

Lunatic! Extract of Stage Play in Two Acts written by Thoko Zulu

SDUDLA: *(Angry)* It's my party! As a party member you told me it was my duty to protect party interests in order to go down in history as having contributed to our country's liberation struggle. All I had to do was deny I was a major witness to the murder of a prominent politician. In return I should have received party benefits enabling me to live a comfortable life abroad with my family. *(Pissed off)* Comfortable my flat ass! I've been locked up in this hell hole for 15 no fucking years and not once did you or the party indulge me your liberated presence! Talk of being at the wrong place at the wrong time! All I wanted was a freaking cup of sugar! *(Thinking back, goes to sit on her bed)* My neighbor was a respectable community leader who led by good example but her husband was a lousy stubborn ex combatant who flipping talked too much. Maybe they wanted to fix him by killing his wife. I witnessed a murder! I went to the police station because I expected to be protected by the law but guess what happened? *(Gets up, fuming)* I get picked up for killing my fornicating ex-husband! Fuck! I should've just taken the bribe money and relocated to United States but instead, I chose to do the right thing. Now look where my honesty got me...*(Looks around, panics)* I didn't do it...I swear I didn't kill...no –

Two policemen, TEARGAS and GORILLA walk into the stage, one with a bucket of water and another with electric jumpers. SDUDLA puts her arms behind her as if hand cuffed and drags her feet as if in leg irons.

SDUDLA: *(scared)* I didn't kill him...you must believe me -

TEARGAS grabs SDUDLA by her neck and forces her head into the bucket. SDUDLA struggles to break free in order to breathe but GORILLA holds her down and attaches the electric jumpers to her buttocks. SDUDLA convulses in seizures her bum swerving sideways, up and down before she collapses on the floor.

TEARGAS and GORILLA pick up the bucket and jumpers and walk off Charley Chaplin style. SDUDLA is coughing and gasping for air when TWO JOURNALISTS, a man and woman rush to the scene with note pads and digital cameras.

FEMALE JOURNALIST: Why did you murder your ex - husband?

MALE JOURNALIST: Are you still bitter about the divorce?

SDUDLA: *(Looks at them, not fully recovered)* I've already issued a statement -

FEMALE JOURNALIST: *(Writes on pad)* What an outrageous statement! The police found your finger prints at the scene of the crime –

SDUDLA: I'm not the one who killed him-

MALE JOURNALIST: *(Also writes)* What about the weapon used to commit the crime? Why was it found hidden at your residence?

SDUDLA: They must have planted it.

FEMALE JOURNALIST: *(Shoving an audio recorder into Sdudla's face)* They...who?

SDUDLA: I don't know.

The JOURNALISTS click away taking pictures in opposite directions towards two exits.

SDUDLA: *(Gets up, picks and puts on some ridiculously big eye glasses and adopts the personality of another person)* You fucking journalists have a tendency of making people say things they haven't said. Some of you are on the payroll writing false information protecting the culprits paying you behind glass windows. You falsely accuse her of murder but did you write the story when her ex-husband impregnated his under aged student and paid the girls' parents damages in thousands of US dollars? Where were you when she was falsely accused of misappropriating company funds simply because she refused to massage some people's egos? Was there a public statement clearing her name when the audit report was released with nothing irregular? Did any female reporter fighting for women's rights release an article about some senior board member phoning the program office every morning inquiring about the color of her panties?

FOUR PEOPLE in sack clothes and face masks with different expressions rush in with big newspaper headline cards.

THE SUNDAY NEWS

DITCHED WOMAN MURDERS HUSBAND

DAILY NEWS

MURDER SHE WROTE!

B METRO

NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED

THE STANDARD

MAN KILLED IN LOVE TRIANGLE!

SDUDLA: What you don't realize is you didn't ruin the life of one person. Her children's life stopped after those stories. Her family and friends also suffered. I know she is no Wonder Woman and like you, she's also human. Don't you people know all dogs have flees?

The FOUR PEOPLE with newspaper headlines walk off the stage like zombies. SDUDLA removes the big glasses.

SDUDLA: At least now I know I shouldn't have trusted the kindness of hyenas. That is what Tshaka Zulu said, isn't it? To never turn your back on your enemies.

KHANDA comes back.

SDUDLA: *(Pounces on him)* You said I shouldn't bother you, right? *(Grabs him by his neck)* I think it's time to break my legs like you allegedly did the other prisoner.

KHANDA also grabs SDUDLA by her neck.

BHAKHOSI: *(Rushes to separate SDUDLA and KHANDA)* You earned that red band around your arm, Sdudla. You've privileges other prisoners don't enjoy simply because you stopped behaving badly.

KHANDA and SDUDLA want to fight.

SDUDLA: Somebody has to teach this ugly hooker some good manners! She must know who calls the shots around here.

KHANDA: I'm nobody's bitch!

BHAKHOSI: *(To SDUDLA)* You walk around freely and look after the welfare of other prisoners. Do you really want to throw all that away fighting with her? Come on, she's not worth it and you know it.

SDUDLA marches to her bed and KHANDA makes ready his nest on the floor. Sound of steel, cells being closed and locked.

BHAKHOSI: *(CONT'D speaks to Khanda)* You wouldn't break her bones even if you tried. Stay away from her if you want to get out of this place alive.

Lights go out. Brief silence.

BHAKHOSI: *(CONT'D)* Sdudla –

No response.

BHAKHOSI: *(CONT'D)* Sdudla –

KHANDA: The wicked witch has dozed off, peace finally prevails.

BHAKHOSI: Sdudla never sleeps...Sdudla?

No response from SDUDLA. Individual spot lights on BHAKHOSI and KHANDA who sits with his legs pulled up fully clothed.

BHAKHOSI: (Lying on her bed face up and half dressed) This week has been very hard on Sdudla I don't know how to comfort her.

No response from KHANDA.

BHAKHOSI: (CONT'D) One would think the army of female guards making their rounds would make prison life bearable but each day gets lonelier.

KHANDA clears his throat, changes his sitting position.

BHAKHOSI: (CONT'D turns to Khanda) You never take your clothes off it's summer and freaking hot.

KHANDA: This is not a 5 star hotel with satin sheets and comfy pillows these blankets stink, they're infested with flees.

BHAKHOSI: It's just that I've never seen you naked.

KHANDA: Why do you want to see me naked?

Awkward silence.

KHANDA: (CONT'D) Well...(Clears his throat) you're bigger off course and most men would appreciate the opportunity to latch on those big melons you have. I'm sure you've noticed you and I don't share the same assets I'm a flattie.

BHAKHOSI: Don't be silly you're just as beautiful and besides, nobody notices the difference in here. (*Sitting up*) I have this strange feeling I've seen you before.

