

## HIV/AIDS SCRIPT

### Opening scene:

*Community in their boxes frozen, Wanga on his desk reading and typing repeatedly. Asanda walks in with a big dish on her head singing in pain. She gets to the center and carefully places the dish on the floor and washes her hands then steps inside the dish to proceed walking. She gets to her corner and starts hanging pictures on the line and begins humming.*

**Wanga:** I don't understand... *(goes through his bag and paper)*

*The community takes a deep breath in and exhales then they begin moving together*

**Wanga:** I don't understand...*(walks across the room to the other batch of paper)* what am I missing? Wait, what are we missing? It's been years but there's no change....I am pained...how many more lives are we going to lose to this devil....

**Community:** PRECAUTION...PRIMARY PREVENTION...SUPPORT x 2

**Wanga:** *(looks at his white coat and removes and drops it)*

**Community:** PRECAUTION...PRIMARY PREVENTION...SUPPORT x 2

**Liya:** I.....we.....*(walks up to someone)* It all does not make any sense...the research ....the process...the tests.....I...we...i don't understand. I mean the information is out there by it feels like we are in a constant loop of pain... *( rushes back to his desk and begins typing)* what am I missing....

**Box 1:** Denial

**Box 2:** Unspoken

**Box 3:** Lies

***Boxes freeze but 1 box imprisoned and struggling***

**Wanga:** *(moving about thinking)* So a clinical trial is conducted, a straightforward process really ... .The benefits and possible risks of participating are explained to study volunteers....what are we missing?

**Box 4:** khanyisa (let there be light)... (*begging and praying to his ancestors for help*)

**Wanga:** (*takes a candle and puts it on*) Ewe khanyisa (yes let there be light)! to help us figure out the journey of our healing....

**Box 1:** (*playing with soil*) I feel trapped in this box called life... get me out please...kubuhlungu...I just wanted a good life, to feel better about myself like abanye on social media... How did I get in here? please get me out...mamaaaaa!

***Everyone facing Asanda saying mama repeatedly***

**Box1:** Poverty I despise you, for you are the reason I am stuck in this mess! At 19 years old, I Nompilo Dini woke up to an HIV/AIDS status...It can't be true...Poverty.....

**Wanga:** (*places the candle on the floor and covers his ears*) No more ... .no more tears please! No more death stories and funerals...no more!!

**Box 1:** (*playing with the soil*)Umhlaba emhlabeni, uthuthu ethuthwini...(repeatedly)

**Asanda:** (*sings out loud*)

**Box 5:** Enough!!!!

**Liya;** (*going through his papers..mumbling, no more tears, no more funerals*) We need their stories to feed our journey to healing...no more death stories please! (*takes soil from Box 1 to box 4*) khanyisa....(let there be light)

**Box 4:** khanyisa....(let there be light)

**Wanga:** khanyisa.....(let there be light)

**Box 5:** seeing her giving up everyday kills me...it's the pain ..

**Everyone:** azipheli ezintlungux3 (**the** pain won't endx3

**Box 5:** school is no option for me when everyone has turned their backs on us...everyone has an opinion about us...look at them, no more please it's enough!

**Wanga:** ( *pacing around*)No more funerals! We need their stories to feed our journey to healing...no more death stories please....(*goes back to the desk*)

**Box 6:** egameni loyise, lonyana nelo moy'oyingcwele...(in the name of the father the son and the holy spirit)

**Box 9:** ...in the name of the mother, the father and the son...

**Everyone:** umlaba emhlabeni, uthuthu ethuthwi x2.... (dust to dust, ashes to ashes)

**Box 6:** the bible clearly states in Exodus 15:26 , "If you listen carefully to the LORD your God and do what is right in his eyes, if you pay attention to his commands and keep all his decrees, he says: I will not bring on you any of the diseases I brought on the Egyptians, for I am the LORD, who heals you." (*starts singing: ndiyolala ndindedwa ethuneni Lami...*)

**Box 3:** I grew up as a flower just as my name Mbaliyethu but now the flower is as good as dead...

**Box 6:** (*still singing*)

(*Liya kneeling in front of mama and begging*)

**Wanga:** no more sad songs mama..no more tears please...no more death stories...no more funerals...

**Box 6:** (*still singing softly*)

**Box 3:** It is indeed true when they say life is like a game of dice. Today I'm on top of the world and the next day the world is on top of me. How could my own parents keep this from me? I had to find out by myself that I Mbaliyethu have been living with HIV/AIDS all my life and no one thought to tell me...I feel betrayed...As the flower I feel betrayed by nature, by my blood and by my own parents..

