



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS
International General Certificate of Secondary Education

DRAMA

0411/12/T/PRE

Paper 1 Set Text

May/June 2013

PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

To be given to candidates on receipt by the Centre.

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the three stimuli and on the extract from Athol Fugard's play *Nongogo* provided in this booklet.

You may do any preparatory work that is considered appropriate. It is recommended that you perform the extract, at least informally.

You will **not** be permitted to take this copy of the text **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination. A clean copy of the text will be provided with the Question Paper.



This document consists of **30** printed pages and **2** blank pages.



STIMULI

You are required to produce a short piece of drama on each stimulus in preparation for your written examination. Questions will be asked on **each** of the stimuli and will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

- 1 Family matters
- 2 A long-distance call
- 3 First prize!

EXTRACT**Taken from *Nongogo*, by Athol Fugard**

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

Athol Fugard's play *Nongogo* was first performed in Johannesburg, South Africa, in 1959. It reflects the political situation under apartheid in that country, a regime that was in place between 1948 and 1994, by which black citizens were segregated from white citizens, and were often reduced to living in very poor 'townships'.

The play is set in a shebeen, which is a small, unlicensed and illegal drinking place. Shebeens were important in unifying communities and were run by black women known as 'queens', for whom this represented some financial independence.

The extract consists of the whole of Act One, and the first scene of Act Two. You may find it useful to know that in the final scene of Act Two (not included in this extract), Johnny's dream of being successful in business with Queeny vanishes when he learns of her past as a prostitute (a *nongogo*) and that Sam was her pimp.

Note: *Ja* = Yes (Afrikaans)

Characters

JOHNNY	A young salesman
QUEENY	A shebeen proprietress in her forties
BLACKIE	Her hanger-on
SAM	A friend of Queeny's
PATRICK	One of Queeny's customers

ACT ONE

QUEENY's shebeen in one of the townships around Johannesburg. The time is late Friday afternoon. The room is small, with two doors—one at the back leading onto the street, the other on stage-right leading into a kitchen, which is not seen. There is one window looking onto the street.

The furniture includes a divan at the back which is curtained off to suggest an alcove. There are also a table, chairs, a sideboard, and a dressing table. The furniture is expensive by township standards but nevertheless there is a suggestion of slovenliness about the room. The window curtains, for example, are nondescript, while those separating the divan from the rest of the room have a few rings missing and hang askew. There is no order or pattern to the ornaments and oddments in the room. Odd articles of female clothing are scattered about. 5
10

As the scene opens the room appears empty; the curtains surrounding the divan are drawn. Street noises are heard from outside. Then someone knocks at the door and gets no answer. The door, pushed lightly from outside, swings open and JOHNNY comes in. He is a young man, neatly but quietly dressed. An open collar and loose tie suggest a hot day. He is carrying a suitcase. He looks around, sees nobody, and is just about to leave when something about the room attracts his attention. He comes back and looks at the table, runs a finger along it, and whistles approvingly. He is examining the sideboard when one of the curtains round the divan is drawn back roughly and QUEENY sticks out her head. She is in her forties; a woman of powerful personality; what must have been tremendous beauty in her youth now shows the signs of age. She is a personification of the room: the very best but neglected. 15
20

QUEENY: [rudely] What do you want?
JOHNNY: Sorry ... The door was open and ...
QUEENY: And you just walked in! 25
JOHNNY: Yes ... But I did knock.
QUEENY: Okay. Now walk out just as quietly. I only start selling at seven.
JOHNNY: [bewildered] Selling?
QUEENY: You heard me. Seven. Either stay thirsty until then or find some other place ... There's enough of them. 30
JOHNNY: [recognizing the room] I see. A shebeen.
QUEENY: I said seven o'clock.
JOHNNY: I don't want a drink.
QUEENY: Get out!
JOHNNY: [trying to calm her down] Look ... Let me explain ... 35
QUEENY: [going to the window and calling into the street] Blackie! Blackie!
JOHNNY: Who's Blackie?
QUEENY: You'll find out.
JOHNNY: [bending down to his suitcase] All I wanted ... 40
[He gets no further. The door opens and BLACKIE comes in. An ugly hunchback, about twenty-three, his arms hang loose at his sides like those of a large ape.]
BLACKIE: What's the matter?
QUEENY: [points at JOHNNY and then turns her back] Him! 45
JOHNNY: [retreating before the menacing figure of BLACKIE who comes towards him] I didn't know this was a shebeen ... and I don't drink ... All I wanted to do is try and sell you a table cloth.
QUEENY: [astonished] A what?
JOHNNY: A table cloth. I sell table cloths. 50
QUEENY: [suspicious] Are you fooling?
BLACKIE: [threatening] Get out!
[JOHNNY turns to QUEENY imploringly. BLACKIE hesitates.

	QUEENY <i>pauses for a second, looks carefully at JOHNNY, then gestures to BLACKIE to leave.</i>	55
BLACKIE:	<i>[pausing at the door and looking suspiciously at JOHNNY]</i> I'll be outside. <i>[He exits.]</i>	
JOHNNY:	What was that?	
QUEENY:	A friend.	
JOHNNY:	<i>[incredulous]</i> A friend? ... You mean a watchdog. Just like the whites. Only you don't have a notice on your door.	60
QUEENY:	You shouldn't frighten people.	
JOHNNY:	Frighten?	
QUEENY:	Coming in here like you was up to no good.	
JOHNNY:	<i>[shaking his head]</i> Me? ... Frightening people? ... Up to no good? All I do is sell table cloths. Which reminds me ... It's not a very big range, only red and blue, but the colours don't run.	65
QUEENY:	What do I want with a table cloth?	
JOHNNY:	For your table. Look, that's good wood. <i>[He examines the table closely.]</i> ... And here, see! Stains! I say, it's essential for a respectable shebeen with a good table like this to have one of my table cloths.	70
	<i>[QUEENY has been watching him carefully. She starts smiling and at the end of his little sales talk bursts into laughter. Her personality changes ... the moody, aggressive person is gone.]</i>	75
JOHNNY:	<i>[responding immediately]</i> You don't laugh very often, do you?	
QUEENY:	<i>[stopping abruptly]</i> Why do you say that?	
JOHNNY:	I never expected it.	
QUEENY:	<i>[The aggression returns.]</i> Why don't you go sell your table cloths?	80
JOHNNY:	<i>[wearily]</i> Ja, I suppose I'd better. Where's the best part to try?	
QUEENY:	You mean has anybody got any money? <i>[JOHNNY nods.]</i> Nobody's got any money over here.	
JOHNNY:	Except you ... and you got it all.	85
QUEENY:	Look ...	
JOHNNY:	It's true, isn't it?	
QUEENY:	Better watch your tongue if you want to stay out of trouble.	
JOHNNY:	I'm always getting that advice ... and quite often the trouble. But I can't help it. It's what you see that starts you talking and I see just the same as other folks, don't I? <i>[Gesturing towards the room.]</i> But then maybe I don't ... Like your laugh. Maybe other people never seen that.	90
QUEENY:	<i>[turning away]</i> Maybe not. <i>[Pause.]</i> No, not many people have seen that.	95
JOHNNY:	You should show it off. It's good. <i>[QUEENY turns and looks at JOHNNY. It is a split second of embarrassment. JOHNNY picks up his suitcase.]</i> Anyways ...	
QUEENY:	Look, maybe I like the way you speak. Have a drink on the house.	100
JOHNNY:	I don't drink.	
QUEENY:	Cup of coffee?	
JOHNNY:	Thanks ... but I'd better try selling or I won't be able to buy myself one tonight.	
QUEENY:	That's right ... I forgot. You sell table cloths. You know, maybe I do need one after all.	105
JOHNNY:	<i>[hopefully]</i> You think so?	
QUEENY:	Ja, a blue one.	
JOHNNY:	No!	

