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# BREADWINNERS

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THOKO ZULU

A large, semi-transparent watermark of the text "THOKO ZULU" is oriented diagonally across the page. Above the "O" in "THOKO" is a small blue logo of a bird with its wings spread.



## MANDINGO WARRIORS

*(Their upper bodies still moving backwards and front in battle sounds) U aa, u!!! U aa, u!!! U aa, u!!!*

A whistle shrieks out and the players of contesting football teams of Mandingo Warriors and Black Mambas run into the football pitch amid background whistling, vuvuzela blowing and cheering of an invisible full stadium crowd. Ntombi, Chipo and their cheer leading team mates run in opposite directions anticipating the start of the game.

EXT. NTOMBI/CHIPO RESIDENCE. GATE – LATE AFTERNOON

A colorful mini bus carrying both Ntombi and Chipo's cheering troops drops the two women at their house gate amid singing and blowing of vuvuzelas from Ntombi's winning team, who have their heads sticking out of the open car windows as the kombi speeds off. Ntombi, who has her mask rolled halfway up her nose happily dances towards their gate in traditional celebratory song. Ntombi follows Chipo, who walks through their residential gate dragging her feet and a long lower lip.

CHIPO

*(In a very sour mood)* Your win was a faulted penalty kick which shouldn't have been given, your player was offside and that was not a handball!

NTOMBI

*(Still very excited about their win.)* We're probably meeting you sore losers at the league finals. Our boys stayed and trained in camp, you didn't stand a chance!

CHIPO

*(Still in a very sour mood.)* The referee was obviously biased towards your team winning today's game.

NTOMBI

Our Mandingo Warriors played like a team, unlike your experienced players who were competing against each other for the ball.

CHIPO

I'm not paying you a single cent, the game should have gone into extra time or ended goalless and shared the points. Honouring the bet means validating today's game as fair play, which it wasn't.

Chipo goes to the water tap outside their bathroom/toilet where she picks up a piece of soap from the open window seal and washes the paint off her face in frustration.

NTOMBI

*(Sticks out a long tongue, wags it like a snake in Chipo's soapy face)* Where's your poisonous venom now, Black Mamba? *(Turns around, wriggles her big fake rubber buttocks)* Come on...bite my big, black ass! *(She giggles)*

Chipo annoyingly moves from the water tap to the laundry line where she grabs a face towel and dries her face, as she marches towards the closed entrance door of their big, single roomed residential cottage.

INT. CHIPO ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

Leading Zimbabwean singer Jah Preyzah's song Feat Davido "Kana Uchita Kuti Ndirame" [Please Don't Leave Me" plays at high volume from Ntombi's room. Chipo has changed into a traditional Shona attire with head dress as she pushes the bed mattress aside and places her neatly folded black and white cheer leaders' dress on top of the bed base. She picks up a blanket and covers the base and cheer leading uniform before replacing the bed mattress.

INT. NTOMBI ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

Ntombi has transformed herself into a sexy bombshell in fashionable casual clothes of designer jeans, killer high heels, red top with a low cleavage revealing her DD pushed up breasts. She swings her torso to the song playing in the background.

Ntombi goes to the wall to take down family pictures of her husband and those of her children, puts the framed family photos inside headboard and dressing table drawers, concealing them under pieces of clothing.

CHIPO (O/S)

*(Shouts)* Enough with the celebrations, keep the noise down!

Ntombi turns up the volume on the music player, seductively dances her way to the stove where she turns a huge piece of steak sizzling in a non-stick frying pan. Chipo opens the curtain door separating the huge room.

CHIPO (cont'd)

Ntombi...*(Stops, frowns disapprovingly at Ntombi's wardrobe transformation)* Why are you dressed like that?

Ntombi continues to dance as if Chipo is not in the room. Chipo marches to the music player and cuts the music.

NTOMBI

*(Pissed)* This is my room, you cannot just march in here and touch my stuff!

CHIPO

*(Also pissed)* The music is too loud, I live here too.

Ntombi marches to the music player, and resumes playing her track.

CHIPO (*cont'd*)

(*Cuts the music again*) I have an early work shift tomorrow. I cannot sleep with the noise banging in the background.

NTOMBI

Oh, come on...I know you're sulking over your football team's loss. Every time Mandingo Warriors register a win, you blame it on the referee or some ridiculous football rule that has either been amended or no longer in use.

CHIPO

(*In protest*) The linesman's flag was up!

NTOMBI

(*Imitating Chipo*) "Oh, no...your player so and so should've been given a red card or that free kick was not supposed to be given...yada, yada, yada." (*Hands akimbo*) And your complaint today is what? Our player was offside when he was tackled inside the box and we shouldn't have been given the penalty?

CHIPO

We're the best team in the country and still top of the league. Six of our players have successful careers abroad.

NTOMBI

(*Rolls her eyes in disgust*) Agh, really Chipo? (*Rushes to the stove to turn the burning steak*) Point is, you've six games still hanging in the air, three of which you must win to make it to the finals.

CHIPO

(*Brag*) We're not going to lose any more games!

NTOMBI

As far as I know the big league is still up for grabs and today you lost to the underdogs. (*Extends a hand, she wants her bet money*) My one thousand RTGS Zimbabwean dollars please.

CHIPO

(*Not wanting to pay*) I will send your money via electronic transfer when I get my salary...(Walks to a calendar stuck on Ntombi's wall, counts the days with a reluctant finger) which is about, let's see... (*Moves her finger from one date to the next, counts*)...one, two...three (*Turns around*)...two and a half weeks from today...or maybe three.

NTOMBI

(*Not amused*) We agreed bets are strictly cash upfront, so if you're planning an electronic transfer (*Picks a latest Android cellphone at the kitchen table, scrolls down while tapping her high heel on the floor*) mmm...let's see. Ok, here we are...you owe me triple the original amount plus an additional 50% fine for not paying me on the spot.

CHIPO

*(Marching to the kitchen table in protest)* That's daylight robbery! My cleaning job pays via electronic transfer in bond notes.

NTOMBI

*(Bored)* Tell me something I don't already know.

CHIPO

You're not affected by the multiple currencies depleting the Zimbabwean dollar. Your salary is in US dollars cash and I want to make more money, not lose it.

NTOMBI

Your risky money making schemes will drown you in debt. I'm betting my piggy bank, not my salary.

CHIPO

*(Is embarrassed, her eyes darting all over the place)* You'll obviously not win all your games. *(Notices Ntombi's missing family pictures)* Your family pictures are not on the wall.

