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University of the Witwatersrand
Wits School of Arts
MA Research

THIS IS NOT DAWID OLIVIER

A play in draft form by Matthew Lotter

Submitted by
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For the Degree of Master of Arts in Dramatic Art
by Research and Creative Project
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CAST

DAWID OLIVIER…	White. Male. Played between toddler and 50s.
ALLISON OLIVIER…	White. Female. Played between 20s – 40s.
MARTA BARENDS…	Coloured. Female. Played between 10s – 40s.
REBECCA BARENDS…	Coloured. Female. 20s.
SAREL BOSMAN…	Coloured. Male. Played between 20s – 40s.
OUPA OLIVIER…	White. Male. Played between 40s – 80s.

Minor role to be played by the actor playing ALLISON:

MARIKE OLIVIER…	White. Female. 30s.	EMILY FOGARTY…	White. Female. 40s.

Minor roles to be played by the actor playing REBECCA:

RACHEL BARENDS…	Coloured. Female. 40s.	LUCILLE ADAMS…	Coloured. Female. 20s.
DEBORAH…	Coloured. Female. 20s.		

Minor roles to be played by the actor playing SAREL:

P.W…	White. Male. 20.	BARAK…	Coloured. Male. 20s.
JACK…	Mixed Race. Male. 30s.		

Minor roles to be played by the actor playing OUPA:

FW OLIVIER…	White. Male. 30s.	TOMMY…	White. Male. 30s.
REPORTER…	White. Male. 30s.	PUBLISHER…	White. Male. 30s.
B.J VENTER…	White. Male. 30s – 40s.	HERBERT FOGARTY…	White. Male. 40s.

NOTES: The dialogue may at times overlap. At suggested points a (*) is used to indicate dialogue which is spoken simultaneously. A (/) is used to indicate the starting point for proceeding dialogue to begin its overlap in mid speech.
In scenes 7, 10, 11, 26, 28, 35 and 50, the actors are interviewed, documentary style. This actor breakdown reads as follows: Actor 1- DAWID, Actor 2 – ALLISON, Actor 3 – MARTA, Actor 4 – REBECCA, Actor 5 – Oupa, Actor 6 – SAREL. This actor division is a suggestion and can be altered at the director's discretion.

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PART 1.

1. Black. Siren. It is an ambulance siren.
A police scanner broadcast:

VORSTER: Control this is Lieutenant Colonel Vorster, a 901 Tango; accident with injury on the November 10 north. That vehicle reg. Tango Juliet 199-491. That's Tango Juliet 199-491. Three fatalities: One adult female, Caucasian; one adult male, Caucasian, one boy – shit, he's just – one minor male… who are you boy?

Lights up. It's 1948. Somewhere in the Karoo.
Dim lights on a couple in a car. MARIKE and FW. A boy, their son DAWID, plays with a doll in front of them. He is in full light. A radio plays under the scene.

RADIO: - the electorate today, asking them to choose between his United Party with its vague policy of slow racial unification and 'fair living conditions for all' and a Nationalist Party with a clear system of social organisation planned to keep a separate, sustainable progress for the natural groupings of this country. The Prime Minister himself has admitted 'things inevitably go wrong' after war, and indeed he has allowed wrong to become an inevitability for the white worker

FW: I said it once, I can say it again till the Olivier's get their two acres back; that boy will go to Voortrekkers. How else will he learn becoming a man; all soft at your elbow and dreaming of words? What well will words do him? Marike I ask you now; what well?

MARIKE: Those words never left your mouth FW, sit there lying with a straight face. Take your foot off that accelerator, magtig. He is a boy, FW. If you put your hands at something other than pushing him so hard you could see it too. (*She takes the doll from the boy, giving him a toy car.*) He's not like you; words are his corn, the sheep of his field. There are other ways of being man –

FW: Not that live in this world, Marike, not that live under my roof. Other ways of – do you know what

Commented [ML1]: FW calls him by Dawid Johannes? Giving his perspective of Dawid another name

Commented [ML2]: Perhaps Marike has a nickname for him too. D.J? Dawikie?

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of this country with unsustainable ideas of integration.

The issue at the heart of this 1948 election is whether or not the current government, formed by Smut's United Party is representative of the country it serves. Can Smuts provide the leadership required after the Great War – a war, which I remind you, he dragged our boys and indeed the entire country into, on his own accord – to survive these tough economic times. One cannot think with the electioneering his party has done in these early months leading to the election in May, that the UP are aware of the temperature, can I say that? The temperature of the country it is wooing.

The Prime Minister, if you will recall, paraded through the streets of every major port and town of the land with the royal family a few short months ago, as if to rub in the faces of families whose sons were lost in that war, the control of the British on our dear

happens to other 'men' Marike? Do you know? The world might be all round corners and butter for women, but it hits up on a man; ploughs him straight through till December. You can believe that, and if he doesn't have some metal, some skin thicker than a sheet, it won't bruise that flesh, there will be nothing to bruise; he will be beat down and buried into the ground so fast his ligaments can sprout spring corn. That's what happens to other men, Marike. Not my boy. Now I have said he will go, I don't see why I should be sitting here defending my choice to my wife.

The boy climbs over his mother and retrieves the doll. He marches it like a soldier over his mother, who takes it gently from him and gives him a toy gun. The boy uses the gun as a doll, then, grows bored of it.

MARIKE: Don't give me that. When have I ever been the wife you don't defend to? No FW, you put that right back where you found it. I'm not the wife you don't back and forth on something with, no FW! You wanted that wife, you married something else. You drive this fast to frustrate me, that I know. FW, I didn't walk out of one home with those men to start another one with you. You know it. Four brothers broken by a pa so broken he couldn't see the breaking he was causing through the cracks. They don't know the touch of love if it isn't given to them off the back hand/ I don't like that.

Commented [ML3]: Does she mention radio is too loud, she's only hearing parts of what F.W. is saying – Hint to theme!

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state. Unconscionable. To suggest Mister Jan Hofmeyr as the successor to Prime Minister Smuts; the man is – he circles the very hem of communism. And may I remind you, Smuts has made motions and statements which can be read not so subtly as support of a State of Israel. He cannot dream to think the common man on the street would handle these assaults on common Christian decency.

In Malan the UP have a formidable and deft opponent. The Union had barely got ground under foot after the great depression, and the drought of '33, when General Smuts usurped power from General Hertzog, in what can only be called a move of self-glorification. Despite Hertzog's call for neutrality, Smuts saw fit to ignore the Union's policy of friendship with Germany, and place us at the feet of an empire that, only four short decades before, had burned its way through this country creating the foundation of the very

The boy climbs over both his parents to get at the doll, giving the gun to his father. MARIKE puts the boy down back where he started, with no toy. Neither parent looks at the child through this or any other interaction.

FW: Marike, stop right there with your family, before you start another thing here. I'm talking about the boy.

MARIKE: I don't want to make my boy like that. Our boy. Go say it FW. My kind. My seun. Then feel what it tastes like when you put those words next to 'Voortrekker loskop'; /tied up by his ankles three drinks from heaven.

FW: Now calm right now there Marike! Let us talk nicely about these things. We can still talk like people on this.

MARIKE: Us and we. Where FW? Where was that 'us' and 'we' when you decided to send our child there? Now you want 'us' and 'we' when you stand with your pa talking about 'raising the boy' like he was a shiny new thing. You should have kept that gold band to yourself and thank you Jesus.

The boy retrieves the doll. He looks happy. He uses it as one would a puppet, in the production of a story.

FW: What you understand about fathers and sons Marike could fill up the side of your apron string. I want that boy with skin so thick he won't have to feel a tremble when he walks into my house with his boy and tells me what for. I never had that

Commented [ML4]: F.W needs action in this scene, perhaps pepper with trying to find a destination? He is reading a map?

Commented [ML5]: Would this imply he has chosen a side? Does this imply Dawid has accepted 'feminisation'? Perhaps let Dawid play with both gun and doll and use both as puppets?

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economic struggle we battle with today.

Malan is not amiss in pointing these facts out. Correctly he has used this for political gain. Malan is shoring up support amongst a public who feel Smuts has abandoned his people to become a mouthpiece for his new British masters. Look at his dealing with the honest mine workers in '22. What a fiasco; if you recall. Civil war on the rand, with some 200 miners shot dead and more than a thousand injured, in a labour strike. I ask you, a strike? To allow the chamber of mines to rescind the colour bar would have decimated the local white workforce. Good hard-working South African men would be replaced by cheap Native labour to satisfy the coffers of Britain. Has Oom Japie not learned his lesson?

Malan's HNP is the only party to offer concrete plans to keep the white man in work, and to grow our union in tandem with Native

Marike; life caught me green with its punches. I want to make my boy something else.

MARIKE: Vader, you'll catch our death sooner than later in this car. What are you planning next then FW? /Tell me that without lying, tell me that.

FW: I want him to feel so strong against life; he's an oak against the wind. You wouldn't understand that Marike, life isn't the same with girls; life doesn't come at you from the moment the sun crosses the horizon 'til it creeps back under. Work with your one hand here, hit back with your other there, (*FW takes the doll away from the boy*) and on your back, make room for a family to hold onto. And they hold on Marike. They hold on so tight there isn't a space there for light thoughts, soft things…for words. Even if they are your corn. And then, when the sun dips below, or when life thinks you aren't hard enough, man enough yet, life hits back harder with every kind of thing grabbing at that family, defending knocks you into a sleep without dreams, Marike. Now tell me I'm wrong for wanting to keep that boy from that day, Marike. Tell me I'm wrong to make him tough, before that day comes. And comes again. /And again, after that.

MARIKE gives the boy a hammer. He is upset by this. He begins to hit the floor with the hammer.

MARIKE: And again, after that. And after that. FW, that day comes for me too. That day comes and it

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territories. Separate territorial spheres, I think he mentioned so, will allow for equal but separated economic, legislative and political development of white and native communities in ways which will secure the continued livelihood of the white South African man.

One cannot think the poorest of the poor, those white Afrikaners living below the bread line and neglected, I dare say, neglected by the pro-British stance of Smuts and his cronies, would ignore such a call from such a party as the HNP. I wager, come May 28, the headlines will read of Dr. Malan, and not General Smuts, being summoned to form a cabinet.

comes sharp as needles up inside my skin, and I face that too. Vader, you think you standing against that day alone? Am I not that wife part of your flesh, standing there in the husband part of my own and feeling the day beat down on me? FW, I married a man with more sense between his ears than for you to think otherwise. You think I didn't want hands free for other things than catching our sons and making home? But I am here on that back FW and the sun isn't any easier on my skin from up here. My hands aren't any freer when the night comes. But I keep that back light and easy as a woman can, I can let go of wanting other things FW, but not that boy – you and I didn't stand against the world two feet sunk in the ground to put our boy right there with us – No –

Crash sounds. Glass explodes, splinters. Tires scream. A police scanner broadcast:

VORSTER: It was a kudu that did it. One large male. You should see this – albino; white as a church steeple. My heavens! It took them out. The whole front end – they must have been coming at a speed from Middelburg, straight into you, old boy. Nothing much left of the front end. The back – ah. Christ…Control – control. He's – the little chap – come on son – he's alive. What's your name son? Control, we have a survivor, the boy – he's – what's your name son…

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2. It's 1994. London. ALLISON and DAWID'S apartment.

DAWID: Dawid Johannes Laurens Olivier, but no one here ever wraps their mouths around the lo /They try at customs.

REPORTER: Good morning, hello Davi – Mr. Olivier. /How do you do, sir?

DAWID: David, please. How are you boy? Good morning. Please get yourself on that chair. David. Dawid. Who have you come to put into that article of yours, son? What am I to be today? The lesser-spotted white freedom fighter? The exiled playwright roaming the isle? Ovid Are you to show the South African Ovid? Dawid, Ovid – there's a ring there if you will hav it. Or the old man no one wants – well, speak up boy. /I'd have journal filled -

REPORTER: The whole man, if you please Mr. Olivier.

DAWID: David, boy, Dawid! How are you to capture 'the wholeness' of man, let alone the one here, if you cannot start with the correct name? The name boy, write it down D-A-W – the rub lies in the W…fool's errand this!

REPORTER: How do you get to thinking that? Is all art not just another way of getting to the truth, /this is just another view of the world –

DAWID: Truth? What a thing is that? Grasping at sand there, the tighter you hold around it the quicker it falls between your fingers and in your palm, it hardens to something else. Something more like that mark of your hand, than the Karoo dunes you tried to collect.

REPORTER: That lyric belongs with prose; journalism is a more finely-tuned beast of words. Accurate. I've come to show the man, not sing the hero.

DAWID: How prosaic.

REPORTER: I shall start with some questions, history, important people, places; let's see then where your story takes us. Then perhaps something more specific; a focus on your works, *The Train Driver*, *The Captain's Tiger*, the latest one – I've just read that – *Revolver Creek*? I'll go away then, sit with that, all of that in my hands and see what shifts away and what stays in the shape of an article.

DAWID: Liberal thought, 'see where the sands shifts'. But passive, like a girl child waiting for a father to lift a torch and show the way through the night. Are you the girl child? /Am I the one to lift the torch?

REPORTER: Not at all, sir –

Commented [ML6]: Is there a way to indicate this year? Perhaps through action? Is Dawid voting? Contradict later account.

Commented [ML7]: Perhaps inset here the many sides you aren't showing in the play? Farmer, father, avid gardener… so on. Hint at the fact that there is more to Dawid than I am representing?

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DAWID: No, neither are most girl children. Where do we account for that, in there? My wife, my Rebecca then – forgive the nonsense. Direction, boy, is always inherent, thought out, hiding in your chest like a carver's tool. Take it out. Show your craft, tell the audience the route you will take in cutting back a whole life into 500 words. You sound less conceited then, when you all get there in the end.

REPORTER: Is that what you fear, Mr. Olivier? The prospect of creative conceit winning out over truth?

DAWID: 'Truth'. 'Fear'. Are you not made of stuff less green, son? 'Truth'. Everything you set your hands to in the name of art is creative conceit. You can hold on to words like 'authenticity' and 'truth', but you may as well hold signs; stop, yield, bear left. They are no more the thing they indicate than man is a fish. You can write me a true man of many aspects but bury that in a frame of words it becomes another thing, or be true to part of a thing that is not true to the whole. Truth but not truth.

It's present day. Talking starts in darkness. A light spot slowly reveals the actors as if in a documentary interview. Each actor is to answer the questions posed to them below.

ACTOR 3: (Answers these questions: How would you describe the emotional toll of a sexua betrayal? How do you think the trauma of infidelity impacts identity?)

ACTOR 2: (Answers these questions: What do you understand by the term 'infidelity'? How d you think the general motivation for cheating differs between women and men?)

ACTOR 3: (Answers this question: Do you believe society makes it easier for men to cheat?)

DAWID: Art's only truth is that it is that; a creative conceit. To conceal that conceit, to present the pretence of truth as truth; fool's errand.

REPORTER: What of *Blood Knot* and Sharpeville then?

3. It's 1967. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead.

RACHEL and her daughter MARTA set a large dining room table for dinner.

SAREL (O/S): I don't know much of anything about /that -

Commented [ML8]: Re-frame these questions to be about perception. Stronger link to theme of 'reality' vs. perception and representation…

Commented [ML9]: Shorten this, focus more on Sarel and B.J.

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B.J: *(Running off stage with a rugby ball)* Nobody would expect a cotton head to, Sarel, but what I can say is: What's worth learning that a man doesn't already know? /Now, that's a penalty to –

DAWID: *(Following after)* Watch those words coming out your mouth/ B.J.

B.J (O/S): Loosen your bra strap, Dawid. Though why Oupa Olivier let you off to a varsity in 'Mother City' is a reason buried between him, the four walls and God the father.

***RACHEL:** Go on, pull that side straight there Martie. Miesies Olivier will have my hands burning, this cloth sits skew.

***B.J (O/S):** Look here, he sneaks in the back and - thank you, a try! The only use for that University of Cape Town, is putting enough English words in the mouth of moneypiel like Hendrik, they can confuse any girl enough to pull in.

RACHEL: Enough noise to knock thoughts straight out of my head. Set a place at the foot for Auntie Lettie, /she's up from the farm.

SAREL (O/S): Hendrik? That you get from where? He's at no uni. Got himself conscripted.

B.J (O/S): What'd he go do a thing like that for? There isn't testosterone enough running through that slack prick to break a five Rand. Sarel, water boy!

SAREL enters.

RACHEL: Take the glass off that table Sarel, two mind you. Martie, a tin cup. Don't you think of walking that /grass onto my clean floors.

SAREL collects two glasses and a tin cup of water from MARTA who, blushing, looks outside.

SAREL: *(Calling out to off stage)* It's conscription Mr. Venter. He's got to be thinking: Get the firs buck in for a girl Friday post – dankie Marta *(Exits)* – before someone puts a rifle in his han and sends him to the border and finds out he's shooting blanks /There's no Field Marsha buried in that boy, he's ripping that plaster.

RACHEL: (*To MARTA)* Cut those looks before they root. That kind of coloured is all charm an 'dankie Marta' till they land in prison and it's you fishing them out. Police here don't need a reason to arrest you and that damned father of yours hands them two.

Commented [ML10]: Perhaps start the scene here? Jump into meat of the scene!

Commented [ML11]: Describe the army entering townships to answer above question: what about Sharpeville? NB - link!

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B.J enters. DAWID follows. MARTA notices.

DAWID: Talking about conscription like he knows – like he's liable to be called up himself. Sarel; you'd make a white man if you weren't so coloured. *(Tentatively)* There's a chance we will all have to face that call up B. J. Maybe sooner's better than later.

RACHEL: *(Noticing MARTA'S flushed face)* I've spoken Marta Barnards. Fetch me my purse and headscarf, thank you girl.

MARTA exits.

SAREL: I bet what he's thinking: get a neat kiekie to get a girl.

Commented [ML12]: Sarel is perhaps under 'spoken' here. Give him more dialogue space?

B.J: Don't worry, Sareltjie, I promise, there are SADF men; strong, clever, white men, who hav that sluiper Hendrik in hand. If nature won't take care of him, the SADF will. Pour us a whisky soda! *(To DAWID)* What? The bubbles make easy work of lactic acid!

DAWID: I don't see why you're still yammering about Hendrik when that boy chose the SADF as much as sheep choose dipping.

B.J: *(Said throwing ice from a bucket at SAREL to catch in tumblers)* Now see, there's the thing. What's the SADF looking at calling up his kind? They've learned nothing from senator, what's-his-name? Who figured the commies were breeding traitors with the queers and the Jews?

DAWID: McCarthy.

B.J: The very same. Now you think *he* would have sent that bent nail into the South West? Right there with the Soviets and that SWAPPA nonsense? They'd sniff him out and then it's one, two, three: Domino! No, he's paying his way to a plum posting. That money-balls better not creep down Meintjies Straat December, jingling medals like Christmas bells.

MARTA re-enters.

SAREL: Since when you so concerned about another man's bells?

B.J: If he knows how to use them, I'm putting up my two *(Hands up)* and covering my six. Real men don't need to puff out their bells with uni papers, or buying postings. When your legs come back over your head you'll know I've been. *(To DAWID)* But Hendrik'll walk round

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like he's jingling, when you and I both know there isn't anything under that suit pants that didn't stop growing in Standard 5. Never take a man only by what he says he is. Trying to cover what he does by what he says? Pretence! Isn't that right? I'm right. I know it, just say it. You know it. Say it, say B.J, you're right! Say it! *(Pause)* I'm kidding, Davina. Right, Sarel? Now here's a boy who never thought of pretending to be more than Mother Nature intended, right?

SAREL: Not any more or any less than any law allowed.

B.J: Can't even talk straight. As it was intended. Ousie. Fill me up! Soda!

RACHEL: Yes, baas, please baas, my girl Marta can get you the soda. I must get myself into town. My husband has a bill I must settle before five.

B.J: Yeah, where there's a skirt there's another story. *(Looking for soda)* You want to kick out another?

DAWID trying to stop B.J from getting at the soda siphon, grabs at it first, tosses to SAREL, and bounces it between them with B.J in the middle.

DAWID: Can't.

B.J (O/S): Now winning that line out – on the wing is B.J Venter, stepping out, brilliantly misses the tackle. Back into the midfield with Bosman, pass to Venter, *(B.J catches the siphon, turns on SAREL threatening to spray him with soda)* with no full back here's a chance and there's a try! *(He sprays SAREL)*

DAWID: Can't. *(Looking at MARTA)* I've got some studying to do!

B.J: Politics student -studying? What's her name Dawey? I've known you all my natural life, never once put a ball down for a book! Where's the girl you're studying? Politics 101? Not happening. What's her name?

DAWID pushes an excitable B.J and SAREL out the room.

4. It's 1982. MARTA'S backroom. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead.
MARTA is holding a baby. Her and DAWID'S child.

MARTA: Rebecca. Her name's Rebecca. Ma se klein Bekkie.

Commented [ML13]: Perhaps in *this* scene she is in the main house and not his maid? Talks thenof the perception that people will have, that her working else where is becaiuse of him not her own volition. Will challenge the representation of Marta as maid

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DAWID: Rebecca – Rebecca. Bekkie, my klein babatjie.

MARTA: Shush, shush that noise now. /She's no need to be awake now.

DAWID: Who must I keep quiet for? Am I not the farm Baas? *(Singing)* Doringboom heuning jou soet gebak, ma se klein Bekkie. Bruin brood warm Bekkie, jou Pa se mosbolletjie –

MARTA: Dawid Olivier, I swear, I can smell that singing from here, sit your drunk self down befor you break something. /Shush quiet – or you'll have her screams and my hands wringing you ears.

