: HARAS	top it! (Sam enters. He is in his mid forties but completely gray. There is a blank look on his face, and his eyes seem glazed.)		
- nydys	. ταλ, 3'ταλ, give me a stukkie, child.	:MA2	llai, moenie soe voor Sarah vloek nie.
	S'rah, S'rah, where are you child?		Shoeee! They missed us. Nearly with my arse in the tronk
	(ωτωτοκτυά)		(He kneels before the fire.)
<b>KALIE:</b>	And worst of all is this lame-brained peophol.		the mense all over.
ADICE:	Sarah, Sarah?	:SA	Shoeee! Dieblerryhonde. They just arresting
KALIE:	Sorry Mêrrem. What the hell are you? And where's the rest of our humanity? Asvoël, a blerry scavenger if ever one was born. And Kleppie, a thing so low and skelm he'd sell the devil to the shebeen and		(There is a commotion off-stage. The sound of running feet. Sarah, on her knees, stares in the direction of the noise. Sam slowly moves into a position behind her. The commotion subsides. A squiet moment. Asvoël comes on stage, panting heavily. The two figures, as if frozen or stage, panting heavily.
	. Элога whore.	SARAH:	Five minutes. Oraaight?
HARAS	(Angry)		(Sarah opens the pot which is cooking over the fire.)
KALIE:	People? We? I yot no illusions, Mêrrem! Kalic, the fucked up school teacher, Sarah a high class hocr fallen on sorry times.		Jammer, kind. Jy was nog altyd goed vir my. Ja ek is honger.
			(lie observes the pained expression on Sarah's face.)
: HAAA2	We're people aren't we? We can't live in this filth.	: WAS	Since when was ek nie hungry nie?
<b>KALIE:</b>	Clean its For what?	: HAAA2	yre don pnudrds
: HAXA2	Well stop moaning about the place and help me to clean it.	:MA2	Engels, hulle wil altyds engels met 'n mens saam praat. Dis mossie onse taal nie. Dit issie rykes se taal.
KALIE:	Because I'm not a rat. A rat doesn't need papers.	HARAS	yıs Xon ynudıXş
: HARAZ	.Yeds why do you stay.		at the fire.)
	fokken hole. Even the rats don't want to stay.		nwob liezmin settley settley and stiffly settles himself down
	You want me to announce myself? Hey, Sarah, you ou jintoe, his lordship King Kalie is home! Home to this stinking	:HAAA2	Shhhh! Quiet, Sam. He'll kill you if he hears that.
KALIE:	(119гшій риімік)	: MA2	Het daai slegte ding weer gesteelde goede hier geb'ing?'
	Well why don't you answer?		(He grabs the sack and runs into the darkness.)
Impute	(resuming her kindling of the fire)	KALIE:	0e Jurre!
HAAAS		:HAAA2	Politce.
KALIE:	No, it's not "Arse". Only me, droege ou Kalie.	INNE	ni mrolinujb ni snnsM
	(Enter Kalie, flinging a sack down in front of the fire.)	: WAS	
	Who's there? As? is it you, As?	: HAAA2	He says there's a lot of men outside.
	(The noise is repeated: a corrugated-iron sheet being dragged.)	:EIIAX	What's this old bedonderd saying now?
:HAAA2	Kalie? Is that you?	:MA2	Sarah, daars h klompie manne daar buite.

and looks around.) (A squatter colony in Johannesburg. Sarah hears a sound

## majiet

KLEPPIE:	me of someone dying.
14 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	(Sarah rises stares at them petrified.)
KALIE:	Oh my junne, my junne. Our blerry Sarah played the heroine again.
-	(He lifts a bundle of newspapers revealing the newcomer wrapped in Sarah's blanket and covered by AS's coat.)
KLEPPIE:	Sarah - you hid him?
AS:	My coat. My blerry coat.
a for a se	(Rushes forward and snatches his coat away.)
SARAH:	Listen, he is hurt. Look at his leg.
KALIE:	Hurt! You'll know what hurt is if the polisie find him here. They cut our balls out.
KLEPPIE:	She hasn't got any.
KALIE:	Ok ok. I mean they'll really donder us - won't they? hey?
KLEPPIE:	Ja, ja.
AS:	Nogal my coat. Hey look! There's blood on it.
KALIE:	(Shaking his head)
	Sarah, we get rid of him ok? No arguments? Oraaight?
SARAH:	(Hesitantly - expecting defeat)
	But he's one of us.
KALIE:	One of us? Him?
	(Grabs the still-wrapped figure and roughly drags him to the fire. Unrolls him from the blanket with a jerk. The man cries out in pain)
	Look at his jacket, hey. Ever seen one of us wearing a jacket like this? No, mêrrem he's one of those big breakers. They steal and murder and don't worry a bogger about us poor astronauts.
AS:	Hey, ou Kalie. Look at those shoes. Junne! must have cost a fortune.
	(As proceeds to untie the man's shoes.)
KLEPPIE:	As, do you know it's bad luck to steal a dead man's shoes? They come and spook your feet. People say you get gangrene.
	(As recoils)

He's not dead.

