



# Cambridge IGCSE™

**DRAMA**

**0411/01**

Paper 1

**For examination from 2022**

SPECIMEN PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

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## INSTRUCTIONS

- The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the **two** play extracts provided in this booklet.
- You may do any appropriate preparatory work. It is recommended that you explore both extracts as practical theatre, investigating performance and staging opportunities.
- You will **not** be allowed to take this copy of the material **or** any other notes or preparation into the examination.
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This document has **24** pages. Blank pages are indicated.



## EXTRACT 1

Taken from *Blood Wedding* by Federico García Lorca.

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

The play was first performed in Madrid in 1933. It is described as a tragedy in three acts and seven scenes in prose and verse. It is set in the world of a peasant community in Andalusia, southern Spain, and concerns a bitter blood feud between rival families. This extract is an abridged version of the first three scenes.

## CHARACTERS:

BRIDEGROOM

MOTHER (*of the Bridegroom*)

NEIGHBOUR

MOTHER-IN-LAW (*of Leonardo*)WIFE (*of Leonardo*)

LEONARDO

YOUNG GIRL

MAID (*to the Bride*)FATHER (*of the Bride*)

BRIDE

## ACT ONE SCENE ONE

*A room painted yellow.*

BRIDEGROOM:	[ <i>entering</i> ] Mother.	
MOTHER:	Yes?	
BRIDEGROOM:	I'm going now.	
MOTHER:	Where?	
BRIDEGROOM:	The vineyard. [ <i>He makes to leave</i> ]	5
MOTHER:	No. Wait.	
BRIDEGROOM:	What?	
MOTHER:	Son, take some food with you ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	Don't worry. I'll eat grapes ... get me the knife.	
MOTHER:	What for?	10
BRIDEGROOM:	[ <i>laughing</i> ] To cut them.	
MOTHER:	[ <i>muttering as she looks for it</i> ] Damn the knife, damn them all and the devil who brought them into the world ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	Just forget it.	
MOTHER:	Knives ... guns ... pistols, even the sickle and the scythe ...	15
BRIDEGROOM:	All right ...	
MOTHER:	Anything that can slice through a man's body. An angel of a man, in the flower of his life, going out to the vines or the olive groves, because they're his, his family's ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	[ <i>looking down</i> ] Please don't go on.	20
MOTHER:	And then he just doesn't come back. Or if he does, it's only so that you can lay out his body, and rub it with salt so it doesn't bloat in the heat. I don't know how you can bear to carry a knife, nor why I even have one in the house at all, like a snake in my kitchen.	
BRIDEGROOM:	You've said enough.	25

MOTHER:	If I were to live another hundred years I couldn't say enough. First, your father, who filled me with the scent of carnations ... for three short years. And then, your brother ... How can something so small, a gun, a knife, bring down a bull of a man? And you say I've said enough? The months trail past, and the pain still stings my eyes and pulls at my hair ...	30
BRIDEGROOM:	<i>[emphatically]</i> That's enough!	
MOTHER:	No, no, it can never be enough ... Can anything ever bring back your father? Or your brother? And people talk about prison. What is prison? They still eat there, they smoke there ... they even have music there. And my two dead boys lie silent, slowly filling with grass, turning to dust; two men who were like two flowers ... and their killers, cool and fresh in prison, gazing at the mountains ...	35
BRIDEGROOM:	What do you expect me to do? Kill them?	
MOTHER:	No ... It's just ... every time I have to watch you go through that door, carrying a knife, how can I not say something? I wish you didn't have to go out to the fields.	40
BRIDEGROOM:	Oh, come on ...	
MOTHER:	I wish you were a woman. So you wouldn't have to go off to the river now, and we could settle down here to talk and sew ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	And my life, Mother?	45
MOTHER:	Your life?	
BRIDEGROOM:	Do I need to tell you again?	
MOTHER:	<i>[serious]</i> Ah!	
BRIDEGROOM:	But, are you against it?	
MOTHER:	No.	50
BRIDEGROOM:	Well then?	
MOTHER:	I just don't know ... Whenever you spring it on me like this, it's as though I was hearing the news for the first time. I know she's a fine girl. I know she is ... , quiet and hard-working. She bakes her father's bread and sews her own skirts, and even so, whenever I hear her name, it's like being struck by a stone.	55
BRIDEGROOM:	But that's foolish.	
MOTHER:	It's not just foolish. I'll be here on my own. I've only you left and I don't want you to go.	
BRIDEGROOM:	But you'll come with us.	60
MOTHER:	How can I? I won't leave your father and brother alone here ... I go to see them every morning, and if I went away, and one of the Felix family died, they might put them beside them ... and I'll have no murderer lying with any of mine. Never. Because I'd dig them up with my nails and teeth, and smash their bodies against the wall ...	65
BRIDEGROOM:	<i>[emphatically]</i> Don't start again.	
MOTHER:	I'm sorry. <i>[Pause]</i> How long have you known her?	
BRIDEGROOM:	Three years now. I've saved enough to buy the vineyard.	
MOTHER:	Three years. She had ... there used to be somebody else, didn't there?	
BRIDEGROOM:	I don't know ... I don't think so ... anyway, girls have a right to have a good look at the man they're marrying ...	70
MOTHER:	Perhaps. But I didn't look at anyone until I met your father. And when the Felix murdered him, I looked straight ahead at the wall. One woman with one man, and nothing else.	
BRIDEGROOM:	But you've said that she's a fine girl.	75
MOTHER:	I'm sure she is. But still, I would feel easier if I'd known her mother.	
BRIDEGROOM:	What's that got to do with anything?	
MOTHER:	<i>[fixing her gaze on him]</i> Son ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	What?	
MOTHER:	Nothing ... you're right! When do you want me to speak to her father?	80
BRIDEGROOM:	<i>[happily]</i> What about this coming Sunday?	

MOTHER:	[ <i>serious</i> ] I'll take her the studded earrings, they've been in the family for generations, and you can buy her ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	Whatever you think best ...	
MOTHER:	You can buy her some embroidered silk stockings, and for yourself two new suits ... Three ... You're all I've got.	85
BRIDEGROOM:	I'm away now. And tomorrow I'll go and see her.	
MOTHER:	Yes, yes ... and remember, I expect six grandchildren, six at the very least – now that your father's gone ...	
BRIDEGROOM:	The first one just for you.	90
MOTHER:	Make sure that there are some girls among them, so that we can sew and embroider and be at peace.	
BRIDEGROOM:	I'm sure you'll grow to love her.	
MOTHER:	I'm sure I will. [ <i>She goes to kiss him and pulls back.</i> ] Away with you, you're too big for kisses now. Give them to your wife. [ <i>Pause</i> ] When she is your wife.	95
BRIDEGROOM:	I'm going.	
MOTHER:	Make sure you turn over the part near the mill, you've been neglecting it lately.	
BRIDEGROOM:	Don't worry.	100
MOTHER:	And take care. [ <i>The BRIDEGROOM leaves. The MOTHER remains seated with her back to the door. A NEIGHBOUR, dressed in dark colours and wearing a headscarf, appears in the doorway.</i> ] Come in.	
NEIGHBOUR:	How are you keeping these days?	
MOTHER:	As you find me ...	105
NEIGHBOUR:	I was down at the shops, and came over to see you ... We live so far apart.	
MOTHER:	It's over twenty years since I've even been to the top of the street.	
NEIGHBOUR:	You're just right.	
MOTHER:	Do you think so?	110
NEIGHBOUR:	All sorts of things go on. Just the other day they brought home my neighbour's boy with both of his arms sliced clean off by the new harvesting machine. [ <i>She sits down.</i> ]	
MOTHER:	You mean Rafael?	
NEIGHBOUR:	Yes Rafael. What's he fit for now? Sometimes I think our boys are better off where they are, at rest, sleeping, rather than risking being left useless.	115
MOTHER:	No ... Say what you like, but there's no consolation. [ <i>Pause.</i> ]	
NEIGHBOUR:	[ <i>sadly</i> ] What about your son?	
MOTHER:	He's just gone.	120
NEIGHBOUR:	So he managed to get the money together for the vineyard.	
MOTHER:	He was lucky.	
NEIGHBOUR:	He'll be getting married now ...	
MOTHER:	[ <i>as though suddenly awakening, she moves her chair closer to that of the NEIGHBOUR.</i> ] I'd like to ask you ...	125
NEIGHBOUR:	[ <i>confidentially</i> ] Go on ...	
MOTHER:	Do you know my son's ...	
NEIGHBOUR:	A fine girl.	
MOTHER:	Yes, but ...	
NEIGHBOUR:	But you couldn't say that anyone really knew her. She lives with her father, just the two of them, in the back of beyond, a good couple of hours from the nearest house. But she's a good girl. Well used to her own company.	130
MOTHER:	What about her mother?	
NEIGHBOUR:	Oh, I knew her all right. Beautiful. Her face shone like a saint's, but I never did like her. She didn't love her husband.	135
MOTHER:	[ <i>loudly</i> ] The things people know.	

