

domino

BY:

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*This play was first work-shopped on Monday, 21 August
2017 in Gaborone Botswana with the following actors:*

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

SAVANNAH

NARRATOR 1

NARRATOR 2

MASEDI

STEVEN

CONSTABLE PHIRI

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO

ROSEMARY

GOSEGO

This play contains graphic imagery, narration, dialogue and action. It is not for the faint-hearted or the passive. This play is for the fearless and the sensitive. It is not a bandage or a kiddy glove. This play is about rape. This play is for women and men who want to address and put an end to rape. This play doesn't focus on fancy lighting, sound or stage. This play is for anyone who won't be offended, because it's about rape. This play says no to victims of circumstance. This play shows the domino effect of rape.

Running time: 23 minutes

Languages: English & Setswana

Setting: Botswana

ACT 1SCENE 1

Lights on. Narrator 1 and Narrator on stage.

NARRATOR 1:

My name is Savannah and I am a victim of rape. My name is Savannah and I am a survivor of rape. My name is Savannah and I am both of them...because it happened to me but it didn't kill me. I may be alive but I sleep with one eye open, I maybe alive but I trust no one because I was raped by a man who was a master of disguise. He was a sheep in wolf's clothing, a snake in the grass, a ruthless perpetrator that ejaculated at the height of my pain. This man, this much older man pushed, and thrust and twisted and maneuvered his much older and much bigger penis inside my small and tightly sealed vagina, and he did it until the barrier was demolished, and he did it until it was smooth enough to go in and out even though there was blood everywhere. I was a virgin when I was raped. I was still in my school uniform when I was raped. My one and only skirt was ripped apart and my panty shoved down my throat when I was being raped. I couldn't scream for help when I was being raped. This man was tall and overweight, and his structure was heavy...pressing on my back and crushing my lungs. This man was the man of the house, my father figure, the head and not the tail-the bible says, this man was raping me a few meters from the family portrait, but far away from the emergency button. The man who was suppose to care and protect me was now raping me. I held my breath and squinted my eyes to try and mask the pain. I prayed to God, let it stop, let it stop. My tears and mucus settled on the carpet and formed a puddle I wished I drowned in. And then finally...it was finished. After he gasped, moaned and grunted, he removed his penis and placed it under the protection of the designer zipper and belt buckle. He left, and then I heard the sound of running water.

NARRATOR 2:

Paralysis crept on my body and took control of me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I laid there, still as a corpse and in shock of what had just happened to me. Nothing could override my petrified state, not even the sound of his footsteps as he was returning back from the bathroom.

He had shut the tap as quickly as he had opened it, and now he was back. Emelela ke ye go go tlhapisa, he said to me. My only movements at that time were blink and breathe. Emelela, he said once more. But I couldn't move. My insides were compromised, my vagina was burning inside, the parts that made my vagina were sliced open, nerve cells in my clitoris short circuited, and now my clitoris had its own beats per minute, it was so swollen I could feel it pulsating as if it was screaming for help. He said it once more, emelela ke ye go go tlhapisa. But I couldn't move. I was naked from the waist down, sprawled across the white carpet. He then snatched me, and made me stand. My blood and urine looked like an abstract pattern and that grabbed his attention. I knew he was mad, as he murmured something under his breath. He made me walk to the bathroom and he was walking right behind me. He continued to murmur under his breath, to this day I can still feel it on my neck.

SCENE 2

Savannah slowly enters the bathroom. Steven is right behind her. She stops in front of the bath tub.

STEVEN:

Shh...Don't cry beautiful.

Steven removes the panty from her mouth, and she screams. Steven covers her mouth with his hand.

STEVEN:

That's not nice. Don't be a naughty girl Savannah, hmm. Do you know what happens to naughty little girls? Hmm? Naughty girls are punished. Do you want me to punish you? Then don't be naughty ever again do you understand me?

Steven undresses her and puts Savannah in the tub.

