

HONDO LOVE STORY

A Musical Thriller

Conceived & Written by Arifani Moyo & Sita Moyo

Music Created & Arranged by Arifani Moyo

Characters

Principal Roles:	Adam Eve
Supporting Roles:	Chasarandi Dragon Uncle George Cobra
Chorus Roles:	Guerrillas Prostitutes Spirits
Extras:	Mother Assistant Chimurenga Musicians

Set Design & Equipment

The main performance area is bare except for Adam's car (scenes 2, 3 & 4), the representation of which is open to interpretation, and must optimise the visibility of the car interior. The car is later replaced by Uncle George's lounge (scene 6).

At the fringes of the stage is the live orchestra area for HONDO DRUMS (see music note below), the walls of which are decorated with Shona draperies. At a central position above the stage is a large multimedia projection screen. The play also requires basic sound and vocal amplification systems.

Music, Sound & Images

Complete instrumental backing for all the main songs, as well as various specialised sound effects and projected images, will be provided. Because much of the interaction between these elements requires specific timing, the technician will use pre-edited QuickTime movie files containing both audio and visual inputs. These can be operated from a computer or laptop connected to multimedia projection and sound amplification systems.

HONDO DRUMS, referred to in stage directions, are played live, either by Chorus members or by separately hired Chimurenga Musicians, and possibly with the addition of mbira ('thumb piano'), traditional percussion and some chanting in the style of rural Shona music. This grassroots music is typically very simple in structure, repetitive, ambient and ritualistic rather than 'composed' – hence no attempt has been made to prescribe it.

Performance

In addition to basic acting and singing, performers may use more expressive forms like dance, clowning and mime, which interact with the techno-media elements. In order to emphasise as

well as frame the play's central theme of violence, all violent acts are to be stylised through choreography and music. Actors precisely mime their use of various weapons and dangerous objects, images of which are simultaneously projected on screen.

Reading the Script

While most of the crucial sound and picture elements have been described in stage directions to aid the reader's visualisation, the demo CD enclosed with the script contains song demos only; using the actual instrumental backing that is used for singers in the play. Readers' listening cues for songs are indicated by the symbol '▶'.

All sung words are indicated in capital letters, while spoken words are written normally. This includes words spoken during the course of a song, in conjunction with singing.

Shona words and phrases are translated in footnotes. 'Hondo' means 'war'.

PROLOGUE

[As the audience enters, Chimurenga Musicians are already in their permanent positions for HONDO DRUMS, playing their ritualistic music. Once the audience is settled, the live music stops]

► **TRACK 1: (OVERTURE)**

[After the overture, Cobra enters, leading Dragon, a band of Guerrillas, Eve and her Mother onto the stage while singing the unaccompanied verse below in call-and-response style]

► **TRACK 2: ‘NYIKA YEDU YABABA’**

Cobra: NYIKA YEDU YABABA¹

All: ZIMBABWE

Cobra: NYIKA YEDU YABABA

All: ZIMBABWE

Cobra: NYIKA YEDU YABABA

All: ZIMBABWE

NYIKA YEDU YABABA

[The verse is repeated three times before instrumental starts for the next song, throughout which images are projected on screen in the background. These include historical photographs and graphics from the era, which illustrate the context of the play: the war-torn Zimbabwean 1970s. There are also images to set the scene between Eve and her Mother: a rural homestead at night. Thirdly, there are thematic images comprising playful graphics, which interpret or illustrate the song lyrics in an ironic way, as well as general contextual

¹ ‘Country of ours; country of our Father’

graphics such as the Zimbabwean map and flag. The whole song is like a fast-paced music video that gives audiences their first visually vibrant peak into the history of the Zimbabwe Liberation Struggle]

► **TRACK 3: ‘THIS IS A WAR’**

Cobra: THIS IS A STORY OF A GIRL WHO DECIDES TO ROAM
SHE WANTS TO BE FREE – SHE JUST WANTS TO LEAVE HOME
GIRL MAKES A CHOICE
GIRL MUST KNOW WHAT GIRL’S FIGHTING FOR
THIS IS A WAR! AIN’T NO SUNSHINE OVER HERE
THIS IS A WAR! ONLY CLOUDS OF SMOKE AND FEAR
WE GOT BOMBS AND BUSH, GUNS AND GUERRILLA CAMPS
SLOGANS THAT SEDUCE, NICE GIRLS AND NIGHT LAMPS
WE DON’T WANT NO TRUCE, PEACE TIME JUST MAKE US TRAMPS
THIS IS A WAR! FIGHT FOR ZIMBABWE, FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHTS
THIS IS A WAR! WE MAKE RHODESIA LOSE HIS MIGHT
1980 WE GONNA SEE THE VICTORY
BUT FOR NOW WE BE IN TIMES OF MISERY
MBUYA NEHANDA SHE LIFTING OUR SPIRIT FREE
FOR THIS WAR! WHOOH!

Eve: MOTHER I HAVE TO GO

Mother: GO WHERE?

Eve: TO WAR, MOTHER, AS YOU ALREADY KNOW

Mother: I DON’T CARE! IT’S NO PLACE FOR A YOUNG GIRL

Eve: MOTHER DON’T...

Mother: YOU SAY ALL YOU WANNA DO IS SEE THE WORLD, YOU WON’T

Eve: MOTHER PLEASE DON’T DO THIS NOW
ALL I WANTED WAS TO SAY GOODBYE

Mother: BEFORE YOU GO WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME HOW
OR EVEN... WHY

Eve: THIS IS A WAR!

Mother: A MOTHER'S SUPPOSED TO JUST GIVE AWAY HER CHILD

Eve: THIS IS A WAR!

Mother: AND HER ONLY DAUGHTER EXPECTS HER TO WAVE AND SMILE

Eve: YOU HAVE SONS, AND THEY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU
I, FOR ONE, KNOW WHAT THE SPIRITS WANT ME TO DO

Mother: HOW DARE YOU!

Eve: THIS IS A WAR! WHOOH!

Dragon: LITTLE GIRL DON'T KEEP US WAITING
YOU KNOW THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE
MAKE YOUR DECISION AND FUCK THIS DEBATING
WE SOLDIERS HAVE TO MAKE HASTE
IAN SMITH IS RULING BLACK MAN'S COUNTRY
WHILE YOU BEHAVING LIKE MICE
THIS REVOLUTION IS FOR YOU AND ME
EVERYONE MAKE SACRIFICE

Eve: MOTHER, I HOPE SOMEDAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
THEY'RE MY BROTHERS
FIGHTING MEN WHO TAKE OUR LAND AND KILL OUR
FATHERS – HOW CAN I BE STILL? HOW CAN I JUST STAND
WHEN IT'S COWER OR KILL; WHEN IT'S LOSE
OR USE THESE HANDS?
THIS IS A WAR! THERE ARE SO MANY JUST LIKE THIS ONE

Dragon: THIS IS A WAR! WE BE RISING LIKE THE SUN

Guerrillas: GO TO BOMBS AND BUSH, GUNS AND GUERRILLA CAMPS
SLOGANS THAT SEDUCE, NICE GIRLS AND NIGHT LAMPS
WE WON'T WANT NO TRUCE, PEACE TIME JUST MAKE US TRAMPS

Mother: THIS IS A WAR! THOSE BOYS THEY TAKE AWAY MY CHILD
 THIS IS A WAR! CHILDREN THESE DAYS ARE SO WILD
 BUT I WON'T FORGET, CHILD I'LL REMEMBER YOU
 CHASE THOSE BOYS AND LET THEM TELL YOU WHAT TO DO
 ME I MAKE A BET, THEY GONNA DO BAD THINGS TO YOU

Guerrillas: THIS IS A WAR!

Mother: YOU DON'T KNOW MEN

Eve: THIS IS A WAR!

[During instrumental climax, Guerrillas do a funky Toyi-Toyi while, included on the song's soundtrack, there is an explosion of Vietnam era battlefield sound effects. Guerrillas stop Toyi-Toyiing after their chant]

Guerrillas: PAMBERI NEHONDO!² PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO!
 PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO!
 PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO!
 PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO!
 PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO!
 PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO! PAMBERI NEHONDO!

Dragon: NO ONE EVER GONNA STOP US NOW, YEAH!

Eve: NO ONE EVER GONNA TAKE US DOWN, YEAH!

Both: FIGHT UNTIL WE GO UNDERGROUND

All: THIS IS A WAR!!!!

[End of song. Blackout]

² 'Forward with the War!'

SCENE 1

[Focused light on Adam, dressed formally, standing at an imaginary lectern with his papers, and addressing the audience. Behind him on screen is a very sober, dry academic version of the previous image explosion, including timelines and dates, which correspond to the information in his speech]

Adam: The 1970s were a time of much civil turmoil and bloodshed in Zimbabwe, as the anti-colonial guerrilla armies of the Black Marxist-Nationalist movement waged a countrywide military struggle against Ian Smith's racist white minority government of Rhodesia – Zimbabwe's former, colonial name. 'Chimurenga' is the name that the black people of Zimbabwe gave to this struggle, which continued from about 1966 to 1979, and resulted in Zimbabwe's independence under black majority rule in 1980. In my most recent book about the war, I commented on the influence of local Zimbabwean rebel music, known as Chimurenga music, plus the additional influences of reggae music and secularized Church-choral sounds, in shaping the revolutionary culture and sensibilities of the Zimbabwean... *[Pause]* I'm sorry, um... the Zimbabwean... people...

[Adam stops and feels his ribs. Assistant rises from the audience of the seminar]

Assistant: Are you okay, Professor?

Adam: *[Stops]* Oh. Yes. Yes, I'm fine. Thank you.

Assistant: Are you sure?

Adam: Yes. I'm sure. Thanks. Sorry, everyone. For a moment I thought something had stung me. False alarm. Sorry. Anyway, where was I? *[Pause]* Ah. Yes. The influence of music in shaping revolutionary sensibilities. Chimurenga music has traditional African, especially Shona, roots and its sound is characterized

by... the presence of... traditional instruments... [*Touches his ribs again, becoming breathless*] rich percussion arrangements... drumming and... chanting...

Assistant: Would you like to take a break, Professor?

Adam: [*Begins to swoon*] No. No. I'm fine. [*Sharp pain*] Ah!

Assistant: Professor?

Adam: Yes? Who is calling me?

[*Adam collapses. Images stop. Assistant immediately rushes on stage to help him*]

Assistant: Could somebody get help, please!

[*Blackout. HONDO DRUMS beat a slow, spacious rhythm at a non-intrusive volume. Intimate light focus reveals Chasarandi, an African wizard, standing near Adam, who is lying down. Chasarandi is covered in mysterious dark, heavy robes and has a ritualistic but deeply sinister presence. His voice is cracked and demonic. His face is like ancient wood, with deep shadows and hollow eyes. Adam wakes up suddenly and sees him. Pause*]

Chasarandi: You are a slow dreamer, white man; and a lazy one too.

Adam: Who are you?

Chasarandi: That is not important. Not yet.

Adam: So why are you here?

Chasarandi: Am I in your place?

Adam: I don't know. Where am I?