QUEENY:	What do you mean, no?	110
JOHNNY:	The red one.	
QUEENY:	<i>[bewildered]</i> The red one?	
JOHNNY:	Yes. It suits this room much better.	
QUEENY:	You think so?	
JOHNNY:	<i>[enthusiastic]</i> Of course. It's a good strong colour ... it matches you. These things go together, you know. <i>[Explaining.]</i> Look, if you were buying a scarf or something you'd match it, wouldn't you ... see that it goes with your best dress or something like that? <i>[QUEENY nods in agreement.]</i> Well, same thing in the house, and this red is your colour.	115
QUEENY:	All right, a red one. How much?	120
JOHNNY:	Five bob.	
QUEENY:	There.	
JOHNNY:	My first sale today.	
QUEENY:	Maybe you'll sell four in the next street.	125
JOHNNY:	Maybe. Anyway, thanks.	
QUEENY:	Okay ... Now don't go frightening people or you won't sell any. <i>[She is trying to delay his departure.]</i> Hey, look ... when you finish tonight come around and have that cup of coffee.	
JOHNNY:	Don't know if I can. I gotta catch the bus back to Alex.	130
QUEENY:	Tomorrow?	
JOHNNY:	I won't be back after tonight. Looks like nobody wants table cloths except you. Anyway, thanks.	
	<i>[JOHNNY exits. QUEENY looks blankly at the door that has closed in her face. She is alone. She is alone again. She sits down on the divan, takes out a cigarette, lights it, and puffs away thoughtfully for a few minutes. Then she gets up and goes across to the mirror and examines her face carefully, running a finger over a few lines. She stubs out her cigarette in disgust and returns to the divan, only to light another and surrender herself to the boredom which JOHNNY's entrance and exit have now highlighted. The door opens and BLACKIE comes in. He stands there, looking at her, waiting for a word. He gets none. He hobbles a little closer.]</i>	135
BLACKIE:	He's gone. <i>[QUEENY nods her head.]</i> I saw him go down the street. <i>[Pause.]</i> I followed him a little way to make sure he wasn't coming back.	140
QUEENY:	<i>[sharply]</i> I told you to leave him alone!	
BLACKIE:	<i>[hurt]</i> You said nothing.	
QUEENY:	<i>[irritable]</i> Well I'm telling you now.	150
BLACKIE:	<i>[sees the red table cloth and picks it up]</i> Why'd you buy this?	
QUEENY:	<i>[jumps up and takes it away from him]</i> Because I wanted it, that's why.	
BLACKIE:	<i>[trying to please]</i> I can get you better.	
QUEENY:	I wanted this one. It matches the room.	155
BLACKIE:	He said that.	
QUEENY:	<i>[angry]</i> You been listening at the door again!	
BLACKIE:	You was speaking loudly.	
QUEENY:	Your mind is like your body. <i>[He starts whimpering like a dog.]</i> Shut up. Anyway, if he said it or I said it makes no difference. It does sort of fit in with everything.	160
BLACKIE:	I'll bring you a better one tonight. I got a job at Houghton. I'll bring you the best cloths they got in the house.	
QUEENY:	All you'll ever bring me is trouble. They'll catch you one day.	
BLACKIE:	I'll bring you something nice.	165

QUEENY:	If I want anything I can buy it. There are people that do that, you know; who earn what they get and buy what they want. Not like me and you ... or Sam over there. This fellow [<i>points to the table cloth</i>] ... he's living honest.	
BLACKIE:	[<i>gloomily</i>] He'll die poor.	170
QUEENY:	You think that worries him?	
BLACKIE:	Why do you like him?	
QUEENY:	[<i>sharply</i>] Who said anything about liking? A man comes in here selling table cloths and I buy one. Is that so strange? [BLACKIE <i>looks at her.</i>] Anyway he's not like everything else. He made me laugh. Have you ever made me laugh?	175
BLACKIE:	I'll bring you something good tonight.	
QUEENY:	[<i>ignoring him</i>] I like talking to him. [<i>She is holding the cloth, thinking, prepared to put it onto the table.</i>]	
BLACKIE:	He said he's not coming back.	180
	[QUEENY <i>stops arranging the cloth. The truth of the words hits her, she pulls the cloth off and throws it into a corner. She goes back to the divan, takes another cigarette.</i>]	
BLACKIE:	I seen the house we doing tonight. The girl there is a friend. She let me in the other day. They got lots of things; a big clock like the church, that sings the time. You want that? Or pictures ... just so big ... ? I'll bring it to you. Just tell me what you want.	185
QUEENY:	[<i>with pity</i>] It's not your fault, is it, Blackie?	
BLACKIE:	What do you mean?	190
QUEENY:	That you're the way you are.	
BLACKIE:	I'm strong, in my arms.	
QUEENY:	[<i>ignoring what he has said</i>] And the same for me. I don't suppose it's my fault, or even Sam's. [<i>Pause.</i>] Then who ... who the hell do you swear at and hate?	195
	[<i>There is a knock at the door.</i>]	
QUEENY:	Who's there?	
SAM:	[<i>from outside</i>] Me.	
QUEENY:	It's open.	
	[SAM <i>comes in. He is about the same age as QUEENY, but meticulously dressed where she is inclined to be slovenly. He is a large and self-assured man full of the sort of confidence that a little money breeds. We see him mopping his face with a white handkerchief. In his movements about the room he frequently stops in front of the mirror for inspection and small adjustments to his clothing.</i>]	200
SAM:	They'll be thirsty tomorrow.	
QUEENY:	They're always thirsty.	
SAM:	<i>Ja</i> , but this weather and pay day will make a difference. You got enough?	210
QUEENY:	No such thing as enough in the townships. If there was I'd be out of business.	
SAM:	But I mean for tomorrow. [QUEENY <i>lifts her shoulders in an indifferent gesture.</i>] I got a case out in the car.	
QUEENY:	What's it?	215
SAM:	Half and half ... gin and brandy.	
QUEENY:	What's your profit, Sam?	
SAM:	Come on, I give it to you cheap. If it was somebody else they'd pay all right, but with you it's different.	
QUEENY:	[<i>laughs bitterly</i>] I been with you too long, Sam, to believe that. Still it's nice to hear you say it.	220

SAM: I like doing business with you, Queeny.
 QUEENY: I don't like bargaining.
 SAM: That's because you know you always get your bargain from me. 225
 QUEENY: Okay, bring it in.
 SAM: [*turning to BLACKIE who has been sitting in a corner*] Hey! Get it out of the car!
 QUEENY: [*coming to BLACKIE's defence*] His name is Blackie, just like yours is Sam and mine is Queeny. 230
 SAM: Get it out of the car, Blackie ... please! [*The last word for QUEENY's benefit. BLACKIE goes out.*] Satisfied?
 QUEENY: Ask him. You were speaking to him.
 SAM: How long are you going to keep him hanging around?
 QUEENY: Why shouldn't I? 235
 SAM: Why? Because he's going to get us into trouble one day, that's why. Every time I see him he's fighting. He'll kill somebody one day.
 QUEENY: He won't if they leave him alone.
 SAM: Leave him alone! ... And him looking like God had the shakes when he made it. 240
 QUEENY: Okay! Let's just say I need him.
 SAM: You *need* him? That's a new one.
 QUEENY: Sure ... need him.
 SAM: What for? 245
 QUEENY: Protection.
 SAM: And what about me?
 QUEENY: What about you?
 SAM: Don't I protect you?
 QUEENY: Do you? 250
 SAM: All those years when we was together. Did any man ever get rough with you or beat you up?
 QUEENY: No, they never did that.
 SAM: So?
 QUEENY: So those years are past and better forgotten, and Blackie stays around because it's nice to have a man around. 255
 SAM: [*bursting into laughter*] A man!
 QUEENY: [*quietly*] He'll hear you one day, Sam.
 SAM: You think I'm frightened?
 [BLACKIE comes in with the case of liquor from the car. He puts it down and Sam takes over packing away the bottles.] 260
 BLACKIE: [*shuffling up to QUEENY*] I'm going.
 QUEENY: Okay.
 BLACKIE: It's a good job. 265
 QUEENY: You said that already.
 BLACKIE: Don't you want the clock?
 QUEENY: If I did I would buy one.
 BLACKIE: But I can get this for nothing.
 QUEENY: You don't get anything for nothing in this world ... even if you steal it you don't get it for nothing. 270
 BLACKIE: They won't catch me.
 QUEENY: [*contemptuously*] They? Who are they? Anyway if they do catch you, tell them to go to hell with my regards.
 [BLACKIE does not understand. He waits uncertainly for QUEENY to say something else ... something he will understand. When she doesn't, he leaves. Sam has finished] 275

	<i>packing away the liquor. He pours a drink and then joins QUEENY.]</i>	
SAM:	Did I say enough? You know, you got enough there to start an off-sales. Don't you keep no record of the stuff you get in and what you sell? [QUEENY <i>doesn't think the question worth replying to.</i>] You know, Queeny, it's all wrong. It goes right against my sense ...	280
QUEENY:	... of good business.	285
SAM:	<i>Ja</i> , that's it. Like I told you ...	
QUEENY:	You told me once too often, Sam.	
SAM:	But that's because you won't listen. Now take me and my shop. It's all down in the books. If I want to know how much I'm making, I take up the books and there it is ... in black and white.	290
	[SAM <i>has got quite excited about the subject of good business. QUEENY is looking at him directly.</i>]	
QUEENY:	You like your shop, Sam.	
SAM:	I waited for it a long time, Queeny. You know that. Like you waited for this.	295
QUEENY:	<i>Ja</i> , but it's different. You and your shop and me and this.	
SAM:	Nonsense. In the old days when we were ... you know what I mean ... I used to talk about the shop and you used to talk about having your own shebeen. It was just the same. And we both got what we wanted. I bet if you kept books you'd find you was making more than me.	300
QUEENY:	That only means I'm making good money. It doesn't make anything else the same.	
SAM:	What else is important?	305
QUEENY:	You haven't changed, Sam.	
SAM:	If you mean I still believe in this ... [<i>rubbing his thumb and forefinger together to indicate money</i>] you're right. That's the only difference between the full belly I got now and an empty one, between these clothes and rags. And look at you. You got this. What did you have in the old days? This is what we worked for and this is what we got. So let's be happy.	310
QUEENY:	Is it as easy as that?	
SAM:	What more do you want? Show me another woman around here with half of what you got.	315
QUEENY:	What about the things they got that I haven't?	
SAM:	Such as?	
QUEENY:	A man.	
SAM:	[<i>bursts into rude laughter</i>] Didn't you have enough ...? [<i>A deadly look from QUEENY kills the laugh.</i>] Well you know what I mean. What's the matter with you? A man. You'll be saying a home next, with kids ... and then you've had it. We got no complaints, Queeny. We live comfortable ... no attachments ... We're free ...	320
QUEENY:	Free!	325
SAM:	Yes, free. Who is telling you what to do or where to go? Nobody.	
QUEENY:	I might even like that for a change.	
SAM:	A change?	
QUEENY:	Yes ... a change from this. You think this is so very different from the old days? Well let me tell you it's not. You just seen the outside. You don't know what it's really like. I still sit around waiting for the night; I still spend the whole day painting my	330

nails, only now it's not so nice any more 'cause my hands are getting fat ... Fat and a little more money. But what else? Nothin'. Just wait for the night and the usual crowd so I can take their money off them and get a little more rich and a little more fat. You never thought of it like that, have you, Sam? But you wouldn't know. Even in the old days you didn't know. 335

SAM: I looked after the money. If it hadn't been for me where would you have been? 340

QUEENY: In the gutter most likely ... but who cares? *Ja*, that's something else ... who cares? Who cares a damn?

