

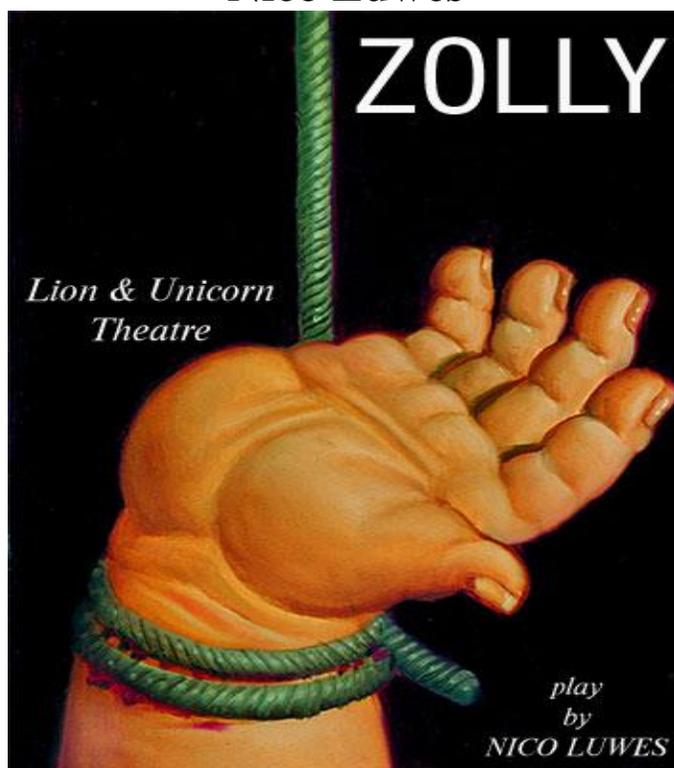
# Zolly

English translation of the Afrikaans 2005 KKNK SanlamSPAT Prizewinner *Zollie* by Nico Luwes for The Lion Lion and Unicorn Theatre, London.

A drama for today

written by

**Nico Luwes**



Jan Brandstraat 17  
Langenhovenpark  
Bloemfontein  
Performance rights  
[luwes@ufs.adc.za](mailto:luwes@ufs.adc.za) 0823742485  
or Dalro

### The legend of the magical tears



“Herodotus had noted the strange behavior of the mastic tree since the 5th century B.C. According to the legend, mastic trees began to cry in sympathy when Romans tortured Isidore, the island’s patron saint. For me these “magical tears” – mastic, became for me the symbol of Mrs. Georgio’s tears for Zolly and all children who suffer in the world” (Nico Luwes).

My sincere thanks to George George Katoleon and his wife Maria of Ghios who helped me with the Greek translation of Mrs. Georgio’s prayer while he taught at the Hellenic school in Bloemfontein.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

### Scene One

*Somewhere in South Africa. It is an early summer's morning with traffic noise in the background. When the door of the restaurant opens, Christmas music is heard. Zolly is sleeping under heaps of paper and plastic. The audience is unaware of his presence.*

*Mrs. Georgio enters from the restaurant. She carries a box full of empty bottles and puts it in the alley. Two white tablecloths are draped over her shoulder.*

Mrs. Georgio: Zolly! *(No reaction)* Fudge? Snoopy? Bloody rubbish. *(Towards restaurant)* George! Switch off that sentimental nonsense and phone the bloody municipality! Come see what it looks like here! *(The christmas music stops and Greek music is played)* The whole town is going to Hades. Come look here! I'm telling you! To Hades! What to do. What to do?

Mr. Georgio *(enters shouting)*: Maria! Just shut up. We've got people in the restaurant. You're not on an island in the Mediterranean!

Mrs. Georgio: Ten years. You promised. It's 23 December 2008! Ten years. I'm going back to Ghios. I'm telling you.

Mr. Georgio: Just shut up. You want to go back to do what? Milk the goats?

Mrs. Georgio: I don't care. You said ten years and then we go back. It's ten years today. "Our children will know the Greek way of living" you promised.

Mr. Georgio: What are you complaining about? We don't have children. So why go back? *(He enters the restaurant)*

Mrs. Georgio *(shouts after him)*: To see the farm again! To swim in the river! To bake bread that tastes like Greek bread, to eat real Feta, to sleep under the open sky, to see the stars I'm used too. *(She meditatively hangs the tablecloths on the washing line)* To chew

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mastic from Schinos trees in the early morning. To smell the sea, the soil and the sun again. To have my own children in my own land.

Zolly (*still drunk, is having a nightmare. Screams*): Mama! (*He lies down again*)

Mrs. Georgio (*hanging washing and unaware of Zolly. The Greek repetition is that of her own recorded voice as if drifting in on the soft wind over the sea*): Rise o Sun! Dear God... Let Your sun forever rise over my head and that of my dear husband. (Greek: EVGA ILIE MOY! THEE MOU... AS ANATELI GIA PANTA O ILIOS SOU PANO APO TO KEFALI TO DIKO MOU KAI TOU AGAPHEMENOY MOU ANTRA.) Let Your misty Moon forever dim the thoughts on my dear unborn child – the unseen one. (Greek: AS MOU APALILI GIA PANTA TO HLOMO FEGARI SOU TIS SKEPSIS GIA TON POLITIMO, AGENITO PEDI – AFTO POU POTE MOU DEN IDA).

Let the rising mist of Your dear sea dissolve my longing and my pain for that unborn child – the unseen one. (Greek: AS MOU EKSAFANISI H ANADIOMENI AHLI TIS AGAPIMENIS THALASAS SOU TI LAHTARA KE TON PONO MOU GIA TO AGENITO PEDI – AFTO POU POTE MOU DEN IDA). The one that never drank the milk from my tender breasts... (Greek: AFTO POU POTE DEN IPIE TO GALA APO TA TRIFERA MOU STITHIA). That never played and laughed under ancient Arheovs trees on my dear island and my home – the sun drenched, Gios. (Greek: POU POTE DEN EPEKSE OUTE GELASE KATO APO TOUS ARHEOVS SKINOUS TOU AGAPIMENOY MOU NISIOU, KE PATRIDAS MOU – TIS ILIOLOUSTES HIOU).

*Mr. Georgio enters concerned*

Mr. Georgio: Maria . . . Maria? What are you doing? What is wrong with you?

Mrs. Georgio (*trying to hide her tears*): You promised we'll go back to Ghios.

Mr. Georgio: Maria... Why go back? To be poor? To listen to the old women complaining all day. Like black crows they run from one house to the other to gossip and

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

complain. Yes, gossip and complain. “Look at the men. Just look at them. Doing nothing. Just sitting, sitting, sitting!”

Mrs. Georgio: That’s exactly what you do here all day. You can do it there... And just listen to me. I don’t even speak Greek anymore.

Mr. Georgio: Oh Mama. You’ll pick it up again . . . Just give me five more years. We’ll go back. You’ll see. You’ll see. Just five more years.

Mrs. Georgio: I don’t even think or dream in Greek anymore.

Mr. Georgio: But that’s good! When we’re back in Ghios we’ll be able to gossip about everyone in English. We’ll go back. Just five more years. Then we will be fine.

Mrs. Georgio: Another five years? Then I’m forty. Too late for having children.