Chasarandi: You are curious.

Adam: I am a historian. Curiosity is my drive.

Chasarandi: A historian. You know a lot about our history.

Adam: Whose history?

Chasarandi: What use is a historian who does not have the answers?

Adam: I have to find the answers. It's called research.

Chasarandi: Research?

Adam: Yes. It means looking for answers.

Chasarandi: Looking where?

Adam: In the past, I guess.

Chasarandi: [*Laughs*] You will not find anything there.

Adam: I beg to differ. History can teach us a lot about who we are. Why we do things. Human behaviour. Keep us from making the same mistakes...

Chasarandi: Do you ever learn?

Adam: Civilization is a struggle. Gradual steps, you know.

Chasarandi: Then do your work, white man.

Adam: Why do you call me white man? My name is Adam.

Chasarandi: Adam. I have a job for you.

Adam: Which is?

Chasarandi: You must tell a story for me.

Adam: A story?

Chasarandi: A fable.

Adam: I don't do fables. You'll need to consult a novelist or a playwright...

Chasarandi: They do not tell true stories.

Adam: Fables are not true.

Chasarandi: Does that matter?

Adam: You suggested it did.

Chasarandi: Then maybe it does.

Adam: What are we talking about?

Chasarandi: What are *you* talking about?

Adam: You brought me here.

Chasarandi: Did I?

Adam: Yes. You did.

Chasarandi: How have you come to this answer, Adam the historian?

Adam: I... I was reading my paper on war music and... something kept stinging me in my rib and then... I felt dizzy and hot and... I must have collapsed. Is this a dream?

Chasarandi: What would make you think that?

Adam: You said as much at the beginning of our conversation.

Chasarandi: You remember well. But your reasoning is clumsy.

Adam: It's straightforward and subtle.

Chasarandi: Good stories are not straightforward, or subtle. But you will learn, Adam. When you wake up, you will be back in your home.

Adam: How did I get there?

Chasarandi: Your friends took you to the place of healing.

Adam: You mean a clinic?

Chasarandi: Where your healers...

Adam: Doctors?

Chasarandi: Could find nothing wrong with you. You rested in their care, and then you were brought back.

Adam: While I was unconscious?

Chasarandi: Oh no. You were very conscious and talkative.

Adam: I don't remember the journey back.

Chasarandi: Then remember the journey forward. Tonight, when the sun goes to sleep, you must go to the place where you sometimes go – the place of the wild women.

Adam: The informal sex trade area?

Chasarandi: There you must find the woman named Eve.

Adam: Eve? Who is she? How will I find her? What am I supposed to do with her?

Chasarandi: Don't worry about that for now. Find her. And bring a shovel.

Adam: A shovel?

Chasarandi: You will need it.

Adam: What for?

Chasarandi: Digging the past.

Adam: I don't need a shovel to... [*Pause*] What do you mean?

Chasarandi: Shh... No more curiosity for now. Sleep.

Adam: [*Pause*] I *am* sleeping.

Chasarandi: [*Pleased*] Very clever. I chose you well.

[*Adam falls back 'asleep' as HONDO DRUMS stop. Blackout*]

SCENE 2

▶ **TRACK 4: 'THE STREETS OF EASY LOVE'**

[*Light on Adam in his car, driving casually and inspecting his surroundings. On screen are scene setting and song theme-interpreting images, done in a similarly dynamic way to the opening song above*]

Adam: SO QUIET, SO SERENE
 NOBODY HEARD, NOBODY SEEN
 DON'T LET THESE STREETS FOOL YOU
 OR THEY'LL RULE YOU
 I WAS LONELY, THIRTY-THREE
 WENT FOR A DRIVE AND SOME GIRL STOPS ME
 AND SHE SAYS 'BE COOL, YOU
 I WILL SCHOOL YOU
 IN THE ART OF EASY LOVE
 CHEAP AND CHEESY LOVE
 OH, IT MAY BE SLEAZY LOVE
 BUT IT'S PROMISE-TO-PLEASE-HE LOVE'
 AND I SAID 'LET'S GO, GO FOR A DRIVE
 JUST YOU AND I

SEE I WOULD LIKE TO KNOW, KNOW HOW YOU STRIVE
 FOR WHAT AND WHY
 SEE I JUST WANT THE TRUE YOU
 I DON'T WANNA SCREW YOU'
 WHEN SHE HEARD THIS, SHE SAID 'WELL
 YOU MUST BE NEW HERE, SEE WHORES DON'T TELL
 NOTHING BUT SWEET LIES
 GOOD-TO-EAT LIES'
 SHE SAID 'HONEY, DON'T BE SHOCKED
 LIES FOR A MAN IS WHAT GETS HIS COCK
 HARD FOR THIS MEAT, LIES
 THAT'S OUR TREAT, LIES
 IS HOW WE MAKE THAT EASY LOVE
 TOUCH-AND-TEASE-HE LOVE
 SOMETIMES-MAKE-HIM-QUEASY LOVE
 COULD-BRING-HIM-DOWN-TO-HIS-KNEES-HE LOVE
 AND THAT'S WHY WE GO, GO FOR A DRIVE
 JUST MAN AND I
 BUT YOU COULD LET ME KNOW, KNOW HOW YOU STRIVE
 FOR WHAT AND WHY
 YOU CAN SHOW ME THE TRUE YOU
 AND I'LL LISTEN TO YOU
 IF MOIST LIES WON'T DO YOU
 I'LL JUST LISTEN TO YOU'

[During instrumental climax, a chorus of raucous inner-city black Prostitutes enter the scene and dance their roadside temptations while Adam bops his head approvingly. On screen is a bombardment of historic images that exemplify the sexual stereotyping of black women in Western discourse during the old imperialism]

Adam: THESE STREETS CAN RULE YOU
SO DON'T LET THEM FOOL YOU
BESIDES, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE PRICE OF PUSSY

Prostitutes: THE PRICE OF PUSSY

Adam: THOUGH I'M SURE IT'S JUICY

Prostitutes: HE'S SURE IT'S JUICY

Adam: I'VE NEVER LET IT SEDUCE ME

Prostitutes: DON'T LET IT SEDUCE YOU

Adam: I JUST NEEDED A FRIEND
GOD, YOU WON'T BELIEVE THE PRICE OF PUSSY

Prostitutes: THE PRICE OF PUSSY

Adam: DO YOU KNOW IF IT'S JUICY?

Prostitutes: DO YOU KNOW IF IT'S JUICY?

Adam: I NEVER LET IT SEDUCE ME

Prostitutes: DON'T LET IT SEDUCE YOU

Adam: YOU PAY LESS FOR A FRIEND
JUST PAY FOR A FRIEND

Prostitutes: PAY FOR A FRIEND; PAY FOR A FRIEND....

Adam: I PAY FOR A FRIEND

Prostitutes: PAY FOR A FRIEND; PAY FOR A FRIEND....

Adam: WHEN I GOT A

Prostitutes: PAY FOR A FRIEND; PAY FOR A FRIEND....

Adam: [*counterpoint*] CHANCE FOR SOME LOVIN' I GIVE IT THE SHOVIN'
AND PAY FOR A FRIEND

Prostitutes: PAY FOR A FRIEND; PAY FOR A FRIEND....

Adam: [*counterpoint*] MAYBE SOMEDAY THIS LONELINESS WILL END

[As song finishes on the word 'end', Adam skid-breaks suddenly (sound effect included) and

Prostitutes disappear while Eve appears, standing directly in Adam's way. She wears a smart outgoing dress and sandals. Pause. Adam gets out of his car and stands by the door. Eve does not move. Pause]

Adam: Eve?

Eve: Adam. Is it you?

Adam: Yes.

[Awkward silence]

Adam: Um... w-w-would you like a ride?

[Eve goes toward the passenger side of the car as Adam quickly gets back inside and opens the door for her. She enters. He drives. Silence]

Adam: So... were you waiting for me?

Eve: Yes.

Adam: I... eh... I hope I didn't make you wait too long.

Eve: No.

[Silence, until Adam makes awkward attempts to fill the silence]

Adam: I'm a researcher by trade. I have written a couple of books. I used to lecture as well, but... I'm really happy being a freelance writer now. More learning, more finding out – it's a privilege to be able to live on that. *[Pause]* I write history. That's what I do. I love history. *[Pause]* You know... you can learn a lot from it. Like... eh... what happened... during the past...

Eve: History?

Adam: Yes. History.

Eve: Were you looking for history?
 Adam: I'm sorry?
 Eve: You were looking for history here.
 Adam: No. I was... looking for you.
 Eve: Me?
 Adam: Yes.
 Eve: I was looking for you too.
 Adam: Okay. Um... that's great. It's great that you were looking for me – because I was looking for you too.
 Eve: I was looking for you too.
 Adam: Yes. Well, thank you.

[*Silence*]

Adam: I'm single. I was married, years ago, but I got divorced.

[*Silence*]

Adam: I don't sleep with any of them – the prostitutes, I mean.
 Eve: Prostitutes?
 Adam: You know, the ones that hang around here. I talk to them. I'm curious... about what they have to say. You see, it's like a... hobby of mine. Strange, I know. You're not a... [*Pause*] Are you... a prostitute?
 Eve: What?
 Adam: It's okay if you're not. I can still talk to you, or whatever else you want to do...
 Eve: Whatever else?
 Adam: You know. Sex. I can have sex with you.
 Eve: Stop the car.
 Adam: I'm sorry? Oh. No. No. I...

Eve: Stop the car right now! Stop the car!

Adam: Alright! Alright!

[*Adam stops. Eve gets out. Adam follows her*]

Adam: Look. I'm sorry. I didn't mean... I didn't realise... I don't know what this is about... [*Grabs her*] Look, just wait!

[*They stop. He lets go*]

► **TRACK 5: 'WHERE I COME FROM'**

Eve: HEY MR. NIGHT MAN, WHO D'YOU THINK YOU ARE?
 JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE WHITE AND YOU DRIVE A FLASHY CAR
 OFFERED ME A RIDE, NOW YOU TRYNNNA GET WITH ME
 THINK I'LL OPEN WIDE, SHOW YOU SOME THINGS YOU NEVER SEE
 WELL YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE I COME FROM
 NO, YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM
 I'M NOT YOUR SOUL SISTER
 YOU'RE OUT OF CONTROL, MISTER
 AND YOU DON'T KNOW ME, MAN

Adam: HEY MRS. NIGHT GIRL, WHY YOU GIVE ME SASS?
 I'M NOT FROM THAT 'WHITE' WORLD
 I DON'T WANNA BUY YOUR ASS
 JUST CAME HERE TO FIND YOU; HAD THE WEIRDEST DREAM
 I'M A MAN OF SCIENCE, MIND YOU,
 BUT LATELY THINGS AIN'T WHAT THEY SEEM
 IN THIS PLACE, GIRL
 I DON'T NEED NO DISGRACE, GIRL

SO GET OUT OF MY FACE, GIRL
 WITCHO LYRICAL MACE, GIRL
 COZ I GOT NEWS FOR YOU
 TOUCHING YOU'S THE LAST THING I'D WANNA DO
 NOW THAT YOU'VE MADE ME CROSS
 YOU DON'T WANT A FRIEND AND IT'S YOUR LOSS
 AND I DON'T EVEN WANNA KNOW WHERE YOU COME FROM
 I DON'T WANNA KNOW, WHO YOU 'AM'
 DON'T LIKE TO CAUSE DRAMA
 BUT YOU GOT SOME FLAWS, MAMA,
 AND I'D RATHER NOT KNOW YOU, MA'AM
 Eve: WELL, YOU WON'T KNOW, WHERE I COME FROM
 NO, YOU WON'T KNOW WHO I AM
 NOT MY IDENTITY
 OR PHYSICAL ENTITY
 NO, YOU WON'T KNOW ME, MAN

*[Instrumental section, with Adam and Eve doing a typical danced face-off of mutual rejection.
 They sing their final verses in counterpoint]*

Eve: YOU DON'T KNOW ME...
 YOU WON'T KNOW ME...
 YOU CAN'T KNOW ME...
 Adam: GIRL I DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE AND...
 I'M A MAN WITH SOME APTITUDE AND...
 I DON'T DIG NO INGRATITUDE AND...
 IT IS ALL YOUR LOSS
 Eve: YOU DON'T KNOW ME...
 YOU WON'T KNOW ME...