NEIGHBOUR:	Sorry. I meant no offence ..., but it's true. Now, there was never any talk about whether she was a decent woman or not. Not a single word. She was so proud that ...	
MOTHER:	Must you ...?	140
NEIGHBOUR:	Well, you asked.	
MOTHER:	I wish nobody knew anything about them, dead mother or living daughter, I wish they were like two thistles, untouched and forgotten, but always ready to scratch and jag if any tongue comes too close.	
NEIGHBOUR:	Of course. You've got your son to think of.	145
MOTHER:	I know ... That's why I'm asking. I've heard that the girl had a boyfriend ... some time back.	
NEIGHBOUR:	She would have been about fifteen. He got married a couple of years ago, to a cousin of hers in fact. Everyone's forgotten the whole thing by now.	150
MOTHER:	How is it you remembered it then?	
NEIGHBOUR:	You did ask ...	
MOTHER:	It's just like any other illness. The more you know the safer you are. Who was he?	
NEIGHBOUR:	Leonardo.	155
MOTHER:	Leonardo who?	
NEIGHBOUR:	Leonardo Felix.	
MOTHER:	<i>[standing up]</i> Felix!	
NEIGHBOUR:	Woman dear, what can you possibly have against Leonardo. He'd barely turned eight at the time.	160
MOTHER:	I know ... But I hear the name Felix, and I feel my mouth fill with mud, Felix <i>[she spits]</i> and I've got to spit it out, I've got to spit otherwise I'll kill every last one of them.	
NEIGHBOUR:	Calm down ... This won't do any good at all.	
MOTHER:	No, but you understand don't you?	165
NEIGHBOUR:	Don't stand in the way of your son's happiness. Say nothing to him. You and I are old. We must hold our peace.	
MOTHER:	I'll say nothing.	
NEIGHBOUR:	<i>[kissing her]</i> Nothing at all ...	
MOTHER:	<i>[serenely]</i> Things ...	170
NEIGHBOUR:	I'm going. My men will be back from the fields soon.	
MOTHER:	The sun's scorching hot.	
NEIGHBOUR:	The lads running water to the reapers are fed up with it. I must go. God bless.	
MOTHER:	God bless. <i>[She walks towards the door stage left. Half way across she stops and slowly blesses herself.]</i>	175

#### ACT ONE SCENE TWO

*A room painted pink, filled with gleaming copperware and flowers. In the centre a covered table. Morning.*

*[LEONARDO'S MOTHER-IN-LAW is cradling a young child. Opposite her his WIFE is sewing. They sing a lullaby.]*

MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Hush, child, hush sing a song of the horse who wouldn't drink, of water that wouldn't be drunk,	180
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	of the stream singing round little children's feet. Who can tell, my little one, what the water holds in its long tail, in its dark green rooms?	185
WIFE:	[ <i>softly.</i> ] Sleep, little flower, the horse just won't drink.	190
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Sleep, little rose, the horse is weeping, his wounded hooves and poor, poor frozen mane, and in his eye a silver dagger shone. Down to the river, down to the stream, all the way down blood flows fuller than water.	195 200
WIFE:	Sleep, little flower, the horse just won't drink.	205
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Sleep, little rose, the horse is weeping now.	210
WIFE:	He lifts his head from the water's edge through flies and heat with a breaking heart to the shadow of mountains far, far away and so the river dies and dries upon his throat. Oh, the poor, poor horse who just wouldn't drink, in the shivering cold snow the cold horse of dawn.	215 220
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Stay, little one, stay, pull your window to, inside your bed of dreams your lonely dreaming bed.	225
WIFE:	Sleep now, sleep.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Dream, softly dream.	
WIFE:	The horse lays down his head to rest.	230
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	In his shining cot of steel.	
WIFE:	On his shining quilt of silk.	235
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Hush, child, hush.	
WIFE:	Oh, the poor, poor horse. who just wouldn't drink.	

MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Stay, child stay, let him run to the mountain side through valleys grey and mountains green to his young mare's side.	240
WIFE:	<i>[looking at the child]</i> Sleep now, sleep.	245
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Hush now, hush.	
WIFE:	<i>[very softly]</i> Sleep, little flower the horse just won't drink.	250
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	<i>[standing up, and very softly]</i> Sleep, little rose, the horse is weeping now. <i>[She takes the child into another room. Enter LEONARDO.]</i>	255
LEONARDO:	The child?	
WIFE:	Asleep.	
LEONARDO:	He wasn't himself yesterday. And then he cried all night.	
WIFE:	<i>[cheerfully]</i> He's as fresh as a rose today. What about you? Did you get the horse shod?	260
LEONARDO:	That's just where I've come from. But it's hard to keep up with him – he's no sooner shod than he casts them off again. They must catch on the sharp stones.	
WIFE:	Perhaps you're riding him too much.	
LEONARDO:	I hardly ever have him out.	265
WIFE:	Yesterday somebody told me they'd seen you right at the far side of the flatlands.	
LEONARDO:	And who might that have been?	
WIFE:	The women picking capers. I couldn't believe it. Was it you?	
LEONARDO:	No. What would I be doing in that god-forsaken spot?	270
WIFE:	That's what I thought. But the horse was wreathed in sweat.	
LEONARDO:	And did you see him?	
WIFE:	No. My mother did.	
LEONARDO:	Is she in with the child?	
WIFE:	Yes. Would you like some lemon?	275
LEONARDO:	Make sure the water's good and cold.	
WIFE:	If only you'd come home in time for ...	
LEONARDO:	I was at the weighing station. It's a slow business.	
WIFE:	<i>[preparing the drink. Tenderly.]</i> Did you get a good price?	
LEONARDO:	A fair one.	280
WIFE:	I could do with a new dress, and the baby a bonnet with some nice ribbons.	
LEONARDO:	I'm going in to see him.	
WIFE:	Try not to wake him.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	<i>[entering]</i> That horse looks as if it's been ridden into the ground. It's tethered up down there, lathered in sweat and its eyes rolling in its head as if it had been to the end of the world and back. Who'd ...	285
LEONARDO:	<i>[bitterly]</i> Me.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Excuse me. He's yours to do what you want with.	
WIFE:	<i>[timidly]</i> He was at the weighing station.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	He can go to the gates of hell as far as I'm concerned. <i>[She sits down.]</i>	290
	<i>[Pause]</i>	
WIFE:	Is your drink cold enough?	
LEONARDO:	Yes.	
WIFE:	Have you heard my cousin's getting engaged?	