SAM: I would.

QUEENY: Sure! You'd shake your head for five minutes and then put somebody else in here 'cause you like your drinks nice and handy. 345

SAM: You believe that?

QUEENY: Am I wrong?

SAM: After all we been through together? 350

QUEENY: *You* been through? You don't know half of it. You still don't and you're not getting any wiser.
[*Now at the window.*] When I stand here during the day I can see you in the shop, talking like hell to somebody, getting all excited 'cause there's a chance of selling something. And inside here it's quiet and empty and everything is waiting for the night. When I look at you I think: he's forgotten. Maybe there wasn't so much for *him* to forget. I almost hate you when I think that, Sam, I almost hate you. 355

SAM: You got the blues bad, Queeny. 360

QUEENY: Blues? You think I'm going to wake up when tomorrow comes and think life's any better? Anyway, what's it like out there, are they still asking questions?

SAM: You know people: What's her real name? Where does she come from? But they're not getting any wiser. 365
[*Their conversation is interrupted by a knock on the door. SAM opens it and lets in PATRICK. The newcomer is about the same age as SAM but has a false-friendly manner and is over-eager to please: the true 'little man'. He is shabbily dressed.*]

PATRICK: Hello, Sam ... Queeny. 370

SAM: How's the wife?

PATRICK: [*The expansive smile fades.*] Okay ... okay ... It's started.

QUEENY: [*making no attempt to conceal her dislike of the man*] Shouldn't you be with her?

SAM: Leave him alone. Don't you know what a man's like when his wife is having a baby? 375

QUEENY: If he's the man, the answer is going to be drunk.

SAM: It's a big thing for a man. Patrick just wants a tot to steady his nerves.

PATRICK: *Ja*, that's it. A tot to steady my nerves. 380

QUEENY: What you got to be nervous about?

SAM: It's his baby.

QUEENY: It's her fifth.

PATRICK: [*coming forward hopefully*] I got a bit of work today, Queeny. I can pay. [*He holds out a few coins in his hand.*] 385
[*QUEENY turns away in disgust at the interpretation he has placed on her reluctance to sell. PATRICK is left bewildered. SAM is not so slow. He dips into the outstretched hand and pushes PATRICK down into a chair.*]

SAM:	Sure you got money. The usual?	390
PATRICK:	<i>Ja.</i> [SAM serves him with a drink and then comes over to QUEENY.]	
SAM:	What's the matter with you? He paid.	
QUEENY:	And his wife?	395
SAM:	He said one drink.	
QUEENY:	One drink!	
SAM:	It's not your fault if he doesn't know when to stop.	
QUEENY:	I'm selling it.	
SAM:	So you don't sell it? He just goes three houses down and gets it there. You at least sell it to him straight from the bottle. You know how she dilutes. [<i>Pause.</i>] It's about time you started as well.	400
QUEENY:	What?	
SAM:	Diluting. Everybody in this line knows it's legitimate business to dilute a little. These new taxes is making it impossible to give your customers a decent drink at a low price. So you don't want to use water ... methylated spirits! That's got a kick and I can get you as much as you want through the shop. Even I been forced to start. That cheap line of coffee ... any case when you're down to buying that, you expect it. [<i>A few memories come back to SAM. He smiles and shakes his head.</i>]	405
	Water in the liquor! Pea-flour in the coffee! Times have changed.	410
QUEENY:	People were doing that long before we started.	415
SAM:	I mean us. Me and you. We sure got innocent. Because we scorched this town. We made them feel they was in hell.	
QUEENY:	I wasn't so far from feeling that myself at times.	
SAM:	You don't play with fire without picking up a few blisters. You know I read somewhere that when the world ends it's going to be with fire. If that's true you must have been the prophet of bad times.	420
QUEENY:	Why me?	
SAM:	You made it hot for a lot of men.	425
QUEENY:	I wasn't the only one.	
SAM:	I never met another woman that made men sweat like you did. Anyway, they can always say they had their taste of hell before dying.	
QUEENY:	What about me? Do you think it was my taste of heaven?	430
SAM:	I'm not saying you liked it.	
QUEENY:	I'm telling you I hated it.	
SAM:	We went through it together, Queeny. There's no need to tell me.	
QUEENY:	I'm not so sure about that any more.	435
SAM:	You're not trying to say I wasn't there with you?	
QUEENY:	You were there all right. But I haven't learnt how to laugh it off and call it the good old days; or how to forget it.	
PATRICK:	[<i>breaking into the conversation</i>] Say ... how about another tot before I go? [SAM gets up and fills PATRICK's glass. In the ensuing conversation QUEENY goes back to her divan, lights a cigarette, sits down and broods.]	440
SAM:	What you going to call the kid, Patrick?	
PATRICK:	You know I been sitting here thinking about that.	445

SAM: *[taking a tot for himself and sitting down]* Well let's hear the ideas. I never had no kids myself but I got good ideas.

PATRICK: Well I given it a lot of thought. I'm pretty fussy about names. Take mine now ... you know I'm named after one of the disciples? 450

SAM: Patrick?

PATRICK: *Ja*, the disciple of Ireland. That's what they told me up at the church 'cause they gave me the name.

SAM: I was wondering how you got such a good name.

PATRICK: Well now you know. 455

SAM: Hey! I got a good idea. Why not call it Patrick ... after yourself?

PATRICK: And suppose it's a girl?
[SAM laughs back quietly and flatteringly at the other man's wisdom.]

SAM: You old ... 460

PATRICK: You see you gotta think. Listen, give me another ... it helps me think.

SAM: *[passing the bottle]* Of course.

QUEENY: *[breaking into the conversation]* You've had enough.

SAM: Look, the man's thinking! There's going to be something out there just now that's going to want a name and Patrick here is finding it. Aren't you? 465

PATRICK: Just like that.

SAM: So he can go home and walk right in and say hello ... whatever its name is going to be ... Isn't that so? 470

PATRICK: Just so.

SAM: *[pouring another tot and taking Patrick's money]* So we can't call it Patrick.

PATRICK: Nuh. But I think I got one ... Augustine.

SAM: What's that? 475

PATRICK: Another disciple.

SAM: You can't have a whole family of disciples ... and suppose it's a girl?

PATRICK: I'm prepared. Augustina!

SAM: *[with a wry face and sceptically]* Augustina? That's a mouthful. 480

PATRICK: *[the look of triumph fading; uncertainly]* You think so?

SAM: Of course. Go on, try it ... go on ... Try calling August ... whatever it is, aloud. Go on.

PATRICK: *[opening his mouth, then abandoning the attempt]* *Ja*, maybe you're right. 485

SAM: You want something short and snappy ... 'cause that's modern. You take the names of things today, like ... Let me see ... Jik. *[Repeats it.]* ... Jik.

PATRICK: *[incredulous]* Jik?

SAM: *Ja* ... that stuff that cleans ... Or Coke ... there's another one. I'm not suggesting you call the kid after a cold drink, but think along those lines. This Augustina stuff is out. 490
[A knock at the door interrupts the discussion between the two men. SAM gets up and goes to the door, opens it and peers out. A few words are spoken, including a very loud 'What?' from SAM, who turns back to QUEENY.]