STEVEN:

Your mother will be here soon, and you have to be perfect. She's missed you so much. Do you want to see mommy? Mommy will be very upset if she finds out that you were a naughty girl. Do you want me to tell mommy that you were a naughty girl? It will be our little secret ok? I won't tell mommy you were naughty. So don't cry. Stop crying right now. Smile and be perfect. Mommy can never know our little secret. If you tell her anything, I will punish

you and mommy. Do you understand me? So be a good girl, and be perfect.

Steven bathes Savannah and dries her off.

STEVEN:

Now, we're going to choose something nice for mommy. Remember, you have to look perfect.

NARRATOR 1:

My step father is the man who raped me and took my virginity. He drenched me in designer clothes and locked me in my bedroom. Shit...fuck, I overheard him say that across the hallway. I forgot to mention that the carpet also had traces of shit on it. I could hear the living room being turned upside down as if it was being ransacked. Furniture was being attacked, whilst shit and fuck played like a soundtrack; it was chaos. He was getting rid of the carpet and released me afterwards. He opened my door and unlike before, he asked if he could come in. Mommy will be here soon...you need to be perfect, he said once more.

MARRATOR 2:

I had known this man for 2 years and he married my mother for only a year when he raped me. I thought he was a gift from heaven. My father died when I was 7 and my mother mourned him for 5 years. One day I saw something I hadn't seen in a while. My mother was smiling, blushing and giggling...and she said to me, ngwanaka I've found a man and I'm in love again. She was so happy and she wanted him to be my new daddy. She showed me a picture and said ngwanaka, this is Steven. Steven can't wait to meet you...Steven has always wanted a little girl of his own...Steven wants to be your new daddy. He will love you like you're his own. Ngwanaka, Steven and I are going to be married. My mother was happy and I was happy to have a new daddy. Steven gave us a wonderful life. He was rich and mom didn't worry about bills or my wellbeing. Everyone in my family loved him and he could do nothing wrong. So where did I miss it? To this day, I don't understand why he did this to me. When he was bathing me, I just thought of my mom and why. I knew he would kill me if I said anything to anyone. I couldn't do that to mama. So I kept the secret, and the rapes continued.

SCENE 3

*Steven and Masedi are waiting to surprise Savannah for her 16th birthday. Cake, food and decorations grace the dining table.
Savannah enters.*

STEVEN & MASEDI:

Surprise! Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you,
happy birthday Savannah...happy birthday to you. How old are
you now, how old are you now, how old are you now? Happy
birthday to you!

STEVEN:

Come sweetheart, blow out your candles.

Savannah does so.

SAVANNAH:

What's my present?

MASEDI:

We're leaving that up to you.

SAVANNAH:

Wow. Anything I want? I'll think about it.

STEVEN:

You don't look happy. Thought you'd be excited to turn 16.

SAVANNAH:

It's papa's birthday as well.

Beat

MASEDI:

Let's have some food.

*The family sits down and eats. The mood is tense. Savannah bolts out
of the room.*

STEVEN:

What's wrong with her?

MASEDI:

There's something I want to talk to you about.

STEVEN:

I am listening.

MASEDI:

I went to see the doctor today and well, I am pregnant.

STEVEN:

Pregnant?

MASEDI:

5 weeks. We're going to have a baby... and you don't look happy.

STEVEN:

I am happy. I'm just in shock that it finally happened. We've been trying for so long I actually didn't think it would ever happen.

MASEDI:

But it did. Savannah is going to be a big sister.

STEVEN:

How do you think she's going take it?

MASEDI:

I think she'll be very happy.

Steven gets up.

MASEDI:

Where are you going?

STEVEN:

I am going to check on her.

MASEDI:

She's fine.

STEVEN:

I am just going to make sure-

MASEDI:

She's fine...

STEVEN:

I am going to check on her.

Steven exits.