Commented [ML14]: Perhaps this is what Marta will call him through out? Her version of his name? to frame her version of Dawid?

DAWID: *(Singing)* Soettant verstom, jy's jou pa se Suikerbekkie. Ah, Doringboom Heuning Marta Barends, that sweet-bread oven of yours has made me happy twice over.

MARTA: Dawid Olivier, hold yourself in. /And in front of a baby!

DAWID: Marta Barends! I've been holding myself in since that day I met you. Took all I had to hold it in, when I heard out there working my sheep this afternoon. Look what we made Marta Barends; one strip of your warm dough twisted next to one strip of whatever she got from me, all wrapped up in sweetness, smell that Marta Barends, she's sweet summer rain. Suikerbekkie ek wil jou hê -

MARTA: You held in as much as the law said you should, Dawid Olivier. You were all ready to take it all out when the law man wasn't looking. Still are! Can't walk through your house without your hands at me! That's what made this Bekkie. Since the day you met me? That is a lie bigger than any you've ever told. You stood there in your front room, first time we met, with a mouth full of words about Odysseus and Troy and his hero's journey, like I never received an education, like you were showing me the inside of a tortoise shell; followed me around like you had it in your hand. All I could do was say two words and stop you dead still: Immorality Act!

DAWID: Now what you go and do that for; lying in front of my Suikerbekkie? Your nose is as long as a plough tills wide. You came into my front room three times to dust the same shelf. Every time you had a new set of questions on you: What you reading? Who's it by? Does he die in the end? You let slip you knew so much when you let out a triad on Ms. Waiting Penelope. "Isn't she just the picture of a white woman? What other woman's got the time for that much waiting? No coloured woman I can assure you Klein Baas Dawid". That's when I knew you'd be someone I wanted to sit myself down next to. And I've sat next to you every day since. And I will every day you let me!

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MARTA: What kind of misremembering are you making up here? That mampoer's dulled you memory as much as your sense! Leave that stuff to your workers -

DAWID: And the only two words that stopped either of us dead still were: Rachel Barends.

MARTA: Still does; she ever finds out she'll pull me out by the hair and show the whole street, she'll say 'Here's the fool, here's twice the fool! Let a white man between her thighs and got herself an 18-year keepsake for that wisdom'. /What she'd do to you –

DAWID: What are you saying? She doesn't know?

MARTA: What should I tell her? 'Ma Rachel I've got a white Romeo waiting behind the big house balcony'. She'd call Ou Mies Olivier with tears so many her hands couldn't catch; swearing she's not that same kind of devil that took hold of her child. Have you told Ouma Olivier? No, because she'll call the police so fast they'll have you in bracelets before she drops dead from shock. What kind of crazy world do you live in? Does she know? I love you Dawid Olivier, but you know this is right. A Baas and his house-meid? Where's the caramel an milk bottle walking hand in hand down the street? Where'd they let that happen? You kno it's not here, not now! That Nelson, he's trying to climb up on that white man's shelf and when he makes room, we're next in line. Then you can dream of telling Ou Mies Olivier, then I can dream of screaming so loud 'Dawid Olivier is *my* kêrel', 'Come see our love twisted into a koeksuster and dipped in joy so sweet we called her Suikerbekkie', but there is too much road before I get there Dawid. My passbook's got no space for that kind of dream world.

DAWID: Because I'm a farm-baas I do? They may let me in, but it's one-size-fits-all dreams they're handing out there. *(Pause)* I suppose I'm just a fool of the white man variety, but I'll keep working my land, keep coming home to you Marta Barends and keep dreaming our dream for Bruin Brood and Soet Mosbolletjie and I.

MARTA: That kind of fool knows no colour, Dawid Olivier. That kind of head rot is just you.

DAWID: Don't try show me down in front of the Suikerbekkie, Marta.right now I'm just a happy drunk father farmer. I'm who I want to be, where I want to be. She'll decide what kind of fool I am all with her own mind. *(Singing)* Doringboom heuning jou soet gebak, ma se klein Bekkie. Bruin brood warm Bekkie, jou Pa se mosbolletjie –

Commented [ML15]: THEME!!

Commented [ML16]: Perhaps this is reframed to pick up that people will think of her as Dawid's maid?

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5. It's 1999. London. DAWID and ALLISON'S apartment.

ALLISON: That just sounds like a bunch of words you put together too quickly. I'm sorry. You're going to have to give me a minute to put them – to go over them in a way so that I can understand what you're saying. Dammit David I am about a minute away from asking you for that again, because that's what we do David. You sit on your chair and I sit on mine and we talk about the minutes that make up our days. Even now. Even when your chair is in a bedsit across the city. Now you walk away from that chair, to go back to Johannesburg. And you don't tell me.

DAWID: Keep it simple Allison. You broke the space between those chairs when you took that grant and flew off to Germany, first time.

ALLISON: You were right next to me when that happened, don't you go re-remembering our past. This is not a poem for you to edit. I came back to you; I come back to you –

DAWID: For you. You come back to see how the land is lying. And I have to see how much further away I am from you and my – my writing!

ALLSION: Fuck you!

DAWID: How are you not expecting this Allison?

ALLISON: So, the curtain falls? Your final act is written David? So long and farewell to Allison. Don't I get my happy ending? Don't I get some resolution?

DAWID: Allison. Allison, I need this. You've got - I cannot run out my days staying here. I barely write – last thing that crossed my pen was about a fly! A fly, Allison. *Musca dominestica* you can't keep holding on to us as a play thing -

ALLISON: Me? Now you want to talk about me? Where was that concern when you took up the bottle and drank yourself out of a plumb teaching job? So, drunk you slept off a hangover, election time. If you had me on your mind David, I wouldn't be finding out about your flight back to Johannesburg /the day you're packing your bags!

DAWID: You're not listening, woman! I need to write. Can't you see that?

ALLISON: So, write David. Write. What's stopping that pen from putting down something on paper? Standing here with lies in your mouth.

DAWID: I need space, Allison – the walls keep coming in at me. All I can see is you. And me. And – I don't have the word for *this*, Allison. I need to go. Let me find my words!

Commented [ML17]: Dawid is writing an article about Mbeki's election

Commented [ML18]: Dawid on the phone waiting for comment

Commented [ML19]: Perhaps he's been given opportunity by newspaper

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ALLISON: Just say it – then we'll get you space here. I'll get you – no, you can't find the words David because there aren't any to find. The ones that you have are choking up your throat, because you're to chicken shit to let them out and hear them. /Pull that plaster. Say it.

DAWID: I'm telling you the best way I know how – I've had nothing published in two years, Allison. A whole year before that since I put something worth reading /on paper –

ALLISON: This is redundant. You're disgusting.

DAWID: We're not even – when was the last time? You and me? /I can't remember –

ALLISON: *Blood Knot* is up for reprint! It's a celebrated piece of political academics – practically a text book! People read that!

DAWID: You left, Allison. You left, when I needed you. This is not the betrayal.

ALLISON: No, that happened at the Karoo. It's her isn't it? Standing here trying to sell 'writing' so hard, when you haven't written in 2 years. It's her. Your black slut. Say it David. The onl poetry you want to write is sung between the thighs of your black slut in the Karoo.

Commented [ML20]: Dawid intergects he hardlt knew Marta

DAWID: Fuck you.

ALLISON: You never gave us a fighting chance. I love you, you fuck.

DAWID: Please. Let me write.

6. It's 1959. Somewhere in the Karoo. Voortrekker camp.

Commented [ML21]: Shorten scene

DAWID has finished reciting a poem to PIETER-WILLEM (P.W), the team leader, and a small group of teenage boys.

P.W: Isn't that just a poem? All the right words put together, sitting right where they need to be. Beautiful. Doesn't rhyme. Some people might feel cheated about that, I don't, but some people may just do Dawid.

DAWID: It's free verse, I wrote it just like that.

P.W: Sorry I didn't – you wrote it like that…

DAWID: I wrote it like that, Oom P.W.

P.W: There it is. The fire pit is standing as cold as the minute I left it this morning. The potjie isn't doing anything more than collecting ants. Yet you found time to put together a neat row of words into a poem as lovely as cool wind through summer bluegums. Now I may not be as culture as Verkenner Dawid here, but I think the correct response to that bit of poetry, is an 'aw'. Let us give him an 'aw' boys.

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BOYS: Aw!

DAWID: I was heading over to get the kindling for the fire –

P.W: You were heading over! No doubt you happened on a thought in your head, pretty Karoo words, that you just had to put through pen onto paper. Now there's no kindling for a fire. Your team, your team of Verkenners building a raft, can't make a fire. The meat is just going to sit there, making friends with the potatoes and the vegetables, your team freezing after crossing the lake in a raft they just built with their hands, can't make a potjie – there is no fire. But don't worry, Dawid will keep you warm with words – How long you think they can live outside in the winter without a fire before their fingers fall off one by one Dawid?

DAWID: I don't know, Oom P.W.

P.W: You don't know. If I had a log for all the things you don't know I could build a fire. I ca see now why your mother tried, hands over fists, to get you a spot in the Voortrekkers. She must be tired, embarrassed; sick and embarrassed that you steal at her pens to write poems. Did you get into her needle kit -

DAWID: I was heading over to get the kindling. The potjie is waiting ready. I took five minutes. Eight minutes I would have been back. I can make a fire quicker than any on the team. That's still a minute before the team came back from building that raft. Five minutes wasn't going to send any fingers into frostbite.

P.W: If you've got balls enough for back talk, you better have brains enough to put an 'Oom P.W' at the end of it. Now, come over here Dawid, don't wet yourself in the corner like a Drawwertjie. Do you think you would have had that fire ready?

DAWID: Yes Oom P.W.

P.W: And you think you would have had that potjie spit cleaned and waiting for the coals before that raft pulled up on the shore?

DAWID: Yes Oom P.W. I had it planned; I had those five minutes free and waiting for myself. There's no way the team pulled that raft together, across the lake and back in time to notice my hands were writing for five minutes and not still and waiting with the kindling. Had time to notice and bring you walking in on my writing like that – they had no time Oom P.W.

P.W: I know they had no time Dawid. Do you think my mother dropped me fresh and new this morning? What I don't know is why you have been standing with a hand full of papers when staring you in the face is that fact: One of your team ran up a tale about you? One of your

Commented [ML22]: Start here

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team had a whole 'free verse' delivered without papers about you. But here you stand papers in hand, still with all those words in your mouth. Words, words, words Dawid. What are you going to *do*, Drawwertjie?

The boys part to reveal the instigator, B.J. He stands smiling, while the boys chant 'fight'. Dawid doesn't want to.

7. It's 1989. London. Outside South Africa House.
Anti-Apartheid chants heard. DAWID and TOMMY are tipsy. They carry a banner: "CITY LONDON ANTI-APARTHEID GROUP. NON-STOP PICKET TO FREE NELSON MANDELA"

TOMMY: You did no such thing David, what stories you selling here now? I thought you were a serious journo, not a gossip columnist! You hear this? On the field?

DAWID: I'm just telling you what happened; the boy wakes up, bed all nicely laid down on the 22, with old Solomon standing over him asking: 'Het jy nou lekker hier geslaap seun?' That's when the sprinklers came on. Big Soutie Loose Forward, sitting with a mouthful of teeth one minute, next he's dancing in the sprinklers like he was this Non-Stop Picket lot in Trafalgar square protesting. Don't let it touch the ground now, hear me now Tommy? We'll get a drink in after the changeover!

TOMMY: What's he do after?

DAWID: Nothing. What could he do? What captain's going to give you the what for, when you let the other team pick you up in the middle of the night and lay you and your mattress down on the 22 and you snoring straight through it? Solomon wasn't going to say anything; he was with us five minutes before when we changed the sprinkler timer. He bounced a cigarette with the four of us while we watched that wet Soutie behind waddle up the grandstands, lugging a mattress behind him. We're clapping and singing: 'Trans Karoo, bring haar huistoe, laat jou yster wiele rol…'

TOMMY: You're breaking my heart with all that home-talk, Davie. Any sign of that Nat yet?

DAWID: Hasn't come in the three years I written about this picket. Nor the 2 I've spent *in* th picket! *(Shouting)* Fucker. Enjoy that bit of South Africa House – *(Tearful)* a house in Sout Africa. We don't need to come out, just need to see me. Us. Ja, soutie, I see your eyes, you about ready to ask the barman for a warm-me-up beer, keep the change, gimme a Wilson.

Commented [ML23]: Does Dawid have a completely non-literary job here perhaps?

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TOMMY: I haven't had a Wilson for change in – what, seven, nine years? Haven't been called a soutie in about as long and there's no Solomon in my shoebox flat other than me! But I bet that Solomon's shoebox is up in flames, or been dragged half way there by Botha's boys.

DAWID: Or wrapped in tyres and blown up by his own boys. *(Shouting)* Botha ought to get himself on Robben Island and walk Nelson out himself. *(Calmer)* He's holding on so tight he'll finish what Kitchener started.

TOMMY: The Nats will never allow that. Forgive me for saying it David, but they'd rather see it that no one can live there, than give up the 'Vaderland'. One of you journo-Boers told me as much when I got out.

DAWID: Well they never thought I was much of one of them when I was there, neither did I. Neither did Solomon, why would I be offended if you call *those* journo-Boers what they are? Fucking liars! They wouldn't know truth if it was pressed into their hand like it was something to shoot. When they aren't twisting something to look like something else, they just make the rest up, fabricate shit and sell it to the /Boer masses 'cause they can.

JACK, the barman, enters, in a panic!

JACK: David, David! What you standing here for? Phone's been ringing off the hook, it's you wife. She tried you at the newspaper's office – she's been trying to reach you. Poor gi thought you were at the beer. And here you are in the square with the Free-Mandela's. It' your grandpa David, he's gone. Passed this morning, she's been trying to call – she's had them on the phone – sorry old boy. She said there had been a raid or something at your grandpa's; police come by in the night asking after you. They'd – David! David where you going? I got your wife on the phone David – what are you going to do?

Commented [ML24]: Perhaps it's not Allison who is phoning at all. Maybe it's someone from home, maybe he is single here…

DAWID exits. Sounds of a fist fight and glass breaking and cheers of 'Take the Nats down'.

8. It's present day. Talking starts in darkness. A light spot slowly reveals the actors as if in a documentary interview. Each actor is to answer the questions posed to them below.

ACTOR 1: (Answers this question: How do you think the trauma of infidelity impacts identity?)

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ACTOR 2: (Answers this question: How would you describe the various social pressures on women regarding their sex life?)

ACTOR 1: (Answers this question: How would you describe the various social pressures on men regarding their sex life?)

9. It's 1967. Johannesburg. University of the Witwatersrand. Somewhere on campus. Two riot policemen stand in the foreground. DAWID stands with two students; DEBORAH and BARAK hidden in a corner, watching the audience.

Commented [ML25]: Edit shorter, get to the point of asking; who has the 'right' to speak and who has the opportunity to speak in any situation…

DEBORAH: How they love to put action to those promises; 'I'll see you next time', 'Next time I'll introduce you to my baton'; there isn't a love made more active than between a police man and promises of next time!

DAWID: What's happening now?

BARAK: Security police, back on campus. Old man Tobias finished talking at the Great Hall, when they set in. They must have missed us so much they needed to take a few friends with them.

DEBORAH: From here it almost looked like they playing at hide and seek. One black, one moffie, one Jehovah's Witness; pushed in the back of a van.

DAWID: You do have a way of reporting life like it was a Mel Miller set up, Deborah.

DEBORAH: Not sure he ever had a right hook for a punch line. *(Shouting)* Fucker! Enjoy that bit of the Great Hall!

BARAK: Shhh – *(He cups his hands over her mouth!)* No one takes cussing seriously in a dress Debs, not even cute. I'm going to ask you a question Dawid: Why weren't you protesting? You're a liberal boy. I know you sit in those 'progressive' classes with ears open enough to take something to root. Look at you: Corduroy pants and hair that hasn't seen a brush or a drop of shampoo. Why weren't you cussing loudly for freedom?

DAWID: Are you saying I'm a broken hippie?

BARAK: I'm saying; you're not made in the mould of those other white boys. You might not be able to shake off all those supremacist sprinkles but you know there's more than a table spoon of Africa mixed in with your baking. Why doesn't your liberal self speak up?

DAWID: You think corduroy pants and unwashed hair makes it any easier for anybody to build a soap box and throw fists in the air?

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BARAK: You want me to believe that *your* corduroy pants and *your* unwashed hair doesn't make it easier? I don't see them eyeing your ministerial permission slip when you build that soap box? I don't see you needing a ministerial permission slip just to be here?

DAWID: I thought you needed to be another beer down before you got to this level of stupid. Everybody's got something to lose here Barak.

BARAK: Careful now; you're touching foot on the other side. You can't sit on that fence forever Dawid. You are either with us, or against us. So, I'm asking; why weren't you protesting?

DAWID: You like action in numbers? You're more like that Nats than you think; student organisations, Voortrekkers, what's the difference? Never been a card-carrying member of those boys' clubs. Why start now?

DEBORAH: Do you two need a ruler?

BARAK: Careful Debs, the men are talking now – but I'll gladly carry these books for Baas Olivier. (*BARAK tips an imaginary hat to the watching policeman).* Choose boertjie; hero or villain?

DAWID: I think I've already written this poem. You think somewhere, someone's standing waiting to hand out white hats and rifles? Somewhere else, there's another someone waiting with black hats. Sooner rather than later, both are going to set down into an intersection and wait for the shoot-out. And when all the guns have been fired, you will be able to count more bullet holes in the black hat. And a petticoat you've always wanted will come running out ready for you to scoop her up and take her off as the credits roll. That's why I'm glad I never went to some Voortrekker club to bend me into a shape so far from reality I couldn't see th story for the truth.

Commented [ML26]: Is there a way to change this to her speaking here? Give Deborah a voice too

DEBORAH: Sometimes life needs to be that simple.

DAWID: Depends where you look from, I guess. The way I see it; we are all just selfish shits acting to save our own piece of ground till there's no one left to save it from; while everyone else is doing the same thing. I'd be just another white man hurting on someone because someone hurt on him. Besides, no white hat will have me. Blackhats disowned Whities a long time ago. Heroes were thought up by the Greeks to frame stories, give poems endings; make us forget that every hand we hit out in defence looks like a hand hitting out in offense to someone else.

DEBORAH: You really are just a broken little bird like the rest of us?

DAWID: I beg your pardon?

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DEBORAH: I know that colour on anyone. I know that colour 'cause I can't take it off when I put my head down to sleep. I don't know why I didn't see it on you before. I know how hard a face gets when it's made to look on the outside of life being lived by other people. I know how cold eyes get when all they can do when they look in the mirror is see all that they are not. I know the colour of being on the outside. Now I don't know what 'cause you have for having it, but I see it there hiding under all that whiteness. You don't have to join us, but stand with us. Write that poem.

10. It's 1999. London. DAWID and ALLISON'S apartment.
ALLISON is packing for a trip.

ALLISON: That just sounds like a bunch of words you put together too quickly. I'm sorry. You're going to have to give me a minute to put them – to go over them in a way so that I can understand what you're saying. Dammit David I am about a minute away from asking you for that again, because that's what we do David. You sit on your chair and I sit on mine and we talk about the minutes that make up our days. Even now. Even when my chair is in a bedsit across the city. Now you walk away from that chair, to go back to Johannesburg. And you don't tell me.

DAWID: Keep it simple Allison. You broke the space between those chairs when you took that grant and flew off to France, first time.

ALLISON: You were right next to me when that happened, don't you go re-remembering our past. This is not a poem for you to re-edit. I came back to you; I come back to you –

Commented [ML27]: Start the scene here, reframe to answer last scene's last line.

DAWID: For *you*. You come back to see how the land is lying. And I have to see how much further away you pushed me. How far I am from Oupa, Marta – from my daughter, my family –

ALLSION: Fuck you David Olivier! I don't need to listen to your – And fuck your family. *I'm* your -

DAWID: You stop right there with my family Allison, before you start another thing. Now I know you knew this was coming. We both saw it staring us down a lot further back that you making it out now.

ALLISON: So, I'm just supposed to let your hand fall from mine? No. You need to stop talking. After all that I've done –to get us as far away from that ending. And you know you haven't made that running any easier on me. I'm just supposed to let your hand out of mine?

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DAWID: I know I've done some things, I'm not denying that. I know – but you picked up your life and you left me here with just the walls to remind me every day and nothing and nobody else! Don't you stand here making out like your life isn't where you wanted it, how you wanted it, since you decided that door was better looking from the other side.

ALLISON: How I wanted it? How I wanted? David, you're remembering life so far from the truth, it isn't ours. You drank me out of my home long before I closed that door behind me. Now I'm not – you don't get to talk about that David, that's my story. Following every other indignity, you've put me through I shouldn't be surprised finding out about your flight back to Johannesburg /the day I'm packing my bags for Germany!

DAWID: How much longer do you need me on that cross before the debt is paid? I'm sorry. But please, let's forget every other telling of this story, every other event that pushed those wheels to get both of us here. You're not listening, Allison! I need to go home. Can't you see that?

ALLISON: So go, David. Go home. But before you get on that plane, answer me this; why do you think you needed to keep this from me till I was 5 minutes from Germany if your intentions were so noble?

DAWID: Honestly I didn't think a thought of care past your mind about me anymore. Why are you holding on to us when it's already done? We haven't been an 'us' for a time –

ALLISON kisses DAWID. Neither is moved by it.

DAWID: This is redundant. You're disgusting.

