



Oxford Cambridge and RSA

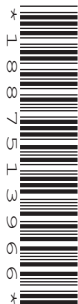
Tuesday 10 June 2025 – Afternoon

A Level Drama and Theatre

H459/48 Deconstructing Texts for Performance

Woza Albert!

Time allowed: 1 hour 45 minutes



No extra materials are needed.



Please write clearly in black ink. **Do not write in the barcodes.**

Centre number

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Candidate number

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First name(s)

Last name

INSTRUCTIONS

- Use black ink. You can use an HB pencil, but only for annotation lines.
- Write your answer to each question in the space provided. If you need extra space use the lined page at the end of this booklet. The question numbers must be clearly shown.
- Answer **all** the questions.

INFORMATION

- The total mark for this paper is **60**.
- The marks for each question are shown in brackets [].
- This document has **16** pages.

ADVICE

- Read each question carefully before you start your answer.

- [30]**

[illegible]

Scene Thirteen

Lights up on MBONGENI entering as a fragile, toothless old man. He sings, throughout the following action. He settles on the boxes, attempts to thread a needle. His hands tremble but he perseveres. He succeeds on the third, laborious attempt to sew a button on this coat.

5

MBONGENI. (*humming*)

Bamga-lo-kandaba bayimpi

10

Heya we-bayimpi izwelonke

Ngonyama ye zizwe

Ohlab'izitha

UNdaba bamgwazizwe lonke okazulu

Amambuka nkosi

15

[The soldiers of our enemies have

come to attack the King

They are coming from the four

corners of the world to attack the

Lion

20

We must kill the enemies

They are attacking him from all over

the world, the son of Zulu

These strangers from another place

attack our King.]

25

MBONGENI *becomes aware of the (invisible) interviewer. Laughs knowingly.*

MBONGENI (*speaking*). Eh? What would

happen to Morena if he comes to South

Africa? What would happen to Morena

30

is what happened to Piet Retief! Do you

know Piet Retief? The big leader of the

white men long ago, the leader of the

Afrikaners! Ja! He visited Dingane, the

great king of the Zulus! When Piet Retief

35

came to Dingane, Dingane was sitting

in his camp with all his men. And he

thought, 'Hey, these white men with their

guns are wizards. They are dangerous!'

But he welcomed them with a big smile.

40

He said, he said, 'Hello. Just leave

your guns outside and come inside and

eat meat and drink beer.' Eeeeei! That

is what will happen to Morena today!

The Prime Minister will say, just leave

45

your angels outside and the power of

your father outside and come inside

and enjoy the fruits of apartheid. And

then, what will happen to Morena is

what happened to Piet Retief when he

50

got inside. Dingane was sitting with all his men in his camp, when Piet Retief came inside. All the Zulus were singing and dancing ... Bamyalo-Kandaba payimpi ... (*Repeats snatches of the song.*) And all the time, Dingane's men were singing and dancing, (*proudly*) they were waiting for the signal from their king. And Dingane just stoop up ... He spit on the ground. He hit his beshu and he shouted: 'Bulalan 'abathakathi. Kill the wizards! Kill the wizards! Kill the wizards!' And Dingane's men came with their spears (*Mimes throat-slitting, throwing of bodies.*) Suka! That is what will happen to Morena here in South Africa. Morena here? (*Disgusted.*) Eeii! Suka!

Blackout.

Scene Fourteen 70

Lights flash on. PERCY, an airport announcer, is standing on a box, calling out.

PERCY. Attention, please! Attention, please! Now this is a great moment for South Africa! The Lord Morena has arrived! The jumbo jet from Jerusalem has landed! now lay down your blankets, singing hosanna, hosanna, lay down your presents. Hey, you over there, move away from the tarmac! (*More urgently.*) Move away from the runway! Move away! 75 80

MBONGENI (*rushing in a photographer*). Hosanna! Hosanna! Son of God! 'Hosanna nyana ka thixo!' ['Son of God'.] Hey, what will you say if Morena comes to you? (*To a member of the audience.*) Smile, smile! (*He turns to PERCY then back to the camera crew.*) Sound! Rolling! Slate! 85 90
Scene twenty-seven, take one. And action ...

Scene Fifteen

PERCY, wearing his pink nose and flash sunglasses, alights from the plane (box). 95

MBONGENI (*approaching him with a mimed microphone*). Happy landings, sir.

PERCY (*flattered by this attention*). Oh, 100
thank you. Thank you.

MBONGENI. Well, sir, you've just
landed from a jumbo jet!

PERCY. Eh, yes.

MBONGENI. Any comments, sir? 105

PERCY. I beg your pardon?

MBONGENI (*arch interviewer*). Would
you not say that a jumbo jet is faster
than a donkey, sir?

PERCY. Eh, yes. 110

MBONGENI. Aaahh. Now tell me, sir,
where have you been all this time?

PERCY. Around and about.

MBONGENI. And how is it up there in
the heavens? 115

PERCY. Oh, it's very cool.

MBONGENI. Cool! (*Laughs artificially
loud.*) So, I'm to understand that
you've been studying our slang, too!

