

# "THE ZULU AND THE ZAYDA" SONGBOOK

THEODORE MANN and DORE SCHARY  
*present*

MENASHA SKULNIK

*in*

## THE ZULU & THE ZAYDA

A PLAY WITH MUSIC by  
HOWARD Da SILVA & FELIX LEON

Music and Lyrics by  
**HAROLD ROME**

*directed by*  
DORE SCHARY

MANUSCRIPT ONLY

Original Cast  
Recording on  
Columbia  
Records



FLORENCE MUSIC COMPANY, INC.

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CHAPPELL & CO., INC.

609 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y., 10017

# *The Zulu and The Zayda*

☆ SONGBOOK ☆

*Music & Lyrics by*

HAROLD ROME

*for the play by*

HOWARD DaSILVA & FELIX LEON

based on a story by Dan Jacobson

MANUSCRIPT ONLY

*Contents*

	<i>page</i>
1. TKAMBUZA . . . . .	3
2. CROCODILE WIFE . . . . .	6
3. IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE . . . . .	8
4. THE WATER WEARS DOWN THE STONE . . . . .	12
5. RIVERS OF TEARS . . . . .	14
6. LIKE THE BREEZE BLOWS . . . . .	17
7. OUT OF THIS WORLD . . . . .	23
8. SOME THINGS . . . . .	26
9. ZULU LOVE SONG . . . . .	30
10. MAY YOUR HEART STAY YOUNG . . . . .	33
11. HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM . . . . .	37

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609 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

# *The Zulu and The Zayda*

Produced by THEODORE MANN and DORE SCHARY. First performance  
November 10, 1965 at the Cort Theatre, New York

*Directed by* DORE SCHARY

*Settings and Lighting by* WILLIAM AND JEAN ECKART

*Costumes by* FRANK THOMPSON

*Musical Supervision & Orchestrations by* MEYER KUPFERMAN

*Orchestra Conducted by* MICHAEL SPIVAKOWSKY

*Production Stage Managers* JEB SCHARY AND HARRY YOUNG

## *Cast of Characters*

*(In order of appearance)*

JOHANNES . . . . .	Ossie Davis
KOOPER . . . . .	James Higgins
HARRY GROSSMAN . . . . .	Joe Silver
HELEN GROSSMAN . . . . .	Sarah Cunningham
ARTHUR GROSSMAN . . . . .	Philip Vandervort
DAVID GROSSMAN . . . . .	John Pleshette
ERIC . . . . .	John Randolph Jones
ZAYDA . . . . .	Menasha Skulnik
TOMMY LAYTON . . . . .	Norman Barrs
PAULUS . . . . .	Louis Gossett
WOMAN WITH BABY CARRIAGE . . . . .	Sandra Kent
POLICEMAN . . . . .	David Mogck
PETER . . . . .	Peter DeAnda
JOHN . . . . .	Yaphet Kotto
JOAN . . . . .	Christine Spencer
WILLIAM . . . . .	Ed Hall
MR. LAMENE . . . . .	Charles Moore
MRS. LAMENE . . . . .	Ella Thompson
GROENWALD . . . . .	Robert Hewitt
DYCKBOOM . . . . .	Max Jacobs
MOURNER . . . . .	Sholom Ludvinsky
NURSE . . . . .	Sandra Kent

# Tkambuza

(Zulu Hunting Song)

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

*Fiercely (with marked rhythm)*

Voice

Piano

*f* *mf*

C

Say bye -

bye to li - on. Tk - am - bu - za is here, might - y

Bb C

Tk - am - bu - za! Say bye - bye - bye

to li - on. Tk - am - bu - za, hunt - er king, in -

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo/mood instruction 'Fiercely (with marked rhythm)'. The key signature is C major. The piano part features a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The voice part has lyrics: 'Say bye -', 'bye to li - on. Tk - am - bu - za is here, might - y', 'Tk - am - bu - za! Say bye - bye - bye', and 'to li - on. Tk - am - bu - za, hunt - er king, in -'. There are dynamic markings 'f' and 'mf' in the piano part. Chord changes to Bb and C are indicated above the staff.

5879-3M

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G7 C

ko - si le' - mpi — is here. A - wu - ye - le - le - ma - ma!

This system contains the first two lines of music. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (Bb) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "ko - si le' - mpi — is here. A - wu - ye - le - le - ma - ma!".

Bb C

Say bye - bye - bye - bye to

This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal line continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature remains common time (C). The lyrics are: "Say bye - bye - bye - bye to".

Bb

li - on. Tk - am - bu - za will throw his spear! —

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal line continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves. The key signature remains two flats (Bb and Eb) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "li - on. Tk - am - bu - za will throw his spear! —".

C

Have no — fear! Spear will — fly!

This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal line continues on a single staff. The piano accompaniment continues on two staves. The key signature changes back to one flat (Bb) and the time signature remains common time (C). The lyrics are: "Have no — fear! Spear will — fly!".

C

Li - on — die! Ver - y — dead!

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The vocal line begins with a common time signature 'C'. The lyrics are 'Li - on — die! Ver - y — dead!'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both the right and left hands.

Stand on — head! You will — see!

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics 'Stand on — head! You will — see!'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic and melodic patterns.

Might - y, might - y, hunt - er king! — Might - y, might - y

The third system features the lyrics 'Might - y, might - y, hunt - er king! — Might - y, might - y'. The piano accompaniment includes some sustained chords in the right hand.

li - on kill - er! Might - y, might - y Tk - am - bu - za, that's me!

The fourth system concludes the page with the lyrics 'li - on kill - er! Might - y, might - y Tk - am - bu - za, that's me!'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand.

# Crocodile Wife

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

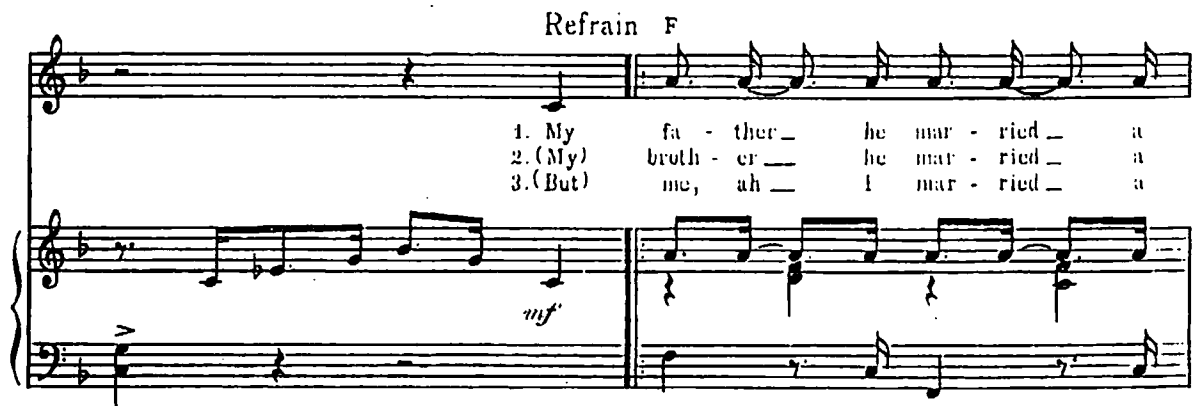
Bouncy

Piano



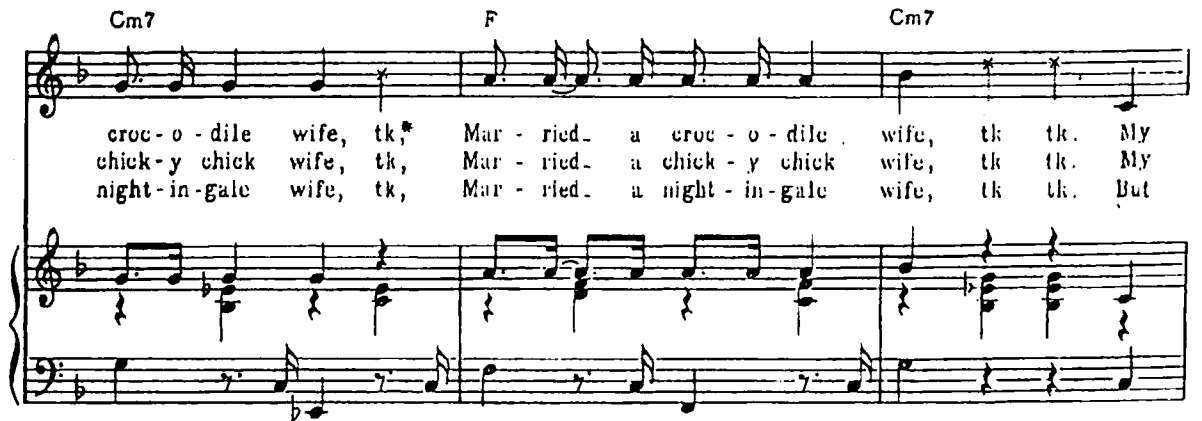
Refrain F

1. My fa - ther - he mar - ried - a  
2. (My) broth - er - he mar - ried - a  
3. (But) me, ah - I mar - ried - a



Cm7 F Cm7

croc - o - dile wife, tk,\* Mar - ried - a croc - o - dile wife, tk tk. My  
chick - y chick wife, tk, Mar - ried - a chick - y chick wife, tk tk. My  
night - in - gale wife, tk, Mar - ried - a night - in - gale wife, tk tk. But



\*Tongue click

5679-38

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F Cm7

fa - ther — he mar - ried — a croc - o - dile wife, tk,  
 broth - er — he mar - ried — a chick - y chick wife, tk,  
 me, ah — I mar - ried — a night - in - gale wife, tk,

F Cm7

Mar - ried — a croc - o - dile wife, tk - tk, that  
 Mar - ried — a chick - y chick wife, tk - tk, that  
 Mar - ried — a night - in - gale wife, tk - tk, that

F# Cm7

bites, bites, bites! — A wu - ye - le - ma - ma —  
 picks, picks, picks! — A wu - ye - le - ma - ma —  
 sings, sings, sings! — A wu - ye - lu - ma - ma —

F# Cm7

Bites, bites, bites! — A wu - ye - le - ma - ma —  
 Picks, picks, picks! — A wu - ye - le - ma - ma —  
 Sings, sings, sings! — A wu - ye - le - ma - ma —



1. 2.  
F6 Cm7

2. My  
3. But

3. F6 Cm7

Picks, picks, picks! — A wu - ye - le - ma - mal —

F6 Cm7

Bites, bites, bites! — A wu - ye - le - ma - mal —

F6 Cm7 F6(9)

# It's Good To Be Alive

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Lively

Piano *mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line. The tempo is marked 'Lively' and the dynamics are 'Piano' with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking.