LEONARDO:	When?	295
WIFE:	The two families are getting together tomorrow. She'll be married within the month. I hope they invite us to the wedding.	
LEONARDO:	[ <i>serious</i> ] I'm not so sure.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Well, I heard that his mother isn't exactly over the moon about the whole thing.	300
LEONARDO:	I don't blame her. Your cousin needs watching.	
WIFE:	What have the pair of you got against her? She's never done any harm to anyone.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Ah, but remember, Leonardo knows her well ... at least he did. [ <i>Pointedly</i> ]	
LEONARDO:	I used to know her. [ <i>To his wife</i> ] Don't start crying. Come on. [ <i>He brusquely pulls her hands away from her face.</i> ] Let's go and see the baby. [ <i>They go out arm in arm.</i> ]	305
	[A YOUNG GIRL enters, running excitedly.]	
GIRL:	Señora ...	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	What is it?	310
GIRL:	He's down there now, the bridegroom, down at the shops, buying the best of everything.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	On his own?	
GIRL:	No, with his mother. Very serious, very tall. [ <i>imitating her</i> ] Oh, the things they bought.	315
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	There's no shortage of money there.	
GIRL:	Embroidered silk stockings ... oh, they were gorgeous. The sort you can only dream about. Look: a swallow here [ <i>indicating her ankle</i> ] a boat here [ <i>indicating her calf</i> ] and just there ... a rose [ <i>indicating her thigh</i> ]	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Child!	320
GIRL:	Oh, a rose with its seeds and stalk. Ay! Everything pure silk.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	They're two well heeled families all right. And money breeds money ...	
	[LEONARDO and his WIFE return.]	
GIRL:	I came to tell you what your cousin's fiancé has been ...	
LEONARDO:	What do we care?	325
WIFE:	Leonardo, leave her be.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	There's no need to rear up at her like that.	
GIRL:	I'm sorry. [ <i>She exits crying.</i> ]	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Why in God's name do you have to be so unpleasant?	
LEONARDO:	Did I ask for your opinion? [ <i>He sits down.</i> ]	330
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Fine.	
	[ <i>Pause</i> ]	
WIFE:	[ <i>to LEONARDO</i> ] What's wrong with you? I can never tell what's going on inside your head. Please ... please ... it's not fair not to tell me.	
LEONARDO:	Leave me alone.	335
WIFE:	No, I want you to look at me and tell me.	
LEONARDO:	I'm going. [ <i>He stands up.</i> ]	
WIFE:	Where?	
LEONARDO:	[ <i>bitterly</i> ] Why can't you just shut up?	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	[ <i>forcefully, to her daughter</i> ] Do as he says. [LEONARDO leaves.] The baby! [ <i>She goes to fetch him.</i> ]	340
	[ <i>The WIFE remains standing, as though transfixed.</i> ]	
	[ <i>The MOTHER-IN-LAW returns with the baby.</i> ]	
WIFE:	[ <i>turning round slowly, as though dreaming</i> ]	
	Sleep, little flower	345
	for the horse	
	just won't drink.	
MOTHER-IN-LAW:	Sleep, little rose	
	the horse is weeping now.	
WIFE:	Hush, child, hush.	350



## ACT ONE SCENE THREE

*Interior of the BRIDE's house, carved out of the rock itself. At the back a cross of large pink flowers. Round doorways, curtained off with lace hangings tied back with pink ribbons. The walls are covered with a hard white material. Here and there are round fans, blue vases and small mirrors.*

- MAID: Please come in. [*The BRIDEGROOM and his MOTHER come in. The MOTHER is wearing plain black with a lace mantilla. The BRIDEGROOM wears black corduroy, with a large gold chain.*] Do have a seat. They'll be with you directly. [*She goes out.*]  
 [*They sit down. Motionless, like statues.*] 355  
 [*Long pause.*]
- MOTHER: Did you bring your watch?  
 BRIDEGROOM: Yes. [*He takes it out and looks at it.*]  
 MOTHER: We must be sure to get away in good time. These people live in the back of nowhere. 360
- BRIDEGROOM: But it's good land.  
 MOTHER: Maybe, but too far off the beaten track. A four-hour journey, and not a single house or tree.
- BRIDEGROOM: What do you expect on flatlands like these?  
 MOTHER: Your father would have had a tree in every corner. 365  
 BRIDEGROOM: What, without water?  
 MOTHER: He'd have found some somewhere. In the three years we were married he planted ten cherry trees [*recalling*] and the three walnut trees down by the mill, a whole vineyard and a Jupiter plant, the sort that gives bright crimson flowers. But it dried up. 370  
 [*Pause*]
- BRIDEGROOM: [*referring to the BRIDE*] She must be getting ready.  
 [*The BRIDE's FATHER comes in. An old man with shining white hair. He stoops slightly. MOTHER and BRIDEGROOM stand up and shake hands in silence.*] 375
- FATHER: Long on the road?  
 MOTHER: Four hours. [*They all sit.*]  
 FATHER: You must have come the long way round.  
 MOTHER: I'm a bit long in the tooth to clamber round by the river.  
 BRIDEGROOM: She gets sick. 380  
 [*Pause*]
- FATHER: Good alfalfa crop this year.  
 BRIDEGROOM: Yes, indeed.  
 FATHER: When I was your age this land wouldn't even give alfalfa. We had to work it with our sweat and tears to get anything from it. 385
- MOTHER: Now you do. But you needn't worry. I'm not here to ask you for anything.  
 FATHER: [*smiling*] You're a wealthy woman. Vineyards are worth a fortune. Each young plant is like a piece of silver in your pocket. It's a shame that our lands, so to speak, are so far apart. I like to bring things together ... to see them grow. There's a small plot right in the middle of my land, and all the gold in the world wouldn't persuade them to part with it ... it breaks my heart every time I see it. 390
- BRIDEGROOM: That's always the ways of things.  
 FATHER: Imagine if we could harness twenty pair of oxen to haul your vineyards over here, and graft them onto my land ... Wouldn't it be wonderful? 395
- MOTHER: Why?  
 FATHER: What's mine is hers and what's yours is his. That's why. To bring it all together, to grow together ...
- BRIDEGROOM: It would certainly mean less work.  
 MOTHER: When I'm gone you can sell our land and buy out here. 400

FATHER: Sell? Sell? Bah! Buy ... buy everything you can get your hands on. If I had been blessed with sons, I would have bought everything from the mountains right down to the stream. It's not good land, but with willing arms ... and nobody ever comes by here to steal your crops, so you can rest easy at night. 405  
 [Pause]

MOTHER: You know why I'm here?  
 FATHER: I do.  
 MOTHER: Well?  
 FATHER: It's fine by me. They've talked it over. 410  
 MOTHER: My son has the very best of prospects.  
 FATHER: My daughter is the finest of girls.  
 MOTHER: My son is handsome. He has never known any woman. As clean and pure as a sheet in the sun.

FATHER: What can I say about mine ... ? She's up at three, with the morning star itself, to bake bread. Never speaks at all, unless spoken to first; as soft and gentle as wool, she embroiders all sorts of ... embroidery. And she can cut a rope with her teeth. 415

MOTHER: God bless this house.  
 FATHER: May God bless us all. 420  
 [The MAID appears with two trays, one with glasses, the other with sweetmeats.]

MOTHER: [to her son] When do you want the wedding?  
 BRIDEGROOM: Next Thursday.  
 FATHER: Her twenty-second birthday. 425  
 MOTHER: Twenty-two! My eldest would be twenty-two if he'd lived. He'd still be alive today, warm and full of hopes, if men had never invented knives.

FATHER: You mustn't dwell on it.  
 MOTHER: What else can I do?  
 FATHER: So, next Thursday. Is that right? 430  
 BRIDEGROOM: That's right.  
 FATHER: The church is a fair distance, so we'll go with them by car. Everyone else can manage by cart or whatever else they happen to come in.

