

Crisis in Golden Years

A comedy in 8 scenes

By Nico Luwes

For the Sanlam Theatre Prize 2004

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CHARACTERS

Korrelkop van Graan (68): A retired dairy farmer. Never married.

Fräulein Käthe Wetterstein (48): A sister-cum-supervisor-cum-matron of House Golden Years. Unmarried and ‘never been kissed’.

Kingdom Moshouyane (65): The retired dairy foreman of Korrel.

Peter Bottomlea-Hornby (68): A retired company director. Widower.

DECOR

A large unit for a pensioner in the seniority home, House Golden Years. The unit was later divided into a double-room unit for two, which it is at present. In the centre is a movable partition that divides the unit into two living areas. Each one is actually a unit on its own with one shared bathroom. The one on the right is the one of Peter Bottomlea-Hornby and the one on the left that of Korrel van Graan. In the back wall are two smallish windows in the middle of each ‘room’. In both corners left and right at the back are two doors that open from the side walls to the back against the back wall. The one in Peter Bottomlea-Hornby’s room is a glass door to the outside. In the inner corners against the back wall and the partition are two fridges and small dining or worktables under the windows. On the tables an ashtray and other items. Against both side walls two beds with red alarm buttons on the wall. Above them against the walls two practical bedside lamps. In every room in front, at the audience side, a television set, which faces the back. In the room on the right a large flashy easy chair with tassels that touch the floor and in the room on the left a very simple ball-and-claw bench and chair. Curtains and bedding on the right show signs of money and status. There are no curtains or bedding in the room on the left. Door to bathroom at front left from Korrel’s room.

TIME

Still in *This Life!* It is 10 o’clock in the morning. Summer.

SCENE 1

(The rooms are empty except for the furniture mentioned. Somewhere in the background the sound of a vacuum cleaner and a tea trolley that is pushed along a passage. After a moment, in which absolutely nothing happens, the door at the left back is opened.)

Käthe (enters and opens window at the back. She is buxom and built for comfort. Dressed in a typical 'matron-like' blue skirt and top. On her full bosom is her name badge 'WETTERSTEIN'. Also on her chest are her half-specs on a chain around her neck. She turns around impatiently. Nobody has come in. She gets annoyed and looks again through the door into the passage. She is German by birth and only lapses into a German accent when she loses her 'cool'): **Come now! For goodness sake!** (Silence) **Mr Korrel!** (Silence) **I tell you come now! Or do I have to drag you in by your hair?!** (She comes in and checks if the fridge is switched on. It isn't. She switches on the plug at the back wall and notices Korrel in the passage outside.) **Come in, come in, come in! Come now! I won't bite you!** (She opens the fridge again to see if the light is burning. It's working)

Korrel (peeps reluctantly around the corner of the door and disappears again down the passage): **Good ...**

Käthe (turns around and sees he's really gone down the passage again! Again to door): **Mr Korrel van Graan! What's the matter with you?** (Gives order military style) **Stand! I say stand!! Ja vell Turn around..... Ja vell! Come back.... Ja,ja.... That's good!** (She steps back into the room)

Korrel (steps in carefully and looks at the room) **grief!** (He is a typical farmer with a 'farmer's tan'. Greenish pants and brown shoes. 'Neat' brown and green shirt with a buffalo embroidered above the pocket. Hat in hand. He just looks at the place and nods his head as if to say "Well, that's my lot now!")

Käthe (does a tour of the room): **So! That's your room now. And here**

Korrel: **Yes, yes! And who and where is my roommate?**

Käthe: **He goes for a walk in the mornings from ten to just before tea. I have been wanting to tell you this before you interrupted me.** (Resumes tour) **Here is your table – no cooking on the two-plate stove allowed, your window – closed after ten o'clock at night because of burglars, your door – locked when you go out for meals because of loafers in the passages, your cupboard for your clothes and personal medicine only, your bed – you provide your own bedding. Your bedside light and panic button – don't get them mixed up! I sleep three rooms down the passage and move like Donner und Blitz!** (She bends down and peeps under the bed) **Space for one chamber pot – supplied by yourself; your bathroom with toilet, washbasin and sitz-shower, your TV – turned down after nine at night and may under no circumstances be switched on on a Sunday afternoon between two and four. Here your chair and bench – standard ball-and-claw. And**

here your private fridge for your eats. Note very well – EATS! No liquor allowed in House Golden Years.

Korrel (who's been following her the whole time like a sheep with hat in hand and whose attention strayed only for a second, turns around): **What!?**

Käthe: Yes, you heard right! No liquor permitted at House Golden Years. I do inspections personally! Don't take any chances with me! You're still going to find out!

Korrel: There's nothing like that in the contract I signed!

Käthe: Du liebe Zeit! You're also one of those!

Korrel: Those what?

Käthe: Those! One of those that have to booze every night with the excuse 'to be able to sleep'.

Korrel: It's none of your business what goes down my throat! And it's also not in my contract!

Käthe: (touches her head): **But it's in my contract! I'm the one who has to drag you back drunk to your rooms if you forget - get lost - or whatever! And worse still ... have to pick you up from the ...** (head at an angle as she tries to blot out the image) **sitz-shower! Buck-naked and bare-assed!! The scandal!**

Korrel: That'll be the bloody day that you pick me up buck-naked! I want to see that piece of paper with the list of alcohol which is verboten!

Käthe: (touches her head): **The list is in here! It's so simple! Wine is allowed with Sunday lunch at table in the dining hall – under supervision! No liquor such as whisky, brandy, cane spirit, vodka, rum and least of all gin!**

Korrel (in a send-up of a German accent): **Und vhy on earth kein gin?**

Käthe: Ach nein, you don't understand! The poor old people! Gin makes you randy! (She realises what she has said, almost chokes and leaves the room in a flash) **Oh, pardon, pardon I still have lots of things to do**

Korrel (almost bites off his pipe): **Well, well, well!** (He stands still for a few moments. To himself) **Gin, hey! I should have doctored dear old Martie with it! Maybe I'd have lots of kids now!** (He goes to the door and looks down the passage) **Well, I'm a dairy farmer and know the world! And she? Widowed or unmarried and 'never been kissed' – that's it!** (He calls down the passage) **Kingdom!**

Kingdom (outside in the passage): **Ntate?**

Korrel: Bring my things!

Kingdom (outside): **As quickly as you say 'Janvannermerwe!'**

Korrel (opens and closes his cupboard): **OK.** (Then opens and closes the fridge) **OK!**

Kingdom (also an old man, neatly decked out for town, comes in with bedding, bags, boxes and an umbrella squeezed tight under his chin. He stops in his tracks, dumbfounded): **Banna! Sebaka sena ha se no lokela ke le le sona sephinya!** – (Sesotho for ‘Hell, this place is even too small for a fart!’)

Korrel: What’s that?

Kingdom: No ... nothing... I say the place is so small it’s even difficult to breathe in here!

Korrel: I’ll be damned! (He gets the umbrella out from underneath Kingdom’s chin and puts it down) **Just put them down.**

Kingdom (puts down the bags, bedding and boxes): **This place? Man oh man! Is smaller than hauw...!**

Korrel: Rietfontein’s farm kitchen, ja! Ja, Kingdom, jaaa! Put the bag in the cupboard and the box under the table. I’ll unpack later. Give me the bedding. (He puts it on the bed) *So did my kingdom come!*

Kingdom (looks out of window): **Ka nnete! Some garden! But there’s only roses and grass! No-good things! Not even space for cow’s udder!**

Korrel: Is that all?

Kingdom: There’s still the thingy on the back of the bakkie.

Korrel: The thingy. No way can that stay. Bring in, bring in!

Kingdom (out to passage): **As quickly as you can say ‘Janvannermerwe!’**

Korrel: Kingdom! Come here first. (Kingdom in door) **Did you see that nurse-matron-business?**

Kingdom: Kgomohadi eo e matswele-tswele? (Sotho for ‘that old buffalo cow with the big tits?’)

Korrel: What’s that?

Kingdom: No, I’m just saying I couldn’t have missed her.

Korrel: Oh well I think it’s better that (He draws his head closer and whispers something in his ear)

Kingdom (his face lights up) **Kgele! Maburu a bohlale ebite a tletse masene!** (Sotho for ‘Eish! The Boers they are bloody clever! And underhand!’)

Korrel: What's that?

Kingdom (disappears down the passage): **Eish! I say 'the Boers have brains!'**

Korrel (suddenly alone and doesn't know what to do. He sits on his bed and after a while bounces twice. Then he peeps into the bathroom and comes out again. Then he sits on the bench and feels the seat. Two bounces. He looks at the feet of the bench): **Just imagine! Standard ball!** (He puts his pipe in his mouth, gets up, sits on the chair and immediately falls through the chair.) **Damn it!** (He just sits there) **Yes, Korrel So did my kingdom come!** (He climbs out of the chair, somehow fixes the thing with a kick of the seat from below. Now what? He puts on the TV and it blares at full volume with Drop-Dead-Gorgeous's girl singing her lungs out: **WHERE ARE YOU??? YOU'RE UNDER MY SKIN!!! Etc.** He tries to turn down the volume but doesn't know how because he can't find the remote.) **Psht! Psht! Psht!**

Kingdom (peeps through window): **Ntate! Ntate! OUBASA!!**

Korrel: WHAT IS IT?

Kingdom: THE THINGY!