Refrain - Brightly

*mf*

It's good to be a - live, Zu

Dm A+ F

The first line of the refrain features a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a soprano register, and the piano accompaniment is in a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The lyrics are 'It's good to be a - live, Zu'. The chords are Dm, A+, and F.

le - ben le - ben, Good to be a - live.

Gm6 Dm A7 Dm

The second line of the refrain continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'le - ben le - ben, Good to be a - live.'. The chords are Gm6, Dm, A7, and Dm.

5479 - 28

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A+ F Gm6 Dm6

Tah - ke

The first system of music features a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'Tah' and a quarter note 'ke'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands. Chord symbols A+, F, Gm6, and Dm6 are placed above the vocal staff. A 'V' marking is present above the piano staff.

A7 To Coda Dm Gm

le - ben is gut!

1. Breathe out, breathe  
 2. The grass so  
 3. A - round goes

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'le - ben' and a quarter note 'is gut!'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. Chord symbols A7, To Coda, Dm, and Gm are placed above the vocal staff. A diamond symbol with 'Coda' inside is placed above the piano staff.

Dm

in, The air is free. And plen - ty  
 green, The sky so blue, The night so  
 our ge - og - ra - phy, A - round the

The third system concludes the musical piece. The vocal line has a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'in,' and a quarter note 'green,'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines. A chord symbol Dm is placed above the vocal staff.

A7

there for you and me. No ex - tra  
still with rest for you, The morn - ing  
sun with you and me. God bless the

1. 2. 3. D. S. al Coda %

charge for seen - er - y. Ayel It's  
born a - gain so new. Ayel It's  
law of gra - vi - ty. Ayel It's

D. S. al Coda %

⊕ Coda

Dm            A7            Dm            A7            Dm    A7    Dm

gut! Tah - ke le - ben is gut! Tah - ke good to be a - live! -

# The Water Wears Down The Stone

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Moderato gaily

Piano

*mf* *Accomp. staccato* *simile*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right staff is in treble clef and the left staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Moderato gaily'. The dynamics are marked 'mf' and 'Accomp. staccato'. The word 'simile' is placed above the right staff in the second measure.

Refrain C Dm

The wat - er wears down the stone. The

The first system of the refrain features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics 'The wat - er wears down the stone. The'. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. Chords 'C' and 'Dm' are indicated above the vocal line. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'mf'.

C

stone wears down the axe. The axe

The second system of the refrain continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics 'stone wears down the axe. The axe'. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The chord 'C' is indicated above the vocal line.

Dm

wears down the tree. And me,

The third system of the refrain concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef with lyrics 'wears down the tree. And me,'. The piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The chord 'Dm' is indicated above the vocal line.

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I sit by tree, And life

The first system of music features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line starts with a C chord and contains the lyrics "I sit by tree, And life". The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

wears down me! Life

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "wears down me! Life". It includes a slur over the piano accompaniment in the right hand and a fermata over the vocal line.

wears down me! Life

The third system repeats the lyrics "wears down me! Life" and features similar musical notation to the second system, including a slur and a fermata.

wears down me! The

The fourth system concludes with the lyrics "wears down me! The". It includes first and second endings for the piano accompaniment in the right hand, marked "1." and "2.".

## Rivers Of Tears

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Moderato

Piano

The musical score is written in 3/4 time with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb). It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Moderato' and 'Piano'. The piano part consists of two staves, with the right hand playing chords and the left hand playing a simple bass line. The vocal line is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: '1. If there is no dark-ness, then where is the light? 2. If we had no weak ones, then who would be strong? 3. With no dust be-neath us, which way is the sky?'. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'mf' and 'dim.', and chord symbols like 'Cm' and 'Fm'. The piano part continues with accompaniment for the second and third verses of the lyrics.

1. If there is no dark-ness, then where is the light?  
2. If we had no weak ones, then who would be strong?  
3. With no dust be-neath us, which way is the sky?

If there are no shad-ows, what cor-ner is bright?  
With-out room for qui-et, how could there be song?  
Who knows what the truth is, with noth-ing a lie?

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C7 Fm

How can peo - ple climb up, with no - where\_ to fall?  
 How can hearts be mend - ed, if they nev - er break?  
 If there are no stran-gers, then who is\_ a friend?

G7

Who is the gi - ant, if all men are tall?  
 With sleep for no one, then how do we wake?  
 Where is be - gin - ning, if there is no end?

Refrain (*expressivo*)

C7 Fm

Lu - la - la lu - la - la lu - la - lu. That's the way of the world.

Bb7 Eb G7 C7

God in his wis - dom, the way of the world. Lu - la - la lu - la - la lu - la -



Fm G7

lu, That's the way that it is, And riv - ers\_ of tears can-not

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The vocal line begins with a half rest, followed by the lyrics 'lu, That's the way that it is, And riv - ers\_ of tears can-not'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

Cm G7

change it\_ Riv - ers\_ and riv - ers\_ of

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a half rest before 'change it\_', followed by 'Riv - ers\_ and riv - ers\_ of'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

1. Cm G7 | 2. C7 Fm.

tears!\_ tears!\_

The third system introduces a first ending bracket. The vocal line has a half rest before 'tears!\_', followed by another half rest before 'tears!\_'. The piano accompaniment includes a first ending section marked with a repeat sign and a first ending bracket. The key signature remains two flats.

G7 Cm

The fourth system shows the piano accompaniment continuing. The vocal line is mostly empty, with a few notes at the end. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final cadence. The key signature remains two flats.

# Like The Breeze Blows

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Brightly  
(Like the breeze) (like the breeze blows) etc.

Piano

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter notes. The tempo is marked 'Brightly' and the dynamics are 'Piano'.

Refrain (with a lively rhythm)

*mf*

1. You can't stop the breeze from blow-ing, the sun from burn-ing.-  
 (2. You) can't stop the rain des-cend-ing, the stars from glow-ing.-

The first line of the refrain features a vocal melody with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf*. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. Chord symbols Eb, Bbm7, Eb, Bbm7, Eb, Bbm7 are indicated above the vocal line.

2. You can't stop the days from go-ing, tides from  
 You can't stop the night from end-ing, dawn from

The second line of the refrain continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *mf*. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. Chord symbols Eb, Bbm7, Eb, Bbm7, Eb, Bbm7 are indicated above the vocal line.

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Eb                      Bbm7                      Eb                      Bbm7                      Eb                      Bbm7

turn - ing! -  
 slow - ing! -                      You can't stop a dream in the

Detailed description: This system contains the first six measures of the piece. The vocal line is in the upper staff, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The first measure has a vocal note on G4 and piano accompaniment. The second measure has a vocal rest and piano accompaniment. The third measure has a vocal note on G4 and piano accompaniment. The fourth measure has a vocal note on G4 and piano accompaniment. The fifth measure has a vocal note on G4 and piano accompaniment. The sixth measure has a vocal note on G4 and piano accompaniment.

Eb                      Bbm7                      Eb                      Bbm7                      Eb                      Bbm7

hearts of men - from grow - ing, -                      In the

Detailed description: This system contains the next six measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'hearts of men - from grow - ing, -' in the first measure, followed by a rest in the second measure, and 'In the' in the third measure. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout.

Eb                      Bbm7                      Eb                      Bbm7                      Eb                      Bbm7

hearts of men - all o - ver the world from grow - ing, grow - ing,

Detailed description: This system contains the final six measures. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'hearts of men - all o - ver the world from grow - ing, grow - ing,'. The piano accompaniment features some dynamic markings like accents (>) and slurs.

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7

grow - ing, grow - ing, grow - ing! — Like the

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup>9 B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7

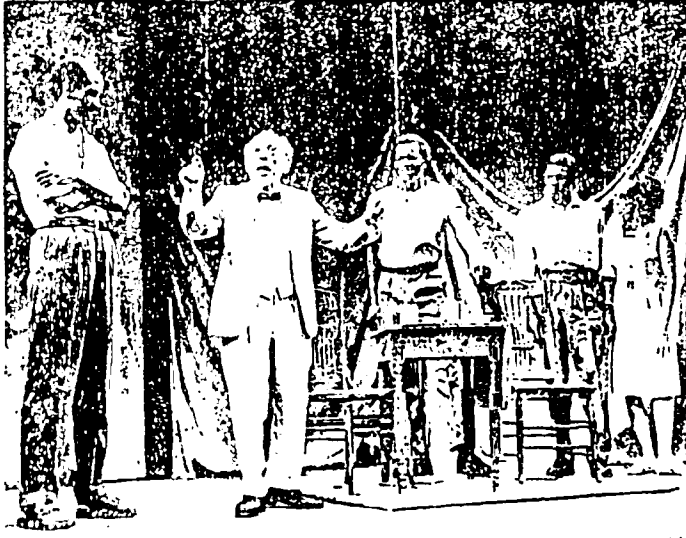
breeze blows, it will — come! Like the sun burns, it will —  
rain falls, it will — come! Like the stars glow, it will —

E<sup>b</sup>9 B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7

— come! Like the days go by and the tide must turn, You  
— come! Like the night must end and the dawn must break, You

E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7 E<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup>m7

can't stop a dream in the hearts of men — from grow - ing. —



# THE THE





טול  
&  
אמליה



E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7

In the hearts of men all o - ver the world from

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 1. E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7

grow - ing, grow - ing, grow - ing, grow - ing, grow - ing,

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 2. E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7

2. You grow - ing.

E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$  B $\flat$ m7 E $\flat$

Grow - ing, grow - ing!

# Out Of This World

\*(Oisgetzaichnet)

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Moderato (*guilty*).

Piano

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with various notes and rests. The tempo is marked 'Moderato (guilty)' and the dynamics are 'Piano'.

Cm Cm

1. Life is full of lots of  
 2. It could be a bowl of  
 3. It could be the smell of  
 4. It could be a game of

Musical notation for the first verse, including a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is C minor (Cm) and the dynamics are marked 'mf'.

G7

lit - tle plea - sures, Like a stru - del, stuffed with  
 borscht or schav, On a hot day, or a  
 bread that bakes, Or a hot bath when your  
 cards you win, A glass selt - zer af - ter

Musical notation for the second verse, including a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is G7.