AS:

A 246/200

	(Kleppie has seated himself and is busy undoing a tight bandage over his "amputated" knee. He struggles with a knot at the back of his thigh.)	
	Another one that believes he's a person.	<b>KALIE:</b>
	Listen Oraaight, oraaight, we'll settle this thing as soon as I've fixed my leg up. We'll sit down and talk like people.	KLEPPIE:
	(Menacingly)	KALIE:
	Welcome se moer. I've been here all the time.	Krebbie:
	Ah the beloved citizen. Welcome.	
	(Mock friendliness)	:311AX
	I'm here, ou Kalie.	
	(Leaning on his crutch.)	KLEPPIE:
	(Kleppie steps out of the darkness. He is guite tall, wears a patch over his left eye. His left leg appears to have been amputated at the knee.)	
	Go and feed your oversized brakkie. I'll get that half blind spinnekop tonight.	
	(Disni sin the wave of his hand)	
Ρτίητεα by Globe Printers - Johannesburg	Shut up you blerry opgedroede hoer. I can't waste my energy on you. There's still one of our good citizens missing. And he hasn't paid his taxes for weeks.	
ISBN 0620 10088 5	(raising his bands as if to strike her)	KALIE:
Art Work - Joe Ndhlovu	Go on kick him. And kick me too, like you kicked As, like you've kicked everybody you've ever known. You're as bad as the rest of us. That's why you're here and NOT there among the ones who pray and drive cars and	
	(Defiantly)	: HAAA2
or other means of broadcast or in any other manner, without the prior permission of the copywright owner.	(He aims a kick at Sam, who evades it by scuttling behind Sarah's skirts)	
in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, or performed, whether on stage, television, video or other retrieval system, radio	And who doesn't know it. Look at it. What kind of woman bred THT? What kind of dungs nourished it? Don't stare at me with those beady, pig eyes! You bastard.	KALIE:
be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted		
All rights reserved. No part of this publication may	Leave him, Kalie, he's si <mark>ck.</mark>	:HAAAS
RODNAG TAMHDA (>)	Come out of the shadows, you malgat, come and eat what I, the bullboy provides.	KALIE:
P O Box 11046, JOHANNESBURG 2000. SOUTH AFRICA FIRST IMPRESSION 1986	As, naked hatred showing in his eyes gradually sinks into a heap. Sarah has dished a heap of steaming food and hands it to Sam, who all this while has been cowering in the darkness.)	
	-date affendance and all all painods boxted bayer 26)	

P O Box 11046, JOHANNESBURG 2000. SOUTH AFRICA Published by The Open School

> Hey, ou As, come and help a man with this knot. Jinnie, Klep how do you manage it? I mean to walk around with your leg tied up like this. AS: KLEPPIE: Practice, practice. It comes naturally. He can hide anything. His legs his arms, an eye, his soul. But not from me, nê ou Klep. I know you as if I'm right inside that sly head. Because you're an animal just like me. KALIE: Kleppie: (Stretches his freed leg) 0000H! (Flexes it, slowly at first, then rapidly as the blood circulation increases.) Ooooh that's lekker. Lekker? What's so lekker about being a make believe KALIE: cripple. Sooner or later you believe you are cripple. Then that leg will be as useless as Sam's brain. KLEPPIE: Ja. But it earns me a living. Not forgetting the revenue you never pay into the kitty. KALIE: KLEPPIE: Oh ja I forgot about that. (rummages in his pocket - withdraws a crumpled note.) Here! KALIE: A two rand! A blerry two rand. KLEPPIE: Times are hard. The Tannies are so hard up they watch their bags like hawks. Not even a cripple can get near them. You should beg. Bet those boggers make more than four rand in a day. KALIE: KLEPPIE: I'm not a beggar. KALIE: You are one here. Two Rand don't pay boarding and lodging. KLEPPIE: Boarding? Hey, ou Kalie you getting organised now heh! Yes, and if you don't like it you can take your donderse KALIE: crutch and bogger off. KLEPPIE: (On his feet.) How much did you put in the kitty today?

> > I am the kitty. I pay the rent, the bribes, I carry the responsibility!

12

he is going to attack Kalie. Kalie, his teeth bared like a dog, snarls back at As.)

DOWN CUT! DOWN.

**KALIE:** 

KALIE:

(menaces)

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## Majiet A PLAY BY ACHMAT DANGOR

<u>Majiet:</u> I am Majiet from Ahmeddabat a prince among a princely people. But through our land soldiers of the British Raj strut. They strut everywhere, like blind peacocks, through our temples, our mosques. They desecrate our land, our women folk, our brothers.