Korrel: WHAT? (On all fours he manages to put off the TV at the wall plug)

Kingdom: (still at full volume): **THE THINGY!!!**

Korrel (almost gets a heart attack as he tries to silence him): **DON'T SHOUT! THE WHOLE BLOODY WORLD CAN HEAR YOU!!!** (He gets up off the floor)

Kingdom: OKAY! (He lifts the box with liquor through the window and puts it on the table in front of it – clearly marked KLIPDRIFT)

Käthe (somewhere in passage): **What terrible noise! Was soll der Krach? Are you trying to wake the dead?!**

Kingdom (disappears in front of the window): **Kgele! Mafehle-fehle ke eo! (Sotho for 'Here comes fatso')**

Korrel (bolts to the box and stands with it in his hands): **Oh hell! Now what?! So did my kingdom come!**

(At window to pass box out of window) **Kingdom!** (Kingdom is not there. Considers letting the box fall through the window but decides against it. He yanks open the cupboard but the bag is already there. No space! The box doesn't fit under the bed, he wants to go to the bathroom, realises it's not going to work and opens the room next door. He is in, looks around and puts the box down. He tips the chair and sees it's big enough. In a flash he pushes the box under the chair and neatly re-arranges the chair's tassels. He scampers back to his room and is just about to sit on the chair when he realises that it is broken under the cushion. Like lightning he settles on the bench with his pipe in his mouth and bounces up and down on the seat as Käthe comes in) **That's it.... Oh, yes.....**

Käthe (comes in seething with rage): **Zum Donnerwetter! What's going on here? Hey? Hey? Hey???**

Korrel (silence, lights his pipe): **Huh?**

Käthe: **I said hey?????!**

Korrel (calmly): **I'm testing the seat.**

Käthe: **The what?**

Korrel: **The seat. The standard ball-and-claw's seat!** (Uncomfortable silence. Then he bounces up and down again. Satisfied.) **The seat has a nice feel to it**

Käthe (not impressed at all): **Ach so! Where's the woman?**

Korrel: **What woman?**

Käthe: **The woman that yelled like that!**

Korrel: **I didn't hear anyone!**

Käthe: **Heard no one?**

Korrel: **Heard no one.**

Käthe: **Heard no one** **Also not a woman who yelled like that?**

Korrel (as innocent as a lamb): **Also not a woman who yelled like that.**

Käthe (decides to start again from the beginning): **You can see I'm wearing a ... Brille?**

Korrel: **Brille?**

Käthe (touches the glasses on her chest): **Brille!**

Korrel: **Oh! Glasses Yes!** (teases her again about her accent) **Ja, ze Brille.....**

Käthe: **So!** (She puts on the glasses): **Do you also see that I have EARS to hook my glasses on?**

Korrel: **Ja! I can see that!**

Käthe: **So! Then you also have EARS to HEAR! Especially the woman yelling!!**

Korrel (pretends that it dawns on him): **OOOH!!!**

Käthe: **Where's thingy?**

Korrel: Thing-who?

Käthe: ThingY!

Korrel: Thingy?

Käthe: Ja THINGY! The woman who yelled like that! (She starts looking in the cupboard, under the bed, and in the bathroom) **Where's she?** (She has no success in the bathroom, then decides to inspect everything in the room next door except for the chair. Comes back into the room) **But I heard it clearly!** (She stands waiting for an answer)

Korrel: I was singing.....

Käthe: Singing?

Korrel: Yeah. Singing! Thingy – thingeee – thingamajig – thingamajiggy(Gradually becomes fainter as he loses self-confidence) **Thingy – thingamajig – jiggy**

Käthe: Mein Herr van Graan! What do you see on my forehead?

Korrel: Your spectacles?

Käthe (pulls off her glasses): **Donnerwetter! Nein! What is written on my forehead?**

Korrel: On your forehead nothing, but on your bosom (He goes closer to the name badge) **Wetterstein!** (She glowers at him. He gets a glint in his eye and points to the chair) **Wouldn't you like to take a seat?** (She just glowers at him) **Please**

Käthe (realises it is a hopeless case): **Mein Herr van Graan ... I see lots of difficulties ahead for you. Don't underestimate me** **I'm** a strong woman.

Korrel: I realise that.

Käthe (sizes him up and shakes her head): **I'm still going to get you!** (She cuts her story short and goes to the door): **Tea is in ten minutes. In the tearoom.** (In military style at the door) **Everybody drinks tea together. I have to introduce you to the other people at House Golden Years. It is the custom. You will be there.**

Korrel (gets up): **Good, gnädige Frau.**

Käthe (stops abruptly in the door): **Fräulein to you! Zum Donnerwetter!** (She's gone)

Korrel: Bull's-eye Korrel! Never been married and never been kissed – that's it! (He stretches out his arms sideways with obvious pleasure and freezes in that position. He leans to either side and checks if he cannot touch the walls on either side. Clearly

upset about the small space he walks stiffly to the other room and measures it the same way. It is the same size. On his way back he stops at the partition and looks intently at its construction. He jiggles the thing and it moves! Big smile on his face. He peeps down the passage. He slips over into the other room and moves the small table against the back wall closer to the door's side, then the fridge and whatever else is in the way. He again peeps down the passage. Back at the partition, just like a naughty schoolboy, he moves the front about 30 centimetres into the neighbour's room. Then to the back end in his room where he wants to push the wall above the fridge. It doesn't work. He rushes again to the neighbour's side and starts to pull the wall 30cm closer.)

Kingdom (peeps through the window): **Ntate** (He sees the wall move by itself)
Helang banna boning lebota le ya tsamaya, ke boloi ntho ena ke tokolosi! (Sotho for 'The wall moves by itself, that can only be the tokolosh!')(He drops slowly outside the window)

Korrel: Kingdom! (He comes to his side)

Kingdom (comes up again slowly. Very carefully): **Ntate?**

Korrel: Climb through!

Kingdom: Ntate?

Korrel: Climb through and help me shift!

Kingdom: Through window? I am old man! (He's jumpy as he climbs through the window) **Is she gone?**

Korrel: Who? Wetterstein?

Kingdom: Ee! Old windbag!

Korrel: Windbag ? Oh, Wetterstein! Ja, well. I've got my breath back!

Kingdom (helps move the fridge and table against the shifted wall): **Jwale ho se ho na le sebaka sa ho ntsha moya!** (Sotho for 'Now there's space for just a small fart)

Korrel: What's that?

Kingdom: No, I am saying, now you can breathe again.

(Suddenly there is a deafening ringing of bells in the passage)

Kingdom (like a young man with a furious jump out of the window): **Kgele!** (He's out) **Here she comes! Come Oubaas! 'It's old windbag!**

Käthe (in passage): **TEA!!**

Korrel (at window): Kingdom! Bring the bloody bakkie's keys! Come here man!

Kingdom (at window and passes on keys): This place she is making you crazier than ever! That is crazy cow!

Korrel: It's only the bell for tea. I suppose I'll have to go.

Kingdom: Eish!

(Suddenly they have nothing to say to each other. They've been together for donkey's years)

Korrel: All right go well, old man. And thanks

Kingdom: Ntate

Korrel: Are you going to be OK in the township? With your people?

Kingdom: Ee Ntate. I'll be all right.

Korrel: Oh well

Kingdom: Oh well (he moves away from the window)

Korrel (he turns to the door, takes heart and starts to walk): Ja

Kingdom (again at window): Ntate

Korrel (stops in the door): Hey?

Kingdom: No, I am just saying next Friday I am coming and visiting you – at six when sun is up.

Korrel: Six o'clock?

Kingdom: Ee! We dairy farmers? When cock is crowing we early birds!

Korrel (laughs to himself): Ja, we're dairy farmers ... Oh, well! (Both turn away. Korrel is practically at the door when he goes back to the window): **Kingdom!**

Kingdom (outside): Ntate?

Korrel: Friday, what's Friday again?

Kingdom (in window): Friday is is PAYDAY!

Korrel: Ja, you old bliksem! Keep well till Friday. (Exits door and closes it from outside)

Kingdom (to himself): Ja keep well, Ntate (he finally disappears)

(The stage is empty. Dead silence for several minutes. Then someone opens the glass door on the right-hand side of the room and Wham! against the table that has been pushed too far in the direction of the door. Silence for half a second. Lights out quickly! And cheerful music fills short interlude. Possibly ‘Oh what a beautiful morning’)

END OF SCENE 1

SCENE 2

(A few minutes later. Noise and arguing from left back in the passage as Käthe and Peter Bottomlea-Hornby come down the passage)

Käthe (outside to door of Korrel. Opens the door from the outside): **Sowas gibts doch nicht! Überhaupt nicht!** (Through Korrel’s door) **Now I have to carry the keys and be the general factotum!! I! A woman with QUALIFICATIONS! A charitable worker! I don’t really need the money!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (in passage. He is a neat guy in white trousers, white shoes, a blue and white striped shirt with a dark red tie and light straw hat against the sun on his head. A light walking stick in his right hand with which he likes to gesture as if the world outside his personal living space was somewhat poisonous. He is the typical toffee-nosed Englishman): **Just look for yourself! I a liar? I? The honourable, cultured Bottomlea-Hornby? Why would I lie? The door won’t open!**

Käthe (she moves to the centre of the room): **Now where’s that silly door?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: There. (He stands in Korrel’s room and points in the direction of his outside door/front door with his walking stick) **It is jammed! Bad workmanship! That’s what I’ve said from the beginning! And that for the rental of so much per month!**

Käthe: I’ve told you it’s so much cheaper to buy the place! But no! (She has in the meantime checked out the situation and sees that the door is jammed up against the table) **Ha! Problem solved!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: What is solved?

Käthe: Logic! The door won’t open because it bumps against the table!

Bottomlea-Hornby (into his room and looks at the door): **Well, I never!**

Käthe: Ja, it bumps against the table. The space is too cramped!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Too cramped, that’s for sure!

(Both look at the door, the table, the fridge and the distance from the door to the partition, back again to the door and don't find a logical explanation for the phenomenon)

Käthe: It must it must have been the last rain that the door has swelled up so?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Fräulein Wetterstein. Has your brain become swollen? No door can swell up so much that it swells 30 centimetres to the side! And a glass door at that!

Käthe (completely confused): A slight earthquake that nobody noticed?

Bottomlea-Hornby (looks at the situation again, looks at the distance in Korrel's room, quickly paces out the distance of the space in his room to the wall): No. One, two, three

Käthe: You can count nicely!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Hold your tongue, Fräulein Wetterstein! (He drops onto the floor and measures the last sections by hand) **and one, two, three hands and four inches and an eighth!** (He walks with resolve around to Korrel's room and follows the same procedure there from the side of the bed. But he starts from the side of the bed and from the outer side of the wall) **One, two, three ...** (He is against the inside wall within three metres. He turns around and measures the distance in the other direction – this time from the inside wall in the direction of the bed) **One, two, three ...** (He's at the bed)

Käthe (who watches him closely): A severe earthquake?

Bottomlea-Hornby (with an angry glance at her he drops down to measure the rest of the distance under the bed): ... and one hand three inches ... and ...

Korrel (has been on stage for a few seconds. In his door): Looking for a pot, old man?

Käthe (while Bottomlea-Hornby tries to get out from underneath the bed): Mr Korrel! A miracle has happened here! There was an earthmoving aftershock! Silent like a thief in the night! I didn't even feel a tremor!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Hold your tongue, Fräulein Wetterstein! Have you ever felt anything? (He backs out and looks again at the partition without paying any attention to Korrel) **Something has moved this confounded wall!**

Käthe: It must have been the will of the Lord! A warning against sin! This world is so evil!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Fräulein Wetterstein! Don't sit under a chicken roost and if the chickens do ... er ...what-d'ye-call-it ... on your head don't tell me it's the ... the Lo...rd's will! This was a HUMAN's will!