\* Pronounced: "Oyngshzai'net"

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Cm Fm

man - y trea - sures. Tho you're sure the world is go - ing wrong,  
 can - tor darv - nen, like Ca - ru - so, hot pas - tra - mi rye,  
 bones are ach - ing, Af - ter work, a wel - come glass of schnapps,  
 a big din - ner Bit - ing on a ripe and juic - y peach,

E♭ G7

Ev - 'ry lit - tle while some - thing comes a - long.  
 Or a tzatz - ke - le com - ing bounc - ing by.  
 Or an ach - ing tooth when it fin' - lly stops.  
 Or some - one to scratch where you can - not reach.

Refrain

C F

(Oyl) \_\_\_\_\_ Ois - ge - tzaich - net!

G7 C

(Oyl) \_\_\_\_\_ Ois - ge - tzaich - net!

Am Dm

(Oyl) Ois - ge - tzaich - net a

G7 C

ma - zel, Trans - la - tion: Out of this world!\_

To Dance Fine

Dance

f

D.S.

# Some Things

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Slow and steady

Piano

The piano introduction is written in 12/8 time. The right hand starts with a melody of eighth notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The left hand provides a bass line with eighth notes: G3, F3, E3, D3, C3, B2, A2. The piece concludes with a final chord of G4, B4, D5.

Refrain - Quietly with great conviction

C B<sup>b</sup> C B<sup>b</sup> (All bars same harmony)

Some things a man must have as much as meat and bread.

The first line of the refrain is in 12/8 time. The melody is: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Chords are indicated as C, Bb, C, Bb. The piano part includes a 7-fingering for the right hand.

Some things a man must have so he can lift his head.

The second line of the refrain continues the melody and piano accompaniment from the first line. The melody is: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first line.

5879 - 38

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Some things a man must keep

so that his soul may live! Some things be-yond a price

he is not free\_ to give.

To walk \_ in free - dom, Broth - er to all men

he sees U - pon his feet! -

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a single treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 7/8 time signature. The lyrics are "he sees U - pon his feet! -". The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs) with a key signature of one flat and a 7/8 time signature. The piano part features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Not on his knees!

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "Not on his knees!". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic and harmonic structure as the first system.

Some things a man must cher-ish, fight for while he can.

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "Some things a man must cher-ish, fight for while he can.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic and harmonic structure.

Some things a man must have, or how is he a man?

The fourth system of the musical score concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has the lyrics "Some things a man must have, or how is he a man?". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic and harmonic structure.

Or why — is he a man? Or



why — is he — a man?



Some things, (ssA)

*dim.*



Some things, (ssA) Some things! Hm. —

C Bb

*pp*



# Zulu Love Song

(Wait For Me)

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

With an easy rhythm

Piano

*mf* African drum rhythm throughout

Re - mem - ber

*mf* *simile*

this, \*tk my be - lov - ed, and wait tk tk for

*C* Last time to Coda

me, In the home of your fa - ther wait, tk

\* Tk: tongue click

5679-88

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Am F G

tk, wait for me!

1. I have  
2. Far from  
3. Wide and

Omit 1st time - 2nd time sing ② - third time sing ③ and ④

C G F G

home ——— did I wan - der Hm! Hm! I have  
long ——— have I trav - elled Hm! Hm! Far from

C F

met a hun - dred maid - ens, But tk none like

C

thee. Ah - ah woo - oo - oo, yi - ni le - le ma -



F Am

ma, — none — like thee!

C D.S. %

Tk none! Tk tk none! Hm! Hm! Re-mem-ber %

D.S.

⊕ Coda

F Am

tk, wait, tk - tk - tk, wait tk tk for me!

C6 (maj. 7)  
C6 (maj. 9)

Hm! Hm! Hm! Hm! Hm! Hm!

# May Your Heart Stay Young (L'Chayim)

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Moderato

Voice

Piano

*mf*

L' - chay - - - im! L' -

Am7 Am6 Am7

chay - - - im! Drink to life. Hold your

Am6 Am Am7 Am6

glass - - es high! L' - chay - - - im! L'

5879-38

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Am7 Am6 Am7 *To Coda* Em

chay - - - in! May your heart stay young

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line starts with a half note 'chay', followed by a quarter rest, then a quarter note 'in!', a quarter rest, and then the phrase 'May your heart stay young' over four measures. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines in both hands.

B7 E

As the years rush by.

The second system continues the piece. The vocal line has a half rest for the first two measures, then a quarter note 'As', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'years', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'rush', and a quarter note 'by.' followed by a half rest. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

E F E7 F

There is no long - er a

The third system shows the vocal line with a half rest for the first two measures, then a quarter note 'There', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'is', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'no', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'long -', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'er', and a quarter note 'a'. The piano accompaniment continues.

E F E7 E F E7 F

yes - ter - day And a to - mor - row is

The fourth system shows the vocal line with a half rest for the first two measures, then a quarter note 'yes -', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'ter -', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'day', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'And', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'a', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'to -', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'mor -', a quarter rest, a quarter note 'row', and a quarter note 'is'. The piano accompaniment continues.

E Dm E F E7 F

yet to be. So while to - day slow - ly

The first system of music features a vocal line in treble clef and piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The vocal line consists of quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment has a steady bass line of quarter notes (G2, A2, B2, C3) and chords in the right hand.

E F E7 Am

fades a - way, Now is the time,

The second system continues the vocal line with quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line.

Em B B+ B7

Now is the time To share a gla - zel - le

The third system features a vocal line with quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment includes chords in the right hand and a bass line with some octaves.

G Am

wine with me. Now is the time,

The fourth system features a vocal line with quarter notes: G4, A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4. The piano accompaniment continues with chords in the right hand and a bass line.

Em B7 B+ B7

Now is the time To share a gla - zel - le

E

wine. L' -

*D. S. al Coda*

⊕ Coda Em8 Em7 Em(maj.7) H7

heart stay ev - er young — As the years go rush - ing

*freaty* *a tempo*

E

by.

*rall. e dim.* *Call*

# How Cold, Cold, Cold An Empty Room

Words and Music by  
HAROLD ROME

Moderato  
Cm

Voice

Piano

How

Sadly and reflectively  
Fm7

cold, cold, cold an emp - ty

room! How cold, cold,

Cm Fm7

cold an emp - ty room! How

Cm(sus.4) Cm

Detailed description: The musical score is written for voice and piano. It begins with a tempo marking of 'Moderato' and a key signature of C minor (Cm). The first system shows the vocal line starting with a rest, followed by the word 'How'. The piano accompaniment starts with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic and features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The second system is marked 'Sadly and reflectively' and 'Fm7'. The vocal line sings 'cold, cold, cold an emp - ty'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern. The third system has a key signature change to C major (Cm) and a dynamic change to piano (p). The vocal line sings 'room! How cold, cold,'. The piano accompaniment features a more active eighth-note accompaniment. The fourth system returns to C minor (Cm) and has a dynamic change to mezzo-forte (mf). The vocal line sings 'cold an emp - ty room! How'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The fifth system has a key signature change to C major (Cm) and a dynamic change to mezzo-forte (mf). The vocal line sings 'cold an emp - ty room! How'. The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note accompaniment.

5679-88

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Fm7 Cm

dark a de - sert - ed house, so

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "dark a de - sert - ed house, so". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand. Chord changes from Fm7 to Cm are indicated above the vocal staff.

Fm7

lone - ly and bare. How cold, cold, cold an emp - ty

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "lone - ly and bare. How cold, cold, cold an emp - ty". The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The Fm7 chord is indicated above the vocal staff.

Cm Fm7

room. — Come home,

*mf*

The third system features the lyrics "room. — Come home,". The piano accompaniment includes a fermata over the final chord. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed below the piano part. Chord changes from Cm to Fm7 are indicated above the vocal staff.

Cm

Come home — and

The fourth system features the lyrics "Come home — and". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern in the right hand. The Cm chord is indicated above the vocal staff.

Fm7 Cm

change win - ter in - to spring!

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics "change win - ter in - to spring!". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Chord symbols "Fm7" and "Cm" are placed above the vocal staff.

Fm7

I walk in sad - ness since you're

The second system continues the vocal line with the lyrics "I walk in sad - ness since you're". The piano accompaniment features a consistent eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The chord symbol "Fm7" is positioned above the vocal staff.

Cm Fm7

gone! I walk in

The third system shows the vocal line with the lyrics "gone! I walk in". The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note bass line and chords. Chord symbols "Cm" and "Fm7" are placed above the vocal staff.

Cm (sus. 4) Cm

sad - ness since you're gone! My

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with the lyrics "sad - ness since you're gone! My". The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the right hand. Chord symbols "Cm (sus. 4)" and "Cm" are placed above the vocal staff.



Fm7 Cm

eyes look a - round, a - round, seek

The first system of music features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 7/8. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by eighth notes for 'eyes', 'look', and 'a - round,'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. Chord changes from Fm7 to Cm occur at the end of the first and second measures.

Fm7

you ev - 'ry - where. How cold, cold, cold an emp - ty

The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has a whole note rest for 'you', followed by eighth notes for 'ev - 'ry - where.' and 'How'. The piano accompaniment maintains the eighth-note pattern. A dynamic marking of *mp* is present in the piano part. The system concludes with a whole note rest for 'an emp - ty'.

Cm(sus. 4) Cm Fm7

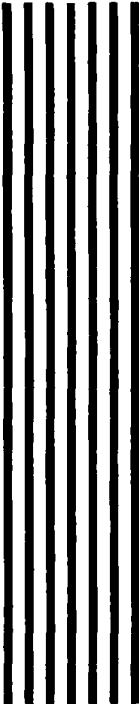
room. — How cold, cold,

The third system features a vocal line with a whole note rest for 'room. —' and eighth notes for 'How cold, cold,'. The piano accompaniment includes a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line. Chord changes from Cm(sus. 4) to Cm and then to Fm7 are indicated above the vocal staff.

Cm(sus. 4) Cm

cold an emp - ty room. —

The fourth system concludes the vocal line with a whole note rest for 'cold an emp - ty room. —'. The piano accompaniment features a triplet of eighth notes in the bass line and ends with a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking. Chord changes from Cm(sus. 4) to Cm are indicated above the vocal staff.




**THE ZULU  
AND  
THE ZAYDA**

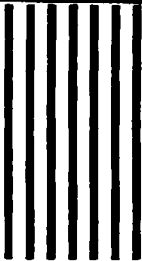
BY HOWARD DA SILVA AND FELIX LEON

BASED ON THE SHORT STORY  
BY DAN JACOBSON

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY HAROLD ROME



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BASED ON THE DAN JACOBSON SHORT STORY "THE ZULU AND THE ZEIDE."