YOU CAN'T KNOW ME...

Adam: I'VE HAD ONE HELL 'A CRAZY TIME AND...
 YOU CAN SPEAK IN AMAZING RHYME AND...
 I WON'T LET YOU BE FAZING MINE AND...
 IT IS ALL YOUR LOSS

[End of song. Adam and Eve remain locked in face-off. Silence. Dragon's voice offstage]

Dragon: Eve?

[Adam and Eve both turn toward the voice. HONDO DRUMS beat a deep, spacious and ominous march. Enter Dragon, a genuinely terrifying man, unkempt and dressed in a soldierly way, but not in a specific uniform. He is visibly tipsy but not uncontrollably drunk, and swaggers towards them. He stops. HONDO DRUMS stop. Pause]

Eve: *[repressing her anxiety]* Dragon. My husband.

Dragon: Eve. My wife. You are supposed to be at home cooking me dinner. What the hell are you doing here with this white man?

Eve: I don't know him.

Dragon: You don't know him! You cheeky bitch. You think I'm stupid? You are a whore!

Eve: I am not!

Adam: Look, I think we have a misunderstanding...

Dragon: *[to Adam, pointing sharply]* Shut up your bloody fucking mouth! *[Emphatically to Eve]* Iwe!³ Who is this white man?

Eve: He is no one...

Adam: That's right. I am nobody. Look, I don't want any trouble...

³ 'You!'

- Dragon: [Whips out a knife (mimed; image projected on screen) and points to Adam]
You speak again and I will cut off your lips like we did in the old days!
Fucking colonialist.
- Eve: You leave him alone. He has done nothing.
- Dragon: So you are defending him now? You have become a sell-out. My own wife!
Mutengesil⁴
- Eve: Dragon! The war is over. There are no colonialists. No sell-outs. It is our
country now. We won.
- Dragon: Bullshit! They are everywhere! The imperialists are watching. And you are
their whore, you fucking bitch! You came here to sell your body to them.
- Eve: I came here because of a dream!
- Dragon: A dream? A dream of what?
- Eve: I don't know. But I knew that this man would be here. He knew my name and I
knew his.
- Dragon: So you are a witch now. You and your imperialist lover here are doing
witchcraft. Corrupting the innocence of our spirit with your impure dreams. I
will purify both of you with the blood that spills from my hand!
- Eve: No, Dragon! My darling, Dragon. My lover and my comrade, Dragon. We were
soldiers together. Soldiers for Zimbabwe. Soldiers for freedom. Do not spill
this blood.
- Dragon: You betrayed me! I will spill this blood!
- Eve: No!!

[HONDO DRUMS explode as Dragon launches into Adam and Eve launches into Dragon, tackling him to the ground. Adam cowers by the car. Dragon overpowers Eve and starts beating her violently until she is passive and concussed. HONDO DRUMS stop]

⁴ 'Sell-out'

Dragon: I have never had any patience for sell-outs, whores, witches, or a disrespectful woman – let alone imperialists. That is why during the struggle they called me the Dragon. [*Holds up his knife*] This was my Dragon fang. My silencer to the treacherous loudmouths. My sterilizer for the sexual degenerates. My juju to match your witch-demons. My cure for all things impure. With this, I will now send you to hell, where you belong.

Eve: [*Regaining consciousness*] Dragon. Son of Africa. Son of Mother. Don't do this...

Dragon: Don't do this? [*Laughs*] Let me think about it...

► **TRACK 6: 'MURDER SERENADE'**

Dragon: TO KILL HER, OR NOT TO KILL HER, THAT IS THE QUESTION
 TO KILL HER, OR NOT TO KILL HER, WHAT SHOULD I DO?
 TO KILL HER, OR NOT TO KILL HER, WHO KNOWS THE ANSWER
 BUT THIS WISE OLD DAGGER THAT I SEE BEFORE ME
 NOW DON'T IGNORE ME
 TELL ME THE TRUTH
 MURDER SERENADE
 THIS MUSIC'S NOT FOR THOSE FAINT-HEARTEDS
 WHO CAN'T BEAR THIS
 TANGO WITH THE BLADE
 THAT SINGS UNTIL DEATH DO US PARTED
 WON'T STOP ONCE IT'S STARTED
 IT MUST END IN
 MURDER SERENADE

Eve: MURDER SERENADE
 THERE IS NO LOVE LEFT IN THIS MARRIAGE
 ALL ALONG WE'VE

TANGOED WITH THE BLADE
 IS THIS ABORTION OR MISCARRIAGE?
 ALL WE HAVE IS

Dragon: MURDER SERENADE
 THIS WITCH; THIS BITCH; THIS SNITCH; THIS WHORE NEEDS
 JUST A LITTLE

Eve: TANGO WITH THE BLADE
 THIS PRICK; THIS DICK; THIS HICK; THIS POOR STEED
 WHOM I USED TO
 PLEASURE SERENADE
 NOW MEASURES LOWER GRADE
 I'VE TREASURED WHAT WE'VE MADE
 TILL MURDER SERENADE

Both: TILL DEATH! DO US PART...

[As their voices soar, Dragon raises his knife to stab Eve. A second before instrumental bridge/climax, Adam suddenly appears behind Dragon, with shovel in hand (mimed; image projected on screen), and wallops Dragon in the mouth in perfect time with a grotesque cartoon sound effect of violent impact (included in song soundtrack). Dragon falls away in slow motion while Adam stands back in shock and Eve gets back up to standing position]

Adam: TO KILL HER, OR NOT TO KILL HER, THAT WAS THE QUESTION
 TO KILL HER, OR NOT TO KILL HER, WHAT DID I DO?
 TO KILL HER, OR NOT TO KILL HER, WHO KNEW THE ANSWER
 BUT THIS DIRTY SHOVEL THAT I SAW BEFORE ME
 IT DID IMPLORE ME
 AND NOW HE'S DEAD

[Music ends. Adam falls to his knees and begins to shake with fear]

Adam: Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!

[Eve goes to him and reaches for his shoulder]

Adam: Don't touch me! Please. Just don't. Oh God!

Eve: *[stops]* Adam. What is wrong?

Adam: What's wrong? I just killed a man. That what's bloody wrong!

Eve: Is this your first time?

Adam: My first time? You make it sound like I'm... learning a new game or something! Oh God! What is going on here? What is this about?

Eve: I don't know. But you must be strong now. Only the strong will survive.

Adam: You people... you fucking people... haven't you heard of bloody diplomacy?

Eve: This blood is on your hands, Adam.

Adam: Oh God! Maybe he was right. This man I just killed. This African man. He was right. I am an imperialist. I'm a bloody asshole imperialist. All that fucking liberalism... all that... benevolence... it's all just... pompous tripe! *[Breaks down]* Oh Lord! Please forgive me...

[Eve suddenly steps in toward Adam and slaps him in slow motion to stylized sound effect]

Eve: *[Sternly]* Act like a man when you are near me. I do not find weakness attractive.

Adam: *[shocked]* What? I... I'm sorry...

[She takes him by the collar]

Eve: No more sorry! No more stupidity. We are soldiers now. We must kill, or be killed. Do you understand?

Adam: Yes...

Eve: Yes what!!

Adam: I don't know... yes ma'am...

Eve: [*raises her arm*] You coward! I will hit you again!

Adam: Please don't!!

[*Pause. Eve lowers her arm and lets go*]

Eve: You will never be worthy of this life, because you are not prepared to suffer for it.

[*Eve begins to walk away. Adam quickly gathers himself*]

Adam: Hey!

[*She stops. He gets up and walks to her, then grabs her arm firmly and turns her around to face him. Pause*]

Eve: What?

[*Pause*]

► **TRACK 7: 'THE KILLER INSTINCT'**

Adam: THE KILLER INSTINCT!
 THE KILLER INSTINCT!
 IT MESSES WITH YOUR HEAD
 BEGS UNTIL IT'S FED
 'ONLY WHEN YOUR HANDS ARE RED

CAN YOU BE FREE', IT SAID

Eve: [Mocking him] 'THE KILLER INSTINCT'

[She dismisses him with a 'whatever' gesture and turns away. He yanks her back and increases his 'attitude', using rude gestures]

Adam: THE KILLER INSTINCT!
IT FEELS INSIDE YOUR SKIRT
SAYS 'YOU'RE MINE, YOU'RE DIRT'
FINGERS YOU UNTIL YOU SQUIRT
WHO MESS WITH ME GETS HURT

Both: THE KILLER INSTINCT!
IT BRINGS OUT THE ANIMAL IN ME...
BRINGS OUT THE ANIMAL IN ME...

[With instrumental climax, they launch into each other, possessed by primal, sexual forces beyond their control, and start mutual biting and groping while fumbling toward the car. Once inside the car, they make love wildly while a chorus of Spirits celebrates around the scene in a Dionysian explosion of lewdness and rhythm, until the lovers climax to musical cues]

Both: IT BRINGS OUT THE ANIMAL IN ME...

[End of song. They fall asleep in each other's arms. Blackout]

SCENE 3

[Generous light. Eve stands forward while Adam leans against the car in the background, looking more casual than he has been so far, but remaining attentive. Dragon's dead body still lies nearby]

- Eve: When I was fourteen years old, I still lived with my mother at the village of my birth. By that time the war was everywhere. The freedom fighters would come to the hill above our village, and we would have to go up there at night and meet them for secret ceremonies...
- Adam: Pungwes. That's what you used to call them – the secret ceremonies.
- Eve: Yes. We brought them food. We brought them spirit. These Boys were hungry, for they had travelled many miles through the wilderness, from their secret training camps in Mozambique. They would teach us their songs of liberation and sexual morality.
- Adam: Sexual morality?
- Eve: There can be no fighting spirit where there are too many other spirits. That is why we couldn't have whores, degenerates, adulterers and fornicators in our village. Or witches. Christians could be accepted if they showed their support for the Black cause. Sell-outs had to be disciplined by the Boys.
- Adam: Disciplined? Forgive me for prodding, but don't you mean raped and tortured?
- Eve: You were not there, Adam. You don't understand how difficult the times were for us. The Rhodesians would send their own men to seek out the Boys when a land mine had gone off in the area. Sometimes the Rhodesians came in helicopters and annihilated the village nearest to the trouble area, because they knew that the Boys were not far. But it was always more useful to have information about the Boys. Old and young, male and female, the Rhodesians arrested us, detained us, questioned us, tortured us, until someone talked. But even the Rhodesians' tortures were nothing compared to the fate of a sell-out.
- Adam: So you protected the guerrilla fighters for fear of *their* punishment?
- Eve: No, Adam. We protected them because we believed.
- Adam: In what?
- Eve: The voice of Mbuya Nehanda.

