

PLAY: 'NONKULULEKO' - freedom

WRITTEN BY: JC Zondi

CO-DIRECTED with: Simphiwe Ngcobo

Workshopped & first performed by: Kwanele Gwala, Mncedisi Zulu and Xolani Malinga

Title: '*Nonkululeko*'- *freedom*

Log line: 'Vote for us and we will give you freedom'

One Paragrapher: Waiting for change...still waiting

Statement of intent: The intention of this work is show how everything in the South African context has become political. The work satirically scrutinizes South Africa with keen interest in its past, present and future. The work looks at the events of the past and how they have shaped the present-day South Africa and questions the future; the future that is in the hands of the youth of the country and questions their standpoints in it. How do they foresee it and what role do they think they ought/oath to play in it?

Synopsis: Three South Africans who are somehow defined by their generational age gap, are united under one mission to find freedom at all cost. In their relentless pursuit of freedom, they resort to robbing South Africa of its treasures. However, having succeeded on their plan they soon realize that what they need most is not among the treasures and events of South Africa. In their last attempt to "uhuru" they decided to hold three pillars (namely: Past, Present and Possible Future) of South Africa, hostage in a fashion that see them undergo both an emotionally and psychologically journey of defining for themselves what is freedom to them respectively.

Genre

- Three hander [45 Minutes] Satire

Characters

Madala: An old man in his 60's. He was there during the struggle for South African freedom in the 70's. He fought for his freedom from apartheid, fighting for a better tomorrow. Although he lost his son, he believes they got their freedom and believes the young generation should respect that.

Bheka: In his middle 20's. Bheka, as a University student, has met a lot of financial struggles. There has been a promise for free education, but he questions at what cost. Bheka is questioning the term 'freedom'? What does freedom really mean? He questions if the freedom we have now is what our forefathers really fought for? He watches his young siblings struggle to be socially aware about what is happening around them and it makes him angry and he seeks change.

Small: Small is the youngest of the two characters. A millennial, he is looking to vote for the first time, but is skeptical of what exactly is he voting for? Who to vote for? Because everyone seems to make promises but never keeps them. Small wonders why there are so many things happening in the country that no one is paying attention to except politics.

Understanding the characters

Madala is supposing Freedom is EQUAL (ITY)

- To not be referred to as an animal (Monkey)
- To have the freedom to walk and talk in his own language
- To be happy with family
- Not getting a job anymore, but trying to get justice at TRC

Bheka is supposing Freedom is FINANCIAL

- To afford life

- To afford education
- To have a stable job because you earned it and not because of nepotism
- The next generation should not face the same struggles he faced.

Small's supposing Freedom is INTELLECTUAL

- People to be aware that some things haven't changed
- Technological age young man
- People should not be afraid to speak their minds and concerns
- There are so many things happening in the world but people live in a bubble
- Black people must be conscious
- Education is not everything, knowledge is
- Last speech

Nonkululeko (2017) was premiered at the Mgungundlovu Theatre Art Festival at Winston Churchill Theatre. The show received awards 1st Position for Best Show and Best Scriptwriter in 2017. The show received the same awards in 2018 with additional Best Performer Award 2018. Performed by **Mncedisi Zulu, Kwanele Gwala and Xolani Malinga**, the show is co-directed by

Simphiwe Ngcobo and JC Zondi 2016's 'Musho!' Festival Winners for Best upcoming play (Burn-Out). With the show (Nonkululeko) we hope to tell people that they don't have to succumb to decisions based on history they have a choice to re-write everything.

The production has also been showcased twice at UKZN-PMB. Once to conduct discussion around idea of what is freedom and second time for a political debate that occurred at Hexagon Theatre, UKZN-PMB 2019.

Nonkululeko commissioned to perform at The Community Theatre Arts Festival at Playhouse 2019 and Perform at iKhono Arts Festival 2019 (a festival for high scholars with Q + A)



At Winston Churchill. Xolani Malinga (far left), Kwanele Gwala (middle) and Percy Zulu (far right)

-The play

(Madala in his 60's sits on the 'car' made from three blocks. His one arm is bent and constantly shakes throughout the play. He is agitated. He keeps looking back and forth and side to side as if waiting for someone. In his state of agitation, he opens the FM radio).