SAM: Will you please come and tell somebody that we don't serve coffee? 495
[QUEENY looks up, for a moment not realizing who is outside. When she does, she stands up, unbelievably. All trace of boredom has vanished. SAM goes back to his chair and

- watches the next few minutes from that position. QUEENY lets JOHNNY in.]*
- JOHNNY: I missed my bus, so I thought I'd take that cup of coffee after all. 505
- QUEENY: Sure ... sure ... sit down. I'll put the kettle on. [*Moves to the kitchen door, pauses.*] How did it go? [*She goes into the kitchen.*]
- JOHNNY: [*calling after her*] You was right. I didn't sell any more.
- SAM: What? 510
- JOHNNY: Table cloths.
- SAM: Table cloths!
- JOHNNY: I sell table cloths. [*Seeing the table is uncovered, he looks for the one he sold QUEENY.*] Where's the one I sold her? [*He finds it in a corner.*] 515
- SAM: [*surprise turning into veiled resentment and dislike; it is obvious that these two are not going to like each other*] What do you think you are going to do with that?
- JOHNNY: [*ignoring the tone*] Put it on the table. I sold it to her 'cause this table was getting marks from all the glasses. 520
- SAM: [*sarcastic*] Now isn't that a pity?
- JOHNNY: It is. It's a good table.
- SAM: [*turning back to PATRICK, deliberately ignoring JOHNNY*] Well, we're having a private conversation.
- JOHNNY: [*refusing to be ignored*] Aren't you used to table cloths or something? 525
- SAM: [*nettled*] Look, I don't know who you are, where you come from or what you do ...
- JOHNNY: Name's Johnny, I come from Alex and I sell table cloths. And you? 530
- SAM: A friend ... a very good friend.
- JOHNNY: In that case I don't see how you can mind me putting this on the table. [*There is a dangerous little moment that could easily become nasty, but for QUEENY's entrance into the room. Seeing JOHNNY with the red table cloth in his hand she comes up apologetically.*] 535
- QUEENY: Oh yes, the table cloth ... I hadn't put it on 'cause I wanted to clean the table proper first. But I'll do it now. [*She takes a rag, forces the men to lift their glasses, wipes the table off and then puts the cloth down.*] 540
- JOHNNY: Looks good, doesn't it?
- SAM: Looks like any other table cloth to me ... and not such a good line at that.
- JOHNNY: I never said it cost much ... I don't charge much. 545
- QUEENY: Who says that's important? It matches in with everything else like you said.
- SAM: Sounds like you two had a long talk about table cloths. [*QUEENY doesn't answer, but the look she gives him is warning enough. He shuts up, pours himself another tot. PATRICK also gets a drink. QUEENY turns her attention to JOHNNY. There is a small embarrassed pause.*] 550
- QUEENY: Sit down while you're waiting for the coffee. It won't be long ... [*JOHNNY sits.*] Or maybe you're in a hurry to get home?
- JOHNNY: Should I be? 555
- QUEENY: Folks waiting for you ... wife maybe?
- JOHNNY: I got nobody.

QUEENY: You look the sort.
 JOHNNY: What sort is that?
 QUEENY: Wife and kids ... maybe a home. 560
 JOHNNY: Why do you say that?
 QUEENY: You just do. I seen them before ... people trying to do something with their lives.
 JOHNNY: Aren't you?
 QUEENY: *[laughing]* You say the damndest things. 565
 JOHNNY: Well ...
 QUEENY: Let's say, I'm hanging on to what I got.
 JOHNNY: Maybe making it a bit bigger as well.
 QUEENY: *[laughing quietly]* Ja. That's not much, is it?
 JOHNNY: Depends. I knew a fellow once ... had a horse and an old cart 570
 ... people used to laugh at him 'cause he didn't make much and what he had he always spent on the horse and the cart. Sometimes he went without supper just so the horse could eat! Everyone thought he was mad but he carried on like they wasn't there. One day I asked him: Joe, why don't you sell that horse and buy yourself some good clothes and eat well for a month. He looked at me: What do I do after the month? Get a job, I said, like everybody else. He shook his head: Johnny, you're asking me to sell my freedom for a good meal and clothes. I thought a lot about what he said. That horse 575
 meant nobody could call him 'boy', or say do this or that. He was his own boss. Maybe it's like that with you.
 QUEENY: *[thoughtfully]* I got a little money. That's all I'm hanging on to.
 JOHNNY: That's a big word.
 QUEENY: What? 585
 JOHNNY: Money. It could mean security, three meals a day, a roof over your head and independence ... like Joe.
 QUEENY: And you?
 JOHNNY: Me?
 QUEENY: Ja, you. What you doing? 590
 JOHNNY: Same as Joe.
 QUEENY: Horse and cart.
 JOHNNY: No, my own boss.
 QUEENY: How long you been like that?
 JOHNNY: Off and on. I'd hoped these table cloths would be my real break. 595
 If I'd made some money I was going to try something good.
 QUEENY: What was that?
 JOHNNY: What's the use. *[Gesturing towards the suitcase.]* They haven't sold. I'll be looking for a job on Monday.
 QUEENY: You're not going to like that. 600
 JOHNNY: Would you? Get a couple of quid a month so somebody can kick you around and feel like a white man. Old Joe was right.
 SAM: *[He has been listening to the conversation, now breaks in.]* What's old Joe going to do when the horse dies? Make biltong? *[Laughter.]* 605
 QUEENY: *[annoyed]* Can't you keep your mouth shut, Sam?
 SAM: I'm just interested in old Joe. No harm in asking.
 JOHNNY: Joe died before the horse.
 SAM: Too bad, too bad ... Would have been nice to know what he would have done. It's also bad about old Joe dying, of course. 610
 But that's not exactly progress, is it? Dying with only a horse and cart, and maybe just dying before the horse 'cause that was also getting old.

QUEENY:	What you trying to do, Sam?	
SAM:	Just joining in a conversation, Queeny. Of course if it was private ...	615
QUEENY:	Maybe it is.	
SAM:	Okay. I'll be back when it's not so crowded. [SAM goes out.]	
QUEENY:	Don't pay no attention to him.	
JOHNNY:	Me pay attention to him? It was the other way around. Is he your partner?	620
QUEENY:	Just a friend. He's got the shop across the street. Comes in here for his drinks.	
JOHNNY:	And that chap I saw this afternoon? The hunchback.	
QUEENY:	You mean Blackie.	625
JOHNNY:	That's the name.	
QUEENY:	Also a friend. [JOHNNY just nods his head.] You're thinking I got strange friends.	
JOHNNY:	Maybe. I don't know much about shebeens.	
QUEENY:	Blackie's not the same as Sam. He's ugly, all right ... but then he was born that way. He didn't choose it. If he was straight I think he would have been a good man. But being crooked like that nobody has given him a chance.	630
JOHNNY:	He's got a good friend.	
QUEENY:	Me? I don't know. A lot of kids was teasing him one day, I watched it through the window. What got me was the big people standing around doing nothing ... Some of them was smiling, they thought it funny. I went out and swore the whole lot of them into hell. I just wanted them to stop, that's all. But Blackie hung around. For two days he just sat outside there on the pavement watching me come and go. Every time I looked out of the window he was sitting there. So I called him in and gave him some food ... he's been hanging around ever since.	635
	I'll get that coffee.	640
	[QUEENY goes into her kitchen. PATRICK, disturbed by the sudden silence, looks up from his glass and sees JOHNNY. PATRICK is drunk.]	645
PATRICK:	Edward.	
JOHNNY:	What?	650
PATRICK:	And if it's a girl ... Edwina.	
JOHNNY:	Who's that?	
PATRICK:	My kid.	
JOHNNY:	You got a kid?	
PATRICK:	[an edge of despair and cynicism to his words] Have I got a kid! [Lifting his glass.] This is my fifth ... Kid, I mean. This is my fifth kid and it should be here by now. I been sitting here trying to find a decent name for it 'cause that's all I'm ever likely to give it. That's not much, huh?	655
JOHNNY:	Why don't you go back to your wife?	660
PATRICK:	You think I'm drunk. Maybe I am. But I only meant to have one. You see this is my fifth ... Child, I mean, it's my fifth child. When you already got four and another comes along ... I dunno ... it's sort of too much. You sort of sit here and wish it wasn't coming and that is a hell of a start for it, isn't it? I only wanted one drink but when I got to thinking like that, I had another to try and stop myself. And now I'm saying I wish it wasn't coming. You got kids?	665
JOHNNY:	No.	

PATRICK:	Don't.	670
JOHNNY:	Why?	
PATRICK:	It's hell. In every way it's hell. You know they should make it that we blacks can't have babies ... 'cause hell they made it so we can't give them no chances when they come. They just about made it so we can't live. But with babies it's hell! They cry, you don't get no sleep, they need things ... and they suck the old woman dry. God, she's a wreck. And she was a woman. I mean I wouldn't have married her if she wasn't. You see what I mean, don't you?	675
	[PATRICK <i>accidentally spills his drink over</i> JOHNNY.] How did that happen?	680
JOHNNY:	It's okay.	
PATRICK:	Hell ... I'm sorry ...	
JOHNNY:	Forget it.	
	[QUEENY <i>comes in with coffee.</i>]	685
QUEENY:	What happened?	
JOHNNY:	Just an accident.	
QUEENY:	Him?	
JOHNNY:	Forget it.	
QUEENY:	[<i>to</i> PATRICK] You messy little git.	690
PATRICK:	We was just having a chat and I ...	
QUEENY:	And as usual you didn't know when to stop.	
JOHNNY:	Forget it, Queeny. It's an old jacket.	
QUEENY:	First you mess up your own life and then you want to make a mess of everybody else's.	695
PATRICK:	I paid you.	
QUEENY:	Get the hell out of here.	
PATRICK:	Okay.	
QUEENY:	Get out.	
JOHNNY:	Easy, Queeny, it was just an accident.	700
QUEENY:	Keep out of this, Johnny.	
JOHNNY:	I don't see why I must. He spilt it over me.	
QUEENY:	Are you standing up for him?	
JOHNNY:	I'm standing up for nobody.	
QUEENY:	Then keep out of it. [<i>To</i> PATRICK.] I said get out.	705
JOHNNY:	Have a heart, Queeny.	
QUEENY:	With trash like him?	
JOHNNY:	His money was all right wasn't it?	
	[SAM <i>comes in.</i>]	
SAM:	One of your kids outside, Patrick. Says the baby's arrived. They want you over at your place.	710
	[PATRICK <i>stands up unsteadily.</i> SAM, <i>having poured himself a drink, turns his attention to</i> PATRICK.]	
SAM:	What you going to call it?	
	[PATRICK <i>has a glass in one hand, the other in his pocket. He takes out the latter and looks at it. It holds the last of the money he brought in with him ... a sixpence.</i>]	715
PATRICK:	Sixpence.	
SAM:	Sixpence! Hey, that's good.	
	[PATRICK <i>lifts his glass to his lips. He doesn't drink. SAM's laugh releases his pent-up bitterness. He smashes the glass to the floor and moves to the door.</i>]	720
QUEENY:	Wait!	
	[PATRICK <i>stops, turns. QUEENY is sorting out the money on the table.</i>] Here is every penny you spent here tonight. [<i>She</i>	725

throws a handful of coins at PATRICK's feet. He bends down and picks them up.] Take it and get out ... and don't come back!