**Wanga:** PRECAUTIONS..PRIMARY PREVENTION...SUPPORT ....

**Box 2:** you know all my poems are about my journey living with this disease... Do you understand what I'm trying to say?...come, come closer... borrow me your eyes my sister so you see the depth of the pain I am in...your ears so you can hear my cry every night...give me your hand sir, so you can feel this never ending pain...

**Box 7:** eyes...ears...handsx2 (*laughs until he starts crying*) how and when will it all end when at my age I'm homeless in the streets of Khayelitsha. She knew she was HIV positive yet she chose to not tell me because to her I am nothing but a dirty and high street kid mos...who's eyes? Who's ears? Who's hands?..

**Wanga:** Ezethu (*ours*)....we need to work together! Do not give up please...

**Box 8:** my life is over!...(with his hands on his head) he said that I Sibusiso Nxele is HIV positive...do you know what that means for me as a Nxele successor?.this means I can not go to the initiation school, my friends will become men mna ndihlale ndiyi nkwenkwe(while I stay a boy) and there goes my inheritance! I am done! I'd rather end my own life than face my father and the humiliation that will come from my village people, I am nothing without the Nxele empire...

*Asanda starts singing....*

**Box 4:** Khanyisa (let there be light)...zidweshe ndiyanicenga (pleading this ancestors) velanii (show yourselves)! Andini boni(I can not see you)...thethani (speak to me)andiniva (I can not hear you)...it can not be that with my spiritual connection with you, I Bazamele fail to heal myself and our people from this disease...Khanyisa! (Let there be light)

**Wanga:** Khanyisa!(let there be light)

**Box 4:** Khanyisa!(let there be light)

**Wanga:** Khanyisa! .(let there be light)

**Box 4:** Khanyisa! .(let there be light)

**Wanga:** PRECAUTION...PRIMARY PREVENTION...SUPPORT x2..We need their stories to feed our journey to healing...(goes to the candle)

**Box 9:** lower the noise I'm trying to think...

**Wanga:** PRECAUTION...PRIMARY PREVENTION.. SUPPORT x2

**Box 9:** I said I am trying to think...

**Box 6:** (*singing...*)

**Box 1:** umhlaba emhlabeni, uthuthu ethuthwini...(dust to dust, ashes to ashes)

**Box 9:** The important question here is, who has the cure for HIV/AIDS?...Where does it originate? Is it the pharmaceuticals that supply tests and the medication? Who benefits from this thing called HIV/AIDS...

**Wanga:** I have always been concerned about the process of reconnection...so we fully understand what it looks like being studied! Understanding what it sounds like, or how it feels like...it is a process of reconnecting identities, language...(to the audience) Molo! Molweni! Uyandiva? (Hello, can you hear me)

**Box 9:** how sure are you that the food you eat is not infected with this disease....

**Wanga:** Remembering..for our history has and will always be a factor of white dominance over black Africans...

**Box 2:** usiba nephepha..usiba nephepha.. borrow me your ears...

**Box 7:** who's ears....(*laughs until he cries*)

**Wanga:** Reconnection...do you understand the information shared or is it that you are ignorant....

**Box 1:** how did I get in here...mamaaaaa...

**Box 3:** I grew up as a flower just as my name Mbaliyethu but now the flower is as good as dead...

**Box 6:** I'm Trying to balance things,the spirit of God came out urging me to direct you in his path....I'm trying so hard to find a solution through prayer...may God forgive our souls.... the Bible says...

**Box 5:** Enough! She needs your help not your judgment...I am tired...

**Box 6:** lean on the word of the Lord...

**Liya:** my concern is the manner in which this information is accessed...

**Everyone:** azipheli ezintlungux3 (the pain won't end)

**Wanga:** We need their stories so we understand them...

**Box 1:** umhlaba emhlabeni...uthuthu ethuthwini....(dust to dust, ashes to ashes)

**Wanga:** Who are these people..where do they sleep...what do they drink...when do they eat...what do they eat...search deeper, deeper in the community...go deeper, deeper...

***Asanda singing ....***

**Wanga:** I have always been concerned about the process of reconnection x6....

*Returns to her desk....*

***( Asanda walks out and steps into the water & everyone follows)***

*Wanga blows off the candle ...*