News Report: *'In only a few months South Africa will be celebrating 2x years of Freedom. But the biggest question on everyone's lips is...'*

Madala: What is Freedom? Yazi bayajwayela labe lungu (These whites don't know what they are talking about) (*Changes Radio Station*)

News Report: *'Just in, there has been a crime committed on South Africa's largest bank reserve, I repeat South Africa's largest bank reserve has been robbed by two unidentified men...'*

Madala: Kanti baphi labafana (Where are these boys?)

(*Two men with invisible bags come running in and utilize the blocks on stage as escape vehicle*)

Bheka and Small: Let's go Madala...asambe!! Shayi moto! (Madala, let's go! Start the car) (*Both enter and close the door, Bheka's side door falls down*)

Madala: Cosho lesocabha ndoda!! (Pick up that door man)

Madala: Are your seatbelts on first? This car is not going anywhere without seatbelts

Bheka and Small: Seatbelt...haibo madala kahle asambeni? (*Madala stop playing let's go*)

Madala: Ayiyindawo lemoto (This car is not moving) without seatbelt (*After small runs...seatbelts get on. The car starts. There is excitement in the car. Guys are happy about the bust. Bheka and Small give each other high fives and take selfies*)

Madala: Small uphetheni lapho... (what did you get there Small?)

Small: (*Looking through the bag*). Racism, Racism. Hawu, Rainbow nation? (*Car stops*)

Madala and Bheka: Rainbow nation? Hai Small man, there is no black in the rainbow! (*Car goes again*)

Small: What's this, Manto Shabalala Msimang? (*Car Changes. Small is now driving*)

Madala: Wena Bheka, what did you get?

Bheka: (*As he stands*). I thought you'd never ask Madala! Corruption! Corruption! (*Pulling out of the bag*) Khona yona nje la! (Our country is full of corruption Madala)

Madala: Bheka, what about land? Can you at least find land?

Bheka: Land? Land? Land? Eyi! Man. There are old quotes and poems by Mandela la....

Small & Madala: Ama-Quotes nama Poem ka Mandela? (Mandela Quotes?)

All: Let there be bread, work, water and salt for everyone...usawoti? Yabheda lomuntu... (Salt?)

Bheka: Kade mina ngasho ukuthi Mandela wasidayisa!!!! (I have always said Mandela betrayed us) (*Car change. The car is facing the front again. Madala is now driving the car*)

Madala: We-Bafana! Senibale nabala! Corruption, Racism, Yonke lento. But angizwa lutho ngento ebesiyele, nimuphethe u_Nonkululeko lapho? Is Freedom there? (Boys, you have counted so many things but no one has said anything about Freedom?)

Bheka&Small: Freedom is coming tomorrow (*Both on Blocks*)

Madala: Musa ukucula Sarafina man...sifuna Freedom wangempela... (Stop singing man. Is Freedom there?)

(After constantly looking and emptying most bags. Bheka and Small look at each other)

Bheka&Small: Eish asimtholi!!! (Freedom is not here) (*Madala loses control of the car, the boys scream and it crashes*)

Madala: Ayi Bafana! Ayi!!! Animtholi.... kanti besiyofunani!!! (You can't find it?) Akabhekwe!!! Bheka, Small. Let's go back to our bags. We need to relook until we find Nonkululeko (*All of them look*)

Madala: (*Finding something in the bag*) Rugby world Cup 1994? Hai man. (*He looks again*). Truth and Reconciliations Commissions? Nx! (*Shinqi! Change. Small in the front*)

Small: Heh! World Cup 2010, Bheka it comes with a Zakumi Kit!! (*He looks again*) Land Reform without compe-nsa-tion!

Madala: Ibeke kahle leyo Small. (*Keep the land one safe Small*) (*Shinqi! Change. Bheka in the front now*)

Bheka: Fees Must Fall 2015, Free education for all? Ayi man it wouldn't South Africa!

Small: Heh! What is this?

Bheka and Madala: What is it Small?

Small: The banks of South Africa collude in insider trading for profit of over a Trillion...

Bheka: Let me see that?

Small: (Looking into the bag again) I can't find it anymore

Madala: Ayi man, Small with conspiracy theories!

Bheka: *(looks again. He finds something and he fixes himself to speak it).* "I have fought" *(Mandela voice)*

Madala and Small: Voetsek!

Bheka: "Okay" *(Mandela voice)*

(All performers go to one side of the stage pulling different slogan for different political parties. One by one)

Vote for change x 3

Son of the soil x 3

Thuma mina x 3

GOOD? X 3

All: GOOD?