[PATRICK exits.]

- SAM: [who has watched QUEENY's last actions with disbelief] 730
 What's this? Hand-out time at the mission?
 [QUEENY doesn't answer.]
 You going mad or something? He didn't give you back the drinks he bought.
- QUEENY: [to JOHNNY] You satisfied? 735
- JOHNNY: Why ask me?
- QUEENY: You made me do it.
- JOHNNY: I didn't say anything.
- QUEENY: Okay, you didn't say anything, but you made me do it. I could see it written all over your face, the 'good' looking at the 'bad'. 740
 I lived with that look too long not to know it.
- JOHNNY: Shall I go?
- QUEENY: No! Please ... I don't know what's got into me.
- SAM: And neither do I. If that's how you're going to carry on we might as well ... 745
- QUEENY: It was my money, Sam, and this is my place. It's got nothing to do with you.
 [These words stop SAM. It is the first time QUEENY has ever thrown his words back in his face. He drops back to a chair against the wall and watches developments.] 750
- QUEENY: [to JOHNNY] I been getting sick of it lately. It's not much of a life is it?
- JOHNNY: You know.
- QUEENY: [She fetches a broom and sweeps up the pieces of broken glass.] Well, it's not. I'm telling you it's not. It doesn't mean anything when you get your money from bums like him ... 755
 Not if that's the only way you've ever got money ... selling something that he's ashamed of or ... you're ashamed of. I know what he felt like when he smashed that glass. 'If only it was my life lying in pieces on the floor.' Just sweep them away and start all over again. But you're stuck with it ... him, me ... Blackie ... There's somebody else who wouldn't mind taking it apart and putting it together again, with a few improvements. But where do you start? You think I'm mad? 760
 765
- JOHNNY: Just never heard a woman talk like that before.
- QUEENY: And it sounds crazy.
- JOHNNY: It sounds like sense.
- QUEENY: Ja?
- JOHNNY: I know what you mean. I also felt like that. 770
- QUEENY: You?
- JOHNNY: I'm no different.
- QUEENY: You're not like Patrick.
- JOHNNY: I'm younger, that's all. When he was my age ...
- QUEENY: No, Johnny, when you're his age you'll be different. It's like I said, you're trying to do something with your life. Me? I'm in business because I got some money and there's plenty of bums like Patrick. But what else could I do? 775
- JOHNNY: Sell table cloths.
- QUEENY: You're laughing at yourself. 780
- JOHNNY: It's a joke, isn't it? I'm the man who's doing something with his

- life and the first thing I try ... nothing doing. My own boss but I'll be looking for a job on Monday.
- QUEENY: No use talking like that. So the first thing you tried didn't work? You just got to try something else. 875
- JOHNNY: Such as?
- QUEENY: Medicines! There's something everybody buys. Try selling that.
- JOHNNY: It wouldn't be the same. It's not just a question of selling something. I ... never mind. 790
- QUEENY: Go on.
- JOHNNY: It's another funny story.
- QUEENY: I didn't laugh at the last one.
- JOHNNY: Well, you see, I just don't want to sell. I'm not a salesman. In fact it's hard for me to sell ... you saw that yourself this morning. I want to start my own business. 795
- QUEENY: Doing what?
- JOHNNY: I worked with a white chap who was an interior decorator. You know what that is? [QUEENY *shakes her head.*] It's got to do with the way you fix up your house. The interior decorator gives you ideas about what you must buy, and how you must match things. Like this table cloth ... Remember me saying the red one? ... that it's your colour ... well that's interior decorating on a sort of small scale. I mean I would only operate on a small scale 'cause our people just don't have the money to do it in a big way. I was actually going to concentrate on one line, materials ... You know, curtains, bedspreads, cushion covers ... that sort of thing. 800
- QUEENY: Sounds like you'd need a bit of money to get started.
- JOHNNY: No. I thought of a great idea. The big factories that make materials sell a lot of bits and pieces cheap ... sometimes there's something small wrong with it or maybe it's just a piece left over. But they let it go cheap. I was going to buy a lot of that and sell it with my ideas. You see I got a feeling for matching things ... the white chap told me. I'd come to a house and give the woman ideas. Like ... take this room. You see that window? Yellow curtains! What that window needs is yellow curtains. This is a dark room and that colour would liven things up. It would go with your table cloth. And next month when I come around again you take something with yellow and red for your bed ... and cushions with red in them. Can you see the difference? 805
- QUEENY: [*genuinely pleased*] You got good ideas, Johnny.
- JOHNNY: You see, it's important, Queeny ... trying to make life better. I'm not saying my idea is going to change the world, but maybe it will give us a bit more guts, and make waking up tomorrow a little bit easier. You said you were getting sick of life the way it is ... so why don't you start changing things? You could start with this room. 815
- QUEENY: What's wrong with it?
- JOHNNY: Nothing ... if you got no complaints. But you sounded like you had plenty. So you put up those yellow curtains ... a vase with some flowers on this table ... a little mat at the door so that nobody starts tramping mud into the room. 820
- QUEENY: I think I'd like that.
- JOHNNY: Of course you would. And you'd start getting proud ... and *then* let anybody try leaving marks on your table, or on your 835

	cloth, or messing up your floor.	
QUEENY:	I'm your first customer, Johnny. When do you start?	
JOHNNY:	When? Looks like never. The table cloths. Remember the table cloths? I sold one today ... to you. They were supposed to be my start. If I'd sold them I would have had ten quid ...	840
QUEENY:	Ten pounds? Is that enough?	
JOHNNY:	I tell you I checked. I went down to the factory and saw what I could have bought with ten quid. There was more than I could have carried away. But they haven't sold.	845
QUEENY:	You're not going to let that stop you?	
JOHNNY:	They didn't sell. There's nothing I can do about that.	
QUEENY:	Get your money somewhere else.	
JOHNNY:	Where?	850
QUEENY:	[after a pause] Me.	
JOHNNY:	You?	
QUEENY:	Why not?	
JOHNNY:	Why? ... Why? Because it's just silly, that's why.	
QUEENY:	Why is it silly?	855
JOHNNY:	Look, don't you be silly as well.	
QUEENY:	Well, tell me why you can't borrow ten quid from me.	
JOHNNY:	Because it's ten quid.	
QUEENY:	I take that much in here on a bad night.	
JOHNNY:	Because you never saw me before today.	860
QUEENY:	I trust you.	
JOHNNY:	Because you don't know if the idea is worth anything at all.	
QUEENY:	We'll never answer that one without first trying.	
JOHNNY:	Look, Queeny, just drop it. I didn't come in here for that.	
QUEENY:	I'm not saying you did. You didn't ask me. I offered.	865
JOHNNY:	No.	
QUEENY:	Johnny ... suppose I want to. Suppose I really want to.	
JOHNNY:	But why? You're making better money here than I will ever get from selling rags.	
QUEENY:	You saw how. Did you like what you saw? Answer me.	870
JOHNNY:	[Pause.] No.	
QUEENY:	And you talked a lot about changing things. Give me a chance.	
JOHNNY:	But if it doesn't work ... I can't pay you back.	
QUEENY:	Ten pounds isn't going to break me, Johnny. In any case I want to be your partner ... I want to be part of it. You got the idea, I give the money. That's fair isn't it?	875
	[JOHNNY is beginning to waver.]	
JOHNNY:	It might work.	
QUEENY:	Of course it would. When I heard your ideas I thought they was good. I would have bought. Other women will be the same.	880
JOHNNY:	I've worked it out at fifty per cent profit.	
QUEENY:	That's good legitimate business.	
JOHNNY:	And there's big possibilities ... I mean for expansion.	
QUEENY:	Ja?	885
JOHNNY:	Sure. To begin with, I'd sell the material myself, going from door to door. But if it catches on and the profit is like I said ... well, we'd build up a big stock and that could mean a shop.	
QUEENY:	With them coming to us.	
JOHNNY:	You've got the idea.	890
QUEENY:	A shop ... with counters, and all the stuff behind ... And a name! We got to have a name for the shop.	
JOHNNY:	We'd find one.	