NARRATOR 1:

Who's your father? Who's your father? Who's your father? Steven said to me. His eyes pierced mine as he choked me with his left arm and unzipped my jeans with his right. I shook my head and he loosened his grip. I think I'm on my period, I had to be quick, but he fingered me anyway. He pressed me against the wall, cursing my father in my ear, whilst his nails clawed my vaginal walls and labia. Lying about my period failed, and now his fist was inside me, heavy like a hernia. I'm your father do you hear me? I nodded and he pattered my cheek. Let's go have some cake...like nothing had happened.

SCENE 4

Savannah is lying on her bed. Steven gets up and dresses up.

STEVEN:

We need to hurry up or you'll be late for school.

SAVANNAH:

I'm not going to school.

STEVEN:

Yes you are.

SAVANNAH:

I'm not feeling well.

STEVEN:

What's wrong with you?

SAVANNAH:

I'm not feeling well.

STEVEN:

Well, like it or not, you're going to school. Start getting ready. I'll drop you off myself.

Steven exits. Savannah dresses up for school. She then bolts out of the room.

NARRATOR 2:

My mother was pregnant and so was I. Needless to say, school was a waste of time that day. I went straight to the sick bay and mom had to fetch me from school. We got home and I went straight to my bedroom. She followed me and demanded to know what was wrong with me. I think she knew what was going on with me. She started to cry and so did I. She begged me to tell her what was going on. And I begged her to stop asking me. I begged and she begged and I cried and she cried some more. She couldn't take it anymore and then she asked me. Ngwanaka are you pregnant? You're always tired, you can't keep food down, you're failing at school and you're moody at home. Ngwanaka nkarabe...ngwanaka are you pregnant? I said yes mama. I am pregnant. She slapped me so hard I almost fell. She yelled out, you stupid, stupid girl! How could you be this stupid? Answer me, stupid! She slapped me again and it flew out of me. It was so fast, I couldn't take it back. I was raped mama, and everything went quiet after that.

NARRATOR 1:

She stared at me, hyperventilating with balled fists. Tears streamed down her face, and they continued to persist. Rape, who raped you? But I gave her no reply. I got in my bed and I covered my face because I could no longer look her in the eye. She left my room and phoned Steven. Come home quickly she said, something's happened to Savannah, so come home right now. But Steven never came home that day. He never came home again. Mom took me out of school just before my mid-terms, just before I was starting to show what was within. Mom and I never spoke about it and life started to begin. Then one night, when I was 6 months pregnant, and mom being almost 5 months pregnant, two police officers came to our house.

Constable Phiri and Constable Boitshepo enter. Masedi instructs them to sit down.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Dumelang mme. Ke bidiwa Constable Phiri. Yo ke Constable Boitshepo mme re tswa ko Bokamoso Police Station. A ke mme Masedi Lobebe?

MASEDI:

Ee rra ke nna.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Re ne ke kopa go buisana le lona mme mma Lobebe.

MASEDI:

E rra. A go nale bothata bongwe?

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Ke ka mabapi a ga rre Steven Lobebe. Ke kopa go botsa gore rre Steven Lobebe ke eng eng sa gago?

MASEDI:

Ke monna wame.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme mma Lobebe, re tsile fano ka dikgang tse di botlhoko. Mme ke maswabi tota ka se. Mme mma Lobebe, ka maswabi, monna wa gago rre Steven Lobebe o fitlhetswe a tlhokafetse.

MASEDI:

Mo-mo-monna wame...monna wame...s-s-steven...monna wame...

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Mme mma Lobebe-

MASEDI:

L-l-lare...lare le bo mang?

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Ke bidiwa Constable Boitshepo mme Lobebe. Yo ke Constable Phiri, mme re mapodisi ko Bokamoso Police Station.

MASEDI:

Lare monna wame...monna wame Steven...lare o tlhokafetse?

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Re maswabi mme mma Lobebe. Monna wa gago o fitlhetswe a tlhokafetse.