Mr. Georgio: You’re a Greek woman! You can have children till you’re fifty. Don’t worry, Mama. (*He takes her in his arms and pinches her cheek*) You are my sunshine. You are my Mastic. You are my soil. You are my ocean! Now come in! We have customers.

Mrs. Georgio: And you are still the same smooth talker: “Eyes like ripe grapes, you’re skin as smooth as the first pressed olive oil” and you’re still the same bastard that lies to me all the time! And still I believe you - like a goat on the way to the slaughterhouse. Why do I do that?

Mr. Georgio: Why do you do that? You do it because you love me. I’m your husband. So just shut up.

Mrs. Georgio: And you’ll never learn. Don’t TELL me to shut up! ASK me to shut up!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*They exit. A haggard street child appears from underneath the rubbish. It is Zolly with an obvious hangover. He stretches out and looks in the direction of the restaurant.*

Zolly: Yes! Just shut up! *(He looks in the box and takes the empty bottles out one by one and puts them in a row. As he takes out the bottles he takes a sip from each.)* Sherry for the Cherries. Brandy for my baby. And Gin to make her grin. Wine for an aching spine. A little Vodkeys for a hot kiss. Cane to keep you sane. Ouzo to make your juices flow! Cheers to the Greek aunty!

*Zolly puts the bottles back in the box and carries it out downstage right. Enter Fudge and Snoopy downstage left. Fudge shoves a crying Snoopy in.*

Fudge: Shut your face! I'm warning you! *(He slaps her. She keeps quiet.)* Tell Zolly! Come on! Tell him!

Snoopy: It's not true!

Fudge *(slaps her again and twists her arm)*: Hey! Hey hey! I'll turn your arm out of your bloody shoulder! You still want an arm? Tell Zolly! And don't talk shit in front of me.

Zolly: What is it?

Snoopy: It's not true! Fudge is lying!

Zolly: What's not true?

Fudge: She took the money. I saw the bitch. She hides it in her panties. Zap! One shot. Let me rip her! Come here! *(He picks her up and throws her over his shoulders.)*

Snoopy *(hysterical)*: Please! I'll take it out. I promise! Please!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly: Fudge! Leave her alone.

Fudge: Come rip her! You'll see. I'm not talking shit.

Zolly: I said leave her alone.

Fudge (*complies*): Hey Bro. She thought I wasn't checking. She took the bucks at the car and when the aunty left she ran and hid behind the traffic light - and Zap! One shot. In the panty.

Zolly: Take it out. Snoopy, I said take it out.

Snoopy (*turns away and takes out the money*): I . . . Sorry, Zolly . . . I was hungry.

Fudge: We're all fucking hungry.

Zolly: Give.

Snoopy (*gives the money*): Sorry, Zolly.

Fudge: Sorry up your fucking arse! We're all fucking hungry!

*Enter Mrs. Georgio.*

Mrs. Georgio: Hey! Why are you making such noise. Bloody hooligans. What's going on. Hey?

Zolly: We're not making any noise, Aunty. We're leaving.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio: I don't want you here. You're even worse than the bloody Boyz. Get! You're not sleeping here again.

Zolly: But . . .

Mrs. Georgio: I don't give a damn. Scoot! Thank God in the heavens above I don't have any children. Just a bloody nuisance.

Fudge: We're not making any noise, Miss. We just sleep here and keep an eye on all your nice belongings.

Zolly: We'll throw the rubbish away . . . See, we're not making any noise.

Mrs. Georgio: You're not making a noise . . . Am I deaf? What the hell was going on? Speak up Zolly! (Long pause)

Snoopy: It's me Aunty. I . . . I took the money.

Mrs. Georgio: Snoopy? Why?

Snoopy: I . . . was hungry Aunty.

Mrs. Georgio: Hungry. Where's the food I gave you last night. Speak up, Zolly.

Snoopy: It's Fudge.

Fudge: Keep your fucking mouth shut.

Mrs. Georgio: Hey! Do you eat with that stinking hole on your face? Where's the food I gave you?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly: We . . . Fudge sold it.

Mrs. Georgio: Sold it. Bloody cheek. I give you the scraps from the goodness of my heart and you go sell it. To who? You give nothing to The Boyz. They're scum of the earth.

Fudge: No, Miss. It was for the guys at the petrol station. They were hungry.

Mrs. Georgio: Hungry? Now the whole bloody country is hungry and I must cook. Where's the money?

Snoopy: Fudge...

Fudge: Shut you fucking face.

*Mrs. Georgio (pulls Fudge towards her):* Hey! You low life! Who are you talking to? To a woman? You talk like that to a woman? I'll beat you into a toffee.

Fudge: Sorry, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: Sorry my arse. Snoopy, what did Fudge do?

Snoopy: He swopped it for glue, Aunty. At the shop at the petrol station.

Mrs. Georgio (*despair*): Glue. (*She let's go of Fudge.*) Oh, my God. Oh, my God . . . What to do? What to do! I thought you said you're finished with that rubbish, Zolly?

Zolly: Fudge is the only one left. And he tries . . .

Fudge: Yes. I try really hard, Miss.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio (*upset*): Don't lie to me! There's an eye up There watching you. You'll try and try till the day you die. But you don't want to listen. (*Calmer*) Zolly, take the bottles and go buy the child some food. Go! And keep it quiet tonight. No noise you understand. Or no food. And let me just catch you, Fudge. I swear I'll have you locked up . . . And clean up this mess. (*Walks off.*) Oh my God . . . What to do? What to do?

*Exit Mrs. Georgio.*

Zolly (*takes the box with bottles*): I'll go.

Fudge: I'll go. It's my job.

Zolly: You stay here! You know the rules but you break them just as you please. Take all that shit and throw it in the bins. (*Walks downstage left.*)

Snoopy: I'm going with.

Zolly: Why?

Snoopy: I don't want to stay with Fudge.

Zolly: Go stand in the street then! Where's your board?

Snoopy: At the traffic light. Fudge grabbed me, and then -

Zolly: Fudge! Go find her cardboard and bring it back.

Fudge: She can go find her own fucking board.

Zolly: Do as I say!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Fudge (*mumbles as he walks toward the street*): Well, maybe I should just fuck off and join the Boyz again.

Zolly: What did you say?

Fudge: I said maybe I should just fuck off and join the Boyz again.

*Exit Fudge.*

Zolly (*to Fudge*): Do what you want! Let them fuck you up even more. I think you like being used. And they will use you. But you don't want to listen. So don't come crying back to me! (*Starts throwing rubbish into refuse bags.*) Snoopy, you shouldn't do that. You know Fudge. If he's not high, he's OK. But . . .

Snoopy: Sorry, Zolly. I was hungry.

Zolly: Why don't you go back home? You're not so bad yet. You can be OK.

Snoopy: I don't want to. I want to stay with you, Zolly.

Zolly: It's rough on the streets, Snoopy.

Snoopy: But not as rough as . . . as it is at home.

Zolly: Then tell me what's going on! I've asked you a hundred times and you don't want to say. Not even to the Wellfare aunty. You told her you live with your aunty. It's a lie! Why? You have a home.

*Snoopy starts crying and sits on the beer crate in front of the tablecloth left.*

Snoopy: I can't.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*Zolly sits next to her and puts his arms around her.*

Zolly: You can. You can tell Zolly. Then I will also tell you a secret.

