

SARAH: (A squatter colony in Johannesburg. Sarah hears a sound and looks around.)
 SARAH: Kalle? Is that you?
 SARAH: (The noise is repeated: a corrugated-iron sheet being dragged.)
 SARAH: Who's there? As? Is it you, As?
 SARAH: (Enter Kalle, flinging a sack down in front of the fire.)
 SARAH: No, it's not "Arse". Only me, droeg on Kalle.
 SARAH: (resuming her kindling of the fire)
 SARAH: Well why don't you answer?
 SARAH: (warming himself)
 SARAH: You want me to announce myself? Hey, Sarah, you on jintoo, foken hole. Even the rats don't want to stay.
 SARAH: Then why do you stay.
 SARAH: Because I'm not a rat. A rat doesn't need papers.
 SARAH: Well stop moaning about the place and help me to clean it.
 SARAH: Printed by Globe Printers - Johannesburg
 SARAH: Shut up you blerry opgedroede hoer. I can't waste my energy on you. There's still one of our good citizens missing. And he hasn't paid his taxes for weeks.
 SARAH: (Dismisses her with the wave of his hand)
 SARAH: Go and feed your oversized brakkie. I'll get that half blind spinnekop tonight.
 SARAH: (Kleppie steps out of the darkness. He is quite tall, wears a patch over his left eye. His left leg appears to have been amputated at the knee.)
 SARAH: (Leaning on his crutch.)
 SARAH: I'm here, ou Kalle.
 SARAH: (Mock friendliness)
 SARAH: Ah the beloved citizen. Welcome.
 SARAH: Welcome so moer. I've been here all the time.
 SARAH: (Menacingly)
 SARAH: Listen.....
 SARAH: Greatly, oraaight, we'll settle this thing as soon as I've fixed my leg up. We'll sit down and talk like people.
 SARAH: Another one that believes he's a person.
 SARAH: (Kleppie has seated himself and is busy undoing a tight bandage over his "amputated" knee. He struggles with a knot at the back of his thigh.)

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

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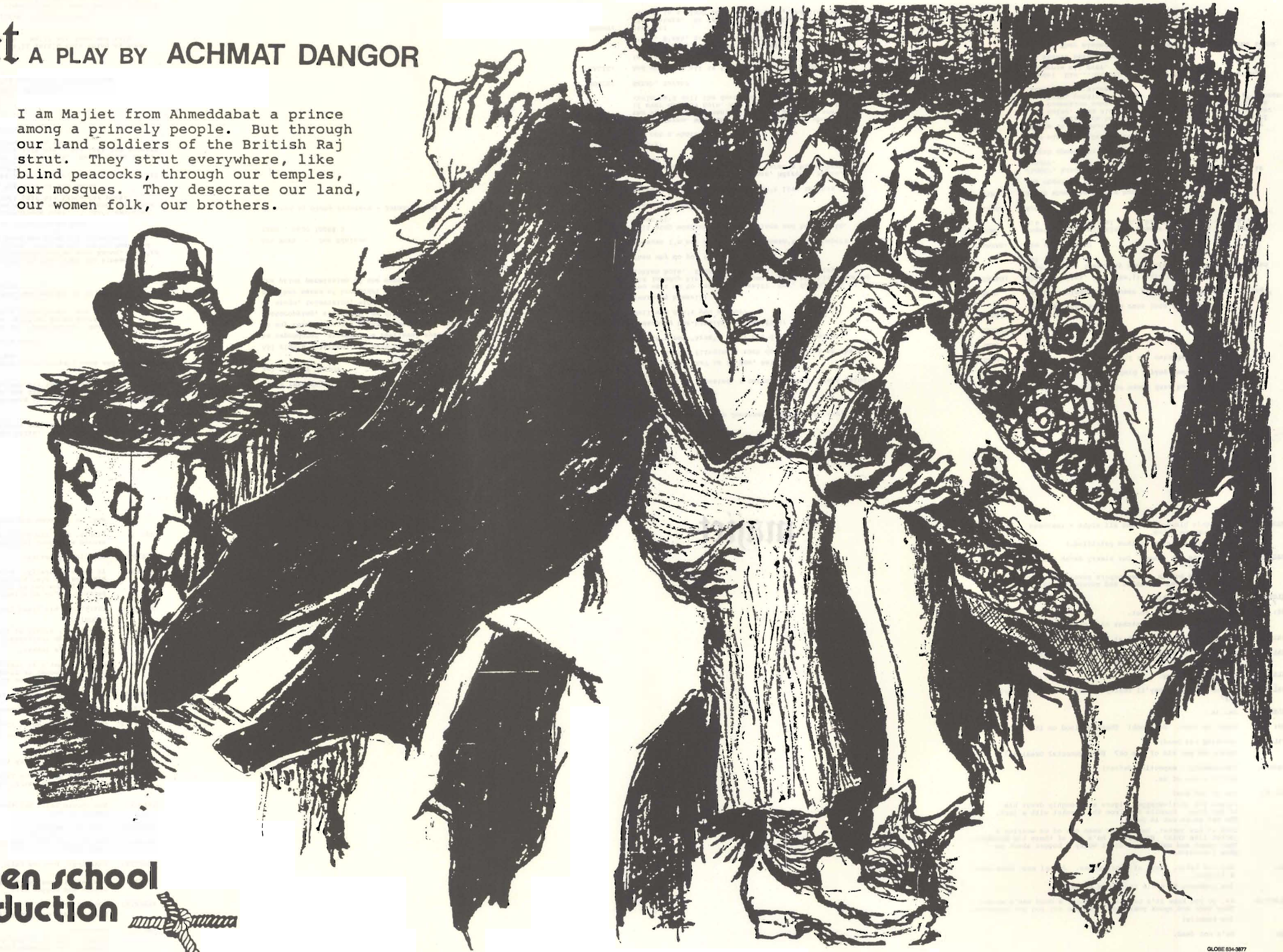
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Hey, ou As, come and help a man with this knot.
 AS: Jinnie, Klep how do you manage it? I mean to walk around with your leg tied up like this.
 KLEPPIE: Practice, practice.
 KALIE: It comes naturally. He can hide anything. His legs his arms, an eye,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

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majiet A PLAY BY ACHMAT DANGOR

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



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