MASEDI:

O-o tlhokafetse jang?

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Re belaela a ikgaphetse botshelo ka gore o fitlhetswe a ikaleditse mo se sekgweng.

MASEDI:

La reng ne batho...a ikale...nya...nya...Steven a ikaletsa..nya-

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme mma Lobebe, monna wa gago o fitlhetswe a ikaleditse ke basimanyana ba ba disang ntlheng ya meraka ya Artesia-

MASEDI:

Nya...nya...meraka...s-Steven e ne ese motho wa dikgwa le meraka. Ene ese motho wa leruo, ene le motho wa toropo hela.

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Re maswabi mme mma Lobebe.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme re santse re tsweleletse ka dipatlisiso..mme Lobebe...mme Lobebe?

Masedi is spaced out; unresponsive.

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Mme Lobebe, kamoso maphakela re kopa gore o tsamaye le rona ko setshidifatsong go ya nnetefatsa gore mmele ke wa monna wa gago..

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme Lobebe?

CONSTABLE BOITSHEPO:

Mme Lobebe, ke tla tsoga ke go tsaya mo ga gago kamoso maphakela...

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme Lobebe?

NARRATOR 2:

Even after they had left, mom was still in a trance. She sleepwalked into the late night, pacing up and down the house. She even made rounds at the wedding picture where she and Steven danced. When the spell wore off her first words were ngwanaka, Steven is dead. I covered my relief with a make-shift cough, mother's lower lip trembled, but good riddance; I thought. I

tried to sleep that night but I could hear mom crying. They were soft but they were loud enough. I also paced up and down, wanting to comfort her, but I held back even though she needed love. He hadn't bothered to call or write after he disappeared. She still loved the man who raped me and impregnated me before impregnating her, that was her kind of love. It's still a mystery as to why he hung himself in the middle of nowhere. Perhaps monsters aren't creatures of habit, when he was found, Steven even had condoms in his back pocket.

NARRATOR 1:

Mom's stress levels escalated into the danger zone. An emergency trip to the hospital marked the pregnancy as high risk, blood pressure is too high said the doctor on the phone. Bed rest, and no stress, you need to keep calm and nothing less, he said. It was an unfulfilled request because mom had a funeral to plan. Steven's family arrived at the house, charging in like a marching band. They over-stayed their welcome and belittled my mother. They blamed her for Steven's death, one by one they couldn't hold their breath. They could care less about me, and my bulging stomach fueled their interest. They laughed at me, metlholo, o ithwele le mmaago? One of them said.

NARRATOR 2:

On the day of the funeral, it was illusions and business as usual. It was packed with family, friends, co-workers, pretenders and also the media. Cows were slaughtered, bottomless hot drinks were served, and everyone raced to tuck it in, it was sad and it was absurd. The speakers spoke highly of Mr. Steven Lobebe, the business tycoon with a heart of gold; it was nonsense from start to finish and some of the lies were bold. The best was saved for last, the final nail in the coffin at the graveside. Wailings, high pitched cries and the occasionally faintings were on full display, and the whole thing was a joke like the meaning of Father's day. Mother's head was down for most of the time...even when the coffin was going down. I was next to her, holding her, and she was shaking like her system was shutting down. Finally, he was buried by noon, and his obituary was read out loud, the final homage to the business tycoon.

NARRATOR 1:

Rre Steven Lobebe leaves behind his wife and will be survived by his unborn baby, may his soul now rest in peace. My unborn baby was about to be deceased. I went to stay with my aunt some weeks after that. By this time I was 7 months pregnant, and I was to

stay with her until I had the baby. Mom would stay with grandma the following month and also have her baby. I lived with my aunt and my cousin Gosego, and Gosego found me in a pool of blood. I was holding the baby just as I predicted, and it had stopped beating, my baby's little heart.

SCENE 5

Savannah is on the bathroom floor, holding her baby, surrounded by a pool of blood. Gosego enters.