KHANDA: Come on, don't change the subject I would remember if we know each other. I happen to have a very good memory by the way.

BHAKHOSI: In that case, formal introductions should be in order.

KHANDA: If you want answers meet me half way. I shouldn't be the only one giving out personal information.

BHAKHOSI: When you first arrived...the way you looked at me was as if -

KHANDA: When I arrived I was shaken like every normal person entering unfamiliar territory, I don't see why you're making it a big issue.

BHAKHOSI: *(Gets up)* I can see you're still looking for trouble. I'm only trying to be civil.

KHANDA: *(Also getting up)* You must also see I'm refusing to be bullied.

They stare at each other.

BHAKHOSI: *(Offering him a hand shake)* 15 years...prostitution.

KHANDA: *(Laughs)* That is ridiculous!

BHAKHOSI: What is ridiculous?

KHANDA: I'm not stupid I know the law. My boss was *(Stammers)*...er -

BHAKHOSI: Your boss was what?

KHANDA: Let's just assume he was educated and well connected. And the way I see it the police should've just picked you up for indecent loitering, locked you up for a couple of days or months or make you pay a fine. You're insulting my intelligence...and I'm offended!

BHAKHOSI: Well...guess what Mr. Know It All? People in powerful positions can make files disappear.

KHANDA: I think we should stop lying and be honest to each other. We do after all live in the same...house.

Spot light on SDUDLA as she sits up, moans.

BHAKHOSI: *(Going to Sdudla's side)* Sdudla...

SDUDLA gets up as if in a trance and walks eyes wide open and not blinking in big grandma panties and body top.

BHAKHOSI: *(Following SDUDLA)* Sdudla...

KHANDA: *(Pokes SDUDLA with a finger)* The witch is sleep walking.

BHAKHOSI: She's not a sleep walker.

KHANDA: There's always a first time for everything, there she is in all her glory!
(Throws himself on Bhakhosi's bed, giggling)

BHAKHOSI: *(Shakes SDUDLA)* Sdudla, wake up!

SDUDLA walks back to her bed, sleeps.

BHAKHOSI: *(Sits on SDUDLA's bed)* She's not a murderer.

KHANDA: *(Sitting up on Bhakhosi's bed)* I don't care about her story I want to know more about you.

SDUDLA moans in her sleep.

BHAKHOSI: She was tortured in police custody...forced to plead guilty to a crime she didn't commit.

SDUDLA: *(Talks in her sleep)* No...I didn't do it...please...you must believe me, I didn't kill him I'm innocent. *(She is restless)*

BHAKHOSI: *(Lifts SDUDLA's head and rests it on her lap, strokes SDUDLA's head)* I have moments when I am desperate to get out of here too, nights when I lie awake thinking about my life outside this prison.

KHANDA: *(Gets up, walks)* I get it, I get it! You don't have to rub it in we're all desperate to get out.

BHAKHOSI: I was raped in the holding cells. The policeman who forced himself on me promised to sneak me out if I kept my mouth shut. He said –

KHANDA: *(Pissed off)* Shut up, ok? Just shut the hell up! I don't want to hear your sad stories I have enough of my own. Let's focus on the positive...the good stuff.

BHAKHOSI: Something always happens to new inmates...if not rape, intimidation...torture or -

KHANDA: *(Snaps)* I wasn't raped or tortured! I'm a man, I can defend myself!

BHAKHOSI: *(Resting SDUDLA's head back on the bed, quickly gets up)* What do you mean you're a man?

KHANDA: *(Realizing his verbal blunder, quickly recovers)* I mean...sometimes a woman must defend herself like a man when the situation demands it. I'm serving time for murder I'm tough nobody can mess with me...and that goes for your friend over there...you included.

BHAKHOSI: If you're here for murder that obviously says a lot about you. Women with soft hearts don't kill other people.

KHANDA: (*Angry*) Can you just...give me a break! I cannot think with you breathing hot air down my neck you're driving me crazy.

BHAKHOSI: (*Shocked*) Oh, my God!

KHANDA: (*Looks around, nervous*) What?

BHAKHOSI: You're not a murderer.

KHANDA: I am –

BHAKHOSI: You're lying.

He goes to his nest, lies down and covers his head for the first time with the blanket.

BHAKHOSI: Why are you here? Who are you?

(Blackout)

ACT II

SCENE 1

KHANDA: (*Excitedly dances his way into the stage Elvis Presley style, behaves and sings like a man*) I feel good...na na na na na na I just got laid...na na na na na na. I feel good...na na na na na na I got pussy today. Oh, yeah...ohh yeah! It feels good to be me! (*He is a very happy man*) That crazy woman behind the wall said sometimes we don't tell the truth not because we lie, but to protect other people. So true in my case by the way, here I am finally enjoying the fruits of my labor. (*Proudly walks with new swag, looks around to make sure no one else is around*) That Guard and her Supervisor...they are...you know (*Winks*)...my new visitors. (*Sings, brags*) Ngithabile, ngitholile...ngithabile ngitholile! (I'm so happy I finally got laid!) You know what, it's only a matter of time before I get out of here...I know that for a fact...confirmed and intimately sealed on the Supervisor's office desk clad in my birthday suit. (*Walks around like a proud peacock*) What, you want proof? Did – you – just – say you want proof? (*Grabs his balls*) Proof is right here, baby! This nigger got his game so good those two security goats were howling like wolves, their hands all over me like horny lizards. (*His buttocks move back and forth, one hand on his waist*) Oohh, ahhh, ooh, ahh...give it to me...give it to me, big boy...yeah, that's right...oohhh, yeah!

NYEMBEZI: (*V.O.*) When a hyena laughs, he's not happy!

KHANDA: (*Jumps, points a threatening finger at the wall*) You, loony...you almost gave me a heart attack!

NYEMBEZI: (V.O.) I will say it again, when the hyena laughs...he's not happy, it's a prank.

KHANDA: (*Pissed off, he marches to the isolation wall*) Well...just in case you haven't noticed this particular hyena over here is laughing because he – is - happy! There's nothing you can say to change my good mood do you hear me? I'm happy, happy...hyena HAPPY!

NYEMBEZI giggles.

KHANDA: (*CONT'D*) Didn't anybody ever tell you in a place like this, it's always good to have someone on your side? (*Walks like a proud business man*) I wonder how long you've been locked in that lonely, empty shell of yours...alone with nobody to talk to except the smelly sticky cockroaches crawling up your old dirty skin. Out here we can shower, I can take a walk checking out the girls...see the beautiful sun rise.

Nyembezi stops giggling.