Korrel (absolutely bowled over) **Now really, who'd do such a thing?**

Bottomlea-Hornby (turns round to face him for the first time): **Yes, who would?**

Korrel (recognises him after all the years): **Ja, who wo... good grief! Peter!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (extends his hand): **Correct. Mr Peter Bottomlea-Hornby. Director of companies ... among other things. Do I know you?**

Korrel (immediately sees through his superiority): **No, no. Of course not! I'm just a down-and-out dairy farmer. Milked a few cows and so on and you**

Käthe (enthusiastically): **..... are director of several companies and a very rich man and a true gentleman and so**

Korrel: Uh-huh, upon my word! No, I know!

Käthe: But everyone knows the rich Mr Peter Bottomlea-Hornby!

Korrel: Ja, I followed his life while I was standing in the sun with my back against the cooler tank. So early in the morning with the previous day's newspaper which the driver of the milk truck has brought. Bottomlea-Hornby does this and Bottomlea-Hornby does that

Bottomlea-Hornby: So you do read?

Korrel: Agricultural Weekly ... newspaper columns and so ... and the sports page.

Käthe: How awfully nice!

Korrel: Ja, how awful, isn't it?

Käthe: Well, Mr Korrel, here is your roommate, Mr Bottomlea-Hornby. Mr Bottomlea-Hornby, this is Mr Korrel van Graan.

Korrel: Korrelkop van Graan, ja. Milked a few cows and so

Bottomlea-Hornby (recognises him. Looks at him dumbfounded): **Uhm ... so you're now my**

Korrel: Roommate, ja! Talking about milk. I'm going to talk to the cook in the kitchen. The stuff they put in your tea is pure skim milk. And then someone still waters down the skimmed mess. I'll let Kingdom talk to the tenant to come and deliver decent full-cream milk. Although I'm old I don't have to drink dishwater with watered down milk. Really! (He walks out but comes back immediately) **And**

besides! I drink coffee! Not rooibos tea! Arrange that, Fräulein Wetterstein!!
(Exits)

Bottomlea-Hornby: I can't stay with that man.

Käthe: What do you mean?

Bottomlea-Hornby: The man is is an uncultured baboon!

Käthe: Well, he has lots of money for an uncultured man. He paid cash for his place. R550,00.00 for lifelong care. Cash!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Cash? I don't care. Even if he has paid three million I can't share a room with this BOER! I am a director of companies! I am cultured man! I ... read! I philosophise.. I walk!!! I cannot!

Käthe: Come now! Come now, Mr Bottomlea-Hornby! I've already had such a bad day! Come shift the wall with me! (she starts moving the table and fridge away from the wall in Korrel's room while Bottomlea-Hornby stands and looks at her)

Bottomlea-Hornby: My back you know. Yes, more to the left there another eighth. Yes

Käthe (starts to shift the wall in front): **How's this?**

Bottomlea-Hornby (stands in front and gives orders and measures the distances in his room with his walking stick while Käthe shifts): **Still more to the left, yes! More left!!**

Käthe (has in the meantime put all the furniture in its place): **Is that all right?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes ... but the chair isn't in the right spot more to the left. (He measures with his walking stick the front of the partition to the side wall in Korrel's room)

Käthe (tries to move the chair but it is too heavy with the box underneath): **Was zum Kuckuck! Why is this confounded chair so heavy? Like an anchor for the Titanic! Come on, get moving and help!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: My back. You do the shifting, you get paid for it. And I contribute generously to it every month.

Käthe: I do it for the love of it! I don't need the money! I can't move it an inch! Come, don't just stand there, help!

Bottomlea-Hornby (pleased with his measuring job in front of Korrel's chair. He gracefully strokes his walking stick, holding it across his body and admiring his pampered, slender hands): **Pardon me, Fräulein Wetterstein, but do these hands look like those of a furniture remover! They are the hands of a ..** (He sits

comfortably down on the chair and falls right through) **director!!** (Lights out in a flash and cheerful British background music during the changeover)

END OF SCENE 2

SCENE 3

(It is 4:30 on the same day. Korrel on his bench and Bottomlea-Hornby in his chair. Both of them are watching their own TV programmes. Korrel is watching rugby and Bottomlea-Hornby a symphony concert. It is obvious that they haven't spoken a word to each other since this morning and are 'totally unaware' of each other. First the one throws an irritated glance at the other and then the other one does the same. Of course they are just missing each other's glances. Then they are simultaneously looking at each other and Bottomlea-Hornby looks away. Korrel also turns his head to the TV again slowly. Korrel's TV shows an advert for Klipdrift brandy. After a while Bottomlea-Hornby gets up and pours himself a cooldrink from his fridge. Korrel is terribly curious what he is doing because he cannot see around the wall. Korrel gets up carefully to have a peep just as Bottomlea-Hornby is coming back. Korrel as fast as lightning back onto his bench. Bottomlea-Hornby sits comfortably and drinks his cooldrink. Korrel sits for a while and then gets up in purposeful manner and opens the fridge. It's empty. He realises Bottomlea-Hornby is sitting on the chair with his box of drink under it. He sits down and both of them are watching TV. Korrel feels more and more like having a drink. Cheesed off he gets up and puts the rugby louder. Bottomlea-Hornby gives him a look and loses his cool. Korrel sits and enjoys his power trip. Bottomlea-Hornby gets up and puts his glass on the table at the back. Korrel is satisfied that he has won the battle. Bottomlea-Hornby slams his fridge door closed and in a purposeful way goes to the TV, puts the music louder, gives Korrel a look and sits down. Now Korrel loses his cool and puts his TV even louder. He has just sat down again and Bottomlea-Hornby does the same with his TV. As he sits down Korrel jumps up and puts his TV even louder. Bottomlea-Hornby is already on his feet and also puts his TV louder. Now they remain standing and glower at each other while both of them obstinately increase the sound volume. It is earsplitting).

Käthe (furious, into Korrel's room with a dustbin lid which she gives one or three massive hits with a mop handle or wooden spoon) **Silence! SILENCE! ZUM DONNERWETTER! RUHE!!** (She first unplugs Korrel's TV and then Bottomlea-Hornby's. Both men sit like good little children on their chairs. Dead silence. She blows herself up like a balloon to lay into them but she is so cross she can't get a word out. Then in measured tones and dangerously calm) **Not a word! I don't want to hear one damn word!** (She walks to the door and turns around in Korrel's door) **Not one** (She shuts her eyes tightly and makes a gesture of snapping her fingers with her index finger and thumb next to her ear) **..... sound ... or I remove both these confounded TVs from this room for a full week** (she exits and slams the door)

(The two of them again sit in silence and glower at the dead TVs. After a while Bottomlea-Hornby jumps up and pours himself another cooldrink. Korrel knows what he is doing and eyes the chair under which his box of brandy is hidden. Bottomlea-Hornby fetches a book, sits down and pretends he is reading. Korrel doesn't know what to do. After a while he loses his cool, gets up and pours himself a glass of water from a water bottle in his fridge. There is only enough water in the bottle for one glass. He sits down. He takes a sip of water and pulls a face as if he had drunk pure water for the first time in his life. The glass is three quarters full. He takes a lively interest in the three-quarter-full glass of water. Bottomlea-Hornby looks at him from the corner of his eye. Korrel looks again at the chair under which his brandy is stashed away and then again to his glass which now has the correct amount of water for a stiff drop of brandy and water. He sits back in his chair. Sits a while, then he wants to say something to Bottomlea-Hornby and changes his mind. Sighs and sits back again. Then he sits fiercely resolute forwards in his chair and in a determined manner turns towards Bottomlea-Hornby)

Korrel (with emphasis): **BOTTOMLEA-HORNBY!** (Bottomlea-Hornby lowers his book and turns his head to Korrel in a high and mighty manner. Korrel's hand shoots towards the toilet door) **Don't you EVER get a message?**

Bottomlea-Hornby (upset, he jumps up and glowers at Korrel): **Just as horrible as always! Blasted unrefined fellow! A hopeless case!**

Korrel (ready to fight with his nose against Bottomlea-Hornby's): **Oh yeah? Oh yeah? OH YEAH? Your insults will be the end of you some day! I've been wanting to beat you up for yeeears!**

Käthe (making a helluva noise in the passage with bells): **SUPPER IS READY! FIVE O'CLOCK! DINNER! DINNER! Come along now! Move along! Move, move!**

Korrel (lowers his fists and goes to his bathroom): **Let me control myself ... I really have to!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (got the fright of his life, but pulls himself together and walks through Korrel's room to passage door): **I mustn't allow this to upset me**

Korrel (turns around furiously in bathroom): **And where do you think you're going? You've got your own door!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **That door opens onto the garden, it's a shortcut to town and goes around the building to the front door! This door goes to the passage and the dining hall!**

Korrel: **But it's my door! Which I want to lock!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Under normal circumstances we would leave together to go and eat and come back together as soon as you unlock the door. If you want to go into the garden or to town you use that door or you have to go right around the building to get there. That's normal!**

Korrel: That's nowhere in my contract! Just that "the person alongside" must share my bathroom!

Bottomlea-Hornby: OUR bathroom!

Korrel: So bloody what! I don't want to eat in your company anyway. And besides, it's still daylight. Who eats supper with the chickens? Hey? Hey? Hey?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Hey? Hey? Hey? Typical! Typical! Just like a BOER!

Korrel: Bloody Lord Muck! You're dead meat! (They are again approaching each other in a threatening way and Korrel taps Bottomlea-Hornby on his chest into his room. The volume is again sky high!)

Käthe (appears in door): **Ach SOOOO!!!** (Bottomlea-Hornby and Korrel immediately drop their boxing pose! She shuts her eyes tightly and again makes a gesture of snapping her forefinger and thumb next to her ear) **Do I perhaps hear just.... one little sound???**

Bottomlea-Hornby (walks with determination to Korrel's door to go and eat): **Excuse me**

Korrel (wants to stop him but is stopped by Käthe's hand): **Arrogant little blik...**

Käthe: **Stop! Calm down! OK! That's better... much better...** (she steps aside) **Come on now!**

Korrel: **I won't! I won't!**

Käthe: **You won't and why on earth not?**

Korrel: **Because I'm first going to MY bathroom.** (He goes as far as the door and she remains standing just there) **And now?**

Käthe: **I'm waiting for you!**

Korrel (very dangerous and soft): **Listen here, Fräulein Wetterstein. Do you really want to check on me whether I sit or stand?**

Käthe (jumps back a step): **Um Gottes willen!**

Korrel (one step closer): **OUT! Or I put you on a strap and DRAG YOU OUT!**

Käthe (starts to get somewhat frightened): **Du lieber Gott! You don't have to behave like that. Go and find the dining hall yourself!** (She exits)

Korrel (checks if she has gone down the passage, closes the door and dashes to Bottomlea-Hornby's chair. He tips the chair backwards, drags the box Klipdrift out, takes out a bottle and puts it down. After he has pushed the box back and put the chair

back into position, he goes to his fridge and pours himself a dop. He puts the bottle in the fridge and takes the glass to the bathroom to get water):

Darned old bat!