NTOMBI

*(Avoiding the family issue)* Don't say I didn't warn you when your finances hit troubled waters. *(Switches off the stove, cuts a small piece of meat)* And a little friendly advice about your cheer leading stunt today, you sucked. *(Forks the meat into her mouth)* You're obviously an avid football fan, not an entertainer.

CHIPO

*(Goes to the stove, her eyes on the juicy steak)* It was my first time in a big stadium, *(Craves a taste of the meat)* I was obviously intimidated.

NTOMBI

*(Sees Chipo's interest in the steak)* You blew a guaranteed opportunity to make good, clean money. *(Cuts another piece of meat)* The cheer leaders' costumes are sponsored by our football teams, *(Forks the steak into Chipo's mouth)* we're paid to pull those killer stunts.

CHIPO

*(Chews)* I know, which is why I went for the trials, I need the cash. *(Enjoying the juicy meat, swallows)* I cannot dance like you or those women, your routines are so uncultured. *(Goes to the kitchen table)* I am a married, traditional Shona woman with good moral values. *(Pulls a chair, sits, feeling insecure)* You were like wild animals out there.

NTOMBI

*(Reassuring, she pulls a chair next to Chipo)* You can train to be a professional entertainer if you want to join your teams' cheer leading squad. It's a choice to be tame not genetic, any woman can master those wild moves.

CHIPO

*(Smiles timidly)* Everything's so new to me.

NTOMBI

*(Cupping Chipo's hand)* We're both new to the big city.

CHIPO

*(Eyes dropping to Ntombi's low cleavage)* I was expecting a simpler routine...like...you know, jumping up and down singing my team's praise songs like we do back in my village.

NTOMBI

I joined the cheer leading squad first. Learning those moves was just as hard.

CHIPO

*(Reaches out to button Ntombi's blouse, thinking Ntombi forgot to button)* Your buttons are loose. *(Gets up with renewed confidence)* Let me show you how we support our football teams back home.

Chipo's face lights up as she dances around typical Shona style singing a Shona praise song for her football team, "The Black Mambas."

NTOMBI

*(Unbuttons her blouse back to the open cleavage)* You were auditioning to join a prestigious cheer leading squad.

CHIPO

*(Still excited)* My children and I listened to the commentators and supported our favourite team via the national radio station. *(Imitates football commentators)* Today we are witnessing the battle of the biggest African giants...The lethal Black Mambas from Zimbabwe versus the Congolese Monsters.

Ntombi is amused as she watches Chipo's sports humour.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(Continues imitating the commentators)* The snakes have home advantage playing on home turf in the new capital city, Bhuruwayo.

Ntombi loves Chipo's humor, and Ntombi giggles as she gets up from her chair to open the freezer where she picks up a frozen packet of mixed vegetables. Ntombi's eyes still follow the frenzy Chipo kicking an invisible ball. Chipo continues to talk like an excited commentator.

CHIPO (*cont'd*)

The second round whistle blows and the crowd goes crazy when the Black Mambas' Rambo tackles the Monster defender Kalib...(*Runs around the room*) Rambo runs with the ball and passes it on to Bheki the Undertaker who zig zags and wobbles the ball in the air before (*kicks the invisible ball*) passing it down to golden boy Mackay...Mackay to Madinda...Madinda to his brother Peter and the Black Mambas supporters are up on their feet anticipating a goal from the two Ndlovu brothers forming a deadly combination. Peter outruns the feared Monster defender, Dobholo...flips the ball back to Madinda and Madinda back to Peter...it's a goal!!!!!!! (*Runs around the kitchen table*)

NTOMBI

(*Laughs*) The city is pronounced Bulawayo not Bhuruwayo by the way. (*Throws the frozen vegetables into a pot on the stove*) I must admit you're surprisingly good at whatever it is you're doing, depicting your Shona culture.

CHIPO

(*Still excited, she sings in Shona, dancing Reggae style*) Black Mambas, bhora...aiwa bhora!!! Aiwa baba, Black Mambas bhora!!! Aiwa bhudi, Black Mambas, bhora, Aiwa mbuya, Black Mambas bhora, aiwa sekuru, Black Mambas bhora, aiwa sisi, black Mambas bhora!! [*Black Mambas can play ball. Hey, dad, brother, sister, old man, grand ma, Black Mambas can play ball.*]

Standing at the stove, Ntombi claps for Chipo who balances both hands on the kitchen table catching her breath.

CHIPO (*cont'd*)

That's how...we support our football team...back in my village.

NTOMBI

You've given me fresh ideas for my team's next choreography.

CHIPO

(*Pointing a threatening finger*) Hey, don't steal my dance moves!

NTOMBI

(*Giggles*) I don't want your moves, our team represents a totally different culture. You should go back to the Black Mambas' squad and show them your routine, which could spin into something spectacular.

CHIPO

(*Excited, goes to the stove near Ntombi*) You really think they'll give me a second chance?

NTOMBI

I cannot guarantee it, but they should give you another shot.



CHIPO

*(Her insecurities showing, she sits at the kitchen table)* Maybe I should just forget about it, I'm too old for cheerleading anyway. Dancing like that is for young girls, not women our age.

NTOMBI

*(Goes to reassure Chipo at the kitchen table again)* It's important for a woman to let her hair down once in a while. You should go back and renegotiate your entry.

CHIPO

*(Notices Ntombi has taken down the buttons of her blouse, changes the subject)* Are you going somewhere?

NTOMBI

I wouldn't be cooking dinner if I'm going out.

CHIPO

*(Buttons up Ntombi's blouse)* If what you were doing in the football stadium today was just for the money...at home...back here...we should behave like respectable married women.

NTOMBI

*(Unbuttons her blouse)* We all come from different backgrounds. I'm also doing it for fun, I love the game.

Chipo wants to button Ntombi's blouse again.

NTOMBI *(cont'd)*

*(Irritably slaps Chipo's hand)* Touch my buttons again and I'll rub my breasts into your face.

Chipo is stunned, her mouth opens and closes not sure what to say. Ntombi snatches Chipo's traditional head dress and throws it into the kitchen trash can. Chipo quickly gets up from the chair to pick up her head dress, replaces it on top of her head as she sits back on the chair.

Ntombi deliberately readjusts and pulls down Chipo's dress, exposing Chipo's good shoulders. Chipo recoils, pulling up her dress to cover up. Ntombi pulls down the shoulders of Chipo's dress again.

CHIPO

*(Irritably slapping Ntombi's hand)* Ok, ok, I get it, stop! *(Readjusts her dress to cover her shoulders)* I think rural women should carry themselves differently. *(Her eyes drop to Ntombi's low cleavage)* We both arrived from the village a few months ago and look at you already looking like those *(flares her nose in disgust)* ...night girls.