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The Service can furnish copies of the piano and voice music of all of the songs used in this play at \$3.75 per set, which price includes packing and regular shipping charges.

THE ZULU AND THE ZAYDA was first presented by Theodore Mann and Dore Schary at the Cort Theatre, in New York City, on November 9, 1965. It was directed by Mr. Schary; settings and lighting were by William and Jean Eckart; and the costumes by Frank Thompson. Musical supervision and orchestrations were by Meyer Kupferman, and the orchestra was conducted by Michael Spivakowsky. The Production Stage Managers were Jeb Schary and Harry Young. The cast, in order of appearance, was as follows:

JOHANNES	Ossie Davis
KOOFER	James Higgins
HARRY GROSSMAN	Joe Silver
HELEN GROSSMAN	Sarah Cunningham
ARTHUR GROSSMAN	Philip Vandervort
DAVID GROSSMAN	John Pleshette
ERIC	John Randolph Jones
ZAYDA	Menasha Skulnik
TOMMY LAYTON	Norman Barrs
PAULUS	Louis Gossett
WOMAN WITH BABY CARRIAGE	Sandra Kent
POLICEMAN	David Mogck
PETER	Peter DeAnda
JOHN	Yaphet Kotto
JOAN	Christine Spencer
WILLIAM	Ed Hall
MR. LAMENE	Charles Moore
MRS. LAMENE	Ella Thompson
GROENWALD	Robert Hewitt
DYCKBOOM	Max Jacobs
MOURNER	Salem Ludwig
NURSE	Sandra Kent

Time: The Present

Place: Johannesburg, Republic of South Africa

ACT I

- Scene 1—Park
- Scene 2—Porch
- Scene 3—Store
- Scene 4—Dining room
- Scene 5—Hedge
- Scene 6—Park
- Scene 7—Porch
- Scene 8—Dining room
- Scene 9—Hill
- Scene 10—Green Meadows

ACT II

- Scene 1—Jail
- Scene 2—Cemetery
- Scene 3—Porch
- Scene 4—Dining room
- Scene 5—Nurses' station
- Scene 6—Alley
- Scene 7—Outside of hospital

# **THE ZULU AND THE ZAYDA**

## ACT I

*The house lights dim. Before the curtain rises, we hear distant drums which beat out a constant rhythm. The curtain rises and the lights come up on the Botanical Gardens. The area is lush and colorful. We see Johannes, (one foot on a bench) singing his song "TKAMBUZA."*

JOHANNES.

SAY BYE BYE TO LION.

TKAMBUZA IS HERE, MIGHTY TKAMBUZA!

SAY BYE BYE BYE TO LION.

TKAMBUZA, HUNTER KING, INKOSILEMPI IS HERE.  
AWUYELELE-MA-MA!

*(Policeman enters R., comes up to Johannes.)*

POLICEMAN. Your pass. *(Johannes hands his pass over. The policeman glances at it and returns it.)* What are you doing here in the park?

JOHANNES. Waiting for baas. He talk on telephone. *(Policeman nods and walks off L. Johannes watches him, then starts to sing again.)*

SAY BYE, BYE, BYE, BYE TO LION.

TKAMBUZA WILL THROW HIS SPEAR!

HAVE NO FEAR!

SPEAR WILL FLY!

LION DIE!

VERY DEAD!

STAND ON HEAD!

YOU WILL SEE!

MIGHTY, MIGHTY, HUNTER KING!  
MIGHTY, MIGHTY LION KILLER!  
MIGHTY, MIGHTY TKAMBUZA,  
THAT'S ME!

*(Johannes finishes song with a flourish, then comes down to the footlights and addresses the audience.)* I am not Tkambuza, Mighty Hunter. I am Johannes, mighty houseboy. *(Bows.)* My baas is Harry Grossman. He talk on telephone. His father, the Zayda, lost again. Oh . . . in Yiddish, Zayda mean "grandfather." In Zulu, we say "Ubaba Mkhulu." . . . That Zayda, he hard to find . . . he a runner! He don't give Baas Grossman a minute's rest! That Zayda don't give ME a minute's rest! He don't give anybody a minute's rest! He old, but he spry like monkey. He in Johannesburg two month, but I bet he see more of Joburg than I see in two year. This week he get lost four times. Tuesday, he sneak in control tower airport . . . was something! Wednesday, he crawl down into old gold mine . . . *(Points to slag pile.)* was something get him up again! Yesterday, he visit native coffee shop . . . order tea in glass! Was something, something! And today he disappear in park.

HARRY'S VOICE. Johannes . . .

JOHANNES. Coming, baas, coming . . . we go home now— *(To audience.)* I think I have idea! Excuse . . . *(He exits. During Johannes' narration, the Scene has been shifting to the terrace. Lights come up on the terrace. Helen is on stage. Arthur comes running in.)*

HELEN. Anything?

ARTHUR. No. Someone at the Marina said they saw an old man wading in the boat basin, but that was in the morning and he left around noon. *(David comes running in. He shakes his head.)*

DAVID. No one saw him at the Bus Station.

HELEN. Maybe we ought to try the Railroad yard.

DAVID. Maybe the Bantu Men's Club again. *(Harry now enters with Johannes. He looks at the others, who shake their heads "no.")*

HARRY. Well? Nothing, eh? Not a sign of him. Where could he be? He's not in the park. Not in the Flea Market. Where could he be? I don't know what I'm going to do with him. Unless I lock him up and chain him.

JOHANNES. I thinking, baas. Old Zayda, he get lost all the time.

Suppose you find someone else get lost with him, *but* that someone else know way back home.

HARRY. No, Johannes, the missus needs you around the house.

JOHANNES. Not me—that someone else my brother Paulus. He protect Zayda.

HARRY. You never told me you had a brother.

JOHANNES. Yes, Paulus! He gentle, like gentle woman—and he smart—in village, all kinsmen come to Paulus for advice. He know what make grass grow, how to take care of sick, which herb to eat and . . .

HARRY. Where is he working now?

JOHANNES. He back home in kraal. I say come and he come.

HARRY. Does he speak any English?

JOHANNES. Paulus, Zulu, he learn quick.

HARRY. No, no, forget it. (*He gives Johannes his coat and hat and Johannes exits. To others.*) I simply cannot go on like this. I cannot take time off from the store every day to look for him. The last four days, every day!

HELEN. Did you talk to him about the Golden Age Club again?

HARRY. Yes, I did. He thinks the Golden Age Club is a good idea. He says he'll be happy to join—when he gets old enough! For a while I thought I would send him back to London, but I can't. After all, he's not getting any younger. It was different when Mama was alive. She watched him like a hawk. A gentle hawk, she was, my mother—how could he take care of himself in London?

ARTHUR. It would help if he didn't insist on talking Yiddish to everybody.

HELEN. Well, he's proud. He's a proud man.

DAVID. That isn't why he talks Yiddish. He doesn't want anybody to understand him.

ARTHUR. Dad, I think it would be a good idea for Zayda if he went to a home like Beth David.

HARRY. Stop that.

ARTHUR. Well, at least you'd know where he was.

HARRY. I don't want to hear about it.

ARTHUR. Institutions for the aged have changed since Dickens' time. Beth David has two social workers, an occupational therapist, registered nurses . . .



DAVID. They even have a cricket field—not regulation, but it's a field.

HARRY. That's enough. I am not sending Zayda to an old age home. *(Eric, a big beefy Afrikaner policeman, enters with the Zayda asleep in his arms. He carries a spear [assegai] as well.)* Papa! What happened to him?

ERIC. Shh. Shh. Quiet. He's asleep.

HARRY. Asleep! Where did you find him?

ERIC. A native bus he was riding.

HARRY. Didn't they see he was European? How did they let him on?

ERIC. I don't know. He carry this assegai . . . maybe they think oubaas fom Kraal. *(He laughs.)*

HARRY. That's all he needed, an assegai!

HELEN. Harry, don't stand there with that thing, take Zayda!

ERIC. Inside, I bring him.

HELEN. David, show Eric to Zayda's room.

ERIC. I know the way already . . . blindfold. *(He goes into house R.)*

HARRY. He knows they have separate busses here for Africans and Europeans! I told him twenty times. I went through the whole rigamarole!

ARTHUR. And where did he get an assegai?

HARRY. *(Shrugs, almost absentmindedly, looks at assegai.)* I don't know . . . made in Japan! *(They all laugh.)* David, Arthur, get rid of this and don't tell Zayda where. *(David and Arthur take assegai and go into the house as Eric comes out.)* Oh thank you, Eric.

ERIC. You tell him better for old man in the garden to sit. Tsotsies catch him after dark, they . . . *(Makes motion of slitting throat. He exits L.)*

HARRY. I'll tell him. *(Johannes comes in with drinks.)* Oh, Helen, what a day!

JOHANNES. After hard day, you need drink. Long, hot day and Zayda lost again . . . *(Gives drink to Helen and Harry who ad lib "thank you's.")*

HARRY. Johannes . . .

JOHANNES. Yes, baas.

HARRY. Tell me more about your brother.

JOHANNES. It's like they made for each other . . . *(Harry looks*

at him skeptically.) Zayda old . . . Paulus young. Zayda weak . . . Paulus strong. This land strange to Zayda . . . Paulus knows like back of hand. Zayda need help shave, wash, dress . . . Paulus there all the time . . . smiling . . .

HARRY. (*Tentatively.*) Maybe . . .

JOHANNES. You think I recommend someone to baas who not good houseboy like me? Paulus not street loafer. He not thief. He not drinker. He strong, hard worker. And his head full of wise things. Baas, if I not say truth about my brother, you tell me. . . . Hamba! Hamba!

HARRY. I'm satisfied with you, I'm not chasing you away.

JOHANNES. Give him a chance, baas. I teach him all the things of the house and garden. You hire him to take care of Zayda, he help out in many way . . . I promise . . .

HARRY. (*Stands, paces.*) How long would it take him to come here from Pondoland?

JOHANNES. Oh, long long walk. One . . . two months.

HELEN. How long is the train ride?

JOHANNES. Only eight and a half hour, Missus.

HARRY. Look, I'm not making any guarantees . . . but if he were to come in the next few days, I would pay the fare.

JOHANNES. I write Paulus and tell him come quick.

HARRY. Wait, wait, wait . . . wait a minute . . . did you tell me Paulus speaks only Zulu?

JOHANNES. That's right, baas, but I tell you—he learn—quick.