Käthe (outside in passage): **Come on now! You won't find the dining hall!**

Korrel (has an idea. He looks back at the fridge and fetches the bottle and takes it to the bathroom. He fiddles with the toilet cistern's lid and then comes out with his drink): **Ja, cheers old Korrel...** (Sips the dop) **That I really have to hide a bottle of dop in a toilet cistern** (he puts his empty glass in the fridge, takes his key and mumbles again) **So did my kingdom come! Ja! So did my kingdom come!** (He's out and the door is closed. Outside in a good mood) **Fräulein Wetterstein! Has anyone ever told you that you have a nice backside for your age?!** (She drops the glockenspiel and lights out fast).

END OF SCENE 3

SCENE 4

It is about an hour later and Korrel is already sitting on his bench in his pyjamas – consisting of pants and a large T-shirt – and watches TV. It is WWW wrestling with the necessary shouting at each other. On his T-shirt is written GET HIGH ON MILK in capital letters. What is written underneath cannot be seen because of the way the shirt is folded. He has poured himself another drink and the glass is almost half empty.

Korrel (totally fascinated by the wrestling on TV): **That's it! Get him! Hit him within an inch!!! That's him! Lights out!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (tries to open the door from the outside, but it is locked. He moves the handle a few times up and down): **Korrel van Graan! Listen Korrel van Graan! Open that confounded door!**

Korrel (looks irritated in the direction of the door): **Hey?**

Bottomlea-Hornby (again pushes the handle a few times up and down): **I'm telling you open this confounded door!**

Korrel: **When I said 'I'm going' you were just sitting there talking nonsense with the old dears and ordered more tea! I can manage without you!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Open this confounded door!**

Korrel: **I warned you! But no you ordered tea again! So! But you have a door! SO! Go around! Go around! Go around!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (decides to go around): **My goodness! And I am a man with investments!**

Korrel (with a sly smile and starts to move back and forth in a dance rhythm while sitting with his arms stretched out) **Daddadoe, daddadoe, daddadoe!** (He knocks back his drink and puts the glass under his chair) **Touch down! Round number three!** (He enjoys his dancing movement so much that he gets up and dances more intensively) **Daddadoe, daddadoe, daddadoe! Ha! Ha! Daddadoe, daddadoe, daddadoe!** (On his T-shirt is written under GET HIGH ON MILK – OUR COWS ARE ON GRASS. He rinses out the glass in the kitchen while dancing and puts it in the fridge. He starts to make the bed and throws clothes from the suitcase into the cupboard)

(After a while Bottomlea-Hornby tries to open his own glass door from the outside. The key is on the inside and it is locked!)

Bottomlea-Hornby (plucks at the handle a few times): **Korrel van Graan!**

Korrel: Jip!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Open the confounded door!

Korrel: It's your door! Open it yourself!

Bottomlea-Hornby: The bloody thing is locked!

Korrel (still unpacking clothes and takes the mickey out of Bottomlea-Hornby's tone of voice during their meeting in the morning): **My goodness! That such a learned man like Mr Peter Bottomlea-Hornby, director of companies ... among others ... can be so simple to lock himself out!** (He unpacks further while dancing) **Daddadoe, daddadoe, daddadoe! Ha! Ha! Daddadoe, daddadoe, daddadoe!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (after a while quite sheepish): **Please**

(Korrel has just taken out his Bible and stands frozen, looking at the Book)

Bottomlea-Hornby (after a while again): **I'm asking you nicely**

Korrel (looks around in the direction of the door and again at the Book. He gives a grunt, puts the Book under his pillow and goes across to open the door. He turns the key and goes back to his room. He realises that Bottomlea-Hornby is not coming in): **Come in. I won't open the door for you as well! Who the hell do you think you are?** (Dead silence. Korrel loses his cool and opens the door) **Hang it!** (There's no one. Bottomlea-Hornby has already started going around to the office after his last 'please'. Korrel shouts after him outside): **Bottomlea-Hornby! Where the hell are you going? I've opened the damn door! Come in, man! Come in! Come in!** (He unpacks the last lot of his clothes) **At times it's difficult being a Christian!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (In. He doesn't know what to do. Then he puts on this '*I'd-rather-go-and-sleep*' attitude! He takes his pyjamas and white dressing gown and

goes as far as Korrel who is busy watching TV again. He must pass in between the two. He is uncertain): **Thanks.**

Korrel: What for?

Bottomlea-Hornby: For the door.

Korrel: Hmm (Silence. He looks up): Now what?

Bottomlea-Hornby (Gestures with his hand to pass in front of the TV): May I ???

Korrel (Lifts his finger. Pays attention to the TV): Just a minute there ... yeah that's him THAT'S HIM! MAN DOWN!!! (He sits back on the bench and swishes his hand lightly in the direction of the bathroom door): OK!

Bottomlea-Hornby (Going past to the bathroom): Thanks ... (Exits)

Korrel (Now terribly bored. He yawns. He changes the station and it is the news in Sotho. He understands very little. He yawns again and stretches out. He puts the TV off and climbs into bed. Bedside lamp above his head on the wall is on. He bounces and turns around twice and lies down. He lies on his stomach. He feels for the Bible under his pillow and takes it out. It hangs in his hand alongside the bed. After a while his conscience bothers him, he sits upright in his bed and opens the Bible. He starts to read and gets stuck): That's really my luck! The Ten Commandments! (He reads and forgets everything around him. Then he puts the Bible under his pillow and kneels at the bed to pray)

Bottomlea-Hornby (from bathroom door. He looks at Korrel): Are you looking for a pot?

Korrel (looking up, furious): I'M PRAYING!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Sorry! Really! I'm terribly sorry! (He rushes to his room while Korrel climbs into bed. Bottomlea-Hornby puts his things into his cupboard and decides to watch TV. Then decides against it again. He puts on his bedside lamp and sits on the chair to read. He 'reads')

(Korrel sighs, and turns with his back to the wall. Then he puts off his light and turns around again with his face to the wall)

Bottomlea-Hornby: And now?

Korrel: A dairy farmer goes to sleep early.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Oh. (After a while) Does the light worry you?

Korrel: No. (He turns onto his back again, arranges he pillows and looks at the ceiling. After a while he begins to laugh. Bottomlea-Hornby looks at him from the side. Korrel has calmed down. Silence. A sigh) Ach ja (He again bursts out laughing!)

Bottomlea-Hornby (now amused): **What?**

Korrel (in Bottomlea-Hornby's voice): **Are you looking for a pot?!!!!!**

(Both start laughing and the light fades slowly.... Restful music plays throughout the changeover)

END OF SCENE 4

SCENE 5

(It is half past four the next morning and still pitch dark outside. Korrel's bedside light is on and he is shaving in the bathroom, already dressed. Bottomlea-Hornby is still sleeping)

Korrel (sings boisterously, drawn out and cheerfully): **Ooooooooouuu cowboy! Huh Huh Huh huh Huh HUUUH Ooooooooouuu cowboy! Riding through the veld Huh Huh Huh huh Huh HUUUH Riding all day long through the veld (Then at full volume): Yippee yippee yip!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sits up in bed): **Huh?**

Korrel: **Yippee yippee yip! I'm a cowboy riding, riding my old horse Ja, my old horse.....**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sinks back into bed feeling miserable): **Aaauh!**

Korrel: **... my old horse.... carry me over the bridge, safely over the bridge, to my girl Sannieeeee daughter of aunt Annieeee ... on the farm (then again at full volume): Yippee yippee yip!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sits straight up in bed): **AAAAAAAGH!**

Korrel: **Yippee yippee yip! My old horse**

Bottomlea-Hornby (jumps out of bed and puts on his dressing gown): **No, for heaven's sake!**

Korrel (from bathroom with shaving cream on his cheek): **What now?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Mr Van Graan what on earth do you think you are doing?**

Korrel: **What do you mean?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **What are you doing?**

Korrel: **I'm shaving.**

Bottomlea-Hornby: I can see that. Do you really have to do that in time to music?

Korrel: But I thought you liked music. Yesterday on TV you

Bottomlea-Hornby (taps his watch): **But ... it's half past four in the morning!**

Korrel: I know. A dairy farmer gets up early.

Bottomlea-Hornby: You can't do that. Not here.

Korrel: I can't help myself. It's in my bones ... I've done it for 45 years! Up at half past four! (He turns around and continues to shave in the bathroom)

Bottomlea-Hornby: Well, just try to be QUIET! (Takes off his dressing gown and goes back to bed)

Korrel (quickly peeps through bathroom door): **Sorry!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (in his bed with face towards the wall): **Good.** (He's just lying nicely when Korrel flushes the toilet. Bottomlea-Hornby jumps up and takes two tissues out of his box, licks them, twists them into points and puts them as earplugs into his ears)

Korrel (comes out of bathroom door and sees it): **Sorry!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (just gives him one look and climbs into bed): **Uhm....**

Korrel: Okay (He walks on his toes to the window and opens it, does a few exercises, jogs on one spot, rolls his neck, pulls up one hip and farts) **Oops!** (He freezes right there)

(Bottomlea-Hornby again upright in bed, waiting for something to happen. Nothing happens and he tries to sleep again)

(Korrel hears him turn around and relaxes. What now? He wants to go to the TV. But decides against it and sits on his bed. He's not doing anything and after a while he yawns. He bounces once on the bed. Feels the blanket. Then he takes off his shoes and lies with clothes and all on his bed. He puts off his bedside lamp. Outside it is getting light. The bed creaks)

(Bottomlea-Hornby has in the meantime sat upright and listened closely to what was going on on the other side. He hears the bed creak, sees the light being put off and sinks back into bed. Both turn their faces to the wall. There is a heavenly silence and both seem to be dropping off to sleep. Outside the doves are cooing and the birds are singing cheerfully)

Kingdom (peeps through the window and sees Korrel sleeping blissfully. Softly to himself): **Kgele! Ako shebe mona! Ona ke ona moleko o sa le o ntsosa dikobong dilemong tse 45 tse fetileng hole ke ilo hama dikgomo! (Sotho for) "Hau! Just**

look at this! That's the bliksem that chased me out of bed at half past four for 45 years to milk the cows! (Then exactly as loudly as Korrel would say): **No, Ntate! GET UP! Cows' milk is getting sour! Ntate mustn't lie there and let one fly!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (has already jumped up with the plugs in his ears): **Damn you!!!** (He rushes to his table, grabs a table knife and starts stabbing the air)

Korrel (has also jumped up and sees Kingdom at the window): **Kingdom, you low-down rotter! I'll get a heart attack because of you!**

Kingdom: **Never! We dairy farmers! With first cock-crowing we are early birds!**

Korrel: **No, I've been awake for a long time!** (He lies down again on his bed) **I'm just trying out what the bed feels like.**

Kingdom: **Mashano a hae! Empa motho enwa o tsamaya kereke!** (Sotho for 'The lies he tells! And then he goes to church!')