[As Adam speaks, he starts to get excited and goes into lecturing mode, interacting more with Eve. On screen some historical images illustrate his information]

Adam: Nehanda, the ancient African spirit, who used to be a powerful Queen Empress in pre-colonial African civilization...

Eve: Our grandmother...

Adam: And then she reincarnated herself during the late 1800s, as a respected shaman who became a sort of Joan-of-Arc-type woman revolutionary and led a Shona rebellion against British colonization...

Eve: The First Chimurenga.

Adam: When the British finally caught her, and executed her, she promised her return while she died. Then she came back through the spirit mediums of *your* time – the Second Chimurenga. But this time she had several reincarnations, all over the country, and the Rhodesian Security Forces had a hell of a time trying to suppress them all.

Eve: You know much about these things.

Adam: I've written a lot about spirit mediums, Nehanda especially. That was always my favourite part of that history. You people fascinate me.

Eve: I am not a people. I am a person.

Adam: Sorry. I didn't mean that. Anyway, so... that's how you met Dragon. At the Pungwes.

Eve: He recruited me. Trained me. Saved my life on the frontline. I loved him. We loved each other.

Adam: So what happened?

Eve: We got married after Independence. We tried to live in his village, farming for our own food. But the new times were difficult, so we moved to the city and found other work with our hands. He struggled more than me to adjust. He started drinking heavily, and hitting me. The drink destroyed his mind and he became paranoid. He saw sell-outs, and witches, and imperialists everywhere.

Sometimes he would call his best friends from the war days, and they would organize to kill people. They still respected him. They followed him, because he had been their commander. That is why we must bury him now, Adam. We must bury him so deeply that no one will ever find him. If they do, Dragon's men will find us, and kill us.

Adam: How will they know it's us? They're peasants. It's not like they have terribly sophisticated methods of collecting forensic evidence.

Eve: These men do not collect evidence like you whites collect evidence. They have magicians. Gifted men who see things no one can see; men who taste blood, and follow the trails of dreams.

Adam: That sounds like... witchcraft.

Eve: Call it what you like. In the end, it is not the name that matters. The name of my lover was Dragon. A fighter's name. A hero's name. A name he was not born with, but acquired during the war, so that when he came back to his home, even his mother would never recognize him again. And after the war, when the rest of him changed, his name stayed the same.

► **TRACK 8: 'BURY THE BODY'**

[During the song Eve tells the tale as Adam digs the grave, pausing occasionally to listen to Eve and being harried on at each refrain. The 'dead' Dragon gets up and with help from the Guerrillas translates Eve's descriptions into comic tableau and clumsily mimed scenes. On screen the image of the shovel again corresponds to Adam's miming of it]

Eve: HE WAS A TWO-BIT LOSER
 A SKORRO-SKORRO OF A BOOZER
 BUT THAT DON'T MEAN HE HAD NO LOVE
 HE HAD THEM EATING OUT OF HIS GLOVE
 SO DIG THAT GRAVE, BURY HIS BODY

MAKE SURE YOU REALLY DIG DEEP, DEEP, DEEP
 COZ IF YOU MAKE THAT HOLE TOO SHODDY
 HIS FRIENDS WILL BURY YOU DEEP, DEEP, DEEP
 YOU SEE, BEFORE HIS TROUBLES
 HE WAS A SOLDIER IN THE STRUGGLE
 ONE OF OUR MOST REVERED COMRADES
 HE DANCED IN BATTLE; SANG IN BOMB RAIDS
 SO DIG THAT GRAVE, BURY HIS BODY
 MAKE SURE YOU REALLY DIG DEEP, DEEP, DEEP
 COZ IF YOU MAKE THAT HOLE TOO SHODDY
 HIS FRIENDS WILL BURY YOU DEEP, DEEP, DEEP
 HE HAND-PICKED ALL HIS YOUNG DISCIPLES
 AND TRAINED THEM HARD
 HE MADE THEM PROUD TO BE HIS RIFLE-WIELDING
 PERSONAL GUARD
 THE FEARLESS CADRE; SERPENTS OF BATTLE
 THE SOUND OF THEIR GUNS A DEADLY RA-TA-TA-TA
 TA-TA-TA-TA... TA-TA-TA-TA... A-RATTLE
 BUT NOW THEY SIT WITH SORE EYES
 REMEMBERING THE FLAGS AND WAR CRIES
 SOME DRINK TO DROWN THEIR DEEP SORROW
 IF THEY KNEW WHAT WE'VE DONE THEY'D BORROW
 THIS MURDER SERENADE

Adam: [*Counterpoint*] I'LL DIG HIS GRAVE, BURY HIS BODY
 I'M GONNA HAVE TO DIG DEEP, DEEP, DEEP

Eve: WE'LL TANGO WITH THEIR BLADES

Adam: [*Counterpoint*] COZ IF I MAKE THAT HOLE TO SHODDY

Both: THOSE MEN WILL BURY US DEEP, DEEP, DEEP

[As music continues, the following spoken lines are delivered in naturalistic, free-flowing rhythmic chant, but conforming to musical timing and rhyme pattern, until singing resumes for final part]

Adam: There is just one thing I don't understand
 Even though I see that there was truly greatness in this man
 The life of a soldier hardly promises a happy fate
 How did a young girl end up joining him and being his mate?

Eve: When the guerrilla soldiers came to our village
 Telling us all about the Rhodesian white man's merciless pillage
 I saw that these men of war were fierce and proud and loud
 And us lowly peasants were meek and mild and cowed
 He was one of the leaders, he looked so young but don't be fooled
 He came with experience, knowledge, and fervour that never cooled
 His revolutionary tongue had fire to make our hearts burn
 He said: girl I can teach you to fight this war – would you like to learn?
 I told my ma: goodbye now, I'm off with my young Handsome-and-Brave
 My sweet black devil and I have a future to build and a country to save
 So we loved and fought and made our own story
 In that blood-soaked bush we found our own glory
 But once the war was won, they told us: put away your guns
 Go forth and bear some fruit; work the land and find your roots
 So back to peasant life; a nobody and a nobody's wife
 And he could no longer feed
 HIS DEEP ABIDING NEED
 HIS BLOODLUST WAS HIS SOUL AND SEED
 SO DEEPLY DAMAGED WAS HE
 THOUGHT HE'D KEEP ON DAMAGING ME
 EMANCIPATED ME, THEN VIOLATED ME

THAT'S HOW MY ANGEL FELL
WITH WORDS AND FISTS OUR HOME BECOME A HELL

Adam: [*Counterpoint*] I'VE DUG HIS GRAVE, BURIED HIS BODY

Eve: TAKE HIM TO HELL...

Adam: [*Counterpoint*] I HAD TO BURY HIM DEEP, DEEP, DEEP!

Eve: HE'LL ROT IN HELL...

Both: BURY THAT BODY!

[*End of song*]

Adam: There we are. All done. So what now?

Eve: We have hidden Dragon's body. But if the hiding is to be successful, we must also separate his spirit from ours. We must leave this place. We must go far away even from the places he has lived – any place where he rested his head for many nights and collected too many dreams. We must be pure of these dreams if we are to live. That means I can never go back to my childhood home, where I met him, or to his, where I married him. It also means we can never stay in this city.

Adam: You mean I must... leave my house?

Eve: Yes.

Adam: For how long?

Eve: I don't know.

Adam: [*Pause*] My whole life is here. My career. My friends. My...

Eve: Every soldier leaves his home, Adam. He leaves everything. His family. His friends. His belongings. His hopes. That is war.

Adam: Alright. [*Pause*] Alright. Let's do this.

[*They begin to walk to the car. Adam stops*]

Adam: Wait.

[*Eve stops*]

Adam: So what is this? I mean... are we eloping now, or what?

Eve: Eloping?

Adam: Yes. Well... you *are* my girlfriend now, aren't you?

Eve: I am not your girlfriend. I am your commander.

Adam: Commanders don't have sex with their subordinates.

Eve: Mine did.

Adam: I want to know what I mean to you, besides being a soldier and a comrade.

Eve: Must we name it?

Adam: Everything in history has a name.

Eve: This is not history.

Adam: You are wrong. We're making history all the time. It's the only thing that will never end.

Eve: Time will never end.

Adam: Aren't they the same thing?

Eve: I don't know.

Adam: Try!

Eve: What do you want from me, Adam?

Adam: You.

Eve: You have me.

Adam: Then say it. Say something. Say you're mine and I will go anywhere with you.
Fly with me, Eve!

Eve: What? You are mad.

Adam: Am I?

► **TRACK 9: 'FLY WITH ME (DON'T CALL IT LOVE)'**

[*Adam goes closer to her*]

Adam: COME FLY WITH ME, COME WITH ME – FLY
 OVER THESE RAINBOWS, WE'LL RULE THESE SKIES
 AND YOU'LL SEE HOW FREE WE COULD BE

Eve: I'LL TRY WITH YOU, NOT SURE BUT... TRY
 DON'T SEE NO RAINBOWS JUST EMPTY SKY
 BUT MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING OUT THERE FOR ME

Adam: SOMETHING...

Eve: SOMETHING THAT I'VE FELT BEFORE

Adam: SOMETHING...

Eve: BUT I DIDN'T THINK I BELIEVED IN ANY MORE

Adam: SOMETHING...

Eve: SOMETHING I REMEMBER

Both: NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THIS FEELING THAT
 YOU GET WHEN LIFE BECOMES A DREAM, IT'S...

Adam: LOVE

[*Eve backs away*]

Eve: MAYBE LET'S NOT CALL THIS LOVE
 CAN TAKE MY FLESH AND SOUL – IT'S NOT MUCH
 BUT THERE'S NO HEART TO HOLD AS SUCH
 BABY LET'S NOT CALL THIS LOVE
 NEVER AGAIN COULD I FALL FOR IT
 WHATEVER THIS IS PLEASE DON'T CALL IT LOVE

[Through instrumental bridge, they move into each other slowly and gently embrace, then kiss. They break away smoothly, and only as they resume singing do they go to their respective seats in the car]

Eve: MAYBE LET’S NOT CALL THIS LOVE
Adam: BABY I WON’T CALL THIS LOVE
Eve: CAN TAKE MY FLESH AND SOUL, IT’S NOT MUCH
 BUT THERE’S NO HEART TO HOLD AS SUCH
Adam: *[Counterpoint]* MAYBE FIND ANOTHER WORD
Eve: BABY LET’S NOT CALL THIS LOVE
Adam: BABY I WON’T SAY IT’S LOVE
Eve: NEVER AGAIN COULD I FALL FOR IT
 WHATEVER THIS IS PLEASE DON’T CALL IT...
Adam: *[Counterpoint]* PROMISE NOT TO CALL IT...

