Cruywagen? The school is surely still a hive of activity?

DOMINEE: Didn't you know the strike is now in its third week, Mrs Patel? No teachers turn up. We're still waiting for schoolbooks to be delivered.

INDIRA: And it's a week before final exams.

DOMINEE: The children are running wild, smoking and drinking.

MINA: Probably having sex behind the bicycle shed and then recording it on their cell phones. It'll be all over the Internet!

DOMINEE: I'm looking for the mayor to intervene.

INDIRA: Ah, the mayor.

DOMINEE: Without education, the children will be doomed.

MINA: Don't worry, *dominee*, the mayor's solution is simple: after liberation before education, the slogan now is: "Who needs a degree today? Just join the NCA"!

DOMINEE: Nurse Snell, as much as I want to enjoy my freedom of expression.

MINA: *Ja*, you are still careful not to comment on the goods and ills of this present town council.

DOMINEE: Granted, yes, it is democratic and, *ja*, better than the one we had in the past....

MINA: When I of colour could not vote?

INDIRA: And I of the *kerrie* was not allowed in the province after darkness?

DOMINEE: Exactly. All I can do is practise what I preach. And make sure things do not go too rotten again.

THEY EXIT EACH IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION

INKY: It's just business as usual on the M K Boulevard. But back at the Rosenberg mansion, things are hotting up...

SCENECHANGE

**STAGEHAND WITH LARGE PORTRAIT INDICATING THE MANSION
ENTER GEDLEY AND FENELLA ROSENBERG**

GEDLEY: If you were my fourth wife, I would take you to all the international town hall conferences. Imagine, you would rub shoulders with the top echelon of municipal politics and big business.

FENELLA: I've been doing that for years.

GEDLEY: We will make a wonderful couple, like Bill and Hillary, like Barack and Michelle.

FENELLA: Like Laurel and Hardy.

GEDLEY: I am just relieved that you have allowed me here to forgive you for the unfortunate soaking in the municipal dam.

FENELLA: You forgive me? Outstanding!

GEDLEY: And I again repeat my vows of love and devotion to you and you alone.

FENELLA: Enough chat. My bedroom is yonder.

GEDLEY: Do not keep me waiting.

FENELLA: Don't start without me.

HE EXITS

SHE HISSES OFF

Indira? Pssst!

INDIRA PATEL ENTERS AS PREARRANGED, LOUD ENOUGH FOR GEDLEY TO HEAR.

INDIRA: Fenella, my dear, hello!

FENELLA POINTS TOWARDS THE BEDROOM AND NODS

Are you alone here?

FENELLA: Yes. I am alone.

INDIRA: Just you?

FENELLA: Just me. Alone!

THEN AN ASIDE TO HER

Speak louder so the old fool can hear.

INDIRA: I'm so glad no one is here!

FENELLA: Why, Indira, why would someone be here?

INDIRA: That jealous mindless husband of yours is up to his old suspicions. Again.

FENELLA: Oh no!

INDIRA: Oh yes! This time involving my old fool of a spouse who suddenly looks at me with a new frown.

FENELLA: So that's why they suddenly lash out at anything that shows a happy marriage?

INDIRA: Indeed, and calling it a sham and a lie.

FENELLA: And with your daughter on the brink of weddedness, too?

INDIRA: We'll double-cross that cheque when we get to it. I'm just glad the sex-starved politician isn't here.

FENELLA: Why would he be here? Does my husband suspect that he is here?

THEY LISTEN TO ANY SOUNDS FROM THE BEDROOM. THEN NOD AT EACH OTHER WITH A SMILE. THEY RESUME THEIR LOUD PERFORMANCE

INDIRA: Mr Rosenberg is loud in his contempt for all that hiding in laundry baskets and promises that another confrontation will end up very, very badly!

FENELLA: You make it sound as if he were in the vicinity?

INDIRA: Fenella my dear, he's up the street!

FENELLA: Up the street?!

INDIRA: He'll be here soon soon!

FENELLA: What am I to do!
SHE ACTS DRAMATICALLY
The man is here! Here!
THEY LISTEN AS SHE WHISPERS
Do you think he heard?

INDIRA: You're too subtle.

FENELLA: Excuse me! I was an actress before I married Mr Rosenberg's money.

INDIRA: And a good one too, I'm told. But you are being too Judi Dench. Too Royal Shakespeare. Give me more *Desperate Housewife*.

FENELLA: Not difficult.
SHE ACTS
Do I shoot him? Do I shoot myself? Do I shoot you?

INDIRA: Good good.
SHE ACTS
You are damned, Fenella Rosenberg! Your honour and your reputation in shreds.

FENELLA: No, no! Not that!

INDIRA: Oh yes! That! That!! They will throw cat food at you in the Pick and Pay!

FENELLA (HISSES): Woolies!

INDIRA: In Woolworths too! And the man you are hiding, is already dead!

FENELLA: No!

INDIRA: Yes!

FENELLA: Dead!

GEDLEY COMES IN WIDE EYED WITHOUT HIS SHIRT ON

GEDLEY: Dead?