Madala: Hai bafana mina the only good I know is Good Friday. (Boys, the only Good I know is Good Friday)

Bheka: *(Finding something moves away from the Madala and Small).* What is this? June 16, 1976. Soweto Uprising...

Madala: 21 March 1960. Sharpeville.

Small: 12 August 2012: iMarikana

Bheka: Ayi! Ayi! Kanti what is happening with our country South Africa? Heh! First it was White on Black violence, now it is Black on Black violence, Xenophobia. Madala, kanti what did we do wrong in this country?

Madala: Bheka! Bheka! That is why I am saying no one today in this country should go to sleep if we have not found Nonkululeko. Small, do you hear me? We need to find Freedom today!!! Let's go look for it.

Madala: (*Speaking to an audience member*) Nonkululeko? (*Bheka and Small come by his side*)

All: Nonkululeko??? (*All agree that it's not her. All three characters search whole theatre yelling at the existence of Nonkululeko, Freedom or Nonku. Until all performers are back in the middle of the stage revolving like a turnstile. After turning they stop*)

All: Welcome to South Africa where everything and anything can become political...even this play. (*Shinqi! Change. While one performer is a character other two play politicians*)

Old Granny: Oh, my grandchildren, Gogo has no money! I don't even get pension,

Politicians: Vote for us and we will give you One thousand seven hundred and eighty rands per month for doing nothing (*Shinqi! Change*)

Data Guy: You know, I am tired of all these networks; Cell C, Vodacom, MTN, even Telkom has joined the mess. Hai Man Data must fall.

Politicians: Yes, vote for us and we'll put free WI-FI routers everywhere!! (*Shinqi! Change*)

The girl: Wee ma Oe! You know, I am tired of these man. Uthandane nomuntu iminyaka neminyaka but umuntu angakuthengeli ngisho i-weave le. Amadoda ayizinja kabi yazi. Men are thrash! (You date a man for years and still he cannot afford to even buy you one weave)

Politicians: Yes, we agree too. Vote for us and we'll campaign that Men are thrash! (*The performers move in a circle stating vote for me! Each comes out towards audience*)

Politician 1: Vote for me!

Politician 2: Votela mina!

Politician 3: Votela mna! (Can be in Afrikaans)

All: And I will give you freedom! *(All performers wait for a long while. The wait is long enough that it becomes awkward. They are waiting for "Freedom").*

(Bheka breaks the silence)

Bheka: Ayi! Madala no Small mina I can't be waiting for so long, for something engazi izofika nini! (How long will we wait for this thing?)

Madala: Yazi nina Bheka no Small niyinqaba kabi. Ngithi asambeni sibambi i-South Africa khona sothola uNonkululeko, nina nenzani nibuya nayo yonke lento engasile! (I don't understand you boys, I give you one instruction to rob South Africa and comeback with Freedom? What do you do? Come back with useless things)

Bheka: *(While crushing weed and Small is on his phone)* Madala ungazodlala ngathi no Small. Wena you are older than us, you should have Freedom on a silver platter! (Madala don't blame us, you are the oldest, you should have freedom on a silver platter)

Small: Tell him Bheka

Madala: Hai nina niyabheda nje! Nizobuya no Rugby World Cup! Useless thing for us Okubuhlungu Bheka in there nifaka ne TRC! Bheka, TRC! Ngiyabona lensangu eniyibhemayo Bheka isigwele ikhanda! *(Bheka stands up frustrated)*. Bheka uzokwenzani? Yazi I see kuthi I should have done this by my lone self Bheka. Ngizame ngizibambe ngezami izandla zowu 2. *(Small cracks up with laughter)* (I shouldn't have gone with you boys; I should have done this by myself, with my own hands)

Small: We Bheka uthi ngezandla zo-2 ngasiphi isandla (Bheka he is saying with his two hands, where is the other one?) *(Bheka and Small mock Madala's useless hand)*

Madala: Oh! It's funny Bheka? Small, it's funny? Nihlekisa ngami (Making fun of me). It's alright, it's okay. Yazi it was not always like this...I was a man too bafana. I had a family, a son I

called my own, Falakhe! But one day, while I was sitting at home with my family, I heard a knock on the door.