Snoopy (*stops crying*): What?

Zolly: I'm going to stop drinking too and get a job.

Snoopy: Where?

Zolly: I don't know yet, but I am. And then I'll get a house and take you off the streets

Snoopy: Really?

Zolly: And take you to school – every morning!

Snoopy: Really? And you'll walk with me Zolly?

Zolly: Don't be silly. Your new shoes will get dirty if we walk. I'll take you in the car!

Snoopy: What kind of car?

Zolly: What kind of car? Come on - you know Zolly. A Jaguar! A blood red Jaguar like the one I showed you at that garage

Snoopy: Really?

Zolly: Yes. I told the salesman he must keep it for me; that I'll come and get it. Then he said OK! He'll keep it for me.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Snoopy: Really?

Zolly: Yes! I'll show you tomorrow – it's still there.

Snoopy: I'm so happy, Zolly.

Zolly: Why?

Snoopy: To have you.

Zolly: I'm also happy to have you, Snoop . . . So, tell me.

Snoopy: What?

Zolly: Why you don't want to go home.

Snoopy: You first have to promise you won't say anything. Pinky promise.

Zolly: Pinky promise.

Snoopy: Again.

Zolly: I promise, I promise, I promise. Three times truth!

Snoopy: It's my sister. She's eighteen. She's got the spook sickness. (*Aids*) She got it when she was fifteen.

Zolly: But you're not like her, Snoopy. You won't get it... I'm looking after you.

Snoopy: I know. But she got it from my ma's new boyfriend.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly (*Disgusted. He takes the refuse bags to the back*): Your ma's boyfriend? Sis man!

Snoopy: Yes... I know... But...

Zolly: Where's your dad?

Snoopy: Gone.

Zolly: But does your ma know? That her boyfriend . . . with your sister?

Snoopy: Yes.

Zolly: Ach no sis man! She must throw him out, the bastard!

Snoopy: She can't. What can she do. We'll starve. He works and gives us food and a house.

Zolly: Then why do you run away?

Snoopy (after a long pause): I'm fifteen, Zolly. Fifteen. He wants me.

Zolly: But let him be locked up! You said your sister was also only fifteen. The law . . .

Snoopy: Then they'll throw him jail.

Zolly: Yes! Let them bangle him!

Snoopy: And then? Then there's no food. Not for my ma and not for my sister. So I ran. It's better this way.

Zolly: But . . .

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Snoopy: I also want to be a grown up one day, Zolly. So I ran. (*She looks at the street, stands.*) Oh God. Here comes Fudge.

Zolly (*comes closer*): Don't go looking for trouble. Just do what he says. I'm quickly gonna take the bottles and then bring back some food (*exit left*).

Snoopy: Remember you pinky promised.

Zolly (*off stage*): Yes. Three times truth!

Fudge (*with cardboard notice*): Here's your fucking board. Go stand in the street. Do you think this is fucking charity?

*Snoopy picks up the board and heads for the street.*

Snoopy: OK, Fudge.

Fudge (*glaring at Snoopy*): You're selling me out, hey. You're looking for trouble. I'm gonna fuck you up. I'll rip you!

Snoopy: Zollie will not let you touch me. He's the leader.

Fudge: Leader? Of the Zephers, yes. But you'll see.

Snoopy: See what.

Fudge: You're gonna be shitting bricks.

Snoopy (*uncertain*): What do you mean?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Fudge: You'll be delivered. Yes... delivered. Such a nice little package . . . You just wait.

*Snoopy walks uncertainly down the street and exit. Fudge throws the rubbish in the bins – cursing. He throws a refuse bag on the ground and kicks it.*

Fudge: Go to bloody hell!

*He takes out a bottle of glue and throws it in the plastic bottle hanging around his neck, tucked away under his shirt. He starts sniffing.*

Fudge (*unsteady and sitting on the refuse bag*): I try and try till my dick's stiff. Jesus! I want it. I want it now. Fuck them all. I'm a brother. I'm Zolly's bro! And he screams at me (*sniffs again*). Bloody street whore! I'll deliver you. Watch me.

*Snoopy shouts from the street. Enter Knife, Blade and Thong. They start throwing Snoopy around.*

Snoopy: Leave me alone. You bastards. Let me go. Let me go!

*They are mocking her with words like "Street whore, rubbish, satan's bitch, where's your ma, whore's child, etc. Fudge, unsteady and high, tries to walk to Knife, Blade and Thong as they enter with Snoopy.*

Fudge: Hey! Leave the kid. She didn't do you anything. You fucking bitch.

Knife (*glides with the ease of a cat*): Hey, fuck nut. Who's your fucking 'hey'. Are you talking to me? My name is Knife, my bro. Do you know me. Hey? Do you know me? (*Beats himself on the chest*) You're talking to a leader of the Boyz. Should I fuck him up, hey? What'd you say, Blade? What'd you say, Thong? Should I fuck hom up? (*He puskies him to the ground and bends over him*) Should I fuck him up hard?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Blade: Yes! Fuck him up!

Thong: Put it on him! He wants it bad so he can hear!

Knife (*pulls the drugged Fudge toward him*): Check my eyes, fuck nut. I'm a soft guy!  
(*He leaves Fudge and straightens Fudge's shirt*) I don't give it to a man when he's high.  
I want him sober so he can feel! So he can learn!

Blade and Thong: Fuck him up! His own ma musn't know him!

Knife (*to Blade and Thong*): Hey, hey, hey! Who's talking here? Who's the leader here?  
(*Beats himself on the chest*)

Blade and Thong: No, it's you, Knife. You're the leader.

Knife (*to Fudge*): It's the leader talking here, OK? Where's that whooz? Where's that traitor Zolly?

Fudge: He's gone to sell the bottles. (*He falls to the ground*)

Knife: OK. I want to talk to you. Sit on your arse. (*Knife goes down on his henchmen*)

Fudge: About what.

Knife: About what? Man's talk. Real talk. You left the Boyz and became a Zepher. Fact! Knife is a thinker. He can throw one (*he taps his own head*). Knife's thinking why did you leave us? Become a fucking traitor? You know the rules. Who does what for what money in the squad. Who stands the streets, who works the steamers, who sleeps where. Who's who in the unit.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Fudge: I told you . . . I don't want to any more.

Knife: Hey, hey, hey! Who's talking here? Who's the leader? (*Beats himself on the chest*) I don't see Zolly around. None of this "I told you so" business. Jou shut your face! I'll talk for you. You left The Boyz because you became a pussy. Because you and Zolly believe the crap that Welfare bitch is telling you. And now we have a serious cash flow problem (*Stands and looks around at the rubbish*) What are you eating? Hey? What are you eating?

Fudge (*indicates toward the restaurant*): The aunty here gives us -

Knife: Hey, hey, hey. Who's talking here? Let me tell you. You're eating scraps. Another guy's spitting shit. What do the Boyz eat? We eat pies and chips, my brother. Kentucky, my bro. Kentucky. But you leave the Boyz for scraps? And guess what we eat now? No fucking Kentucky. Just scraps from tins. 'Cause the Boyz we have a serious cash flow problem. 'Cause Fudge is a fucking traitor.