Korrel: **What did you say?**

Kingdom: **No, I am saying is true.... is true!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (starts to sway on his feet. Pathetic): **Help** (He faints from shock and falls behind his chair into the room next door. The knife falls out of his hand and crashes onto the floor)

Korrel (comes around to Bottomlea-Hornby's side): **Bottomlea-Hornby???** (He doesn't see him) **Bottomlea-Hornby???** **Where the hell are you?** (Then he sees him lying there): **Kingdom! Come and help here!**

Kingdom: **Ntate?**

Korrel: **Climb through, man!**

Kingdom: **Through window? I am old man!** (He climbs nervously through the window)

Korrel: **Look, the old wimp has fainted!**

Kingdom (also there now): **Jwale hobaneng o tshohile tjena, hmmm?**

Korrel: **Hey?**

Kingdom: **No, I am saying, why he get such fright?**

Korrel: **Pick him up!** (They pick him up at his feet and shoulders and throw him unceremoniously onto his bed – with his head to the foot end. Korrel stands behind his head and Kingdom sits next to the bed and waves his hands over his face) **Come now! Come now!**

Kingdom (sees that it doesn't work because Bottomlea-Hornby makes little whimpering sounds): **Maybe you must resurrect him!**

Korrel: What do you mean?

Kingdom: Give him kiss of life!

Korrel: WHAT?

Kingdom: KISS OF LIFE!

Bottomlea-Hornby (sits up bewildered): **That'll be the bloody day!!** (He faints again and sinks back) **Aaaaaah**

Kingdom: There, he gone again.

Korrel (to chair which he tips): **Kingdom! Drag that box here and take one out!**

Kingdom (does it and sees it's brandy): **Tsk tsK tsK! So that is the muti!**

Korrel: Open it! (Kingdom has the bottle of brandy in his hand and Korrel quickly drops the chair over the box of brandy again) **OK now!** (He's back again with Bottomlea-Hornby and fans him with his hand)

Kingdom (has opened the bottle and as fast as lighting takes a sip): **AAAAH! Ja! This is real thing!**

Korrel (opens Bottomlea-Hornby's mouth): **Pour!**

Kingdom (pours and Bottomlea-Hornby swallows and sits upright with eyes wide open and then sinks back again): **There, he gone again!**

Korrel (opens Bottomlea-Hornby's mouth again): **Pour!**

Kingdom (pours again and Bottomlea-Hornby swallows and sits upright with eyes wide open): **AAAAAAH!!! Nice, hey?** (Bottomlea-Hornby sighs and sinks back again. Kingdom pours again) **Eish, he is liking it!**

Korrel: No, whoa! Push that button above my bed! (He takes the bottle from Kingdom) **The red one!**

Kingdom: Red one? Eish! This man likes being sick! Just for the muti! (He pushes the button and a helluva alarm goes off) **EISH! EISH! ...** (He doesn't know where to hide)

Käthe (outside in passage): **Was zum Kuckuck soll der Lärm?! Why this racket?!**

Kingdom (rushes into the bathroom when he hears Käthe's voice in the passage): **Jo nna wena, jwale ke masepang!**

Korrel: Hey?

Kingdom: No, I am saying, here comes BIG MISSIS!

Käthe (pulls at Korrel's door): Open this door! I say UNLOCK THIS DOOR!

Korrel (puts the bottle of drink next to Bottomlea-Hornby's bed and unlocks the door): I'm coming! I'm coming! LOUDMOUTH!

Käthe (in): SoooUm Himmels willen..... what on earth is all this racket? And at this time of the morning?

Korrel (pushes her to Bottomlea-Hornby's room): It's Bottomlea-Hornby. He's fainted!

Käthe: Where?

Korrel: Here!

Käthe: Why?

Korrel: Why? How must I know!

Käthe (behind Bottomlea-Hornby's head while she fans him with her hands): I also got the fright of my life! I thought I heard a burglar shout "GET UP!" It's blood curdling! Don't lie there and ..." Well ... do something indecent!

(Kingdom peeps out of bathroom and eyes the whole scene without being seen)

Käthe: I thought it was my crazy imagination!

Korrel: Maybe it was!

Käthe: What are we going to do now?

Korrel (hopeful): Don't you have to hit him?

Käthe: Are you daft or have you had too much sun? Pump him!

Korrel: What?

Käthe: Pump him! Pump his legs for the air intake!

Korrel: Intake?

Käthe: Yes! Pump!

Korrel (starts pumping his legs with force): It doesn't work! Give him the kiss of life!

Käthe: The kiss of life? Ja! Absolutely! I must! I must! (She gives him artificial respiration and why does it look like she's enjoying the kiss?)

Korrel: Don't you have to take a breath?

Käthe (looks up with guilt written all over her face and takes a breath before she wants to start again. Just before she touches his mouth again she rights herself slowly and licks her lips): **This man is bombed out of his skull!** (She smells him and licks her lips again) **Really, he's PLASTERED!**

Korrel: You're sure?

Käthe (gets up and sees the brandy bottle on the floor): **Ha! The proof! Definitely BLOTTO! Out of my way!** (She physically picks up Bottomlea-Hornby into a standing position with her hand in front of his chest) **We've got just the right medicine for this!** (She gives him a helluva slap and Bottomlea-Hornby comes round and immediately swerves on his feet) **Okay! Welcome back from fairyland!** (She lets go of him like a bag of potatoes and he ends up sitting on his bed)

Bottomlea-Hornby (starts singing sheepishly – clearly too much brandy on an empty stomach): **Ohhh what a beeaauutiful ... mornin'ohh what a beeaauutiful day**

Korrel (gets out of the situation into his room): **Typical! Typical! A typical director of companies!!**

Käthe: Bottomlea-Hornby! You're a disgrace to House Golden Years! Pull yourself together! Zum Donnerwetter!

Bottomlea-Hornby (lies down slowly again on his bed and snuggles against the wall): **Get lost!** (Continues singing happily): **I've got a woonderful feeling everything's going!** (He's almost asleep) **Too much!!** (He's out like a light)

Kingdom (his head disappears just in time again in the bathroom): **Eish!!**

Käthe (takes the bottle of brandy with her on her way to Korrel's door): **The respectable Mr Bottomlea-Hornby??! It's really pathetic!!**

Korrel (watches his bottle of brandy moving past him towards the door): **Why on earth are you interfering with the poor guy? Can't you see he's totally innocent?**

Käthe (stops in her tracks): **Innocent? But here's the proof! The evidence!!**

Korrel: Maybe it's just 'personal medicine'? You've told us we may keep our 'personal medicine' in our fridge! Give ... I'll keep it for him!

Käthe (comes forward again from the door to the right of his bench): **Let me show you what I think of so-called 'personal medicine' Mr Korrelkop van Graan!** (She starts tilting the bottle slowly until the brandy almost spills out and races to the

bathroom to pour it out there. She kicks open the door and sees Kingdom) **Ein Schwarzer!! AAAAAAAHHHH!!!** (She faints backwards into Korrel's arms who's already rushed forwards to stop her)

Korrel (stands with her in his arms): **Kingdom, come on! Help me!!** (He drags her back out of the door)

Kingdom (in with the bottle he has saved): **Ntho di mafeke-feke! Ebe ho tla etsahalong jwale? (Sotho for 'Now the fat's in the fire! What now?')**

Korrel (with a sly look, and laughs): **Boereraat?**

Kingdom (clicks and also starts to laugh): **Boereraat!**

Korrel: Pour!

Kingdom (pours carefully and the fainted Käthe timidly swallows a few sips): **Eish!** (Käthe shivers and falls back) **Now she also passed out!**

Korrel: Hold tight. (They pick her up at her feet and shoulders, carry her to the bed and put her carefully next to Bottomlea-Hornby)

Kingdom: Eish!

Korrel (softly): **And now you and I go to town and visit your people. I want to see that where you stay is OK!**

(They go over to his room, Korrel sees the bottle, picks it up and puts it under his jacket)

Korrel: Goodbye, dear evidence!

(They turn around in a flash at the passage door, creep back into Bottomlea-Hornby's room, unlock the door and slip out. Door closed. After a while Bottomlea-Hornby turns his face away from the wall in his sleep and puts his arm over Käthe. She makes a slight move on her side and snuggles up to him with her back tightly against the contours of his body. Outside the birds are breaking into song and it goes over into a light musical rendition of "Oh what a beautiful morning" while the lights fade gradually. It is interval – if preferred.)

End of Scene 5

Scene 6

Käthe (is half awake and again snuggles up against his body. With their eyes shut both of them turn over and she puts her arm nicely around his body. They lie for a few seconds, then Käthe suddenly sits upright and stares ahead. She dares to look to her side and sees Bottomlea-Hornby lying there): **Oh, mein Gott! Oh, mein Gott!!** (Totally bewildered she jumps off the bed, goes to Korrel's door. She tries to open it but it is locked and she feels trapped. She makes sure that all her clothes are still in place and that all her 'parts' are still there) **Um Gottes willen!!!** (Then she sees the key lying on the bed, opens the door and darts out into the passage. Bottomlea-Hornby has woken up enough to sit totally bewildered on his bed. Has he heard a voice or not?)