(Flashback)

It is now back in the days were Madala was younger (apartheid). Re-enacting the event that occurred. There is a loud police knock on the door *(Two policemen at the door)*

Black Policeman: Open! Up! Vula!! Sithe vula la!! (Open the door) *(Madala kindly opens the door. He is grabbed by his shirt and hurled to the floor by the black policeman who beats him up and asks where his son is? Madala denies that he knows where he is. The white policeman asks the sergeant to search the house.)*

Captain: *(Asking young Madala)* ey you, get up! Where is your Kaffir? *(Heavy Boer accent)*

Madala: I don't know where he is baas?

Captain: Where is your kaffir? Are you lying to me?

Madala: No my baas? (Then we hear sounds of someone being beaten at the back, sergeant is yelling I found him. Captain goes to the back and comes back dragging a young black boy who is crying for his dad. He keeps apologizing and saying he didn't do anything. Captain steps on him and pulls out a gun. In instincts, Madala rushes and pushes the captain slightly off his son

Madala: Please baas! He is the only son I have.

(Stillness and silence)

Captain: Did you just touch me? Did you just put your monkey hands on my shirt?

Madala: Excuse me my baas *(Looking down apologetically)*

Captain: Today I will teach a lesson you will never forget boy! I will teach you to never touch a policeman ever again. Take out your hand. *(Captain walks towards Madala. He falls and the captain is on top)*

Captain: Take out your hand! *(Captain steps on Madala's hand and gunshot is heard. Captain then goes to Falakhe and holds him)*

Transition out of flashback.

Madala: During the TRC bafana, I saw the same white man standing there but I didn't see my son. And Bheka they called that justice! Hai! Man! Hai! Kulungile. It's all my fault bafana!

(Still silence)

(Bheka and Small hum a song while they bury some of the useless things they found. Both sit on top of their blocks in silence. Small pulls out his phone and Bheka crushes weed)

Bheka: Askies Madala, Small and I did not know, but Madala it doesn't help us sitting here and pointing fingers. We need to figure out how are we going to get Freedom now! *(Small nudges Bheka)*

Small: Bheka look?

Bheka: What is it Small? *(annoyed)*

Small: *(Showing Bheka)* It's Facebook. Sqemeza from Khozi Fm, Graduate, Oprah Winfrey Graduate.

Bheka: Ya, so what is your point Small?

Small: My point is, if we want Freedom? We must go back to school and become Graduates too.

Bheka: *(Pushing him off the block)* Ayi Small man. Speaking kak! Sibadale kanje (We are old) you believe we should go back to studying!

Madala: Small, nalamathoyiza wakho! (Small, why are you showing me this toy of yours)

Small: Atleast I am coming up with ideas

Bheka: We need better ideas than that Small *(Suddenly Small's iPhone begins to ring. Both Bheka and Small look at it)*

Bheka: Answer the phone Small *(while still crushing and folding weed)*

Small: It's 0800... I don't know this number

Bheka: Phendula iPhone Small. (Answer the phone Bheka) (*Bheka pushes him and he answers. The call looks so interesting that Bheka and Madala are curious about who is calling him. The call ends*)

Small: Bheka, guess who just called me?

Bheka: Who?

Small: Guess, man?

Bheka: (*More curious*) Who? Who?

Small: It was IEC

Bheka: (*He loses interest*). Nx!

Madala: Ntombi enjani ebizwa u-ICE, iyabanda ini? (What kind of girlfriend is called ICE? Is she cold?)

Small: Not ICE Madala, IEC (Independent Electoral Commissions of South Africa)

Madala: Ini leyo manje Bheka? (What is that Bheka?)

Bheka: Madala, usho labantu abavotisayo? (The people at the voting stations Madala) (*With little interest*)

Madala: (*With excitement*). Hau Bheka anishongani ukuthi labantu abavotisayo? Bathini Small! (Why didn't you say so boys, what are they saying?)

Small: They said to me, if we want Freedom, we must go the voting stations and that's where we will find Freedom.

Madala: Hau, why are we still here, asambeni bafana! (What are we waiting for? Let's go!)

Bheka: Madala! Small! Hambani nodwa! (*Madala and Small are perplexed*). Do you see me Bheka? Do you think I haven't voted before? What do I have to show for it? Nothing. I am not going there (*Madala and Small look at each other and drag him up*)

Madala: Uyazi izwe saliwina ngakho ukuvota (This nation was won through elections Bheka) (Shinqi! Change: The performers form a voting station line. While the line moves, different characters pop out to tell us why they are here to vote!)

Song 1: Sabashiya abazali ekhaya!! Then transition to song 2

Song 2: Congolose!