ALLISON: You're a failed writer David. A failed writer and a broken hippie who held on to hating apartheid to feel like you mattered. I took you back, you don't get to leave!

DAWID: You never should have put my ring on your finger. You knew I was not yours to keep. We gave this all the chances we could Allison. I can't live making a life like this anymore.

ALLISON: You'll be a fool twice then. It's not her you want Dawid. Deep down inside not even you are believing the lies you're telling so well. You don't love her. You want to save her. You want to play at being a hero who brought down apartheid one last time before you drink yourself into that good night. Do you honestly think *you* can save South Africa? You couldn't even bring yourself far enough away from that bottle to vote back in '94. You didn't even vote.

Commented [ML28]: Framing Allison as masculine? Her actions, vs. Dawid's failed actions. Is this challenged else where?

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A light spot slowly reveals an actor as if in a documentary interview.

DAWID: Fuck you.

ACTOR 4: (Answers this question: To what extent does gender stereotyping play a role in excusing infidelity?)

ALLLISON: You're about as relevant to African politics as a fish bowl. I love you, you fuck.

DAWID: Please. Let me go back to Marta.

11. It's 1986. London. DAWID'S publisher's office.

RADIO: – abandon her people by becoming a mere mouthpiece dispensing 'handbagging' lectures on saving money. Look at her dealing with honest mine workers in '84-'85. What a fiasco; if you recall, civil war in Nottinghamshire. Some 20 collieries closed and more than twenty thousand jobs lost, in a labour strike. I ask you, a strike? To allow the National Coal Board to roll out a plan to close 75 pits over the next few years would decimate the local work force. Good hard working British men would be subject to 'accelerated' redundancy to satisfy the coffers of Britain. Has the Milk Snatcher not learned her lesson?

But Kinnock's Labour, the only party to offer concrete support for 'the cause for coal', to keep the British man in work, is progressively at odds with NUM and

PUBLISHER (O/S): Tell me, is that how you get into the writing? A woman? She sounds fiery! It does amaze me how writers *(Entering)* bring words together. /Amy its 3pm –

DAWID: Something much like that, yes.

PUBLISHER: Get us an Old Fashioned. You want one? He'll have one. *(Amy exits)*

ACTOR 3: (Answers this question: How have you had to edit your gender performance in a past relationship?)

PUBLISHER: I am amazed how that sense of place; the light quality, the background noise, becomes vivid from thin air, with just a few right words. And that you find them on Finchley Road, after a day teaching girls? I don't suppose it's very much different from writing in Africa. Now this anthology –

DAWID: *Sorrows and Rejoicings* –

PULISHER: Awkward title. Are you precious with that title? We can focus group a title.

DAWID: It's conversation, sir, with Ovid's *Sorrows of an Exile*. /A communion with freedom –

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seemingly the electorate at large. 'Parasites living off the struggles of miners', I think he mentioned so, this is how Kinnock describes parts of his very party; and parasites they have been. Have a look at the rogue activities of the Militant groups in Liverpool who have 'played politics' with the livelihoods and home of ordinary British people. Disgraceful.

One cannot think the poorest of the poor, those coal miners living below the bread line and neglected I dare say, neglected by the pro-'free market' stance of Thatcher and her cronies, would find much love for such a party as Labour. I wager, come June 12, the headlines will read of Thatcher, and not Kinnock's Labour, being summoned to form a cabinet.

PUBLISHER: I'm going to stop that train right there, there isn't a station ready for that docking. I'll play it open with you David, your lines are something; you have a way knocking words into pictures I haven't seen before. But no one will want to pay to hear the cry of freedom from a white mouth. I can't sell it. Now I'm not saying the market isn't ready, and wanting anything from that country, and where there's a bookshelf there's a space for a poet from the colonies, but this – I can't sell it.

DAWID: It's not finished, it's the bitter sweetness of freedom in exile. Finding something you didn't think you could have, but in a place that isn't really yours -

PUBLISHER: Show us the pain, get in there. Write the suffering. Then throw in an African face and wrap her up so deep in your lines we can cry over her. A face we'll want to put our hands out and pluck from the nothingness of your page into our homes and into safety. Be the Gauguin of words to the southern tip of Africa. Write that. This is your story. Trust me.

12. It's 1978. Johannesburg. DAWID'S apartment.
DAWID, drunk, has a sign marked JOHN WAYNE on his back. ALLISON has FARRAH FAWCETT. They are guessing who they are.

ALLISON (O/S): Never trust a writer to retell anything; it comes out all pieces and nonsense garnish. *(Entering reading a newspaper)* You're supposed to be asking me questions *(She kisses him)*.

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DAWID: I'm not lying, it's written there in black and white: 'Iewers tussen 'n 'bildungsroman'-anthologie en 'n 'lokasie melodrama', lees hierdie volume soos 'n huisvrou se dronk…' *(She pushes him away from the newspaper)* – Ok, I'm white, a man and American. Are you sure you can understand Afrikaans?

ALLISON: I had that language on my report card 'til Matric I might have you know. /And that's not the yes or no questions I was talking about!

DAWID: How many times you need a rewrite before they gave that card a clean bill of health? You know how to make the world turn where you are looking Miss Allison Fogarty. *(He kisses her)* Am I an entertainer?

ALLISON: Well you certainly never entertained me, though the truth of that question is yes. You've only got 12 left Mr. Olivier. *(Reading)* 'Die werk van 'n onvolwasse skrywer /wat probeer om buite sy vermoë te bereik...'

DAWID: Well he must be an action hero, hmm cowboy or military man then. You say you hate them, but I've seen your face, you love to hate them. Am I famous?

ALLISON: Hmmm the most famous. What's 'vermoë'?

DAWID: 'Reach', 'ability' *(The phone rings, he exits to answer it)* In other words they say I have neither the 'reach' nor the 'ability' to use poetry as a political – hello? /You've reached the residence of another *(Drunkenly yelled)* failed Afrikaans poet-

ALLISON: 'Van besondere belangstelling is verwysings na Sharpeville en Soweto wat met onnodige geweld /beskryf word'. Who is that calling at this hour? *(She walks toward DAWID).*

DAWID (O/S): Yeah, I read it. It's all I could read. It's sitting there yelling at me even when I'm not reading it. I'm surprised they don't just hand me over to the censorship board –

ALLISON: 'In die gedig *Blood Knot,* wat sy naam met hierdie anthologie deel, collageer halfgeskrewe sinne beelde van bloedige fantasie en dogmatiese propoganda op 'n manier wat nie sedert die dae van /Kitchener gesien is nie'. *(She exits)* Do you know who you are yet?

DAWID (O/S): Stop. Stop. No stop yelling at me! I can't hear all the words through the phone and the drink – *(To ALLISON)* It's my publish- editor!

ALLISON (O/S): I'm Farrah Fawcett! She's a pin-up not a –

DAWID (O/S): How many? What you saying now Harold? It sold – another print! *(Laughing)* Another print run. 5 000? But it's sitting there as clear as the day is hot. They hated it. What

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you mean; another 5000? *(ALLISON kisses him. Another phone starts ringing.)* It's another run Allie, another – they liked it – well *they* hated it. Another run. Do you know what that means? I'm – I'm – who am I? *(Indicating his sign)* I'm John Wayne? Why would you d that?

Commented [ML29]: Is there a local celebrity? Local version I could use instead?

13. It's 1980. Johannesburg. DAWID and ALLISON'S bedroom.
Dull light. The ringing phone is slammed down. Enter DAWID carrying ALLISON, her legs wrapped around his waist; kissing.

ALLISON: Tell me? Why do you think anyone would do that David? Why ring the phone at this black dead of night, waking up the house? / David –

DAWID: Allison, I'm not worried about that house. It's waking up something else. I'm not worried about waking up the house, when all that needs waking is standing upright. Can I place that call Mrs. Olivier?

DAWID throws ALLISON on the bed and opens her legs. He moves his head between them.

ALLISON: That's not children, David, just admit – Stop that – Ah that's – no, no, no. That's good! *(It becomes too much for her)* Stop! Stop that! *(She pushes him aside to catch her breath)* You know that's not children crank calling for the fourth time this week.

DAWID: I don't know anything like that. *(He kisses her body)* All I do know is the phone rings and no one talks. *(He kisses her body)* That's what I know Allison. *(They kiss)*

The phone rings once more. DAWID answers.

DAWID: Hello – hello…now listen here you little fuck, and you listen with both ears wide open. You better pull off this game, calling me awake at twenty to two in the morning. You better pull off. I'll give you something to stay up and awake for - hello?

DAWID slams the phone down. Rips at the phone cord.

DAWID: Get off of my damn phone. Sorry Allison –

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ALLISON: Don't. I didn't walk out of one home with *those* men to start another one with you. You know it.

DAWID: How'd you like that? What was I supposed to do?

ALLISON: Nothing David. Try that one for size, for once. I bet they pick the coldest hour just to get that rise. And you give it to them, good. Go on, why don't you yell out a little louder next time, I'm not sure they get the full girth of your manhood over the receiver! If the damn thing still works. *(There is a knocking at the door)* What good did that do? How are you any better than they? How is this… this any better than ringing at twenty to two in the morning? You're a herd of boys, with one hand down your pants and the other pointing out 'he started'. Well I don't care who started it anymore.

DAWID: Woman, I can't talk to you when you get… *(He exits)*

ALLISON: I can't do this anymore. I'm done with phone calls. I'm done with people sitting outside our house. I'm done! I'm going to /make this part end.

Commented [ML30]: She takes a masculine stance here. Does this challenge Dawid, or just claim masculinity for herself?

14. *It's 1993. Johannesburg. DAWID and ALLISON'S apartment.*

The knocking at the front door intensifies. ALLISON answers it. It's DAWID, drunk.

DAWID (O/S): Make this part end. I need a drink. Do you want a drink? I'm having a drink. No, no coffee. Coffee wakes you up. Up! And I don't want to be awake enough to remember – big as cricket balls. And I can't even hit a home run. Where's the fair in that – irony, now that's there.

ALLISON (O/S): Shush, shush that noise now. Don't you think you've got enough of that in you? I can't think Dr. Meyer will think that is a good idea.

DAWID: *(Entering and singing)* Doringboom heuning jou soet gebak, ma se klein Bekkie. Bruin brood warm Bekkie, jou Pa het geen bolletjies!

ALLISON: David, I swear, I can smell that singing from here, sit your drunk self down before you break something. /Shush quiet –

DAWID: 'Can't give your wife what a husband should'. He said that, like he was talking about a blender. Like that's all I was; a sperm factory…

ALLISON: Yes imagine that… David, hold yourself in.

DAWID: 'You can't give her what a husband should' like I should just take back that gold ring and thank you Jesus.

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DAWID kisses ALLISON. She does not return his passion. He stops, still holding her.

ALLISON: What did you do that for? Do you think if you jump at it hard enough it will prove him wrong?

DAWID: There isn't enough happening *up* here for me to answer that.

ALLISON: You know that's not the truth of it.

DAWID: Stop that! *(Pushing her away)* Don't look at me. All I see when you do, is every part of me that isn't there; feels like there's a lot less of me when I see myself through your eyes. *(He is crying*) What's that? What's happening?

ALLISON: You're drunk.

DAWID: You're beautiful.

ALLISON: You're drunk

DAWID: I'm sterile. I'm sorry. I'm drunk. You're beautiful. Don't look at me like that. *(Pause)* I just - I wanted - I… *(He cannot find the words)*

ALLISON: *(Understanding)* Me too. *(Not knowing how to comfort DAWID)* You should get som sleep. I have work in the morning David – there are many ways of getting where we want t go. We could - adoption. We could look into -/ just an option. I'm not -

DAWID: No! No, I didn't want adoption for my family. I grew up with - every day wondering where I came from. I don't want that for my children. I'm not going into making another child suffer that. Not if I can stop it. I'm sorry Allison but that's the way I feel.

DAWID kisses ALLISON. It's a short shared intimate moment of connection.

DAWID: I don't want to feel... this.

ALLISON: Me either. We should put some sleep in between us and today.

DAWID: Us? I need air. *I'm* sterile. There is no *us* here. I've lost - I lost. I can't breathe.

ALLISON: David don't! Don't push this hurt in between us, like you are the only one suffering under it. I lost – I didn't stay married to you for 13 years for you – I've lost too.

DAWID: I need to get out. The air is sitting on me. Right on my chest. I can't breathe.

ALLISON: Don't you walk out David – come to bed. Don't you leave me alone with this hurt. I won't follow you around the streets of Jo'burg again!

Commented [ML31]: Work in more of Marta's dialogue form scene 5 here, set up more of a similarity.

Commented [ML32]: Is this enough to hint at setting?

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DAWID: You better watch who you're telling what to do like that Mrs. Olivier.

ALLISON: You are one step over from becoming your Oupa David. You're drunk – you should –

There is a noise. Siren. It is an ambulance siren. And the hints of flashing lights.

DAWID: Should, should, should! What should I do Mrs. Olivier? Let me tell you what Dawid Olivier should be doing. *(With self-hatred)* Dawid should be putting his hand at writing more than clerk reports at some provincial bank office. Dawid should arrive home to a *wife* who's cooked and a *wife* who's giving him a fucking drink. And Dawid should be man enough to push a child up between your legs, and make you ask for it again.

REBECCA (O/S): *(Singing)* 'In that old canyon, /echoed a wagon, that pulled him away.'

DAWID: Sorry. Just – bitter old white man!

ALLISON: That kind of fool knows no colour, David Olivier. That kind of head rot is just you. I have work in the morning *(Exits*).

15. It's 1999. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
The silhouette of a kudu bull lit in flashing red and blue light appears over a sleeping DAWID. Kudu barking, becomes knocking at the front door. DAWID, still waking, goes to answers it. It's REBECCA, drunk.

REBECCA (O/S): *(Singing)* 'No track, upon its back, so in that canyon, she stayed'

DAWID: Marta? God – Marta! I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Marta? I'm coming. / *(Exits)* Hello –

REBECCA (O/S): *(Singing)* 'Sing your song, your man is gone, what are you going to do?' *(Matter-of-factly)* Don't you come when the door knocks? Knock, knock, knock, nothing! Are you ok? The old Olivier would answer his door till he was some time past eighty-five. Are you the Olivier that needs a 'stinkhout meid' to answer? You look like shit!

DAWID (O/S): Oupa Olivier, now is that a something. I was – *(Sounds of kudu barking, snorting, crescendo with breaking glass)* I just need to sit down. Oh, he hasn't crossed this threshold in years, girl. If it's he you're looking for –

REBECCA (O/S): *(Singing)* 'Before he left, he gave a gift, in your belly and now you're two!'/ Are you him?

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DAWID (O/S): I don't know that – *(Entering looking for the kudu)* I was dreaming before you knocked – /had a thought I was in London – strange Karoo dreams! Am I hot to touch – cold?

REBECCA: *(Standing in the doorway. Singing)* 'You'll never be the number three. Bottle your tears with wild honey. /More water for the stinkwood tree.' You're as bland as peaches.

DAWID: Please come in, please. How are you girl? Good evening. Please get yourself on that chair. David. Dawid. Who brings you here? Marta? Marta? Fallen asleep –

REBECCA: Are you – him then?

DAWID: I'm not much of anyone nowadays. I don't feel any good. Marta is down that passage, you'll see her; sleeping in that chair. That an old song from here? I don't have a memory of it, but – your mother give you that one? Your father?

REBECCA: Don't you know – my mama wouldn't sing that song unless you put a 'Jesus' or 'Hallelujah' in it. My daddy – he hiked up my mama's skirt and passed through her like he passed through this town. Hot air through the trees; /only song he left behind.

DAWID: I never knew my pa; got himself killed. I was somewhere near two years. You must have heard; if you're from these parts. Here I am; /the only thing he left behind.

REBECCA: You ended up somewhere soft. Some man found you, put you all together like this. He took your hand, you never had hunger on your plate, need on your back.

DAWID: My name. That's all that old man kept tender affection for. He would have turned me out on my two-year-old ear if I didn't have his name behind my own and a last name between us.

REBECCA: You want to cry abandon? There isn't space on this tree. You had a man fill that space. You had someone tending to you as a father should. You didn't stand there with a hand free where a father should have been.

DAWID: What else was he going to do? He could have left me on the stoep where he found me, but every person buying what they did off his land would have thrown their hands to the heavens and left him as broke and broken on the same step he was eyeing to leave me on. He didn't. I can say that about that man. He read his responsibility on that situation and he made sure he filled out every part of that to the lines. He did that. But he never let a day go by without pointing out that debt I was shoring up under his hand. The day I turned 18, he sat himself on that stoep waiting my return from school. Told me I had to choose; in one hand a key for a back room and a life managing the sheep. In the other; a letter, an interview with Mr.

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Pretorius at the Post Office. He finished colouring in his responsibility, I was now my own to keep. Since it was my birthday he gave me three days to decide; left them both on the kitchen table. By the Saturday I still hadn't moved either. He walked into my room, the sun hadn't moved a finger above the horizon, he pulled me out by my ear. All 18 years of me hanging off my left ear. He dropped me on that same stoep where he found me. I was still wiping sleep from my eyes; he held my head down by its scruff and laid leather against my rear, praying all the while. There was a tie and a Sunday suit on the bench. That letter on top. When he had drawn enough 'sense' from under my skin, he turned around locked the door behind him. Didn't let me back in till I could hand over what I made at the post office minus lunch money. The day I heard he died; I cried so heavy I didn't know what to do with myself. I didn't know if I was sad. Or happy. I still don't. Maybe a space in your hand where a father's should be, is your something to cry and be happy for? It's a space. But no one filled it with their back hand.

A phone rings, DAWID and REBECCA both stare at the phone, even as the next scene plays.

16. It's 1983. Johannesburg. DAWID and ALLISON'S apartment. Black.
A phone is ringing. Lights start to dim.

ALLISON (O/S): David. The phone is ringing. /Wake up David –

DAWID: Allison I hear the phone ringing. Haven't I just been woken up by the same phone as you? Calling me at this hour – put the light on. *(He picks up the receiver)* Hello – hello…

Die Stem van Suid Afrika is heard playing from the receiver. DAWID stares at REBECCA.

Commented [ML33]: Perhaps here, break Part 1

Break.

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PART 2.

17. It's 1983. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
There is a stinkwood table and chairs.

ALLISON (O/S): What do you mean; 'can't you just let it go?' They're going through my rubbish. Standing there at my work, head deep into a dustbin, going through my rubbish, like its normal. Then they passing notes to my co-workers – Mr. van Riebeek's got a whole file lying on his desk. God, my back is dripping. When they break into my car, our house; should I just let *that* /go too?

DAWID (O/S): They are just trying to scare you off, you know this Allison. I keep saying you're just a little too trusting there at the library. You just have to be more vigilant /next time –

ALLISON (O/S): I'm too trusting. I'm not vigilant enough. What about you? None of this would have happened – give me your hanky – I wouldn't have to be more vigilant, if you just stopped writing these articles.

DAWID (O/S): I can't stop writing Allison, and you know that! Now that's not fair to ask. *(Entering)* Can you lower your voice inside please?

ALLISON (O/S): Why? You should just stop writing the things that make *those* people get in a car *(Entering)* and follow us all the way to the fucking Karoo! Or something. Do something David. You're meant to be my husband. But

SAREL (O/S): I'm saying it like it was. He went and put all of himself into that chair. I wasn't going to tell him it was broken. He leaned over: 'Teach me some history, teacher boy'. Those children stood up, began reciting '6 April 1652'. They put on the whole show; running round in circles like ships, feet stamping, singing. He looked like he was staring at the devil. They hadn't gotten three words past the Dromedaris when crack, that chair gave in underneath him and set him spilling all over the floor. Those poor children just stood there with eyes big as potatoes, not knowing if they needed to cry, or laugh or pee, or all three at the same time. I stood over him, wrapped two purples into

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sometimes, sometimes it feels like I'm standing in this alone. I could lose my job. My job! Now that might not seem –

DAWID: I'm sorry –

ALLISON: Just make it better. And don't think for a minute that by dragging me to this dry spot of hell, that you've gotten us out of this! You've just made it hotter *(Looking out the window)*. They aren't even trying to hide. At least they look about as unhappy as we are. My blouse is stuck to my back. You know there is one other option to ending all this – It's not running away. And you could still write. It's not giving in David. Think about it. And think about it fast. All I'll say is this is the last time we walk across that threshold, when we leave you either go back to that apartment by yourself, or we pack our bags for London! Now I need to freshen up. It's fucking hot! I don't know why you want to come back to this! Who's making all that noise?

his hand, held his face close to mine and said: 'Here's two crib notes, let's leave these poor blacks to learn the rest of Van Riebeeck'.

MARTA (O/S): You did not, Sarel Bosman. Now you're just making things up. Listen to you knitting onto that story like you took on the entire Police department.

SAREL (O/S): What stories Marta Barends? You can walk yourself over to the station and see that white man waddling. Now you know why they walk like they have a stick up their ass. It's the last time he comes into my classroom wanting the chair from under me, telling me 'Teach proper history teacher boy; Van Riebeeck, /ja, when we saved your kind'.

MARTA (O/S): If you are going to take up my kitchen space, then hand me those plates, they need to go in the warmer before /Ou Mies comes back.

SAREL: Why you always trying to put this coloured man to work?

DAWID: Bosman? Bosman, is that you? What stories are you making up?

***ALLISON:** *(To herself)* Why don't they just stare out from behind that windscreen at someone else?

***SAREL (O/S):** Put a pin in that, now we are in trouble. Here's the one they're really /looking for. Dawid Johannes –

DAWID: Now hold on Bosman. I can't let you in here. Hold on! That chair might be a story but my banning order is as real as they come. I've got two plain clothes in a car outside the driveway

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to show for it. Can't have you and me and Allison in the same room, /two's the magic number.