SAVANNAH:

Gosego...Gosego nthuse...Gosego-

GOSEGO:

What happened?

SAVANNAH:

Fa ntse ke robetse, these sharp pains just came... and they were so sharp... and they were so painful...I thought I was going to die... I knew...I knew I was in labour and...and I didn't know what to do...I came in here and she just came out...and she...she didn't cry, she wasn't moving...and she wasn't breathing...she wasn't breathing...

GOSEGO:

What do you mean?

SAVANNAH:

She's not breathing...

GOSEGO:

We need to go to the hospital-

SAVANNAH:

No!

GOSEGO:

Listen to me! We need to go to the hospital right now! You're still bleeding and we need to get help!

SAVANNAH:

But she's dead Gosego! She's dead!

GOSEGO:

Listen to me...we're going to get help ok? Everything is going to be ok.

SAVANNAH:

It won't...L-listen...I can't go to the hospital...please Gosego...I can't!

GOSEGO:

You're going!

SAVANNAH:

I can't go Gosego!

GOSEGO:

You're going to the hospital and we're going to get help. I'll be right there with you ok? I promise.

NARRATOR 2:

We went to the hospital and the baby was certified dead on arrival. I was admitted because I lost a lot of blood. They cleaned me up, stitched me up and put me on a drip. I laid on that bed fixated at the ceiling, replaying what I just did. Gosego sat next to me, clutching my hand in hers. She felt sorry for me and it was nice to have someone who cares. The nurse and the doctor came in. They had pens and clipboards, and then it began. Question time, do I tell the truth or do I lie? How are you feeling? They tried to break the ice. I am ok, the beginning of the lies. You're not ok, Gosego then replied. Tell us what happened, and you can take your time.

NARRATOR 1:

The baby may have been born premature but when she came out, she was perfect. She was tiny but she was alive. She cried, and she opened her eyes. I wrapped her in a towel and held her against my chest. But I was so weak and I just wanted to rest. She stopped crying and she looked right at me, powerful eye contact and I loved her instantly. I smiled at her and I kissed her tiny forehead, her little fingers squeezed my finger. I loved her, I couldn't ignore it, but I just... couldn't... do it. A product of rape, and her rapist father now being dead...me being her mother at 16 years old, my own mother about to give birth to her sibling...she was a mistake, instead. So I snapped out of it and I smothered her with a towel until she was dead.

NARRATOR 2:

I pressed it as hard as I could against her tiny little face. She tried to put up a little fight, and she died holding on to my finger so tight. She was still, and then she started to become cold. I looked at her again and said goodbye to this unfortunate soul. She looked peaceful as if she was asleep. I consoled myself with the notion that she wasn't mine to keep. You were alone when you gave birth? I nodded and the doctor fired back. What happened afterwards? I needed the talking to stop, so I cried instead. It's ok, It's ok, get some rest and then they left. More precisely, they looked at each other and then they left. They knew, and I knew, and they knew that I knew. I had to escape but Gosego refused to help. She threatened to tell my mom, but mom knows a lot more than you think, I said to her. Please, be my guest, go right ahead and tell her. What's going Savannah? And I said nothing after that. Gosego left and never spoke to me again. I made it as far as the hospital gates before I was by caught by security. Unbeknown to me, I gave the hospital staff motive and I was put in police custody. My heavily pregnant mother came to the hospital too late, and saw me in the back of the police car, as it sped past the hospital gates.

SCENE 6

Masedi is sitting in the hospital reception area. She dials a number on her phone.

MASEDI:

Hello...dumelang mme...ke kopa taxi fa Gaborone General Hospital...ke ya ko Bokamoso Police Station...ya go nna bokae?...Ok, how many minutes?...Ok, ke fa reception area...lo itlhaganele tlhe batho.

Rosemary enters, and sits across Masedi. When she notices her, she is visibly excited.