NTOMBI

*(Unbothered, she goes back to her vegetables on the stove)* Growing up in a village shouldn't stereotype me to fit your definition of rural women.

CHIPO

*(Stares at Ntombi with scorn)* The way you talk is also different. It must be because you work with white people.

NTOMBI

Yes...and no.

CHIPO

It can either be yes or no, not both.

NTOMBI

Where I work has nothing to do with how I behave, but it could influence a few changes.

CHIPO

*(Is obviously hungry, gets up and goes to stand near Ntombi at the stove)* Looks like you're cooking for two people.

NTOMBI

I am cooking for two.

CHIPO

*(Smiles, thinking she is being invited for dinner)* And your husband?

NTOMBI

*(Grabs two plates at the kitchen cupboard and lays them at the kitchen table)* What about my husband?

CHIPO

Does he like *(Her eyes dropping to Ntombi's cleavage)* ...all that flesh hanging out for every man to see?

There is a knock at the door.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(Her eyes dart towards the sound of the knock and back at Ntombi)* I'm not expecting anyone.

Ntombi takes the vegetable pot to the kitchen table.

INT. CHIPO ROOM. DOOR – LATE AFTERNOON

Chipo half opens the door, sees the award winning American comedian, KEVIN HART but does not know him.

KEVIN

*(Expecting royal treatment, he wants easy passage, grins)* Wassup pretty face.

CHIPO

*(Security cautious)* How did you get in? The gate is locked.

KEVIN

*(Looks disappointed Chipo has not given him a celebrity welcome, is quickly irritable)* The gate isn't locked, open up.

CHIPO

*(Not opening the door)* What do you want?

KEVIN

*(Losing patience)* What do I want? Duh, I am Kevin Hart.

Chipo wants to close the door. Kevin puts his foot.

KEVIN (cont'd)

*(Pissed, is aware Chipo doesn't know him)* You're obviously from an alien planet where there's no social media or cable TV.

CHIPO

*(Is confused)* I cannot help you, if I don't know who you are or what you want.

KEVIN

*(Impatient)* Just point me in the direction of *(Struggling to pronounce Ntombi's name properly)* Nt - o - m - b - i.

CHIPO

*(Not understanding him, she frowns)* Who?

Kevin shows Chipo, Ntombi's business card.

KEVIN

This woman right here.

CHIPO (cont'd)

*(Scrutinising Kevin)* Are you Ntombi's relative?

KEVIN

*(Stunned.)* Are you fucking kidding me!? Off course I'm not her freaking relative. She's a wardrobe intern at the media company where I've been hired to feature for the first season in this sports sitcom.

CHIPO

Are you her boss?

KEVIN

*(Frustrated)* Welcome to freaking Zimbabwe, Kevin! *(In Chipo's face)* Hell, no...I'm not her boss.

CHIPO

*(Not understanding why Kevin is mad)* Maybe you're her cousin from the village?

KEVIN

*(Giggles at the ridiculousness of the questions. Is sarcastic)* Kind of, yeah. I'm actually her freaking cousin.

CHIPO

*(Frowns)* Why didn't you just say so?

KEVIN

*(Leans on the door frame with a mocking grin)* And who the fuck are you...her great grandma?

Chipo is offended, reluctantly unchains and opens the door, standing aside to allow Kevin passage to Ntombi's room. Chipo picks up a bunch of keys hanging on a steel nail near the door and goes out to lock the gate.

INT. NTOMBI ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

In the background plays the song "Hatibatiki" [You cannot Catch Us] from Zimbabwean raga artist Tshinso Man Feat Jah Love. Ntombi is sitting at the kitchen table eating her steak and vegetables, the second plate's serving is untouched. Kevin has stripped down to his underwear, elbow pressed up on the bed.

KEVIN

*(Already in a bad mood.)* I didn't come all this way to eat dinner. How long are you going to keep me waiting?

NTOMBI

You should've told me you're coming here for sex.

KEVIN

*(Sitting up with renewed frustration.)* Why would a high profile international celebrity like me visit the slums, if not for good pussy?

NTOMBI

*(Maintains calm, eats.)* You asked to see where I live.

KEVIN

*(Pissed off, he gets up from the bed.)* Do you know how many bitches would line up just to shake my hand?

NTOMBI  
I'm not one of your bitches.

A knock can be heard coming from outside the cottage gate.

KEVIN  
*(Marches to Ntombi at the kitchen table.)* If I want food, I've more than enough money to buy all the restaurants in this lousy town.

NTOMBI  
*(Shrugs her shoulders, eats)* Ok.

KEVIN  
*(With a bad attitude.)* Ok, what?

NTOMBI  
*(Holding her calm)* You can go ahead and buy all the restaurants in my lousy town.

KEVIN  
*(Loses his temper)* Are you two bitches for real? *(Opens his arms, expecting a hug)*  
A little gratitude for showing up here would be nice.

NTOMBI  
*(Getting up.)* Ok.

KEVIN  
*(Grins, thinking he will get what he wants, spreads his legs)* Yeah, that's what I'm talking about baby.

She goes to Kevin, who stands too short in front of Ntombi in her high heels. The knock at the gate comes back louder. Ntombi pats the top of Kevin's head in obvious sarcasm.

KEVIN *(cont'd)*  
*(Confused)* What the fuck is that?

NTOMBI  
*(Bends down to Kevin's short height with a stupid grin)* Slums' head. *(Kisses his cheek)* And a little gratitude. *(Winks)*

KEVIN  
*(Pissed.)* You do know I can get you fired for disrespecting me.

NTOMBI  
*(Going to sit on her chair)* And you obviously know, I can file for sexual harassment. *(She eats)*

Kevin angrily walks back to pick up his trousers on the floor next to the bed, fiddles for his phone inside the trouser pockets. The loud gate knock comes up again.

KEVIN

*(Lividly mad, he yells at Ntombi)* Tell your grandma to service the fucking gate!

NTOMBI

*(Not amused)* You cannot come to my house and disrespect me!

KEVIN

*(Angrily hops back to Ntombi while jumping into his trousers, which are turned inside out)*  
And I didn't cancel my important engagements to be treated like a third class citizen!

The knock at the gate is irritably louder. Kevin realizes his trousers are inside out, quickly jumps out of his trousers as he fumbles and finds his phone, dials a number.

NTOMBI

*(Losing her temper, gets up, yells out to Chipo)* Come on, Chipo!!! Get the gate!!! *(To Kevin)*  
Who're you calling?