[Counterpoint each verse below with Adam finishing alone]

Eve: HEY MR. WHITE MAN, WHO D’YOU THINK YOU ARE?
 MET YOU IN THE NIGHT AND EMBRACED YOU IN YOUR CAR
 HEY MR. WHITE MAN, WHO D’YOU THINK I AM?
 SHOWED YOU HOW TO FIGHT AND NOW YOU BE MY MAN
Adam: BABY I WON’T CALL THIS LOVE
 MAYBE FIND ANOTHER WORD
 BABY I WON’T SAY IT’S LOVE
 BUT MAYBE WE WILL FIND – IF THERE’S SUCH
 ANOTHER WORD YOU DON’T MIND AS MUCH AS...
 LOVE

[As song ends, Adam clasps the steering wheel and prepares to drive. On screen is a romantic

sunrise, which remains during blackout and curtain]

INTERVAL

[After interval, Chimurenga Musicians enter as in the beginning of Act 1, and do a brief HONDO DRUMS overture before other music starts]

SCENE 4

▶ TRACK 10: 'AWAKE IN ME'

[On screen are photographs of grand uplifting Zimbabwean road trip scenes, as well as thematic images such as map path etc. Curtain opens during song introduction, revealing Adam and Eve in the car. Adam drives with one hand on the wheel and the other touching Eve, who lies comfortably in a deep sleep]

Adam: IT ALL BEGAN WITH A WOMAN AND A MAN
 WHO CROSSED EACH OTHER'S PATHS ONE FATEFUL NIGHT
 AND BOTH WERE CAUGHT
 IN WHAT NEITHER WOULD HAVE THOUGHT
 WAS THE KIND OF SITUATION WHERE LOVE MIGHT
 BEGIN TO SPREAD HER WINGS AND CRY 'BABY WANNA FLY?
 GO AHEAD AND TRY; NO ONE NEED ASK WHY'
 SO ONE LOVE DIED, THE OLD GROOM BLAMED HIS BRIDE
 HE THOUGHT THAT SHE HAD LIED
 BUT HER EYES WERE OPEN WIDE, LIKE MINE SAYING
 'OH, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME
 BUT SOMETHING'S AWAKE IN ME; THE CHOICE IS MAKING ME
 OH, I THINK I FEEL A SHAKE IN ME

IS IT YOU THAT'S BREAKING ME? WHAT IS AT STAKE IN ME?
 IS IT LOVE? IS IT REALLY LOVE? TELL ME WHO HAS BEEN LOVED?
 HOW DO YOU KNOW WHEN IT'S LOVE?'
 SEE I'VE LEFT MY LIFE BEHIND NOW
 FOR THIS JOURNEY THAT'S SO STRANGE
 BUT SOMEHOW I DON'T MIND NOW
 I'M READY FOR THIS CHANGE
 THE BORDERS OF MY WORLD, FEAR
 BESET BY RAGING STORMS
 I'D RATHER JUST BE CURLED HERE
 AROUND YOU KEEPING WARM
 MY SOUL IS CHAINED; BUT I'M NOT PAINED
 LIVING FOR TODAY; GO WHERE WE MAY
 WATCHING YOU SLEEP; FALLING SO DEEP
 AND IF WE DON'T FALL WE FLY
 EITHER WAY YOUR EYES LIKE MINE SAY
 'OH, I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME
 BUT SOMETHING'S AWAKE IN ME; THE CHOICE IS MAKING ME
 OH, I THINK I FEEL A SHAKE IN ME
 IS IT YOU THAT'S BREAKING ME? WHAT IS AT STAKE IN ME?
 IS IT LOVE? IS IT REALLY LOVE? SOMETHING'S AWAKE IN ME
 DON'T MEAN TO OBSESS ABOUT WORDS
 BUT SOMETHING'S AWAKE IN ME
 AND I THINK IT'S LOVE'

[End of song and images. Eve begins to slowly wake, mumbling and shifting as if finishing a conversation she has been having in a dream. Then she rises suddenly, startled and entranced. Adam does not perceive her state]

Adam: Good morning. The sun is about to set. Had a nice sleep?

Eve: I had a dream.

Adam: Funny. I was just thinking about dreams. I always used to have these terrifying ones. I'm on stage, in front of a huge auditorium, ready to give the most important seminar of my career. And I'm all dressed up smartly, except, just as I'm *thinking* about how smartly I'm dressed, I look down and I realize that I'm stark naked at the bottom – not even underpants...

Eve: Adam!

Adam: What?

Eve: I had an important dream. I know now what we must do.

Adam: Oh. Why didn't you say so?

Eve: Because you were talking about underpants.

Adam: Oh. Right. Of course. So?

Eve: There is a farm.

Adam: A farm?

Eve: [*Turns to him*] *Our* farm, Adam. We must take this farm and live on it.

Adam: *Take* this farm? How do you *take* a farm?

Eve: There is a man there. A white man. We must kill him.

Adam: Whoa! Whoa... whoa there, Miss Commander. Where is all this coming from?

Eve: The Spirits have sent me their vision. We must finish our story this way.

Adam: You're being serious about this, aren't you?

Eve: Yes, Adam. I am being serious. Adam, this farm is deserted. It has not been used for many years. There are no crops. No workers. There is not even a wife or children in the house. There is only this man. This white man. And his dogs.

Adam: His *dogs*?

Eve: And his guns.

Adam: He has guns?

Eve: We must kill the white man. Then we must command his dogs, so that they protect us. Then we must take his guns. For without his guns and his dogs, we

cannot bring his farm back to life.

Adam: That sounds absurd. You don't need guns to run a farm. Or dogs. And how can there be no one else on the property – not one other person?

Eve: White man from the city, do not doubt now. You too have had dreams. You have seen that these dreams are true. Have you not?

Adam: I don't know what I've seen...

Eve: Have you not, Adam?

Adam: Okay. Say it is true. We can't just go in there like bandits and murder some hermit who didn't even ask for a fight.

Eve: He will fight.

Adam: To preserve himself.

Eve: And if we don't kill him, he will kill us. Either way, there will be bloodshed.

Adam: Oh. Great. That is just what I wanted to hear. Look, do we need this fucking farm? Why don't we go somewhere else? I have South African connections...

Eve: The Spirits do not want us to go to South Africa. They want us to stay here, because we did not finish the work of Chimurenga. We got our country back, but the whites kept the land, and we remained poor. Now it is time for this history to end.

Adam: And what chance do you suppose we have against this gun-wielding white man who stops your history from ending?

Eve: Does it matter? We kill for what is ours. We die for what is ours.

Adam: That's not rational.

Eve: War is not rational.

Adam: So let's not do it. Forgive me, Eve, but I've tried this whole soldier thing. I just want to be your lover...

Eve: I told you not to use that word.

Adam: Well, I've used it.

Eve: If you love me, then you will finish this journey with me. I have no choice, Adam. You do. I will go with or without you.

Adam: Christ. *[Pause]* So where exactly is this farm supposed to be?
 Eve: *[Points]* There.

► **TRACK 11: 'SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY'**

[On screen are continuous pictures of a comically spooky, grey, desolate property, in a frame-by-frame rhythmic progression almost suggestive of a very slow animation, and showing the driver's perspective. This 'animation' first approaches a rusty old gate off the main road, then goes through a long thin dust road that cuts through a vast burnt land, and soon approaches a badly fenced farmhouse area and an even more neglected yard around the ghostly farmhouse itself]

Adam: SO QUIET, SO SERENE
 NOBODY HEARD, NOBODY SEEN
 THE SKY IS A BURNT GREY
 WISH IT WEREN'T GREY

Eve: TONIGHT BLOOD WILL FLOW
 WHOSE IT'LL BE ONLY THE SPIRITS KNOW
 THE FUTURE, WE'VE LEARNT, IS GREY

Adam: SUDDENLY I'VE GOT A BAD, BAD FEELING
 ABOUT THIS RANDOM FREE, FREE WHEELING INTO
 SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY

Eve: *[counterpoint]* THIS IS A WAR

Adam: *[counterpoint]* ONE MAN'S REWARD FOR HONEST ENDEAVOUR
 SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY

Eve: *[counterpoint]* THIS IS A WAR

Adam: *[counterpoint]* ANY OTHER DAY YOU KNOW THAT

Both: I'D NEVER BE A TRESPASSING TROUBLESOME
 TROUBLEMAKING TRESPASSER

TRULY TEMPTING FATE
 AM I BOLD OR AM I... BAIT?
 THIS CURIOUS COULD MAKE SOMEONE FURIOUS
 ON SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY

Eve: THIS MURDER SERENADE

Adam: [*counterpoint*] THE KILLER INSTINCT
 COULD TURN AGAINST YOU ANY DAY

Eve: [*counterpoint*] SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT JUST
 TANGO WITH YOUR BLADE

Adam: THIS MURDER SERENADE

Eve: [*counterpoint*] THE KILLER INSTINCT
 COULD TURN AGAINST YOU ANY DAY

Adam: [*counterpoint*] SOMEBODY ELSE MIGHT JUST
 TANGO WITH YOUR BLADE

Both: ON SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY
 ON SOMEBODY'S PROPERTY

Adam: AND I DON'T WANNA LOSE MY LOVE

Eve: [*counterpoint*] WE'LL DIG HIS GRAVE

Adam: BUT BABY SHE NO CHOOSE MY LOVE

Eve: [*counterpoint*] BURY THEIR BODY DEEP, DEEP, DEEP

[End of song. Adam stops driving. The last frame of the house remains]

Adam: Well, that must be the house. So now what? Run in screaming and waving our arsenal of one dagger of suspect origin plus one dirty shovel?

Eve: Don't be silly. This is our plan – listen carefully and do not interrupt. You will go in and speak to the owner while I wait here. He will trust you because you are white. You will tell him you forgot to stop somewhere for petrol, and now you want to buy some from him. Farmers always have supplies. Then when he

comes out to help you, I will kill him.

Adam: [Pause] That's your plan? I lure him out with some ridiculous tale and you assassinate him?

Eve: Do you have a better plan?

Adam: Abort mission?

Eve: Not acceptable. [Holds his face] Trust me, Adam. [Lets go] Now hurry.

[Adam gets out of the car. Blackout and end image]

SCENE 5

[In darkness, the amplified sound of insistent knocking, while the still image of a door is projected on screen. Then broad circle of light around Adam, his back to the audience]

Adam: Hello? Hello! Anyone home? Hello! Hello! [Pause. Sighs] What the hell am I doing here?