MOTHER: Yes, I think that's best. 435  
 [The MAID crosses the room.]

FATHER: Tell her she can come in now. [To the MOTHER] I'm sure you'll like her. [The BRIDE appears. Her hands are demurely folded and she stares at the floor.]

MOTHER: Come to me, child. Are you happy?  
 BRIDE: Yes, señora. 440  
 FATHER: You shouldn't look so serious. After all, it's your new mother you're speaking to.

BRIDE: I am happy. That's why I want to get married.  
 MOTHER: Of course you do. [taking her by the chin] Look at me.  
 FATHER: She's the living image of my wife. 445  
 MOTHER: Is she? What lovely eyes. Do you know what marriage is all about, my little one?

BRIDE: [serious] Yes, I know.  
 MOTHER: It's a man and his children, and a thick stone wall to keep the rest of the world out. 450

BRIDEGROOM: What more could you need?  
 MOTHER: Nothing more! You'll be so happy! Both of you.  
 BRIDE: I know what's expected of me.  
 MOTHER: We've brought you a few presents.  
 BRIDE: You're very kind. 455  
 FATHER: Won't you have something to eat?

MOTHER:	Nothing for me. <i>[to the BRIDEGROOM]</i> What about you?	
BRIDEGROOM:	Yes, I'll have one of these. <i>[He takes a sweet. The BRIDE also takes something.]</i>	
FATHER:	<i>[to the BRIDEGROOM]</i> A glass of wine?	460
MOTHER:	He never touches it.	
FATHER:	All the better. <i>[Pause. They are all standing.]</i>	
BRIDEGROOM:	<i>[to the BRIDE]</i> I'll come tomorrow.	
BRIDE:	When?	465
BRIDEGROOM:	At five.	
BRIDE:	I'll be waiting.	
BRIDEGROOM:	Every time I have to leave you I feel as if I've been uprooted or ripped in two, and I get this sort of lump in my throat.	
BRIDE:	You won't feel like that once you're my husband.	470
BRIDEGROOM:	I know.	
MOTHER:	We must go. The sun won't wait. <i>[to the FATHER]</i> Everything's agreed?	
FATHER:	Everything.	
MOTHER:	<i>[to the MAID]</i> Goodbye.	
MAID:	God go with you. <i>[The MOTHER kisses the BRIDE, and they start to leave. Silence.]</i>	475
MOTHER:	<i>[in the doorway]</i> Goodbye, my dear. <i>[The BRIDE remains silent, but acknowledges the MOTHER with her hand.]</i>	
FATHER:	I'll see you out. <i>[They leave.]</i>	480
MAID:	I'm dying to see the presents.	
BRIDE:	<i>[bitterly]</i> Leave them alone.	
MAID:	Oh, please, show me them.	
BRIDE:	I don't want to.	485
MAID:	Even just the stockings. I've heard they're embroidered silk. Please!	
BRIDE:	No, I said.	
MAID:	For heaven's sake. Oh, all right. Anyone would think you didn't want to get married.	
BRIDE:	<i>[biting her hand with rage and frustration]</i> Ay!	490
MAID:	Sweetheart, what's wrong? Is her royal highness frightened that the good life is about to come to an end? Don't worry about that. There's no need. None at all. Let's have a look at what they brought you. <i>[She snatches the box.]</i>	
BRIDE:	<i>[taking her wrists]</i> Leave them!	495
MAID:	You're hurting.	
BRIDE:	Put them down!	
MAID:	You've the strength of a man.	
BRIDE:	Haven't I always done a man's work? I wish I was one.	
MAID:	Why are you talking like this?	500
BRIDE:	Forget it. We'll talk about something else. <i>[The light is slowly fading. Long pause.]</i>	
MAID:	Did you hear a horse last night?	
BRIDE:	When?	
MAID:	About three o'clock, I suppose.	505
BRIDE:	A stray runner from the herd.	
MAID:	No, it was being ridden.	
BRIDE:	How do you know?	
MAID:	I saw the rider. He stopped right outside your window. I was shocked.	
BRIDE:	It must have been my ... fiancé. He sometimes comes at that time.	510
MAID:	It wasn't.	
BRIDE:	But did you actually see him?	

MAID: Yes.  
BRIDE: Who was it?  
MAID: It was Leonardo. 515  
BRIDE: [*fiercely*] That's a lie! You're lying! He has no business to be here.  
MAID: Maybe not. But he was here.  
BRIDE: Shut up. Damn your tongue!  
[*The sound of an approaching horse is heard.*]  
MAID: [*running to the window*] Quickly, look ... Well, was it? 520  
BRIDE: Yes! It was him.

## EXTRACT 2

Taken from *No-Good Friday* by Athol Fugard.

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

*No-Good Friday* was first performed in the Bantu Men's Social Centre, Johannesburg, on 30 August 1958 by 'Theatre Workshop'. For a single performance before an all white audience on 17 September 1958 in the segregated Brooke Theatre, the cast had to be all black. *No-Good Friday* had its first performance outside South Africa at the Crucible Studio, Sheffield, England on 6 November 1974 with Temba Theatre Company.

All the characters apart from Father Higgins are Africans. The play is set in Sophiatown, a township where Africans employed in Johannesburg have their homes. The extract consists of the first two scenes of the play.

## CHARACTERS:

REBECCA, *a young woman living with Willie*

GUY, *a young jazz musician and friend of Willie's*

WATSON, *a township politician*

WILLIE, *a man in his thirties*

FATHER HIGGINS, *a white priest*

TOBIAS, *a 'blanket-boy' or rural migrant on his first visit to the city*

PINKIE  
PETER *backyard characters*

SHARK, *a township gangster*

HARRY, *one of his thugs*

A SECOND THUG

## SCENE ONE

*A backyard in Sophiatown, late Friday afternoon. Clustered about it are a few rusty corrugated-iron shacks. REBECCA, a young woman in her early twenties, is taking down washing from a line strung between a fence and one of the houses. A few other women drift in and out of doors preparing for the return of their men. WATSON is seated on the stage. GUY, a young musician carrying a saxophone case, enters.*

GUY: Hi, Reb.  
 REBECCA: You're back early.  
 GUY: Doesn't feel like that. Feels like I've walked clean through to the soles of my feet.  
 REBECCA: No luck?  
 GUY: Luck! You've sure got to have that to get a break in Goli. And I don't get the breaks. *Ja*, what I need is luck, lots of it, like old Sam. Remember him? 5  
 REBECCA: He stayed with Lizzie.  
 GUY: That's him. Old bearded chap. We shared the same room for a time. Old Sam bought his luck ... small bottles of trash from one of those herbalist quacks in Newclare. Every Friday night he'd trek out there with his pay packet and bring back the latest lucky charm. I argued like hell with him about that stuff. They picked him up just before they started selling the stuff to keep the police away. Poor old Sam. Wish I could believe in it like him. 10  
 REBECCA: At the price they charge you've just got to believe.  
 GUY: Anyway, I couldn't buy it even if I did. I haven't even got enough for a secondhand pair of shoes, and one more session like today and I'll need them. 15  
 REBECCA: Patience, Guy, patience. You got the talent.  
 GUY: Patience! I knocked on the door of every recording shop in town. If I'd known how many chaps were playing the sax I would have stuck to a penny whistle. When my break comes, I won't have enough wind left to blow a false note. 20  
 REBECCA: Did you try the place Willie mentioned?  
 GUY: You mean the hotel? That's the nearest I got to a job. They didn't need any musicians ... 'But we've got an opening for a kitchen boy' ... 'Opening', mind you! Another bloke gives me a pat on the back after I've blown three bars and says, ever so nicely: 'You boys is just born musicians ... born musicians I tell you. You got it in your soul.' So I says: 'But a job, Mister?' And he says: 'Nothing doing. Too many of you boys being born.' You know something, Reb? I should have settled down to book learning. That way you always eat. Like Willie. Now there's a smart Johnny. 25  
 REBECCA: Willie's all right. 30  
 GUY: All right! He's more than just right, he can't go wrong.  
 REBECCA: He's just like any other fellow.  
 GUY: I didn't mean it that way. I know Willie can go wrong, if he does some stupid thing. What I mean is, it's up to himself. But like me now ... I know I play well, everyone says so, even some of the top boys. But how does that help me? I still get pushed around. And the way I see it Willie won't make no mistakes. What's this latest thing he's up to? 35  
 REBECCA: You mean the course?  
 GUY: Yes, that's it.  
 REBECCA: First year B.A. ... Correspondent. 40  
 GUY: There, you see. Now who but Willie would think of that?  
 [*Pause.*] Now ... actually ... where does that get him?  
 REBECCA: If he passes, to his second year.  
 GUY: Well, what do you know! [*Pause.*] And then?  
 REBECCA: The third year. 45  
 GUY: Doesn't it end sometime?  
 REBECCA: If he passes that, he gets his degree. Bachelor of Arts.