KEVIN

*(Still sulking he didn't get what he wanted)* I'm calling my driver and bodyguards to pick me up. I assumed I would be spending the night here, and gave them the bloody day off.

Chipo bursts into the room in panic.

CHIPO

Ntombi!!!

Chipo sees the half-naked Kevin and screams. Kevin panics and runs to hide behind Ntombi's bed, leaving his trousers on the floor. Chipo runs out in the wrong direction and topples one of the kitchen chairs, falling with it.

NTOMBI

*(Going to Chipo)* What is it?

CHIPO

*(Sitting on the floor, her hands covering her eyes)* Your husband is at the gate!

NTOMBI

*(Shocked)* I'm not expecting him until month end.

The knock at the gate persists.

KEVIN

*(Sitting up behind the bed in shock)* Your husband?

Ntombi quickly picks up Kevin's trousers and throws them at him, before rushing to the headboard and dressing table drawers where she takes out her family photos. Kevin is in panic mode as he quickly picks up all his clothes. He sees the pictures of Ntombi's husband and children when Ntombi hangs them back on the wall.

KEVIN

*(Still in shock)* You're married? You've children!

NTOMBI

*(Fixing the bed covers and fluffing up bed pillows. Talks to Kevin without looking at him.)*  
Don't forget your shoes under the bed!

The knock at the gate is irritably persistent. Chipo spreads out the fingers on her face looking for a way out and sees Kevin's bended rear, searching for his shoes under the bed. Chipo screams again. Kevin panics and scatters around looking for a place to hide. Chipo crawls on all fours towards the curtain door.

KEVIN

*(Sticks his head from his hiding place behind the couch, sees Chipo crawl to the curtain door with eyes closed)* Has she not seen a naked man before?

The knock outside is continuous without breaks.

NTOMBI

*(To Chipo at the curtain door)* Go open the gate, Chipo!!

Chipo is at the curtain door still on all fours, she feels and grabs the curtain with both hands, eyes closed like a blind person.

CHIPO

*(Eyes still closed, she nervously fumbles at the curtain door)* What about him?

NTOMBI

Just open the gate!!!

KEVIN

*(On his feet still in his underwear with clothes and shoes in hands, worried about his safety)*  
Yeah, great grandma is right. What about me?

Hearing Kevin's voice, Chipo panics and quickly crawls out the curtain door. Ntombi ignores Kevin, hurries to wipe off her heavy make-up in front of the mirror. Sensing danger, Kevin is all over the place again looking for a safer place to hide.

He flips the bedroom curtain and realizes the window is burglar barred, tries to squeeze himself under the low bed base where he doesn't fit, runs to open wardrobe doors and finds the insides fully stacked with blankets and clothes.

EXT. NTOMBI/CHIPO RESIDENCE. GATE – LATE AFTERNOON

Chipo unlocks and opens the gate, reaching out to take KHUMALO's designer travel bag searching for opportunities to buy Ntombi more time to get rid of Kevin. Khumalo rejects Chipo's gesture to take his bag, already angry that he was ignored for a very long time before the gate was opened.

CHIPO

*(Half bending both knees in greeting, traditional Shona style)* Welcome home, Khumalo.  
*(Hands reaching out for Khumalo's travel bag)* Please allow me to carry your bag.

Khumalo tightly hangs onto his bag.

KHUMALO

*(In a very uncompromising mood)* I can carry it myself. *(Looks around suspiciously)* Where's my wife?

CHIPO

*(Leaving the gate open for Kevin, she tries too hard to impress him)* My sincere apologies for taking too long to open the gate. Ntombi forgot her keys at work.

KHUMALO

*(Noticing the open gate, is sarcastic)* Shouldn't you lock the gate, now that I've finally been allowed inside?

Looks for a diversion, quickly grabs Khumalo's bag, not expecting its heavy weight.

CHIPO

*(Sways with the bag weight)* Now that...you're here, Ntombi and I will go out to buy milk and bread from the tuck-shop just around the corner. I'm sure you're exhausted.

KHUMALO

*(Arrogant)* I don't like hot beverages.

CHIPO

*(Struggling with the bag weight, tries to figure out how to drag it on its wheels but fails.)* If you don't like hot beverages ... we'll buy you...a beer then.

KHUMALO

*(Does not like that she has ambushed his bag, is rude)* I don't drink alcohol either.

Chipo takes the long way around the cottage still trying to figure out how to drag the bag on its two wheels, accidentally presses down the handle of the bag. Khumalo is secretly amused, watching Chipo stagger with the weight of the bag.



She tries to lift the bag to carry it on her head, sways sideways almost falling with the weight. He does not bother to help her, with one hand in his trouser pocket, he hurries ahead towards the front door of the house.

CHIPO

*(Puts the bag down, clicking on different points of the bag again, looking to release its handle)* You're going the wrong way.

KHUMALO

*(Stops to look back at Chipo clicking at the bag)* The cottage has only one entrance.

CHIPO

*(Still trying to buy Ntombi more time to get rid of Kevin)* Come this side, I want to show you something!

KHUMALO

*(Unwillingly obeys, walks back)* What now?

Chipo finally manages to release the bag handle and steadily drags the heavy load in reverse, to the back of the house. She occasionally looks behind her to make sure she doesn't trip. Khumalo sighs, reluctantly follows her until they reach a huge patch of barren ground.

CHIPO

*(Turns around, smiles)* Ntombi and I want to grow our own vegetables.

KHUMALO

*(Annoyed)* So?

CHIPO

Food prices have sky rocketed because of high inflation. Having our own garden could save us money.

KHUMALO

*(Impatient to get inside the house)* And you're showing me this bare piece of infertile ground because?

CHIPO

*(Ignoring his sarcasm)* We want to make use of the space before the landlord builds her main house. *(Looks at him)* I'm thinking you could do half the garden since you're here.

KHUMALO

*(Loses his patience, reaches out to grab his bag)* If my wife wants a garden, she'll ask for one.

He releases the wheels of his bag and effortlessly drags it towards the front of the house not interested in having more of his time wasted.

CHIPO

*(Runs to stand in front of Khumalo, hand extended ready for a hand shake)* I should've introduced myself first before dragging you out here. I'm Chipo, Ntombi's house mate.

Rejects shaking her hand, pulls his bag to one side and continues his walk to the front of the house.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(Walking behind him)* My husband was also retrenched. We switched roles when the company I was working for relocated its business to the city. Simba is looking after our three children back in the village.