Old lady: Lililili!!! Sibonge ko Chris Hani, sibonge Ko Mandela. Today I will be voting for the fourth time! I am so happy! I have my own RDP house! Hau President I will vote for you again only if unyusa kancane imali ye Pension!! Lilili!! (Performer goes back to the line. The line stops)

Small: ... I am an AFRICAN! How does it continue? (All shrug. Small begins to sing Mshini wami and all sing)

Bob Mhlabathi: Hey! Guys, my name is Bob Hlaabaathi! I will be voting for the first time! Yeah I am excited! So for memorabilia sake, let's take a selfie together with hashtag 'first time' voters. Actually let's go live on Instagram. (He goes live). Hey! This is Bob Hlaabaathi. Here at the voting stations for the first time. Hashtag 'Data must fall'. Hashtag 'FREE WIFI!' Peace out!

Gangster: Yeeyi! Wena Bob Mhlabathi suka la. Ya nina Makati. I am here to vote too. I hope nonke la nizovota nani. If ungazile ukuzovota please leave us. We want people who are serious la!! (Pointing at audience member) Wena susa leyontshebe ayikufaneli. (Everyone here should go vote, otherwise someone will get hurt)

Soldier: Attention!!! Yes! Today, I will be voting for the second time! I will now vote for a different political party and a different political leader and there better be change!! Or else kuzonyiwa!!!(There will be death)

(The performers change the song)

Mkhize: Hau Sibiya! Nawe uzovota. Ukube ushilo abashana bebezokuphathela esakho isitulo. Yabona namuhlanje anginavalo, top to bottom ngizovotela i... (Sibiya my friend, you came to vote too? You should have said, I would have asked the young boys to bring you a chair too. Look at me, I am not scared to tell you about my vote; I will be voting for....)

Bheka and Madala: Your vote is your secret!!

Mkhize: Hai man, don't disturb me when I am speaking to others man (*all sit in the line again*)

Bheka: Yazi Small kunzima kanjani ukuma ku-line woku vota, ushiwa ilanga! Uthole ukuthi olova babhizi bayabushaya (Small, people don't understand how hard it is to come vote. The sun is hot and the gents are busy drinking when you are here)

Small: Yoh bra and no one is even asking you 'tea or coffee?'

Bheka: Oh! Kwangcono singena ngaphakathi kukhona nama aircon (Luckily, we are getting inside and there is aircons) (*it goes dark, load shedding*)

All: Bloody ESKOM!!! (*Lights comeback*)

Bheka: Ulinde ke Small, waiting to see the one and only Nonkululeko.

Small: What can we say? They said this is where we will find her! (*Change*) And then when you get to those ballots, you remember all the promises you heard. (*Bheka and Madala represent a politician and crown, Madala is the mic stand and Bheka the politician.*)

[Politician acts and words are said by the mic].

Politician: Blah! Blah! Blah! I promise x 3 (*As the words come out, the politician becomes more animated*)

Amandala!!!!!!!! Hehehehe

Small: And still with those promises, I too casted my vote! (*Transition*)

Bheka: Nxayi! Wena Small don't act as if you never break promises.

Small: Yes, I do, but the difference between me and your political leaders is that I am human and they are presidents, responsible for millions of lives.

Madala: Wena Small wenze kahle (Small, you did well), you voted. Wena Bheka, what about you? Did you vote?

Bheka: Mina Madala? Mina uBheka? Angivotanga (Me? I didn't vote)

Madala: Awuvotanga? (You didn't vote?)

Bheka: Yes, before you guys even yell. You should understand, ukuthi I know Freedom like that clientele advert, that one by...

Madala: Desmond Tutu?

Bheka: Its Desmond Dube, Madala. You see Madala, I used to see Nonkululeko every day!! At the location (**Transition**)

Majita! Come see. She had a figure (figa), Bracket (Bracki) then afike athi Zaza!! (Then she'd complete it with glasses)

Bheka: Then came the day I had to go to primary! (*They become kindergarteners singing songs*)

Bheka: In primary I had everything I wanted (*Others are learning ABC's*)

Small: We Bheka cela ungiboleke Pritt (Bheka please borrow us Pritt)

Bheka: Gabigabi!!! Then came the day I had to go to high school. (**Transition**). Now in High school everyone knew my name

Guys: Holla Bheka!!!

Bheka: Sho majita!! I was so famous that I even studied for free.

Both: You see, usenamanga! (He's lying now)

Bheka: Then came the day I had to go to varsity!