SAREL (O/S): Allison? Why didn't you lead with that? How are you Mrs. Olivier? /What are you doing back in this nowhere town?

***ALLISON:** Morning Sarel, Marta –

***DAWID:** I've come to see Oupa, I've got – well I tell you what I haven't come to do is listen to your poorly-knitted stories. Bosman –

ALLISON: Bosman give us a hand with these bags, /will you? Come around the front to the car; give us a hand will you?

SAREL(O/S): This banning order is just a fancy way of saying you want a coloured man to use the back door and do the hard labour, say it Dawid! Alright Mrs. Olivier I'll meet you out front, *(Fades off as he leaves. ALLISON exits)* I can tell you about the day I got a visit from the blue shirts. /Your husband isn't the only man to wrestle the blue shirts and live.

DAWID: *(Calling to SAREL)* And take out a tray of tea for our guest in the driveway. English breakfast. *(Softly)* You still there Marta?

MARTA (O/S): Where else would I be now Dawid? Haven't I been working here every day since I was sixteen? Where do you think I would be?

DAWID: Nowhere, I just didn't want – hell, I don't know what I want.

MARTA (O/S): Did it take a banning order for you to figure that out? I knew that was your colour first time I saw you standing in that front room. I didn't need a banning order to tell me you're carrying around everybody else's wishes and wants you had no /hand space to find your own.

DAWID: Stop that girl. You wouldn't – I had it all the way in the car from Allison. Don't climb into the ring too. / I'm trying to tell you something -

MARTA (O/S): So now *I'm* getting in between you and Allison? *(Pause. Meaning it.)* Sorry. The coast clear? Or am I bound to be arrested for putting things out on the table?

DAWID: I'm alone.

MARTA: *(Entering with table things)* You look like shit. Go on pull that side straight there Dawie. Ou Mies Olivier will have my hands burning, this cloth sits skew.

DAWID: *(He does)* She's had to walk away from the library; Allison. They started following her at work.

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MARTA: It's not like you need the money, she'll get back in her heels.

DAWID: *(Trying to fix his tie)* That woman's got dreams too Marta. This has hurt –

MARTA: Hurt? What do white people know about hurt? Come here with that. *(She tries to help him with his tie)* /Stop fussing. Let me – I'm trying to help Dawid.

DAWID: Stop it. Stop. Marta. I can do this myself.

MARTA folds DAWID'S collar over his tie. It's an intimate gesture, but suddenly awkward.

DAWID: If you don't mind **-**

MARTA: Sorry. Of course, I just – I'm sorry. *(They stare at each other)* Set a place at the foot for Auntie Lettie, she's up from the village.

DAWID: I – give me a minute Marta, I'm trying to tell you something!

MARTA: *(Hearing the front door open)* Don't you think of walking that grass onto my clean floors Sarel! *(Pause)* If you're finding a way to say something Dawid, get on with it. You know I don't have time to put my hands in my apron and help you/ find it.

DAWID: I'm moving to London. Allison and I are moving –

MARTA: *(Pause)* No. No, Dawid. You don't know what you are saying. You are moving to London? You already moved halfway across the country –

OUPA (O/S): Marta? There's a car parked in the driveway, /like it's a parking lot.

MARTA: Say something else! You've used that line before.

OUPA (O/S): What's that car doing in our driveway, sitting there like we're a supermarket on sale?

MARTA: You don't end our story this way.

OUPA enters.

DAWID: Marta, don't –

OUPA: I should have known, Dawid-Johannes. Trouble comes knocking twice over when you blo in. /Are those your friends -

DAWID: Hello Oupa. Wait there -

OUPA: What is that 'hello Oupa'? Did that city make you too 'big' for manners? 'Hello Oupa'! That you got where?

DAWID: Middag Oupa Johnny. *(Shakes OUPA'S hand and hugs him)*

Commented [ML34]: Link to F.W in scene 1. Perhaps make this more apparent through out.

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MARTA: Come in out of the draft Ou Baas, I've got your blanket and brandy waiting for you. Lunch will be on the table soon. *(To DAWID)* You better put your words together different Dawid, I'm not – I'll put the kettle on for Mies Lettie. *(She exits)*.

OUPA: Trouble still rolling in from your days at the university? I know I raised you with more sense than to get in between those boys.

DAWID: I'm not anything to anyone of them Oupa. They've set their mind on who I am; now they are trying to prove it. They'll just sit in their car like they've been doing for four months now. They just want me to stop writing.

OUPA: Well they aren't the only ones. She's gone and watered this down; thinks I don't know brandy from rain water. Behind the book there boy, get a man a drink. Don't give me any lip; I don't need judgment in my own house. Have yourself a sip too.

DAWID pours two drinks and gives one to OUPA but doesn't touch the second. There is a pause.

DAWID: Die Bulle are playing well.

OUPA: Are you trying to get a rise out of me? I know you know where this house is planted, and that isn't anywhere near the Northern Transvaal. So, I don't know why you think you can come into here and start talking about how well die Bulle are playing. Province. Now that's who you should be talking about. And well is exactly how they are playing. Die Bulle haven't been worth talking about since Botha left them for that American style rugby.

DAWID: He's just taking a chance to play on the international stage again. You know he can't play internationals since the pitch invasions of New Zealand in '81. How many chances is he going to get to play at the top of his game, if he stays?

OUPA: No, my child. Money! The root of all that is… that's what's pulled him over there. None of this international stage business! The smell of paper money in his back pocket! He didn't like what they were folding him under the table, so he went to lift his skirt to the Americans to see what they would offer.

DAWID: The man shouldn't make a living doing what he loves? What he is good at?

OUPA: And what exactly is he good at Dawid? Let's start this story there. When last you see Botha put flesh on flesh on the field? No, you pass him the ball he puts boot to it. When last you see him run the ball? That ball comes his way, his boot follows after. If he wants to play at kicking he should have put on a different pair of cleats and played soccer.

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DAWID: Come on Oupa Johnny; he touched one under the poles in ’78 against the Free State. Captained Northerns to victory 1980, 30 points clear of Province. Ran the ball then, make a break, pass to Geldenhys and long ball to Krantz: Try! They went and named him Player of the Year in ‘81.

OUPA: And what well did that do for ‘Die Bulle’? How are the Northerns any better off for having ‘Nasty Booter’, Player of the Year 1981? Defeated the year after 24-7; no ‘golden boots’ to kick points on that score board. No, they had to play the game. They lost. And even if your Northerns make it to the final, I’ll be a chicken’s egg if they aren’t out played three times over by Province. See the problem is he’s been playing his own game, him and his ‘golden boots’, thinking he can kick his way to glory. He’s good, I’ll give you that. He’s a damn good fly-half. But what kind of legacy is the man leaving behind, when five minutes after he leaves; his team can’t put points on the board playing a real game, never mind defend their 22 without using their fists. He’s good at kicking alright. And when *he* wasn’t getting something for it, he packed up his boots and headed to America. What is he to America, or America to him, that he packs his bags and leaves behind the people that built him up, cheered him on, and gave him the team to show off his fancy feet; for America?

DAWID: Why’s everyone trying to break the man down for trying to make his own way in the world? He put down France and Ireland with the Bokke, would have rolled over the All Blacks it wasn’t for the protests – if he can make something of himself over there, something he’s being stopped from doing here, then why shouldn’t he? Player of the year twice over – he’s hit a ceiling. He can’t go up, so he’s going right! What’s South Africa done for him but get him banned from doing what he’s good at with the best of them. And Northerns isn’t falling down on anything without Botha. They made that final last year on their own skin and they’ll make it this year too. Maybe he’s just doing something for himself. Maybe Northerns just needs a breath to find their rhythm again.

OUPA: A breath is all Province needs. You’re not going to see a Barberton Daisy near that trophy for some half dozen years now. *(Pause)* So when are you planning on giving me your bad news? Or do you need more time defending Botha before you pop it into conversation?

DAWID: How’d you know it’s bad news?

OUPA: Well you only come down when the news has some weight to it. That Pommy girl of yours isn’t showing any signs of rounding out, so it can’t be good news. You’ve got two friends

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sitting outside turning my driveway into an ashtray, so it can only be bad news. I don't need very much more of that, keeping this farm going with the strike and the crop coming in late, on my own.

DAWID: I'm helping –

OUPA: I don't need your money. I have money. I need an Olivier on /this farm. Not out –

DAWID: I'm moving to London.

OUPA: *(Pause)* No you are not. *(Pause)* Give me a hand. *(He gets up, holds DAWID close to him)* I did not give you everything worth giving so you could run off and sow the profits into that island. You wanted to go to university, I let you. You wanted to move up north, I let you. You brought home every girl of every kind, I said 'Fine. He's just being a boy'. You put a ring on an English finger; I let you break your Ouma's heart. But that credit only runs so far for you boy. You better pull those big man pants on. I'm calling in that debt. You were born of the Karoo Dawid Johannes Laurens Olivier, you will be buried here.

DAWID: It's already done Oupa.

OUPA: Golden boots only take you so far Dawid. And when you come back, when you come back, you better hope there is someone left here to bury you. *(He exits)*

DAWID is alone for a minute then MARTA enters with REBECCA.

MARTA: Sorry I didn't think you were still here. *(She attempts to exit.)*

DAWID: Marta, /can you give –

MARTA: Sarel's gone missing, turned my back for – I need to get to the shops. Aunt Lettie wants mosbolletjies for tea later and I don't have the flour for it. I need him to look after – /Sarel?

DAWID: I can do it. Marta, can you give me just a minute?

MARTA: I've already given you 20 years' worth of minutes. *(Pause)* But you already know that. Like you already know I am about a minute away from asking you about London, because that's what we do Dawid. You sit on your chair and I sit on mine and we talk about the minutes that make up our days. And you tell it to me so sweetly; I can live that life in your words. Every class. Every protest. Every half-baked poem. Every girl. Now you walk away from that chair. And you don't tell me. You burn me twice Dawid.

DAWID: You're unrelenting Marta. Can't you see any hurt that doesn't have your name on it? You, Marta Barends, you pushed that chair away long before I stopped sitting at it. You kept the

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name 'Pa' from me and Bekkie, you kept every look every touch I barely know her or you even when we stand in the same room. I left up north to give you the air free of Dawid Olivier here, because that's what you wanted. That banning order's tied my hands behind my back. I'm not allowed to write anymore Marta. It's like telling the sky 'don't be blue', asking me not to breath. You know I can't stop this Marta, you know I need this. Let me have this.

MARTA: Why don't you put these hands back at writing for me/ then, Dawid?

DAWID: And lead them to Suikerbekkie? *(He takes REBECCA from MARTA)* Why don't I just invite them out the car now and hand her over? I'm trying the best way I know how, to keep you and her from harm's way, and live a life. I need this Marta, I need just one victory I can call my own. I love you Marta, but –

MARTA waves him quiet. She exits.

DAWID: I promise you, Suikerbekkie! *You're* going to grow old being so proud of your old man. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I'm making you this promise. I know I'm leaving you, but where's the good in staying? Bad happens even with a guard at the door. Banning orders. Exile. They can take a pen right out of your hand. Your mama can take the word 'pa' right out of your mouth. I – what am I doing with me? I'm going to write you a world so different, Bekkie, even from over there. I know you never asked for this. And there's a whole lot more of that stupid world coming for you. You perfect little mix of a girl, but your mama is a coloured and your father is a white man. And this is South Africa. And that's a kind of life I wish you never knew. I don't want you to know it. Not if I can get in between you and it, and if I have to leave - I don't want you to know it. But when I come back, and I will come back for you, your world is going to be so changed. And you will be so proud of your old man because some of that change will have come from my pen. I promise.

18. It's 1960. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
MARTA polishes the large stinkwood table. DAWID is studying. A radio plays.

RADIO: – sudden turn about of the group of Africans, who had advanced on the police brandishing sticks and

MARTA: And he kept that promise. Oh yes. Ten whole years late, a whole army short, but he kept that promise. He touched foot on that

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screaming. With some of their back turned in retreat, others began pelting stones and glass bottles at the advancing line of police. According to the local police commander at Sharpeville, it was under this barrage of stones striking at their vehicles and in fear of public safety, that the police opened fire. The latest casualty count from the Vereeniging hospital puts the dead at 56, with a total of 162 injured in the violence.

Ithaca soil, he left behind all that stuff and nonsense from that island – the island… you know what I'm talking about – the Island klein baas?

DAWID: Calypso's Island – Yes, I know what you going on about – /how do you know this Marta?

MARTA: Quiet Dawid. This woman is talking now! He marched up those palace steps, but at the top he was not alone. No sir. Every man that ever there was had planted his feet there; every space on the front steps had a man, two and three on the balconies, an army of them, standing waiting. *(DAWID turns the radio off.)*

MARTA: *(CONT'D)* Not just waiting, they had plots ticking over in their minds; ticking over, the way men do when they have got nothing to do with their hands. You see they wanted Ms. Penelope. She'd been there waiting for her husband to come back as he said. She knew how to wait. She was good at it. But when she looked at Odysseus, him coming up those palace steps surrounded by an army of white men in their blue suits, and shiny hats and guns, 'dis nou ons land', she didn't know him. Ten years is a long time on a face, and Athena put this raggedy guise over on Odysseus. But she took that man in, held his broken face in her hands, like I'm taking yours in mine now. This man who defeated the thieving Trojans, this good man who pulled one over on that one-eyed giant, this real man who fought a monster of the sea; he pulled himself onto her front step looking like he was a no-good bum of a man by just the face of him and she held him by that very face. But she's a crafty woman, people forget that. You know her waiting, but she had crafty. She knows a real man is more than his look, she suspects him to be hers. Her man. She leans in close and says – what did she say? Tell me, with his face in her hands – what did she say to him?

REBECCA (O/S): *(Singing)* 'In that old canyon, /echoed a wagon, that pulled him away.'

DAWID: Rachel Barends – she'll kill me if I kiss you!

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19. It's 1999. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
The silhouette of a kudu bull lit in flashing red and blue light appears over a feverish DAWID. Kudu barking, becomes knocking at the front door. DAWID, in the last throws of dying, goes to answers it. It's REBECCA. A radio play under this scene, it plays REBECCA's song.

RADIO: 'No track, upon its back, so in that canyon, she stayed…'

DAWID: Marta? God – Marta! I can't – alright give it up. I hear you out there. Marta? I'm coming. / *(Exits)* Hello –

REBECCA (O/S): *(Awkwardly)* Don't you come when the door knocks? The old Olivier would answer his door till he was some time past eighty-five. *(Trying to make light of it)* Are you the Olivier that needs a 'stinkhout meid' to answer?

DAWID (O/S): Oupa Oliver, now is that a something. I was – he hasn't crossed this threshold in years, girl. If it's he you're looking for –

REBECCA (O/S): Are you him?

DAWID (O/S): I don't know that – I was dreaming before you knocked – had a thought I was in London - /strange Karoo dreams!

REBECCA (O/S): I thought he was more an Afrikaans bull! But - I am sorry I have to ask –

DAWID (O/S): Come in, please. How are you girl? Good evening. Please get yourself on that chair. David. Dawid. Who brings you here? Marta? *(Entering with REBECCA)* Marta? Fallen asleep –

REBECCA: Please, let's not make this more awkward then it need be. Are you – him then?

DAWID: For a moment I was in a dream, in Finchley Road, the light was coming in all orange through the kitchen blinds. He just sat there at the Formica table, hands folded over himself. He was never a quiet man, but Oupa just sat staring at me like he was waiting for a conversation to start. *(The kudu barks loudly)* I was cooking – a curry? Something with lamb – But I couldn't get to any words in Afrikaans so he could understand me. The more I tried the less I felt anything Afrikaans form in my mouth. /And Oupa just sitting there waiting for – an apology?

REBECCA: Not the only one there. You took Afrikaans out of your own mouth a long time ago. Why would it come back to service an apology you didn't mean? To a man you walked away

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from? You walked; anything that needs saying is yours! *(Pause)* Perhaps that's what it means!

DAWID: Perhaps! *(Suddenly tired)* Good evening. I don't think I want to talk about this. Marta? Marta! There's someone here! Who brings you here?

REBECCA: You walked right out of that door and never turned back to see what kind of hands where doing what to him. Or me. Or to my mama.

DAWID: Marta is down that passage, you'll see her; sleeping in that chair.

MARTA appears. Part of the stage but not the scene. She sings REBECCA's song. Joined slowly by the cast it becomes a battle cry under the scene. Ends in a defiant protest.

REBECCA: You left her standing at an empty table – no, not empty. You filled that table with promises and stories of your coming back so good she could polish them up bright enough to chase away the loneliness when she needed to believe again. They were so good she believed them even when they started to show tarnish and rust under the weight of all those year of polishing. Do you know what that sounds like? That kind of loneliness wrapped up in denial? That's a woman crying so heavy she doesn't know what to do with herself. It comes on so sudden, halfway through words at a Sunday service, nights brushing her teeth. And you didn't come back. Not for a long time. Not until the rust had set in so bad she was talking to that table you left her standing at. Talking! And, where were you?

DAWID: Running. The world might be all round corners and butter for women, but it hits up on a man. Sometimes all a man can do with the inertia of it all, is run. Run before it traps him there in one space where all he is doing is taking the hits.

REBECCA: What trap you think you put me in when he ran away? The world already had me in two traps when I was pushed out from my mother's legs; coloured and a woman. That's two pinning down my legs so I don't have the option of running. The one you left me in pinned back my arm. Now you ask me why I lift my other hand, my free hand, up in the air and make a fist against you?

20. It's 1976. Johannesburg. Somewhere on Queen Elizabeth Bridge.
Sounds of gun fire scatter the group. Police sirens. Black. In spots we see BARAK, DEBORAH and DAWID, hands behind their back – arrested!

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***DAWID:** Go on then! Let's see your man – hiding behind your bullets and your batons! Let's see your man! Put your skin on the line and see how you take on this side of right!

***BARAK:** You are never going to get to the root – every bullet you plough into us is a seed for another ten branches! /Sow the seeds, you fucked up blue shirts – see how you reaping your own bodies!

DEBORAH: Amandla (Ngawethu) Amandla (Ngawethu) Amandla (Ngawethu)

DAWID: Who's that on the car, can you see it Barak – on the car? What's he yelling out?

BARAK: On the car – I can't - *(Pause)* Quiet that calling Debs – /they're saying -

DEBORAH: It's de Villiers – they got de Villiers! /Out at the bridge

BARAK: I can't see nothing! What's happening!

DAWID: Leave him alone! /Fuck you! Leave him alone, he's just a student! Villie -

DEBORAH: Get out there Villie! Run you piece of shit! Get -

BARAK: Where'd they take him? Eyes? Anyone got eyes?

DAWID: Nothing, fuck the damn tear – gas! I can't – Villie? *(Pause)*

DEBORAH: You should have been there for him – you fucking faculty now –

DAWID: What Deborah? Go on, say something stupid. I should have done what with my hands shackled behind my back as tight as yours, in the back of this van. What did you want me to do?

DEBORAH: Something! Do something – don't just sit there! You know your position gets you places – the only reason we took you in –

DAWID: My position – being a lecturer here gets me where? There isn't a door or room or window in John Vorster Square they wouldn't take my white liberal self to, the same /as you! I'm not saying –

DEBORAH: And what Dawid? You think they are going to help you leap to freedom from it? You think your white liberal ass is going to slip in that shower? You're his lecturer! You should have helped him!

BARAK: Stop it! Stop it! No use finishing off the job the blue shirts started. Don't worry about it!

DEBORAH: I promise Villie, there are black men; clever, strong, black women and men who have this in hand. You better think smart, with what you're going to say to him Dawid!

21. It's 1958. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. RACHEL'S backroom.

Commented [ML35]: Try to blend this scene with the previous one more. Create clashes more.

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The boys are drunk, and looking through RACHEL'S dresser.

B.J: I said to him, I said; "now I'm a good Christian boy Mr. de Klerk, and I do love history." *(To SAREL)* Dawid can tell you, tell him Dawid, I could be a teacher the way I love it. But I say "But Mr. de Klerk, you try pull one over on this boy, and life will turn you right round, pull those trousers right down and give it to you up your back alley. Now that's just karma. The way the world works." Now I'm not saying I did anything but…

DAWID: You did not, Balthazar-Johannes. Now you're just making things up. Listen to you knitting onto that story like you took on the entire History department.

B.J: I'm saying it like it was. He went and put all of himself into that chair. I wasn't going to tell him it was broken. But that chair did /him good!

DAWID: *(Finding a bra)* Look here, now pay attention boys. I found us a jackpot!

B.J: Sweet Betty Grable, look at it! Like two gear levers waiting to be shifted *(He puts the bra on Sarel)* Why Miss Dandridge your talents are distracting!

SAREL: *(Pushing B.J away)* Keep it in your pants boys! I don't want to scare you, but hold those zipper flaps – it's Miss Jayne Mansfield. *(He puts a bra on DAWID)*

DAWID: *(Pointing to B.J'S expectant lap)* Is that for me? Oooh! *(He pops the bra off)* Don't mind if I do *(Turns the bra into a whip and attacks B.J. Laughter)*

B.J: Now Loren, she's got a pair on her. See her bending over on the poster of – what's that film *Legend of the Something*? She's leaning over, you can't miss it, John Wayne waiting there hands ready to catch what she's letting fall out. Sarel you must catch them big? Your kind of girls will break these things open!

SAREL: I'm not saying anything, but a coloured man's hands aren't just big for working!