INDIRA: You must go, Comrade Mayor. It will be a bloodbath.

FENELLA: A massacre!

INDIRA: Aa mess!

GEDLEY: What do I do?

INDIRA: Put him in a basket!

GEDLEY: No! No basket. I'll fight him bare fisted.

INDIRA: Mr Rosenberg has rounded up the other young yuppie-thugs from his firm. They have guns. They have no sense of humour. They are lawyers.

FENELLA: They will shoot to kill.

INDIRA: Or worse. To maim.

GEDLEY: But I am the mayor!

INDIRA: Yes, and imagine the world publicity? Breaking News on CNN?

FENELLA: 'The Mayor of Zuma in Massacre!'

INDIRA: Newsflash on Al Jazeera: 'The Merry Wives of Zuma Slaughtered!'

FENELLA: A foolproof disguise is the only way.

INDIRA: As a democrat? An honest civil servant?

FENELLA: Too difficult. Why not as a merry wife of Zuma?

GEDLEY: No! A disguise as your garden boy is easier!

FENELLA: Won't work. Mr Rosenberg only employs whites to work in the garden.

INDIRA: So do we, poor things need the jobs.

FENELLA: I have a pile of outsized dresses for some of the very large ladies in the squatter camp.

INDIRA: Your poor poor.

FENELLA: Your voters!

GEDLEY: No dress can be worse than the stinking clothes in that basket.

GEDLEY EXITS

FENELLA: A basket! That's the solution. I'll get my staff to bring one up full of things. We'll see if my husband stabs it with his golf club!

SHE EXITS

INDIRA: Comrade Gedley? Are you okay in there.

GEDLEY (OFF): How do you women get these things on?

INDIRA: Depends what you're referring to. Some of these things automatically fit around some things that we automatically have.

GEDLEY (OFF): This is more complicated to put on than to take off.

INDIRA: Randy old goat.

FENELLA ENTERS WITH TWO SERVANTS (STAGEHANDS) CARRYING THE BASKET

FENELLA: Put it down. Is there stuff in it?

SHE LOOKS

Good. Let Mr Rosenberg know I am up here.

THEY EXIT.

How's he doing in there?

INDIRA: I wished I was a fly on that wall.

ENTER ROSENBERG, PATEL, SLOPHE, CASTRO AND DOMINEE

ROSENBERG: Fenella, I have brought witnesses to your intrigue ...

HE SEES THE BASKET

Ha ha! A basket! You won't get away from me this time!

BUT FENELLA STANDS IN FRONT OF THE BASKET

FENELLA: Husband, don't make such a fool of yourself! Mrs Gedley is here to collect what we have gathered, that's all.

ROSENBERG: Mrs Gedley? The mayor's wife? At this time of night?

INDIRA: Yes, the big one.

ROSENBERG: The first Mrs Gedley, you mean?

INDIRA: Yes, I think so. I've never seen them together at the same time, so I'm not always sure. But big, certainly. Very big.

FENELLA: She has picked up a lot of weight!

INDIRA: But still has such a sweet smile.

ROSENBERG: She is here alone?

FENELLA: No, her helpers are waiting downstairs to remove the basket and clothes and take them to the poor.

INDIRA: The poor poor!

SLOPHE, PATEL, CASTRO, DOMINEE (MUTTER IN UNISON): The fucking voters.

ROSENBERG: Fenella, stand aside!

FENELLA: You can't force me.

ROSENBERG: I can divorce you.

FENELLA: Because of a basket full of old clothes? And if you find nothing in it, can I divorce you?

ROSENBERG: I know he is in there.

FENELLA: Okay.

HE LOOKS IN AND PULLS CLOTHES OUT.

Maybe he's still hiding in that corner? Or maybe under that towel?
Isn't that him crouching in that running shoe?

PATEL: Come my friend, they are making fun of you.

ROSENBERG: But he escaped in the basket last time. Why shouldn't he try it again?

PATEL: There's no man here.

ROSENBERG LOOKS PATHETIC

ROSENBERG: I don't want to lose my wife. I want to defend her honour.

FENELLA: Please don't cry, doll, it's catching. Indira, bring Mrs Gedley out so that she can go home. She said she was in a hurry.

INDIRA IS HORRIFIED.

INDIRA: Are you sure? Maybe she's still in the bathroom.

FENELLA: Maybe she is.

INDIRA EXITS

PATEL: Paranoia.

SLOPHE: Yes, I agree. An open and shut case of undisguised paranoia! Doctor Castro, will you be able to treat our damaged friend?

CASTRO: I can give you medication that will turn paranoia into nostalgia!

ROSENBERG: I think you should all leave. Please.

INDIRA ENTERS WITH A FIXED SMILE.

INDIRA: Mrs Gedley's ready to go.

GEDLEY IN DISGUISE ENTERS: IN A COLOURFUL KAFTAN AND TURBAN, THE RECOGNISABLE CONSORT OF AN AFRICAN LEADER. GLASSES. HANDBAG. SMILE.

FENELLA: Ah.....