KHANDA: (*CONT'D*) See? It doesn't hurt to be nice, I know those two monkeys don't like you either we need each other. Just think about it...you and I could make a formidable team even if you're in that hell hole and I'm out here I can still protect you. For instance, let's talk about your human rights issues. I know you're a spiritual woman who likes to pray it helps you get through the day. I also understand once in a while you need to confess your sins to the guy up there to forgive your trespasses as you will forgive my arrogance if you don't mind me saying this place is hard for me too.

NYEMBEZI: (V.O) You're not the hyena.

KHANDA: (*Confused*) I'm not the hyena?

NYEMBEZI: (V.O) No.

KHANDA: If I'm not the hyena...who is?

NYEMBEZI: (V.O) He is.

KHANDA: (*Looks around*) He...who? (*Looks up*) You mean...the guy up there?

NYEMBEZI: (V.O) You're so stupid. How can God be the hyena? He is the almighty, creator of the universe. All life must bow before him it's humans who cannot be trusted. What you see is not what is, don't be deceived or fooled.

KHANDA: (*Thinks*) What I see is not what is and I shouldn't be deceived or fooled? Wait a minute...are you trying to tell me something?

No response from NYEMBEZI.

KHANDA: (CONT'D) How could you possibly know what is going on out here when you're locked up in there with no human contact? Look...I know you could've heard me say things I shouldn't have in moments of weakness but so far you haven't betrayed my secret to those two cows which means I can trust you, right? (*Putting his head against the wall*) Does your silence mean you and I have formed an alliance? Can you tell me more about the hyena?

Silence.

KHANDA: (CONT'D) Nobody respects us around here...you and I are not allowed to exercise our rights as equal habitants and that really pisses me off! I think we should do something about that...a protest or unified governance to balance the equation. They do and say whatever it is they want and we're expected to follow their stupid rules like they own this place! Take for instance the other day you wanted to make your confession to the priest with everybody trying to distract you and by the way, I wasn't part of that conspiracy. I was manipulated...used and you can prove it. I mean...you were not out here to see what was happening but you heard everything, right?

KHANDA does not see BHAKHOSI walk in.

BHAKHOSI: What is wrong with your voice?

KHANDA: (Panics, clears his throat and speaks with a strained female voice.) My voice? I think I'm er...coming down with a bad cold.

BHAKHOSI: Keep the distance...I don't want your chicken virus!

He clears his throat again.

BHAKHOSI: (*Takes off her dirty dress, walks to her bed to pick up a clean one*) Whatever you're trying to do won't work. She's in solitary confinement and you're out here you better get used to following our stupid rules.

He stares at BHAKHOSI half-naked in her granny bra and panties, clean dress in hand.

BHAKHOSI: (CONT'D) If you think you can team up with her and boss us around, you got yourself another battle coming! Sdudla will beat the brains out of your big stupid head.

KHANDA continues to stare at BHAKHOSI.

BHAKHOSI: (CONT'D) Why are you staring at me like that? (She turns around checking herself) Do I have something peculiar sticking out somewhere?

KHANDA: *(Regains his composure)* Prison garb is unflattering to your beautiful figure.

BHAKHOSI: *(Quickly covers her front with the dress in hand)* You're checking me out?

KHANDA: I'm just thinking aloud you did admit it can be very lonely in here the loneliness must be creeping up on me too.

Brief silence as the two stare at each other until KHANDA walks away with both hands covering the lower front part of his dress.

KHANDA: *(CONT'D)* You and big panda must know this cell is not your private property. Nyembezi and I demand our rights be recognized with immediate effect.

BHAKHOSI: *(Throws the dress over her head)* You're teaming up with Nyembezi to do what? Take over power?

SDUDLA rushes in, breathing heavily.

BHAKHOSI: *(Panics)* What is it?

SDUDLA is out of breath, slumps to the floor.

BHAKHOSI: *(Shakes SDUDLA)* Say something!

SDUDLA: *(Breathing heavily)* Men!

KHANDA: *(Jumps in panic)* I'm not a man!

BHAKHOSI: There are no men here, Sdudla. *(Turns to KHANDA)* What is your problem? She didn't say you're a man.

KHANDA: Sorry I panicked we do have men in this audience, don't we? *(Points a finger at one guy in the audience)* She must be referring to that guy over there I can see he's giving miss piggy over here the looks. *(Shouts)* Hey, buddy...you want some bacon?

SDUDLA: *(Speaks in a rushed tone)* We...me and five other prisoners were taken to a place outside here for maintenance work in a government complex.

BHAKHOSI: Slow down...I can hardly understand what you're saying.

KHANDA: *(Bending down with his ear to Sdudla's mouth)* You and five other prisoners were taken to a government complex outside this prison to do maintenance work?

SDUDLA: *(Still speaking very fast)* The workers are on strike and these men were all over the place singing and dancing and...

BHAKHOSI: Speak slowly.

KHANDA: I have already explained she and five other prisoners were taken to a place outside this prison where they did maintenance work to a government complex. The company apparently fired all its employees for going on an illegal strike.

BHAKHOSI: (Frustrated) No, no no...that's not what she said.

KHANDA: Not her exact words but...I'm assuming it's something along those lines.

SDUDLA: *(Gets up, walks about, speaks in foreign language)* Gokijuhngthjjkkkkkkkk.

BHAKHOSI: *(Follows SDUDLA)* What are you trying to tell me? Are we in danger?

SDUDLA: *(Continues in foreign language)* Drtyygjjdnhbcjuvuimnhgbjgkifkdkdkskln!

BHAKHOSI: (Panics) What happened out there? Please use the secret language I can understand.

KHANDA: You women have a secret language?

GUARD: (V.O.) Security check!

KHANDA salutes, stands still. BHAKHOSI slaps SDUDLA.

SDUDLA: *(Confused)* What!?

Bhakhosi salutes and stands in line with Khanda.

GUARD: (V.O.) Security check!

SDUDLA: (Looking lost) Security what?

FEMALE GUARD: (V.O.) Prisoner USO!

KHANDA quickly spreads his legs and lifts his arms up in the air, smiling broadly.

BHAKHOSI: (Confused) Another security check?

FEMALE GUARD: (V.O.) You've visitors prisoner USO!

KHANDA salutes, marches off with his new found swag and a naughty grin.

BHAKHOSI: (In protest) That is her third visitor in four hours. *(Goes to Sdudla)* You were right we shouldn't trust her she has friends in all the wrong places.

SDUDLA: (Preoccupied) I'd forgotten how it feels to be out there without the intrusion of these big walls and steel bars. Out there there's life...people.

Three women in their Zimbabwean political party costume make their entry. VELVET is an angry bull, LILLY a proud cock and ROSE a clown.