Korrel (from the town side in passage to his door): **Morning, Matron! Busy with inspection?**

Käthe (in passage): **Out of my way ... you you ... get lost!**

Korrel (standing in the door, laughing): **Good gracious! (To himself): Oh bother! Just too late for the performance!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (on his feet and swaying. He doesn't feel well at all and doesn't know what hit him): **I think I think**

Korrel (in): **Morning, Bottomlea-Hornby, my, you like sleeping late, don't you?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **I think I had a slight stroke.**

Korrel: **Nonsense, man! You've overslept, that's all!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sits on chair, feeling shaky): **No I heard voices and had the strangest dreams! Of a woman ... who ... who ...**

Korrel: **Spare me the details, Bottomlea-Hornby! You've dreamt – or it's your imagination**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sniffs the air): **Really, I'm sure! I can still smell the woman!**

Korrel: **Rubbish, man!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **They say if you have a slight stroke it sharpens your other senses! I swear I can smell her! On my body!**

Korrel: **Man, you've got to get your head read!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Isn't my face cock-eyed?**

Korrel: **Not more than this morning!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (is getting sick): **My stomach Oops! Pardon me ... oops!**
(He rushes to the bathroom and closes it)

Korrel: **Now that's Klipdrift on an empty stomach!** (He goes to the window where Kingdom has already appeared): **That's it, Kingdom, come closer!**

Kingdom (in at window with new rake, fork and spade): **Eish! New spade is working well!**

Korrel (takes out packets of seed and puts them on the window sill): **That's all you need. Your people are having such a hard time!**

Kingdom: **And ground is so much wet from water for roses and flowers and grass and all that stuff! I am digging it over! As fast as a hare!** (He disappears from the window and starts digging outside) **Come and look what good digging is, Ntate!**

Korrel (on his way to Bottomlea-Hornby's door): **I'm coming!** (He sees something lying on Bottomlea-Hornby's bed and picks it up): **AHA!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (from bathroom): **It won't work!**

Korrel: **What?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **It doesn't want to work!**

Korrel: **What doesn't want to work?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **The toilet is stuck. The handle doesn't want to go down!**

Korrel (wants to go): **Then fix the damn thing!** (Then he realises what the reason could be): **No, don't worry. Let me have a look at it.** (He wants to go to the bathroom)

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Forget it, I'll have a look myself!** (wants in)

Korrel (almost pulls him out of the door): **No man! I told you I'll have a look!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (almost pulls him out of the door): **Don't you dare! It's my stuff! I'm going to check it!** (He is inside and takes off the lid)

Korrel (back in his room, to himself): **Damn it!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **AHA!** (In with a bottle of brandy): **And this?**

Kingdom (wants to ask something at the window, sees what's going on and watches the performance): **Eish, eish!**

Korrel: **What now?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: What's this?

Korrel (innocently): That's brandy.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Brandy?

Korrel: Ja, brandy. (Surprised) Hey! Haven't you ever seen brandy, Bottomlea-Hornby?

Bottomlea-Hornby: I can see it's brandy! What's it doing in the toilet cistern?

Korrel: Looking for water?

Bottomlea-Hornby: For goodness sake, Van Graan. What's the bottle of brandy doing in the toilet cistern?

Korrel: Hidey-hole?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Whose is it?

Korrel: Yours surely! Keep it! Finders keepers

Bottomlea-Hornby: Van Graan! This bottle belongs to you and you have hidden it there and I'm going to report you immediately to Fräulein Wetterstein and they'll throw you out!

Kingdom: Jo nna wena, jwale ke masepang.

Korrel: Hey?

Kingdom: No, I am saying, here comes BIG MISSIS! (He disappears in front of the window)

Bottomlea-Hornby (snitching to door): Fräulein Wetterstein! Fräulein Wetterstein!!

Korrel: Woe, just hold it man! Since when are you a magistrate?

Bottomlea-Hornby (at door) Fräulein Wetterstein! Fräulein Wetterstein!! Do come here! Quickly!

Käthe (from passage): Was zum Kuckuck? What is all that noise about again? Are you both off your head?

Bottomlea-Hornby (enjoying his dig at her): I have something behind my back you would really be interested in! Cast-iron proof!

Käthe: Of what?

Bottomlea-Hornby: You'll see! This man, Mr Van Graan, smuggled this (he takes the bottle from behind his back) 'prohibited substance' into House Golden Years!

Käthe: Du lieber Gott!

Bottomlea-Hornby: And as you know it is against the rules! I insist that he appears before the committee

Korrel: Slow down, Bottomlea-Hornby. You are accusing an innocent man! Fräulein Wetterstein knows about your weakness!

Bottomlea-Hornby: My what?

Käthe: Your weakness, ja!

Bottomlea-Hornby: My weakness?

Käthe: Who would have thought that of you?

Korrel: The straight, cultured Bottomlea-Hornby?

Käthe: Who drinks on the sly!

Bottomlea-Hornby: A drinker on the sly?

Korrel: A drinker on the sly!

Käthe: You were as drunk as a Russian sailor on the Reeperbahn! Disgusting!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Drunk? Sailor? Reeperbahn? How dare you?!

Korrel (telling him to calm down, as to a child): Come now Bottomlea-Hornby. No need to get the horrors! Give it to me (puts out hand) It's safer.

Bottomlea-Hornby: That'll be the day. It's evidence!

Käthe: Mr Bottomlea-Hornby, calm down! Cup your hands in front of your face!

Bottomlea-Hornby (does it, bewildered): Yes?

Käthe: Breathe out!

Bottomlea-Hornby (breathes out): Yes?

Käthe: Breathe in again through your nose!

Bottomlea-Hornby (does it and smells the brandy. His eyes dilate): It's ... it's

Käthe: Brandy! I suppose it's also 'personal medicine', isn't it?

Korrel: Give it to me. I'll show you what I think of so-called 'personal medicine', Mr Bottomlea-Hornby. Thank you! (He goes to the toilet to pour it out) **And this as a director of companies!** (Out and drink is poured out. He comes back satisfied and rubs his hands while Bottomlea-Hornby stares at him open-mouthed.) **So ja! Problem solved. Can we have some peace and quiet now, please?** (He sits on his bench)

Käthe: Thank you, Mr Van Graan. I can see you are adapting fast and may still become a prize asset to House Golden Years! Mr Bottomlea-Hornby. I'll talk to you later about your problem. When you have sobered up properly! (She walks out)

Kingdom (looks through the window again): **Eish! Eish! Eish!!** (He disappears again)

Bottomlea-Hornby (stands still in amazement): **I don't know what's going on!**

Korrel: Never mind. It happens in the best of families.

Bottomlea-Hornby (concerned): **Van Graan...? I think ... I've had a light stroke .. or recovered from it? It just can't ... be true?**

Korrel: Don't worry, my old friend. I'll help you! That's what 'roommates' are for! We just forget a few things when we get old. (He touches his head) **Senior moments! That's what it is. Senior moments!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sits on his chair totally stupefied): **But it can't be! It absolutely can't be! My reputation is ruined! When was I supposed to have started to drink?**

Korrel: It was last night. I heard some commotion next door, then a groaning and then the 'glug-glug' of a bottle. I thought I smelt something. But, by George, I didn't think it was that bad! Then the smell hit me! Pure brandy!

Bottomlea-Hornby: A commotion?

Korrel: Yes, as if you were moving something around. And then the 'glug-glug'. But early this morning you were again as right as rain and argued with me about my getting up so early.

Bottomlea-Hornby: But that I remember clearly!

Korrel: And shortly afterwards you went round the bend again! Shouting and screaming and stabbing the air in your room with a knife and then you passed out again – lights out from the booze!

Bottomlea-Hornby: The scandal! They are going to throw me out!

Korrel: And then the dreams about women! Too awful!

Bottomlea-Hornby: But I still notice the woman's smell on me! 'Senior moments', you say?

Korrel: Ja, 'senior moments'.

Bottomlea-Hornby: But where would I get the stuff? I can't remember ever having ... bought anything!

Korrel (takes him to his room): **Come, let's go through your room. Maybe we'll find a receipt or something.**

Bottomlea-Hornby: My nerves are shot. You have a look, please. In my cupboard. All my papers are there.

Korrel (looks and puts his hand through the cupboard): **Nothing here!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (points with his kierie to the fridge): **Thank goodness! There?**

Korrel (gets out the cool drink and smells it): **One bottle**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Oh no!

Korrel: cooldrink! Absolutely blameless!

Bottomlea-Hornby (points to under his bed): **There?**

Korrel: Just a pot! And a pair of walking shoes. (Gets up. He picks up something from the bed) **And this?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: What's that?

Korrel (holds up Fräulein Wetterstein's name badge, which had fallen off when she was lying there): **It's a name badge!** (He reads): **Ah! Wetterstein! Matron. Wetterstein? Here in your bed?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: What?

Korrel: Fräulein Wetterstein! (He slaps him on the back): **You old holier-than-thou! And all this right under my nose!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: But it can't be! It simply can't be!!

Korrel: Never mind! I won't say a word! And I don't even smell any 4711 on you!

Bottomlea-Hornby: 4711?

Korrel: Ja!

Bottomlea-Hornby: But the dream? And the drink? How can it be? What exactly did you hear?

Korrel: Well, there was some moving around! (He looks at the chair): **Let me tip the thing and then you have a look.** (He tips the chair back)

Bottomlea-Hornby (sees the box Klipdrift and completely loses his mind): **It's there! It's really there!!! Drop it! DROP IT!**

Korrel (does it): **What is there?**

Bottomlea-Hornby (quickly sits on the chair as if he wants to anchor it in the ground. Almost in tears): **A whole box of brandy! They're going to throw me out! My good**

Korrel: Shut up Bottomlea-Hornby! Do you want the whole world to hear? Now listen to me very carefully. I'll get you through the whole thing!

Bottomlea-Hornby: But if Fräulein Wetterstein finds it

Korrel: Shut up Bottomlea-Hornby! She's not going to find it!

Bottomlea-Hornby: But it's here! (He rushes up and tips the chair): **Pour it out! Right now!**

Korrel: Shut up Bottomlea-Hornby! (He tips the chair back over the box and makes Bottomlea-Hornby sit on the bed): **Do you want the whole passage to reek of brandy?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: What do you mean? I'm going to pour out bottle by bottle in the veld on my morning walks!

Korrel: And finish a bottle again every morning on your walks? No! I tell you what. We pour a little down the toilet every night just before we finally pull the 'Waterloo' for the night! Just a little so that the whole place doesn't reek of it.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes?

Korrel: And to cure you of your craving you don't touch a single bottle again! I'll help you every night like clockwork. In a month we're going to be rid of the whole lot.

Bottomlea-Hornby: And the empty bottles?

Korrel: I'll put them back in the box under the chair. And when everything has worked out over time then I'll ask Kingdom to bury the box in the garden.

Bottomlea-Hornby: But that's not possible! There's lawn and established garden! Roses and beds!

Korrel: On your side, yes. But on my side are fields!

Bottomlea-Hornby (startled): Fields?

Korrel: Yes. My half of the garden which you grabbed for yourself and where you planted flowers and useless stuff I'll turn into fields. I'm going to farm there!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Farm?!

Korrel: Ja! I went to Kingdom's family this morning and they have no vegetables! I won't allow my old foreman who was my right hand all these years to suffer in his old age because he doesn't have enough vegetables! And the old people here can also get!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Let Kingdom's people grow their own bloody vegetables!