Khumalo is annoyed but ignores her, and walks in silence.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(Still following him)* There must be an urgent reason why you're visiting ahead of schedule.

Tight lipped, Khumalo pulls his bag and hurries ahead.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(Catches up on his left side)* The rains have been generous this year, crops are thriving and the harvest will overflow to the next season. *(Briefly stops talking expecting his answer, continues the conversation amid his silence)* I heard you were managing a big pharmaceutical company in South Africa before you lost your job.

Khumalo approaches the corner of the cottage. Chipo is trying to tell him he should have communicated with Ntombi before making the journey.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

My husband occasionally writes a letter and sends it with the bus, if there's something he needs. *(She stops talking, waiting for an answer which fails to come)* It saves money on transport...and phoning is cheaper too.

Khumalo strides into the house fully understanding the meaning of Chipo's conversation. Chipo glances back, notices the gate is still open and runs back to lock it, assuming she has bought enough time for Kevin to secretly leave the house.

INT. NTOMBI ROOM – LATE AFTERNOON

Ntombi has transformed to a regular housewife in a simple, colorful overflowing floral dress. She greets her husband like a stranger when she meets him and takes his bag at the curtain door.

Not expecting the heavy weight, her body sags with the bag. She pulls the bag next to the kitchen table where she lays it down flat, kneeling to flip the zip open.

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NTOMBI

*(Expecting to find fresh farm produce)* You should've told me you were coming.

Only his clothes are inside the bag. She is disappointed, leaves the zip open, gets up. The obvious tension between them cuts through the air like a sharp knife.

Suspicious of Chipo's delaying tactics, Khumalo's eyes surgically scan the room looking for deceitful clues. He sees the two plates of food at the kitchen table, one half eaten, the second one untouched.

KHUMALO

*(Staring at the plates with suspicion)* You had visitors.

NTOMBI

*(Sits, eats the half plate)* The second one is Chipo's plate.

KHUMALO

*(Goes to the wall, straightens his picture and those of his children)* You should practice a little discretion, your roommate was poking her lousy nose into my private business.

NTOMBI

*(Fills an electric kettle with cold water, talks without looking at him)* Chipo is like that with everyone. I'm sure she was only trying to be friendly.

KHUMALO

*(His eyes still scanning the room)* You bought new furniture.

NTOMBI

*(Connects the electric kettle)* The props department at my work place was spring cleaning and selling unwanted stock at half the price.

KHUMALO

*(Brushing his hand against the expensive second hand leather couch)* Such distinct taste for a woman who grew up in rural areas...*(Sarcastic.)* very impressive selection. *(He goes to the half open curtain door, pulls the curtains shut)* You could've put the money to better use getting a place with more privacy.

NTOMBI

*(Also sarcastic)* It's my money, I should decide how I spend it.

## INT. CHIPO ROOM - EVENING

Chipo is sitting on her old wooden bench cutting green, leafy vegetables when a muffled cough emanates from the hidden side of her bed. She pauses to listen, and the same sound comes back a second time. Getting up with kitchen knife in hand, Chipo slowly walks towards the direction of the muffled sounds.

CHIPO

*(Is hesitant, looks nervous) Who's there?*

Kevin slowly gets up from behind the bed still half naked with his clothes in both hands. Chipo is not expecting, and is shocked to see him, screams. Kevin panics and squats behind the bed again.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(Eyes closed, knife in hand, she calls out) Ntombi!!!*

No answer from Ntombi, only the late female Zimbabwean singer Chiwoniso Maraire's song "Mai Fambai Zvakanaka" playing in the background. After a few seconds Chipo timidly flicks her eyes wide open, one after the other.

Her eyes nervously move sideways scanning the room, knife still in hand pointing aimlessly in all directions as if expecting a ghost to show up.

Kevin gets up again, from behind the bed, this time slowly advancing towards Chipo with hands holding his clothes raised up in the air as if in surrender.

CHIPO *(cont'd)*

*(She stares at him before her eyes drop to his navel, and quickly back to his face, pointing the knife at him, almost in tears) I left the gate open for you to leave. Why are you still here?*

Kevin is amused by Chipo's innocence to the point of his loins throbbing, he drops his clothes to the floor, goes for Chipo who freezes, not sure if she should scream or strike.

KEVIN

*(Standing closer to her) Haven't you seen a naked man before?*

Confident she will not stab him, he gently takes the knife from her hand, throws the knife on the bed. Chipo melts in his closeness, tries to get away from him walking backwards until her back is pinned against the wall. Kevin follows her.

KEVIN *(cont'd)*

*(Searching her face to proceed) You want some of this shit, don't you?*

CHIPO

*(Staring at him as if hypnotized, her back still pinned to the wall, almost trembling with the pleasure of wanting him, she moans softly) Mmmm...*

KEVIN

*(Also wanting her, gets closer, and caresses her face)* I'll be out of your way if that's what you want. *(He kisses her neck)*

CHIPO

*(Is very tame, as if about to burst into flames, she moans again)* Mmm...

KEVIN

*(Very confident, he kisses her cheek)* You DO want me to stay, don't you?

Suddenly remembering she is married, Chipo crumbles to the floor, breathing heavily and desperate for immediate rescue.

CHIPO

*(Almost screaming)* Ntombi!!!

KEVIN

*(On his knees, he takes Chipo's hand and places it on his lap)* You can have it, if you want it. *(Brushes his lips against hers)* Just nod your head if you want me to proceed, *(Gives her a short, gentle kiss)* I don't want no lawsuits glued to my rich ass, *(Slowly pulls up her dress, revealing a pair of very beautiful legs)*

And then there is another knock at the gate. Kevin involuntarily jumps and runs back to hide behind Chipo's bed in panic.

In her newly discovered passion, Chipo did not hear the gate. When the pleasure suddenly stops, she opens one eye and sees Kevin's clothes on the floor. Both her eyes desperately scan the room looking for Kevin.

The second knock at the gate is what shocks her back to reality. She summons her strength to shake the heat off her bones, gets up and wobbles to her bedroom window. In a horny daze, she flips the curtain, stares in horror and screams.

KEVIN (O.S)

*(Behind the bed.)* Oh, shit!

INT. NTOMBI ROOM. EVENING

Khumalo has just finished bathing, is standing inside the water of a big square plastic dish. He towels his naked body dry. Multi award winning artist, Oliver Mutukudzi's track "Mangoromera" plays softly in the background.

Unannounced, Chipo runs into Ntombi's room screaming. Chipo freezes with her eyes stunned and wide open when she sees Khumalo's naked body. Chipo faints, crashing onto the floor like a sack of flour.