[The amplified and cinematically stylized sound of a coin flicked into the air is heard while a still image on screen illustrates. The coin spins a couple of times midair then lands onto a wooden floor surface, bouncing and rolling to its final position. On stage, Adam reacts appropriately to show where the coin landed in relation to him, causing him to turn and face the audience. Adam checks around him, cautiously approaches the coin, and crouches down to inspect it. Light becomes more focused around him. Uncle George, a monstrous colonial relic of a man with (mimed and projected) rifle in hand, emerges stealthily from the darkness and presses the rifle into the back of Adam's head]

Uncle George: Trespassers will be shot! Can't you fucking read, you asshole?

Adam: Hi. I was just looking for you.

Uncle George: Don't be smart with me, you little faggot, unless you want your brains all over

my veranda. Put those hands where I can see them. Slowly.

[Adam raises his hands slowly]

Uncle George: Good boy. Now, down on the ground – and don't you dare piss your pants on my veranda, you fucking mangy cunt, or you'll be spending the night with my dogs for company so they can chew on your balls, which at least will finally have a use.

Adam: I beg your pardon?

Uncle George: *[Shoves the barrel into Adam's head]* Are you fucking deaf or something? I said get down on the fucking ground!

Adam: *[In pain]* Uncle George?

[On screen there is a classical painting of England's Patron Saint George on his horse, killing the Dragon]

Uncle George: *[Pause. Shoves barrel again]* How the fuck do you know my name?

Adam: *[Still in pain]* It's me. Adam. Victoria's child.

[On screen is the image of Queen Victoria]

Adam: Remember me, Uncle George? Asthmatic Adam. You used to visit us when I was small.

Uncle George: *[Pause. Intensely]* You're Victoria's boy?

Adam: Long time, Uncle George.

Uncle George: Fuck me. *[Withdraws gun]* Why didn't you say something before? I could have killed you, you dumb prick.

Adam: I didn't know it was you till you started promising to feed my balls to the dogs – you know, tender childhood memories and all that.

Uncle George: What the hell are you doing all the way out here?

Adam: It's... complicated.

Uncle George: Complicated? Taking after your fucking mother. Haven't seen *her* in a bloody century. How is she?

Adam: She's fine, if a little frail...

Uncle George: You do drink alcohol, don't you?

Adam: Eh... yes, I do...

Uncle George: Good. Coz if you're not going to have a drink with me you're not coming into my house. Get up, you bloody fool. Brandy?

Adam: [*getting up*] Thanks.

Uncle George: Single or double?

Adam: Single, please.

[*Blackout*]

SCENE 6

[In darkness, the amplified sounds of drink pouring and glass tinkling, then light on Uncle George's lounge. Adam sits, while Uncle George arrives with two whisky glasses in hand, one of which he hands to Adam before sitting down]

Uncle George: I made it double. You never know when it's your last – that's my philosophy.

Adam: Thanks. [*Takes a gulp*]

Uncle George: So how do you like my new den? If you're good you can inherit it from me when I'm dead.

Adam: [*Coughs*] Um... no thanks – that won't be necessary. Uncle, since when do you own a farm?

Uncle George: It belonged to an old friend of mine. He was more of a family man than I've ever been. Had a nice wife and two daughters. Then some fucking kaffirs came

in here while he was away; raped and murdered all three women. After that he couldn't bare to live here. So he sold the land to me and fucked off out of this country.

Adam: God. That poor family.

Uncle George: Ja, well, it was his bloody fault for being such a fucking nigger-lover. All that goodie-goodie Christian-humanitarian pussy-talk always used to mess with his head, you know. Kept wanting us to have 'more compassion for the Africans'. The Africans don't need compassion. They need a firm hand, and that's just what I'm gonna give 'em. Only a couple of weeks back those monkeys came back here, thinking they had cleared the place out. They didn't see me coming. My dogs fucking ripped them apart. Eight kaffirs. Dead. [*Stands*] In fact, I got a little souvenir. Hang on.

[The image of Saint George returns as Uncle George goes into the darkness, while talking, and comes back with a jar]

Uncle George: We used to do this during the bush war. A few of the boys and I had a bit of a game going, to see who would have the best collection.

Adam: Is that a...

Uncle George: Genuine 100% black penis.

Adam: Jesus Christ, Uncle!

Uncle George: Impressive, eh? [*Returning to his seat*] There's a primitive tribe in America or somewhere – fucking savages. Used to cut off pieces of their enemies and eat them so they could take their strength for themselves. If only, eh, Adam? [*Laughs*] But us, we just kept these for good luck. [*Tries to hand Adam the bottle*] Here. Have a closer look.

Adam: God, no! That was somebody's... Uncle George, this is not right.

Uncle George: Right? What do you know about right? You think the terrs would have done you right? They would have cut off your lips and made you eat them, boy.

Would you like those lips with chips? [*Laughs*]

Adam: The war is over, Uncle George. You don't have to do this shit anymore. It's... backward. The world has moved on a bit.

Uncle George: The world! Where was the world when Rhodesia was under attack from the communists? Where was Britain? Where was America? I'll tell you where they were. They were having tea with the terts and calling it diplomacy. We had but one ally – God bless South Africa. Now the kaffirs are trying to take that too, as if they haven't got enough space to run around like fucking animals. But you'll see, Adam. You'll see what happens when you let niggers rule your country. By the end of this century, boy, Zimbabwe's gonna crash. And white people are going to suffer too. It's already started happening. You just have to look at the signs.

[On screen throughout the song is an image of the Red Dragon of Communism]

► **TRACK 12: 'WHEN BLACKS TOOK OVER'**

Uncle George: TIMES HAVE CHANGED FOR THE WORSE I WOULD ARGUE
 THE WHOLE WORLD'S DERANGED, IT'S A CURSE AND IN MY VIEW
 IT'S EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER
 EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER
 IT'S OVER; BLOODY REDS RULE OVER SUCH A FINE COUNTRY
 IF IT WASN'T TRAGIC WE'D HAVE SOME COMEDY
 EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER THERE IS NO HOPE
 FOR THE ECONOMY
 EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER SAY GOODBYE TO
 WORKING BUREAUCRACY
 EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER SEE THE CRIME RATE
 ESCALATE

Considerably; fuck morality; FUCK FREEDOM

Adam: OBVIOUSLY THERE ARE SOME CONTENTIONS
 ABOUT THE STATE WHEREIN 'WE' ONCE THRIVED
 BUT WHAT I THINK NEEDS TO BE MENTIONED
 IS OUR COMMON NEED TO SURVIVE
 AND THAT'S WHY WE SHOULD, YES WE SHOULD
 BLACKS AND WHITES TOGETHER
 WE COULD, SURE WE COULD
 ENDURE THE STORMY WEATHER
 AS ONE BIG TEAM, WORKING FOR MANY DREAMS
 IN SPITE OF WHAT WE FEAR
 THIS NATION WOULD COME RIGHT

Uncle George: Now listen here

EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER
 BLOODY TERRORISTS TOOK OVER
 EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER
 IT'S OVER; now the *gooks* rule over
 FROM THE ASIAN STATES
 LET US NOT PRETEND THOSE KOREANS HAD NO STAKES
 WE HAD A GOOD THING GOING
 OUR WEALTH WAS OVERFLOWING
 The white government HAD NO CORRUPTION
 BLACK PEOPLE STEAL without compunction; civil servants
 Don't know their bloody function; nothing but disruption
 Since blacks took over; no hope at this junction
 Since blacks took over – boy!
 EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER
 IT'S OVER; TIME FOR DREAMS IS OVER
 ALL WE HAVE IS FEAR

You dream, you scream; it's fear or 'cheers'! [*Laughs*]

Adam: EVERY NATION TAKES TIME TO GROW

Uncle George: You don't know, boy, you just don't know

Adam: HAVE SOME HOPE FOR THIS BRAVE NEW LAND

Uncle George: I'm watching it turn into bloody quicksand

Adam: THERE'S ENOUGH RICHES FOR US ALL

Uncle George: This darkie dictatorship will never fall!

Adam: IF WE HELP IT COULD ALL END WELL

Uncle George: They've turned our lives into a communist hell!

TIMES HAVE CHANGED, YOUR IDEALS ARE JUST HOLLOW

BOY DON'T BE DERANGED, blacks can't lead! THEY MUST FOLLOW

COZ EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER

EVER SINCE THE BLACKS TOOK OVER

IT'S OVER; EVEN FEAR ROLLS OVER

ALL WE HAVE IS HATE...

ALL WE HAVE IS HATE! For anything else it's too late – *this* is fate

THIS HATE...

[As Uncle George's last 'hate' soars, Eve appears suddenly from the darkness and stabs him to instrumental climax (knife projected and mimed), in time with a grotesque amplified cartoon sound effect of the object entering the flesh (included in song soundtrack). Uncle George falls into Eve's arms, and she lets him down slowly onto the ground as she finishes the song]

Eve: AND WE HATE YOU; YES, WE HATE YOU

YOU HATE US AND WE HATE YOU

YES, WE HATE YOU

[End of song. Light pool spreads out to wider, softer focus. Silence. Adam is shocked]

Eve: It's over now. We are free. *[Pause]* It's over, Adam.

Adam: Is it? How much more blood has to be shed until this country is saved, Eve?

Eve: I don't know. But this man deserved to die.

Adam: And who decided that? You?

Eve: *You* left the door open for me.

Adam: *You* didn't follow the plan.

Eve: You took too long. I came here to protect you.

Adam: Ah bull! You didn't come for me. You came to kill a man.

Eve: Why are you so angry?

Adam: Because he was my uncle!

[Silence]

Adam: And in spite of his faults, I did have a *few* fond memories. At some point, when I was really young, he was the closest I ever came to having a father.

Eve: I am sorry. But this had to be done. For us.

Adam: For us or for you?

[Adam begins to walk away]

Eve: Where are you going?

Adam: I don't know. Out of here.

Eve: We have the farm to ourselves.

Adam: I don't want it! Enjoy.

Eve: Adam! Stop!

Adam: *[turns to face her]* Or you'll do what? Punish me for insubordination?

Eve: *[Pause, suddenly attentive]* Adam. Come here.

Adam: You can't tell me what to do anymore, woman!

[Adam turns to leave. Eve leaps toward him]

Eve: Adam! Get down!

[Blackout]

► **TRACK 13: 'SMITE!'**

[The amplified sounds of gunfire, crashing windows etc. (included in song soundtrack) and the terrible, loud voices of the Guerrillas fill the stage. Light. Adam and Eve scramble together on the floor before the Guerrillas. Cobra takes leadership in the song, addressing both audience and captives. Throughout the song, Guerrillas dance and Toyi-Toyi menacingly around the captives]

Cobra: BROTHERS AND SISTERS, WE HAVE JOURNEYED HERE
TO WITNESS THE WASHING OF THE STAIN
ONE OF US LOST HIS LIFE AND LEFT HIS PEERS
A VISION OF HIS LAST MORTAL PAIN
THEN HIS MAGICIANS CAME WITH CLEAR DECREE
WE MUST AVENGE THIS EVIL DEATH
FOLLOW THE DREAM TRAIL TO HE AND SHE
ONE OF WHOM QUENCHED OUR LEADER'S BREATH, AND...

Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN

Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: BEFORE THE GUILTY CRAWL

Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: LET ONLY ONE GO DOWN

Guerrillas: THIS VENGEANCE MUST BE HAD AND ONLY ONE MUST FALL!

Cobra: NOW BEFORE WE GO AHEAD PLEASE PARDON US
 FOR NOT INTRODUCING OUR POOR SELVES
 SINNERS AND SELL-OUTS WILL KNOW, I TRUST
 WE ARE THE SERPENTS OF HELL
 WE ARE THE ONES WHO SET THIS COUNTRY FREE
 WE ARE THE MEN WHO RISKED OUR LIVES
 KILLING IS WHAT WE DO AND WHO WE BE
 IN POOLS OF BLOOD WE LIKE TO DIVE, AND...

Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN

Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: BEFORE THE GUILTY CRAWL

Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: LET ONLY ONE GO DOWN

Guerrillas: THIS VENGEANCE MUST BE HAD AND ONLY ONE MUST FALL!

Cobra: WE ARE ONE JUDGE AND JURY

Guerrillas: DON'T FUCK WITH US

Cobra: EVERY CASE ENDS IN FURY

Guerrillas: DON'T FUCK WITH US

Cobra: THERE ARE MANY WHO'VE TRIED TO

Guerrillas: BE SMART WITH US

Cobra: YOU WANT SOMEONE TO LIE TO

Guerrillas: DON'T START WITH US

Cobra: COZ WE'RE RIGHTEOUS AND STRONG

Guerrillas: [*Counterpoint*] SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: TO US YOU NOW BELONG

Guerrillas: [*Counterpoint*] DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN

Cobra: WE WILL SING A MIGHTY SONG

Guerrillas: [*Counterpoint*] SMITE! SMITE!

Cobra: AVENGING ALL YOUR WRONGS
 Guerrillas: [*Counterpoint*] BEFORE THE GUILTY CRAWL
 Cobra: IF YOU KILLED A MIGHTY SNAKE
 Guerrillas: [*Counterpoint*] SMITE! SMITE!
 Cobra: WE'LL BURN YOU AT THE STAKE
 Guerrillas: [*Counterpoint*] LET ONLY ONE GO DOWN
 Cobra: ONLY TRIAL IS BY FIRE
 Guerrillas: BRING ON THE BURNING TYRE
 Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!
 Cobra: DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN
 Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!
 Cobra: BEFORE THE GUILTY CRAWL
 Guerrillas: SMITE! SMITE!
 Cobra: LET ONLY ONE GO DOWN
 Guerrillas: THIS VENGEANCE MUST BE HAD AND ONLY ONE MUST FALL!
 Cobra: SO TELL US, DON'T THINK YOU CAN COMPEL US
 NOT TO KILL YOU, JUST TELL US
 WHICH ONE OF YOU HAS DONE THIS CRIME
 WE'D LIKE TO KILL YOU BOTH BUT JUST THIS TIME
 WE HAVE A VENGEANCE AND ONLY ONE GUILTY MUST DIE

[*End of song. Cobra steps forward*]

Cobra: Comrade Eve!
 Eve: Comrade Cobra.
 Cobra: It's been a long time, my dear.
 Eve: Not long enough.
 Cobra: [*Laughs*] I see you still have your old spunk. Is that a new friend?
 Eve: He is none of your concern.

- Cobra: Oh no, you are wrong there. Because, you see, there is a conspiracy between the two of you...
- Eve: You sound more like Dragon.
- Cobra: So?
- Eve: Are you not happy that he died? You always envied your commander. You envied my husband.
- Cobra: Ha! You call him your husband? Do you think we don't know what is going on here? If it were not for the many disgusting colonial fantasies of this man, our magicians would not have caught up with your dream trails and led us right here. Do you think you are the first black woman whose name has been soiled by this murungu's⁵ filthy midnight ejaculations?
- Eve: It is not wrong for a man to fantasize. But with me he has had more than fantasies.
- Cobra: Truly you are now a whore. I can no longer call you by your Chimurenga name. Comrade Eve was the name of a woman who would be the mother to a nation. Now you will go back to the name of your upbringing – that name which you have not spoken since you left your home to join us in the struggle. *[Kneels down to her and articulates clearly]* Rudo.
- Adam: *[Looks at Eve]* Rudo? That's Shona for...
- Cobra: Love! *[Laughs]* Isn't that so, my Rudo? Your lover here knows the meaning of your name, despite his origins.
- Eve: Why don't you just do what you came here to do and stop wasting time with false trials? You know that I am the one who killed your commander.
- Cobra: So it *was* you?
- Adam: What? No! Bullshit! She didn't do it...
- Eve: What did you expect after the way he treated me?
- Adam: She's lying! She didn't kill him!

⁵ 'White person', sometimes 'boss', - often, though not necessarily, used scornfully

Eve: Be quiet, Adam!

Adam: [*To Eve*] No, you be quiet! [*To Cobra*] Look, man, she didn't kill her own husband. Come on. Why would a girl do that? I did it. I'm the guilty one.

Cobra: [*Amused*] What is this now? Are these two little lovebirds trying to protect each other?

Eve: [*to Cobra*] Does this man look like a fierce killer to you? See how scared he is.

Adam: [*to Cobra*] Now you look here, you... bloody... black man.... I am the colonialist and I killed your leader.... that's right, I fucked him up good, and... I will take you all one by one... or all at once...

Cobra: You are right. He is pathetic.

Adam: Eve, you can't do this! [*Starts to break down*] Please, Eve. Please. Don't do this. It's my crime. I must pay for it.

Eve: Are you going to fool yourself just to kill a white man? You knew my marriage with Dragon was dead.

Adam: Shut up, dammit... shut up...

Eve: Now you see that I am a whore for the imperialist. I betrayed my husband, and betrayed you before you even had a chance with me.

Adam: No... no...

Eve: Kill me for Dragon's vengeance, and leave this white man alone. Let this story end.

Adam: No....

Cobra: [*To Eve*] You are a liar and a traitor. But if we kill the wrong person, and let the guilty go, Dragon's blood will stain *us*. So here is what we will do. We will inflict deadly wounds upon both of you, and leave you here to bleed. Then the Spirits themselves can decide whose blood they will take to equalize the debt. By nature's own judgment, the innocent will surely live, and the guilty will surely die. [*To audience*] And now, ladies and gentlemen, we will show you a real African Marxist discipline, straight from the good old days. This is truly spectacular stuff that they don't put on postcards. So please, do pay attention.

► **TRACK 14: 'KANGAROO COURT'**

[Once again, Cobra leads the song, during which Guerrillas grotesquely molest and brutalize their captives with hugely comical actions and gestures. Adam and Eve remain silent, helpless victims throughout]

Cobra: ALL YOU MEN, GATHER ROUND
FOR THE SCAPEGOAT WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR IS FOUND
SO WE HUDDLE; YEAH WE HUBBUB
IS IT THIS MAN WHO'S OUR MONSTER?

Guerrillas: *[Gasp]!*

Cobra: CALM YOURSELVES; HE'S NO THREAT
WHEN IT COMES TO BRUTAL YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET
SHALL WE BURN HIM TO DETERMINE
IF THIS MAN IS OUR MONSTER?

Guerrillas: THIS MAN IS OUR MONSTER!
THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!
THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!

Cobra: FIRST THING'S FIRST LET'S REVIEW THE EVIDENCE

Guerrillas: THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!

Cobra: POKE HIS HEAD FOR SIGNS OF DEGENERESCENCE

Guerrillas: THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!

Cobra: CHECK HIS MANHOOD FOR LOSS OF INNOCENCE

Guerrillas: THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!
SON YOU'RE IN SHIT NOW IN THE KANGAROO COURT TODAY
TODAY...

Cobra: OH, BUT WAIT; THERE IS MORE
IS IT POSSIBLE THE GUILTY IS THIS TRAITOR-WHORE?

TIME TO HUDDLE; STILL MORE HUBBUB
 COULD A GIRL BE OUR MONSTER?

Guerrillas: [Gasp]!

Cobra: OH RELAX! SHE'S NO SWEAT
 WHEN IT COMES TO TORTURE you know what a *woman* gets!
 FIRST TO TAKE HER – ANY TAKERS?
 IF THIS GIRL IS OUR MONSTER

Guerrillas: THIS GIRL IS OUR MONSTER!
 THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!
 THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!

Cobra: FIRST THING'S FIRST LET'S SEE HOW SHE SPREADS HER LEGS

Guerrillas: THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!

Cobra: SURE SHE'S USED BUT WE'LL GO TO BED WITH DREGS

Guerrillas: THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!

Cobra: PUT YOURS IN HER TILL SHE GOES RED AND BEGS

Guerrillas: THE KANGAROO COURT! THE KANGAROO COURT!
 BITCH YOU'RE IN SHIT NOW IN THE KANGAROO COURT TODAY
 TODAY...

[During first instrumental change, a more seriously violent demeanour replaces the previous comic outbursts of the Guerrillas as they dance menacingly around Adam and Eve with intensely ritualistic choreography that is heavy on 'tribal' foot stamping and harsh arm movements]

Guerrillas: OH... PASI NAYE!⁶ OH... PASI NAYE!
 OH... PASI NAYE! OH... PASI NAYE!
 OH... PASI NAYE! OH... PASI NAYE!

⁶ 'Down with him/her', or 'to the ground with him/her' – a literal death sentence

OH... PASI NAYE! OH... PASI NAYE!

[The last 'pasi naye' is a sinister whisper, which trails off into second instrumental change, as the entire stage is swallowed by darkness. Ultraviolet light reveals ultraviolet ink graphics on masks – held by each Serpent – of serpentine faces with evil eyes and jagged mouths, which hang in the darkness while on screen historical photographs of Zimbabwean wartime atrocities are projected. As instrumental and images end simultaneously, the glowing faces in the dark also vanish like ghosts. A slow return to light shows Adam and Eve alone, mortally wounded. Adam painfully crawls to Eve, who stays in place. When he reaches her, he tries to take her into his arms, but it is too painful for both of them. He lies beside her and cries feebly for some seconds]

Eve: Adam...

[Adam heaves himself up to have his face over hers]

Adam: It's okay, Eve... they're gone now... we'll be fine, Eve... we'll be fine....

Eve: Adam... it is time...

Adam: No... no, Eve... we're going to survive... we're soldiers.... remember?
Soldiers...

Eve: Adam...

Adam: Shh... don't worry, my babe... just... don't worry...

Eve: I'm... sorry... Adam...

Adam: Shh...

Eve: My... mother... is waiting...

Adam: No... no... no, Eve... your mother can wait longer... you hear me? You're not going anywhere... you hear me... you're not... going... anywhere... Eve... Eve, just fight, girl... fight... fight, dammit, fight...

Eve: No... no more... fighting...

Adam: Eve, please... I can't do this without you... I can't live... I can't... not without you... please...

[Eve raises her arm and slaps Adam feebly. He holds her hand against his cheek]

Eve: Act... like a man... when you're near me...