B.J: Don't stop now, Dawey boy hasn't copped a feel in weeks. He's high and dry! Give him a trailer. Technicolor!

SAREL: All I'll say is, I'll say; "now I'm a good Christian boy Mr. Venter, but I do love Biology."

B.J: I don't want to know what you are studying boy, I want to know /what you doing?

DAWID: Lay off him B.J, he's keeping the /tone of the night –

B.J: I don't think you've done anything. Come on Sarel! You're packing meat under all that Sunday school blush. What you put it in?

SAREL: I think we had too much to drink /Miss Dandridge needs to put her –

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B.J: I want to hear it, Go on! Who you put it in? We are all good Christian boys but we are boys!

***DAWID:** Let it up B.J.

***B.J:** Trying to be Miss Doris Day? Why you telling me to let up Olivier?

SAREL: Let's not get our bra straps twisted –

B.J: Pipe down Koffie Moffie!

DAWID: Who are you calling Moffie?

B.J: *(Pause)* Watch it now Dawid. You're a peg down in life, and that's none of your doing. Life went and took your daddy away. But you better grow some without him. You better learn where you fit in this world. If you are bold enough to say something, you better back it up with skin. *(Pause)* That's what I thought. Your slip is starting to show Miss Mansfield. Promise to play nice with Miss Dandridge!

22. It's 1963. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
MARTA polishes the large stinkwood table. DAWID is studying. A radio plays. Radio Freedom
ALLISON sits watching.

Commented [ML36]: Set this in Marta's room rather and she is studying and Dawid is hanging around. This version stays too close to the versions mentioned before. Dispute, alienate more .

RADIO: - said to be pelting stones or 'brandishing' weapons. But it was they, the police at Sharpeville, on top of cars; it was they that opened fire. Where were the batons that they had used elsewhere? No, they had live ammunition. They used live ammunition that ripped apart the lives of 69 people, and into the flesh of more than 200 Africans. Where were these weapons I ask? There were no weapons. Reports have said three, three policemen were hit by stones, but in the field behind the bodies were only shoes, and bicycles, and hats.

DAWID: And he kept that promise. Oh yes. Ten whole years late, a whole army short, but he kept that promise. He touched foot on that Ithaca soil, he left behind all that stuff and nonsense from that island – the island… you know what I'm talking about – the Island Marta?

MARTA: Calypso's Island – Yes, I know what you go about – /you know I know this Dawid?

DAWID: He march up in those palace steps, but at the top he was not alone. No sir. Every man that ever there was had planted his feet there; every space on the front steps had a man, two and three on the balconies, an army of them, standing waiting. Not just waiting, they had

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How is a hat a weapon, to a white man? When is a shoe provocation for a bullet? *(MARTA turns the radio off)* plots ticking over in their minds; ticking over, the way men do when they have got nothing to do with their hands. You see they wanted Penelope.

DAWID: *(CONT'D)* She'd been there waiting for her husband to come back as he said. She knew how to wait. She was good at it. But when she looked at Odysseus, him coming up those palace steps surrounded by an army of white men in their blue suits, and shiny hats and guns, 'dis nou ons land', she didn't know him. Ten years is a long time on a man's face and Athena put this raggedy guise over on Odysseus. But he marched right up to her, this broken face man and he held her in his arms, like I'm taking you in mine now. This woman who had set aside every suitor that pushed his sword into the ground, this woman who had raised his boy strong and true in the image of his father, this woman who had grown more beautiful with the waiting; he pulled her into himself onto that front step looking like he was a no-good bum of a man. But she's a crafty woman, people forget that. She knows a man is more than what he does; she suspects him to be Odysseus; the man to whom she belongs. He leans in close and says – what did he say? Tell me, with her face in his hands – what did he say to her?

MARTA: Immorality act!

23. It's 1976. Johannesburg. Somewhere on Wits campus.

ALLISON: But just put yourself in a place where she didn't. Where she's not sitting around for 10 years waiting for him to row up in a boat, climb up those stairs and play hero. What was she doing? Now that's a thing they don't tell you. That's a thing I want to know – want to write!

DAWID: You take her away from waiting, and there's no one for Odysseus to play hero for. What's he going to find then waiting for him when he gets atop those stairs?

ALLISON: Now, I'm not saying change the story, but the perspective. You take that story from the page into flesh and blood, and there isn't a woman breathing that'll spend 10 years just combing her hair waiting. Now you make her real, dynamic; you tell her perspective and maybe *he's* the one coming home as a prize for a hero!

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DAWID: You shouldn't be smoking that, not here on campus. You know they're turning every stone to poke out commies; you don't want to lead them to you by smell.

ALLISON: Are you still writing for that anthology? *Knot of Blood*? When will you let me pass an eye over it? What are you working on?

DAWID: Those eyes – more curious than any good! *(Pause)* Poetic meditations on restriction, resistance – Sharpeville – but writing about life is more difficult when it's beating up next to you, more real than the past.

ALLISON: Another white man playing at being hero. *(Pause)* So live it for a while. Come out from behind that pen. You have to do something a little different if you want to see things a little differently.

DAWID: I'm your lecturer Miss Fogarty.

ALLISON: The lectern is just as nice from the other side Mr. Olivier.

DAWID: You are something – I'm not saying I don't want to find out what, but…

ALLISON: You are my lecturer. You are already tied up to someone. Gerda? And you already have all the secret police and all the government spies trying to find ways to call you a communist.

(ALLISON pauses, then on an impulse kisses DAWID. He pushes her away, then he kisses her.)

MARTA: What you doing getting yourself caught up in that mess for?

DAWID: *(While pushing ALLISON away)* Stop! Stop! Stop! *(To MARTA)* I'm not *getting* into anything; I'm just realizing I'm already in it!

MARTA: *(ALLISON kisses DAWID one last time)* Your Oupa'll be ready to have a fit when he hears that. He already took the other side of kindly to hearing about you studying those English writers. Now you want to bring home National Union of South African Students nonsense? /You should have come home in an ambulance!

DAWID: *(To ALLISON)* I can't – we shouldn't do this – there's no asking you to wait is there?

24. It's 1965. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
DAWID and MARTA pace round each other. It's clear they have just broken from a passionate embrace.

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MARTA: You're right we should stop this. *(Trying to compose herself after kissing DAWID passionately)* I don't know why you keep trying to turn this room into a library. I got work to do. Ou Mies - *(DAWID grabs her and kisses her again)*

DAWID: *(Speaking while kissing MARTA)* Just what I'm saying. All we study are things that point up north. I want to know how to put thorn-tree honey and dry wind into words that don't sound like a bank manager's wife on a quaint outing to the desert. We should stop this. *(Catching his breath)* It's the form of it. I can't write our stories the way they do and still keep them ours. And it's not just me. That union; they know that. They want to change the teaching of things.

MARTA: I don't want to listen to what you're saying. But you do look good saying it.

DAWID kisses MARTA. They pause, look at each other. MARTA kisses him. DAWID pulls his shirt off. MARTA unbuttons her dress.

DAWID: Are you well and sure you want to do this? *(They kiss and laugh and kiss).*

ALLISON: You keep asking the same question; how many different ways can I say it! *(Pause)* Yes!

DAWID: If those law men, those blue shirts, push their way in –

MARTA: Dawid –

ALLISON: Don't!

25. It's 1977. Johannesburg. DAWID'S apartment.
DAWID and ALLISON in the afterglow of sex. ALLISON lights a cigarette. DAWID has a drink.

ALLISON: Don't chase us down with a high ball of whisky. Come back here – don't go just yet. *(DAWID returns to ALLISON)* You've got the whole world spinning round up there. I see your eyes glaze over, and you're off in another part of it. Why do you go?

DAWID: They got themselves both killed. My folks. My pa and mama! Rode themselves into the back end of a kudu. Would be a kind of funny if it wasn't true. My truth. *(As if something is loose he didn't know was holding things together)* I never said that out loud before, not with someone close enough to hear it.

ALLISON: When was this?

DAWID: I was somewhere past two. Or three. I don't remember it. It's what the stories say.

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ALLISON: Your parents –

DAWID: F.W and Marike.

ALLISON: Shit! That's some proper Afrikaans there. What were they like?

DAWID: I didn't – I don't know! The only faces I know of them are smiling back to me down a hall in the Karoo. But nothing more. Oupa keeps quiet – like they never happened. I keep thinking – they look happy – faces smiling in the hall. But what are smiling faces? They could be – something else. How would I know? A fabrication – and I miss them. How do I miss something I only know by a smiling black and white in a hall in a house I don't go to except on Christmas and Easter? They are smiling, and I don't know why? Or if it's even a true smile? Now every time I see a smile I think, what if that's just a thing? Just a picture of happiness to frame up on a wall to keep a boy from asking where he comes from?

ALLISON: I'm sorry.

DAWID: I drink sometimes. Sometimes more than I should. But I keep that little boy asking. I might not drink him happy, but I know I drink him away from –

ALLISON: My father beat me. He didn't know how to use his hands if they weren't hitting something. And he didn't believe in idleness in a man's hands. After the army he put his hands to mining. Then come home and – beat my mother too. Put her very close to needing a hospital sometimes. Hit me so hard first day I went to Wits; I made sure I'd find a way out. Mother saw that way out in the circle of a wedding band, it's the first thing she looks at when I visit. Every time I do the breaks between get longer and I don't know if I can get her out, if that means going back there. Don't. Don't look at me like something that needs saving. *(Smiles wearily)* Maybe smiling isn't always about happiness. Sometimes it just points a way away from something else.

DAWID: I'm not – come back here. Stay with me!

A light spot slowly reveals an actor as if in a documentary interview.

ACTOR 5: (Answers this question: How would you respond to the defence; 'more than finding another person, cheating is sometimes about finding another self'?)

26/27. Split scene. It's 1962. The Karoo. SAREL'S parent's house.
It's also 1992. London. DAWID and ALLISON'S apartment.

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A phone is ringing. SAREL stares at the phone, clearly too nervous to answer. At the last minute he picks up the receiver and slams it down. LUCILLE, a girlfriend, is off stage 'powdering her nose'. DAWID and ALLISON sit in bed.

SAREL: *(For LUCILLE'S benefit)* Damn kids!

ALLISON: Are you going to drive me to the airport in the morning?

DAWID: Now you find words. Didn't have any this morning. Didn't find any with your dinner. But now you need something, you need to get to the airport – you found those words real and easy.

ALLISON: I'm just asking if I need to call for a taxi –

DAWID: Why would you do that? Have you got money to burn? I'll take you. You keep that money in your purse. Buy something nice in Germany.

Enter LUCILLE, she jumps into SAREL'S arms, wraps her legs around his waist; kissing.

LUCILLE: Tell me? Why do you think anyone would do that Sarel? Why ring the phone at this black dead of night, waking up the house? / Sarel –

SAREL: Lucille, I'm not worried about that house. It's waking up something else. I'm not worried about waking up the house, when all that needs waking is standing upright. Can I place that call Ms. Adams?

LUCILLE: That's not children, Sarel, just admit it.

LUCILLE pushes SAREL on the bed and opens his legs. She moves her head between them. SAREL stays staring at the phone.

ALLISON: Will you be here when I get back?

DAWID: Where else am I likely to be Allison? I'll be sitting right where you left me. Or at the paper's office like I do every weekday. But you already know that. Or are you asking if I'll be here Friday night? Are you coming home Friday night? Well then you know I might be at the local Friday night. But I can come pick you up.

ALLISON: Don't.

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DAWID: I can come get you at the airport, put dinner on that table for you. And you can sit there trying not to find any words for your husband. I'll do that. I'll do that. Just give me the time.

LUCILLE'S head reappears from SAREL'S crotch.

LUCILLE: That bell wasn't for recess you can't expect me to do all the work here Sareltjie! This is a group project! *(He pushes her aside and zips up)* Oh that's – no, no, no. That's ok – Stop! Stop that! *(Annoyed, she lights a cigarette)* You know that's not children crank calling for the fourth time this week.

SAREL: I don't know anything like that. *(He kisses her)* All I do know is the phone rings and no one talks. *(He kisses her)* That's what I know Lucille. *(They kiss)*

ALLISON: They called me in for an interview; that paper David. /Asked me about your –

DAWID: That newspaper hasn't a decent thing to say about anybody. What are they doing calling you for?

ALLISON: They asked me about the time you spend at the local David!

DAWID: Their anti-apartheid hero isn't as shiny as they thought. Now they want to knit this story.

ALLISON: They aren't knitting anything David. They've got an intern she says she saw –

DAWID: Saw what Allison? What's she doing keeping eyes on a teacher after hours? They won't ask that will they?

The phone rings once more. They SAREL and LUCILLE stare at each other, SAREL visibly uncomfortable, he answers.

SAREL: Hello – hello… *(Not believing this himself)* Now listen here you little fuck, and you listen with both ears wide open. You better pull off this game, calling me awake at twenty to two in the morning. You better pull off. I'll give you something to stay up and awake for - hello?

SAREL slams the phone down.

ALLISON: David, talk to me.

DAWID: Talk? What do you want me to say Allison? Now? Three minutes before you fly off, now you want to talk? It's been a whole week since my Oupa died and you couldn't find something

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more to say than 'I'm sorry', then your mouth went shut and you opened those books for that damn German conference. But now you want the talk. Now that *you* got three minutes spare. Now I'm supposed to open my book and give you every crocodile tear one by one so you can make sense of it and put me back together? For what? So I can be left alone with the wine bottles while the adults are gone? So you won't get any calls from a girl's school while you aren't here to – I can't do this. My Oupa died Allison. The man who picked me up from that car crash, put clothes on my back, food in my mouth; he broke off pieces of me and put me together in ways you wouldn't understand. In ways I don't understand but I'm here because of the marks that man left of me putting a boy back together. That man left a big old shadow over my life. And it's gone. And there's nothing left between me and that big old sun now. Just me. Forgive me for needing to find somewhere I could forget that for five minutes, or three hours. I certainly wasn't getting that here.

SAREL stares at the phone, in a mild panic he rips at the phone cord.

SAREL: Get off my damn phone. Sorry Lucille –

LUCILLE: *(Half-satisfied with the display)* Don't. I didn't walk out of one home with *those* men to start another one with you. You know it.

SAREL: How'd you like that? What was I supposed to do?

LUCILLE: Anything Sarel. Try that one for size, for once. I bet they pick the coldest hour just to get that rise. And you give it to them, good. At least someone got it! Go on, why don't you yell out a little louder next time, I'm not sure they get the full girth of your manhood over the receiver! *(Pointing to his crotch)* If the damn thing still works. What good did that do? How are you any better than they? How is this… this any better than ringing at twenty to two in the morning? You're a herd of boys, with one hand down your pants and the other pointing out 'he started'. None of you brave enough to put it use it like a man! Well I don't care who started it anymore. I need to know who's going to finish it!

SAREL: Woman, I can't talk to you when you get/…

ALLISON: You could have told me how you feel!

DAWID: You filled up this flat with your work and your conferences. There isn't any space left for me to feel in the daylight Allison. And at night you fall so quickly into sleep the only hand I

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know giving me any relief from all feelings, is my own. I don't even know why you are lying in the same bed as me. What do you want from me? You want me to talk? You pushed every book you can find in between us I'm so far from you I might as well be outside. Is that where you want me? Is that what you want?

LUCILLE: I can't do this anymore. Just… tell me who's on the damn end of the damn phone? Rip that plaster, see where the chips fall. I'll start; when the phone rings it's…

ALLISON: A baby.

DAWID: What?

ALLISON: I want a baby. A small person, a child. Why's that so incredible to believe? I want a family David. I want our family.

DAWID: This doesn't make any sense.

SAREL: It's just kids!

LUCILLE: I know that's what we'll tell this pikinini here *(Rubbing her belly)* but tell mama the truth!

ALLISON: I want our children, David. I wanted a family. I want our family. You knew this was part of the deal. You knew this was who I was the day you walked over the paving stones at my mother's house and asked her permission. Don't look at me like that, like I'm a walking cliché! I can want this too. I'm allowed to want this too. I can fill my hands with books and fill my hours of the day studying and teaching at the university and I can want this. And I do want this, David. But you decided to choose that bottle over me. Your wife David, I am your wife. I'm sorry your Oupa is dead. But if you were so ripped up inside over him David, why aren't you at his funeral? Why didn't you – I gave you space because I didn't understand. I don't understand. I thought you needed space, I wanted to give you space, isn't that what a man needs? I don't know! You don't let me in David; I don't know how to love you! *(She tries to touch him, he pushes her away)*

SAREL: Are you – are we?

LUCILLE: No! Maybe! Who's on the damn end of the damn phone?

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ALLISON: A man who wears his liquor red over his face isn't a recipe for wanting. Your hand must have very little to comfort the way you get so drunk! You say I put a wall of silence up between us. Well you went and watered it with beer. I'm sorry – don't throw us away David. *(She Exits)*

SAREL: Am I the – are you sure it's mine?

DAWID: I'm trying Allison. I'm trying the best way I know how.

LUCILLE: Yes. No. See how that feels? *(She exits)* Hope your new girl likes kids!

DAWID and SAREL stare into the audience. The phone rings. SAREL does not answer, but he wants to. The two characters stare at each other and the phone. A light spot slowly reveals an actor as if in a documentary interview, as the phone continues to ring…

Commented [ML37]: Find further ways to echo end of Part 1, this is a circle that has repeated itself.

ACTOR 3: (Answers this question: Is the deception in the cover up worse than the crime of infidelity?)

Break.

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PART 3.

28. Black. Chimes. They are airport chimes.
An announcer's voice:

ANNOUNCER: Boarding announcement. Would all passengers travelling on flight SAA 184 to Johannesburg please proceed to boarding gate 19? Gates will be closing in 5 minutes. That's all outstanding passengers travelling on the SAA flight 184 to Johannesburg to boarding gate 19 now please. Thank you.

Lights up. It's 1999. London. DAWID'S bedsit.
DAWID is packing a suitcase. ALLISON is unpacking it. Sounds of airplanes passing overhead.
NOTE: Once actors are introduced on stage, they remain on stage!

DAWID: I don't know if I can make it any clearer for you Allison! I've just about spent up three hours explaining it. And I can carry on for another three, it won't change anything. The way it lays, we came here, Allison, we came here to London because some Nat in an office in Pretoria stopped me writing politically. Stopped me writing! Slapped a banning order on me; I couldn't do anything with my hands tied behind my back, so here we came. That's all done, all lifted. Now we've gone through some things and I am grateful and I am sorry for them, but we don't have to be here anymore.

ALLISON: Why now David? That's what I'm asking. You're talking about why you came here. I know why we came here! Why do you want to leave? Why now? That banning order was lifted from you years ago. If that's what's kept you from 'home', why weren't you buying up plane tickets then?

DAWID: You know we needed to be sure – the Nats – Allison, why are you… we all waited. You know this! Did you want me to walk you through Jan Smuts and right into John Vorster?

ALLISON: David, you knew you had it clear! You've known that – /you've known that for years!

DAWID: I can't do anything so far from the country Allison! Try using that sense you have. That's all this was; a way to keep working, a way to keep fighting… for change. And we did. But there aren't any soapboxes left to stand on, no banners left to fly here anymore. Nelson is

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free. Thabo is in. The millennium approaches. It's time for home. No more hands reaching out for me – for us. No more midnight phone calls. We can go home!

ALLISON: This is my home David! Our home! /Why can't you –

DAWID: This hasn't been my –

ALLISON: If you wanted home, why didn't you go back when Ouma died, or when they put Oupa into the ground?

***DAWID:** Allison I –

***ALLISON:** Bullshit! *(Shoving DAWID)* I don't believe you anymore! Your home is here, you stayed! /You stayed!

DAWID: *(Moving on ALLISON)* If you want me to stay Allison, ask me! Go on, open that door to my bicycle, open that bathroom door to my tooth brush. Clear that space on the bedside table for my books and my Oupa's draftsman pencil. Ask me! *(Softly, touching her face with his)* Ask me! Ask me and I'll stay. *(She kisses him)* Ask me, Allison *(She unbuckles his trousers)*.

ALLISON: I don't want you to go! *(Kissing him, she pulls him into her; it's intimate, passionate but short lived. A leaving plane roars overhead. She holds him a bit longer, as the walls shake.)* I don't want you to go!

DAWID: That's not the same as wanting me to stay. *(Pulling himself away from her)* Allison, Allison! I teach English to foreign taxi drivers. I live in a bedsit in Hatton! We barely see each other, Allison. I can be useful again, back in South Africa.

ALLISON: Be honest for once, you animal!

DAWID: I have cancer! *(Pause)* I have – Leukemia. I have leukemia. I just want to be – do you really want me to come home?

ALLISON: *(With remorse)* David – Dawid! Dawid Olivier. Fuck. You – little fuck. *(Pause. Tenderly)* You are the only man I ever loved! I should go.

DAWID: Do you want me to come home?

The sounds of a landing plane slowly drown out ALLISON'S speech.

ALLISON: You should go! You've been the most beautiful – pick a word. You were always better with them than me. Than I. Thank you! You're amazing, you little fuck. You should go. *(Pause)* Fuck. Cancer!

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ANNOUNCER: Last boarding call for passenger Dawid Olivier for flight SAA 184 to Johannesburg, Dawid Oliver to boarding gate 19 please.

29. It's 1963. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. Outside.
OUPA sits with a wireless on his lap.

RADIO: - last day of monarchic rule in the country as the Union of South Africa is transformed into the Republic of South Africa. Formally the country will split from the British Crown and its Commonwealth on March 30th as Charles Robberts Swart is inaugurated as the Republic's first President.