ROSEMARY:

Mme Masedi?

MASEDI:

Rosemary? A lo tsogile?

ROSEMARY:

Re tsogile! A lo teng?

MASEDI:

Lo itse go latlha batho tlhe. Ke dingwaga tse kae?

ROSEMARY:

Ga goa nna jalo Mme Masedi, mme gone ke lobaka tota.

MASEDI:

Savannah o godile gore...O 16 jaanong!

ROSEMARY:

Ngwanake batho! Ke mo tlhwaafaletse jang... La bofelo ke mmona o ne a le 12...13.

MASEDI:

Ee... Mme botshelo bo lo tsaya jang Rosemary?

ROSEMARY:

Botshelo bo bokete Mme Masedi. Botshelo bo bokete. Kea leka mme ke ja ntsha. Le malwetse a re tlhasetse. Ke bolawa ke pelo, mme ele tshotlego hela.

MASEDI:

Ao Rosemary, o ka sokola jaana mme o itse gore ke teng? Gompieno jaana o berekela kae?

ROSEMARY:

Owai. Ke di piece job le ditiro tsa Itekodiseng.

MASEDI:

O bone gore o emise go bereka ko game gore o tle o sotlega? Keng se se dirileng gore o tswe mo tirong?

ROSEMARY:

Ke ne ke rata tiro yame mme Masedi. Ke ne ke rata go go tlhokomelela lelwapa, le ngwana. Nna le wena ne rele ditsala akere? O ne o sa ntseye jaaka mmereki wa gago.

MASEDI:

Jaanong keng se se go kobileng? Ke ne ka leka go go leletsa mme nomoro e sa tsene. Ebe ka itlhoboga le ngwanake.

ROSEMARY:

Go nkutlusitse botlhoko mme Masedi. Ke ne ke sa batle go tsamaya ke lo tlogela. Mme ke ne ka sa kgone go tswelela ke go berekela-

MASEDI:

Ka go reng?... Rosemary?

Beat. Rosemary then looks at her watch.

ROSEMARY:

Nako yame e chaile mme Masedi-

MASEDI:

Keng o sa nkarebe Rosemary? Mpoletlele nnete.

ROSEMARY:

Nako e ntshiile Mme Masedi. Gongwe re tla kopana gape. Lo tla sala sentle.

Rosemary walks away and stops when Masedi cries. She walks back, sits next to her and consoles her.

ROSEMARY:

Mme Masedi...mme Masedi...hee e, se lele mme Masedi...kgaotsa...kgaotsa mme Masedi-

MASEDI:

Modimo o ntatlhile! O ntatlhile! Kea swelwa, kafa batho ba ntatlha...ke gore...ke gore botshelo jwame ke khutsafalo fela...ga gona sepe se se tsweletseng, ga gona-

ROSEMARY:

Mme Masedi...? Mme Masedi...busa pelo...busa pelo mme Masedi-

Beat

MASEDI:

Ke siame.

ROSEMARY:

Ga wa siama. Kutlobotlhoko e kana kana ga ya go siamela le ngwana.

MASEDI:

Ke rile ke siame.

ROSEMARY:

Ga wa siama...go rileng? Bua le nna.

MASEDI:

Ke bueng le wena? Akere o ntatlhile.

ROSEMARY:

Ke fa mme Masedi. Bua le nna.

Beat

MASEDI:

Ngwanake o mo mathateng Rosemary. O ne a robaditswe mo sepatela a sena go belegela ko lwapeng. O ne a setse le ntsaalagwe, mme o ne belege a le nosi. Ntsaalagwe o mo fitlhetse a tshwere ngwana ebe ba tla sepatela. Mme...mme ngwana o ne setse a sule. Dingaka tsa feta tsa tsaya ngwana ntebo bane ba dira dipatlisiso gore loso la ngwana lo bokakilwe ke eng. Mme...mme ba lemogile gore ngwana o ka tswa a bolailwe...mme...mme ba belaela gore Savannah ke ene a mmolaileng.