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Looking guilty knowing she discarded of Kevin in Chipo's room, Ntombi rushes to Chipo's side. Khumalo steps out of the water dish in a rage, and grabs his bath robe on the bed.

KHUMALO

*(Pissed, he turns to Ntombi)* Now you see why we should get our own private space?

Ntombi ignores Khumalo, slaps Chipo back to consciousness. Feeling rejected, Khumalo sulks, walks to the couch where he picks up the remote and kills the music.

CHIPO

*(Crying, eyes closed.)* My life is over!

NTOMBI

*(Worried)* Have you received bad news back home?

The knock at the gate persists.

KHUMALO

*(Frustrated, he looks around for the keys)* Where're the keys to the gate?

CHIPO

*(Screaming, she quickly jumps to her feet, rushes to Khumalo)* No!!! Don't go to the gate!

KHUMALO

*(Talks to Chipo, still livid with anger that she saw him naked)* Why the bloody hell not?

The gate knock persists, louder. Ntombi picks up her work keys on top of the refrigerator, gives them to Khumalo.

KHUMALO

*(Stares at the keys in Ntombi's hand, looks at Chipo and back at Ntombi)* She said you forgot your keys at work.

Ntombi looks like a kid caught with her hand in a cookie jar, turns to Chipo for clues. Feeling cornered, Chipo slumps into the kitchen chair and breaks down into tears. Khumalo can see the lies, snatches the keys in Ntombi's hand and marches out.

CHIPO

*(Feeling betrayed, is in tears)* This is all your fault!!!

NTOMBI

*(Feeling guilty, she reaches out to touch Chipo's arm)* I didn't know what to say, he caught me off guard.

CHIPO

*(Yells in Ntombi's face)* Don't touch me, Jezebel! I lied to your husband to protect you! *(In renewed rage, Chipo wants to claw Ntombi's face)* Get your lover out of my room!

NTOMBI

*(Tries to calm Chipo down)* Keep your voice down!

CHIPO

*(Fighting Ntombi)* I won't keep my voice down, Simba is at the gate!

NTOMBI

*(Shocked)* Your husband's also here? *(In panic mode)* Oh, dear... this's not good.

CHIPO

*(Wants to save her marriage)* It's your mess! You should come clean and tell your husband everything!

NTOMBI

*(Recovers quickly, is in defensive mode)* You want me to come clean about what?

CHIPO

I'm not the one having an affair!

Ntombi quickly goes to flip the door curtain to make sure Khumalo is not listening to their conversation, hurries back to Chipo.

NTOMBI

*(Leans towards Chipo in a soft whisper)* How was I supposed to know both our husbands would show up unannounced, the same day?

CHIPO

*(Looking to cover her back)* Don't make it my problem, there's absolutely no "we" in this scenario so, fix it!

Chipo marches back to her room with renewed confidence. Ntombi notices Chipo's new guts.

INT. CHIPO ROOM - EVENING

Chipo is pointing a finger on a spot on the floor, her eyes scanning the room.

CHIPO

*(To Ntombi)* His clothes were right here on the floor.

Chipo rushes to the other side of the bed, looking for Kevin. Ntombi is behind Chipo, wanting to make sure Kevin is not in the room.

CHIPO (*cont'd*)  
(*Confused*) He ran to this side of my bed.

Kevin coughs inside the wardrobe. Chipo feels defeated, slumps back on her creaky bed and cries like a child.

KHUMALO  
(*At the door, fuming.*) None of these keys can open the gate.

NTOMBI  
(*Knows she gave him the wrong keys to buy time*) I'm sorry Khumalo...those keys must be my work bunch.

Ntombi grabs Chipo's keys hung on a steel nail near the door and puts them in Khumalo's other hand. Khumalo is not amused as he stares at both keys in his left and right hand, and then at Chipo who sits on her bed crying.

NTOMBI (*cont'd*)  
(*Quickly pushes Khumalo out the main door*) She's like this every month near her menstrual cycle. (*Rushes back to Chipo*) You must pull yourself together!

CHIPO  
(*Still crying, she walks the room*) My marriage is over! (*Sobs uncontrollably*) Simba will send me packing!

NTOMBI  
(*Follows Chipo, trying to calm her down*) Look, Chipo...I've no idea why the stupid, arrogant goat's still here. We must find a way to get rid of him.

CHIPO  
(*Wiping her tears*) How?

NTOMBI  
I don't know, Chipo. (*Walks the room, thinking of a solution*) You must help me think.

CHIPO  
(*In protest*) No, you think! He's your boyfriend, and your problem!

NTOMBI  
(*Desperate for a solution, she intimidates Chipo*) Do you want your marriage to end?

CHIPO  
(*In despair*) I love my husband!

NTOMBI  
What about my marriage?



CHIPO  
*(In retaliation)* I don't care!

NTOMBI  
 Fine, but I don't think your husband will believe the half-naked skunk hiding in your wardrobe is my lover.

CHIPO  
 He's your lover!

NTOMBI  
*(Deliberately spins the facts)* Don't be stupid. Why would my lover be in your room?

CHIPO  
*(Confused)* Because you put him here!

NTOMBI  
 Did I, really? *(In Chipo's face)* Are you sure, Chipo?

CHIPO  
 Stop playing silly tricks with my mind! When they ask him, he should tell them he is your lover! I would never cheat on my husband!

NTOMBI  
*(Sits on Chipo's creaky bed, crosses her legs like a Victoria Secret model)* I work for a film company. I can be a very convincing actress, just in case you don't know.

CHIPO  
*(Pointing a threatening finger)* You wouldn't dare!

NTOMBI  
 Yes, I would if you don't help me find a solution to save both our asses.

Chipo cries typical Shona style with both hands on her head.

NTOMBI *(cont'd)*  
*(Gets up)* Your husband should already be on his way here. I'm sure you want him to find you with a happy face, right?

Chipo looks innocent, nods, wipes her tears with back of a hand.

NTOMBI *(cont'd)*  
*(Takes Chipo's hand)* This is what we're going to do.

Khumalo shows up with Simba following closely behind. Khumalo irritably replaces Chipo's keys on the steel nail next to the door, flips the curtain door and marches to the next room with Ntombi hot on his heels.

Chipo quickly goes down on her knees with head bent traditional Shona style in respect, to greet her husband. Simba slams the huge, heavy and dirty brown heavy sack on the floor before staring fondly into Chipo's face.

SIMBA

*(Helps Chipo up on her feet)* I know I should've written a letter to tell you I was coming.