Fudge: I tried . . . to quit . . . And the charity aunty promised that if I leave the glue, I can go to the shelter. That other thing. . . I couldn't any more . .

Knife: I'll tell you when a man can't do that other thing any more. The leader decides who does what. So you want the shelter, right? And what you eat in the shelter? Soup and scraps. And then you left the Boyz and told the Welfare bitch it was us who taught you glue? So we're out of the shelter! For ever! (*He goes on his hences again next to Fudge*) What did I teach you? The unit speaks. The unit stands together. The Boyz are always together. If one scores, everybody scores. We're the biggest! The strongest. Nobody touches the Boyz. What does the leader say? How does he talk?

Blade and Thong: The leader says unity! The leader talks truth!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Knife: Hear that? The leader says unity. The leader talks truth. And what do you do? You drop the Boyz to run after the Welfare's aunty's bull shit and back into Zolly's rehabilitation squad!

Fudge: I'm sorry, Knife. I just tried...

Thong: Fuck him up. Traitor!

Blade: Knife him!

*Knife pulls out a knife and stabs at him a couple of times.*

Knife: I'll turn you into a sprinkler. Then you can piss Welfare soup through your ribs. What do I do?

Thong: Make him a sprinkler! Knife him! Knife him!

Blade: Cut his balls! Knife him!

Knife (*puts knife against Fudge's eyes*): Open your fucking eyes! Check my eyes, fuck nut. I'm a soft guy! (*He drops his knife*) I have a proposal for you.

Fudge (*cautious*): What kind of . . . proposal?

Knife: I don't eat scraps. I don't smoke crap. And leader doesn't drink crap. Knife has class. How says the leader?

Thong: The leader says truth! We don't want second hand scraps.

Blade: The leader says truth! We don't sleep cold.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Knife: The leader wants cash. The leader wants whisky. The leader wants Kentucky!  
The leader wants dope. The unit wants Fudge 'cause Fudge knows the ins and outs.

Fudge: Please . . .

Knife: Fudge knows how! The steamers stop for action, but Fudge isn't there. 'Cause Fudge eats scraps. The cars stop for action, but Fudge is gone? Now you listen to me. My cherries are MY cherries. My Thong is MY Thong and Blade is MY Blade! You understand?

Fudge: I can't. The Wellfare aunty says . . .

Knife: She can go to hell. Don't believe that shit. Have you seen any one getting the spook sickness from that job? Fudge knows what the Larneys want. You excite him until kingdom comes. You just play them man! You just finish quick and easy. And if that Larney says stop, you don't stop. One shot! Its all over! It's safe, man. Knife knows!

Fudge: Sometimes . . . they don't want to stop . . . then they want more . . .

Fudge: Then you scream! The Boyz will stop the Larney. We just open the door and pull you out. The Larney will scare his balls into raisins. And so the Boyz support the Boyz. We protect you! We take his money and then we'll booze on whisky and eat Kentucky. We smoke a little dope and share a laugh and we're happy and the unit is together! (*Stilte*) How says the leader?

Fudge: I don't know.

Thong: Listen to the leader. He talks unity. Come back, Fudge. We want you!

Blade: Leave Zolly. He eats scraps. It's for the pigs!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Fudge: But what about Snoopy?

Blade: Bring her with. She can support. The Larneys want the young ones. Van Rensburg wants young flesh.

Knife: If she comes, Zolly will too. He won't survive alone. But he'll do as I say. Who's the leader?

Fudge: You're the leader, Knife. You're the leader.

Knife (*stands*): You already talk like a man! Fetch Snoopy and come.

Fudge: I'll go.

Knife: Give me that glue. (*He takes it from Fudge and they walk off.*) Hurry up. We'll meet you at the pipe.

Fudge: I'll deliver her.

### **Black Out**

---

### **Scene Two**

*The same place. Just before midnight on Christmas Eve. A wind blows and it's cold. From the restaurant comes cheerful Greek music. Voices count down to midnight: "Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, ONE!" All around cheering and partying.*

*Zolly sits on a beer crate and eats scraps. He's shivering from the cold and pulls his old coat tighter around him. Snoopy's haggard jersey is on his lap. He stands and looks*

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*down the street. It's clear that he has been waiting a long time. Mrs. Georgiou enters with a refuse bag.*

Mrs. Georgio: Still nothing?

Zollie: No.

Mrs. Georgio: It's past midnight already. If the drinking can just stop. And this on Christmas Day!

Zolly: She didn't take her jersey.

Mrs. Georgio: Didn't they say anything?

Zolly: No.

Mrs. Georgio: Bloody useless people . . . Here. *(She gives him some food)* I'll throw the left-over soup in a flask. But you clean the bloody thing when it's empty. And don't break it. You know mister Georgio.

Zolly: I think I must go the police. Snoopy won't run away. Fudge will, but not Snoopy.

Mrs. Georgio: That Fudge is poison. These people. What to do? What to do. I'll phone the station. They can be on the look-out for them. *(She throws her hands in the air)* If they can find time on such a night!

Zolly: Thank you, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio *(wants to go off, but then turns around)*: Zolly . . . You're not a bad boy.

Zolly: I try, Miss.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio: You stopped the glue. Now try the booze as well.

Zolly: I try, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: And the dope?

Zolly: I don't take it any more, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: Good! So why don't you go to the shelter? They'll be able to help you . . .  
You and Snoopy.

Zolly: And what about Fudge, Miss?

Mrs. Georgio: What about him?

Zolly: He won't make it alone . . . He'll start stealing again . . . like he did with the Boyz.  
And also start . . . *(He's unable to say)*

Mrs. Georgio: And also start what? *(Silence)* What?

Zolly: I can't . . . I can't say.

*Long silence. Mrs. Georgio takes a beer crate and sits next to Zolly.*

Mrs. Georgio: Zolly . . . Zolly . . . I want to tell you a little story. *(She sighs, wants to start, but hesitates. She then starts telling.)* OK! In a very far away land . . . a small island, actually. Let's call the island Ghios.

Zolly: Ghios?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio: Yes, Ghios. As in chaos. A perfect name, come to think of it . . . A long long time ago, before you were even born, there was a family who farmed with olives and goats on a tiny farm – about two miles from the village. And there lived an old couple. The woman was an old hellcat and the man sat on his arse the whole day, drinking Ouzo and smoking his pipe. Ouzo! Ouzo! From midday to midnight! Their son married a girl they fetched from an island close to theirs. The girl and the boy have never met each other before, but they had to marry. That’s the way it worked on those islands. The old people decided who married who. Women didn’t have a choice. You’re moved to a strange farm with a strange man and his family and you must gather the Mastic before five in the morning otherwise the sun fries you. Then you pick olives, milk the goats, make cheese, bake bread, wash clothes, iron, make beds, wash windows, wash floors, cook, wash dishes, feed the chickens, keep the rooster out of the kitchen and pour the old man his Ouzo.

Zolly: Jesus!

Mrs. Georgio: Yes! Jesu, Maria and all the other saints too. You were also expected to skin peas, make sausage, throw out the champerpots, clean it and put it back under the beds. Now, this young woman wasn’t scared of working hard, but the man she married made one big mistake. He didn’t ask her to do things, he ordered her. “Do this and do that”. And his old mother stood by him as if he was the son of Zeus himself.

Zolly: Zeus?