ROSEMARY:

S-Savannah ene a reng?

MASEDI:

Gaa mpolele sepe.

ROSEMARY:

O lekile go bua le ene?

MASEDI:

Ke lekile.

ROSEMARY:

Leka gape.

MASEDI:

O tserwe ke mapodisi gone jaana. Ke letetse taxi gore ke ye teng.

ROSEMARY:

Nya mme Masedi-

MASEDI:

E mpaletse parenting. Fa kane keke motsadi yo siameng, kane dilo tse di sa diragale.

ROSEMARY:

Nya mme Masedi, gase phoso ya gago-

MASEDI:

Ke phoso ya ga mang? Ke phoso yame.

Beat

ROSEMARY:

Ke ikotlhaela gole tlogela.

MASEDI:

A re tswe mo go yone.

ROSEMARY:

Nya mme Masedi, nte ke go tlhalosetse-

MASEDI:

Nya Rosemary. Ke rile a re tswe mo go yone. Ke setse ke nale dilo tse dintsi mo tlhaloganyong.

ROSEMARY:

Kea itse. Mme go botlhokwa gore ke go bolelelele gore keng ke ne kea tswa mo tirong.

MASEDI:

Seo sa go thusa ngwanake ka eng? O ikotlhaela tshweetsho ya gago mo nakong e eseng yone. Gompiano jaana ngwanake o rwelwe ke mapodisi jaaka legolegwa, bare ke mmolai! Wena o batla go ntlhalosetsa gore keng o dule mo tirong?

ROSEMARY:

Rraagwe ngwana ene o kae?

MASEDI:

Kgang ee ga se ya gago Rosemary. Ke kgang ya lelwapa, jaanong tswa mo go yone. Akere o ne dule mo go rona?

ROSEMARY:

Mme Masedi, ke ne kea kobiwa ke monna wa gago.

MASEDI:

A go kobelang? O ne o mo dirile eng?)

ROSEMARY:

Ga kea mo dira sepe. Mme ene o ne sa mpatle.

MASEDI:

O go kobile hela? Le wena o bo tsamaya hela o sa mpolele sepe?

ROSEMARY:

Ke mo lemogile gore...

Beat

MASEDI:

O lemogile eng?

ROSEMARY:

O ne o sa lemoge sepe mme Masedi?

MAESDI:

Jaaka eng?

Beat

MASEDI:

Ke kopa gore re emise kgang ee...kea go thusa jang ngwanake Rosemary?

ROSEMARY:

Go batla o nna le mmueledi o itseng go lwantsha dikgang tsa mofuta o. Gape e santse ele ngwana...le bone keng ba mmelaela? A go nale mosupi kana ke dipilaelo hela?

MASEDI:

Ga ke itse Rosemary.

ROSEMARY:

Mme Masedi, o ba bontshe gore o rata ngwana wa gago...ba go bone o mo fa support le le lerato gore ba bone gore Savannah o tswa mo lelwapeng le le tletseng ka lorato. Ba tla mo tlhomogela pelo.

MASEDI:

Ba kgona go mo tlhatlela fela. Akere ke fa ba mo tsere?

SCENE 7

Constable Phiri, Masedi and Savannah are on stage.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Bagetsho, I'm sorry that yet again we have to meet under terrible circumstances. Mme Lobebe, ngwana wa gago, mme Savannah Lobebe, o tshwaretswe ka ntata ya pelaelo ya gore o ne a nale siabe mo losong lwa ngwana wa gagwe. Ba sepatela ba ne ba dira di patlisiso tsa bone mme ebo ba lemoga gore loso lwa ngwana lo ka tswa lo bakile ke mongwe. Ba sepatela ba lemogile gore loso lwa ngwana lo bakile ke khupetso, mme e seng khupetso ya ntata ya bokoa jwa mmele kana bolwetse bope. Ka maswabe, ba nale pelaelo ya gore mmaagwe ngwana, ke ene a ka tswang a bakile loso lwa ngwana, ka gore gape o lekile go sia.