IT GOES INTO SUPPRESSED LAUGHTER

.... Ah.....Mrs Gedley.....doll, I swear to God.....sorry *dominee!*

'MRS' GEDLEY IS ENJOYING 'HERSELF', STARTING WITH A GUSH OF LANGUAGE IN HER MOTHER TONGUE, PEPPERED WITH AUDIBLE MENTIONS OF FASHION LABELS FOR CLOTHES AND SHOES. THEN:

MRS GEDLEY: Well, hello my dears. I am so happy to see you all here. I must thank you for your support. These clothes will really mean so much to our people. The poor. The needy. The ones who have voted us into power so that we can give them a better world. A better life for all.

FENELLA: The old bitch should do stand-up comedy.

MRS GEDLEY: What was that, Mrs Rosenberg?

FENELLA: No, I was just saying how elegant you look.

INDIRA: You've lost weight.

FENELLA: That colour suits you.

INDIRA: We'll walk you to the door.

FENELLA: Say goodbye to the fans.

MRS GEDLEY: No no, I like it here. I want to stay and talk.

FENELLA: No no! Say goodbye comrades goodbye!

MRS GEDLEY: Goodbye comrades goodbye!

THEY EXIT.

PATEL: The second Mrs Gedley?

ROSENBERG: I thought the first.

DOMINEE: Not the third. She's still very young.

CASTRO: She has beard!

PATEL: Beard? Her skin is so dark, how can you see?

CASTRO: I am doctor. That seven o'clock pubic shadow!

DOMINEE: And her hands? Did you notice those hands?

PATEL: And the feet? I couldn't see the feet. Who saw the feet?

ROSENBERG: The voice! The deep voice! Which Mrs Gedley has a deep voice?

THEY THINK. THEY SHAKE THEIR HEADS.

PATEL: Mr Rosenberg, I think you've been had.

CASTRO: Again!

DOMINEE: No, *sis*, don't tell me that was a man in woman's clothes! That is so un-Christian. Very un-Afrikaans too!

THEY EXIT AS INKY ENTERS

INKY: Un-Christian? Un-Afrikaans? Counter-Revolutionary? Maybe.
Meanwhile in the Grand Hotel, youth is flexing its muscle.

SCENECHANGE

STAGEHAND ENTERS WITH THE GEDLEY CARTOON AS FACE (THE SAME CARTOON USED IN THE FINAL SCENE).

JUJU IS PRACTISING A SPEECH, ADDRESSING THE CARTOON

JUJU: (His short speech here that will reflect the hypocrisy and surreal madness of the politics of the moment. It needs to be written then)

‘MRS’ GEDLEY ARRIVES

JUJU: Mama Gedley!

GEDLEY: Who am I, Juju?

JUJU: You are the second wife of the mayor, Mama.

GEDLEY: Have you had your eyes tested, Juju?

JUJU: I do not have to see to know. I do not have to hear to realize. I do not have to care to exist. I am the future.

GEDLEY: And I am not what you think I am.

TAKES OFF HIS DISGUISE

JUJU: *Yo* Mama, you are a *sangoma* too!

GEDLEY: I am a man.

JUJU: Don't worry Mama, no one's perfect!

GEDLEY SEES THE CARTOON

GEDLEY: And what is that subversive ... thing doing here?

JUJU: Someone left it on the door. What is it supposed to be?

GEDLEY: Destroy it. Now!

JUJU: It's just a cartoon.....

GEDLEY: No, that's how it always starts. Just a cartoon, then just a chuckle, then a full catastrophe. Take it out!

**JUJU LEAVES WITH IT. WE SEE WHAT AN EFFECT IT HAS ON THE
MAYOR
INKY ENTERS**

INKY: Is a cartoon in the eye of the beholder? And does *ubuntu* start at home? And is the Pope Catholic and the president a Zulu? Behold *ubuntu* emerging in the Rosenberg mansion.

SCENE CHANGE

**STAGEHAND WITH LARGE PORTRAIT INDICATING ROSENBERG
MANSION**

ENTER PATEL, ROSENBERG, INDIRA, FENELLA AND DOMINEE.

DOMINEE: I know it is late, but better late than tomorrow. If you are both willing to ask forgiveness of a higher power, I am sure your husbands will do the same.

INDIRA: It started as a joke, believe me.

FENELLA: It was to celebrate our honour and commitments to our marriages.

INDIRA: Indeed it was.

ROSENBERG: Didn't look like it to me.

PATEL: Or, if I had known, to me.

INDIRA: You did not suspect me?

PATEL: You mean, he wrote you both identical letters of love?

FENELLA: Without us knowing!

PATEL: Then it seems he was making fun of you!

ROSENBERG: Well, it is I who really gave you all the last laugh.

FENELLA: You're a jealous, unreasonable, grumpy, boring old fart.

ROSENBERG: Boring?

FENELLA: And I still love you and forgive you.

ROSENBERG: And I you.

FENELLA: Remind me to point out that beautiful cream and blue sports car in the shop window.

DOMINEE: Pay your fine with style, Mr Rosenberg.