VELVET: *(Imitating angry bull, charges) Mhoooooo!!!*

Lilly walks around like a proud, pompous cock. ROSE's palms are painted red and white. She imitates climbing a wall, falls but gets up again and climbs.

BHAKHOSI feels threatened and drags SDUDLA out of the stage.

VELVET: Mhooooooooooooooooo!!!!

LILLY: Cockorookocoorooo!!!

VELVET fights with LILLY out the stage. Rose continues to climb her wall, falls, gets up and climbs again.

Three men carrying different traditional weapons run into the stage singing a protest song, "Inkomo Zikababa" (My Father's Cattle) DK in his early 30's wears a pair of designer jeans and is shirtless. RAZOR, mid-40 wears a dirty work suit. OZONE, mid-50's a suit and tie.

TEARGAS: *(V.O) Imi vanhu imi! murikuyitei? (You people, what are you trying to happen?) (Translated to broken English)*

TEARGAS and GORILLA re-enter the stage holding an oversized can of tear gas and an enormous machine gun.

DK, RAZOR and OZONE continue to sing and dance, waving their weapons in the air. ROSE climbs her wall.

GORILLA: *(Shona speaking bad Ndebele) Tell me ukhuthi lizama ukhuyenzani? (What are you trying to do?)*

OZONE: *Konje mina bengifun'ukuthini? (By the way, what was I about to say?) Konje mina bengifun' ukukhuluma wee! (I know I wanted to speak my mind) Konje mina bengifun'ukuthi lina lathi mina ngithi ngisathi ngoba lisithi (By the way I wanted to speak my mind but you forced me to say something totally different) Konje mina bengifun' ukukhuluma! (I know I wanted to speak my mind!)*

TEARGAS and GORILLA break out in laughter.

TEARGAS: *(Speaking bad English)* There is no law in this country of my fore fathers allowing commoners like you boys and girls to speak your idle minds in public places! *(Removing the security latch on the gas cylinder)* Do you think this is South Africa where everybody runs around like crazy wild animals looting, burning and destroying government and private property all in the name of exercising their right to freedom of expression? Where in this land of Kaguvi and Nehanda (“Zimbabwean liberation heroes”) will you see irrelevant opposition parties insulting their president on national and international TV with no respect for protocol all in the name of the liberation struggle? Who will rebuild and with whose money will the vandalized properties be repaired? The president’s multi billions or your silly hard earned tax?

GORILLA: *(Also speaking bad English)* Did you get permission letter from the police Constable in head office to gather and do all this nonsensical rubbish? Don’t you know that syllabus yakachinja? (“Don’t you know the police syllabus has changed?”) *(Aiming the gun at them)* We’re now equipped and certified to deal with lawless hooligans like you efficiently and effectively...returning little fire with more fire, we shoot to kill! Down your stupid weapons!

The PROTESTORS down their weapons and lift their arms up in the air, scared. ROSE lifts up her arms, smiling.

TEARGAS: Tsika pawuro conisiteburu!! (Step on their necks constable!)

GORILLA: Tsika!! (Step on them!)

Both policemen slam their feet hard on the stage. DK, OZONE, RAZOR and ROSE fall on their backs, holding their necks struggling to breathe. TEARGAS and GORILLA lift their feet from the ground and all four protestors sit up uniformly gasping for air.

TEARGASS: Tsika pawuro mpurisa! (Step on their necks Mr. Policeman!)

GORILLA: Tsika! (Step on them!)

The policemen slam their feet hard on the floor again. DK, OZONE, RAZOR and ROSE fall backwards clutching their necks, legs kicking in the air.

TEARGAS: (His foot grinding the floor) You people think you are very clever hayikhona? Murikufunga kuti makangwara? (You stupid people think you’re very clever?)

Protestors are convulsing, as if dying.

GORILLA: (Threatening to shoot the audience) When will you ever learn? Don't you know half a loaf is better than nothing?! Yap, yap, yadda, yadda, blah, blah, blah opening your big stinky mouths to complain! Who are YOU to complain and to WHOM you silly baboons?

TEARGAS finally lifts his grinding foot from the floor. OZONE and DK are coughing and gasping for breath attempting to sit up. ROSE is dead. RAZOR sits up reaching out to the audience for help.

GORILLA fires gun shots into the air, TEARGAS sprays the stage with gas.

TEARGAS: We'll sort you out if you do continue doing your banana business in the streets! If you have an opinion, keep it to yourself nobody wants to hear it!

GORILLA: *(Pointing the gun at the audience)* Our leader doesn't tolerate bullshit! Human rights, what stupid human rights in whose country? We the police force the rules around here not someone in United British of America.

TEARGAS: *(Pointing the tear gas nuzzle at the audience)* Our President doesn't govern other country laws telling them how to run their business and their people. Who are you to challenge him?

GORILLA drags dead ROSE out of the stage followed by TEARGAS who sprays the stage with gas leaving it white with smoke. Through the clearing smoke, OZONE, DK and RAZOR stand frozen in various positions. SDUDLA and BHAKHOSI re-enter the stage.

BHAKHOSI: *(Looking around)* The riot police are gone.

SDUDLA: *(Slowly approaches OZONE)* I wonder if she loves you like I do. Does she hold and make love to you the same way? Every weekend I've waited...every night I lie awake thinking about you wondering if you've forgotten.

BHAKHOSI: We shouldn't have come back here the police could be lurking somewhere waiting to attack.

SDUDLA: *(Ignoring BHAKHOSI)* What little things do you whisper in her ear? *(Reaches out to touch OZONE's face)* I guess all I'll ever do is wonder maybe to you I was just another number. *(Sees RAZOR, rushes to him)* You miserable piece of shit! You ungrateful old lying rat! *(Slaps him hard on his face)* I gave you twelve of my best years in return you spit in my face! *(Kicks him)* You dirty old pig!

BHAKHOSI tries to hold SDUDLA who beats the man to the ground. BHAKHOSI grabs SDUDLA from behind.

BHAKHOSI: Enough, Sdudla, let's go!

SDUDLA is distracted by DK, breaks from BHAKHOSI's grip and in slow motion runs to DK. SDUDLA trips and falls but quickly gets up, crawls on all fours to unbuckle DK's belt. BHAKHOSI tries to stop her.

The two women hustle and tussle both falling to the ground with SDUDLA pulling down DK's pants in the process. DK falls, SDUDLA not letting go of his pants. BHAKHOSI pulls SDUDLA's legs trying to disengage her, also dragging DK in the same process. SDUDLA kicks BHAKHOSI, throws her body over DK and locks her arms tightly around his waist, her head resting flat on his half naked crouch.

TEARGAS: (Coming back on stage) Haven't you women heard about the law prohibiting eating of men in public places?