- GUY: He's a smart one, that Willie. Now tell me, Reb, what does Willie do with his bachelor when he gets him?
- REBECCA: [*Laughs.*] A better job ... more pay. 50
- GUY: Just like I thought. If there's a catch in it, Willie will find it. You're proud of him, aren't you?
- REBECCA: He gave me a better word the other day. I said how we was all proud of him. He corrected me. The word was 'admire'.
- GUY: Admire! Proud! What's the difference? 55
- REBECCA: Well, there is a difference. I looked it up in that book of his with all the words. You're proud of something you had a hand in, but you admire someone that went it all alone, Guy. Not even his poor old canary in her rusty cage helped him. Sometimes I wonder if it was best that way.
- GUY: You mean you don't think he's doing all right? 60
- REBECCA: No, course not. But it's made him ... independent. A big word, isn't it? But he says it's his ideal and he's getting there. Willie could snap his fingers at anyone ... walk out any time. He just doesn't need anyone. Not you ... not even me.
- GUY: When you put it that way it does add up. But then remember, Reb, you can't always add up on paper what a man needs, like your instalments on the stove each month. I'm no book bug, but I know that. 65
- REBECCA: Too bad that advice isn't in any of the books he reads.
- GUY: He's no fool, Reb. He won't make that mistake.
- REBECCA: Let's hope you're right.
- GUY: Course I am. Why the two of you's been together for ... 70
- REBECCA: Four years.
- GUY: Four years. That's a long time.  
[*Pause.*]
- REBECCA: You thinking something, Guy?
- GUY: Such as? 75
- REBECCA: Like four years, and he hasn't married her yet.
- GUY: He's just waiting for his course to finish.
- REBECCA: Maybe he is. Anyway, we don't talk much about marrying no more.
- GUY: You got nothing to worry about. You and Willie are fine. Just fine.  
[*REBECCA exits into the house. WATSON is addressed by GUY.*] 80
- GUY: *Ja*, Watson, how's the politics?
- WATSON: We're fighting, we're fighting.
- GUY: You been fighting for our rights today, Watson?
- WATSON: Sort of. Been thinking about my speech for tonight.
- GUY: Another meeting? 85
- WATSON: Important one. We've got delegates coming from all the other branches.
- GUY: Hey, sounds good. What you going to say?
- WATSON: Not sure yet. Round about lunchtime, I had an idea. A stirring call for action! 'The time for sitting still and submitting to every latest injustice is past. We gotta do something about it.' But then I remembered that this was a meeting of the Organizing Committees and they might not like that. Just now, I had another idea. 'We must weld ourselves into a sharp spearhead for the liberatory movement.' That'll have to do. 90
- GUY: You been sitting here the whole day thinking that?
- WATSON: The meeting's going to last all night, isn't it? 95
- GUY: Watson, I want to ask you something.
- WATSON: Sure, go ahead.
- GUY: How do you earn a living?
- WATSON: Living? What you mean living?
- GUY: You don't get up every morning at six like Willie. You don't walk the streets looking for a job like me. 100
- WATSON: I make sacrifices for the cause.
- GUY: That must be tough. Telling *us* guys not to work for three pounds a week.

- WATSON: You too must make sacrifices for the cause, otherwise the heavy boot of oppression will for ever be on our backs! Hey, that's good. [*He makes a note.*] 105
- GUY: You know something else, Watson, I've never seen you a single day in the streets when there's a riot.
- WATSON: We can't all be leaders. Some must lead, some must follow.  
[*MRS WATSON calls from offstage in a shrewish voice.*] Coming dear.  
[*He exits.*] 110  
[*REBECCA appears at the door shaking a tablecloth.*]
- GUY: Say! Do you want to hear something?
- REBECCA: Any time.
- GUY: I got so fed up this morning I took out the old blowpipe and blew ... and what do you know! A wonderful sound comes out. Kind of sad ... And this being Friday and every other sucker coming home with a pay packet except me, I've decided to call it 'Friday Night Blues'. 115  
[*GUY plays 'Friday Night Blues'. WILLIE enters the backyard; he stops and listens to the music.*]
- WILLIE: Say, that's all right. 120
- GUY: Friday Night Blues. Inspired by an empty pocket.
- WILLIE: No luck?
- GUY: Nope. They've picked up all the gold on Eloff Street. No nuggets left for Guy.
- WILLIE: Remember what I said. When you're down to the last notch in your belt come along with me. I can always find you something at the office. 125
- GUY: That sounds like a pension scheme. Hold on, man! I haven't even been given a chance yet.
- WILLIE: Okay, so your old age is insured.
- GUY: That's a comforting thought when you're twenty-two.
- REBECCA: Supper will be ready in twenty minutes. 130
- WILLIE: No hurry.
- REBECCA: Aren't you hungry?
- WILLIE: I'll eat when I see it.
- REBECCA: Anything go wrong at work?
- WILLIE: Everything is fine, just fine. 135
- REBECCA: I wish you'd tell me, Willie.
- WILLIE: Tell you what?
- REBECCA: Whatever's bothering you.
- WILLIE: Nothing's bothering me. Let's just say I'm a tired man, okay?
- REBECCA: Okay. [*She goes into the house.*] 140
- WILLIE: [*shouting to her*]. Can you scrape three plates from the pot?
- REBECCA: [*from inside*]. Who's the extra?
- WILLIE: Crazy musician. We'll make him sing for his supper.
- GUY: Three cheers for the African Feeding Scheme.
- WILLIE: You dedicate Friday Night Blues to me, boy. 145
- GUY: It's sad music.
- WILLIE: I get sad sometimes.
- GUY: Sure, we all do. But this is real sad ... Sort of ... you know ... you got the words.
- WILLIE: Melancholy, loneliness, despair. They all add up to the same thing. [*Pause.*] The bus queue was a mile long tonight. That's a lot of people, sweating, shouting, all happy because there was a little bit of gold in their pockets. I've never been so lonely in all my life. It's my song, Guy. 150
- GUY: If you want it, okay. 'To Willie.'  
[*He plays 'Friday Night Blues' a second time. In the course of it FATHER HIGGINS enters, followed by TOBIAS, a newcomer to Johannesburg.*] 155
- HIGGINS: Evening, Willie ... Guy! We've missed you at the Jazz Club meetings.
- GUY: I've been meaning to look in, Father. Just that I've been trying to get started as a professional and that takes time. All of it.
- HIGGINS: How far have you got?