INDIRA: Yes, it is parked next to that glorious green four-by-four.

PATEL: Remind me tomorrow.

INDIRA: I will. If you're still alive, you medical miracle!

PATEL: But I really think we should not let things lie here. Yes, the joke is over and yes, the fun has been had at our expense...

DOMINEE: And his too.

PATEL: *Dominee*, I'm not so sure. Mayor Gedley has been re-elected so many times, he regards the job as a divine right.

ROSENBERG: It's the poor, you see. They are the majority and they believe him to be one of them and vote him back every time.

INDIRA: The gullible poor.

FENELLA: The stupid poor.

PATEL: Let us use this opportunity to put the old goat as you call him in his place.

ROSENBERG: Patel, if he falls, we fall. Remember I am his legal advisor and you his financial wizard.

FENELLA: No one will fall, just a stumble here and slide there.

INDIRA: A thought: you recall the legend of the Keeper of the Bones? What the people keep referring to as a reason not to build on the old municipal graveyard?

ROSENBERG: I'm afraid that deal is nearly completed. The mayor is adamant that luxury condos be erected on that site.

INDIRA: How can they build on the resting place of so many who passed on?

FENELLA: Money, honey, money. I won't ever use the word c-o-r-r-u-p-t-i-o-n here, but money makes the world go around. And condos appear over tombs.

PATEL: How can this help our plan, Indira?

INDIRA: If Comrade Gedley so poo-poops the idea of an angry spirit, let us entice him to meet us there at midnight.

FENELLA: I will then dance naked in the moonlight.

ROSENBERG: Fenella!!!

FENELLA: Joking, doll, joking. Relax! You'll have a stroke and die and I'll be a very wealthy weeping widow.

PATEL: So you ladies will meet up with him at the dead of night in a cemetery?

INDIRA: No, we will all dress up as ghosts and spirits and other creatures of the underworld beyond nature and frighten him into agreeing not to build on their graves.

FENELLA: *Dominee* Cruywagen will bring the video camera from his school and film it all and then we will have the mayor where we want him.

ROSENBERG: I don't think a fancy dress party will force our mayor to recant and repent.

FENELLA: You've not seen this vampire in action!

SHE EXITS

PATEL (ASIDE): And in the confusion maybe Comrade Yengi could elope with my daughter? He might even be the next mayor! Where is my mask.....

ROSENBERG (ASIDE): And I will go back as my disguised Mr Brook and see if the mayor will accept Fenella's invitation.

THEY EXIT

INDIRA: And I can make sure that Doctor Castro is the one to run off with Ashwari when everyone is in disguise! Oh goodness gracious me!

SHE EXITS

INKY ENTERS

INKY: And so dawns tomorrow!

HE SINGS

"Oh doctor you're in trouble, Oh goodness gracious me!" Come and witness grand larceny at the Grand Hotel.

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND WITH CHANDELIER TO INDICATE GRAND HOTEL

INKY IS CONFRONTED BY PJM

PJM: Hey *slapgat*? You were supposed to clean up here this morning?

INKY: No, you don't pay me. You owe me money for the last six sessions.

PJM: So what do you want here?

INKY: I saw a big fat woman come in and go to Mayor Gedley's room.

PJM: Mayor Gedley doesn't have a room here.

INKY: We all know he does. This is where he meets the pretty young women who all fall for his charms and his wallet.

PJM: If you breathe a word of this....

INKY: I'll put you into my next cartoon. Unless you pay me what I am owed.

GEDLEY ENTERS

GEDLEY: Pay him. One more cartoon from you and I'll sue you. Don't challenge me, boy. And what is this talk of girls? Anyone I know?

INKY: We saw this old woman in the town. She was wearing clothes similar to those worn by your wives.

GEDLEY: How do you know she was not one of them?

INKY: She came here.

GEDLEY: You don't think I would meet one wife here without the knowledge of the other wives?

INKY: You cheat with one wife against the other two? This is not a scandal; it's a television series!

JUJU ENTERS

JUJU: And you keep talking about the youth as the future but still treat us like the past!

DOMINEE ENTERS

DOMINEE: If you don't end this strike, we can only assume that an uneducated mass is better than one that asks questions?

DR CASTRO ENTERS

CASTRO: Two more expecting mothers of your seed and this time they want to sue you!

VUVA ENTERS

VUVA: I'm sorry, comrade, international auditors have found proof of bribes accepted.

BLUNT ENTERS

BLUNT: I have to stop being part of that 2 percent of the population who owns 78 percent of the wealth!

MINA ENTERS

GEDLEY: Do you also come with news I do not need to hear?

MINA: There is always good news and bad news.

GEDLEY: Start with the bad.

MINA: Thanks to you, Fenella Rosenberg has been kicked out of her house by her jealous husband.

GEDLEY: Why is this bad? Isn't this what I have been hoping for? Now the good news?

MINA: She wants to meet with you. Tonight. Midnight.

GEDLEY: Tell her to bring some night clothes. The right clothes. She can stay here. I have a room that no one knows about.

MINA: Oh yes, the one you entertain the young women in. It's a real bus terminus in there, what with all the ins and outs, ins and outs.