Mrs. Georgio: Yes, Zeus. A god. But don’t you worry about him. He doesn’t feature in this story. It was a God-forsaken place anyway. So the woman complained every single day because her husband ordered her around and didn’t have the decency to just ask her. She started crying and cried and cried. And boy could she cry! She wanted to go back to her parents, but of course she couldn’t. It doesn’t work like that on those islands. But later the husband couldn’t take the wining and the crying any more. He and his old

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

mother started screaming at her. But that was an even bigger mistake. It angered and frustrated her even more. She started crying so much the goats' milk turned sour.

Zolly: Jesus!

Mrs. Georgio: Yes! Jesu, Maria and all the other saints too!

Zolly: And the old man? Did he also shout and scream at her?

Mrs. Georgio: No, he didn't shout at her, because when she started crying the first time, he took his chair to the dam at the Schinos trees far below. He sat in their shade smoking his pipe and drinking Ouzo. He only went back home in the evening to eat some sausage and goat's cheese and wet straight to bed. The girl became as thin as a toothpick with dark circles under her eyes. But she was forced to go on, crying non-stop . . . Then one day she decided to become crazy.

Zolly: Crazy?

Mrs. Georgio: Yes! Just then and there she just stopped crying. Then she chased the goats under the kitchen table and ironed the olives.

Zolly: Jesus!

Mrs. Georgio (*laughs*): Yes! Jesu, Maria and all the other saints too! When she washed the broom in the chamberpot and swept the dishes out the back door, the old woman stopped shouting at her and ran down to the dam to fetch the old man. When they returned, she stacked the goat's cheese between the sheets while making the beds. The old man gave her one look and for the first time in years ran to the Schinos trees to fetch his son. When they returned, she was busy milking the mattress. And if they didn't stop her in time, she would've baked the bread in the chamberpots! She grabbed the rooster, put hom on the table and sang him a song on how to lay an egg. The rooster just stared at

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

her, so she gave it a glass of Ouzo and said, “Drink old billy-goat, drink!” The rooster didn’t understand and crowed instead. “Oh!” she exclaimed, “Would your Highness prefer Mastic liqueur?” And would you believe it, the rooster nodded its head! She just looked at it: “Your arse! You can pour it yourself!” She looked at the family, wiped her hands on her apron and said: “Now that is that.” Her husband was the first one able to speak: “Wat . . . *are* . . . you doing?” he asked. “Excuse me?” she said. “Why . . . are . . . you . . . doing . . . this?” he stuttered. “Because *I* want to! I want to be asked! Not ordered!” Nobody knew what to say. And then, out of the blue, she said: “And I want a baby!” Nobody could utter a word.

Then she talked very slowly and clearly to the three dumbfounded people in front of her: “If *I* want to do something, I *will*. And I’ll do it for *me* and my child. And if *I* want to, then I’ll consider *if* I want to do something for you. But only if I *want* to! Do you understand?” They nodded their heads.

Zolly (*laughs*): That’s a beautiful story! I’ve never heard such a beautiful story before.

Mrs. Georgio: Yes. And it’s a true story Zolly.

*Pause.*

Zolly: What is Mastic?

Mrs. Georgio: Mastic is the magic tears of the Schinos tree. You only get it in Ghios. When you cut the tree, tears flow from it. Before sunrise the women gather the tears and make chewing gum from it. The men make Mastic liqueur.

Zolly: Doesn’t the tree hurt?

Mrs. Georgio: Probably . . . But its magic tears helps for all kinds of illnesses. Cholesterol, ulcers, wounds. Pain . . . Sometimes you must – like the tree – get hurt first before you can get better . . . Zolly . . . Listen to me. Forget about Fudge. He’s poison. Do it for yourself. Like the young woman in the story. Because *you* want to.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*The restaurant has become quiet and the wind stopped blowing.*

Mrs. Georgio: You can, Zolly. You can . . .

Mr. Georgio (*from inside restaurant*): Maria! Close up time! Where the hell are you?  
Maria! Maria!!!

Zolly: He's looking for you, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio (*still sitting*): I know.

Mr. Georgio (*from inside restaurant*): Maria! Where are you? Maria!

Mrs. Georgio: The young woman had her beautiful baby and from that day on she was happy.

Mr. Georgio (*worried*): Maria? Mama?

Mrs. Georgio: Relax! I'm coming! (*Stands*) Because *I* want to. *She walks to the door and turn around*) I'll phone . . . If the police doesn't find them, I'll take the car and you and I can go looking for them. I'll put the soup at the door. (*She walks to the door*) Oh. And Merry Christmas . . .

Mr. Georgio (*Very worried*): Maria?

Mrs. Georgio (*turns around again*): And another thing. The young woman had a baby girl. Today she's . . . Let me see? Thirty five, has no children, and married to a man who sits on his arse the whole day drinking Ouzo and shouting at his wife. (*Exit*)

Mr. Georgio (*from inside restaurant*): Maria!

**End Scene Two**

---

**Scene 3**

*The Boyz' hangout, the same night at around 2:15am. Somewhere near a rubbish dump. There's an old 44-gallon rubbish bin. Rubbish is every where and there's also a piece of hard board. Knife sits on an old car chair next to a fire in an old drum. He has his arm around Blade and they're smoking dope. A transito radio plays loud rap music. Thong dances provocatively around the drum. She has a plastic bottle for glue sniffing in her hand. Snoopy sits crouched in a corner, crying softly with her head on her arms.*

Thong (*dances towards her*): Stop screaming like a street whore! You're making a racket!

Snoopy (*looks up*): I'm cold.

Knife: What you say?

Snoopy: I'm cold.

Blade: Leave her. She's just making a racket.

Thong (*pulls Snoopy up*): Dancing will warm you up. It's Christmas. Come!

Snoopy (*resists*): I don't want to.

Thong (*forces her to dance*): Stop being a dry pussy. Dance with your old buddy. Dance!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Snoopy: I don't want to! Leave me alone!

Thong (*throws her down*): Cunt. Die then. (*She goes on dancing*).

Knife: If you're cold – have a pull.

Blade (*takes the glue from Knife*): She'll waste the stuff. Give it here. (*She smokes*).

Knife (*goes to Snoopy*): Snoop! Listen to the leader! You must listen when the leader talks. When the unit stells you to do something, you do it. Understand?

*The radio station is playing a sentimental Christmas song. Thong dances as if in a 'holy' trance. She sways her arms like at a charismatic church service.*

Snoopy: Yes.

Knife (*goes back to his chair*): Good.

Snoop: Knife . . .

Knife: What you say?

Snoopy: Sorry. I say 'leader', Knife.

Knife: Now you're talking my language. What you want?

Snoopy: Where's Fudge?

Knife: Where he should be. Fudge knows the ins and outs. The leader wants Kentucky!  
(*To Blade*) Kill that Christmas shit – let the unit sing!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*Blade switches off the radio and Thong stops dancing. Knife pulls Snoopy towards him and Blade also gets ready to dance)*

Knife: Let us sing! What does the leader say?

*Blade and Thong sing with all their might and dance around Knife. Snoopy tries to keep up with them.*

Blade, Thong and Snoopy: What does the leader say? The leader wants Kentucky! The leader wants money! The leader wants whisky! The leader wants Kentucky! The leader wants his dope!