[Adam laughs sorrowfully]

Eve: I... love you... Adam... I love you...

Adam: I know... I knew... I love you too...

[She dies. Adam collapses in tears and wails. Slow blackout]

SCENE 7

► **TRACK 15: 'ABSURD'**

[The sudden amplified sounds of a thunderstorm, eerie, cold wind and calm spring, respectively, suggest the passing of seasons in a seamless sequence attached to, and blending continuously into, the song soundtrack. As musical instrumentation begins, light rises on Adam, smartly dressed, carrying a modest bouquet of flowers in one hand. On screen is a close-up image of a tombstone engraving that says: 'Eve. Mother of a Nation. Respected Comrade. Rudo. Lover of a Man. Beloved Woman']

Adam: EVERYDAY I FEEL I'M ALL ALONE
 EVERYDAY I FEEL I'M FAR FROM HOME
 EVERYDAY I FEEL NOTHING'S THE SAME
 THE WEATHER'S ALWAYS COLD FROM DAY TO NIGHT

CONVERSATIONS WITH MY PEERS JUST TRITE
 FOOD HAS LOST ITS TASTE – NOTHING’S THE SAME
 THIS MAN I’VE ALWAYS BEEN; NOW WHEN I LOOK AT ME
 SEEMS ABSURD
 SO BLAND, FOR ALL I’VE SEEN, FOR ALL THOSE BOOKS BY ME
 IT’S ALL JUST WORDS
 EVER SINCE YOU CAME INTO MY LIFE
 SHOWED ME HOW YOU’VE LIVED AND ALL YOUR STRIFE
 EVERYTHING I AM FEELS LIKE A JOKE
 AND NOW THE WEATHER’S COLD, ESPECIALLY NIGHTS
 WHEN ALL I WANNA DO IS HOLD YOU TIGHT
 BUT YOUR FLAME IS OUT, NOTHING BUT SMOKE
 THIS MAN I’VE ALWAYS BEEN; NOW WHEN I LOOK AT ME
 SEEMS ABSURD
 SO BLAND, FOR ALL I’VE SEEN, FOR ALL THOSE BOOKS BY ME
 IT’S ALL JUST WORDS
 THIS MAN I’VE ALWAYS BEEN; NOW WHEN I LOOK AT ME
 SEEMS ABSURD
 SO BLAND, FOR ALL I’VE SEEN, FOR ALL THOSE BOOKS BY ME
 IT’S ALL JUST WORDS... ALL JUST WORDS...

[As song continues, Adam kneels to place the bouquet at the edge of the stage while the Spirits slowly appear around him, unnoticed. As Adam returns to standing position, he remains unaware of their presence]

Adam: TIMES HAVE CHANGED FOR THE WORSE I WOULD ARGUE
 THE WHOLE WORLD’S DERANGED
 AND THE CURSE IS MY WORLD-VIEW
 COZ EVER SINCE YOUR LOVE TOOK OVER

NOTHING BUT YOUR LOVE TAKES OVER
 SOME MIGHT SAY THAT YOU LED ME ASTRAY
 THAT WE MET ON AN ILL-FATED DAY
 BUT WHAT WOULD THEY KNOW?

Spirits: EVER SINCE HER LOVE TOOK OVER
 Adam: [*Counterpoint*] THEY NEVER TASTED LOVE WHEN BLOOD FLOWS
 Spirits: NOTHING BUT THE LOVE TAKES OVER
 Adam: [*Counterpoint*] SO SWEET WAS THIS
 Spirits: EVER SINCE HER LOVE TOOK OVER
 Adam: [*Counterpoint*] STRANGE LOVE – PUT IN WORDS MORE SUCCINCT
 Spirits: NOTHING BUT THE LOVE TAKES OVER
 Adam: [*Counterpoint*] THIS KILLER INSTINCT!
 Spirits: EVER SINCE HER LOVE TOOK OVER
 NOTHING BUT THE LOVE TAKES OVER
 Adam: [*Counterpoint*] THIS IS A WAR!
 Spirits: EVER SINCE HER LOVE TOOK OVER
 NOTHING BUT THE LOVE TAKES OVER
 Adam: THE WAR THAT SOON BECAME MY LOVE
 Spirits: [*Counterpoint*] EVER SINCE HER LOVE TOOK OVER
 NOTHING BUT THE LOVE TAKES OVER
 Adam: THIS WAR THAT WAS YOUR NAME, MY LOVE
 Spirits: [*Counterpoint*] EVER SINCE HER LOVE TOOK OVER
 NOTHING BUT THE LOVE TAKES OVER

[End of song and image. HONDO DRUMS beat solemnly as lighting changes to a murkier atmosphere and Chasarandi appears. HONDO DRUMS stop. Adam turns to see Chasarandi, then turns away in anger. Pause]

Chasarandi: You look unwell, white man.

Adam: Why did you do this to me? Why did you take her away?

Chasarandi: I did not take her away. Time took her away.

Adam: Time?

Chasarandi: History can be cruel in that way.

Adam: You bloody bastard. I loved her!

Chasarandi: She does not belong in the future. You do.

Adam: Why me?

Chasarandi: Because you can tell her story.

Adam: Why couldn't she live to tell her own story?

Chasarandi: She did not have your expertise.

Adam: I would have helped her.

Chasarandi: Then it would not have been *her* story.

Adam: And how will it be her story now?

Chasarandi: It won't.

Adam: [*Explodes with anger*] So what's the point? Why have you put me through all this? And why do you keep making me run circles around your fucking riddles? I want to know why she died!

Chasarandi: Cheeky mortal! You do not question....

Adam: I am a historian! I question whatever the fuck I want! That's what I do. I question. You think you can frighten me? I am not afraid of you! I don't even know who you are.

Chasarandi: Then why do you not fear me?

Adam: Because I don't fear what I don't know. I confront it.

Chasarandi: Curiosity.

Adam: That's right.

Chasarandi: Then be curious, Adam the historian. Know yourself now as you have not known yourself before.

Adam: What do you mean by that?

Chasarandi: Find out.

[Chasarandi takes out a pen, an identical image of which is projected on screen, and holds it out to Adam]

Adam: What the hell am I supposed to do with that?

Chasarandi: You decide.

[Pause. Adam takes the pen. Pause]

Adam: So who are you anyway?

Chasarandi: If you knew, would you fear me?

Adam: I don't do fear. You'll have to consult a demagogue.

Chasarandi: I am Chasarandi, the intoxicator.

Adam: Never heard of you.

Chasarandi: Research.

[Blackout and end image. HONDO DRUMS hit a short, spacious march, then stop]

SCENE 8

[Focused light on Adam at (imaginary) lectern, smartly dressed, talking to audience]

Adam: The 1970s were a time of extremes of hope and despair for the Zimbabwean people, as a nation born through colonization, and divided by race, was being reborn through music, spirits, nationalism, and war. Many stories have been told of this time. I myself have written several books about it. My reason for calling this press conference, however, is to announce my retirement from the academic profession, since I feel that I am now adequately fulfilled by my contributions, and there are other, brilliant, and young historians out there who

will continue the good work. This is not to say that I will not tell stories anymore. My next project will be a play, set against the historical backdrop of the Chimurenga Struggle – a fable, about a young girl who became a revolutionary, a commander; and a young boy whose life she changed, and who became a man. A Hondo Love Story.

EPILOGUE

▶ **TRACK 16: ‘SACRIFICE’**

[As song intro begins, Adam fades into darkness as Eve emerges centre stage in angelic light wearing ancestral garments, which give her the appearance of a Spirit Being. Subdued in the dimness around her brilliance are the faintly visible shapes of the Spirits]

Eve: AFTER THE EARTH IS FILLED FROM ALL THE HEAVENS’ WEEPING
 AND THE BLOOD OF THE FALLEN WASHED FROM MEMORY
 THE LIVING SHALL MARCH FROM HILLS OF WAR
 TO FIELDS OF REAPING
 THAT FLOOD WITH THE DREAMS OF YOUNG ONES BORN TO FREE
 AND THOSE THAT HAVE WORDS TO SPEAK MAY SPEAK
 TO THOSE THAT HAVE HEARTS TO RECEIVE AND TO ANSWER
 NONE WILL EVER LIVE IN FEAR OF BEING SILENCED
 YES THOSE THAT HAVE WORDS TO SPEAK MAY SPEAK
 AND THOSE THAT WERE HEROES MAY AGE INTO DANCERS
 WHEN TOMORROW’S LOVE LEAVES YESTERDAY’S VIOLENCE
 WHEN STORIES ARE ALL WE NEED SACRIFICE
 FOR OUR PEOPLE TO BE SAVED
 THESE STORIES ARE ALL WE NEED KILL AND DIE
 FOR OUR PEOPLE TO BE SAVED

AND SO REMEMBER

Spirits: SO REMEMBER

Eve: THERE'S A VOICE IN EVERY SPIRIT

Spirits: THERE'S A VOICE IN EVERY SPIRIT

Eve: AND A SPIRIT

All: IN EVERY VOICE

Eve: AND WHEN YOU LET IT SING – OH!

Spirits: [*Counterpoint*] OH... AH...

Eve: THAT'S WHEN YOU KNOW THAT
 YOU HAVE A CHOICE; YOU HAVE A CHOICE
 WHEN STORIES ARE ALL WE NEED SACRIFICE
 FOR OUR PEOPLE TO BE SAVED
 THESE STORIES ARE ALL WE NEED KILL AND DIE
 FOR OUR PEOPLE TO BE SAVED
 STORIES ARE ALL WE NEED SACRIFICE
 FOR OUR PEOPLE TO BE SAVED
 STORIES ARE ALL WE NEED KILL AND DIE
 FOR OUR PEOPLE TO BE SAVED
 WHEN THE STORM IS OVER

Spirits: THE STORM IS OVER

Eve: THE STORM IS OVER

Spirits: YEAH, YEAH, OOH...

Eve: [*Counterpoint*] WE'LL BE PURIFIED; BE PURIFIED; BE PURIFIED
 WHEN THE WORLD IS REBORN

Spirits: THE WORLD IS REBORN

Eve: THE WORLD IS REBORN

Spirits: YEAH, YEAH, OOH...

Eve: [*Counterpoint*] NO ONE LIVES TO DIE; NO LIVE TO DIE;
 NO LIVE TO DIE

WHEN THE STORM IS OVER

Spirits: THE STORM IS OVER

Eve: THE STORM IS OVER

Spirits: YEAH, YEAH, OOH...

Eve: [*Counterpoint*] WE'LL BE PURIFIED; BE PURIFIED; BE PURIFIED

WHEN THE WORLD IS REBORN

Spirits: THE WORLD IS REBORN

Eve: THE WORLD IS REBORN

Spirits: YEAH, YEAH, OOH...

Eve: [*Counterpoint*] NO ONE LIVES TO DIE; NO LIVE TO DIE;

NO LIVE TO DIE

[*Blackout as song ends*]

► **TRACK 17: (FINALE)**

[*Light on empty stage as music intro plays. Performers enter systematically for their bows, complete the process and leave before music ends. Curtain*]

END