(**Shinqi! Transition to two different offices**)

Assistant 1: NEXT!!!!!!!!!! NEXT!!!! (*Bheka comes in*)

Bheka: Sawubona Bhuti (Hello sir)

Assistant 1: Yebo bhuti ngingakusiza? (Yes, can I assist you)

Bheka: Yebo Bhuti ngizo-register! (I came here to register)

Assistant 1: Uzo-register bhuti? Unawo funding? (You came here to register? Do you have funding?)

Bheka: (*Confidently*) Ayi Bhuti, I have Nonkululeko, Freedom! (No, I have Freedom!)

Assistant 1: Get out of this office.... (*pause*) And take a left, right. Then another right, right. There you will find funding office. NEXT!!!

Assistant 2: NEXT!!!! NEXT!!!!!!

Bheka: Sawubona sisi (Hello ma'am)

Assistant 2: Well, Hello...

Bheka: Hello Sisi.

Assistant 2: How can I help you?

Bheka: I was told at the registration office that if I want funding I must come here?

Assistant 2: Oh! What's your student number? (*Bheka says it*). Oooh sorry Your name doesn't appear on the system? Do you have your documentation? ID? Proof of existence? Proof of Birth (*The questions should be ridiculous*)

Bheka: No, my sister (*Confidently*). I have Nonkululeko, Freedom!

Assistant 2: (*Annoyed*) I will tell you, like I told everyone, Nonkululeko ngeke akusebenzele lana! (Freedom is not going to work here) But because you are kind of cute, 9 am sharp come back here tomorrow, 9 am!!! NEXT!!!! (*Bheka goes to housing department. Housing guy played by two character sits there lazily*)

Bheka: Sawubona bhuti. (Hello Sir)

Housing assistants: Ngakusiza (Can we help you?)

Bheka: Bhuti! Ngiphuma le kwa Nongoma! (I come from Nongoma) I don't know anyone from here, I was told to comeback at 9 am at the funding office. Can I please just ask for a room to sleep in for one night.

Housing assistants: Uphutheni? (What do you have for me?)

Bheka: Ayi! Bhuti ngiphethe Nonkululeko, Freedom!! (Oh, I have Freedom with me)

Housing: (*Looking at Bheka*). Voetsek!!! (*They go to lunch*).

Silence...

Bheka: You can't tell me to vote for people who let me sleep on the side of the road! Vote for empty promises again. Nx! (*Bheka sits down and begins preparing his weed*)

Madala: (*Standing up angrily*). Bheka, you didn't vote? You didn't vote Bheka?

Bheka: Yes!!

Madala: Bheka, do you understand ukuthi what it took for us to be able to vote Bheka? Do you know how many people died for us to be able to vote Bheka, and wena today you are telling me you didn't vote. Ngiyabona Bheka (I see) why they didn't take you at varsity!! It's this weed you take.... Its filling your head with kaak! Bheka, not only that but you guys use this weed to burn schools down. Niyilima kabi nina (You are a fool) how can you burn your education? u Dom Bheka, awuvotanga....wislima (Dumb, Idiot)

(Bheka gets angry he stands grabs Madala, yelling at him. Small is taking a video of all of this, he rushes to save Madala by pushing Bheka away. Madala falls to the ground, Small sees this and he attempts to take a video. Madala suffers a small panic attack. Bheka rushes to help, Small insists on recording, Bheka grabs the phone smashes it to ground and asks him to get water. He comes back with water, they take Madala to a seat. Bheka walks away, Small picks his phone, sees if it still works, it comes on. He goes to confront Bheka)

Small: Yey wena Bheka! Bheka! (Bheka, what's wrong with you?)

Bheka: (*Calmly*) Leave me alone Small.

Small: Yey wena Slima! (Are you mad?)

Bheka: (*Raising his voice*) Small leave me alone man. (*Small backs off. There is a huge silence*) (*Small takes a pic, and hashtags "sad"*).