The Prime Minister Dr. Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd has long pushed for plans to succeed from the Commonwealth. He will on Wednesday watch the fulfillment of these ambitions in the Groote Kerk in Pretoria. Ambitions set up by his National Party when they first ascended to power in the elections of 1948.

In January this year, the Prime Minister had called for parliament to introduce legislation for the provision of a referendum on the formation of a Republic

OUPA: I guess that's you. You should be going. You taking the bus to… that place?

DAWID: Yeah. I'll get a taxi at the Rotunda –

OUPA: What's that?

DAWID: Ja, Oupa.

OUPA: *(Pause. OUPA gives DAWID a thin box, badly wrapped in brown paper)* There it is. Take that, take it! It's not – it's a draftsman's pencil. The only specialized writing *thing* Ou Boet had at the shop. You can – I don't know what you can do with it, damn thing is too big to hold, but there it is. Take it. *(DAWID does)* Put it away now. *(DAWID tries to hug OUPA, it's short and awkward, OUPA pushes him away)*. Yes, no. Let's not get emotional about – that taxi will be here soon.

DAWID: Dankie Oupa.

OUPA: *(Pause)* You coming home after this…studying?

DAWID: Ja, Oupa.

OUPA: You'll put this silliness with this…girl – you'll settle down then?

DAWID: Ja, Oupa.

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government – *(OUPA turns the radio off)*.

OUPA: Good. Then you deal with the rest of this. I don't think we need to talk more of it again. *(He exits)*.

30. It's 1976. Johannesburg. Somewhere on Wits campus.

Commented [ML38]: Allison needs to be doing something here

DAWID: But I need to! Just, just put yourself in a place where she didn't wait. Odysseus rows up in a boat, climbs up those stairs and – no one? What did he do all that for then? Go out and defeat an entire city, battle witches and sea monsters, hell why did he leave her to go to fight the Trojans for someone else's wife if his wasn't going to be there /holding down the palace –

ALLISON: While he left on some 'grand' adventure to pillage a city, watch over the rape and trafficking of Trojan women, kill a differently-abled demi-god, then come home to the soft bosom of a waiting woman! You think he did that for her? For Ithaca? He should just claim it; he did that for himself. If men didn't try so hard at playing hero, they might just see the damsel-in-distress is really just a woman taking a breather before round two!

DAWID: What's a man supposed to do then? How is he to sweep her up, bow his hat and make his intentions known? I'm not saying women can't play at this hero business, but when last did a damsel give eye time to a squire-in-distress? They'll just want to play mama to the boy; either they beat him till he does something useful or they scoop him up in their bosom and mollycoddle him. And when a man is in that bosom he doesn't want to be thinking of his mama!

Commented [ML39]: Theme!!!!

ALLISON: You shouldn't be smoking that, not here on campus. You know they're turning every stone to poke out commies; you don't want to lead them to you by smell.

DAWID: How are your studies going then? Have you rewritten Jane Austen yet? I'll pass an eye over your work -

ALLISON: That's not what you are trying to pass eyes over, Mr. Olivier. You'll catch a long nose with that fib. It may surprise you but I'm here to get an education, not a wedding band.

DAWID: Oh, I'd know better than to try and make you a wife. You'll have that man's balls in a box toasting over burning bras. But if there is a space open at your side, or your back, I'm just trying to find a way to throw my hat in the ring for it.

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ALLISON: I know your kind, Mr. Olivier. You're on your, what- fourth degree? You're always looking for something to throw your hat at.

DAWID: And yet all I want to do is study you, Miss Fogarty.

ALLISON: You are something – I'm not saying I don't want to find out what, but…

DAWID: I am an eternal student over 30. Not wedding band material? You are already tied up to someone? And I already have all the secret police and all the government spies trying to find ways to call me a communist. But…

DAWID pauses, then on impulse kisses ALLISON. She pushes him away, then she kisses him.

ALLISON: *(While pushing DAWID away)* Stop! Stop! Stop! I want this – let me – I need to set the pace. Ok? You want to walk with me, I set the pace. I see you again, Mr. Olivier. *(Smilin she walks away).* History is made by the patient! /History -

Commented [ML40]: Allison sets pace, but power that Dawid has as lecture clashes….

31. It's 1997.The Karoo. SAREL'S house. Living room.
SAREL and B.J are drawing up lesson plans.

B.J: History isn't anything more than one right hook followed by another. It's a boxing match. No sense in trying to romanticize it. It's just round after round of messy body shots; a never-ending continuum. A boxing match; except they don't ring that bell and nobody knows who the hell is winning.

SAREL: You only saying that 'cause you have never been knocked out, you've never had to lie o the floor and watch while someone else stands on the ropes getting the 'that's my boy'. Wh we talking about boxing? Aren't we supposed to be drinking?

Commented [ML41]: Work into this a reference to Marta's father's arrest, that he gets no right of reply, only conviction.

B.J: But who's lining up those matches? Who's saying you win?

SAREL: Who's saying – the mat saying! Your head on the floor, one, two, three and there's the match. You're gone. Someone else won! I should know better than to philosophize with you on a Friday night after a week of teaching cotton heads like you.

B.J: That's where you're not following. When do you get in the ring of history? How do you know when the winning punch has been thrown? History doesn't happen without a history before it. Next to it. Inside it. I want to teach that, put that in the new curriculum, multiple perspectives.

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SAREL: Now you go re-inventing history – only a white man! I'm talking one thing; this argument, for example. It has a start; you keep pushing any longer it will have a bigger knock out and then it's over. Then we pick up the pieces, and move on to the next.

B.J: Let's start there; this argument. Where did it start?

SAREL: B.J I don't care where it started at long as this is where it's ending. I'm not here to get into this mess with you every Friday, suck on that beer if you need to use your mouth so much.

B.J: And there Sareltjie is my point. Messy! That's the beauty of history; it's one big mess. Why parade it around as something shiny and neat, when in reality on the inside it's one big –

SAREL: Here. Here B.J. Here is where it starts. Now you made me go off my drinking.

B.J: That's about what I'm saying; nothing happens out of context. Would you be so snippy if there hadn't been a Lucille?

SAREL: Now you want to be dragging out dead cows. I never should have let you over that threshold.

B.J: Now you've gone back on yourself. Now you think it started when you let me in?

SAREL: I think if you're telling it you'll start it wherever you damn please.

B.J: That's what I'm saying, history doesn't happen out of a vacuum. If I tell of this argument maybe I start it when I mentioned history being a boxing match. You might start it when you said 'Here. Here it starts B.J'. Either way there's a whole context missing.

Commented [ML42]: Theme

SAREL: Oh, I see. You just want to blame something else. It's never just you. Never just you wh put me off my drink, never you who started an argument! You have to point to something else; to history and boxing matches, and Lucille. Next you can say you're so angry 'cause you never got to fuck Marta! You can't just lay things out, join dots the way you please and think that it's cause and effect.

B.J: Who says I never fucked Marta?

SAREL: *(He hits him)* I'm going to blame that on beer talk.

B.J: *(He hits him back)* I'm going to blame that on your weak right hand! *(There is a tussle; B.J gets SAREL in a head lock)* I hit you and you hit me and then and then, and when the police come break us up and they ask who started it? *(Lets SAREL go)* What will you say?

SAREL: You did!

B.J: You threw first punch. Well slap really. Sissy boy!

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SAREL: You provoked me, standing here talking about Marta! I was defending her like I'm defending myself now!

B.J: No. You're defending Bantu-style education.

SAREL: Bullshit. Fuck you! *(He shoves B.J hard)*

B.J: You're saying history is only one way; that's the way *they've* been teaching it. *(He shoves back)* 'History is only history when told by the victor'. When they were the new winner o the block we just believed how they told it. Now you want me to believe yours. One histor *(He offers SAREL his hand, it's rejected)*.

Commented [ML43]: Linked to hero journey

SAREL: Fuck off, that's different. They covered things up. Now it's all coming out! Truth, B.J!

B.J: Who's to say it's truth? Who's to say who's the defender and the bad guy? Don't you get it? Has all this, the changes in curriculum, taught you nothing? I'm not saying some facts aren't unforgivable, shameful. But one day you're teaching facts painted one way, then someone paints them another way. All of it. Who's to say that those are all the only 'truth'? You're trying to dust off the messy so you can play politics. Now I'm not saying that isn't necessary. But that's not history. History is a fucking mess. The way you looking at it, you can just rearrange facts neatly to fit a clean story. You can make anyone the hero if you arrange long enough.

SAREL: *(Advancing on B.J)* Fuck you. You're just angry because the world held up a mirror and you're seeing who you really are, you've been caught up in that lie!

B.J: What lie? What are you making that judgment on? The facts? What facts do you have? You've only got your experience. That's your truth. What about mine? Doesn't that matter? Apparently not, since you're writing this story. You; headmaster Sarel Bosman! In your version I'm the bad guy. You can't just write what people did or didn't do. History doesn't happen with starts and finishes. It's not a judgment. There are people there. Full long-living people. You tell our story, point out all the bad I've done and people will ask why are you friends? I'll write the story, point out all the fun times and people will ask why the fight? And you'll miss /the whole mess of things in between -

Commented [ML44]: Can shorted this scene!

SAREL: I know you B.J. I know what kind of prick you are!

B.J: You do! You know everything. You know me well enough to pass judgment. B.J was this! He did that. Sign off and ship to Robben Island! Cause you know! In your way it's not possible for many truths to run at the same time. But, what if you do all those right actions

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with all the right starts and finishes that *you* say make one kind of person? Often and continuously so there's this performance of one thing but on the inside, you can be something else. Both true. But both make the other seem false. That's the fucking mess of life! Those actions don't go away. And what's on the inside if nothing else gives some perspective. Context. Something to hold onto in the mess! You can be doing everything the way people want you do on the outside but you could be doing them to get by – and you know the pain it's causing. But you can't stop it because you know; you know you're one step from being on the other side of that pain. Where's the room in your fucking judgment for that?

SAREL: You still did what you did. None of that makes you a hero!

B.J: *(Exasperated)* I'm not saying I'm a hero. I'm saying you're connecting dots to tell a story one way. You want to find blame and find heroes. But what about those dots that don't fit that story. You just leave them behind? Then you're no better than they are. Your people are like this, my people are like that. Now we're just changing labels. History should not be about judgment. It's a balance of a life. The full lived experience. You can't wipe out all those dots just 'cause they're inconvenient to your purpose! As long as there is a continuum, a way to touch every part that was before and will come, there is a possibility for fact and perspective.

SAREL: If you're finding a way to say something B.J, get on with arranging it so's I understand it. You know I don't have time to wait from you to put your dress back on and help you find it. *(Pause)* Go on say it! *(Pause)* / You're a fascist.

B.J: I'm a faggot.

32. It's 1985. The Karoo. A church. MARTA and RACHEL'S church.
REBECCA plays off stage.

MARTA: Do you want to say that again? Your mouth needs soap ma. I thought you came down to church with me ma to look after Bekkie. If I wanted lifted brows and a bashing with that bible, I would have stayed in the women's meeting. *(Calling to REBECCA)* Bekkie, you play nicely with the others. Mommy is watching.

RACHEL: Those women are right to lift the brow. Three years, Marta. It's been three years, my girl. I don't know why you are still in that house, polishing that table when he left three years ago. After what he did to you? After all *that – (Pointing to REBECCA)*

MARTA: What, ma? She has a name, ma!

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RACHEL: That is trouble – and when it comes out – when it comes out, as it always does; who will bear the brunt of that? The Bosmans? Ha! That Sarel of yours? You! You, Marta. And me! *(Looking at REBECCA)* She shouldn't be – stop that! Put that truck down! Why does she play with boy's toys? This is what comes from –

MARTA: From what ma?

RACHEL: Playing the fool! Let a man between your thighs without a ring and got yourself an eighteen year keepsake for that wisdom! Now it's playing with that Adams boy! He's a rough one – wild mother – he's going to hurt her, that one. But no, let her, your daughter, play rough! What's it got to do with me?

MARTA: What's that ma? He's energetic. Children are energetic. She is energetic. Life is energetic. And she is not a papsak! She'll be fine. And if she is not, I'll be here for her. They are just tumbling –

RACHEL: It's not right Marta! She's a girl. She shouldn't be – girls are not like that. What kind of a girl are you raising? Now I know her – that Sarel – was a terrible brute of a coloured, who forced you, forced you – what else do you call taking advantage of your position, your naivety, and left you with *that*! But magtig, do you have to encourage her to wear the half of her that is him so loudly?

MARTA: *(Taking her mother in)* Ma, is that what you think happened? Is that why –

RACHEL: That *is* what happened. It happened to you. And to me! It happened to you so bad, you can't see it. That is why you can't leave that house. That is why you keep polishing at that table; you're looking to see yourself something shiny. But he broke you. Look at you!

MARTA: Yes, ma. Look at me! All of me! There, look at that granddaughter of yours. That beautiful love twisted into a koeksuster and dipped in joy so sweet we called her Suikerbekkie! Look ma! There is no victim here. Where are the cracks? Here? On my face? Victim? No, laugh lines! Here? Wrinkles! That's life ma, I'm proud of them. I chose him ma. I chose Sarel. All of him! Even the parts you don't like! He didn't choose me. He chose – *(She can't say)*. But I chose him. All of him. Even that part that didn't choose me. That's love. I can't unchoose that. I choose; everyday I go back to that house. And not for Sarel. I polish that table. I take that pay, and I put it here. This bake sale. This group of women. I did that. I'm not frozen standing in one spot, waiting for Sarel to come back to that big house. I polish that table. I wash Ou Baas Olivier's clothes and – and I take that pay and I put it into that garden there!

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That's what I choose, ma. I choose that table everyday – Bekkie will know her family. Maybe not Sarel! But she will know all of what is her! Everybody is standing in bad weather ma. Everybody. Not just me. Not just you. I'm not saying he didn't push a big cloud from his side over to my head; I'm not saying he didn't make a big mess when he left to study! But the way I see it, we are all standing in the rain! You, me, Sarel… daddy! You can either cry you're getting wet… or you get a fucking umbrella!

33. It's 1997.The Karoo. B.J'S house. Living room.
SAREL and B.J are drawing up lesson plans.

SAREL: Who do you think you're talking to like that? Calling me a liar? What are you making that judgment on? The facts? What facts do you have? You've only got your experience. That's your truth. What about mine? Doesn't that matter? Apparently not, since you're writing this story. You; history Teacher B.J Venter! In your version I'm the bad guy. You can't just write what people did or didn't do. History doesn't happen with starts and finishes. It's not a judgment. There are people there. Full long-living people. You tell our story, point out all the bad I've done and people will ask why are you friends? I'll write the story, point out all the fun times and people will ask why the fight? And you'll miss /the whole mess of things in between -

B.J: I know you Sarel. I know what kind of prick you are!

SAREL: You do! You know everything. You know me well enough to pass judgment. Sarel was this! He did that. Sign off and ship to Robben Island! 'Cause you know! In your way it's not possible for many truths to run at the same time. But, what if you do all those right actions with all the right starts and finishes that *you* say make one kind of person? Often and continuously so there's this performance of one thing but on the inside you can be something else. Both true. But both make the other seem false. That's the fucking mess of life! Those actions don't go away. And what's on the inside if nothing else gives some perspective. Context. Something to hold onto in the mess! You can be doing everything the way people want you do on the outside but you could be doing them to get by – and you know the pain it's causing. But you can't stop it because you know; you know you're one step from being on the other side of that pain. Where's the room in your fucking judgment for that?

B.J: You still did what you did. None of that makes you a hero!

Commented [ML45]: Marta should enter here to clean the flat, she remains through scene!

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SAREL: *(Exasperated)* I'm not saying I'm a hero. I'm saying you're connecting dots to tell a story one way. You want to find blame and find heroes. But what about those dots that don't fit that story? You just leave them behind? Then you're no better than they are. Your people are like this, my people are like that. Now we're just changing labels. History should not be about judgment. It's a balance of a life. The full lived experience. You can't wipe out all those dots just 'cause they're inconvenient to your purpose! As long as there is a continuum, a way to touch every part that was before and will come, there is a possibility for fact and perspective.

B.J: If you're finding a way to say something Sarel, get on with it. You know I don't have time to wait for you to put your tampon back in and help you/ find it.

SAREL: You know what I'm saying. Don't sit there with your books, like you haven't done that for 2 years and seen what you have seen and ask me that. You know what I'm saying as well as you know that Jerome isn't just my room mate, living with me in the same bed for the last 6 years. You want to know the facts, to come out the shadows, so ask me!

B.J: Are you a faggot?

SAREL: You better put that word right back where it came from. Only faggots say faggot – aren't you a real man? You don't get to use that word now. Only faggots get to pull that one out and use it. Go on, ask me again white boy!

B.J: *(Pause)* Are you a faggot?

SAREL: Didn't I just tell you, only faggots say faggot! Ask me again!

B.J: *(Deliberately)* Are you a faggot?

34. It's 1995. The Karoo. The Barends B&B.

B.J and SAREL stare at each other under this scene!

DAWID (O/S): Marta? Are you? Are you there? Come on Marta Barends; get yourself outside Marta, The sun's still hanging on that horizon, the day's still for living! /Are you there, eh Marta?

MARTA (O/S): I hear! Who's calling out like that? Waking up Graaff-Reinet, /I hear you!

DAWID (O/S): I didn't fly myself out in that metal tube all the way from America, all shaking in between the clouds for waiting. Marta! Answer your door. It's me Marta! I said to you, I said I'd be back and here I am, come pinch me, it's Dawid Olivier!

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MARTA enters, she has clearly been interrupted unblocking a toilet.

MARTA: Who you talking about? This is not Dawid Olivier – I know Dawid Olivier. There hasn't been a man by that name here – I'm coming! Stop launching your fist at my door, son! *(Exits)* It's Dawid, what kind of game are you –

DAWID (O/S): Well good evening Ms. Barends.

MARTA (O/S): *(Pause)* Evening.

DAWID (O/S): Well, look here at you! The years are sitting on you in all the right ways Ms Barends. They have a way of sneaking up on a man's face; I barely know who is looking back at me in the mirror. Call me a beast, but this beast is home! *(He whoops)* I'm sorry, I tried to pull this all together in that rental, but – can I –

MARTA (O/S): Of course! Come inside! Sorry, blocked toilet. How are you? *(Enters with DAWID, in disbelief)* Dawid? Dawid Olivier? Good evening. Please get yourself on that chair –

DAWID: I'll take that! Those airplanes, they say one thing but no matter how they make those seats ten and a half hours in anything is tough on your old bones. Ten and a half hours, Marta, flying through the air, hit a pocket of hot air and suddenly you bouncing, makes my stomach turn just thinking about it. Don't do it Marta, there isn't anything worth seeing on the other side of that metal bird's landing. Unless it's home! God, look at this place; nothing not where it's supposed to be, like I walked back into ten and something years ago.

MARTA: *(Blushing)* Things change Mr. Olivier, even when your hands are training to keep them in one place. Things may look the one way, but time adds a something to everything in ways sometimes the eye can't tell.

DAWID: Not here Marta! Time finished up making this place long go, then set it down in ways tha still look beautiful. Driving down, in that car from the big smoke, all I could do was keep m hands on the wheel knowing what would be on the arrival side of that trip. This, Marta. Breathe it in! Can't you smell it? Nothing like this anywhere! Nothing so dry and sweet it breaks you apart and fills you up in one breath! Nothing like being that open. And when the honey comes in, that wild sap honey dripping down breaking boughs, it puts it all back together. It's life! I could feel it tugging at me, at my shirt, at my skin, lifting my hair on my arms the closer I got. That's living Marta, beating under the surface of all this.

Commented [ML46]: Make it clearer that he is in Marta's house, and perhaps saw it in his childhood?

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DAWID stares at MARTA. She still seems confused as to who he is. ALLISON, enters with a suitcase. She starts to pack the things cleared up by MARTA into the suitcase! After an awkward beat DAWID moves to collect the suitcase.

MARTA: Let me get that, I've just put fresh towels in one of my rooms! Double bed, an English girl – Allison – left earlier than expected, so it's no trouble. Unless Gerda wants –

DAWID: Not here, Gerda. She's – Germany I think! France maybe. Haven't laid sight on her in 3 years! Gerda, ha, she works for an NGO now. I said I'd come back.

MARTA: You said that?

DAWID: When I left – I just thought when I came back - *(Pause. Gets up as if to leave.)* Sarel still at that school out on the edge –

MARTA: You're not staying? Stay the night. I'm making up some dinner – I can…

DAWID: No, I've booked a room in town! I just – ya! I – I just thought… I –

MARTA collapses onto the table. She looks very confused. She laughs. She gets up to carry on with her evening plans, re-setting the dining room.

35. It's 1999. London. ALLISON'S apartment.
ALLISON is packing a suitcase. MARTA is unpacking it.

DAWID: I don't want you to go! *(Kissing her, he pulls her into him; it's intimate, passionate but short lived. A leaving plane roars overhead. She holds him a bit longer, as the walls shake.)* I don't want you to go!

ALLISON: That's not the same as wanting me to stay. *(Pulling herself away from him)* David, David! I lecture African literature in a leading university in Germany, my work – it's doing well on the conference circuit. I can't – you live in a bedsit in Hatton! We barely see each other, David. Waiting's not fair on anyone.

DAWID: *(Teasing)* Be honest for once, you animal!

ALLISON: I have tenure! *(Pause)* I have – in Germany. I have tenure. I just want to be – do you really want to date that?

DAWID: *(With remorse)* Alley – Allison! Allison Oliv - Fogarty. Fuck. You – little shit. *(Pause. Tenderly)* You are the only… I loved you! You should go.