BHAKHOSI panics and quickly gets up with both arms lifted high in the air. SDUDLA is reluctant to get up, is on her knees. TEARGAS kicks DK, RAZOR and OZONE off the stage.

GORILLA: (Swinging his waist seductively in Sdudla's face, gun on his shoulder) I'm available...and my colleague over there won't arrest you if you do me proper and give me head like you were doing that guy nice - nice. (Grabs SDUDLA's head with one hand and rubs her face in his crouch) Yes, ooh yes...I rike it, I rike it. (I like it, I like it)

TEARGAS grabs BHAKHOSI from behind and fondles her breasts rubbing his crouch against her bum, gas cylinder on his shoulder. SDUDLA punches GORILLA in the balls and he doubles over but recovers quickly, tries to grab SDUDLA who spits in his face.

GORILLA: (Points the gun in her face and speaks in broken English) I rike it when a woman shows fire...I rike it. (I like it when a woman shows fire...I like it) Spit on me again and I will shoot you dead.

TEARGAS: (Still fondling BHAKHOSI's breasts and rubbing his crouch against her bum. Speaks in broken English) Not here, Constable...I shall arrest you if you do your business in public place with all these witnesses watching. After arresting you I will make disappear your docket and release you later when nobody is watching. (Giggles)

GORILLA: (Releases SDUDLA, points the gun at the audience) Witnesses? Witness against whom...me the untouchable valuable employee of the ruling party? Witness and you shall see.

TEARGAS (Also releasing BHAKHOSI pointing a threatening finger at both women) Next time we catch you doing your intimate gymnastics in public we'll throw you behind bars with no trial! (Turns to fellow policeman) Let's go Constable, our job is done!

TEARGAS and GORILLA fast forward march Charley Chaplin style to exit. SDUDLA wants to throw her shoe at them, BHAKHOSI holds her.

SDUDLA: *(Fuming, throws herself on the bed)* Bastards!

KHANDA walks in, whistling.

BHAKHOSI: You're breaking prison rules at every street corner. You had more than four visits today.

KHANDA: *(Makes his bed)* Yes, I did which is none of your business by the way. Some of us have family and friends who understand how much we need their support in here.

BHAKHOSI: New rule says only two visits are allowed one prisoner on weekends. Today's Tuesday.

KHANDA: Connections my dear...good connections which you and your bossy big mama don't have I suppose. Now if you'll excuse me this prisoner with limitless privileged benefits wants to rest after an exhausting double shift. Cleaning the supervisor's big office is not an easy job. *(Sleeps)*

Individual spot lights on sleeping KHANDA fully clothed and BHAKHOSI half-naked facing upwards on her bed.

KHANDA: *(Yawns, stretches an arm and a leg)* Miss Piggy is in one of her bad moods again. Somebody really needs to get laid. *(Short giggle)*

BHAKHOSI: I can see right through that big fake mask of yours something sneaky is going on between you and that prison supervisor. You're here to spy on us.

KHANDA: *(Sitting up)* Can we please change the subject. All this sneaky talk is spoiling my good mood. There is nothing to spy on, you and big panda over there are common low life criminals there's nothing special about you. *(Sleeps)*

BHAKHOSI: I don't believe you're a murderer, you lied.

KHANDA: *(Sitting up again)* The rules of the game have changed I prefer my own team. And now that you've got me started, I want to know more about this prostitution business of yours. How is it possible to have been sentenced for so many years?

BHAKHOSI: *(Sleeping)* You wouldn't believe me anyway so why should I waste my time trying to convince you?

Silence.

BHAKHOSI: (Sitting up) Just in case you're still interested, one of my clients was a cabinet minister.

KHANDA: Here you go again with your lies and deceit. Why would you sell your body if you were dating a cabinet minister? Forgive me for having a brain but it doesn't make any sense because duh...your rich boyfriend could've easily paid your bills or financed whatever it is you were prostituting yourself for.

BHAKHOSI: (*Pissed off*) Do you have a problem with women like me?

KHANDA: Do I have a problem with sluts or hookers, prostitutes having sex with different men for money? No...no, no, no...not at all. Everybody must be proud of their professions which I'm sure you are by the way. (*Laughs so hard until he rolls on the floor*)

BHAKHOSI: What is so funny?

KHANDA: (*He tries to control his laughter*) You're funny...I think as a mother you should've been...you know...a better role model. You could've chosen other respectable and more acceptable professions like nursing or teaching and come on...I'm not stupid...two thieves can see right through each other's cheap tricks. Hello?

BHAKHOSI pulls a box from under her bed, places it on her lap.

KHANDA: (*CONT'D*) What is that box?

BHAKHOSI: My work clothes I'm a hooker, remember? Sex with different men is no big deal as long I get paid.

In the box are beautiful, expensive clothes. A pair of bum shorts, jeans, a tank top, a long flowing evening gown, pantyhose and killer high heels.

KHANDA: (Curiously elongating his neck) Those are your night shift clothes? No...you were just playing my bad side it's obvious we don't trust each other. You must be in jail for something totally different.

BHAKHOSI: I am who I say I am but the big question is...have you really trusted me with your truth?

KHANDA scratches his head. *Spot light goes out on BHAKHOSI.*

BHAKHOSI: (*CONT'D*) You forget I've a brain too, you know. Whatever it is you're hiding I'm sure you have a very good reason you'll tell me when you're ready. I happen to be a very patient woman.

KHANDA: What are you doing in the dark?

BHAKHOSI: (Still invisible) Lie to me again...tell me what your profession was before you started killing people?

KHANDA: (*Clears his throat*) This and that you know...wheeling and dealing like everybody else hustling for survival.

BHAKHOSI: Which translates your hustling to how much money per day...week...a month?

KHANDA: Come out in the light where I can see you, you're beginning to freak me out.

BHAKHOSI: You said we must trust each other. (Still in the dark, puts a leg on KHANDA's shoulder) Give me your figures.

KHANDA: (*Looking at BHAKHOSI's leg, his mouth opens and closes*) Figures?

BHAKHOSI: (Flirting with Khanda, she slowly runs her finger down his head and face) How much did you make a day...week...fortnight...month?

KHANDA: (*Struggles to remain calm*) Why don't you... give me your figures instead?

Spot light is back on BHAKHOSI, she looks ravishing in a beautiful red evening gown and high heels. KHANDA is blown away, whistles.

BHAKHOSI: (*Strikes a sexy pose, walks*) On good nights...about a thousand bucks and bad days...only a fraction. Some clients demanded the most absurd of services but the money was very, very good. (*Walks to a client in his car*) How much will you pay for the punani, Mr. Lover man? (*Shakes her head, bends down to flaunt a sexy cleavage*) This girl got the best honey in the business she will feed you straight from the jar for only 200 bucks...no discounts or electronic transfers, strictly cash.