- [*At this point the street door opens quietly and BLACKIE comes in. He is holding a clock. During the ensuing scene he tries with small furtive gestures to catch QUEENY's attention. It is obviously her clock, but in the excitement of her talk with JOHNNY she does not see him.*]
- QUEENY: We'd open it up at nine in the morning. That's the time any decent shop opens, and we'd be busy with all the customers coming and going and at five o'clock we'd close up, count up our money and think about tomorrow. You know something? 895
- JOHNNY: What? 900
- QUEENY: We'd be respectable.
- JOHNNY: There's nothing to be ashamed of. 905
- QUEENY: Johnny, it's the best thing I've ever heard of. When do we start?
- JOHNNY: Well ... look Queeny, don't you want to think about it for a day or so ...? 910
- [*Her answer is to go to the sideboard, take out her money box, count out ten notes and put them on the table in front of JOHNNY.*]
- QUEENY: There. I thought about it and that's my answer.
- JOHNNY: Right now?
- QUEENY: Take advice from somebody who knows ... don't waste time or chances. Now. Tomorrow's pay day around here. Get your material in the morning and sell in the afternoon. That's when the women get back with their men's pay. [JOHNNY *still hesitates.*] Take it! If we don't start now maybe we will never. 915
- JOHNNY: I can be down at the factory first thing and then come here when I got the material. 920
- QUEENY: I'll be waiting.
- JOHNNY: I can't believe it.
- QUEENY: Do you think I can? Nothing like this has happened to me before. 925
- JOHNNY: I'm going. [*Takes his suitcase.*] I'll leave these cloths and try and sell them as well, but the suitcase I need for the material.
- QUEENY: Buy big, Johnny.
- JOHNNY: You leave that to me. [*He is at the door.*] Thanks, Queeny.
- QUEENY: Till tomorrow. 930
- [*JOHNNY exits. She watches the door close behind him, her face shining and happy.*]
- QUEENY: Sam ...
- SAM: You gone mad or something?
- QUEENY: [*ignoring the remark*] Sam, you got yellow material? 935
- SAM: Look, I don't know what was in that coffee, but sober up, will you! You just let ten quid walk out of your life without even a farewell tear.
- QUEENY: It will be back. Now how about that yellow material?
- SAM: Look, Queeny, I'm being serious. That was ten quid we worked for. 940
- QUEENY: I worked for.
- SAM: Okay! So I just don't like seeing a friend lose it. You think you going to see it or that rag-bag man again?
- QUEENY: Tomorrow. 945
- SAM: Queeny! I've also tried that racket.
- QUEENY: That was you. This is Johnny.
- SAM: Will you wake up!!
- QUEENY: I have! And for the first time in my life. I've woken up to

	something that looks like it might be fun and nice and clean. And don't shout at me, Sam. Material ... yellow material. You got some?	950
SAM:	Okay, if you don't mind making a fool of yourself and losing ten quid ...	
QUEENY:	Yellow material!!!	955
SAM:	<i>[irritably]</i> Sure I got yellow material. I got everything.	
QUEENY:	I want some. Enough for curtains.	
SAM:	I'll send it over in the morning.	
QUEENY:	I want it now.	
SAM:	Now ... ?	960
QUEENY:	Yes, now! Fetch it. I'll use as much as I want and give you back the rest. Well, what are you waiting for?	
	<i>[SAM leaves. QUEENY has in the meantime managed to get down the curtains. BLACKIE, alone with her at last, comes forward. She bumps into him.]</i>	965
QUEENY:	Blackie! What have you got there?	
	<i>[BLACKIE says nothing, just holds up the clock.]</i>	
	I told you I didn't want it. Go give it to Sam to sell.	
	<i>[BLACKIE is still holding the clock outstretched as QUEENY returns to her work at the curtains. She is humming softly. The clock in BLACKIE's hand begins to chime.]</i>	970

CURTAIN

ACT TWO

Scene I

	<i>QUEENY's shebeen the next morning. It is empty. The room has changed ... yellow curtains, table cloth, and a vase of flowers. After a few seconds BLACKIE, still carrying his clock, comes in through the street door.</i>	975
QUEENY:	<i>[from the kitchen]</i> That you, Johnny?	
	<i>[QUEENY enters from the other room. Her excitement dies when she sees that it is only BLACKIE.]</i>	
BLACKIE:	Nobody else got one what sings like the church. Listen!	
	<i>[He moves the hands of the clock and it begins to chime.]</i>	980
QUEENY:	Which way did you come?	
BLACKIE:	Along the street.	
QUEENY:	Did you see the chap who was here last night?	
BLACKIE:	Him?	
QUEENY:	Yes, him. Did you see him?	985
BLACKIE:	No. Sam said he wasn't going to come.	
QUEENY:	Sam says everything.	
BLACKIE:	Sam says ...	
QUEENY:	I'm sick of hearing what Sam says. What's the time? <i>[BLACKIE lifts up the clock for her to see.]</i> That thing's crazy. Why do you carry it around if it don't tell the time?	990
BLACKIE:	But you don't listen. <i>[He moves the hands again.]</i>	
QUEENY:	<i>[impatiently]</i> I've heard it once and it doesn't change its tune.	
BLACKIE:	Why you shouting at me? I done nothing.	
QUEENY:	<i>[collecting herself]</i> I'm jumpy this morning.	995
BLACKIE:	You remember what I said! I do anything for you if you don't shout or laugh at me.	

QUEENY: Okay, Blackie! [*Pause during which she looks around the room desperately.*] Let's do something. These curtains ... *ja* ... maybe there's still time for that. Give me a hand. 1000
 [*With BLACKIE's assistance she gets down the old curtain around the divan. She proceeds to sew on extra rings.*]

QUEENY: Why you staring at me like that?

BLACKIE: You doing that for him.

QUEENY: What's so strange about sewing a few rings onto a curtain? 1005

BLACKIE: You never done it before.

QUEENY: So I'm doing it now.

BLACKIE: You never done no sewing or fixing up like this before.

QUEENY: You said that already. Don't always repeat yourself. It's a bad habit you got. My hearing's all right. 1010

BLACKIE: This chap ... is he going to make you like other women?

QUEENY: What do you mean? I am a woman.
 [*SAM enters from the street.*]

QUEENY: What's the time, Sam?

SAM: [*chuckling*] So you're getting worried. 1015

QUEENY: The time, Sam.

SAM: [*speaking very deliberately*] He's half an hour late already ... according to my reckoning. And I've been generous. I had him out of bed at eight ... which you must admit is not too early for a man starting off on a new business venture ... I gave him half an hour from Alex to town ... might have missed the first bus ... half an hour choosing his goods and half an hour coming out here and another half just in case he stopped over somewhere. That makes ten ... which it was half an hour ago. Of course there could, as they say, be a weak link in the chain. And according to my acquaintance with human nature the weak link in this case is the first one. That getting out of bed at eight part. Do you really think he's going to swap a crisp ten quid for a heap of rags? If you do you're not the same woman that cleaned up this town with me. Ten quid on rags! Like I told you, it's an old racket. 1020

More likely than not he's lying nice and comfortable in bed right now, thinking about spending that money. Don't forget it's not every day that you can pick up ten quid like that. [*Clicking his fingers.*] However, old Sam never deserts a friend. When you get around to waking up, send this yellow stuff back and I'll sell it for you ... make it a fancy line and double the price. That way we should get your loss down to about nine quid. 1025

QUEENY: If you so much as touch those curtains you'll never come in here again. 1040

SAM: I was only trying to do you a favour. Of course they don't look too bad now you come to think of it. Maybe he did have a few good ideas after all. Pity he wasn't straight.

QUEENY: What I said about touching those curtains goes for your mouth as well ... Say something else like that ... 1045

SAM: When are you going to wake up, Queeny?

QUEENY: I woke up last night, Sam, and don't ask too many questions, otherwise I'm going to tell you what some things look like now that I got my eyes open.

SAM: Okay, I'll shut up. [*Picks a flower for his buttonhole.*] Anyway, what is ten quid on pay day? Maybe I'm being a little tight. 1050

QUEENY: With my money.