She blushes, claps hands traditional Shona style before picking up the sack on the floor and slams its weight on the kitchen table.

CHIPO

Welcome home, Simba. *(Happily cites her husband's totems)* I'm happy to see you, if your visit brings good news.

SIMBA

*(Sits on a bench)* The kids are healthy, our livestock is thriving.

Chipo takes out fresh corn and mushrooms from the sack.

SIMBA *(Cont'd)*

I'm here to meet the woman sharing your accommodation. I don't want you corrupted by the city.

CHIPO

*(Continues to take out farm goodies from the sack)* An international film company was looking for raw African talent and stories in Ntombi's village. *(Takes out clean sweet potatoes and puts them in a pot to cook on her rusty one plate stove)* She was offered a job as a trainee wardrobe assistant at the company's new offices here in Bhuruwayo.

SIMBA

*(Lovingly correcting her wife's word pronunciation)* The Zimbabwean's new capital city name is pronounced Bulawayo my dear wife, not Buruwayo.

CHIPO

*(Giggles innocently)* It must mean the same thing.

SIMBA

*(Also giggling)* No, it doesn't. You should learn the language if you want to blend in.

Both husband and wife giggle lovingly showing an affectionate and very close bond.

INT. NTOMBI ROOM - EVENING

Ntombi irritably opens the fridge and all cupboard doors before slamming them shut looking for something she cannot find. Khumalo is packing clothes from his travel bag into the wardrobe.

KHUMALO

*(Speaks as he packs)* My plan is to spend at least two weeks here looking for a job. The kids are in good hands with my sister.

NTOMBI

*(Feels cheated)* You left our kids with your 75 year old sister.

KHUMALO

Khekhe is our kids' aunt, not a stranger.

NTOMBI

She is bonking my 20 year old herd boy.

KHUMALO

Her private life shouldn't be our business, she's a good mother.

NTOMBI

*(She is mad)* We're talking about a woman who shoved my son's hands into hot coals of fire!

KHUMALO

Our boy shouldn't have stolen her eggs.

NTOMBI

And you're condoning your sister's unacceptable violent behavior?

KHUMALO

*(Going to her)* She's family, we should support her efforts to rehabilitate.

NTOMBI

*(Finds two big lemons in one of the cupboards, laughs)* She is an ex-convict who crashed her husband's skull with a hammer, when she caught him banging their house keeper.

KHUMALO

You don't really expect me to rot away in that remote village playing happy dad and peasant farmer. I've a master's degree in business management.

NTOMBI

*(Slams the three lemons on the kitchen table)* I stayed in the very same homestead for over 15 years.

KHUMALO

*(Wants to reason his way out of family responsibility)* There's no electricity or proper bathroom facilities, the area is under developed.

Ntombi finds a glass jar, and not interested in the direction the conversation is taking, she cuts and squeezes the lemons.

NTOMBI

If you had invested wisely, your life in that village would probably be different.

KHUMALO

*(Feels trapped)* Look, we can start over.

NTOMBI

*(Throws a squeezed lemon half into the trash can)* Yeah, sure. Let's start over from the day you showed up penniless from South Africa, after more than a decade missing in action. *(Cuts the second lemon into half)* No savings... *(Squeezes the lemons into the glass jar in frustration)* just you, your expensive designer suits and type two diabetes.

INT. CHIPO ROOM - EVENING

Mushrooms, fresh corn, biltong and dried Mopani worms are spread on the kitchen table with the empty sack on the floor. Sweet potatoes are still cooking on the stove. Chipso helps her husband take off his jacket, and when he reaches for the wardrobe door Chipso quickly sits him down on the creaky bed.

CHIPO

You must be tired, let me help you.

SIMBA

I just wanted to hang my jacket...

Chipso throws the jacket on the bed next to Simba, kneels down to untie and remove his shoes.

CHIPO

*(Tenderly rubbing her husband's feet)* The feet are the first to take strain on a long journey. *(She calls out)* Ntombi!!! The sweet potatoes are almost ready, bring a plate!

Ntombi shows up with a tray, on it a jug of lemonade, an empty glass and an empty plate.

NTOMBI

*(Places the tray on a small wooden table)* I made fresh lemon juice, you can pour your husband a glass or two.

Chipso goes to the stove where she takes the cooked sweet potato pot to the kitchen table. Ntombi lifts the hot lid for the sweet potatoes to cool off. Chipso takes the lemonade jug and glass to Simba, kneels down in front of him, and pours him the drink. Simba thirstily gulps down the full glass of lemonade and reaches out for a refill.

SIMBA

*(Talks to Ntombi)* I believe your husband and I have already met.

Ntombi is already dishing her share of the sweet potatoes into her empty plate. Simba burps, slowly drinks his second glass.

NTOMBI

I'm sure Chipo has already introduced me. *(Goes to take the lemonade jug in Chipo's hand, talks to Chipo)* Too much fluids will spoil your husband's appetite for your delicious traditional meal.

Chipo gets the hint and quickly gets up to go to the kitchen table where she starts preparing Simba's meal.

NTOMBI *(cont'd)*

*(Picks up her plate of cooked sweet potatoes, talks to Simba)* Please come with me. I should properly introduce you to my husband while Chipo readies your dinner.

SIMBA

*(Reluctant to get up, he burps)* I'm sure your husband and I will have plenty of time to get acquainted when you two women go to work tomorrow.

CHIPO

*(Wants him out of the room, goes to take his hand)* Come on love, I'm sure you wouldn't mind sharing your good farming tips with Khumalo.

SIMBA

*(Burps again, finishes his drink, resists getting up)* The journey here is very long, my wife. What I need right now is a delicious hot meal to balance this refreshing beverage which I've taken on an empty stomach. *(Kisses his wife's hand, burps)*

CHIPO

*(Steals a winning look at Ntombi, also kisses Simba's hand)* We could perhaps stretch your legs by taking a walk to the tuck-shop to buy fresh milk for your coffee.

SIMBA

I'm almost finishing my second glass of cold juice. Taking a short nap while you cook wouldn't be such a bad idea.

Simba looks tired, quickly finishes the contents in his glass and lies down on the bed. Chipo finds a small plastic dish from her kitchen cupboard, selects items from the farm produce at the kitchen table and loads them inside the dish, hands them to Ntombi.

CHIPO

*(Hushed tones.)* What should I do now?

Simba burps in his sleep, rubs his stomach as he turns on his other side.

NTOMBI

*(Steals a curious look at Simba, also speaks in hushed tones)* Your husband wants his dinner.  
That's all you can do for now.

CHIPO

*(Her eye wandering to the wardrobe)* And your lover?