(After a long silent Bheka speaks)

Bheka: Askies Madala that I had to put my hands on you, but there is something that you need to understand. You must understand that this freedom thing means different things to all of us. Madala you've never asked me why I smoke so much weed, what my reason is for it? Madala, fine I didn't go to varsity but what is the use. We see it on TV every day, "Graduate shot", shot by people in power because why? Because they have studied and are now qualified to take the positions that, you, old people have but don't want to give up. It's time for things to change Madala. How many graduates will continue to sweep the streets with their degrees? Time for change Madala!!! *(There is more silence)*

Madala: Ya Bheka, I hear you. Bafana you must understand ukuthi we all grew up in different times. What Freedom is for you is not the same for me. I forgive you Bheka, and ask for forgiveness back. Ngibenephutha nami njengomuntu omdala (I was wrong too Bheka, I apologize)

Bheka: Ayidle ishiyele muntu omdala. (Let's forgive Madala)

Small: *(On his phone)* Yazi wena Bheka. You know what? Uhlulwe i_Approach bra wami (You messed up the manner of approach my friend) I understand your frustrations. The anger you are feeling is the anger I feel every day I pass a certain tavern at the location where I live.

Bheka: Tavern? Ingenaphi tavern manje la *(Transition. Shinqi! To Small's past)*

Small: My older brother, Thami had dreams to make our location the best place to be for young people

Thami: Yabona Small, you see here?

Small: Ya *(Young Small)*

Thami: Hotspot... I know you like the internet thing, so here there will be a place for internet, like an internet café. There will be a small library, black people must see beyond, Small Intelligence is the key to a better future... growth of the mind *(Tapping his head)*

Small: Yes, my brother had dreams for the hood but when a black man dreams beyond himself, it irritates people, I don't know why my people hate to see each other succeed but...

(Another young man walks in as if he owes the space. Walks straight up to Thami and Small, Thami pushes Small behind him.)

Vukani: I see you are still busy selling dreams again comrade. You have big dreams for this place neh?

Thami: Comrade Mavuka, it's not just for me, but for the whole community.

Vukani: Comrade, I told you stop filling the community with this nonsense man. We need money, our people need economic freedom and wena you are feeding them this nonsense.

Thami: Comrade MaVuka we can still accomplish...

Vukani: *(Interrupting Thami)* Comrade!!! We might be in the same party but I am urging you to stop this nonsense before something bad happens to you, and who knows, even that little brother of yours. Your ambitions are deterred, we should be spending more time getting more youth members into our party, and stop these promises. You know the country changed because people voted for us. So we need more...

Thami: Comrade, politics alone will not change the country, we need...

Vukani: Thami, I have said my piece comrade, if you continue, all I can say is be careful you don't make us an enemy *(Vukani tries to shake Small's hand)*

(Thami pushes his little brother further behind him. Vukani yells to the other invisible comrades for them to go.)

Small: My brother continued his pursuits for a better tomorrow. A few weeks later my older brother was found dead. The police say there was no evidence of who did it. The whole community knew it though? But because some pockets are deeper than others, the matter was kept silent. Just for something stupid, I lost a brother.

You know the same place where I stood with my brother, where he had a dream to make a nice facility that had everything. Gym, Healthcare Centre, Educational sector with free Wi-Fi, that place is a tavern now, people lose so many things including lives there instead of gaining. Yabona bra wami (You see my friend) the government does these daily, empty promises, the people though

are even more stupid, people don't want to be intellectually aware about what is happening. They are always hoping someone will do something for them. So, I do understand how you feel, but still Bheka, it doesn't condone for you to speak to an adult like that... *(Small screenshots something and heads towards Bheka)*.

A pause

Small: Bheka! Bheka!

Bheka: (Annoyed) Yini manje Small? (What is it now?)

Small: Look what it says here. 'Persistence breeds success'

Bheka: Yeah, so?

Small: Listen, so we stole from South Africa, trying to find Freedom but we couldn't. So we must be persistence and now hold South Africa hostage...but not South Africa per se...hold his kids...PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE.

Bheka: *(Contemplating)* Yazi, Small ever since I have known you, that is the best idea you've ever had...

Small: But all my ideas have been good nje

Bheka: This one takes it!! Go tell Madala.

Small: We Madala, ngithi ku Bheka because asimutholanga (we did not find) Nonkululeko we must now hold South Africa hostage, well hold his kids for ransom, that's Past, Present and Future...

Madala: Oh?

Small: Yes, we will start with past! We will grab past *(Bheka grabs madala)*. Simuphakamise (Pull him up) *(Bheka pulls him up)* with his hands tied and place him up for the whole world to see.

Madala plays Past, Bheka represents Present and Small the future

PAST: We Bafana! Kwenzenjani! Why nibambe ikhehla elidala nalibeka phambi kwezwe nifunani? (Why am I here boys? Why have you taken this old man and placed him up here for the world to see?) *(Bheka and Small nudge each other)*

Small: Past, we are tired of you. We are exhausted and fatigued by your mere existence. Kwanele manje. (It's enough now) We are holding you here because we want you to let us go.