GEDLEY: If you have a moment, Nurse Snell, I can take you up and show you.

MINA: Show me your etchings?

GEDLEY: Is there time?

MINA: As long as you promise me breakfast and taxi fare home.

THEY EXIT
COLIN ENTERS

PJM: You look taller on television.

COLIN: I need your help, Mrs Marais.

PJM: It's a long time since I have heard that spoken with such kindness.

COLIN: You know of my love for Ashwari Patel.

PJM: I read your Facebook.

COLIN: Then you also know how difficult it is to convince her father of my intentions?

PJM: Those people stick together and marry each other, man.

COLIN: No, Comrade Yengi is not one of them.

PJM: He's one of a kind, that *bogger*.

COLIN: I have just had a tweet from Ashwari. There is to be a surprise party tonight.

PJM: Here? That is a surprise.

COLIN: No, in the cemetery. It's a secret.

PJM: So everyone knows.

COLIN: All but the mayor.

PJM: Oh, you want to surprise him. That will be a first time.

COLIN: Ashwari says her father wants her to dress up in white and elope with Yengi!

PJM: That peacock likes anything white.

COLIN: But her mother wants her to dress in green and run away with Doctor Castro!

PJM: The only green he knows is the colour of the dollar! But how can I help you?

COLIN: Find us a priest. A *dominee*. A rabbi! Anyone who can ask: do you take this man as your lawful wedded husband....?

PJM: Who is the man?

COLIN: Me!

PJM HOLDS OUT HER HAND FOR A TIP. COLIN GIVES HER ONE AND EXITS

INKY: It's not called bribery; it's affirmative rewards. Meanwhile upstairs in the mayor's secret hideaway, he and Mina are busy – not doing what you think – for a change.

SCENE CHANGE

STAGEHAND WITH HOTEL SIGN THAT READS 'DO NOT DISTURB' TO INDICATE THE VENUE

MINA ENTERS

MINA: Comrade Dr Dr Dr Dr Dr Mayor? I must go! Where are you?

GEDLEY (OFF): I'm nearly ready.

MINA: I must take your message back to the merry wives.

GEDLEY ENTERS WEARING THE BASICS OF THE COSTUME FOR THE CEMETERY

GEDLEY: Convince Mrs Rosenberg of my excitement and delight. I shall meet her at the grave of where they say the Ghost of the Bone King rattles his joints.

HE LAUGHS

MINA: So you don't believe in ghosts?

GEDLEY: No, otherwise I would still be running. Nothing frightens me. Does Fenella Rosenberg not show some fear? At midnight, alone in a cemetery?

MINA: If she showed fear, she would not be living in a town with you as mayor, but somewhere bland and safe in Australia.

GEDLEY: You and the truth. We'll see. Hold your thumbs and cross your fingers.

MINA: When I think of you, I'll be crossing my legs.

SHE EXITS AS JUJU ENTERS WITH TRADITIONAL TRIBAL SKINS AND BEADS

JUJU: Is this what you want? I couldn't find the spear.

GEDLEY: It's a good start. I need bones that rattle and snap. What is it, Juju? You look as if you've seen a ghost?

JUJU: You don't expect me to accompany you into that place, do you?

GEDLEY: Are you scared of dead ancestors?

JUJU: No, why should I be scared of ghosts! I am me! It's just, what if there is a Ghost of the Bone King?

GEDLEY: Yes, Juju and that ghost will be me.

JUJU: You?

GEDLEY: That's why I asked you to get me this traditional attire of the Bone King out of the museum.

JUJU: He might be very cross.

GEDLEY: He's dead. I'm alive. Life above legend, remember?

JUJU: That Mr Brook is here to see you again.

GEDLEY: I forgot about him, damn it! Tell him to come in.

HE LUNGES AT JUJU WITH THE COSTUME

JUJU SCREAMS AND EXITS

GEDLEY TRIES ON PARTS OF COSTUME AS BROOK ENTERS

Well, Mr Brook, the matter will be known soon or never. Be in the cemetery tonight at midnight, at the grave of the Bone King and you will see wonders!

BROOK: But did you not confront her yesterday as you'd promised me you would?

GEDLEY: What can I tell you about last night.

BROOK: You went to Mrs Rosenberg's house?

GEDLEY: Yes, as a poor man in love and left as a poor woman in haste!

BROOK: What?

GEDLEY: The expression on her idiot husband's face was too good to miss.

BROOK: What did you do?

GEDLEY: Ah, pity you weren't there. All I can say is: I now have a taste for disguise.

BROOK: As that poor woman?

GEDLEY: No, as the Ghost of the Bone King! I shall give Mrs Rosenberg the fright of her life! She will faint dead in my arms. And then you will know that her honour has been vanquished. *Aluta* etcetera.

HE EXITS

ROSENBERG: *Aluta* cul-de-sac!

HE EXITS

SCENE CHANGE

INKY ENTERS. STAGEHANDS TURN CHAIRS UPSIDE DOWN TO INDICATE GRAVES AND TOMBS

INKY: The cemetery. The darkness of night.