Korrel: They don't have water and you waste water on roses and stuff which you can't eat!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Roses and stuff? You uncultured baboon! (Threateningly to him): You won't dare!

Kingdom (in window): Ntate! Ntate! The digging is finished. Oubaas can come and sow and rake!

Korrel: I'm going to plant and sow! On my own piece of land! And if you're trying to stop me this uncultured baboon is going to give you a thrashing that Darwin has to rewrite all his books!

Bottomlea-Hornby (rushes to his window and sees the dug-over part on Korrel's side): Absolute madness! That's what it is – MADNESS!

Korrel (around to his room to get the seed): Thanks, my friend! With this we're going to feed our own lot and your whole family! Beans carrots ... onions ... (He goes through Bottomlea-Hornby's room to the glass door to the outside while Bottomlea-Hornby just looks at him dumbfounded) ... cabbage ... squash, beetroot and garlic!! (Exits)

Bottomlea-Hornby: We're going to see about that! (He walks to the passage door, his mind made up): Fräulein Wetterstein! Fräulein Wetterstein!

Korrel (peeps through his window just before Bottomlea-Hornby wants to exit to the passage through Korrel's door): Bottomlea-Hornby! Go and call Wetterstein! But you are forgetting one ... no, two things! (He points to the chair's side and mimics a man who drinks from a bottle): Glug-glug-glug and (He hold Wetterstein's name badge triumphantly in the air): I'm gonna ride we're gonna riide.. together ... through life. But the good life's not good enough for me ... I want the best. We're gonna (Bottomlea-Hornby's mouth hangs open and he stands still)

Kingdom (appears and sings with Korrel): **Yippee Yippee Yip, Yippee Yippee Yip, we're gonna riide only want the beeeest!**

(Light fades on this chorus and Bottomlea-Hornby)

End of Scene 6

Scene 7

(It is half past eight in the morning a few weeks later)

Kingdom (outside in garden): **Good morning, Ntate!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Morning, man! What's so good about this morning? (He enters through his glass door and puts on the TV. He is not in a good mood): **A most magnificent garden which would have the prize in a garden competition! And now? Just a field of peas!**

Kingdom (looks through the open window with a bunch of first-class carrots in his hand): **But we can eat them! Eish! They are looking great! Hanging like donkey's**

Bottomlea-Hornby (flies around): **I don't want to hear it! Don't want to see them either!**

Kingdom: But old people also like eating fresh things!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Listen! I want to HEAR the news! Not WATCH them!

Kingdom: Ai! But Ntate is looking so well and healthy now! Maybe fresh vegetables or because Ntate not having brandy for three weeks!

Bottomlea-Hornby (again flies around in his chair): **Listen you ... joker! I didn't even know that I was drinking. To be honest, I really doubt it altogether!**

Kingdom: They are always saying so! Ntate, you are not forgetting about smell?

Bottomlea-Hornby: I no longer know whether I'm coming or going! And you and that confounded Fräulein Wetterstein just go on and on! Go and get your potatoes out of the ground!

Kingdom: Ts, ts, tsss! But Ntate is cross! Like old bull!

Bottomlea-Hornby: What are you saying?

Kingdom: No, I'm just saying Ntate is like old bull not getting to cows! Ntate must take the Kgodimodimo yane e matswele a maholohadi!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Who?

Kingdom: That missus with (with his hands he indicates Wetterstein's breasts) Hau! She is talking to Ntate every day!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Man, go and pick onions or I'll make you pay!

Kingdom: Onions? Ts, ts, ts! They also coming on nicely! (He disappears to work again in the garden)

Käthe (knocks on Korrel's door. Very seductively?): **Mr Bottomlea-Hornby? Mr Bottomlea-Hornby? Open please!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Oh bother! Does this woman know no end?

Kingdom (of course peeps with a big smile through Korrel's window): **Ts, ts, ts! How many years was I milking? 45 years! Milking time!** (He disappears again)

Käthe: Time for a talk! Open up!

Bottomlea-Hornby: You'll have to take the long way round. The confounded door is locked!

Käthe: What do you mean?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Korrel van Graan is only having his sixth cup of coffee after breakfast. And his door is locked! Just to make my life easier! Come, walk around! I also had to take the long way round!

Käthe: Oh!

Kingdom (with his head again in at Bottomlea-Hornby's window): **Ntate must get ready!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: And for what must I get ready?

Kingdom: 45 years! I know cows! She is coming home!

Bottomlea-Hornby (rushes to window): **Listen man! Just get out of my backyard! Get lost! Go and dig on the other side! I don't want to see on my turf again! And you don't walk over my lawn again! Or jump over the wall or something! Or come here through the passage!**

Kingdom (now again through Korrel's window): **Through passage? And how am I getting back into garden? Again through Ntate's door and then over piece of lawn?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: For all I care you can climb through Korrel's window!

Kingdom: Hau! Why is Ntate so cross with me and my Oubassie?

Bottomlea-Hornby: You won't understand! It's something that happened a long time ago! Long ago

Kingdom: Hau! That must really be long, veery long !

Bottomlea-Hornby: It is looong ago!

Kingdom: And about what?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Go and ask your old Boer!

Kingdom: He no wanting to say anything! He just saying Ntate stole something from him.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Not stolen! Taken! The miserable wretch! I am a man with investments!

Kingdom: Hau! He was very poor! But now we also have something! (He sees Käthe coming around the corner): **Evening Grandma!**

Käthe (outside): Listen! Am I married to your Grandpa?

Kingdom: No! He too scared! (He gives a naughty laugh and disappears again from the window to work in the garden)

Käthe (in at glass door): The smart ass!

Bottomlea-Hornby: He gets that from his old Boer!

Käthe: His old Boer?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes! Old Korrel van Graan! Just look what he's doing now. Having coffee to irritate me!

Käthe: Calm down, Mr Bottomlea-Hornby! Van Graan is starting to fit in quite nicely! And he donates all his vegetables to House Golden Years! He's really been converted!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Converted? The old hypocrite! He's doing his best to vex me! He's doing it on purpose!

Käthe (sits on his bed and takes his hands in hers): Come now, calm down! These angry outbursts of yours really worry me! I am so scared that they'll drive you again into the old ways of sin and drink!

Bottomlea-Hornby: AARGH! (His eye is on the TV instead of her)

Käthe: Now, where were we last night?

Bottomlea-Hornby (still looking past her at the TV): Here.

Käthe (takes his face and turns it to her): **Mr Bottomlea-Hornby look at me. Eye contact is so important for counselling! Last night we were at the point where you acknowledged that you were drinking on the quiet because you were lonely! That is the root of all the problems! Loneliness!**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **I just said that last night to make the confounded counselling stop! I don't know how that could have happened!** (Again he turns his head to the TV)

Käthe: **How this happened doesn't matter! The root of the problem is loneliness! We have to do something about that!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (isn't really listening to her): **Such as what?**

Käthe: **I thought that**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **What?**

Käthe: **We can do something about loneliness**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Oh.**

Kingdom (appears at window and listens in): **Ts, ts, ts!**

Käthe: **When you told me about the dream ... I thought ... I also had a dream like that a few weeks ago**

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Oh.**

Käthe: **I find it difficult to say if a dream like that could come true could be ...**

Bottomlea-Hornby (now very interested in the TV): **Uh.**

Käthe: **Then I thought ... I thought ... one could really do something about that ... that loneliness**

Bottomlea-Hornby (now looks at the news with concern): **Ugh.**

Käthe: **..... even if it is only for therapeutic reasons Yes! Yes! As therapy you'll have to look after my garden. Mein Garten, jawohl!** (She takes his face in her hands and turns it towards her) **Look at me! You can make a fabulous garden for me! And then you'll drink tea in my big apartment. And I also have a stove for snacks if you are hungry. And if you get tired from all the work in the garden you can rest in my spare room – ein kleines Mittagsschläfchen für meinen Grossen!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (sits back): **Hey?**

Käthe: And you no longer see Mr Van Graan! Give me your hand. (She takes it) Let me look at your Line of Success. Ach du liebe Zeit! Here's a zig-zag of your Line of Marriage! One sudden stop! And here your Heart Line crosses the gap above! (Her hand strokes his wrist in an upward movement) And here another line starts. Criss-crossing over the wrist! Where does it go? That's how we're going to tackle the loneliness

Bottomlea-Hornby (has turned to the TV again and has seen something shocking): **Zolotov?**

Käthe: Pardon?

Bottomlea-Hornby: ZOLOTOV!

Käthe: ZOLOTOV? Is that what you call the action? Zolotov?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Just hold your (He gets up and puts the TV louder)

TV newsreader's voice on TV: The unit for Serious Commercial Crime raided the offices of the Zolotov Investment Trust this afternoon after a tip-off from the public and found the offices empty. Preliminary investigations confirm the police's suspicion that Zolotov is a pyramid scheme that cheated thousands of investors by offering exceptionally high interest rates. It seems that the trustees have already skipped the country.

Kingdom (at window): **After party they are taking money and running!**

Korrel (unlocks his door and comes in through his door): **Evening! How's everybody?**

TV newsreader's voice on TV: Zolotov was particularly active in the platteland and specialised in investments for persons with retirement packages and in offshore investments for pensioners.

Korrel (is getting curious and comes closer): **Ja! They also came to me! But I saw right through them! The sleazeball crooks!**

Bottomlea-Hornby (lifts his hand to silence Korrel): **Psht! Psht! Psht!**

TV newsreader's voice on TV: It seems that investors are going to lose their money because there is no trace of the company's accounts in any of the local banks. The last transfers were made three weeks ago from a South African bank to a Nigerian bank and the South African account was closed. Since then all the money has been withdrawn in cash from the Nigerian account.

Bottomlea-Hornby (has already got up and put off the TV): **Fräulein Wetterstein the counselling is over**

Käthe: But but we've only now reached the right spot! The Heart Line!

Bottomlea-Hornby: The line lied. (He points to the door): **Please**

Käthe: Aber sicher aber sicher (Stupefied, exits through glass door)

Korrel: And now Bottomlea-Hornby? I thought you were such good friends?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Please close the passage door. (He sits on the bed)

Korrel (does it): **What's wrong, Bottomlea-Hornby?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Please bring me a glass.

Korrel: Do you feel sick? (He brings the glass and goes to Bottomlea-Hornby)

Bottomlea-Hornby (points with his kierie to the chair and takes the glass): **Tip that thing!**

Korrel (confused, but does it): **Ja?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: And now you are going to pour me a brandy! Neat!

Korrel (stays like that with the chair tipped at an angle): **Hey?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes, neat. Tonight Peter Bottomlea-Hornby, sixty-eight, retired company manager, widower, is going to have the first drink in his life!