PAST: Yazi bafana I am very happy that senikwazi ukukhuluma isingis kahle kanje...saying Exhausted noFatigued. You know, without me, the Past, ngabe anikwazi ngisho ukukhuluma isingisi lesi (I stand here very happy that you boys can now speak Big English words like Fatigue, Exhausted. Do you think without me, the past, you would be able to?)

Bheka: Past, we understand all that, but that's the reason we are tired. We are tired of being reminded of you, the past, each time we try to move forward. We just want these chains that you use against us to fall off now.

PAST: Bafana, mina I tried to help. I was tired of the bloodshed, I wanted peace, I bought you rugby world cup 1994 ngeninza i-Rainbow nation nginihlanganisa. (To instill the concept of the rainbow nation, so you could be united as one nation)

Bheka: What about Freedom though Past?

PAST: Bafana kanti (Boys) what was the freedom chatter for?

Bheka and Small: Freedom Chatter? Who wrote it?

PAST: Beata Lipman?

Both: Umlungu????!!!! Nx man. (A white man? Come on now!)

Madala: Heh! Bheka yalibona leliqinga Small lihlakaniphile...this plan is working. (This plan is working, I like it) *(Bheka agrees and walks to fix blocks)*

Madala: Small liyasebenza leliqinga lakho (Small, you are smart, this plan is working) ...but let's not just focus on the past, asiye phela nakwi present, ibanjwe sikhulume nayo. (Now let's go get Present) *(Small grabs Bheka as Present)*

Madala: We-Present, We-Present. Waze wangiphoxa present, yazi I thought you'd be beautiful mfanami? I thought you will be a gift, but you are ugly. If my son was alive, I'd have a bundle of joy manje but kulendawo enje hai ngek! Small awukhulume naye (I am disappointed in you, Present, I thought you'd be beautiful but you are a waste. You are ugly. Small, talk to him)

Small: Present? You are such a hypocrite. You promised us the beauty of the world, but you gave us the complete opposite. You promised us Healthcare and Great education but gave us students dying on the streets with degrees. You gave us Listeriosis, Tuberculosis, HIV/AIDS and all those things... but I am here to ask just for one thing. Can you please leave something for us the youth, please?

PRESENT: WTF GUYS! Is that all what you brought me here for, these stupid things? I tried to give you something at least? What about CODESA? BEE? Free Education? Past didn't leave anything for me? So what do you want me to do? Why should I leave anything more for you?

Madala: No Present, we must leave the past in the past and focus on the now and the future?
(Bheka comes towards Madala)

Bheka: Madala yasebenza le Plan yabo!!! (Madala do you see this plan; it's working)

Madala: Ya. Ya. Manje Bheka ini i-BMW le enikhuluma ngayo? (Yes, but what is this BMW you guys were talking about?)

Bheka: No Madala, it's BBEE? It's complicated Madala, ngizobuye ngichaza okwamanje, let's get future khona sokhuluma naye (I will tell you later, let's go get FUTURE) *(Bheka grabs small and sits him on the blocks facing the back)*

Madala: We-FUTURE? FUTURE? I hear you call yourself a Rapper?

Bheka: Madala, no, Not, u-FUTURE, i-FUTURE.

Madala: Ooh! We-Future, awu koda ndodakazi (My lady) you have had your back turned against us, can you please turn around so we can see you?

FUTURE: That is unnecessary, please talk!

Madala: Oh! We future besizocela la (We came here to make a plea)

Bheka: No Madala, asiceli sokwenza u-Command (No Madala we are no longer pleading, we are commanding)

Madala: Oh, Future besizocela u-Command la... cela Bheka (We came here to command a plea)

Bheka: Future we just want FREEDOM!

Madala: Nonkululeko nje!!

FUTURE: And so, the question arises. WHAT IS FREEDOM?

The characters look at each other in silence. Non have an answer, all three look at each other and debate what is freedom? They utter that and that and walk off stage debating. They leave an empty stage not concluding what freedom is...

THE END!

“If the person in power is placed there by businesses people, who is the leader, is it them or the businesses. Is Ramaphosa the president or is the white man who put him there through money. Is he an African leader or Western leader?”

“Banks are busy selling the rands and making millions and we are here, stuck, starving for work and financial support”

JC Zondi