BLACKOUT

Moonlight.

BLUE LIGHTS

Lightspill from the soccer field next door.

GENERAL LIGHTS

I have my traditional cultural weapons to prove my point.

STAGEHAND HANDS HIM THE GEDLEY CARTOON FACES ON STICKS.

**ENTER PATEL, SLOPHE AND YENGI
INKY HANDS OUT TO EACH A CARTOON MASK**

INKY: Here, take one each and wait for the signal.

PATEL: The others will come from that side, also in ghostly apparel. I can assure you, when faced with all these angry apparitions, our dear Comrade Mayor will retract all his plans to destroy their eternal rest.

SLOPHE: That's a big about-turn, Mr Patel! The people will become suspicious.

PATEL: That's too bad, Judge Slophe. Rats are being smelt all over the town. You and I should be prepared to deny Comrade Gedley and to look the other way when the proverbial cock crows thrice.

YENGI: You talking about me again?

PATEL: No, Comrade Yengi. All you have to do is look out for the beautiful boyish figure in white. My daughter.

YENGI: My love.

SLOPHE: My pension.

PATEL: My dear young man, take her, marry her, become our next mayor and let us all look forward to a great future.

SLOPHE: Amen.

PATEL: To the left.

THEY EXIT

ENTER INDIRA PATEL, FENELLA ROSENBERG AND DR CASTRO

CASTRO: I have my medicine bag. The mayor become maybe violent?

FENELLA: He might faint. You know how superstitious he and his people are.

INDIRA: I hope he doesn't have a heart attack.

FENELLA: You can only suffer that if you have a heart. Is this the place?

INDIRA: Now Doctor Castro, my future son in law? Doesn't that sound wonderful, goodness gracious me.

CASTRO: If I could be polyglot like mayor, I you also would marry!

FENELLA: Polygamist, not polyglot!

CASTRO: Whatever. You say green?

INDIRA: Yes. Just look out for a boyish figure in green. Grab her hand and make for the gate. The car is waiting there to take you straight to the church where you can be married.

CASTRO: My church? Or your mosque?

INDIRA: Wherever your God lives.

FENELLA: Play safe, doll, first in your Christian one, and then her Hindu one.

CASTRO: Clever. Not take chances. I hide. You scream if something attack you.

HE EXITS

FENELLA: No wonder they lost the Cold War!

INDIRA: Poor Patel might enjoy humiliating the mayor.

FENELLA: But I feel your choice of Doctor Castro for Ashwari might upset him more.

INDIRA: I'd rather be upset at that, than the upstart. That Comrade Yengi is just too transparent.

FENELLA: Only in his fashion, not his dealings. Now is everyone ready to go boo?

INDIRA: Boo!

FENELLA: To the right!

THEY EXIT

ENTER DOMINEE CRUYWAGEN WITH EVERYONE IN THEIR DISGUISE: VUVA, BLUNT, MR ROSENBERG, PJ MARAIS AND INKY WHO HANDS OUT MASKS.

INKY: Has everyone got one?

DOMINEE: Now remember *almal*, when you see the mayor, and you all know what he looks like?

THEY ALL NOD, WAVING THEIR MASKS

Good. Then you rush at him with covering your faces like this and laugh at the moon like mad dogs. Show me.

THEY LAUGH AT THE MOON LIKE MAD DOGS

Yes-no. Okay let's go.

THEY EXIT

WE HEAR THE CRY OUT TO THE MOON FROM OFF GEDLEY ENTERS IN FULL ETHNIC TRIBAL COSTUME.

HE STOPS. TURNS ROUND.

GEDLEY: The spear! Juju? Bring the spear!

NO JUJU.

You can't run away every time a twig snaps, or a hadeda hoots.

JUJU ENTERS FRIGHTENED, WITH A SPEAR . HANGS ONTO GEDLEY.

And stop hanging on to me. Behave like a leader!

JUJU FARTS.

JUJU: *Yo, I think I kaked in my broeks!*

GEDLEY: Then I can't imagine what you will do when you one day meet the leader of the opposition.

JUJU: That madam!

GEDLEY: Wait till she says boo to you! Well, here we are.

JUJU: Can't we go home?

GEDLEY: Soon home could be here. Imagine the most expensive condo right on this spot!

JUJU: Well, I don't know. We in the Youth Brigade strongly support the handing out of free condos to promote safe sex.

GEDLEY: Condominiums, Juju, are apartments. Not condoms!

JUJU: Oh. Here? And the graves?

GEDLEY: We'll move them.

JUJU: Like they moved my Gogo in the bad old days?

GEDLEY: Was she dead? No. Dead people don't mind being moved.

JUJU: Dead people don't have the vote either.

GEDLEY: Don't be so sure. Someone's coming. Quick. Hide!

THEY HIDE

FENELLA AND INDIRA ENTER TENTATIVELY

FENELLA: It is midnight.

INDIRA: Not a leaf stirs.

FENELLA: Have the frogs stopped croaking?

JUJU FARTS OFF

Maybe they've all croaked.