HARRY. (*Still undecided.*) That may be a problem.

JOHANNES. Baas . . . it not make much difference if Paulus not speak English. Zayda not speak English either. They have a lot in common. (*Blackout. The lights come up on the L & G hardware store. Tommy Layton, Harry's partner, is checking the tally roll of the register. Harry enters from the rear.*)

HARRY. No one's waiting at the side door.

TOMMY. You know what we did today? . . . 486 rands, 7 shillings. The equivalent day last year we took in 322. I'd call that a good healthy gain in percentage.

HARRY. (*Who hasn't been listening, comes D.*) By tonight he should have been here.

TOMMY. By tonight he should have been here. Harry, haven't you learned yet that these Zulus have absolutely no concept of the passage of time?

HARRY. (*Pacing.*) Don't be so sure. (*A beat.*) The brother didn't have a pass . . . maybe they got picked up. (*The phone rings.*)

TOMMY. Now you'll find out for certain.

HARRY. (*Crossing and taking phone.*) Hello, L & G hardware. Oh, Mrs. De Groot, how are you. Yes. Yes. (*Harry looks at Tommy who pantomimes driving a truck.*) It's on its way. It'll be there any minute. Yes, certainly. Thanks for calling. Oh, my father's fine. Yes, I will. Goodbye. (*He bangs up.*) All her life she didn't have a washing machine. Now if she doesn't get it the next ten minutes, the world comes to an end. (*There is a beat, then Harry chuckles.*)

TOMMY. What is it?

HARRY. Remember when Papa first came here we let him help out in the store and Mrs. De Groot came in and he said to her: "How is it that a beautiful woman like you doesn't own a washing machine?"

TOMMY. He was fun—I liked having the old man around.

HARRY. (*Laughs.*) So did Mrs. De Groot! (*As Harry laughs, Paulus enters the store. He is a tall, lean, young, bearded Zulu, dressed in a blue shirt and denim shorts. His shoes are made of rubber tires. Wooden plugs are in his earlobes. Harry goes to him.*) Oh—hello . . . (*Paulus smiles.*) Did your brother send you? (*Paulus smiles.*) Are you the one who . . . (*Crosses to Tommy.*) Tommy, how am I going to talk to him?

TOMMY. Aye, Harry, you're in luck you chose a bit of a linguist for a partner. Let me handle him. (*Crosses to Paulus.*) Ufanani? (*Sotto voce to Harry.*) That means, "What do you want?" (*Paulus smiles.*) Looks to me as if he doesn't understand Zulu! (*To Paulus.*) Speak up, my lad! Khuluma! Khuluma!

PAULUS. Umfowethu ungithume lapha . . .

TOMMY. (*Motioning him to stop.*) Take it easy. Hold your horses now!

HARRY. Ask him about Johannes.

PAULUS. Johannes, baas, umfowethu.

HARRY. What did he say?

TOMMY. I don't know.

HARRY. Well, try something.

TOMMY. (*Carefully.*) Jo-hann-es . . .

PAULUS. (*Just as carefully.*) Um-fo-weth-u. (*Harry and Tommy sbrug. Tommy walks away. Paulus looks around then points to*

two watering cans and indicates that the first is "umfowethu" of the second.)

TOMMY. They're the same . . . is that it?

PAULUS. (*Pointing to himself.*) Johannes, Paulus, umfowethu. Umfowethu.

TOMMY. You're the same! Oh, they're brothers! . . . Umfowethu, Harry.

HARRY. Well, I knew that! Ask him, "Where is Johannes?"

TOMMY. (*Motions to Paulus who goes to him.*) Johannes hambaphi?

PAULUS. Johannes avi lapha.

HARRY. What did he say?

TOMMY. I think he said "Johannes is not here."

HARRY. Well, that's pretty obvious! (*Sbrugs, then examines Paulus closely.*) Ask him how old he is.

TOMMY. I can't.

HARRY. How come? I thought you Kerymen could do everything.

TOMMY. I can sell hardware in Zulu. But to sell a Kaffir a pot, there's no necessity of knowing his age.

HARRY. (*Crosses to Paulus. Loudly.*) How old are you? (*Paulus smiles.*) Some conversation!

TOMMY. You can speak to him in Zulu! Ngi, that means "I" Baas Grossman.

PAULUS. Ngi Paulus, baas.

HARRY. No, Ngi Baas Grossman.

PAULUS. (*Smiling.*) Ngi Paulus, baas.

TOMMY. You see . . . he talks . . . khuluma!

PAULUS. Hau umfowethu uthe anisazi isi Zulu kuhle sizozwana kanti.

HARRY. What did he say?

TOMMY. Ah, this lad speaks a complicated Zulu . . .

HARRY. He looks strong.

TOMMY. And he's smart . . . you saw that business with the watering cans.

HARRY. I'll see if I can find out what happened to Johannes. (*To Paulus.*) Johannes . . . (*He patomimes "where?"*)

PAULUS. Ngi Paulus. (*Pointing to Harry.*) Johannes . . .

HARRY. No. I'm Baas Grossman.

PAULUS. (*Patently.*) Johannes . . . (*To Tommy.*) Paulus . . .

HARRY. Oh, I think he wants me to pretend to be Johannes. *(Paulus takes a pass out of his shirt pocket and gives it to Harry.)* This is your brother's pass. *(Paulus points to Harry and points to pass.)* I'm Johannes and this is my pass. *(Paulus indicates that he has no pass, but that Johannes gave him his.)* And Johannes gave you his pass. *(Paulus nods. He pantomimes policeman. Johannes didn't want to meet one since he had no pass, so he went home.)* Johannes gave him his pass. Then, so as not to get picked up by the police, he's gone home. Well, that's clear!

TOMMY. That's what I was trying to tell you! *(A beat.)* What's wrong?

HARRY. I don't know . . . if I can't take proper care of Papa, how is he going to manage? He can't even speak one word.

TOMMY. Oh, don't you worry. He's a smart lad. In a few weeks, they'll be chattering away like a couple of magpies.

HARRY. And in the meantime? *(The phone rings. Tommy crosses to phone. Paulus follows the sound.)*

TOMMY. Hello! L & G hardware. Yes, Helen. He's still here. One moment. Harry. Your wife. *(Tommy holds phone out, Paulus reaches for it, Tommy pulls it back.)*

HARRY. Excuse me. *(Goes to phone.)* Hello. *(Tommy crosses to Paulus and they stand examining each other.)* What? What policeman? What does Papa need a license for? He's selling pins? On the street? I'll be right over. Yes, goodbye.

TOMMY. Your father is selling pins?

HARRY. Can't discuss it now.

TOMMY. What about him? *(Harry is undecided.)*

HARRY. Well, as long as he's here, we might as well give it a go. I might need him. I'm going to have to break the news about him to Papa. Would it be all right if I left him here and you brought him to my house in about an hour? *(Tommy nods.)* Thanks, Tommy. *(Harry exits quickly. Paulus goes to the phone, lifts the receiver, listens and is amused.)*

PAULUS. ISITOLO ESIHLE IMPELA. NAKU SENSIBONA NEMISHINI YENHLOBO NHLOBO BABEQUINSILE KANTI NGEZIMANGA ZASEGOLI.

TOMMY. Really? *(The lights go out quickly. The lights come up again on the Grossman dining room. Helen is arranging a vase of flowers. Harry is pacing.)*

HARRY. He has to sell pins on the street! Cheap, gaudy, two shilling pins!

HELEN. Harry, don't make so much of it! I wouldn't have called you at all if I thought you'd make such a fuss!

HARRY. Pins! Where did he get pins in the first place?

HELEN. I've no idea. But it's nothing to get so upset about. He just wants something to occupy himself with, that's all. It was just such a surprise when I came out of the baker's and there he was with his little stand in front of the greengrocer's. And then the Police Officer came up and asked to see his license!

HARRY. What did you do?

HELEN. I explained it to the Officer and he said that it would be all right if it didn't happen again.

HARRY. Why did he pick on pins? Why didn't he sell pickles? Or herring? Or old clothes? Or pretzels? If he's going to make us ashamed to look a person in the eye, he might as well sell pickles! Or pretzels! I'm such a failure, I have to send my poor old father out on the streets to sell pins! (*The Zayda enters. He is a spry little bearded man, well dressed.*)

ZAYDA. Hello. (*Looks at Harry and Helen and sees that they are angry. Goes to table.*) Ich bin hungrig. (*Sits down.*)

HARRY. You can be hungry a minute longer, Papa. I have to talk to you.

ZAYDA. Nu?

HARRY. You've been selling pins.

ZAYDA. Du gibst mir mazel tov?

HARRY. No, I am not giving you congratulations. But Papa, you can't do this . . .

ZAYDA. Schweig. Ich bin hungrig. (*He breaks a piece of bread.*) Die breyt is nit frisch.

HELEN. What?

HARRY. He says the bread's not fresh.

HELEN. I bought it less than two hours ago! Just as it came out of the oven.

HARRY. Helen zugt sie hut es gekayft blois zway stunden zurick.

ZAYDA, Zway stunden und schayn alt!

HARRY. Only two hours and the bread's already stale! Now Papa, I HAVE TO TALK WITH YOU . . . in English.

ZAYDA. Ich bin sehr hungrig.

HARRY. English!

ZAYDA. Ich bin very hungrig. (*Helen looks at Harry, who gives up and nods.*)

HELEN. All right, Papa, we'll start. (*She rings a little bell, Johannes comes in quickly with the soup. Johannes serves Helen, then Zayda.*)

ZAYDA. Hello, Johannes.

JOHANNES. Good evening, Zayda. Soup?

ZAYDA. Soup. I like soup. (*Johannes is now about to serve Harry.*)

HARRY. Oh, Johannes . . . (*Almost whispering.*) did they come yet? (*Johannes shakes head "no."*) As soon as they do . . .

JOHANNES. I come tell. (*Johannes starts to exit. The Zayda slurps his soup greedily.*)

HARRY. Papa! (*The Zayda does not answer. He continues eating.*) Papa!

ZAYDA. (*He continues eating as if this were the last plate on earth. Then to Johannes who is on his way out.*) Gute zup, Johannes. I like soup. I like soup! (*Johannes says "thank you" and exits.*)

HARRY. Papa! (*The Zayda is a long time in replying.*)

ZAYDA. Yoh? Excuse me—yes?

HARRY. Far vos hust du gepeddelt . . .

ZAYDA. English!

HARRY. Papa, why did you peddle pins? (*The Zayda smiles and returns to his soup.*) Nu?