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ALLISON: Do you want me to stay?

The sounds of a landing plane slowly drown out DAWID'S speech.

DAWID: You should go! You've been the most beautiful – pick a word. You were always better with them than me. Than I. Thank you! You're amazing, you little shit. You should go. I should – I don't know. Maybe I should… write an ode to our short-lived love tryst *(Pause)* Fuck. Tenure!

36. It's 1988. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead.
DAWID and *OUPA are looking for a drink. RACHEL watches.*

RACHEL: Are you trying to put thoughts to sleep? The brandy's in the kitchen. Wait here Ou Baas. *(MARTA hands her a bottle of brandy)*

OUPA: The house is too quiet for thinking! All I do now is remember. Some things aren't worth remembering. *(She pours him a drink)* Drinking has a way of stirring things up if you do it alone! *(She pours herself a drink)* That girl of yours, is she thinking of staying on?

RACHEL: If she knows what's good for her!

OUPA: No, they never do! Hand them a life all shiny and as far from sweat as one can push it – they'll post it back to sender. Make you pay for that too. My boy's not coming back is he? *(He tries to walk to a chair, stumbles, waves off RACHEL'S help)* These thoughts need more settling, Rachel.

RACHEL: *(Pouring him another drink)* Hoe skerper as 'n slang se tand dit is, om 'n ondankbare kind te hê!

OUPA: What is he to London, or London to him, that he packs his bags and leaves behind the people that built him up, cheered him on, and gave him the words to show off his fancy writing; for London? London. I saw London push my Ouma and ma off this farm. Burnt it to the ground. Big strong London in an anthill helmet, singing of an old Queen I never saw. Put us into white little tents, stretching out as far as my small eyes could see, nothing under them but hard dead ground, you couldn't scratch a finger into it; dead ground. We just sat there, nothing to do but watch each other become hard and dead as that earth, London marching up and down, brown anthill hats watching us die. One day that London comes, the big one who

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sang of green hills far off on that island, pushed open my ma's legs and sowed a bit of Britain into Africa. Made me watch. Took me years before I could look her in the eye without seeing that. *(Looking at DAWID)* Now the son of her son's son, is there. I can't –

RACHEL: London came for my daddy too. My daddy was a Xhosa. Big strong man, dark thick legs like tree trunks. He planted himself and those legs into District Six. London came after the plague, pushed him into a wagon, took him out to Uitvlugt. Those London hats took him there and flung us out north, somewhere – I can't remember. Ma was not dark enough for Uitvlugt, so we wandered, two birds living on cool wind and my ma's prayers. By the time they came to put us in white tents, they weren't white anymore; didn't look like much was living in them either. Certainly nothing white. Ma learned then to put her prayers down, lift her skirt, so she could keep us living. She was luckier than most, her skin – like cream with a touch of coffee. That war ended, but still too many women having to lift their skirts in one way or another to keep us living. *(Looking at MARTA)* And she had no need, this she chose. Maybe inertia –

OUPA: Vinkel en koljander, die een is soos die ander!

37. It's 1994. London. South Africa House. It's voting day.
DAWID is knocking on a door. It's locked. The polling station is closed. He is late. And drunk.

Commented [ML47]: Can introduce police scanner here, to link to other kudu scenes?

DAWID: Don't say that! You don't mean it and I don't want to hear it. Just – please open the door! I'll just come in, put down my mark, and go. I got my ID. I got my passport. I got – Please – dammit, please. I'm asking with please! *(Yelled)* Open the door, fuckers! *(Suddenly exhausted)* Open – *(In pain)* ah, ah, oh I don't – I don't feel so good. Please, all you need to do is open. I'm here. Bekkie, I'm here. Suikerbekkie - 'Sing your song, your man is gone, what are you going to do?' What am I – *(There is motion behind the door. The silhouette of the kudu)* Hello? Hello? Please let me in! Please! ID, passport, I'm a South African - *(Kudu barks in return)* No, no. please, don't go! I know, its five past. Five past! It's just five minutes! Please I'm a South African – *(His stomach turns)* Ah oh that's not good! *(Kudu barks in return)* No, please don't go! Please don't leave me! I can't be alone, I feel – I shouldn't be alone when I feel like this – please, I need to vote. She's – I'm – oh that's not *(He vomits. He stares at the vomit. Then starts laughing.)* I have cancer. I have cancer.

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(Yelling at the kudu) I have fucking cancer! Oh God. This can't be good. I just needed to forget. I only drank to forget. I drank to forget. And I missed this. Leukemia. Damn! Just like that. I walked right from that quack's office this morning and into a bar. I swore I wouldn't go back. Leukemia? I said never drinking again. Do you drink? *(Barking, and in the distance a police scanner is heard)* Of course you do – You're a fucking – with that face – I would! *(Barking)* But I was good. I didn't. Doctors, then polling station – but – Why? Why? Why? Why would you do this to me? Haven't you given me enough to deal with for one lifetime journey? Big writer in the sky! Crashes and exile, banning orders and mumps and – Allison, is going to – God, she can't find out. Don't tell her. I can't face this too. I should have been here earlier. I should have voted. I made a promise, and this way the way – wasn't it? *(Barking)* You don't say very much – limited vocabulary. I should have voted! Please let me in! *(He passes out)*

38. It's present day. A light spot slowly reveals the actors as if in a documentary interview. Dawid remains slumped on the floor. The police scanner plays under the entire scene…

ACTOR 6: (Answers this question: How would you describe the social expectations of traditional masculinity?)

ACTOR 2: (Answers this question: To what extent have gender stereotypes /sexism impacted your job as an actor?)

ACTOR 6: (Answers this question: To what extent have the social expectations of traditional masculinity affected you as a coloured gay man? Describe with examples.)

Break.

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PART 4.

39. It's 1983. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
There is a stinkwood table and chairs.

DAWID (O/S): I don't see why you need to get hysterical, Allison. You knew what we were getting into. I never lied about that, there's been no cover-up. This cannot be such a surprise to you. Are you sure you aren't in that time of the month? *(Entering)* And use your inside voice please, as long as we are in my Oupa's house at least.

ALLISON (O/S): Don't go turning this on me. There aren't people outside this house, followed us all the way from Vereeniging, because it's that time for my monthly woes. Don't change the subject!

DAWID: I don't even know what it is anymore!

DAWID: First it's the way I brake at an intersection, then our Nat friends outside – *(Looking out the window, ALLISON enters)* hello - got up your nose, now the way Mr. Van Riebeeck has a file on you. What's next? The dry heat on the Karoo? None of these things are my fault! Give a man a break Allison, for this weekend; just let me have some peace in the open air with my family. Isn't that why we decided to /come here?

ALLISON: No, no. Don't do that. This hasn't got anything to do with your Oupa, your Ouma. You know that. You didn't drive all this way for – you haven't come here since – what are we

SAREL (O/S): I'm saying it like it was. She went and put all of herself into that chair. I wasn't going to tell her it was broken. She leaned over: 'Teach me some history, teacher boy'. Those children stood up, began reciting '6 April 1652'. They put on the whole show; running around in circles like ships, feet stamping, singing. She looked like she was staring at the devil; you know the way respectable women do, hand on her hand. They hadn't gotten three words past the Dromedaris when crack, that chair gave in underneath her and set her spilling all over the floor. Those poor children just stood there with eyes big as potatoes, not knowing if they needed to cry, or laugh, or pee, or all three at the same time. I stood over her, gave her my hand, and in my best Queen's

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doing here? Just tell me what's going on?

DAWID: They pulled me this week, the conditions on the banning /order -

ALLISON: This is not about the banning order. Don't say those words again.

DAWID: They offered me a way out. To London. I took it.

ALLISON: Stop, stop! I know that! You think I don't know? I know things.

DAWID: No, Allison, you don't. I just accepted –

ALLISON: Tell me why you are here David!

DAWID: I'm saying goodbye to my family. Allison. Then when we get into that car, when we leave you either go back to that apartment by yourself, or we pack our bags for London! Now I need to freshen up. It's fucking hot! I don't know why you want to come back to this! Who's making all that noise?

English said: 'Perhaps ma'am would like to engage in less dangerous activities. Tea?'

MARTA (O/S): You did not, Sarel Bosman. Now you're just making things up. Listen to you knitting onto that story like you took on the entire British Empire.

SAREL (O/S): What stories Marta Barends? It's not like you haven't had a dream that rang about as close to that with Miss ol' What's-her-name? When last Dawid bring miss La de da to visit the relations?

MARTA (O/S): If you are going to take up my kitchen space, then hand me those plates, they need to go in the warmer before /Ou Mies comes back.

SAREL: Why you always trying to put this coloured man to work?

DAWID: Bosman? Bosman, is that you? What stories are you making up?

***ALLISON:** *(To herself)* People sitting out in cars… if you could write this moment, what would you say?

***SAREL (O/S):** Put a pin in that, now we are in trouble. Here's the one they're really /looking for. Dawid Johannes –

DAWID: Now hold on Bosman. I can't let you in here. Hold on! That chair might be a story but my banning order is as real as they come. I've got two plain clothes in a car outside the driveway to show for it. Be a lad, give me a hand with the bag /will you? Come around the front to the car; give us a hand will you?

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SAREL(O/S): This banning order is just a fancy way of saying you want a coloured man to use the back door and do the hard labour, say it Dawid! I'll meet you out front.

DAWID: Splash a bit of water on your neck, freshen up. You'll feel better.

DAWID exits. ALLISON stands for a moment, then attempts to re-pin her hair and soak up the sweat under her blouse with DAWID'S handkerchief, trying to regain her composure. MARTA is heard singing REBECCA'S song softly in the kitchen.

OUPA (O/S): Marta? There's a car parked in the driveway, /like it's a parking lot.

ALLISON: Mr. Olivier? Is that you? I'm afraid /that would be -

OUPA (O/S): What's that car doing in our driveway, sitting there like we're a supermarket on sale?

MARTA (O/S): That prodigal grandson of yours, down from the big smoke. Left something for you in the living room! Come on inside, I'll have dinner on the table when Ouma gets in.

OUPA: I should have known, *(He enters)* Dawid-Johannes. Trouble comes knocking twice over when he blows in. *(To ALLISON)* Bathroom's down the passage Miss Fogarty, I'm sure you'd be more comfortable doing your womanly things there!

ALLISON: Afternoon. Mr. Olivier. Dawid's only just left –

OUPA: Do I have you to thank for that menagerie of cars on my driveway? Dawid never could put things in the box they belonged. Stadsmense; as daar nou 'n plek bestaan vir iets, dan sit julle dit iewers anders! Tell me, how are the Fogartys? Are you still – in the books? Studying? Still living *well* with my grandson up in the city? Where are you now?

ALLISON: It is going well thank -

OUPA: Cars parked in my driveway tell of another story.

ALLISON: They do like to follow him around. They don't bring much good, but nothing all that bad happens when they're near. David will never say but - it has been tough, but David is a brave man!

OUPA: Kan net 'n Engelsman so 'n leuen so goed verkoop! The English are very creative – with words! Where is the boy now? *(Calling)* Dawid! Have you been sent to soften the blow? *(Calling)* Jy moet kom as ek roep boetie! Another arrest? Another loan? Say it now, time isn't as long as it used to be. *(Pause)* Nothing is as long as it used to be. Was this the life you imagined for yourself? When you were 5 or 6?

ALLISON: Shall I give David a call, get him – I think I better call your grandson, perhaps –

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OUPA: The wife of a boer! Go on, you can say! Did you imagine a house like this? The sheep? Waking up at 4am? The fields, the ever-loving fields of mielies; is this what brings happiness to an English girl?

ALLISON: Happiness comes in many shapes and forms Mr. Olivier, David and I –

OUPA: Have not put a baby in that belly of yours. I can tell. You city girls leave nothing for imagining. So, you can't be all that happy! Perhaps less time at the desk, and more time on it! Marta! *(To ALLISON)* Help me up! Marta? *(ALLISON helps him up)* Now you listen here, girly, both ears working. You had your fun, you both drawn circles and stars 'round that city, but it's time, you hear? That dance party has played its last song. Now you put that away, you put your shoes down under that bed at the end of that passage. I know my grandson, hasn't shown the stuffing of a good husband. But you, missy, you are his wife. You turn that head, get him straight. And you do your God-given job and put a great-grandson in my arms. Then I can die and leave this miserable – *(DAWID enters)* Kyk 'aar! Ja boetie! Always arriving when the work is done!

DAWID: Hello Oupa! Hoe gaanit Oupa? Come in out of the draft Oupa, I've got your blanket and brandy waiting for you. Lunch will be on the table soon.

He leads OUPA into another room. OUPA exits. Turning, DAWID looks back at ALLISON, barring her from following.

DAWID: Maybe you should – get yourself upstairs. Take a lie down. I've got this. Let men talk, I've got this. Go on! *(He exits)*

OUPA (O/S): Trouble still rolling in from your days at the university? I know I raised you with more sense than to get in between those boys.

DAWID (O/S): I'm not anything to anyone of them Oupa. They've set their mind on who I am, now they are trying to prove it. They'll just sit in their car like they've been doing for four months now. They just want me to stop writing.

***OUPA (O/S):** Well they aren't the only ones. She's gone and watered this down; thinks I don't know brandy from rain water. Behind the book there boy, get a man a drink. Don't give me any lip; I don't need judgment in my own house. Have yourself a sip too.

***ALLISON:** *(Yelled)* He's moving us to London! Any way you put those words, he's not – no shoes staying under your bed! *(Quiet)* Don't even stay under mine! You fascist prick!

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There is sudden movement from under the table that frightens ALLISON. It is REBECCA, hiding.

ALLISON: Touch my head, touch my toes. What are you doing under there? You scared? – you hiding? Does your mama know you've crawled in under there? *(Pause)* There space in that table tent for another one?

DAWID: *(Entering. With an empty tumbler)* Shush, shush that noise now. Allison, what – I'm trying to tell that old man –

MARTA enters

MARTA: Sorry, I didn't think you were still here. *(She attempts to exit.)*

DAWID: Marta, /can you give –

MARTA: Sarel's gone missing, turned my back for – I need to get to the shops. Aunt Lettie wants mosbolletjies for tea later and I don't have the flour for it. I need him to look after – /shit, Rebecca?

DAWID: I can do it. Marta, can you give me just a minute?

ALLISON: She's hiding out under /the table-

MARTA: You leave my daughter alone; get your hands off her. It's ok baby, mama's here now. come on out. Some dough you can play with in the kitchen, you like that? *(She takes REBECCA from under the table)*. I haven't got a minute spare. If you want something Dawid, you better come into the kitchen. Miss Allison, I put fresh towels in your room if you want to freshen up before dinner. *(She exits)*

DAWID: Marta! *(To ALLISON, giving her the empty tumbler and following MARTA)* Can you – ice, whisky, 2 fingers.

ALLISON stands on the stage alone. She moves slowly to pour the drink.

MARTA (O/S): Sorry. I just - the coast clear Dawie? Or am I bound to be arrested for standing here with you and my baby?

DAWID (O/S): I don't think they count her Marta. Hey! Hey! We are fine.

MARTA (O/S): You look like shit. Go on, pull that side straight there Dawie. Ou Mies Olivier will have my hands burning, this cloth sits skew.

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DAWID (O/S): She's had to walk away from the library; Allison. They started following her at work.

MARTA (O/S): It's not like you need the money, she'll get back in her heels.

DAWID (O/S): That woman's got dreams too Marta. This has hurt –

ALLISON begins to eavesdrop. Moving closer to the kitchen door.

MARTA (O/S): Hurt? What do white people know about hurt? Come here with that. /Stop fussing. Let me – I'm trying to help Dawid.

DAWID: Stop it. Stop. Marta. I can do this myself.

It's suddenly quiet. ALLISON thinks of moving away 'til she hears rhythmic thuds on the kitchen door, and a gasp for breath.

DAWID (O/S): *(In between kissing)* Stop, stop, stop! We shouldn't. Marta – she's just – This is why I need to leave – I can't keep – Marta! Marta!

ALLISON turns the radio on, sits in Oupa's chair and stares at the door. She sips the whisky.

RADIO: - reporting a flash of light and then a magnificent explosion. Huge sheets of glass, that once framed the buildings of Church Square, were blown clean out of the buildings, falling into the heavy crowds of commuters on the streets below. According to medical personnel on the scene, the thunderous blast ripped through car windows too, in the surrounding streets, sending bits of glass of every size and shape, into innocent bystanders causing many of the injures. Shockwaves were felt right across Church Square, which now stands cordoned off this evening, littered with glass and twisted metal, small lost possessions and of course the signs of the lives lost, the lives that are no more, outside the Nedbank Square building – the headquarters of the S.A. Airforce. Authorities have reported that the blast, thought to have been a car bomb, has taken the lives of 16 and injured almost 190.

40. It's 1999. The Karoo. B.J'S house. Living room.
SAREL and B.J are drawing up lesson plans. They stare as if at ALLISON.

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SAREL: But just put yourself in a place where she didn't. Where she's not sitting around for ten years waiting for him to row up in a boat, climb up those stairs and play hero. What was she doing? Now that's a thing they don't tell you. That's a thing I want to know – want to write!

B.J: You take her away from waiting, and there's no one for Dawid to play hero for. What's he going to find then waiting for him when he gets atop those stairs?

SAREL: Now, I'm not saying change the story, but the perspective. You take that story from town gossip into flesh and blood, and there isn't a woman – or man – breathing that'll spend ten years just combing her or his hair waiting. Now you make her real, dynamic; you tell her perspective and maybe *he's* the one coming home as a prize for a hero!

B.J: You shouldn't be smoking that, not here in the house. You know they're turning every stone to poke out moffies; you don't want to lead them to you by smell.

SAREL: Are you still writing for that memoir? When will you let me pass an eye over it? What are you working on?

B.J: Those eyes – more curious than any good! *(Pause)* Poetic meditations on restriction, resistance – the millennium!

SAREL: Another white man playing at being hero. *(Pause)* Writing about life is more difficult when it's beating up next to you, more real than the past.

B.J: So live it for a while. Come out from behind that pen. You have to do something a little different if you want to see things a little differently.

SAREL: I'm your headmaster Mr. Venter.

B.J: The lectern is just as nice from the other side Mr. Bosman.

SAREL: You are something – I'm not saying I don't want to find out what, but…

B.J: But…

SAREL: I am your bossman. I'm still tied up on someone else. Jerome? And you already have all the religious mothers and all the departmental spies trying to find ways to call you out.

SAREL pauses, then on an impulse kisses B.J. He pushes him away, then B.J. kisses him. Both stunned.

A light spot slowly reveals two actors as if in a documentary interview. Each actor is to answer the questions posed to them below.

ACTOR 4: (Answers this question: What would make the act of infidelity understandable?)

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ACTOR 5: (Answers this question: How do you think this play represents 'infidelity'? Describe with examples)

40. It's 1948. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead.
OUPA enters with a wireless. There is knocking at the door.

RADIO: – costs of skilled labour and the increase in demand for unskilled labour would precipitate the import of cheap Chinese indentured labour to ease labour costs and increase productivity in the early 1900s. Similar tactics were used in the early 1910s with the increase of cheap unskilled white Afrikaans labour on the Rand's mines. Each wave of non-white and non-English labour employment can be linked to a concurrent increase in industrial action, with major mining strikes occurring in 1907, 1913 and 1922. Each successive strike became more violent, more protracted and ended in a heavier display of force by both mine-owners and, increasingly, by the British lead government of the Union of South Africa. This 1922 mine strike, also referred to as the Rand Revolt, began as a dispute over pay cuts,

OUPA: Rachel? God – Rachel! I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Rachel? I'm coming. / *(Exits)* Hello –

VORSTER (O/S): Mr. Olivier? Mr. – Hello?

OUPA (O/S): Please come in, please. How are you officer? *(Entering with VORSTER, behind comes DAWID)* Dawid? Dawid? Good evening. Please get yourself on that chair. Who brings you here? Rachel? Ouma? Fallen asleep –

VORSTER: I don't know how to break this to you, sir. I don't know what to say – Lawrence, he's the - we send him out he's got the words – I'm sorry. I wish I could find a way of sparing you the news, but – this was all that was left behind. It took out all of the car, you should have seen it! I'm sorry – I'm messing this up. I'm Lieutenant Colonel Vorster – there has been a car accident – the driver's license, it brought me here to you! It was a kudu that did it. One large male. You should have seen it – albino; white as a church steeple. My heavens! It took them out. The whole front end! This boy – he's all that – I'm sorry, sir. Mr. F.W and Mrs. Marike – they – I'm sorry!

(VORSTER shoves the boy DAWID into OUPA'S unexpectant arms and exits. OUPA sits in disbelief)

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the retraction of paid holidays, but importantly the replacement of the white largely Afrikaans labour force with cheap Africans. A strike was called by trade unions to oppose these changes in January 1922, and within weeks miners had organized into commandos who launched protest marches. These protests were usually accompanied by violent attempts to prevent the mine owner's use of strike-breaker miners to keep mines productive. With employers refusing to negotiate, large, mainly Afrikaans, communities on the Witwatersrand joined in the miners' protests. Skirmishes quickly evolved into open civil rebellion, ending only with extensive military action which resulted in the deaths of 129 soldiers and policemen, 43 civilians and 39 miners, the injury of over 500 miners and civilians, and more than 5000 arrests….