Knife: The leader wants Zolly! The leader wants Fudge!

Blade, Thong and Snoopy: The leader wants Zolly! The leader wants Fudge! The leader wants Kentucky! The leader wants his dope!

Knife: The unit wants Snoopy! The leader wants Fudge!

Blade and Thong (*Snoopy stopped singing*): The unit wants Snoopy! The unit wants Fudge!

*Knife stops their singing and turns to Blade and Thong.*

Knife: The leader wants Fudge! ‘Cause Fudge knows the ins and outs! But it seems Fudge has betrayed us. The unit is broken. The unit wants the green stuff. The unit wants food . . . (*He turns to Snoopy*)

Snoopy: Please . . .

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Knife (*sings slower and all on his own*): The unit must deliver. The unit is getting thirsty . . . The cars stop for steamers, but Fudge is to hell and gone. The cars stop for action, but Fudge is to hell and gone. The unit has a serious cash flow problem. You understand?

Snoopy: I can't Knife. They'll kill me. Please. I can't.

Blade: She's still too young, Knife.

Knife: Shut your face!

Snoopy: Please . . . I'm scared of -

Knife (*bursts out laughing*): What are you scared of? We're not going to hurt you. Come here, Snoopy! We won't hurt you. (*He puts his arm around her shoulders and steers her to the car chair. He sits her down*). The unit stand together. Blade, give me a drag! (*Blade gives him some dope. He lights it and holds it out to Snoopy*) Take a drag. You'll be warm as hell.

Snoopy: I don't want to.

Knife: Take a drag man. You're a big girl now. Take a drag. It opens up your head.

Snoopy: I promised Zolly...

Knife (*furious, jumps up*): Zolly is a patsy Mama's boy! He can fucking go to hell. Who's the leader here? Who's the leader?

Blade and Thong (*frightened*): You're the leader. You're the leader!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Knife (*takes Snoopy's head and forces her to smoke*): If the leader says smoke, you smoke! Understand!

Blade and Thong: Let her smoke! Let her smoke! The unit stands together! The unit wants Kentucky! The unit is thirsty!

Knife (*forces the coughing Snoopy to stand*): So you don't want to smoke, hey? You don't want a pull? Let a real leader show you what a leader does! (*He indicates the drum full of rubbish*) Empty that shit! (*Blade and Thong empties the drum*)

Snoopy: I don't want to! Please! I don't want to smoke! Let me go!

*Knife picks her up and throws her into the drum.*

Knife: You don't want to fucking listen. Sit! . . . I said sit!

Snoopy (*obeys*): Please Knife! I'll listen! I'll smoke! I'll smoke!

Knife (*to Blade*): Bring the juice!

Blade (*fetches the glue*): What you gonna do, Knife?

Knife: I said bring it here! (*To Thong*) And why are just standing there rolling snot? Bring that piece of board!

Thong (*fetches the piece of hard board*): Knife! What you doing? Think about what you doing, Knife!

Knife: Fuck off! Give it here! (*He takes the glue and pours it around and on Snoopy in the drum*) You'll fucking listen!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Snoopy (*lets out a scream of pain*): It burns!

Knife: Shut your face! You're making a racket.

Snoopy (*stops screaming*): Please Knife! I'll listen. I'll listen.

Knife (*takes the hard board from Thong and places it on the drum*): But of course you'll listen. The leader is going to talk. (*He jumps up and sits on top of the drum*)

Snoopy (*inside drum*): I can't breathe! It burns. It stinks!

Knife (*kicks the drum*): Quiet! (*She does*) Are you listening?

Snoopy (*coughs*): Yes . . .

Knife: Good! Now you talking my language. Now you listen to the leader and you listen good. I don't want Zolly's name in my ears. You understand?

Snoopy: Yes.

Knife: Zolly is a traitor.

Snoopy: Yes.

Knife: I don't want Fudge's name in my ears. You understand?

Snoopy: Yes.

Knife: Fudge knows the ins and outs, but Fudge is a traitor.

Snoopy: Yes.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Knife: The cars want the steamers, but Fudge let us down. From now on you'll deliver.  
Let the cars stop!

*Blade and Thong are frightened and are huddled in a corner.*

Snoopy: Please Knife.

Knife: Don't worry. The leader will make you warm . . . And you won't feel a thing.  
You just do what the man tells you. The cars will stop. You'll deliver.

Blade (*cautious*): She must get some air . . .

Knife: She's OK. We're just doping her up. Make her paralytic! Then we take her to  
Mister Van Rensburg.

Thong: It's too late. He's sleeping.

Knife: We wake him up! Mister Van Renburg won't sleep. Not until tomorrow, any  
way. (*He rubs his fingers to indicate money*) And Mister Van Rensburg *can* deliver.

Blade: She's still too young. Too . . . small.

Knife: Fuck off! She must learn! The unit stands together.

*Fudge runs in alarmed and bewildered. He's in total shock and can barely speak.*

Fudge: We must run! Run!

Knife (*jumps off the drum and grabs him*): Where the hell were you?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Fudge (*starts crying*): Get our stuff. We must run!

Knife: What are you on about? Are you fucked in the head?

Fudge: Just get the stuff!

Blade (*gathering their stuff*): What happened?

Thong: Why must we run?

Knife: Open your mouth and speak, fuck nut!

Fudge: The man . . . He didn't want to stop . . . You didn't come.

Knife: We were busy.

Fudge: He . . . He just didn't want to stop . . . I . . . I knifed him (*He drops his knife on the floor*)

Knife: Knifed?

Fudge: Yes . . . I think he's...

Knife: Let's go!

*They grab their stuff and run off. There's no sound from the drum.*

**Black Out**

---

**Scene Four**

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*The Boyz' hangout, 24 December at around 8.30am. It rained and it's cold. Few cars are heard in the background. A car stops – its doors slam open and close.*

*Enter Mrs. Georgio. Followed by Zolly.*

Mrs. Georgio: There's no one here.

Zolly: Then I don't know. This was the last place I could think of. Maybe they were here and went to the pipe when it started to rain. Maybe we should go back there and wait for them.

Mrs. Georgio: To hell with that! I'm not going all the way back.

Zolly: Maybe they went to the streets early, so maybe they'll come back early. Let's just wait.

Mrs. Georgio: I can't sit around here the whole bloody day! I must open at ten o'clock. Can you just imagine how old Fatso would swear if he has to open the restaurant alone. We're fully booked.

Zolly: Just a little while, please? It's not even nine yet.

Mrs. Georgio: How does my hair look?

Zolly: What?

Mrs. Georgio: How does my hair look?

Zolly: As always, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: Exactly! And that's exactly what he's going to say.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly: Who?

Mrs. Georgio: Mister Georgio! “Maria! Your hair looks exactly the same as yesterday! Why you spend money on hair and you look exactly the same every time. Two hundred Rand down the drain every month!”

Zolly: I don’t understand, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: You won’t. I told Mister Georgio I’m going to perm my hair so I could get the car to drive your arse around to look for Snoopy!

Zolly: And Fudge...

Mrs. Georgio: Forget about Fudge! He’s bad news. But you don’t *listen*.

Zolly: Miss...

Mrs. Georgio: Yes.

Zolly: That aunty . . . the one who ironed the olives and milked the bed and swept the dishes out the door and...