ZAYDA. Business.

HARRY. (*Under his breath.*) Some business! (*The Zayda finishes his soup and holds up his plate for more.*)

ZAYDA. I could eat another plate soup.

HELEN. Papa, save room for the roast.

HARRY. Papa, don't I give you enough money? You have to sell pins?

ZAYDA. Gist mir genug. (*He starts on another piece of bread.*)

HARRY. He admits I give him enough money.

ZAYDA. Vos du gist mir, farshpend ich.

HARRY. What I give him, he spends.

ZAYDA. Und vos ich fardeen, steck ich aveck far die alte yohren.

HARRY. Oh, God!

HELEN. What? What did he say?

HARRY. And what he earns, he puts away for his old age! Papa, I want to talk with you about something important . . . (*Johannes comes in quickly and whispers with Harry.*) Go. I'll call you.

HELEN. They're here? (*Harry nods "yes."*)

ZAYDA. Who? Who's here? Who?

HARRY. (*To Zayda.*) Papa . . . I got a surprise for you.

ZAYDA. Vos fur a surprise?

HARRY. A servant. A dienst boy. (*The Zayda eats.*) He'll help you, Papa. He'll wash you, he'll shave you, he'll take care of you. He'll be good to you. (*Zayda keeps eating.*) Come on, Papa . . . YOU UNDERSTAND ME!

ZAYDA. (*A long pause.*) I understand. A dienst boy I don't need.

HARRY. He's very smart.

ZAYDA. Eh . . . beh.

HARRY. Papa, you'll like him . . . he's Johannes' brother.

ZAYDA. Oh . . . a schwartzer . . .

HARRY. Papa, don't use that word. Of course he's a Zulu. But you don't need to be afraid . . .

ZAYDA. Me? Me afraid? For a Zulu? (*He walks around, his attitude indicating he fears nothing.*) All right, CALL HIM AREIN!

HARRY. (*Stands and calls.*) Johames . . . (*Johannes enters followed by Paulus, who bows to Helen, then approaches the Zayda. The Zayda retreats.*) Paulus . . . this my father . . . this Oubaas Grossman. Papa, this Paulus. (*Gestures to them to talk to each other. Paulus nods to Harry. The Zayda circles Paulus warily, examining every detail. Paulus discreetly examines the Zayda. The Zayda moves close to Paulus, clears his throat.*)

ZAYDA. Farshtayst Yiddish?

JOHANNES. Uyagonda Yiddish?

PAULUS. Ngi gondana isi Zulu.

JOHANNES. He not understand language your tribe, oubaas. Only know his own.

HARRY. Papa, er sugt er ret nur Zulu . . . (*Then hurriedly.*) but he learns quick.

ZAYDA. (*To Harry.*) Shh. Shh. Ich vershtay . . . ich vershtay. (*He points to wooden plugs in Paulus' earlobes, and pantomimes, "what are those?" Paulus pantomimes, "you wear a tie pin for decoration, I wear ear lobe plugs for the same reason." The Zayda is impressed. He pantomimes to Harry that Paulus is smart.*)

HARRY. Papa . . . to me you can speak.



ZAYDA. (*Tapping his own brow in approval.*) Klug! (*The Zayda is more concerned with Paulus. He stares at him trying to think of an opening.*)

JOHANNES. Baas, oubaas want something, I tell Paulus.

HARRY. Papa, ob du villst eppes . . .

ZAYDA. Shhh . . . shh. (*He points to Paulus' shoes. Paulus pantomimes that his shoes are made of automobile tires. Zayda pantomimes that his shoes are made from the hide of a cow. They are more desirable. Paulus pantomimes that he can run and stop on a dime. The Zayda points to Paulus' shoe.*) Vos is dus?

PAULUS. Isicathulo.

ZAYDA. (*To Harry, explaining.*) Schich is isicathulo.

PAULUS. (*He holds up his hand. Points to the Zayda's left shoe. Holds up one finger.*) Nye isicathulo. (*Points to Zayda's right shoe, holds up one finger.*) Nye isicathulo. (*Pantomimes "how many?" The Zayda shrugs. Paulus raises two fingers.*) Nye . . . nye . . . bili.

ZAYDA. (*Crosses to Harry.*) Nye . . . (*Pointing to Johannes.*) Nye . . . (*Pantomimes "how many?"*)

PAULUS. Bili. (*The Zayda nods vigorously. Holds up two fingers.*)

ZAYDA. Tzvay! Bili . . . tzvay!

PAULUS. Tzvay . . . (*The Zayda nods vigorously. They look at each other.*)

ZAYDA. (*Pantomiming, "bring me a glass of water."*) Gay zum tisch giess oon a gluz wasser. Bring es zu mir. (*Johannes takes glass from table, Paulus goes to table, takes it and gives it to the Zayda.*)

PAULUS. Nawa amanzi.

JOHANNES. He say . . . "here is water."

HARRY. Er sugt, "ut is vasser."

ZAYDA. (*Impatiently.*) Ich vayss! Ich vayss! You think I don't know what "nawa amanzi" is! (*He holds the glass aloft as in a toast.*) Nawa amanzi! (*He drinks, gives Paulus the glass. Johannes takes the glass from Paulus and puts it on table. Zayda strides to the window—pointing.*) Vos is dus?

PAULUS. Ifastela.

ZAYDA. (*Again in explanation to the others.*) A fenster is ifastela (*Thinks for a moment, then gestures "open."*) Effen die ifastela! (*Paulus opens the window. The Zayda laughs with de-*

light. *Then pantomimes "close."*) Farmach die ifastela! (*Paulus closes the window. The Zayda is even more delighted.*) I didn't know I can talk Zulu! (*Zayda looks for another object, goes to table, picks up a knife.*)

PAULUS. Umese.

ZAYDA. (*Startled.*) Vos?

PAULUS. Umese.

JOHANNES. Umese mean knife.

ZAYDA. (*Surprised, to Johannes.*) By me, knife—messer!

HARRY. (*To the others.*) The same word in Yiddish and Zulu! (*The Zayda holds up the knife again.*)

ZAYDA. Messer.

PAULUS. Umese.

ZAYDA. A Galitzianer! (*The Zayda and Paulus continue to examine each other. Harry and Johannes are being excluded. Paulus points to the Zayda's watch chain. The Zayda takes the watch out of his pocket and is about to flip it open. Paulus stops him. He goes to the window, looks at the sky and returns holding up seven fingers. The Zayda opens his watch, looks at it, and laughs delightedly. To Harry:)* LOOK! LOOK! Zieben azeiger!

HARRY. (*A little piqued by their easy camaraderie.*) All right, Papa! All right! That's fine, so he can tell time, don't get so excited.

ZAYDA. (*Dismissing Harry.*) You could go. And take Johannes. I can talk to him alone. (*The Zayda turns away from him eager to get back to Paulus. The Zayda points to Paulus' beard and strokes his own. They both laugh at the thought that they have similar beards. The Zayda looks up at the towering figure of Paulus and gauges the distance to the beard. Zayda feels the texture of Paulus' beard.*) Vos is dus?

PAULUS. Injebe.

ZAYDA. Me too, injebe. (*Zayda holds up his hand to Harry and smiles benignly.*) I like him! I like him! (*The lights dim. The lights come up again on Johannes in the corner of the garden a week later. He is trimming a hedge with a pair of clippers. He sings "CROCODILE WIFE."*)

JOHANNES.

MY FATHER. HE MARRIED A CROCODILE WIFE, JK,  
MARRIED A CROCODILE WIFE, JK JK.

MY FATHER. HE MARRIED A CROCODILE WIFE, JK,  
MARRIED A CROCODILE WIFE, JK JK,  
THAT BITES, BITES, BITES! AWUYELEMAMA  
BITES, BITES, BITES! AWUYELEMAMA

*(He walks to footlights and addresses the audience.)* Vos macht ihr?  
*(He grins at the audience.)* I bet you surprise I say "how are you?"  
in Yiddish. Don't be surprise. I know eight language . . . Zulu . . .  
Sotho . . . Kwena . . . Benda . . . Xosa . . . Swazi . . .  
Tswana . . . English. Yiddish just another language. Every night  
when I teach Paulus English, he teach me a new word in Yiddish.  
*(He sharpens the clippers.)* Last night I learn "nayn" mean "no";  
"gay aveck" . . . "go away"; I learn doomkup; chaleria—fever;  
mishpocha—family; chutzpah . . . you know what "chutzpah"  
mean in Yiddish? Man drown in river, I jump in and save man, he  
say: "Zulu not allow swim here." Funny language, Yiddish. That  
Zayda, he a runner. Before Paulus come, he run from house every  
day. Now he run from Paulus. He old, but he run like gazelle. He  
like Paulus . . . but he run! Last Tuesday, Paulus lose him in  
park. Three hour, Paulus sweat. He think Zayda gone for good.  
But he find him. Paulus try to understand what make Zayda run.  
But he baffle. Paulus save by one thing . . . two thing . . . legs.  
When he little boy, we nickname him "Imilenzi Emide." Mean  
"Long Legs." Zayda say "graysse polkes." Zayda he go like wind,  
but take short step. *(Imitates Zayda taking short steps.)* Paulus,  
he take step like giant . . . *(Imitates Paulus taking giant steps.)*  
*The Zayda comes by like a house on fire.)* Vos macht ihr? *(The*  
*Zayda does not reply but veers sharply to the left and disappears.)*  
Well, the day start! *(Paulus leaps on taking giant steps.)* Morn-  
ing, Paulus. *(Paulus does not take time to reply as Johannes points*  
*out the direction Zayda took and Paulus is off like a shot. To*  
*audience:)* See what I mean! *(He pantomimes long strides.)* Imi-  
lenzi emide! *(He exits R. as the lights fade. The lights come up.*  
*We are at the Botanical Gardens again. There are two empty*  
*benches. The only occupant is a woman with a baby carriage. The*  
*Zayda enters L. still walking fast, but now he is limping slightly.*  
*He sees the woman with the baby carriage and goes to her.)*  
ZAYDA. Nice baby. *(Makes cooing sounds to baby.)* I like babies.  
*(Paulus comes running on, stands watching the Zayda who now*  
*goes to bench L., sits down and starts rubbing his foot. Paulus*  
*squats down near Zayda.)*

PAULUS. I help?

ZAYDA. No. *(Paulus returns to squat. The Zayda massages his foot. The Zayda then looks inside his shoe and makes a great discovery.)* Nail!

PAULUS. *(Smiling.)* Nice.