KHANDA watches her, changes his seating position.

BHAKHOSI: (*Straightens up, one hand on waist*) What, you don't have that kind of money? How 'bout thirty bucks for a quickie then? (*Brushes customer off with an attitude*) No money for pudding...no dessert, you nut head! Now buzz off! (*Sees another customer, peels off her dress to reveal a pair of skinny jeans and tank top. She takes a big red lolly pop from her bra, licks it and rolls it around her tongue*) Hello there pretty boy! You wanna play mom and daddy with the nanny?

KHANDA shifts uncomfortably, pulls up his legs still watching her.

BHAKHOSI: (*Caresses one breast*) Your place or mine, junior? (*Swings her torso side to side*) 100 dollars and this nanny will teach you new tricks all in...one...very...good...lesson. (*Sees another client*) Hey, Papa Bear, wait up! (*Ditches the lolly pop, peels off jeans and tank top to reveal a bum short/push up bra combo*) What you mean you don't do bitches? I ain't no bitch, just a lonely girl looking for a good time! (*Turns around, hands akimbo*) Hey, Rambo...what the hell is your fucking problem? I told you this girl don't give no freebies. I ain't bending my rules for you loser. If you want pussy you gotta pay for it I ain't giving you nothin' for free! (*She runs to a new client shoving her competitor aside with an elbow*) This one's mine old lady! (*Pushes invisible woman with both hands*) He's mine, men don't want no granny shrunk cookies! (*Turns around and smiles to a guy she picks in the audience*) What you wanna do, Batman? (*Smacks her bum*) You wanna be tied up and get your ass whipped, I see you've been a very, very bad boy.

KHANDA: (Excited, howls like a wolf at full moon) Aw, aw, awooooooooooooo!!!!

BHAKHOSI: Don't get carried away I don't do women.

Spot light goes out on BHAKHOSI. *KHANDA lowers his legs, the blanket covering his lap.*

BHAKHOSI: (*In the dark*) The competition was tough but most men preferred younger girls and I had the advantage. I thought I was the luckiest hooker alive when one of my new clients offered me a retirement package I couldn't refuse.

KHANDA: What kind of retirement package?

BHAKHOSI: (*Spot light back on Bhakhosi in her prison dress sitting on her bed*) I was servicing two big clients from opposing political parties. One of them discovered I was sleeping with the enemy and convinced me to poison his rival for one hundred thousand United States Dollars.

KHANDA: (Whistles) A hundred thousand United States Dollars! Girl, you'll be sitting pretty when you finally get out of here.

BHAKHOSI: Not a chance. Things got messed up and the minister I was supposed to poison caught me in bed with his rival and killed him instead. I cheated death with a bullet in my bum when I jumped out an open window.

KHANDA: (*Shocked*) You're the hooker who jumped out of the window?

BHAKHOSI: I made front newspaper headlines I'm assuming you read the story too. The part where the killer minister's driver parked outside the hotel broke my fall I jumped out the window wasn't included. And to cut a long story short, I was forced to testify the driver shot me and killed my other boyfriend in a jealous rage. While waiting for my big pay out, the police showed up at my house and discovered cocaine stashed in my bed.

KHANDA: *(Still in shock)* You've gained a lot of weight...you look different.

BHAKHOSI: (Snaps) I was younger and smaller then it's not possible to look the same way after so many years.

KHANDA: I was just thinking aloud no need to get all worked up over nothing.

BHAKHOSI: (Angry) I'm losing my best years locked up in here for a crime committed by another person and you're telling me I'm getting worked up over nothing!

Lights go up, the breakfast siren rings. BHAKHOSI ignores it sitting on her bed like a zombie.

KHANDA: I'm sorry, ok? I didn't mean to be insensitive. (Folds his bedding and puts it away, turns to SDUDLA) Wake up, Miss Piggy...it's munch-munch time.

SDUDLA is asleep.

KHANDA: *(Goes to SDUDLA's bed, shakes her)* Miss Piggy, wake up its breakfast time.

SDUDLA sits up still heavy with sleep. She looks at BHAKHOSI sitting on her bed like a zombie, stares up at KHANDA hovering above her like a mother hen and SDUDLA quickly jumps out of bed, marches out.

KHANDA: (Making SDUDLA's bed) Come on, stop worrying I'm sure nobody heard you.

BHAKHOSI: *(Scared)* How do you know? All these people are here, listening.

KHANDA: *(Finishes making SDUDLA's bed, walks with a slight limp)* You and big panda have told so many lies the audience doesn't know what to believe anymore. And besides, the guards should have dragged you out by now if somebody in the audience has betrayed you.

BHAKHOSI: *(Notices the limp)* What is wrong with your legs? Why are you limping?

KHANDA: *(Showing discomfort)* What is wrong with my legs, why am I limping?

BHAKHOSI: (*Gets up*) Stop answering a question with another question!

KHANDA: Why are you always poking your nose into my private business?

BHAKHOSI: You're walking with your legs apart and DUH, am just trying to be sensitive.

KHANDA: (*Stretches and shakes both legs*) I am walking with my legs apart because...oh, that. I have...er...those cramps...you know, the usual monthly symptoms you women...I mean us women get before we get...er...to that time of the...you know...month.

BHAKHOSI: Again? You said you were menstruating last week.

KHANDA: Something of that sort (*Nods*) I did say that... yes...these things do happen three or four times a month to some women just in case you don't know, I'm one of those unfortunate ones who bleed more than...er...normal. (*Bends down, moans*) I should see the Supervisor.

BHAKHOSI: You should see the prison doctor not the Supervisor you need medical attention. (*Walking to exit*) And don't mess up the place with your stinky blood! I'm going out to eat it's your turn to watch the old woman, make sure she keeps her mouth shut.

KHANDA sighs, reaches under his dress to touch his balls and walks up and down with legs apart. NYEMBEZI breaks out in laughter.

KHANDA: Shut up!!

Abrupt silence. He takes off his dress, revealing a stuffed bra and black tights. KHANDA bends over to grab a clean dress under his pillow on the floor. He does not see BHAKHOSI re-enter the cell.

She is stopped in her tracks by KHANDA's bulging balls, stares at the audience and back at KHANDA.

BHAKHOSI: (*Tip toes closer and bends down behind him for a closer look*) You have balls!!

KHANDA panics, drops the dress.

BHAKHOSI: (*Her eyes dropping to his crouch, points a shaky finger at him*) You have...a dick!

They stare at each other.

KHANDA: *(Recovers, picks up his dress and quickly covers his front, nervous)* Balls...a dick? Me? No...I...I can...explain all that.