MASEDI:

So is she placed under arrest?

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Ee mma. And she's in a lot of trouble mme. Kana ke kang ya polao. Mme gore a bone thuso, she will have to corporate and tell me exactly what happened.

MASEDI:

I think we'll corporate after re bua le mmueledi wa rona.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

You can do that. Mme, she'll immediately be put in a cell and will have to wait until Monday gore mmueledi a kgone gole thusa. But if you talk to me right now, you can go recover at home.

MASEDI:

Constable Phiri, you'd put a 16 year old girl, who's still recovering from giving birth, in jail?

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

She's a suspect in a serious crime mme Lobebe.

MASEDI:

My daughter is not a murderer Constable Phiri.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

I don't think she is either. But the two of you have to cooperate with me.

TO SAVANNAH

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Tell me what happened.

SAVANNAH:

No.

MASEDI:

Savannah, cooperate or else you'll go to jail.

SAVANNAH:

I will cooperate. But not with you Constable Phiri. I want to talk to another constable; a woman.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

It doesn't work like that. I am the one assigned to your case.

SAVANNAH:

I am not comfortable talking to you Constable Phiri. But I will talk to another constable who's a woman.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme Lobebe, please talk to your daughter. She's not in a position to negotiate or to be stubborn.

MASEDI:

She wants a female constable. That will make her comfortable.

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Mme Lobebe-?

MASEDI:

Kea go rapela Constable Phiri. O tla lo bolelela sengwe le sengwe mme kea go rapela...mo tli setse lepodisi la mme. Kana gaa kake a bua le wena a phuthulugile. Kea go rapela...

CONSTABLE PHIRI:

Kea boa.

Constable Phiri exits.

MASEDI:

Ngwanaka, we are going to get through this.

SAVANNAH:

I did it mama. I killed her-

MASEDI:

Ngwanaka you can't say that, do you hear me, you can't say that!

SAVANNAH:

But I did. I bonded with her but I killed her anyway.

MASEDI:

We will fight this and you are going to come home.

SAVANNAH:

How? Who will listen to me? Who will believe me?

MASEDI:

I believe you.

SAVANNAH:

And you did nothing. All those years, you knew what he was doing and you did nothing.

MASEDI:

I will tell them the truth. I will tell them everything. The pregnancies, his suicide...I will tell them everything.

SAVANNAH:

You're word against a dead man. No one is going to believe you or me. I can cry rape all day and all night, but the rapist is dead, and the witness to the rapes is the mother of the rape victim who

was married to the rapist and said and did nothing. No one is going to believe us.

NARRATOR 1:

I was escorted to the cells on that Friday afternoon, and remained there for the weekend. I applied for bail and it was granted. I recovered at home and mom gave birth to healthy baby girl. I would have to wait for almost a year for my case to go to trial. Mom and I worked tirelessly with our lawyer and confessed to everything. When the case went to trial, it was a public spectacle. Rape allegations against the late Steven Lobebe made us public enemy number one. We were viciously attacked and called liars, baby killers and even received death threats from Steven's family. As it was the talk of the town, some reporters stalked our home and my old school to get the latest scoop. The question we'd always get is why...if he indeed was raping her all this time, why didn't she say anything to anyone? If her mother knew this, why didn't she help her daughter? Why did she stay married to such a man? Why? Why? Why? Should've, could've, would've are just agents of torture. Even after he died, I don't know why I still didn't say anything until now. I am on trial for murdering the by-product, whilst the instigator is unreachable. My lawyer says, you're a minor and first time offender, I am sure the court will be lenient. Unlikely, said Constable Phiri. Guilty, said the magistrate.

The end

Women and girl children aren't consumables. They are people. They feel.