Mrs. Georgio: Yes. She was my mother, Zolly.

Zolly: I thought so . . . But what was she really like?

Mrs. Georgio: She was a very good woman, Zolly. And she loved me. And she loved my father very much. And he loved her too. Very much. They were actually a very happy couple. We were a happy family.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly: What's its like, Miss? A happy family?

Mrs. Georgio (*her heart wants to break*): Zolly, Zolly, Zolly . . . My poor boy . . . We must go. It's going to rain again. (*She starts walking*)

Zolly: Miss...

Mrs. Georgio: Yes, Zolly?

Zolly: Miss . . . It was a beautiful story. Miss. I . . . And I thought I want to ask Miss something.

Mrs. Georgio: Yes?

Zolly: Wouldn't Miss . . .

Mrs. Georgio: Yes?

Zolly: Wouldn't Miss like to have me?

*Mrs. Georgio is at a complete loss for words. Then she bursts out in tears.*

Mrs. Georgio: Oh, my God. Oh, My God! What to do? What to do? Come here!

*Zolly stands with his arms next to his sides. He doesn't know how to hold someone. He just continues talking while Mrs. Giorgio hold him.*

Zolly: I'll work . . . For free, Miss. I'll wash all the dishes. All day and night . . . And keep the yard clean.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio (*takes out her handkerchief and blows her nose*): Zolly, you're asking me something of olympic proportions. But I can't. I really won't be able to. Mister Georgio won't let me, even if I want to do it with all my heart.

Zolly: I understand Miss. It's OK, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: I'm want to tell you a big secret, Zolly . . . I know I can have children, but I don't think Mister Georgio can. Do you understand? And I don't think he knows. I can't take away his hope . . . Not now.

Zolly (*drops his head*): I understand Miss. It's OK, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: And I'm not as strong as my mother, Zolly.

Zolly: I understand, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: But tell you what. Go wash yourself at the garage and I'll go to the shops and buy you clean clothes with this R200. Call it your Christmas present. I'll put it at the back door for you. Give me a day with Mister Georgio... I'll wine about the work in the restaurant and the dirty yard until he gets crazy. (*She smiles*) Or even better . . . Maybe I'll decide to become crazy today!

Zolly: Crazy?

Mrs. Georgio: Yes. Just like my mother!

Zolly (*also smiling now*): And then Miss will iron the olives . . .

Mrs. Georgio: I'll see what I can do. Tonight at nine I'll fetch you from the back yard to help with washing the dishes and cleaning the restaurant. And make sure you're clean and respectable. You hear? And no drinking!

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly: OK. Miss! I'll work very hard, Miss! And the yard will be nice and clean.

Mrs. Georgio: And tomorrow at ten you're there again. I won't take 'no' from Mister Georgio. And you work for free – only or food – for at least a week. And you never talk to him about money. I'll discuss it with him after a week or two.

Zolly: Thank you very much, Miss.

Mrs. Georgio: I must go.

Zolly: I'll wait for a little longer. If they don't come, I'll go have a look at the pipe again or in the streets.

Mrs. Georgio: Well, I must go to the mall. *(She turn around just before she exits)* And Zolly . . .

Zolly: Miss?

Mrs. Georgio: If you and I are alone . . . When Mr Georgio is not around... Then you can call me 'Mama'. *(Exit)*

Zolly: Thank you, Miss!

*Mrs. Georgio's car door closes and we hear her drive off. He sits on the drum, waiting for the others.*

Zolly *(tasting the words)*: Thank you . . . Mama . . . *(He smells something. Glue? Is it in the drum? He gets up and opens it.)* No . . . no . . . no . . .

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*(He topples the drum and pulls a suffocated Snoopy out)* No . . . Jesus . . . no! Snoopy . . . No . . . Jesus . . . No! *(He carries her body over his shoulder and stumbles toward the direction of Mrs. Georgio's disappearing car)* MOMMY! MOMMY!! MOMMY!!!

**Slow fade to black as he carries her dead body off**

---

### Scene Five

*Early morning, a week later. The same setting as in Scene One, but it's tidy and clean. On the lamppost a newspaper heading that reads: "New Year's accident kills four students".*

Radio report *(from restaurant)*: The traffic on the N1 South is bumper to bumper as holiday-makers return home. Captain Jack Smith, spokesperson of the South African Police, confirmed this morning that a break-through is expected soon in the investigation of the rubbish bin murder in a remote part of the city. Meanwhile, our Cape Town office . . .

*The radio switches to Greek music.*

Mrs. Georgio *(enters from restaurant)*: Much better. *(She looks around)* George! Come look! George! I said come and have a look!

Mr. Georgio *(from inside restaurant)*: I'm not interested! I'm busy. Who must do the books. The milkman?

Mrs. Georgio: George! Come look! You don't want to believe me. Come see for yourself. Are you coming or must I come fetch you?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mr. Georgio: If I come will you stop shouting for five minutes!

Mrs. Georgio: JUST COME AND HAVE A LOOK!

*Enter Mr. Georgio.*

Mr. Georgio: OK! I'm here. *(He walks around and then looks at her)* I came, I saw, so what? *(He wants to go back into the restaurant, but Mrs. Georgio grabs his arm)*

Mrs. Georgio: You came, you didn't look and you saw nothing! Look properly! What do you see?

Mr. Georgio: The back yard of a restaurant.

Mrs. Georgio: No, no, no, no! You see a *clean* back yard of a restaurant! And it's all Zolly's work. Can you see it?

Mr. Georgio: OK! I saw a clean back yard of a restaurant! It's clean. Can I go back now? It's almost opening time!

Mrs. Georgio: No! It's only half past nine. You've been running away from me for two weeks now. I want to talk to you. About Zolly.

Mr. Georgio: But you never stop talking! Talking, talking, talking!

Mrs. Georgio: Because you never stop to listen, listen, listen!

Mr. Georgio: But you ask the impossible! How can I listen to that nagging! The same thing over and over again. Zolly this. Zolly that. The more I say "no", the more you ignore me and keep on nagging! Zolly this and that.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio: It's not the impossible. And I'll keep on nagging untill you listen to me.

Mr. Georgio (*trying to calm her down*): Maria! Maria . . . Maria . . . You're my wife. I love you. But you are driving me CRAZY!

Mrs. Georgio (*trying to calm him down*): OK, OK, OK! If I promise you I'll only say five sentences today will you listen to them?

Mr. Georgio: Only five sentences? The whole day?

Mrs. Georgio: Yes. Only five sentences. The whole day.

Mr. Georgio: Are you ill?

Mrs. Georgio: No. I'm fine.

Mr. Georgio: Are you sure?

Mrs. Georgio: Yes. I'M FINE.

Mr. Georgio: OK!

Mrs. Georgio: But you must promise to say "Yes" after every sentence. "Yes" that you listened to what I said and "Yes" that you agree.

Mr. Georgio: Only five sentences? The whole day?

Mrs. Georgio: YES.

Mr. Georgio: OK! I agree.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio: You're not going back on your word?

Mr. Georgio: No, I'm not going back on my word and that was sentence number one! (*He holds up one finger*)

Mrs. Georgio: NO! You can't do that! I haven't started yet!