BHAKHOSI: *(Moving backwards to the exit)* You're...a man!

KHANDA: *(Grabs BHAKHOSI, dress falls to the floor)* Let me explain -

BHAKHOSI: You're not a woman!

KHANDA: *(Puts his hand over her mouth, drags her back to center stage)* Yes, I have a dick, balls...everything. I'm a man, ok... you got that part right.

BHAKHOSI wants to break free.

KHANDA: *(Holding her close)* You must calm down...give me a chance to explain. I'm going to let you go slowly...promise you'll stay and listen.

BHAKHOSI nods, he releases her but she wants to run out and he grabs her again, this time holding her so they face each other.

BHAKHOSI: *(Searches his face, touches his head and face)* Oh, my God, it's you!

KHANDA: *(Nods quickly, still holding her)* Yes, it's me...you remember.

BHAKHOSI: I knew there was something familiar about you...I knew it!

He slowly releases her.

BHAKHOSI: You're his driver! You're the man who broke my fall when I jumped out the hotel window! You're the driver I falsely accused of shooting the other minister!

KHANDA: *(Nods)* Yes.

BHAKHOSI: Sdudla was right you're a spy. They sent you here to kill me so I wouldn't talk. *(She wants to run)*

KHANDA: *(Quickly grabs her, covers her mouth again)* I'm not here to kill you I know your hand was forced. I'm also aware cocaine was planted in your house.

BHAKHOSI: You know about the drugs -

KHANDA: It was the only way to keep you quiet, so you wouldn't find refuge with the dead man's alliances or confess what really happened that night. In here your visitors are screened and monitored you've no access to the outside world.

BHAKHOSI: *(Angry)* Your boss is a murderer he framed you for his crime. I'm not a drug dealer.

KHANDA: (Pissed off) Oh, come on! Get off your high horse you were bonking two men from contesting political parties. You're the reason I'm in this bloody mess.

BHAKHOSI: I must find Sdudla!

KHANDA: (Grabs her arm) Show some gratitude I saved your life! If somebody else finds out about this we're both dead.

BHAKHOSI: (Wants to beak free) I cannot betray Sdudla, she must know who you are.

KHANDA: (Holding her very close) Come on, you and I can help each other out you don't know how much longer we'll be locked up in here. You're very lonely I have what you need whenever miss piggy is not around Robin Hood right here will come to your rescue. (Kisses her ear) I know you want me don't resist the urge to dive in and eat free dessert.

BHAKHOSI: (Pushes him) I don't care about your Robin Hood our lives are in danger.

KHANDA: Come on, death can wait let's do a quickie...it will take only a few minutes -

BHAKHOSI: (Shakes her head) Something doesn't add up. If you took the fall for your boss and knew about the drugs...what are you doing here?

KHANDA: What do you mean what am I doing here? I'm in prison for murder.

BHAKHOSI: For a man bragging intelligence you should've already figured out you've been transferred here for a reason.

KHANDA: (Snaps) I don't follow...can you please elaborate? Sometimes common sense doesn't come easily to a man who's under a lot of pressure.

BHAKHOSI: Why are you in a female prison disguised as a woman?

KHANDA: (Walks, thinks) I don't know, I'm sure it has something to do with my release.

BHAKHOSI: Can't you see? There must be a dubious plan in action to eliminate existing evidence if one of us talks your boss will be disqualified from running for president.

KHANDA: (Scratches his head and balls) If that is true, what about your friend miss piggy...where does she fit in the puzzle?

It is BHAKHOSI's turn to walk and think.

KHANDA: I was informed my boss has secret agents here to smuggle me out of the country with a new identity.

BHAKHOSI: Your boss is a powerful man with secret agents everywhere, including the male prison. Why bring you here to share the same cell with the woman who framed you?

KHANDA: My head will explode I need time to process and can dig out more information. (Looks around) Come here, I want to be close to you right now. (Kisses her)

SDUDLA: (Entering the cell) What the fuck...???

KHANDA panics, quickly jumps and hides behind BHAKHOSI.

BHAKHOSI: It's not what you think.

KHANDA is holding BHAKHOSI at the waist, dragging her backwards so he can pick up his dress. SDUDLA is disgusted, turns to go.

BHAKHOSI: (Breaks free, runs to Sdudla) Sdudla wait! I can explain –

Khanda quickly picks up his dress, throws it over his head.

SDUDLA: There's nothing to explain, I've seen what I needed to see!

BHAKHOSI: (Grabs Sdudla's arm) She's not –

KHANDA covers BHAKHOSI's mouth.

KHANDA: (Standing behind Bhakhosi, still covering her mouth) It was a spur of the moment thing we got carried away, one thing led to another and before we knew it our hands were all over each other.

SDUDLA spits, walks out. BHAKHOSI bites KHANDA's hand, wants to follow SDUDLA but he blocks her way.

KHANDA: (CONT'D) You know what will happen to me if the authorities find out you know my secret.

BHAKHOSI: (Hands akimbo) Oh, I see...how convenient, it's your secret now.

KHANDA: I only told her what she wanted to hear!

BHAKHOSI: (Pleads with him) Sdudla will never betray your secret -

KHANDA: They'll kill me –

BHAKHOSI: They...who?

KHANDA: *(Scared)* I can't tell you –

BHAKHOSI: I already know who you are. What else haven't you told me?

He scratches his head, Bhakhosi walks.

KHANDA: *(Following her)* Wait!

BHAKHOSI: *(Stops)* If I'm going down, I'm definitely taking you with me.

KHANDA: *(Takes her aside)* The day of the incident when you jumped out the window – *(Looks around again)* The gun my boss used to murder your client...it was mine.

BHAKHOSI: *(Confused)* Why give him your gun didn't he have his own?

KHANDA: It's complicated –

BHAKHOSI: Uncomplicate it or I'm going straight to the authorities.

KHANDA: You wouldn't understand –

BHAKHOSI: Make me understand!

KHANDA: My boss...his wife and I were...having an affair.

BHAKHOSI: *(Panics)* Oh, no....no, no. *(Speaks in hushed tones)* You were bonking the missus? Why, Khanda...why? Couldn't you find somebody else your own class? Your boss' wife, really?

KHANDA: You're no saint to be pointing fingers my sins are not accountable to you. *(Takes her hand as if looking for refuge)* She told me her husband had a lot of money stashed away in offshore accounts and asked me to kill him.

BHAKHOSI looks around, nervous.

KHANDA: *(CONT'D)* The night your lover was killed my boss asked for my gun...said he needed to take care of something. When I heard the gun shots I rushed to the window and saw you jump.