ZAYDA. Nice, sugt er! Nice! *(Pantomimes.)* Nemm arois!

PAULUS. *(Examines shoe.)* YOU nemm arois! You have . . .  
*(Pantomimes nail clipper.)*

ZAYDA. Oh, clipper, I have clipper. *(The Zayda finds his nail clipper. He gives Paulus the shoe and the nail clipper, expecting him to draw out the nail. But Paulus returns the nail clipper, sits on the bench and holds the shoe so that the Zayda may insert the clipper.)* What?

PAULUS. Grab! Pull! *(The woman with the carriage notices the scene and stares at them.)*

ZAYDA. Can't grab. *(Paulus motions, "don't worry." He takes the nail clipper, fastens it to the nail, and returns the whole thing to the Zayda.)*

PAULUS. Pull! *(The Zayda tries but is not successful.)*

ZAYDA. *(Wiping his brow. He spits on his hands, and then tries to pull again.)* Can't. *(Paulus indicates that he hold tight. He grabs the shoe with one hand and the Zayda's arm with the other and pulls. At this point, the woman with the baby carriage gets up, walks past them, snorts and goes off quickly.)*

PAULUS. Again. *(He pulls again. The nail clipper quickly comes out with the nail and Paulus releases the Zayda's arm. The surprised Zayda is holding the clipper in his hand. Paulus points to the nail. For a moment the Zayda is not sure whether Paulus is claiming an assist.)*

ZAYDA. I did it. Myself. *(Paulus accepts this. The Zayda examines the nail carefully, then puts it in his change purse. He then starts to put on his shoe.)*

PAULUS. First . . . rub foot. *(He massages the Zayda's foot.)*

ZAYDA. Oy!

PAULUS. I hurt?

ZAYDA. No.

PAULUS. Why you say "oy"?

ZAYDA. Sometimes "oy" means it hurts—sometimes means feels good.

PAULUS. Oy . . . good word.

ZAYDA. You ever worked in a schvitzbud?

PAULUS. Nit vershtay.

ZAYDA. Steam . . . hot water . . . bath . . .

PAULUS. Schvitzbud?

ZAYDA. Yes. If you go there, you feel good—they rub you, make you sweat, all your troubles disappear. But if you stay too long in a schvitzbud, you could disappear. (*A Park Attendant comes by and stands observing them.*)

ATTENDANT. That's a nice cosy scene! (*To Paulus.*) Get up! (*Paulus jumps up. Sarcastically.*) You brothers?

PAULUS. I . . . boy . . . of . . .

ATTENDANT. Oh . . . he's your father! (*To Zayda.*) You his father?

ZAYDA. (*Sweetly.*) Hub dir in bud.

PAULUS. Shah . . . shah!

ATTENDANT. Who gave you permission to sit on the bench?

ZAYDA. I did!

ATTENDANT. Oh . . . he understands English! (*Quickly to Paulus.*) Your pass! (*Paulus gives him the pass. The Attendant reads it.*)

PAULUS. Pass, baas.

ATTENDANT. It says here you work for Harry Grossman. Is that him?

PAULUS. He, oubaas.

ATTENDANT. Listen, I'm letting you go this time, because this is the first time I caught you sitting on a bench. But just to make sure you don't do it again, your baas (*Putting pass back in pocket.*) is going to have to pick this up tomorrow from the Park Director's office in the Administration Building. You got that?

PAULUS. Not know.

ATTENDANT. Baas . . . tomorrow . . . Park Director's office . . . Administration Building. Now . . . hamba! Hamba! Quick! (*The Attendant pushes Paulus who sees that the Zayda is out to do battle with the Attendant. He grabs Zayda's belt and half pulls him, half cajoles him away. They move D. Zayda is still anxious to put up a battle but Paulus is anxious to avoid further trouble. He finally quiets Zayda.*)

ZAYDA. Are you all right? (*Paulus nods "yes."*)

PAULUS. How we tell baas pick up pass?

ZAYDA. Easy. Don't worry. I make Kishef.  
 PAULUS. What Kishef?  
 ZAYDA. Magic. He look there . . . I do here.  
 PAULUS. You teach me Kishef?  
 ZAYDA. Why not? I teach you Yiddish—now I teach Kishef.  
*(The lights fade. Lights come up on the Grossman terrace. Present are Harry, Helen and Tommy, having drinks.)*  
 HELEN. Another drink, Tommy?  
 TOMMY. Thanks, Helen, but Tina will knock the daylights out of me if I don't get home soon. You still think Wilson is . . .  
 HARRY. Wilson is a busybody. You think if we make a few big sales to him I'm going to let him run my personal life?  
 HELEN. What happened?  
 HARRY. Nothing. Wilson gets high blood pressure over something, so he comes into our store to let off a little steam. *(A beat.)* Don't look so upset, it's nothing serious. He saw Papa and Paulus holding hands when they crossed the street downtown. Now he thinks the whole world is going to collapse.  
 TOMMY. He had a point, Harry, the FIRST time they were crossing. But the second time they were holding hands in the middle of the block. And you just can't do that in downtown Johannesburg and expect to get away with it. *(The boys enter R. David with tennis racket and Arthur with "Coke.")*  
 HARRY. Actually, I told Paulus to hold Papa's hand.  
 TOMMY. Well, you can see the result of that with Wilson. And to tell you the honest truth, Harry, it bothers me too.  
 HARRY. Perhaps I've let them go too far. I'll straighten it out. *(Zayda enters L.)*  
 TOMMY. Ah, Mr. Grossman, sholem aleichem. *(Rises.)*  
 ZAYDA. Hello.  
 TOMMY. And goodbye, I have to be running.  
 ZAYDA. A short visit.  
 TOMMY. Sometimes those are the best. Bye. So long, boys. *(He waves and exits, there is a beat.)*  
 ZAYDA. Hello, boys.  
 HARRY. A shpritzer, Papa?  
 ZAYDA. Why not?  
 HARRY. It was a nice day today, huh Papa?  
 ZAYDA. Yoh.  
 HARRY. *(As he gives drink to Zayda.)* Where did you go?

ZAYDA. (*Raising glass in toast.*) Nu, L'chayim! (*Sings.*)

L'CHAYIM, L'CHAYIM

MAY YOUR HEARTS STAY YOUNG

AS THE YEARS GO RUSHING BY.

(*The others echo the toast, the Zayda drinks, utters a grunt of satisfaction, wipes his mouth.*) Oisgetzaychnet! (*He stands, exits R.*)

HARRY. Papa, where are you going?

ZAYDA. Right back. (*He exits.*)

HELEN. What does that . . . oisgetzaychnet mean?

DAVID. Out of this world!

HELEN. He said that?

ARTHUR. It's a world's record. You know something . . . he hasn't complained all day.

DAVID. There's still the evening.

HARRY. Come on now, boys, I don't like this talk. He's in good spirits, and that's fine. You know, Helen . . . I've been thinking, Papa's birthday is coming. We ought to give him a surprise party.

HELEN. Good idea. Sometime next month, isn't it?

HARRY. December 16th . . . actually it's less than three weeks . . .

ARTHUR. December 16th . . . that's Dingaans' Day.

HARRY. It also happens to be the second day of Chanukah . . .

DAVID. Here you are, folks, get three for the price of one! Zayda's birthday, Dingaans' Day and the second day of Chanukah . . . (*Sings.*) On the second day of Chanukah my true love gave to me . . . (*They all laugh.*)

HARRY. All right . . . all right . . . then you'll make a list of the people, Helen?

HELEN. Yes, it's a lovely idea.

HARRY. (*Distracted.*) You know, the more I think about it, the more I realize it's my fault. I don't give him enough to do.

HELEN. Who? Papa?

HARRY. No. Paulus. What am I spoiling him for? (*Rises.*) There are plenty of things around the house that have to be done . . . (*The Zayda enters.*)

ZAYDA. Surprise, Hersehle . . . (*He fishes something out of his pocket and hands it to Harry.*) I bought you a ball point pen. Take it. For you . . .

HARRY. (*Very surprised.*) Why, thank you, Papa.

ZAYDA. . . . And tomorrow you go to the Park Director's office. (Sits.)

HARRY. What's at the Park Director's office?

ZAYDA. The pass vun Paulus. Er hut es aveckgenommen.

HARRY. Who took it away?

ZAYDA. A mann . . . arbet in park.

HARRY. Tomorrow is a very bad day for me. I have to open the store.

HELEN. Maybe I can help. (To Zayda.) What did Paulus do?

ZAYDA. Gur nit. Nothing.

HARRY. They don't take away your pass for doing nothing.

ZAYDA. Nothing. You like the pen?

HARRY. Yes, it's fine.

ZAYDA. So you'll go to the Park Director's office?

HARRY. All right, Papa, I'll go. But you have to understand, Johannesburg is not London.

ZAYDA. (Rises.) Herschele—I said Johannesburg is London? (He starts to go and on way out, pats David's face.)

HARRY. And Papa, when you and Paulus are outside, don't hold hands. Vershtayst?

ZAYDA. (As he exits.) Ich vershtay.

HELEN. Do you think anything serious happened in the Park?

HARRY. Oh, no, it's probably nothing. I'll take care of it.

HELEN. It was sweet of him to give you that pen.

HARRY. Sweet? It was a bribe.

HELEN. Well at least we have Paulus to take care of Zayda.

HARRY. You know, I'll bet we're the only family in Johannesburg with a Zayda sitter! (Blackout. The lights come up again in the Grossman dining room. There are a group of brass objects on a table. They are unshined. Paulus, in a depressed mood, is polishing a round brass plaque. The Zayda enters quietly.)

ZAYDA. Good morning.

PAULUS. (Rises.) Gut morgen, Oubaas. (Paulus continues shining. The Zayda watches him. Finally he picks up a rag and helps.)

ZAYDA. Nice. (Paulus doesn't answer. Zayda sits down, then Paulus sits. They shine in silence.) Something wrong?

PAULUS. No.

ZAYDA. Khuluma!

PAULUS. Last night father speak to me . . .