Korrel: Bottomlea-Hornby do you want to tell me?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes I want to tell you tonight I have lost every cent to my name!

Kingdom: Kgele!

(Lights dim fast)

End of Scene 7

Scene 8

It is very much later the same evening. Kingdom has pulled Korrel's bench closer and sits on it at the left front in Bottomlea-Hornby's room. Korrel is sitting on Bottomlea-Hornby's bed. Bottomlea-Hornby is sitting on his chair. All three of them have a drink in their hand and the bottle has become dangerously empty. Bottomlea-Hornby is quite plastered. They sit in silence for a while)

Korrel: Maybe you should have

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes! Yes I know! Maybe I should have bought a place here with the money! But I didn't! I wanted the money to earn interest in the meantime!

Kingdom: Jwale ho senyehile tengtengteng!

Korrel: What are you saying?

Kingdom: No, I'm just saying 'chicken shat in water bucket'.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes! Indeed.

Korrel: Did you really put everything in there?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Everything! Every damn cent!

Kingdom: Hauw!

Korrel: Maybe you should have

Bottomlea-Hornby (losing his temper): Yes, yes! I know! But I didn't do it!

Korrel: Kingdom. Give this Ntate another drink.

Bottomlea-Hornby (gives his glass to Kingdom who fills it): Thank you.

Kingdom: I am also having one more dop. If problem is big you must not be thinking on empty stomach! You must be thinking about problem when problem not spooking in your head.

Bottomlea-Hornby: How do you know about that?

Kingdom: No! He works like that! Otherwise you are thinking of too many other things! Just when you are making plan then your head is thinking 'Hokaai wêna! Plan not going to work!' Then come worries, worries, worries, and then you have not plan! Then you have nice dop and then you think plan right through! You think in one go – straight through! Then your head not saying again 'Hokaai wêna'! (He empties his dop in one go): Listen here! I am thinking! I have great plan! Mr Bottomlea-Hornby have no money. Big Missus will throw Ntate

out! I am thinking ... straight ! I have plan! We dig up useless flowers and plant vegetables also on Ntate's side!

Bottomlea-Hornby: What? Over my dead body!

Kingdom: Hô now! Is no longer you garden anyway! Come, we plant much vegetables and sell in township and you are staying here! Straight!

Korrel: That can work, Bottomlea-Hornby. I'll give you money for the seed. We can be hawkers.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Van Graan! Do you really think I'll ask you for a cent? Just go! Come on! No more to say!

Korrel: But, Bottomlea-Hornby, we just want to help!

Bottomlea-Hornby: I have my pride! Really! I'm a direc..... Go!

Kingdom: Eish! Eish! You too difficult! My boss is man of his word! He is not tricking you!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Not trick me? Ha! You want to know what he's done? Years ago?

Korrel: What are you talking about?

Bottomlea-Hornby: That word which neither of us has ever mentioned!

Korrel: What word?

Bottomlea-Hornby: I'm talking about Martie!

Korrel: Martie! Just forget about that! That's old hat!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Old hat? I'll never forgive you for that!

Korrel: Oh you're never going to forgive me! After you stole Martie from me!

Kingdom: I not remember any old hat!

Bottomlea-Hornby: It's not a damn hat!

Kingdom: But I was thinking you talking about 'old hats'.

Korrel: I'm telling you! You stole Martie from me!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Stole? Took! You had your chance!

Korrel: You stole her with your money! That's what! Everything was perfect between us until you pitched up with your bloody shiny car and your oodles of money!

Bottomlea-Hornby: You were bankrupt! With all your chickens! How would you have looked after her?

Kingdom: Even if hat was old we could fix with grass!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Grass! We're talking about a woman! My wife! A woman used to style and money! And your Ntate was down and out and bankrupt with his chicken farm gone wrong! Grass? My foot!

Korrel: Bottomlea-Hornby! I turned that bankruptcy around and bought cows and did well with dairy! I would have looked after her! But by then you had already taken her away to the city with the bright lights!

Kingdom: Eish, eish, eish!!!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Let me tell you something! Her mother would never have given her permission to marry a bankrupt have-not!

Korrel: And now you are the bankrupt have-not!

Kingdom: Eish, eish, eish!!!

Bottomlea-Hornby: And then, you old bastard, you played your dirtiest card!

Korrel: Dirtiest card?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes. You were too chicken to look for a wife!

Korrel: I didn't want any other!

Bottomlea-Hornby: D'you see, Kingdom? How sly he is?

Kingdom: Hauw! Why he sly if he not taking wife?

Korrel: Ja! You need your head read, Bottomlea-Hornby!

Bottomlea-Hornby: I don't need my head read! And then you stole her again from me!

Korrel: What are you talking about? I never saw Martie again in my whole life! I was on the farm – milking, milking, milking (he is milking a cow!) ... from morning till night and the two of you were in town!

Bottomlea-Hornby: You did steal her! (He touches his head) **HERE! You stole her mind! (He is now getting hangover blues) **I never REALLY had her!****

Kingdom: Hauw! She never was on farm! No woman ever was on farm!

Bottomlea-Hornby: She was there! In her mind! I knew it ... one knows these things!

Korrel (completely surprised): But I never knew it! Now that's a crying shame! What does it help now?

Bottomlea-Hornby (calmer): I think you did. That is why you never married. You were waiting for me to kick the bucket, then you would have taken her!

Kingdom: Now that very good plan!

Bottomlea-Hornby: It was his plan! (He is again getting emotional) But then she went before me and now I am without her and without kith or kin – and that is also your fault! Because, because, because you don't care anyway! And without a place to stay and without a cent!

Kingdom: Eish, eish, eish!!! No child? I was thinking Ntate big bull!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Can't you keep your trap shut?

Korrel: Bottomlea-Hornby sorry, man. I didn't know sorry man.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes, sorry, sorry, sorry!

Korrel (after a few uncomfortable moments): No really sorry man I didn't even have anything like that in mind.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Really?

Korrel: No. Can't we shake hands on this? This is really old hat

Kingdom: This now another hat?

Bottomlea-Hornby: Kingdom please be quiet just for five minutes!

Korrel (gets up and holds his hand out to Bottomlea-Hornby): What do you say, Bottomlea-Hornby? Forget and forgive?

Bottomlea-Hornby (also gets up and takes Korrel's hand): Fine. Let's not talk about it again.

Kingdom: No, I must be speaking! My heart is saying not be quiet! Old people they must not be so difficult. Just now someone kicks bucket and then nobody there to carry coffin.

Korrel: Oh, well! It's late. I suppose we'll have to go to sleep.

Bottomlea-Hornby: Yes. It's late. I'm worn out.

Kingdom: Just look how dop is helping. We thinking straight and getting out of problem. (He downs his drink) **I am going!** (He goes to the glass door while Korrel goes to his room) **I am saying good night.** (Exits)

Korrel (pulls back his bench and goes to the bathroom): **Night, Kingdom. We'll do some more thinking tomorrow, Bottomlea-Hornby.** (Exits)

Kingdom (appears again at Bottomlea-Hornby's window): **Eish, eish, eish!! Ntate! The dop he made me think straight now. If they want to throw Ntate out – I have plan! Why is Ntate not taking old windbag?**

Bottomlea-Hornby: Windbag?

Kingdom: Ee! Windbag! She has house! She stays in big room with stoep and kitchen and big sitting room! And she makes food! And big mama makes nice food!

Bottomlea-Hornby (formal): **There's ... no WAY! Forget it! Good night!** (he closes the window)

Korrel (in his pyjamas): **I've finished.** (He climbs into bed and puts off the light)

Bottomlea-Hornby (To bathroom with dressing gown and pyjamas): **Thanks.**

Korrel: Pleasure.

Bottomlea-Hornby: **Oh well!** (exits and keeps bathroom door open)

(Kingdom appears again at Korrel's window and listens in)

Korrel (in bed): **Bottomlea-Hornby**

Bottomlea-Hornby (in bathroom): **Yes?**

Korrel: I've just been thinking and don't interrupt me. I think I've got a plan. I'm not a rich man but I'm also no longer a bankrupt one. Let me buy the whole room and then you just stay on. And then you give me the other part of the garden and we plant vegetables and sell them and we have a livelihood and live together in peace. And no one knows about this arrangement and we keep our mouths shut!

Bottomlea-Hornby: And everybody knows that you have bought the room and I'm the bankrupt one!

Korrel: No, man, listen! Really! I draw the money and you pay it in! You simply say you've decided to buy.

Bottomlea-Hornby: And one of these days you again become Korrelkop van Graan and spill the beans!

Korrel: I won't!

Bottomlea-Hornby: You will!

Korrel: I won't! Really! I don't have kids. Who gets my money? Hey, hey, hey?

Bottomlea-Hornby: What's the catch?

Korrel: There's no catch. You just promise me that if I kick the bucket before you you'll be the executor of my last will and testament. You know about money.

Bottomlea-Hornby: I can do it. I am was a director of companies.

Korrel: And you promise to have your last will and testament drawn up right if you go before me. I'll be your executor. I also know a little something about money.

Bottomlea-Hornby: What do you mean?

Korrel: That whoever of the two of us goes first, the surviving one will see to it that Kingdom gets half the room and stays here.

(Kingdom nods his head in agreement at the window)

Bottomlea-Hornby: But but ...

Korrel: No buts! That's a condition!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Why are you doing this?

Korrel: Kingdom is also going to have a hard time one day. And let's say I'm paying back my debt to you!

Bottomlea-Hornby: Debt?

Korrel: Yes. You said I stole your wife!

(Kingdom disappears from Korrel's window)

Bottomlea-Hornby (comes from the bathroom dressed in pyjamas and dressing gown. He is standing next to Korrel's bed): **Thanks for the offer. I'll think about it. But for now there's an alternative! I think I now need counselling!** (He goes through Korrel's door to Fräulein Wetterstein's room for 'counselling')

Korrel (his head follows Bottomlea-Hornby as he exits and then turns to the audience): **Well, I never!** (He gets up and looks down the passage) **You're never too old!**

Kingdom (comes in through Bottomlea-Hornby's glass door and comes round to Korrel's side): **Then I'm saying good night again!**

Korrel (comes back): **And now?**

Kingdom: **I was overhearing what you were saying. Then I was thinking. I know when bull has gone to cow. He not coming back!**

Korrel: **You're right! That counselling is permanent counselling! Move in! Move in! Move in!**

(Both men dive onto their beds and lie back comfortably)

Kingdom begins to move up and down on his back and starts to sing): **We're gonna ride**

(Korrel begins to sing along and the lights dim)

End