

Please locate and read the entire play – the monologue below is merely a suggested one.

An excerpt from: *MOOI STREET MOVES* by Paul Slabolepszy

Stix: Huh. 1988. Top Gun Outfitters. Nice pay. Nice people. Nice Holidays. The best part of it all – it's in Hillbrow. Hai – Hillbrow! The Strip. The Sunset Strip. Manhattan ...! [Gear-change up] Yei...! I wake up one morning in the ghetto, I say – no, no - aikona, uh-uh...! Three hours to work. Three hours home. Three hours to sleep. Aikona! Hai sugga...!

[Angrily, in the vernacular] I was sick and tired of this bladdy non-sense...! Ek is die moer-in met die blerrie chandies...! All over the place, I see signs – vacancies... vacancies... vacancies! Furnished apartments! Rooms to let...! [In the vernacular] I say – hey, fixed up – here we go! [Back to English] I put on my tie... my Florsheim shoes – two-tone – ziya-sparkela...! A dash of Bryl cream... and my extra-special Colgate Smile – [He smiles toothily] I walk right straight up to the door – [demonstrating] Poem-poem-pa-doem-pa – tak-tak-tak...! [Bowling and scraping] Excuse me, madam – if the madam would be so kind – [flashing his Colgate smile] My name is Siphon Letsebe and I am enquiring about the possibility of unfurnished accommodation...[Exploding in a high, squeaky voice] 'Voetsek! Hamba! Go away...!' Hau. She didn't like me, that one. I try once more in Quartz Street. 'Goie middag, meneer...' Goenk! [The door is slammed] try again in Kapteijn – [He becomes the white landlady] 'I'm sorry, young man – not to say we discriminate – but, this year we are trying Indians and coloureds. Next year, we are trying blacks...' – But, madam – 'Don't you understand English? I said NEXT year, we are trying blacks...!' – But, please...! [He mimes stone throwing] 'Voetsek! Hamba! Go back to where you came from ...!'

Henry: [smiling nervously]: Voetsek...

Stix: Ja. Didn't work. Not even the Colgate smile. These white people. No sense of adventure. Too many brick walls with broken bottles on top

Henry: So what you do?

Stix: I say to myself – forget it, bra – the white Boere have won. [He swings around] And then it happens! OK Bazaars in Braamfontein – the shop next door! TV in the window – six o'clock news...! Mike Weaver arriving in South Africa to fight Johnny du Plooy. Heavyweight Boxing Clash of the Titans! There it was in full colour – the red carpet, Jan Smuts Airport. TV1, TV2, TV3 – Topsport, Supersport, M-Net – Bop...! [He becomes a white TV newscaster] 'Hello, Mike. What do you think of South Africa? – Oh, you like it here? – Good. Lovely to have you back again. Any time...!' [He demonstrates a car pulling away] Vrrrrroemm...! [Police car sirens] Bee-boo-bee-boo – bee-boo-bee-boo...! Police Escort – ja, Police Escort...! Bee-bii-bee-boo...! Carlton – Sun City – champagne, blonfes, brunettes – bikinis...! I look at this, I say – aikona! – Horror-nary White...! Horror-nary White se moer, man...! Time to

change the tune, bra...! Time for a little show biz...! Time for some side walking! I go to my boss at Top Gun. I say – come, Mr Weinstein –come, jong – emergency. I get a baseball cap – sharp jacket – USA – [He indicates writing] Yale – UCLA...! Genuine Ray-bans – ten bucks! [He sings] ‘God Bless America...!’ [‘Sidewalking’ along] Poem-poem-pa-doem-pa – Able Road. Accommodation. Apply Within. I sidewalk up to the front door – takka-takka-tak-tak...! [He becomes the expansive American] Howdy, ma’am...! Gmme Five...! [He gives himself five-slapping hands and so on] Right on, right on, right on! My name is Leroy Strawberry, and – as you can see – I’m from the US of A...! [Indicating his clothing] I’m a visitor in your bee-ootiful country, and I’m lookin’ for a place to stay...! Hou! She looks at me. Her mouth like so – [Demonstrating a dropped jaw] ‘Excuse me – are you a NEGRO...!?’ You bet your cotton-pickin’ Cincinnati Red Sox, Ma’am...! Eddie Murphy...! Bill Cosby...! Sammy Davis Junior...! Louis Satchmo Armstrong...! Ibe-two-three – she’s got the contract – ‘Sign along the dotted line, mr Strawberry...!’ [He ‘signs’ while singing a spiritual] ‘Nobody knows – the troubles I have seen. Nobody knows – but Jee-zuss...’ I pay the deposit. First month – smokeless...! The same after noon , I say hello Hillbrow – bye-bye the train...!