Mr. Georgio: Yes, I can do that and that were sentence numbers two and three! (*He holds up fingers two and three*)

Mrs. Georgio (*after a few moments*): Do you really love me and will you do everything I ask of you as you promised before both our families and the Holy God on our wedding day FIFTEEN YEARS AGO in that small church in Kardamila on Ghios when you also promised me that we'll come back from South Africa after ONLY TEN YEARS once you've made enough money in the restaurant bussiness to go back to Ghios and install a small MASTIC distillery on our farm near Mastichochoriain on Gios so that we will forever live in peace and harmony on the said farm and on that said island?

Mr. Georgio (*bursts out laughing and holds up four fingers*): Yes! Four!

Mrs. Georgio (*very plainly and honest*): Give Zolly a full-time job.

Mr. Georgio (*dumbfounded*): But that means . . . I will have to PAY him! MONEY! That means it will take a longer time here in the restaurant. That means it will take a longer time here in South Africa? (*Pause*) Maria . . . Is that what you want?

*Puts her finger against her lips and nods her head.*

Mr. Georgio: Are you sure? You will be older than forty then . . . Is that really what you want?

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*With her finger against her lips she nods her head.*

Mr. Georgio: No children . . . ?

*With her finger against her lips she nods her head.*

Mr. Georgio: Maria . . . No children. (*Hy realises for the first time that she knew all the time*) Maria . . . You knew . . . all the time. Did you?

*With her finger against her lips she nods her head.*

Mr. Georgio: Maria . . . And you still love me

*With her finger against her lips she nods her head.*

Mr. Georgio: Thank you . . . But let one important thing be very clear. I am your husband! You are my wife. I am the head of the family. And just because I WANT too . . . and not because YOU TELL ME TO! I will say “Yes to this thing of Zolly.” Now can I go?

Mrs. Georgio (*with tears of happiness*): Thank you!

Mr. Georgio (*finger against her lips*): SJUUU!

*Mrs. Georgio kisses him.*

Mr. Georgio: Ok, Ok, Ok! You Greek women are bloody crazy! And stop crying now! What’s the use I’ve won a whole day of silence? You don’t say a word, but still you make noise, noise, noise all the time? Maria shut-up! (*She calms down*) O.K. I’ll go inside and tell him. Maria! Now pull yourself together. The customers are coming! (*He exits*)

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Mrs. Georgio (*sits on a beer crate and looks up*): Shut up? How am I going to do that, Mama? How do I keep quiet for a day? Heavenly Father, give me my mother's strength. Please. And tell her I love her. And Papa as well . . . Do you still speak Greek up there?

*She starts praying in English and repeats every sentence in Greek – searching for the words. During the prayer Mr. Georgio and a clean, neat Zolly appear quietly in the background. She doesn't know they can hear her.*

Mrs. Georgio: Rise o Sun! Dear God... Let Your sun forever rise over my head and that of my dear husband. (Greek: EVGA ILIE MOY! THEE MOU... AS ANATELI GIA PANTA O ILIOS SOU PANO APO TO KEFALI TO DIKO MOU KAI TOU AGAPHEMENOY MOU ANTRA.) Let Your sun, Oh God of Light, forever rise on this NEW child now born to us in this dry and foreign land... (Greek: AS ANATELI GIA PANTA O ILIOS SOU, O THEE TOU FOTOS, PANA APO TOUTO TO NEO PEDI POU MAS DOTHIKE SE TOUTI TH STEGNI, KSENI XORA.

*Zolly comes closer and during the scene he and Mrs. Georgio take off the white table cloths and wrap themselves with it like cocoons. It's as if Zolly and Mrs. Georgio's thoughts become one. His pleading prayer and her wishing prayer. Mr. Georgio is alone in the background, just watching them.*

Zolly: Let the lost one, found again, forever walk the earth under the guiding shadow of Your hand.

Mrs. Georgio: TOUTOS O HAMENOS POU KSANAVRIKE TO DROMO TOU, AS POREVETE GIA PANTA STI ZOI ME ODIGO TI SKIA TOU HERIOU SOU.

Zolly: Let him understand of Your Will.

Mrs. Georgio: AS KATALAVI TO THELIMA SOU.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

Zolly: Let Your mighty seas and tender rain wash the tears for Snoopy from his longing eyes.

Mrs. Georgio: AS KSEPLINOUN TA DAKRIA GIA TI SNOEKIE APO TA GEMATA LAHTARA MATIA TOU OI PANTODINAMES THALASES KAI I APALI VROHI.

Zolly: Let this long forgotten boy forget the past to become a man that walks this land with pride and dignity - a man of fortitude.

Mrs. Georgio: AS KSEHASI TOUTO TO AGORI, POU TOSON KERO ITAN KSEHASMENO, TO PARELTHON KE NA GINI ENAS ANTRAS POU PERPATA SATI TI XORA ME PERIFANIA KE AKSIOPREPIA – ENAS ANTRAS ME STHENARI PSIHI.

Zolly: The man You wanted him to be.

Mrs. Georgio: ESTI OPOS ESI THELIS NA INE.

Zolly: Because YOU and HE want to!

Mrs. Georgio: GIATI ESI KI EKINOS TO THELETE.

*At the end of the prayer they've reached each other. They're facing each other still wrapped in the table cloths.*

Zolly: Amen.

Mrs. Georgio: AMIN.

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---

*Light fades. Greek music plays louder. If the director wants to, the following projections will appear on a white newspaper placard against the pole: Zolly in a chef's uniform in the restaurant, together with Mrs. Georgio. Another with Zolly in a chef's uniform holding a certificate. Another of Zolly in modern clothes standing next to a red Jaguar. The last projection is of Mr. and Mrs. Georgio under the 'crying tree' (Archeovs Skineos) near a typical Greek house on Chios. She's holding an eighteen month old boy on her lap.*

**Greek music plays while lights fade slowly to black.**

**END**

---

*The audience will be given pamphlets with photos of real missing children provided by the South African Police. Included are those of Knife, Blade and Thong.*

---

## CHIOS MASTIC GUM, A UNIQUE PRODUCT



The mastic

Chios is the only place in the world where a special type of lentisk resin is produced by the mastic tree. The cultivation of the mastic has been known since ancient times and it has been strongly tied to the island's history. The importance of this unique product, made the island many times in the past a target for various conquerors. In fact, one of the main reasons the [Medieval Villages](#) were built like fortresses, was to protect the mastic and it's producers from the barbarian raiding parties who often attacked the island to steal mastic and women. While the island was under Genoese and Turkish control, special privileges and certain freedom were given to the villages in the region where the mastic tree grows.

The harvesting of the resin takes place between July 1st and October 31. For the collection of the raw mastic, small incisions are made on the trunk of the trees and the mastic gum flows in the form of liquid drops which become solid as soon as they come into contact with the air. This procedure is called the "Kentima".

## Zolly – English translation of Afrikaas drama, Zollie

---



The mastic tree and the "Kentima"

A variety of products is made from the mastic resin, including chewing gum, alcoholic drinks, sweets, spices, perfumes, and various chemicals; while the most important use is by the medical industry all over the world.

Today, almost 5.000 families in the southern Chios earn a significant portion of their incomes by cultivating the mastic tree. Most of the product (almost 90%) is exported, mainly to the Arabic countries.



The magical tears - Nico Luwes