BHAKHOSI: Why didn't you just get rid of him like the missus instructed you to do? It's obvious he doesn't deserve your loyalty.

KHANDA: I'm not a killer. He found out I was sleeping with his wife and being the powerful man he is, I knew he could easily kill me and get away with it anyway.

BHAKHOSI: So you decided to take his fall and plead guilty to the crime he committed?

KHANDA: You also agreed to testify against an innocent man as the jealous lover who shot your other boyfriend.

BHAKHOSI: It's obvious we were both duped there's no compensation and I don't see us getting out of here alive.

SDUDLA comes back.

BHAKHOSI: Khanda is the man who saved my life when I jumped out the window.

SDUDLA stops to looks at both KHANDA and BHAKHOSI, goes to lie on her bed.

BHAKHOSI: *(Going to SDUDLA)* I only found out today you know I wouldn't betray you.

SDUDLA is not interested.

BHAKHOSI: *(Turning to KHANDA)* Take off your clothes.

KHANDA: We don't really have to go this far...I mean -

BHAKHOSI: Now!

KHANDA hesitates.

BHAKHOSI: We're in this mess together. *(Going to the entrance)* I'll stand at the entrance and look out for the guards.

KHANDA: *(Still reluctant)* This is ridiculous! You don't really expect me to strip naked in front of all these people.

BHAKHOSI: Your choice...either you blow your cover or I go to the Supervisor's office.

KHANDA reluctantly takes off his dress, his fake breasts. SDUDLA sits up. With his back to the audience KHANDA drops his tights. SDUDLA faints, her body slumping backwards on the bed.

BHAKHOSI: *(Runs to SDUDLA, slaps her face to revive her)* Sdudla, wake up! Sdudla!

SDUDLA wakes, stares at KHANDA pull his tights up and faints again.

BHAKHOSI: *(Slaps SDUDLA back to consciousness again)* Wake up, Sdudla – wake up!

KHANDA wears his bra and stuffs his fake breasts.

BHAKHOSI: (CONT'D) Wake up, Sdudla!

SDUDLA: *(Sits up)* She has a dick, Bhakhosi...she has a dick.

BHAKHOSI: Yes, Sdudla...she has a dick...and balls too.

SDUDLA: *(Gets up, points a finger at KHANDA, shouts)* She's a man!

BHAKHOSI: *(Tries holding SDUDLA down)* Calm down the audience is already aware.

SDUDLA: *(Breaks free, rushes to KHANDA)* You're a man!!! *(Laughs hysterically)*

NYEMBEZI: *(V.O.)* I killed my son! I killed him. *(Weeps)*

Sdudla runs across the stage and back, giggling. KHANDA runs after SDUDLA.

BHAKHOSI goes to the isolation wall.

BHAKHOSI: You didn't know they were going to torture your son to death. They said he was being taken to the police station for further questioning. He didn't want to go but you reassured him nobody would harm him because you were a senior and important member of the ruling party. You didn't kill your son, Nyembezi...they did. Stop blaming yourself for his death you cannot bring him back.

SDUDLA: *(Shouts)* She's a man!!!

KHANDA grabs SDUDLA and covers her mouth.

KHANDA: They already know, shut up!

KHANDA struggles to keep her still and quiet.

FEMALE GUARD: *(V.O.)* Security check!

BHAKHOSI salutes and waits to be counted. KHANDA holds onto SDUDLA. FEMALE GUARD and her SUPERVISOR enter the cell.

FEMALE GUARD: Security check!

KHANDA releases SDUDLA.

SDUDLA: *(Runs up and down the stage again, shouting)* She's a man!

KHANDA wants to go after SDUDLA but changes his mind when he sees BHAKHOSI waiting for inspection. The FEMALE GUARD and SUPERVISOR watch SDUDLA running up and down laughing and shouting.

SDUDLA: *(CONT'D)* She's a man!! She's a man!

FEMALE GUARD runs after SDUDLA. KHANDA salutes as expected.

SUPERVISOR: Prisoner USO!

KHANDA hesitates.

SUPERVISOR: (CONT'D) Prisoner USO!!!

KHANDA marches three steps forward. FEMALE GUARD catches SDUDLA and beats her to the ground until she faints.

SUPERVISOR: You've a visitor prisoner USO!

The SUPERVISOR marches to exit with KHANDA following her like a defeated man. He turns briefly to look at BHAKHOSI before walking out. FEMALE GUARD drags limp SDUDLA off the stage.

BHAKHOSI: (Disengages) Nobody should hold Nyembezi responsible for her child's death she shouldn't have poisoned the woman who betrayed her son. The truth is now out in the open you know who we are. I'm not proud of who I am but it is what it is it's up to you to pick up the first stone and drag me to my shallow grave.

The spiritual song "Nkosi Yami" (Dear God) can be heard in the background as KHANDA's half naked body is lowered from the top of the stage behind BHAKHOSI who doesn't turn to look at the limp body dangling behind her. KHANDA's face is twisted in agony, his eyes wide open.

He hangs from pieces of cloth ripped from the lower part of his dress, leaving his thighs and buttocks bare.

BHAKHOSI: (Speaks between gaps of the song) The police report said Khanda committed suicide but we all know they killed him. Sdudla, like Nyembezi has been locked up in solitary confinement. As I stand before you I ask myself many questions. Will I get out of here...and if I do, will I have the tools to survive, to be close to others, to be productive and to make sense and order out of the world...of people and things outside of me? I have many thoughts that are conceived in the spur of the moment...some are dreams, some visions and often I'm unable to distinguish between the two.

KHANDA's body is pulled up behind BHAKHOSI.

BHAKHOSI: (CONT'D) I've learned the hard way sex is not a contract to a man's heart and gifts are not promises for love. I have also learned to build my thoughts on today because I don't know what tomorrow brings. I accept my defeats with my head held up with the grace of a woman and not the tears of a child. In here I have also learned to plant my own garden nobody ever brings me any flowers. Our journey doesn't and cannot end here our children will make amends.

Sound of steel as the cell gate opens and another female prisoner THUBA, in high profile clothes and high heels is pushed inside the cell. THUBA and BHAKHOSI stare at each other.

THUBA: It's time, Bhakhosi.

BHAKHOSI: (Hesitant) It's time for what and how do you know who I am? Who are you? Have they sent you to kill me?

THUBA: We heard your story, we know the truth. I'm a member of the Women's Political Movement it's time for the Umhlola March.

THUBA takes off her clothes. DIFFERENT WOMEN of different age groups including TWO OLD WOMEN in walking sticks emerge from different angles of the stage stark naked. BHAKHOSI also strips and joins fellow sisters as they slowly walk across the stage stark naked and holding hands.

CURTAIN ...