SAM: You're my friend. I just don't want you to turn around and say I

- QUEENY: let you down. I never done it in the old days. 1055
 The only reason you never let me down is because we were already at the bottom. Anyway I don't want no more talk about the old days ... not to me or anybody else.
- SAM: I get you [*turning to go*]. [*He pauses at the door.*] But don't forget them.
- QUEENY: Why? 1060
- SAM: So you don't expect what you didn't buy. None of our customers thought they was getting a wife for our price. You paid ten quid last night for a small kick and nothing else.
- BLACKIE: [*shuffling forward to QUEENY; it is obvious that she is upset*] You want me to go to Alex and get your money? I'll find him and bring it back. Okay? 1065
- QUEENY: Get out.
- BLACKIE: Tonight I'll ...
- QUEENY: Just leave me alone. [*BLACKIE takes up his clock and goes. A few seconds later the door, which was left slightly ajar, swings open and JOHNNY comes in carrying his suitcase.*] 1070
 [*not looking around*] I told you to get out!
- QUEENY: It wasn't me you told.
- JOHNNY: Johnny!
- QUEENY: Johnny!
- JOHNNY: That's your man, plus the finest selection of material any township has ever seen. 1075
- QUEENY: Johnny!
- JOHNNY: You been crying or something?
- QUEENY: I thought you wasn't coming.
- JOHNNY: And you cried? Well you can stop 'cause I'm here and just take a look at this. 1080
 [*He opens his suitcase. A flood of coloured material spills out onto the floor. For QUEENY it is a moment of release which starts with a gasp of surprise.*]
- QUEENY: And you wanted to know if ten pounds was enough? Well there's all this and I still got two quid in my pocket. But take a good look at the colours. Red ... 1085
 Blue ... green ...
- JOHNNY: Yellow ... purple ...
- QUEENY: You brought in the rainbow, man! 1090
- JOHNNY: And the sizes ... see this one.
- QUEENY: [*taking a large length of red from his hands and draping it round her*] My colour, Johnny.
- JOHNNY: That's a curtain you're wearing ... and what about this for a bed? And cushions to match! 1095
- QUEENY: I never seen so much colour.
- JOHNNY: How does it make you feel?
- QUEENY: Excited.
- JOHNNY: Well, don't be scared. Come on, touch it ... get the feel of it, you'll be handling a lot. 1100
- QUEENY: You really think so, Johnny?
- JOHNNY: Now that I actually see it I say we can't go wrong. You know when I was walking up the street with this material the women came out of their houses to see what I had. They wanted to buy it there and then. I got two names already. I got to be there this afternoon when they get back with their men's pay ... and let me tell you they are going to buy. I got scared last night when you offered me the money so suddenly. But now! This is what I've been waiting for, Queeny. I got so many ideas 1105

up here my head is bursting. Number one. The place that sold me this also sells feathers and fluff for cushions, you buy it by the box. So we are going to make the cushions complete ourselves. You got a sewing machine? 1110

QUEENY: No. But I can buy one.

JOHNNY: No. You've given your share. The machine comes out of the profits ... maybe in a month or so. Then you can do some stitching while I'm out selling. 1115

QUEENY: I don't know how to sew.

JOHNNY: So you learn. Other women can, you can. You're the same as them. 1120

QUEENY: Say that again.

JOHNNY: I said you're like the other women. Anything wrong?

QUEENY: Nothing. Nothing at all. I just wanted to hear you say it.

JOHNNY: Now to work.

QUEENY: But you just come in. Aren't you tired? Carrying all that? 1125

JOHNNY: Tired today?

QUEENY: But breakfast. I got something cooking.

JOHNNY: Okay. Bring it in.
[QUEENY goes to the kitchen to fetch his breakfast. JOHNNY starts sorting out his material.] 1130

QUEENY: [from the other room] When you going to start?

JOHNNY: Straight after I've eaten. This is make-or-break day for me, and I want to know which it is.

QUEENY: [in the doorway] Nothing could break today, Johnny. Even if you came home with nothing sold. 1135

JOHNNY: Hey, don't say that!

QUEENY: It's just that I'm so happy.

JOHNNY: We might have something to celebrate tonight.

QUEENY: I got to think about that.

JOHNNY: What? 1140

QUEENY: Our celebration.

JOHNNY: Here?

QUEENY: Of course.

JOHNNY: But isn't this your big night? Pay day?

QUEENY: What do you mean? 1145

JOHNNY: The shebeen.

QUEENY: I'd forgotten.

JOHNNY: There's big money in it. You said so yourself last night.

QUEENY: Big money. [With bitterness.] Did you have to remind me?

JOHNNY: We can celebrate tomorrow. 1150

QUEENY: No. This is our day, and I'm not going to let a lot of bums bugger it up. You saw what it was like last night. Tonight's going to be worse. The whole place full of them! ... moaning and slobbering until it drives you mad.

JOHNNY: Take it easy. 1155

QUEENY: Take it easy! I've taken it far too long and it hasn't been easy. And I'm not taking it tonight. Johnny, the shebeen can go to hell tonight.

JOHNNY: These fellows are your customers. That's not good business.

QUEENY: Don't talk like Sam. 1160

JOHNNY: Sam's got a point there if you want to keep the shebeen.

QUEENY: And what if I don't?
[JOHNNY is stuck for words. QUEENY comes up to him. She picks up a piece of material to emphasize her next point.]
We've started this haven't we? Maybe ... 1165

JOHNNY: Maybe it doesn't work.
 QUEENY: It will.
 JOHNNY: But suppose ...
 QUEENY: It's going to, Johnny.
 JOHNNY: Please! I'm asking you to give me a chance. I'll go out there 1170
 just now and do my damndest to sell ... but don't make me
 scared to come back. Let's just see how it goes.
 QUEENY: But this is our day, Johnny. Look, just for tonight. I'll tell them
 the police raided me. If I got to start selling again tomorrow,
 okay. But I can't tonight. Please, Johnny. 1175
 JOHNNY: It's your business, Queeny.
 QUEENY: You can sell those and leave the rest to me.
 [JOHNNY *cannot argue. She goes back to the kitchen,*
re-enters with food, and lays it out on the table.]
 QUEENY: Okay. 1180
 JOHNNY: You know, I am hungry. When you're excited like this you don't
 get time to think about food.
 QUEENY: That's my job.
 JOHNNY: Cooking for me?
 QUEENY: I like it. You know I never cooked for any man before? 1185
 JOHNNY: Nobody has done any cooking for me.
 QUEENY: No one?
 JOHNNY: That's what I said.
 QUEENY: Your girl friend?
 JOHNNY: Never had one. 1190
 QUEENY: You're joking.
 JOHNNY: I'm not.
 QUEENY: Why?
 JOHNNY: I've never looked for one.
 QUEENY: When you get around to it, what are you going to look for? 1195
 JOHNNY: Lots of things.
 QUEENY: Tell me.
 JOHNNY: She's going to be clean.
 QUEENY: [*laughing*] Clean.
 JOHNNY: Live and think clean! You can always wash your hands, or 1200
 your face or your feet. But your mind? Could you wash that if
 you got to thinking dirt or living like it? I touched real filth once
 ... never again!
 QUEENY: You had it tough, Johnny?
 JOHNNY: No more nor less than anybody else with a black skin. The 1205
 trouble is a little means so damned much if you think and feel
 a lot. But there I go talking about my troubles. Tell me about
 yourself, Queeny. You know I don't even know your real name.
 QUEENY: Rose.
 JOHNNY: Why do you run away from it? 1210
 QUEENY: Who said anything about running away?
 JOHNNY: Well, why did you drop it?
 QUEENY: People started calling me Queeny. It stuck.
 JOHNNY: I'm going to call you Rose.
 QUEENY: Don't. 1215
 JOHNNY: It's as good as Queeny.
 QUEENY: Please, Johnny, don't.
 JOHNNY: Okay.
 QUEENY: Just let's say I like Queeny better.
 JOHNNY: You been here long? 1220
 QUEENY: Four or five years. Does that sound long? Maybe it is. But

- there's been nothing in it ... nothing I couldn't tell you in one minute. I got fatter, certainly richer, but there's nothing else. You know what's the secret of keeping alive?
- JOHNNY: You tell me. 1225
- QUEENY: It's to keep wanting things.
- JOHNNY: Then I got a long life ahead of me.
- QUEENY: That's what I mean. You'll always be doing things, thinking up new ideas, and that's going to keep you going. Me? I just rolled over and died. 1230
- JOHNNY: Isn't there anything you want, Queeny?
- QUEENY: There is now. But there was a time I thought I had all I wanted when I got this. But when I had it, that was the end. There's been times I never knew what day it was in here ... and I never needed to know. I'd wake up and think is it Monday or Tuesday, maybe Friday? It didn't make any difference. Giving it a name didn't make it any different from the rest. 1235
- I worked too hard and waited too long for this. That is where I made my mistake. Since I was a kid and my father used to drink his pay packet down on a Friday night while we waited hungry at home ... since those days I said to myself, 'One day you'll have a shebeen and get fat.' Strange the things kids think, huh?
- JOHNNY: How many in the family?
- QUEENY: Six of us when my mother died. It might have been different if she'd stayed alive. She was one of those people who ... well, like you say, lived clean. We was so poor we didn't even have any rubbish, but she swept out that room as if it was filthy. When she died I got out. 1240
- JOHNNY: The others?
- QUEENY: I don't know. I still ask myself that one. You see I was the oldest, the youngest was still drinking from my mother. I should have stayed and tried to help them ... I mean you know what kids are like, small, helpless, hungry. Now you know something about me. Not so good, is it? 1250
- JOHNNY: You mean running away?
- QUEENY: And leaving the others.
- JOHNNY: You was a kid.
- QUEENY: I try to tell myself that, but it doesn't always work. Like you said, you can't wash your mind as easily as your hands. [Pause.] But if somebody tried hard enough, could they? ... Wash off something from the past? 1255
- JOHNNY: Depends on the person, I guess.
- QUEENY: And other people.
- JOHNNY: Why them?
- QUEENY: If you were trying to forget something, but others kept reminding you of it ... wouldn't work, would it? 1260
- JOHNNY: [Pause.] You may have had it rough, Queeny, but I had my face rubbed in dirt. I know what it smells like, what it tastes like. That's how close I was to it and that's why I hate it. I was a kid. Seventeen years old. It was the big story about the mines. The good food, the clean rooms, the money. My parents bought that one all right. Money! So I came here, ten years ago. I stood just one year in that place. A fellow can't take more. Did you hear what I said? I said a fellow can't take more. 1270
- QUEENY: Okay, Johnny, I heard you. 1275