GUY:	I've reached the first stage. I'm blowing the sax on an empty stomach.	160
HIGGINS:	You'll be all right, Guy. In fact I want to see you about something. Come up to the church on Sunday afternoon and we'll talk about it. How's Willie?	
WILLIE:	Surprised. It's not often we see you here, Father.	
HIGGINS:	You should be grateful, it means there is no trouble. But I'll tell you what I do want. A little help for a friend. This is Tobias, Tobias Masala. He has just arrived here from the Eastern Transvaal. [WILLIE <i>stares at the newcomer with little warmth.</i> ] A simple man, Willie, like so many of our people. I was wondering if you could help. He'll do anything provided there is enough in it for him to live and maybe save a little each month.	165
WILLIE:	Why do they do it!	170
HIGGINS:	Do what?	
WILLIE:	That! Why do they come here, like <i>that!</i>	
HIGGINS:	He only wants to live, Willie. You know better than I do the stories they bring with them of sick women and hungry children.	
WILLIE:	When it rains over here we have to walk up to our ankles through muck to get into our shacks. There is another patch of muck we have to slosh through every day, the tears and sympathy for our innocent brothers.	175
HIGGINS:	His life is a supreme gift. He must cherish it. He asks for nothing but a chance to do that.	
WILLIE:	It's muck, I tell you. This is Goli, not a quiet reserve. He wasn't made for this. They flounder, go wrong, and I don't like seeing it.	180
HIGGINS:	Then what was he made for?	
WILLIE:	His quiet reserve.	
HIGGINS:	I'm sorry. I didn't want it to end like this. Come, Tobias, we must go somewhere else.	185
	[ <i>They start to leave.</i> ]	
GUY:	Come on, Willie, give old Blanket-boy a break.	
WILLIE:	Don't you understand, Guy, the breaks usually break them.	
GUY:	He's going to be broken a lot quicker if he's picked up. Have a heart, man! What about that lift job you told me about?	190
	[TOBIAS <i>moves up to WILLIE.</i> ]	
TOBIAS:	I'm not frightened of work.	
GUY:	There, you see, old Blanket-boy's got guts.	
TOBIAS:	At Machadodorp, I work eleven hours when harvest comes.	
WILLIE:	Why didn't you stay there?	195
TOBIAS:	It's not my district so they say I must go back to my home. But there is no work there and the soil is bad.	
GUY:	Can you work a lift?	
TOBIAS:	Lift? Yes, I have to lift heavy grain bags on to the lorry.	
GUY:	[ <i>laughing</i> ]. You're all right, Blanket-boy. What do you say, Willie?	200
WILLIE:	I'm making no promises.	
HIGGINS:	Thanks.	
WILLIE:	No promises, understand. If he sinks, he sinks.	
HIGGINS:	Stay here, Tobias. They will try to help you. Good night. [ <i>Exits.</i> ]	
TOBIAS:	What is it I must lift?	205
GUY:	A building full of white people. Us blacks use the stairs.	
TOBIAS:	I don't understand.	
GUY:	That's not important. We're meant to be dumb. What's more important is a little lesson in grammar. Now, what did you call the white induna on the farm where you worked?	210
TOBIAS:	Mr Higgerty.	
GUY:	No, Toby. Over here it is 'Baas'. Do you understand? Just: yes baas, no baas, please baas, thank you baas ... even when he kicks you on the backside. Now take off your hat and grin, come on, cock your head, that's it ... and say what I just told you.	215

TOBIAS: Yes baas, no baas, please baas, thank you baas, even when you kick me on the backside.  
 WILLIE: [*jumping forward and striking the hat out of his hands*]. Stop it, damn you!

## SCENE TWO

*The backyard about two hours later. It is now dark. The houses are nothing more than shadows, the yellow squares of windows throwing a dim light on the activity in the yard. Attention is focused on a small group of men: GUY, PINKIE, and PETER are playing cards. Watching them is TOBIAS. GUY shuffles a pack of cards.*

PINKIE: It's like I said. I'm serving them tea ... Every eleven o'clock I do it ... I take it round from the kitchen. 220

GUY: Pick up your cards.

PETER: Pass.

GUY: Pass.

PINKIE: Now this chap ...

GUY: What are you doing? 225

PINKIE: I was telling you, serving the tea. I'm the tea boy in the office.

GUY: The game, Pinkie, the game. Peter passes, I pass. What do you do?

PINKIE: I'll take two. [*He throws out two cards and GUY deals him another two.*]

GUY: Three aces.

PETER: I'm out. 230

PINKIE: Same here. [*They all throw in their cards. GUY picks them up and shuffles the pack.*]  
 Now this chap ... van Rensburg ... he says he gave me the coupons for his tea, but I haven't got them! And I tell him, I tell him nicely. He starts swearing at me ... What he doesn't call me! 235  
 [*GUY starts dealing.*]  
 Every door opens, everybody sticks out their head to see who's started the riot and there I am with the tea tray and this chap shouting at me. What would you have done, Guy?

GUY: Pick up your cards. 240

PINKIE: But he didn't give me a coupon.

GUY: I'll take two.

PETER: Three.

PINKIE: Then the big boss ... Mr Cornell ... he calls me in.

GUY: What are you doing? 245

PINKIE: Pass. This van Rensburg chap goes in first and has his say. Then I go in. But do I get a chance? You listening, Guy?

GUY: Sure ... Two pairs.

PETER: Full house.

GUY: What you got? 250

PINKIE: One pair.  
 [*Cards are thrown in again. GUY shuffles.*]

PINKIE: So you see, I'm not even given a chance to tell my side of the story. Short and sweet: Cornell says I must apologize by twelve tomorrow morning or I'm sacked. Not even fired, mind you, but sacked! Now what do I do? 255

GUY: Pick up your cards,

PINKIE: To hell with the cards. I'm asking you for advice and you haven't heard a word I've said.

GUY: I've heard everything you said.

PINKIE: Then what would you do? 260

GUY: How much do you like your job?

PINKIE: But I tell you he never gave me the coupons for the tea.

- GUY: You go and tell that to Watson. He's been sitting here the whole day looking for something to say tonight. Go ask him to raise it in parliament.
- PINKIE: You think that's funny? 265
- GUY: You playing or aren't you?
- PINKIE: How can I play when I got my problem. Look, Guy, do I or don't I apologize to Mr van Rensburg? That's my problem, see. They want me to apologize for something I never done.
- GUY: Okay. If it hurts you so much, don't apologize. Now are you playing or aren't you? 270
- PINKIE: But then I lose my job.
- GUY: Let's try black lady.  
[PETER *nods his agreement*. GUY *deals for two*.]
- PINKIE: What would you do, Peter?
- PETER: It's like Guy said. Find what hurts you most: apologizing or losing your job. Then you got your answer. 275
- PINKIE: That sounds nice and easy, doesn't it! Well I don't want to lose my job and I don't want to apologize.
- GUY: Sounds like you got to choose one or the other.
- PINKIE: But which one, Guy? Which one? What would you do? 280
- GUY: Look, Pinkie ...
- PINKIE: I know ... But just suppose it was you ... just suppose. What would you do?
- GUY: Well. I suppose it depends.
- PINKIE: On what?
- GUY: On how you are right now. You sober? 285
- PINKIE: You bet. Smell.
- GUY: Well, you're sober, you're calm, you got control of yourself. Now think. It's a good job. It's good pay. It's Friday night. You're going to have yourself a good time. Right?
- PINKIE: Right. 290
- GUY: So what! This van Rensburg's not in Sophiatown. You only see him for five minutes every morning and five minutes every afternoon. Why worry about him! Apologize and keep your job.
- PINKIE: That makes sense. Guy, you've helped me. That pay packet was welcome, you know, what with Shark coming round. I wouldn't like to be here without five bob when he comes. Of course. It's a job like you said, it's regular pay! That old van Rensburg, we know he was wrong, don't we? So I say: 'I'm sorry, Mr van Rensburg' and I laugh at him in the kitchen. You're right, Guy!  
[PINKIE *makes a move to exit*.]
- GUY: Where are you going? 300
- PINKIE: Rosie's. Just a quick one before Shark comes. I'm going to town tonight ... with something special! Boy, what a woman.
- GUY: Go easy on the quickies, Pinkie. Shark doesn't like to be kept waiting.  
[GUY and PETER *continue a few hands of black lady*. The door of WILLIE's house opens and he appears in his shirt sleeves.] 305
- GUY: Reached the end of the alphabet?
- WILLIE: Couldn't get started.
- GUY: [To WILLIE.] Forget the books tonight if they make you feel so bad.
- WILLIE: Forgetting is the problem.
- GUY: I always just thought of it as a bad habit. 310
- WILLIE: It is, the way most people do it. What I was getting at was being able to forget just what you wanted to. Learn to do that, Guy, and you'll be the most contented man in the world. You got accounts? ... Forget them! They summons you? ... Forget it! They jail you? ... Forget there's any better place to be.
- GUY: I don't know about that. 315
- WILLIE: Take me. Sometimes I forget to put my pen in my pocket before I go to work. Now how does that help me? But there are some things you can't forget. They won't allow it. They'd call that bad memory, high treason.

