

EXTRACT FROM *YOU STRIKE THE WOMAN, YOU STRIKE THE ROCK*

MAMPOMPO: No! No! Mambhele, the funeral's not only for the family but for everybody.	1
MAMBHELE: Shut up, man. No organisation flags, no salutes, no placards – nobody must carry the coffin on their shoulders, it must go in the hearse.	
MAMPOMPO: Why don't they let us bury our dead in peace?	5
MAMBHELE: Do you see they are opening a door underneath?	
MAMPOMPO: Aah – a white bomb!	
<i>They run around the stage. Mampompo hides behind Mambhele.</i>	
MAMBHELE: Hayi, hayi Mampompo – papers, pamphlets, come, Sdudla.	
SDUDLA: Ah! Voetsek - you are running around like your chickens without heads. <i>[Uninterested – sits on her drum]</i>	10
MAMBHELE: <i>[reading pamphlet]</i> 'A policeman is a friend, he is there to protect you and see that order is maintained.' <i>[She obviously has difficulty reading]</i>	
MAMPOMPO: A friend – he used to chase us out of the hostel early in the morning. Was he a friend then?	15
MAMBHELE: Does a friend let you sleep in jail for selling chickens – when did he start to be a friend, when he took my money and my chickens, put me in the van like a bird in a cage and drove around with me all day?	
SDUDLA: Is the juice of the orange starting to work now?	
MAMPOMPO: I'm tired of these men in blue pushing us around, telling us what to do.	20
MAMBHELE: <i>[tears up pamphlet]</i> Iyuu Mampompo, I hear children singing freedom songs – everybody is running away <i>[Mambhele begins to sing song]</i>	

EXTRACT FROM WOZA ALBERT!

PERCY:	Be careful, there are police spies here.	1
MBONGENI:	What spies? Morena will say, I pass people who sit in dust and beg for work that will buy them bread. And on the other side I see people who are living in gold and glass and whose rubbish bins are loaded with food for a thousand mouths.	5
PERCY:	Hey! That's not your business. There are security police, man.	
MBONGENI:	What security police? Morena will say, I see families torn apart, I see mothers without sons, children without fathers, and wives who have no men! Where are the men? Aph'amadoda madoda? <i>[Where are the men?]</i> And people will say, Ja, Morena, it's this bladdy apartheid.	10
	It's those puppets, u Mangope! u Matanzima! u Sebe! Together with their white Pretoria masters. They separate us from our wives, from our sons and daughters! And women will say, Morena there's no work in the homelands. There's no food. They divide us from our husbands and they pack them into hostels like men with no names, men with no lives! And Morena will say, come to me, you who are divided from your families. Let us go to the cities where your husbands work. We will find houses where you can live together and we will talk to those who you fear! What country is this? <i>(Spits on ground.)</i>	15
		20
<i>Percy starts to sing and march on the spot. Mbongeni joins him. They mime carrying a banner.</i>		

EXTRACT FROM SOPHIATOWN

FAHFEE:	We've got a plan.	1
JAKES:	But you hardly know what it is!	
FAHFEE:	When the time is right, we'll hear.	
JAKES:	It sounds very unsatisfactory to me.	
FAHFEE:	I don't care! I'd rather die than move from this place. They can kill us one by one, but we won't move. We'll sit down in the streets and wait for the bullets. There's going to be a war. Petitions, letters, committees - it's rubbish! I'm telling you, it's rubbish. There must be blood. Then things will happen.	5
MINGUS:	<i>(To RUTH in a moment of great anger.)</i> And it will be your blood!	10
RUTH:	Jakes, please - I can't stand this.	
MINGUS:	Ja, just run back to Yeoville.	
FAHFEE:	What am I going to do in this Meadowlands? How am I going to put bread in my mouth? What's going to happen to my business with the Chinaman, the Gong? Where's he gonna be when they move Sophia? And the Indians? And the caureds? Where's the jazz? Where's the life? Where's the situations? Where's the teachers? Where's the life? Where's the Fahfee? Where's the life? It's just dust and blood and dust!-	15
MINGUS:	Go back to Yeoville!	
	<i>(Change of lights. The Cast sing 'Meadowlands' in a slow and melancholy waltz time. Then the rhythm changes to an up-tempo jive and they launch into a lively dance.)</i>	20