INDIRA: Will he mind if he sees me here too?

FENELLA: I will just say: I was too scared to come here alone. Ever since he has become mayor the violence against women and children has become a crisis.

JUJU FARTS AGAIN

That frog doesn't sound very well.

**GEDLEY APPEARS IN FULL GHOST LOOK AND SOUND
THE WOMEN SCREAM AND GET INTO A HUDDLE**

GEDLEY: I am the Ghost of the Bone King! How dare you disturb my rest! I will turn you two from the merry wives of Zuma into the horrible hags of Hell! Hooo Hooo Hooooo!

**HE STOPS AT THE SIGHT OF THE OTHER CHARACTERS –
VUVA, BLUNT, SLOPHE, MR ROSENBERG, MR PATEL
DOMINEE WITH HIS CAMERA AND MRS P. J. MARAIS -
WHO NOW APPEAR. THEY ALL WEAR A GEDLEY
CARTOON FACE MASK.**

And this? And that?

NOW IT IS THEIR TURN TO LAUGH AND TAUNT HIM.

GEDLEY COWERS IN FEAR. THIS IS HIS NIGHTMARE COME TRUE.

PEOPLE ARE LAUGHING AT HIM.

**THEN MINA SNELL AS LADY JUSTICE WITH THE SCALES AND THE
SWORD (AS ON THE STATUE) STEPS FORWARD.**

EVERYONE STANDS BACK. THIS WAS NOT WHAT THEY EXPECTED.

GEDLEY IS RELIEVED TO SEE HER.

GEDLEY: Oh Mina, thank heavens it's you! Tell them to go! Tell them I will do what they say! But no cartoons, please!

HE NOTICES HER CLOTHING AND HER STANCE

Why are you dressed like that?

MINA: As Lady Justice? Do you know me like this?

GEDLEY: We never did 'that' to her! It was a lie! Don't tell me you are one of them?

MINA: We are just people of our town.

DOMINEE: But she has a link with the world that still terrifies you.

INKY: The horror of your nightmares as a little boy?

BLUNT: Guarding the sheep alone in the darkness of the night?

VUVA: You were frightened of the dark.

SLOPHE: The sheep laughed at you!

EVERYONE LAUGHS AT HIM LIKE SHEEP

GEDLEY: No, please, I don't want to remember that terror.

MINA: If sheep laughed then, what would people do now?

THEY ALL LAUGH

GEDLEY: No, no please....

MINA: Then listen to me carefully and be sure to do the right thing.

GEDLEY: And if I do the wrong thing?

MINA: Then you will become forever famous in a cartoon.

GEDLEY: Rather turn me into a frog.

**THEY ALL MAKING FARTING SOUNDS
HE PULLS HIMSELF TOGETHER**

How dare you! I will sue you! I will expel you! I will have you disciplined! Do you know who I am!

THEY ALL POINT TO THEIR CARTOON FACES
It's just a stupid cartoon!

FENELLA: No, it's an X-ray of a stupid ego.

INDIRA: It seems you can take anything but that.

MINA: 'I am Mayor Gedley. I laugh first!'

GEDLEY: It's racist!

MINA: It's funny!

GEDLEY: It's counter-revolutionary!

BLUNT: It's the real you!

GEDLEY: It's a breach of state security!

VUVA: It's freedom of speech!

GEDLEY: I'll end it!

SLOPHE: Only if you are re-elected!

GEDLEY: I will be!

JUJU: No! Never!

GEDLEY LOOKS BEATEN

VUVA: You have taken advantage of us all.

BLUNT: You have enriched yourself and your family.

SLOPHE: You have convinced us to treat you like royalty.

ROSENBERG: Forever bowing and scraping while you step on us without thought.

MINA: Or feeling for people as more than just the poor.

GEDLEY: I will deliver on all my promises, I swear again.

INDIRA: We need more than swearing.

FENELLA: Everyone swears...

VUVA:fuck!...

BLUNT:shit!....

JUJU:nationalize!....

INDIRA: ...but no one delivers.

GEDLEY: What must I do? Please give me another chance? How much do you want?

MINA: We don't need condos here, while your voters still live in shacks.

GEDLEY: No condos, I promise. Maybe a new casino?

VUVA: We don't want security walls round your castles, protecting your fleets of new cars.

BLUNT: While our people have no walls round their toilets.

VUVA: No transport.

BLUNT: No jobs.

JUJU: No mines!

GEDLEY: Privacy is guaranteed, buses will run, work will start tomorrow!

JUJU: He says that every Friday.

VUVA: The people have had enough.

BLUNT: Strikes have paralysed the streets.

ROSENBERG: Darkened the lights.

PATEL: Lobotomised our children.

**GEDLEY JUST SITS WITH HANDS ON HEAD, DEFEATED.
EVERYONE REMOVES DISGUISE**

MINA: If the people lead, government must follow.

ROSENBERG: I represent a man who you have robbed of much money in shares and stocks.

GEDLEY: Who is that fool?

ROSENBERG: Forcing him to transfer them to you in exchange for a chance to bed my wife!