GUY: I don't see that, Willie.

WILLIE: The moment you forget you were black, they'd say you were red. 320  
What's the time?

GUY: Another half an hour to go.

WILLIE: [*looking at everybody sitting and waiting*] He's sure got us trained, hasn't he?

GUY: As Shark would put it: I've put a lot of money and time into training you boys. God help the chap that forgets. 325

WILLIE: I reckon he's about the only one God would want to help.

GUY: If he'd forgotten about Shark the only help God could give would be a free pass into heaven. You'd be finished with the good old earth if you ever forgot eight o'clock on Friday night.

WILLIE: You think we're scared, Guy? 330

GUY: Sensible. Pay up and you'll at least have the seven days to next Friday.  
[*PINKIE reappears. A few drinks have made him slightly more aggressive than when we last saw him.*]

PINKIE: Hey, Guy, how the hell can I apologize!

GUY: You back? 335

PINKIE: Listen, man, I forgot that argument of yours that convinced me I should apologize. Come on, Guy. How did it go?

GUY: It started with you being sober. You still sober, Pinkie?

PINKIE: I'm not that drunk. I just had a few tots.

GUY: Okay. So now you don't apologize. 340

PINKIE: I tell you I'm not that drunk. It's a good job. Four pounds a week. For a bachelor man that's good dough. And he says I got to apologize ... That Cornell ... he says I got to apologize. Ain't I got rights?

GUY: Go ask Watson.

PINKIE: Come on, Guy. On the level. What would you do? But remember he didn't give you a coupon for a cup of tea. He swore at you for nothing. 345

GUY: Oh shut up! I also got squeals. I been looking for a job for three weeks. Just let each of us keep his squeals to himself.

PINKIE: Well, when you get a job, I hope they tell you to apologize for something you never did. For something you never did. 350

GUY: My consolation is that by then you'll either be fired or you'll still be working, and I can go to you for advice.

PINKIE: As if I'll give it. You wait. Because it's a problem, you understand, a problem.  
[*At this point PINKIE notices TOBIAS who has been listening carefully to everything said.*] You been listening carefully, I seen you. You're not like these 355  
bums.

TOBIAS: I been listening.

PINKIE: Yes, I seen you. Now what would you do? Wait! Before you speak. He never gave you the coupon for the tea. He never did. Because in every office they give you the coupon for the tea and you put them next to the saucer with the biscuits, and then you give them the tea. But there was no coupon there! He never gave it to you. So you see he swore at you for nothing and they're asking you to apologize for something you never did. Now tell me, what would you do? 360

TOBIAS: I ... [*Pauses, not knowing what to say.*]

PINKIE: [*encouraging him*]. Ja, come on. 365

TOBIAS: I don't know.

PINKIE: You don't know. You don't know. Let me go ask Rosie.

GUY: [*slapping PINKIE on the back as he passes*]. Cheer up, Pinkie. Go ask old van Rensburg for his advice. That man takes too much. [*PINKIE exits.*] 370

WILLIE: I don't blame him.

TOBIAS: [*to GUY*]. You help me with my letter now?

GUY: Is it gonna be long or short?

TOBIAS: Just to my wife, to let her know I have arrive safely at Johannesburg.

- GUY: Okay, but let's be quick. Shark doesn't like to be kept waiting and I'm on his list. You help me with the spelling, Willie. 375
- WILLIE: Sure.
- TOBIAS: Who is this man Shark?
- GUY: Insurance. He insures your pay packet. Every Friday night five bob and you get home safely. 380  
[GUY and TOBIAS exit. REBECCA, who has appeared on stage a few minutes earlier, moves up to WILLIE.]
- REBECCA: Couldn't you get started at all?
- WILLIE: Start what?
- REBECCA: With the books.
- WILLIE: Maybe later. You heard Guy, we're well trained in this yard. Life starts after eight o'clock. 385
- REBECCA: He always comes on time.
- WILLIE: Yes, I suppose we could call that one of his virtues.  
[GUY's head appears at the window. He calls out 'Maxulu'. WILLIE spells it out.]
- REBECCA: It's true what Guy said. 390
- WILLIE: What did he say?
- REBECCA: If you stick to your books you'll go places.
- WILLIE: That's a sharp observation.
- REBECCA: Why do you get sore every time someone just mentions it?
- WILLIE: I'm sick of hearing it. 395  
[GUY's head appears.]
- GUY: I've got a big one, Willie. 'Circumstances'.
- WILLIE: [spelling]. C-I-R-C-U-M-S-T-A-N-C-E-S. [To REBECCA.] Sick of hearing it. Can you understand that?
- REBECCA: No. 400
- WILLIE: I'm sick of being bright when I know it means nothing. I'm sick of going places when I know there is no place to go.
- REBECCA: That wasn't what you used to say. When you first got the papers for the course you said it would mean a lot. Extra pay, a better position.
- WILLIE: [impatiently]. Oh ... 405
- REBECCA: Well, didn't you?
- WILLIE: Yes, I said that, two years ago.
- REBECCA: Well, isn't it true?
- WILLIE: Yes, it's true.
- REBECCA: Then why complain? 410
- WILLIE: Complain? I'm not complaining. And if I was, what's wrong with it, when everybody expects me to parcel up my life in the application form for a correspondence course?  
[GUY's head appears at the window. This time the word is 'frustrated'. WILLIE spells it out.] 415  
It's just possible that a man can get to thinking about other things than extra pay and a better position.
- REBECCA: Such as?
- WILLIE: Such as himself. What's he doing? Where does he fit in?  
[REBECCA turns away and walks dejectedly back to the house.] 420  
I'm sorry, Reb. There's nothing I can do about it. When a man gets to thinking like that he doesn't stop until he finds what he's looking for. Like I told Guy: it's one of those things you can't forget. If I could, life would be simple again. But you've got to know where you're going. I'm doubting what I used to believe in. The shine has worn off. Life feels like an old pair of shoes that everyone is trying to force me into, with me knowing I couldn't walk a block in them. 425  
[GUY's head appears at the window.]
- GUY: Last one. 'Yours faithfully'. One word or two words?
- WILLIE: Two words.