PERCY. Right on! 120

They laugh together.

MBONGENI. Now tell me, sir, in the face
of all boycotting moves, why did you
choose South Africa for your grand
return? 125

PERCY. I beg your pardon?

MBONGENI. I mean, uhhh, why did you
come here, sir?

PERCY. To visit my great-aunt Matilda.

MBONGENI. Excuse me, sir? 130

PERCY. Yes?

MBONGENI. Your name, sir?

PERCY. Patrick Alexander Smith.

MBONGENI. You mean you're not
Morena, sir? 135

PERCY. Who?

MBONGENI. Morena.

PERCY. Morena?

MBONGENI. Are you not Morena? (*To
film-makers.*) Cut! Morena! Where is
Morena? 140

PERCY *minces off, insulted. Lights start
to dim.*

MBONGENI (*wanders across stage,
calling disconsolately.*). Morena!
Morena! Morena! 145
M-o-o-o-r-e-e-e-n-a-a! ...

*Lights dim. PERCY begins to join the
call, alternating, from behind the clothes
rail. He emerges calling and addressing a
high and distant MORENA. As he talks, the
light comes up.* 150

Scene Sixteen

PERCY. Morena! Morena-a-a! Where
are you? Come to Albert Street! 155
Come to the Pass Office! We need
you here, Morena! Ja, Morena, this is
the most terrible street in the whole
of Johannesburg! Ja, Morena, this
is the street where we black men 160
must come and stand and wait and
wait and wait just to get a permit to
work in Johannesburg! And if you're
lucky enough to get the permit, what
happens? You wait and wait and wait 165
again for the white bosses to come
in their cars to give you work. (*Turns
back to MBONGENI.*) But I'm lucky!
I've got six months special! (*Shows
his passbook.*) Qualified to work in 170
Johannesburg for six months!

MBONGENI. How many months? Eh?

PERCY. Six months!

MBONGENI. Six months? Congratulations. (<i>Laughs, slaps PERCY's back, shakes his hand.</i>) Eh! Six-month special!	175
PERCY. Three weeks in a queue!	
MBONGENI. But you're still their dog! (<i>Moves upstage to urinate, with his back to the audience.</i>)	180
PERCY. Aaahh, jealous! You jealous!	
MBONGENI. Have you got a job? Have you got school fees for your children? Have you got money for rent? Have you got bus fare to come to the Pass Office? Oh, come on, man, we've all got specials but we're still their dogs!	185
<i>Car sounds.</i>	
PERCY (<i>leaps up</i>). Hey! There's a car! A white man! (<i>Moves to the car at the front edge of the stage, follows it as it moves across.</i>) Are you looking for workers, my boss? Ya, I've got six-month special, qualified to work in Johannesburg.	190 195
MBONGENI <i>moves forward trying frantically to distract the driver. Car sounds continue, actors alternating.</i>	
MBONGENI. Boss, I've got fourteen-day special. This is my last chance. This is my last chance. Take two boys, my boss, two!	200
PERCY. Messenger boy, tea boy, my boss. One! I make nice tea for the Madam, my boss. Bush tea, China tea, English tea! Please, Baba. Lots of experience, Baba. Very good education, my boss. Please, my boss. Standard three, very good English, Baba.	205 210
MBONGENI's <i>sound of a departing car transforms into a mocking laugh.</i>	
MBONGENI. I told you, you're still their dog! (<i>Laughs, mocks.</i>) Standard three, bush tea, China tea – where do you get China tea in Soweto?	215

PERCY. Aah voetsak! I've got six months special!

MBONGENI (*shows PERCY his passbook*). Hey, look at my picture. I look beautiful, heh? 220

PERCY (*laughs bitterly*). How can you look beautiful in your passbook?

Car sounds again. MBONGENI rushes forward to the stage edge, follows the car, PERCY behind him. 225

MBONGENI. One! One, my boss! Everything! Sweeper, anything, everything, my boss! Give me anything. Carwash? Yeah, always smiling, my boss. Ag, have you got work for me, my boss? I'm a very good nanny. I look after small white children. I make them tomato sandwich. I take them to school, my boss. Please, my boss. Please. 230
235

Car leaves. MBONGENI wanders disconsolately upstage. PERCY watches him. 240

PERCY (*Laughing*). Ja! Who's a dog? Don't talk like that! This is South Africa! This is Albert Street. (*Laughs.*) Nanny, nanny, tomato sandwich!

Car sounds again. 245

BOTH (*confusion of requests from each*). Six-month special, my boss. Fourteen-day special, Baba. This is my last chance. Hey man, this is my corner! Very strong, Baas. Ek donder die kaffers op die plaas. [I beat up the kaffirs on the farm.] One, my boss. Two, my boss. Anything, my boss. Have you got anything for me, Baba? 250

PERCY. Basie, he's a thief, this one. 255

MBONGENI. He can't talk Afrikaans, this one, my boss.

PERCY. He's lying. Basie. Hy lieg, my baas!

The third car pulls away. 260

- [30]**

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[illegible]

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