GEDLEY: You mean Mr Brook? But I told him to be here.

ROSENBERG SHOWS HIS 'MR BROOK' DISGUISE

BROOK: You will repay every cent with interest.

FENELLA: Are you filming all this for *Carte Blanche, Dominee Cruywagen*?

**DOMINEE WAVES HIS CAMERA CHEERILY
YENGI ENTERS FLUSTERED**

YENGI: I need some explanation.

PATEL: Where is your wife, my daughter?

YENGI: The slender boyish figure in white turned out to be not so much a daughter but a son!

ALL: A son??

YENGI: If I was not so shy and correct to marry her first, I would have found myself in bed with a boy!

REACTION ALL ROUND

Where is Ashwari? Mrs Patel? Are you part of this deceit?

INDIRA: I'm sorry, Yengi my dear, but white has never been my favourite colour. So I chose an outfit of green for my child.

PATEL: After all, it reflects the colour of her eyes.

DR CASTRO ENTERS WITH BLACK EYE

CASTRO: And see my colour? Mad woman, you say slender boy figure in green?

ALL: Eish!!

CASTRO: Well, I took, first to Catholic Church and then, no shoes, in Muslim Mosque. We married, not one time, but two time! And she turn out to be he!

ALL: He? He he he!

CASTRO: And when I kiss the soft mouth, I get fat eye in exchange!

MINA: You are in the right place, dear Doctor Castro.

SLOPHE: Same sex marriage is protected by the constitution and the law.

CASTRO: Oh? You tell him that? I quite like the kiss. I want to explore more!

DOMINEE: *Sies!*

COLIN AND ASHWARI ENTER

ASHWARI: Mother! Father?

INDIRA: Goodness gracious, Ashwari, why are you not the doctor's wife?

PATEL: Or the consort of our future mayor?

ASHWARI: Because I chose him.

**SHE EMBRACES COLIN. DOMINEE NOW TRAINS THE CAMERA ON COLIN WHO TALKS TO IT.
THE COMPANY UNDERSTCORES THE NEXT SECTION WITH AN AFRICAN WEDDING SONG**

COLIN: Yes, the great corruption always staggers, but the small decay destroys the world....

ASHWARI:knowing about the bad and looking away.....

COLIN:shrugging off the carelessness with a joke. Good people are so busy with their own greed, they start to become what they say they loathe.

ASHWARI: The making of big money. The bribing for new tenders.

COLIN: How much tax to withhold.....

ASHWARI: ...or how to marry a beautiful girl off to the highest bidder: power politician or drug doctor?

COLIN: She loves me and I love her.

THE COMPANY STOPS THEIR SONG

ASHWARI: And my inheritance I hereby give over to the poor of our community!

INDIRA: The rich poor!

FENELLA: Us lucky voters!

SLOPHE: I will administer it!

JUJU: I should control it!

PJM: I have experience with these things!

VUVA: The workers must be in charge!

BLUNT: I demand it all, as much as I hate the riches that come with the job!

COLIN: None of you will be needed, comrades. Nurse Mina Snell will be the protector and the guardian of the foundation.

ASHWARI: She has already saved a large sum for the education of the children.

MINA: What do you think I was always asking money for? Myself?

ALL APPLAUD.

INDIRA: It serves us right to be shamed like this when we choose wrong.

PATEL: Colin, you are now part of our family, for better and for best.

INDIRA: Give me a wink.

HE DOES.

Oh goodness gracious me!

ROSENBERG: And Comrade Mayor? Your promise to a certain Mr Brook will come to life. For tonight he shall be sleeping with my wife.

HE KISSES FENELLA

CELL PHONE RINGS; MINA ANSWERS

MINA: It's the office of the president.

ALL GASP: The president!

MINA: He wants to talk to you, Comrade Gedley.

GEDLEY: Talk to me?

MINA: Let me hold your spear. It could injure someone unnecessarily.

GEDLEY: Well, this could only mean one of two things.

INDIRA: Yes, you old fool, either the end of one thing.

FENELLA: Or, doll, the beginning of another?

ALL LOOK AT GEDLEY AS HE TAKES THE PHONE

GEDLEY: Yes, Comrade President? Oh, that's very good. No, I also found it very funny. *Awethu.*

ENDS THE CALL

He says he likes my cartoon in today's paper!

ALL CELEBRATE AS THEY EXIT IN A SURGE (AS THEY ENTERED TO START THE PLAY) LEAVING MINA AND GEDLEY.

HE IMPALES THE GEDLEY CARTOON MASK ON THE SPEAR AND EXITS.

MINA STANDS ALONE.

INKY ENTERS

INKY: And so, what's my point? A cartoon is in the eye of the beholder. Yes, that's my point. But what's yours?

TAKES OUT A PIECE OF PAPER

I have been told to make this announcement:

READS:

"What you have just seen is a political pantomime and the characters therein have no relation or reflection on anyone living, dead or not yet in jail."

WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER THE ENTIRE COMPANY SURGES ONTO THE STAGE AND CELEBRATES A CURTAIN CALL.

END