- REBECCA: Does a man always find the thing he looks for? 430  
 WILLIE: If he doesn't he might as well be dead.  
 REBECCA: I'm going to tidy up. Shall I leave your books out?  
 WILLIE: Yes, I'll try again.  
 [REBECCA exits. GUY and TOBIAS enter.]
- GUY: How's this for a letter? Toby provided the ideas and I gave the English. Go on, 435  
 read it to him, Toby. Show Willie he isn't the only bum around here with a bit of  
 learning.
- TOBIAS: [reading]. 'Dear Maxulu, I have arrive at Jo'burg. You do not know it. You cannot 440  
 see it in your mind. They have buildings here like ten mission churches on top of  
 one another, so high you cannot see the cross on the top. They make mountains  
 by digging the gold and they tell me they dig the gold under the ground like moles.  
 You do not know it, Maxulu, it is not like anything you know. I have not seen one  
 cow, one goat, or even one chicken, but the motor cars are more in one street  
 than the cows of the chief, and the people more than the biggest impi. 445  
 'Here also I find Sophiatown where I stay with Mr Guy Modise. I meet his friend,  
 Mr Willie Seopelo, who will get me a job in one of the tall buildings, taking the  
 whiteman to the top. They call it a lift. But I don't lift, I just press a knob and then  
 the box takes us all to the top.  
 'If everything goes right I will send some money this month. Call in at the Post  
 Office and buy another blanket. The red ones. If circumstances permit, I will get 450  
 home on leave in a year. Wait for me. Get Mr Mabuza to write to me about you,  
 the children, and the cow. Also get him to read this letter to you. Yours faithfully,  
 your husband. Tobias Masala.'  
 It's a good letter.
- WILLIE: Yeah, it's fine. 455  
 TOBIAS: [pointing at GUY]. He's clever. He writes.  
 WILLIE: [getting up quickly and moving to GUY]. Did you tell him how many old men have  
 been writing those letters home for years?
- GUY: Have a heart. What's the point in discouraging him?  
 WILLIE: I wasn't thinking of discouragement. Just the truth. 460  
 GUY: The truth is Toby is not old, and you're going to help him get a job, and Toby will  
 go back in a year.
- WILLIE: A year in this place is like a stray bitch, it drops a litter of ten like itself before it  
 moves on.
- GUY: What are you trying to do, Willie? 465  
 WILLIE: Stop him dreaming.  
 GUY: Suppose he is? What's wrong with that? Don't you dream?  
 WILLIE: I woke up a long time ago.  
 GUY: I don't get it, Willie. You used to be the one sucker who always had time for a sad  
 story. Any bum could come here and knock on your door and Willie would help. 470
- WILLIE: Have you been talking to Rebecca?  
 GUY: How does she come into it?  
 WILLIE: She also found a better past, a better Willie that used to be.  
 GUY: Okay, let's drop it. When you start getting suspicious about me talking to you like  
 I always talk to you, it's time to shut up. 475  
 [PINKIE, this time quite drunk, appears on stage.]
- PINKIE: He's a liar. That's what he is! Him and the boss, Mr Cornell. I bet his mother was  
 also a van Rensburg. Well if they think I'm going to apologize they got another  
 guess coming. Because I got rights. They'll protect me.
- GUY: Who? 480  
 PINKIE: They.  
 GUY: Who is they?  
 PINKIE: Them.  
 GUY: So you found your solution to the problem.

- PINKIE: Solution? It's rights! And I got them. And I don't apologize because I didn't do nothing. I mean anything. I didn't do something! Anyway, he swore at me for nothing and I don't apologize. [*At this point, WATSON, smartly dressed and carrying a briefcase, appears on his way to a meeting.*] 485
- GUY: Hey Pinkie, there goes Watson. Go and ask him to help you.
- PINKIE: Watson, a word with you, my friend. Watson, I know you can help me because you fight for our rights. 490
- WATSON: Try my best, but I'm in a bit of a hurry, old man.
- PINKIE: Wait, Watson, wait. The question is to apologize or not to apologize.
- WATSON: *Ja*, it's a problem all right. I'll think about it.
- PINKIE: No, Watson, no! Whatever you do don't think about it. Because it's life and death to me. 495
- WATSON: Well, you see I'm in a bit of a hurry. There's a meeting over at Freedom Square and I got to address the delegates. [*PINKIE and WATSON who have moved across the stage now find themselves suddenly confronted by SHARK and two of his thugs. WATSON tips his hat and disappears. PINKIE drops back frightened to the other men who have all stood up and are clustered together.*] 500
- SHARK: Well, isn't anyone glad to see me?
- HARRY: Lot of dumb scumbags. Come on, *betaal jong!*
- SHARK: Don't be so vulgar, Harry. You're always thinking about money.
- HARRY: That's what we come for. 505
- SHARK: Yes, that is true. It is Friday night. All you boys got paid?
- HARRY: They wouldn't be here if they wasn't.
- WILLIE: Here's your five shillings, Shark. Take it and go.
- SHARK: Don't rush me, Willie. You're as vulgar about money as Harry. I want to report to you chaps. After all you are entitled to something for your subscription. That is, other than the protection we give you. Now you boys have been paying very well and very regular. I reckon this about the best yard in Sophiatown. Isn't that so, Harry? 510
- HARRY: The very best. We've had no trouble from these bums.
- SHARK: And for that reason you've had no trouble from us. You travel home safely with your pay packets every Friday night. My boys are all along the way keeping an eye on you chaps. Nobody, but nobody, elbows their way into your hard-earned cash. You know something, I reckon you boys got yourselves a bargain. Now some of my customers haven't been as appreciative as you boys. Yes, in fact I've had quite a bit of trouble. Especially down in Gold Street. Heard about Charlie? Poor Charlie. Tell them about Charlie, Harry. 520
- HARRY: He didn't get off the train tonight.
- SHARK: That is, not until they found him. Then they carried him off. Looks like foul play. The police are investigating. But hell, what can they do? I mean, those trains are so crowded. It's a shame. They should give you boys a better service, really they should. Okay, Harry, collect. [*HARRY and the other thug move forward collecting from the men. The second thug has a bit of trouble with TOBIAS who doesn't know what's going on. HARRY moves over.*] 525
- HARRY: What are you waiting for? 530
- TOBIAS: I'm waiting for nothing.
- HARRY: Then give it.
- TOBIAS: Give what?
- HARRY: *Vyf bob*, five shillings. *Betaal, jong!*
- GUY: Lay off him. He's just come here. 535
- SHARK: What's the trouble, Harry?
- HARRY: Another Charlie, here among the good boys.
- GUY: Hang on, Shark, this bloke's a stranger.
- SHARK: A new arrival! They're always a bit of a risk.
- WILLIE: He knows nothing about what's going on. Leave him alone. 540

- SHARK: That's stupid advice coming from you, Willie. I mean you got some brains. Aren't you a B.A., boy? A man works hard to get a little business organized, you know, regular customers, and then along comes the stranger who doesn't want to buy. It's a bad example. Who knows, you might be the first one to follow his example.
- WILLIE: You've got a monopoly. We all buy what you sell. 545
- SHARK: Even the stranger. [To TOBIAS.] Will you buy what I sell?
- TOBIAS: What do you sell?
- SHARK: What do I sell? Protection! This is a bad place.
- TOBIAS: [*Bursts into laughter*] Protection! I'm not a baby. 550  
[*The atmosphere is suddenly tense. The other men realize TOBIAS is in trouble.*]
- SHARK: What's your name?
- TOBIAS: Tobias. Tobias Masala.
- SHARK: Tobias? No, that's no good. We'll call you 'stoopid'!  
[*There is a pause and then SHARK's voice is almost at a scream.*] Stupid! Because that's what you are. A dumb ox. Okay, Harry. [HARRY and the other thug move like lightning. A knife flashes, it is quick and sudden. TOBIAS is left lying on the ground. SHARK turns and looks at the men, then spits on the body and leaves. WILLIE moves forward and bends down to the dead TOBIAS. He withdraws instantly, rubbing the palms of his hands on his trousers.] 555

Afrikaans words used in the script:

*Ja* – yes

*Betaal, jong* – pay, boy

*Vyf* – five

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