OUPA: I promise you, seuna! *You're* going to grow old being so proud of your old man. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I'm making you this promise. I know he's left you, but where was the good in staying? Bad happens even with a guard at the door. Car crash. Kudu. They can take the land right out from under your feet. An albino bull can take the word 'pa' right out of your mouth. I – what am I doing with you? I'm going to give you a world so different, boytjie, even from over here. I know you never asked for this. And there's a whole lot more of that stupid world coming for you. You perfect little mix of a boy, your mama was a Smutsie and your father was a Nat. And this is the Union. Of South Africa. And those English would try get rid of every bit and piece of Afrikaans in you! And that's a kind of life I wish you never knew. I don't want you to know it. Not if I can get in between you and it and if I leave before - I don't want you to know it. But when the boere come back, and the boere will come back for you, for me, for us, your world is going to be so changed. And you will be so proud of your old man because some of that change will have come from him. And this will all have been worth it. I promise.

OUPA exits with DAWID.

42. It's 1973. Johannesburg. ALLISON'S parents' house.
The stage is empty. Only voices are heard.

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HERBERT (O/S): I said it once, I can say it again 'til the Jack flies over the Union buildings onc again; that girl will not go to a university. What more does she need to learn becomin woman, that she won't learn at your elbow? Or this hand? You're bound to fill her head so heavy with needless things; she won't have the strength to drag it across the threshold. Who'd want to take that off my hands? She'll stay here under this roof, 'til I'm old and shrivel up and die. If I'm not in the poorhouse for doing it!

Commented [ML48]: Perhaps look at Splitting Herbert from BJ and OUPA

EMILY (O/S): Those words never left your mouth Herbert; sit there lying with a straight face. You planning on digesting that bottle? Heavens, it's barely noon! She is a girl, Herbert. This is what the civilized do with girls these days. Not that you notice civilization through the blur of drink and whore!

HERBERT (O/S): No, I see you Emily, turning the gavel to face me! I'm not planning on sending a girl to university. No daughter of mine will set foot in that place. Not that lives under my roof. Not civilized – do you know what happens to those 'civilized' girls? Do you know? The world has given you a soft head Emily. Commies! That's what she'll find in those halls. Commies, and they'll plough her straight through 'til December, give her a cow and two eggs as thank you when they're done. It's bad enough those rock spider boers took our colony, took it from right under the crown, but look what they did! Let in the Nazis and commies! They're everywhere, sitting in corners waiting on naive little girls like our daughter! I didn't fight in that great war to come home to a wife too soft in the head to keep a girl from ruin.

MARTA enters; she clears the dining room under the scene.

EMILY (O/S): Don't give me that. When did you see any action more than cleaning that gun? You only signed up when the battles were won and the tide turned. Walking around here claiming you saved the free world. The only thing you ever saved it from was drowning in beer, /you drunk bastard!

HERBERT (O/S): Look, look here you ungrateful whore! See that's what I gave? What did I do? You shriveled up bitch! That war hit up harder on my chest than you ever had strength to handle between your thighs, and that's all you could ever give up in service /for your country!

EMILY (O/S): Oh here it comes! Bring it out for the world to see, you got a scratch falling off a horse or tying your fucking shoelaces and suddenly you bled for Britain! You washed up

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fuck! That girl of yours is going to university Herbert, and I don't want to /hear any more of it.

HERBERT (O/S): Is this what I married? A red? A fucking lesbian red? Why not take her to Russia, marry her off to the Kremlin!

EMILY (O/S): As long as he isn't a man in your mould/ she'd be better off!

HERBERT (O/S): Fuck off! She's not going! *(The sound of a door slamming. And MARTA exits.)*

EMILY (O/S): *(Pause)* Don't stand lurking in doorways Allison, it's not polite. *(Pause)* Alley? You get yourself to that university. You hear? You get out this house and you don't look back! And you get yourself a husband worth wrapping up next to at night, worth having his children inside you. Listen now! I'm selling you golden thread. Get one of the soft ones, moneyed. A hand empty of money is a fist full of fingers! Either way that hand is all over a woman! Make it a soft one. Get yourself to that university. Promise me!

43. It's 1963. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. Outside.
MARTA is clearing the dining room table. OUPA and RACHEL enter slowly and watch from the shadows.

MARTA: And did you?

DAWID (O/S): Did I what?

MARTA: Promise him? Did you promise him that going up north to that Gomorrah-burg would end with you walking back with a white wife on your arm? /Bakgat, en dan wat van ekke?

DAWID: *(Entering)* I promised! You know I promised. Just like I know you haven't got any solid way of saying to your mama that the boy you're sweet on, the one she never meets is a white man! That finger points both ways my heuningbrood. And the hand that hits after it gets /at me too!

MARTA: We should run away –

DAWID: Where to Marta? No man, use that common sense I know you've got so much of. Where? With what? And how?

MARTA: For a white man you are very scared of making plans and saying 'fuck everyone else's opinion'!

DAWID: Where's the fair in that Marta? You want me to dig us out of this hole, as long as none of your family gets the hurt! What about mine?

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MARTA: What about yours? Will they be –

DAWID: I hear you, fuck! I hear you. I know. What can my hands do about that?

MARTA: So, you promised a white wife! Well, your Oupa will be happy. At least someone will be.

DAWID: I'm tired of fighting Marta. It feels like every punch I throw I miss hitting back on 10 others –

MARTA: Welcome to the coloured world, Dawid. Didn't they give you cookies on the way in?

DAWID: Then you should know some battles are beyond me, even me! Even a white man.

MARTA: We should run away. Botswana. That's where I hear people are going. Get into a fast car, and don't look back 'til we are over the border –

DAWID: And what about everyone else?

MARTA: What do I care about everyone else? Why are you boys so hard on proving yourself a hero? Let them save themselves!

DAWID: What about Rachel? Oupa? Ouma?

MARTA: Go marry your witvel! I wash my hands of you Dawid Olivier!

***DAWID:** Marta, I –

***MARTA:** Washed, dried and free for someone else to hold! *(She exits)*

44. It's the present. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room.
There is a stinkwood table and chairs. DAWID is listening to the wireless. There is knocking on the door!

RADIO: - 2012 wildcat strike, also referred to as the Marikana Massacre, began as a dispute over a pay increase; with miners demanding their pay increase to R12500 per month. A strike was called after 3000 miners walked off the job in August 2012, after a failure of mine owners at Lonmin to meet with disgruntled miners. Violence erupted at Lonmin when NUM officers opened fire on striking miners

DAWID: Marta? God – Marta! I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Marta? I'm coming. / *(Exits)* Hello –

VORSTER (V/O): Mr. Olivier? Mr. – Hello?

DAWID (O/S): Please come in, please. How are you officer? *(Entering with the Kudu carrying baby DAWID)* David? Dawid? Good evening. Please get yourself on that chair. Who brings you here? Marta? Allison? Fallen asleep –

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demonstrating outside NUM offices. Demonstrations culminated in miners taking possession of 'the hill' which resulted in a confrontation between miners and the SAPS. While initial reports are conflicting, between 12 and 14 August nine people lost their lives in violent confrontation on the hill, while the SAPS attempted to broker negotiations between the aggrieved parties On 16th August a special unit from the SAPS opened fire on the striking miners, resulting in the deaths of 34 miners and the wounding of 78 more. The incident, now burned into the collective minds of South Africans, is the single most violent display of state force since the Sharpeville Massacre some 52 years ago…

VORSTER (V/O): I don't know how to break this to you, sir. I don't know what to say – Lawrence, he's the - we send him out he's got the words – I'm sorry. I wish I could find a way of sparing you the news, but – this was all that was left behind. It took out all of the car, you should have seen it! I'm sorry – I'm messing this up. I'm Lieutenant Colonel Vorster – there has been a car accident – the driver's license, it brought me here to you! It was a kudu that did it. One large male. You should have seen it – albino; white as a church steeple. My heavens! It took them out. The whole front end! This boy – he's all that – I'm sorry sir. Mr. F.W and Ms. Marike – they – I'm sorry!

(The kudu shoves baby DAWID into DAWID'S unexpectant arms, and exits. DAWID sits in disbelief)

DAWID: I promise you, seuna! *You're* going to grow old being so proud of your old man. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. I'm making you this promise. I know he's left you, but where was the good in staying? Bad happens even with a guard at the door. Car crash. Kudu. They can take the land right out from under your feet. An albino bull can take the word 'pa' right out of your mouth. I – what am I doing with you? I'm going to give you a world so different, boytjie, even from over here. I know you never asked for this. And there's a whole lot more of that stupid world coming for you. You perfect little mix of a boy, your mama was a Smutsie and your father was a Nat. And this is the Union. Of South Africa. And those English would try get rid of every bit and piece of Afrikaans in you! And that's a kind of life I wish you never knew. I don't want you to know it. Not if I can get in between you and it, and if I

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leave before - I don't want you to know it. But when the boere come back, and the boere will come back for you, for me, for us, your world is going to be so changed.

***REBECCA:** *(Singing)* 'In that old canyon, /echoed a wagon, that pulled him away.'

***DAWID:** And you will be so proud of your old man because some of that change will have come from him. And this will all have been worth it. I promise.

45. It's 1999. The Karoo. The Olivier homestead. The living room. DAWID'S dream!
The silhouette of a kudu bull lit in flashing red and blue light appears over DAWID. Kudu barking, becomes knocking at the front door. DAWID goes to answer it. REBECCA watches over DAWID, like a dream guide, a ghost of the past!

REBECCA: *(Singing)* 'No track, upon its back, so in that canyon, she stayed'

DAWID: *(Trying to wake up)* Marta? God – Allison? I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Rachel? I'm coming. / *(Moves to exit)* Hello – Helloooo? Anyone there?

REBECCA: *(Singing)* 'Sing your song, your man is gone, what are you going to do?' *(Matter-of-factly)* Don't you come when the door knocks? Knock, knock, knock, nothing! Are you ok? The old Olivier would answer his door 'til he was some time past eighty-five. Are you the Olivier that needs a 'stinkhout meid' to answer? You look like shit!

DAWID: How did you get – Oupa Olivier, now is that a something. I was – *(Sounds of kudu barking, snorting, crescendo with breaking glass)* I just need to sit down. How did you get in?

REBECCA: *(Singing)* 'Before he left, he gave a gift, in your belly and now you're two!'/ Are you him? Dawid Olivier?

DAWID: *(More knocking)* Marta? God – Allison? I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Rachel? I'm coming. / *(Moves to exit)* Hello – Hellooo?

REBECCA: *(Singing)* 'You'll never be the number three. Bottle your tears with wild honey. /More water for the stinkwood tree.' *(Matter-of-factly)* Don't you come when the door knocks? Knock, knock, knock, nothing! Are you ok? The old Olivier would answer his door 'til he was some time past eighty-five.

Enter OUPA! DAWID avoids looking or speaking to him at all costs.

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DAWID: Oupa Olivier! Now is that a something. I was – *(Sounds of kudu barking, snorting.)* I'm having déjà vu. I just need to sit down. Have we done this before, girl? I feel like we've done this before –

REBECCA: *(Standing in the doorway. Singing)* 'You'll never be the number three. Bottle your tears with wild honey. /More water for the stinkwood tree.'

OUPA: Kom jy nie as die deur klop nie? Klop, klop, klop, dan niks! Is jy OK? Die ou Olivier het sy deur geantwoord totdat hy 'n geruime tyd oor vyf en tagtig was. Is jy die Olivier wat 'n stinkhoutmeisie nodig het om dit te antwoord? Jy lyk kak!

DAWID: I don't know that – I don't know what you're saying Oupa. I was dreaming before you knocked – /Am I dreaming? Am I hot to touch – cold? Wake up! *(He slaps himself)*

OUPA: Ek moes geweet het, Dawid-Johannes. Die moeilikheid kom twee keer oor as jy inblaas. / Is die nou jou vriende? *(Indicating the cast and the kudu)*

DAWID: Please stop saying that, please! I don't understand what you are saying? Don't you – Do you even hear me? *(He waves his hand before Oupa)* Marta? Marta? Fuck this dream!

REBECCA: I know the colour of being on the outside. Now I don't know what cause you have for having it, but I see it there hiding under all that whiteness. Are you – him then?

DAWID: No! Yes! Go away; I don't want to speak to you!

OUPA: Wat's dié 'hallo Oupa'? Het die stad jou te groot gemaak vir maniere? 'Hello Oupa'! /Wat jy waar kry?

P.W: If you've got balls enough for back talk, you better have brains enough to put an 'Oom P.W' at the end of it. Now, come over here Dawid, don't wet yourself in the corner like a Drawwertjie.

DAWID: Fuck me! PW! *(P.W moves on him)* Yes, no, sorry Oom PW. I don't feel any good. *(Closing his eyes and singing)* 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, once I caught a fish alive! *(He opens his eyes, to no avail)* I want another dream! I don't like this one! I want another dream. *(Trying to imagine)* Allison is down that passage, you'll see her; sleeping in that chair.

REBECCA: *(More knocking. DAWID mouths the words as if he is using REBECCA'S voice)* Dawid? God – Marta? I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Rachel? I'm coming. / *(Moves to exit)* Hello – Helloooo?

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ALLISON: David? It's her isn't it? Standing here trying to sell 'writing' so hard, when you haven't written in 2 years. You're a failed writer. It's her. Your black slut. Say it David. The only poetry you want to write is sung between the thighs of your black slut in the Karoo.

DAWID: Allison? Is that you? Alley – my beautiful Allison! I thought – Why are you here? Are you ok? I'm having a nightmare again!

TOMMY: *(As if warning him the nightmare will not end)* The Nats will never allow that. Forgive me for saying it David, but they'd rather see it that no one can live there than give up the 'Vaderland'. One of you Boers told me as much when I got out.

ALLISON: 'Can't give your wife what a husband should'. He said that, like he was talking about a blender. *(To DAWID)* I'm fine. I'm in Germany! Conference. Cute man at reception. You wouldn't like him. I wish things were different. We did this! David – Dawid! Dawid Olivier. Fuck. You – little fuck. *(Pause. Tenderly)* You are the only man I ever loved! I should go.

REBECCA: You ended up somewhere soft. Some man found you, put you all together like this. He took your hand, you never had hunger on your plate, need on your back.

DAWID: Rebecca? Is that – *(As is trying to defend himself)* My name. That's all that old man kept tender affection for. He would have turned me out on my two year old ear if I didn't have his name behind my own and a last name between us.

The figure of the kudu, backed up by the entire cast, advances on DAWID.

MARTA: Jy wil oor 'verlating' huil? Daar's nie plek op dié boom nie. Jy het 'n man gehad om daai spasie te vul. Jy het iemand gehad wat vir jou soos 'n vader was. Jy het nie daar gestaan nie met 'n hand vry gelaat waar 'n pa moes gewees het nie.

DAWID: Marta! My heuningbrood! *(Sounds of kudu barking, snorting, crescendo with breaking glass)* What else was I going to do? I could have picked Bekkie up from the stoep where you left me, but every person buying what they did off this land would have thrown their hands to the heavens and left us as broke and broken on the same step you were eyeing to leave me on. I didn't. Can't you say that about *this* man Marta? I did what you wanted! What Oupa wanted! Allison… I read my responsibility on that situation and I made sure I filled out every part of that to the lines. I did that. What more do you want from me? I don't want the story to go this way anymore! Stop it!

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DAWID falls. The kudu and DAWID stare at each other. DAWID moves a hand and touches its nose, closing his eyes as he does!
The kudu dissolves as the cast watch the following scene.

DAWID: *(More knocking, DAWID opens his eyes. The dream is over!)* Marta? God – Allison? I can't - alright give it up. I hear you out there. Rachel? *(Moves to exit)* Hello?

Enter the REPORTER from Scene 2!

REPORTER: I shall start with some questions, history, important people, places; let's see then where your story takes us. Then perhaps something more specific; a focus on your works, *The Train Driver*, *The Captain's Tiger*, the latest one – I've just read that – *Revolver Creek*?
DAWID: Strange fucking Karoo dreams!

46. It's 1994. London. ALLISON and DAWID'S apartment.
DAWID is distracted.

REPORTER: That way I can go away then, sit with that, all of that in my hands and see what shifts away and what stays in the shape of an article.
DAWID: *(As if waking from a thought tangent)* What was that? Ah yes! Liberal thought; 'see where the sands shifts'. But passive, like a girl child waiting for a father to lift a torch and show the way through the night. Are you the girl child? /Am I the one to lift the torch?
REPORTER: Not at all, sir –
DAWID: No, neither are most girl children. Where do we account for that, in there? My wife, my Rebecca then – forgive the nonsense. Direction boy is always inherent, thought out, hiding in your chest like a carver's tool. Take it out. Show your craft! The lesser-spotted white freedom fighter! The exiled poet roaming the isle! The South African Ovid! Tell the audience the route you will take in cutting back a whole life into 500 words. You sound less conceited then, when you all get there in the end.

A light spot slowly reveals an actor as if in a documentary interview.

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ACTOR 3: (Answers this question: To what extent has infidelity shaped the character of Marta? Do you see her or Allison as a victim?)

REPORTER: Is that what you fear, Mr. Olivier? The prospect of creative conceit winning out over truth?

DAWID: 'Truth'. 'Fear'. Are you not made of stuff less green, son? 'Truth'. Everything you set your hands to in the name of art is creative conceit. You can hold on to words like 'authenticity' and 'truth', but you may as well hold signs; stop, yield, bear left. They are no more the thing they indicate than man is a fish. You can write me a true man of many aspects but bury that in a frame of words it becomes another thing, or be true to part of a thing that is not true to the whole. Truth, but not truth. Art's only truth is that it is that; a creative conceit. To conceal that conceit, to present the pretence of truth as truth; fool's errand.

It's present day. Talking starts in darkness. A light spot slowly reveals the actors as if in a documentary interview. Each actor is to answer the questions posed to them below.

ACTOR 2: (Answers the question: Is the victim of infidelity the same as the victim of a broken relationship?)

ACTOR 6: (Answers this question: Where would you portion blame for the infidelity portrayed in this play?)

ACTOR 3: (Answers this question: To what extent has infidelity shaped the character of Dawid? To what extent is Dawid a victim of circumstance and a perpetrator of relationship violence?)

REPORTER: What of *Sorrows and Rejoicings* and Rebecca then?

END.

47. It's 1957. Outside the Olivier Homestead.
To be played at the audience leaves and as the set is being struck!

RACHEL(O/S): *(Calling)* Dawid?

DAWID: Who's that coming in? /Is that you Rachel?

RACHEL(O/S): It's me Klein Baas, I'm back /from –

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DAWID: Are you just now starting your afternoon? Where're you coming back in from?

RACHEL(O/S): *(To DAWID)* I'm – I'm coming to see to you, *(To MARTA)* now go on back to the room. Get started on your homework. I'll be in later

DAWID: I don't like that tone Rachel. What's for dinner? I want baboetie with creamed spinach, but Oupa says he thinks you'll be putting a chicken to roast.

RACHEL: I'm coming Klein baas, *(She enters, with carry bags of groceries)* no need to yell across the kitchen, you know very well I put a dish of mince to soften in the window. You saw me take it from the freezer. *(To MARTA, who enters)* I don't want to hear another word.

DAWID: Who you talking to Rachel? Why aren't you here when I'm talking to you?

RACHEL: Ah, no one Klein Baas. Now you better keep your fingers clean from that thawing mince.

MARTA: But mommy you said if I washed up the kitchen and I helped bring in the things from the shop, you'd sit with me while –

RACHEL: *(To MARTA)* Child I know what I said, now listen to what I'm saying –

DAWID: Rachel where are you? What's keeping you? *(He enters)* Can you stir up –

DAWID and MARTA stare at each other for a beat. RACHEL tries to keep the two worlds from colliding any further.

RACHEL: Now back inside with you Klein Baas. I'll stir up some of that milk chocolate on the stove for you. Go on now. Go on; get the powder from the cupboard. *(To MARTA, pushing her offstage)* And you get to the room, mommy will be there.

DAWID: Who was that Rachel? *(He and RACHEL embrace and exit together*) Why was she standing like that at the back door?

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This Is Not Dawid Olivier: Portfolio

Introduction

This is Not Dawid Oliver *(TINDO)* is a play in draft form. It did not start this way. It began rather as a play ironically entitled *Closure.* And before that it lived in several draft forms which were rewritten and restructured and pulled apart all in the name of research.
What you will read here, in the portfolio, are a selection of the notes and 'structural' drafts of the works which have had an influence in the construction of *TINDO*. Be mindful as you read these 'drafts' though, that they will not be dialogue heavy. I had structured my workings on TINDO in ways which focused on the progression of scenes; the overall structure, since this was the focus of my research. So I have focused this portfolio in a similar manner.

The first few pages outline my original thinking for the deconstruction of Athol Fugard's *Sorrows and Rejoicings (SaR)*. You will find here notes on the three Aristotelian dramatic form nodes which I was attempting to 'pull open'. Also here you will find a selection of the character descriptions I made in an attempt to understand the players of *SaR* and to give them life outside this version of the story.
Moving on from that, you will encounter several versions of possible 'new' narrative outlines. Scene are moved, some are described in detail, others are suggestions, these all speak to the need to expand and challenge *SaR*'s representation of masculinity and the characters who move through this gender 'point'. Following this, you will find the outline for some of the scenes which I had formulated into *Closure*. Also here, for reference, a scene or two, are fleshed out into full dialogue. But this version was not to be.
Continuing on from this you will find my attempts to 'go back to the drawing board'. Here you will find my thinkings of structure and overall form. This can be read alongside lists of scenes which were grouped together to form the first drafts of TINDO. Some have been cut, others were moved, but all these scenes are played a role in formatting the draft you have just read.
I hope this portfolio gives you some insight into my creative process exploring this research and helps you contextualise my creative research project as a part of my Master's research to (un-)write masculinity.

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