NTOMBI

*(Her eyes also wandering to the wardrobe and back at Chipso)* Practice a little patience,  
Chipso. Simba has already dozed off.

Both women watch Simba burp again and turn on his right side. Ntombi leaves with the cooked sweet potato plate, the dish filled with fresh farm produce and forgets the jug of lemonade. Chipso is nervous about Kevin who is still in her room. She pours herself a glass of lemonade and quickly gulps it down in frustration.

INT. NTOMBI ROOM - NIGHT

Ntombi is sitting on her couch watching TV and eating 2 cobs of freshly roasted corn. Khumalo sits on the coffee table facing his wife, with his back to the TV. He is fishing for a decent conversation

KHUMALO

I'm sorry I abandoned you and the children.

Ntombi wants to make contact with the TV screen, continues to nibble at her corn.

KHUMALO *(cont'd)*

I know I should've been a more supportive husband...a better father.

Ntombi changes her sitting position so that she is able to fully access the television screen, showing no interest in her husband's conversation. Simba sees the lack of interest, tries harder to win her wife's attention. He tilts his head to see what is playing on TV.

KHUMALO *(cont'd)*

*(Turns his head back to look at Ntombi)* They don't make Zimbabwean TV like they used to back in the days.

Ntombi continues ignoring him, finishes her first corn and picks the second, her eyes glued to the screen.

KHUMALO *(cont'd)*

*(Takes her free hand)* We could watch a good movie tonight...a chick flick...action or comedy...your choice.

She is not interested. He stares at the empty cob of corn inside the plate.

KHUMALO (*cont'd*)

(*Fakes a smile*) I was hoping you would share the corn snack.

NTOMBI

(*Absent minded*) I was also hoping you would take advantage of the good rains this year. The sweet corn is from Simba's harvest

Defeated, Khumalo retires to bed.

CHIPO (*O/S*)

(*Calling*) Ntombi!!!

INT. CHIPO ROOM - NIGHT

Simba quickly rushes out holding a roll of tissue which runs behind him on the floor. Chipo is clutching her stomach.

CHIPO

(*Half bent, she moans in pain.*) You've poisoned us.

NTOMBI

The lemonade was for your husband to get him out of the room, you silly cow, it wasn't meant for you.

CHIPO

(*Moans again.*) These cramps are killing me. What was in your drink?

NTOMBI

A triple dose of bicarbonate of soda. It'll wear off after a few runs to the loo, it's not life threatening.

Simba briefly appears at the door but quickly runs back outside. Chipo runs out after her husband. Ntombi opens the wardrobe door and Kevin bundles out, gasping for fresh air.

KEVIN

(*Hissing*) You almost killed me.

NTOMBI

(*Pissed*) You should've left.

Ntombi picks up the empty sack on the floor and throws Kevin's clothes inside.

KEVIN

(*Inhales deeply, trying to fill his lungs with fresh air*) Why didn't you bitches tell me you're married?

NTOMBI

*(Shoves the sack into his hands, hisses in his face)* Get the fuck out of here, you lousy piece of chicken shit!

KEVIN

*(In protest, hushed tone)* I can't go out there half naked! What if someone recognizes me, and posts my pictures on social media?

Kevin reaches into the sack looking for his trousers but Ntombi grabs Kevin's arm, drags him to the door where she takes Chipo's keys from the steel nail and pushes Kevin outside in the dark.

EXT. NTOMBI /CHIPO TOILET - NIGHT

Simba is holding a running roll of tissue, pushing his buttocks up and down with both his hands as if dancing, trying to hold in his running tummy.

SIMBA

*(Jumps up and down, banging on the toilet door)* Come on, Chipo! Hurry up!

The toilet flashes before Chipo opens the toilet door, breathless. Simba continues to jump up and down waiting for Chipo to get out of the way. Chipo recovers, opens way for Simba to run into the toilet and slam the door shut. Chipo bends down, one hand balancing on the toilet wall, another on her hip, breathing in and out heavily.

INT. NTOMBI ROOM – NIGHT

Ntombi and Khumalo are sleeping back to back, both stark naked with a blanket covering them up to their waists. Zimbabwean Lovemore Majaivana's song "Xolani" [Forgive Me] plays softly in the background.

NTOMBI

I've always been fascinated by Hollywood since high school when I was a drama student. This internship opportunity enables me to learn the ropes and follow my dream of working in the film industry.

KHUMALO

*(Looking to bond, he turns his body and spoons her)* I'm not asking you to change your career plans. If we work hard, we could both save enough money to buy a house.

NTOMBI

*(Her back still turned)* What about the rural homestead I struggled so hard for many years to build...my livestock...my children?

KHUMALO

Our children could relocate to the city. My sister...*(he stops to re-evaluate his answer)* We can find someone to look after the homestead.



Ntombi reaches for the blanket and drags it to cover her body up to her neck as if suddenly very cold. Khumalo gently pulls down the blanket back to Ntombi's waist.

KHUMALO (*cont'd*)  
(*Touches her shoulder*) What about me?

NTOMBI  
(*Unmoved, she has not forgiven him*) You left.

KHUMALO  
(*His arm circling her waist*) I'm back.

NTOMBI  
(*Still bitter he abandoned her*) You left me, Khumalo.

INT. CHIPO ROOM – NIGHT

Chipo is sitting on the bed, toying with her fingers in her unflattering flannel dress pajamas waiting for Simba, who locks the door carrying an empty bath bucket and wet towel. Simba has already changed into his long cotton pajamas. He places the bucket on the floor near the door, throws his wet towel over it to dry, and switches off the lights.

A few seconds later the old bed creaks annoyingly under both Simba and Chipo's weight. The springs of the bed grind against each other, indicating the couple in coitus. Simba's breathing loudly builds up and quickens for a few seconds before he sighs and the room goes quiet after his quick ejaculation.

Soft footsteps can be heard in the dark as Chipo walks to switch on the lights. She lifts her night dress to scratch an itchy buttock and sees Kevin's sock protruding under the closed wardrobe door. A warm feeling washes over Chipo's face as she stares at the sock, remembering her brief passionate moments with Kevin.

She bends down and gently tugs at the sock to release it into her hand, goes to sit on an old couch in front of an old black and white tube TV. Her eyes wander to the bed where her husband sleeps peacefully with a half-smile.

Chipo looks restless as she twists and shifts on the couch, looking for a comfortable position until she finds it. Leaning back and looking distant, Chipo rubs Kevin's sock with her fingers and sighs softly. She is already missing and wanting him to touch her body the way he did earlier.

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