JOHNNY:	You might have heard me okay, but do you know what I mean? There's no women in those compounds and they don't let you out. So they take the boys, the young ones, like me. That's what they take.	1280
QUEENY:	Okay, Johnny.	
JOHNNY:	Stop saying that, because it's not okay. It's like dogs, see.	
QUEENY:	Johnny!	
JOHNNY:	Yes, dogs, or something else that crawls around the garbage cans or the gutter. Something dirty! I've tried to wash it off, Queeny. I've tried. Every day, I try. But there is always something around that brings it back. Like that bus ride in from Alex this morning. It was hell. It was crowded with men, big men. I could feel the violence in their bodies. Like the nights in the compound when they sat around and spoke about women and got all worked up until ... [<i>Pause. He moves to the suitcase and materials.</i>] So here we go.	1285
QUEENY:	It's the start, Johnny ... the clean start. Yours as well as mine. And I still say they look like the rainbow.	1290
JOHNNY:	[<i>picking up one piece of material</i>] The colours are good ...	
QUEENY:	[<i>mimicking his sales talk</i>] And they won't run.	
JOHNNY:	[<i>laughing</i>] Maybe you should also sell?	
QUEENY:	Not today ... I got to prepare for our celebration.	
JOHNNY:	I'd better start selling and give us something to celebrate. [<i>As they get down to business, the old enthusiasm comes back slowly.</i>] I'm not going to take it all ... just a few pieces. We'll see how it goes with them. If I need the others I'll come back.	1295
QUEENY:	You got the address of the two women?	1300
JOHNNY:	Right here.	
QUEENY:	What time do you think you'll be back?	
JOHNNY:	About five.	
QUEENY:	If I'm not here just make yourself at home.	
JOHNNY:	While you're about it, find out the price of a good sewing machine ... who knows? [<i>The door opens and SAM comes in.</i>]	1310
QUEENY:	[<i>Watching him inspect the materials.</i>] Well? [<i>A note of triumph in her voice.</i>]	
SAM:	[<i>giving QUEENY a quick look but directing his attention to JOHNNY</i>] So you mean to try it?	1315
QUEENY:	[<i>pointing to materials</i>] Would that be here if we wasn't?	
JOHNNY:	That's about it. You look doubtful.	
QUEENY:	It's a bad habit Sam's got. He doubts everything.	
SAM:	What you reckon you're going to make on that?	1320
JOHNNY:	About fifty per cent if I'm lucky.	
SAM:	Not much, is it?	
QUEENY:	It's not a racket, Sam, it's legitimate business.	
SAM:	[<i>ignoring QUEENY</i>] Are you lucky?	
JOHNNY:	No more than anybody else.	1325
SAM:	Looks to me like you got a lot of luck.	
JOHNNY:	We'll see at the end of today.	
SAM:	We seen a lot already. Yesterday you didn't even know Queeny and today you're in business with her! Ten quid's worth of business! I call that luck.	1330
JOHNNY:	Maybe I am.	
SAM:	You bet you are.	
JOHNNY:	Anyway I got to be off now ... see if my luck still holds good.	

QUEENY: See you later, Queeny.
Five o'clock, Johnny. 1335
[JOHNNY *exits carrying his suitcase. SAM helps himself to a drink and then sits down.*]

SAM: So I was wrong.

QUEENY: Looks like it, doesn't it?

SAM: Maybe he's playing for more than even I thought. 1340

QUEENY: Meaning?

SAM: You're worth a lot more than ten pounds.

QUEENY: [*coming forward*] Sam, I want you to listen carefully, 'cause I never said anything I meant so much ... He can have it ... he can have every penny I got. 1345

SAM: Is it that bad?

QUEENY: Bad? That I found somebody who's worth giving to? It's good, Sam. It feels good. I'm going to enjoy waking up in the morning.

SAM: I do that for nothing. 1350

QUEENY: For nothing, or the cheapest! That's you, that's been you ever since I can remember. And now I feel sorry for you. *Ja*, I actually feel sorry. Yesterday I said I envied you 'cause you had the shop and I just sat around and did nothing. It's changed, Sam, in one day it's changed, and you know how? You've got nobody ... 1355

SAM: And you've got Johnny.

QUEENY: That's it.

SAM: It's not much if you have a good look at it.

QUEENY: Why you scared, Sam? 1360

SAM: Me?

QUEENY: There's only me and you and I'm not talking to myself. Yes, scared. You're working on him like a man that's scared.

SAM: You're talking nonsense.

QUEENY: You didn't laugh, Sam. If I was wrong you would have laughed. 1365

SAM: What have I got to be scared about?

QUEENY: I don't know and I'm not interested in finding out. You just look scared. I know I'm not.

SAM: We'll see how long it lasts.

QUEENY: It will last as long as it's got to. 1370

SAM: He might not be the settling-down type, Queeny.

QUEENY: Could be, but I'll try and make it that he wants to. But like you said, we don't know. I do know this though, if anybody tries to interfere, they'll wish they was never born.

SAM: Don't look at me. If you get a kick out of it good luck to you. All I'm saying is he might decide to drift, and when he does you'll be glad you still got the shebeen going. 1375

QUEENY: That's finished.

SAM: What do you mean?

QUEENY: What I said. The shebeen is finished. I'm in a legitimate business and it's going to stay that way. 1380

SAM: Are you mad?

QUEENY: Don't shout.

SAM: Legitimate business? Selling rags?

QUEENY: That's how we're starting. 1385

SAM: Starting what? You think you'll ever pick up two hundred per cent profit selling rags? Because that's what you get from the shebeen. And you don't have to work for it.

QUEENY: That's just what I don't like.

SAM:	Then keep your rag-bag as a side line.	1390
QUEENY:	I'm keeping it, don't worry about that, but it's all I'm keeping.	
SAM:	So you mean to wreck everything?	
QUEENY:	What is there to wreck, Sam? You just show me one decent thing that I got to wreck.	
SAM:	The best shebeen in town ... the best customers ...	1395
QUEENY:	<i>[cutting him short]</i> I said 'decent'. Go read somewhere what that word means. You're the one that's been to school, remember, you just picked me up in the gutter.	
SAM:	And I'll be doing that again if you carry on like this. That boy's going to take a powder with all you got and then you'll be back there looking for Sam to pick you up.	1400
QUEENY:	Don't.	
SAM:	Wait till the boys hear about this tonight.	
QUEENY:	They won't. I'm not selling. I said it's finished and I'm starting from now.	1405
SAM:	And that liquor I got?	
QUEENY:	The liquor I bought. I don't give a damn. It can stay here for the rest of my life as far as I'm concerned. Tonight we're going to celebrate.	
SAM:	Celebrate?	1410
QUEENY:	Yes, celebrate! Me and Johnny, right here. 'The boys' can go somewhere else, go moan and vomit on somebody else's floor, 'cause I'm finished with it. I'm going to start to live, Sam.	
SAM:	That's funny ... coming from you.	
QUEENY:	Meaning?	1415
SAM:	Nothing.	
QUEENY:	Don't be scared. I got a lot to remember and one of the things is that no one ever really treated me like a woman, took their hat off when they came in here, said please or thank you or said they liked my smile. I remember that all right, and I remember you. You got fat and rich and smooth on me. You worked me like men work horses and it lasted a long time, so long that I forgot I was a woman. I took this whole Goddamn city to bed with me so that you could get fat and rich. I also made money out of it ... I remember that too, but it's money I don't like the feel of. It's a greasy coin that stinks of dirty sheets and unwashed men. So if I want to give it away, if I want to give away every penny I got, I don't think I should be ashamed. <i>[Pause.]</i> I'm going out now, Sam. When I come back it's going to be my home 'cause that's what it is and that's the way you and everybody else is going to treat it.	1420
	<i>[QUEENY leaves. SAM sits meditatively with his glass for a time. Then the door opens and BLACKIE comes in, still carrying his clock.]</i>	1425
BLACKIE:	Where's Queeny?	1435
SAM:	How the hell must I know.	
BLACKIE:	<i>[seeing the material]</i> This chap come?	
SAM:	Do you think that walked in here by itself?	
BLACKIE:	<i>[speaking to himself]</i> It's no good.	
SAM:	What do you say?	1440
BLACKIE:	It's no good.	
SAM:	<i>[on the point of making another cutting remark when he stops and picks his words carefully]</i> What do you mean?	
BLACKIE:	This fellow.	
SAM:	Don't you like him?	1445

BLACKIE: If he comes, I must go.
 SAM: You're right and it's all wrong. He doesn't mean any good. He only wants Queeny's money.

BLACKIE: He's no good.
 SAM: It would be better if he went. 1450
 BLACKIE: Queeny likes him.
 SAM: I know but she doesn't see him the way we do. *[Pause.]* You want to get rid of him, Blackie.

BLACKIE: Queeny would be angry.
 SAM: I don't mean you must get rough with him. You needn't touch him at all. 1455

BLACKIE: No?
 SAM: You needn't lay a hand on him.
 BLACKIE: How?
 [SAM goes to the door and sees nobody is listening. He closes it and joins BLACKIE at the table.] 1460

SAM: Listen carefully...

CURTAIN

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