ZAYDA. Father? Not dead?  
 PAULUS. Yes. He come when asleep.  
 ZAYDA. Oh! Dream!  
 PAULUS. Spirit angry. He say I forget him! Not grow corn where he rest.  
 ZAYDA. How could you? You're here!  
 PAULUS. I know. (*They shine in silence.*)  
 ZAYDA. He's right. Son should remember father.  
 PAULUS. I remember, but he not know. (*The Zayda nods in acknowledgment of this fact. They start polishing again, he's thinking, he finally gets up, opens a drawer and takes out a yohrzeit glass.*)  
 ZAYDA. Ut is a yohrzeit lamp. (*Gives it to Paulus.*)  
 PAULUS. Yohrzeit?  
 ZAYDA. Here. With this, your father not angry.  
 PAULUS. Magic glass? Kishef?  
 ZAYDA. Mmm, yes. Yes. Kishef. (*Sits.*)  
 PAULUS. It make corn grow where father sleep?  
 ZAYDA. No.  
 PAULUS. Then how magic?  
 ZAYDA. Wait . . . wait . . . look, my father also spirit. He sleeps . . . veit aveck . . . far away. Every year . . . (*He pantomimes lighting yohrzeit.*) Burn 24 hours. He knows I remember.  
 PAULUS. How spirit your father see light far away? (*The Zayda is stumped.*)  
 ZAYDA. Takeh, how? (*Stands, walks around Paulus.*) Mm, light burn twenty-four hours. World . . . (*He pantomimes turning.*) dreht . . . turn . . . twenty-four hours. Light goes all over world. When it passes spirit, he sees it. Here . . . tonight . . . light. Your father no more angry.  
 PAULUS. Thank you, Zayda. (*Paulus puts yohrzeit glass on table, picks up bowl, starts polishing. Now Zayda also picks up a bowl. Soon their reflections appear in the bowls.*)  
 ZAYDA. Look. My face.  
 PAULUS. Like chief.  
 ZAYDA. Me . . . a chief. (*He fits a brass fruit bowl on his head and struts around.*) Here . . . far dir. (*He places a bowl on Paulus' head.*) Two chiefs . . . (*Zayda sings "IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE" [LEBEN IS GUT] to amuse Paulus.*)

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, ZU LEBEN LEBEN,  
GOOD TO BE ALIVE.  
TAHKE LEBEN IS GUT!

BREATHE OUT, BREATHE IN, THE AIR IS FREE.  
AND PLENTY THERE FOR YOU AND ME.  
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR SCENERY.  
AYE!

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, ZU LEBEN LEBEN,  
GOOD TO BE ALIVE.  
TAHKE LEBEN IS GUT!

*(Zayda stands up and starts dancing around the table. Paulus follows him.)*

THE GRASS SO GREEN, THE SKY SO BLUE,  
THE NIGHT SO STILL WITH REST FOR YOU,  
THE MORNING BORN AGAIN SO NEW.  
AYE!

IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, ZU LEBEN LEBEN,  
GOOD TO BE ALIVE.  
TAHKE LEBEN IS GUT!

AROUND GOES OUR GEOGRAPHY,  
AROUND THE SUN WITH YOU AND ME.  
GOD BLESS THE LAW OF GRAVITY.

AYE! IT'S GUT!  
TAHKE LEBEN IS GUT!

TAHKE GOOD TO BE ALIVE!

*(They are both laughing as Harry enters with an attache case and observes them.)*

HARRY. *(Amused.)* What is this? A Purim play? *(Paulus immediately removes bowl from his head.)*

ZAYDA. No . . . mir shinen. *(Harry hands Paulus his pass.)*

HARRY. Here's your pass. Now remember. No more trouble.

PAULUS. No more. Thank you, baas.

HARRY. Papa . . . do me a favor . . . let him do the polishing.

ZAYDA. But I like to shine. I like it!

HARRY. What do I hire him for?

ZAYDA. But I like it!

HARRY. Let Paulus have the pleasure. (*A beat.*) Unless you want me to let him go and you'll do the brass once a week.

ZAYDA. No! Dus luz ich nit! He doesn't go!

HARRY. Papa . . . come on, can't you take a joke! Now will you go and get yourself some breakfast! (*The Zayda looks at him.*) I make jokes once in a while. (*The Zayda takes off bowl.*)

ZAYDA. I don't like that kind of jokes. (*He goes.*)

HARRY. Paulus, don't misunderstand. I don't mind if the oubaas sits with you at the table. But he's an old man. I don't want him to work. (*Paulus nods.*) Because if he does all your work, there'll be nothing for you to do.

PAULUS. I not ask oubaas shine. (*Johannes enters.*)

HARRY. Of course. Of course. Oh, Johannes, did you speak to Paulus? I mean about how he's to act on the outside when he's with the oubaas? Because I don't need any more trouble picking up passes at the Park Director's office. And I know I told you to hold his hand in the street—but don't do it any more!

JOHANNES. (*Nods.*) Yes, baas. (*Harry picks up chair, starts putting it back in its proper place. Johannes takes it from him.*)

HARRY. Good. Oh, Paulus, one more thing—you must be tired. You didn't have any time off yet. You're entitled to a day off. Take Wednesdays. Don't hang around the house.

PAULUS. If I have day off, who take care of Zayda?

HARRY. Don't you worry about that. Just don't hang around the house. Is that clear?

PAULUS. Clear.

HARRY. Go out and have a good time. Enjoy yourself. (*Harry exits. Paulus looks after him. Johannes comes around the table to Paulus.*)

PAULUS. I do something wrong?

JOHANNES. You fool! Fool! I think you smart, but you fool! I teach you, but you not learn. I tell you rules, but you not learn.

PAULUS. I learn fast.

JOHANNES. No! Not fast enough. You remember what I say to you about looking?

PAULUS. Looking?

JOHANNES. Yes. You not remember? Always look to see what

European think. You not look in Baas Grossman's face? You not see his eyes? Danger!

PAULUS. I see, but . . .

JOHANNES. And laughing. You always laughing. I never tell you rule about laughing?

PAULUS. I laugh when thing funny, no?

JOHANNES. No! You laugh when safe! When you in your room, or alone with other Zulu, or AFTER Baas Grossman laugh, THEN you laugh.

PAULUS. Hard rule. Must always wear different face.

JOHANNES. Right! Always! That way live!

PAULUS. I come here do job . . . take care of Zayda . . .

JOHANNES. You do good job! But too close. Remember—you servant, not friend! *(The lights black out. The lights come up again on a hill overlooking the city. The Zayda enters from r., goes all the way over to l. and looks down on the city. Paulus enters from r. and stays there for a few moments.)*

PAULUS. *(Spreads out blanket.)* Rest, Zayda?

ZAYDA. *(Curtly.)* No.

PAULUS. Blanket, Zayda?

ZAYDA. *(Not looking at him.)* Don't need. *(The Zayda looks at him out of the corner of his eye. Paulus moves off. The Zayda says gruffly.)* Sitz! Sitz! *(Paulus squats.)* Sitz afn blanket. *(Paulus sits on the blanket. After a moment he pantomimes.)*

PAULUS. Soft.

ZAYDA. I like hard. *(Sits down on bench. Paulus looks at the view. The Zayda sneaks a look at him. Paulus pointing to panorama.)*

PAULUS. Nice.

ZAYDA. Yeh.

PAULUS. Oubaas, yesterday . . . I . . .

ZAYDA. *(Jumps up.)* Ich care nit . . . von yesterday. Go every day . . . Ich care nit.

PAULUS. Yes, oubaas.

ZAYDA. *(Sits down again.)* Where were you yesterday?

PAULUS. Downtown.

ZAYDA. Downtown. A good friend . . . runs downtown. *(A beat.)* What did you do downtown?

PAULUS. *(Stands up. Pointing.)* Bury shirt.

ZAYDA. (*Looks at shirt.*) Yeh, buy shirt. The whole day, that's all?

PAULUS. And meet John.

ZAYDA. Who is John?

PAULUS. Boy from Kraal—my Kraal.

ZAYDA. (*Petulantly.*) All right. Do what you want.

PAULUS. My day off.

ZAYDA. (*Jumps up.*) Who gives me a day off?

PAULUS. Oubaas . . .

ZAYDA. A friend goes downtown? That's a friend?

PAULUS. I friend, Zayda.

ZAYDA. Du cairst nit!

PAULUS. Ich care.

ZAYDA. I see. You think I'm a piece wood . . . ich bin a MANN! (*Sits.*)

PAULUS. You man. Me man. I you like. You me like.

ZAYDA. Who says?

PAULUS. Me. (*Looks around, then sits down next to Zayda. A pause . . . he points to his skin.*) You know . . . isikhumba?

ZAYDA. Skin.

PAULUS. Skin. You not in my skin. I not in your skin. You-me-one. You-me-two. We same, but not same. (*There is a long pause.*)

ZAYDA. That way you want?

PAULUS. Not way I want. (*Gets up.*) Way it is. (*Sits down on blanket.*)

ZAYDA. Why it is. Sad. In old country, we had a song about that . . . the way it is . . . (*Music begins to play "RIVERS OF TEARS" and Zayda sings.*)

IF THERE IS NO DARKNESS, THEN WHERE IS THE LIGHT?

IF THERE ARE NO SHADOWS, WHAT CORNER IS BRIGHT?

HOW CAN PEOPLE CLIMB UP, WITH NO WHERE TO FALL?

WHO IS THE GIANT, IF ALL MEN ARE TALL?

REFRAIN:

LU-LALA-LU LA LA-LU—LA-LU. THAT'S THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

GOD IN HIS WISDOM, THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

*(He walks over to Paulus.)*

LU—LALA—LU LALA—LU—LA—LU, THAT'S THE WAY  
THAT IT IS,  
AND RIVERS OF TEARS CANNOT CHANGE IT—  
RIVERS AND RIVERS OF TEARS!

WITH NO DUST BENEATH US, WHICH WAY IS THE  
SKY?  
WHO KNOWS WHAT THE TRUTH IS, WITH NOTHING  
A LIE?  
IF THERE ARE NO STRANGERS, THEN WHO IS A  
FRIEND?  
WHERE IS BEGINNING IF THERE IS NO END?

*(Zayda walks back to bench, sits.)*

REFRAIN:

LU-LALA-LU LA LA-LU—LA-LU. THAT'S THE WAY OF  
THE WORLD.  
GOD IN HIS WISDOM, THE WAY OF THE WORLD.  
LU—LALA—LU LALA—LU—LA—LU, THAT'S THE WAY  
THAT IT IS,  
AND RIVERS OF TEARS CANNOT CHANGE IT—  
RIVERS AND RIVERS OF TEARS!

*(When Zayda finishes singing, he looks at Paulus, with one hand  
outheld to him. Paulus goes to him, clasps his hand, then reaches  
into his pocket, unwraps parcel and gives it to him.)*

PAULUS. Ess, ess.

ZAYDA. What is it?

PAULUS. Amadumbe.

ZAYDA. Amadumbe . . . have more?

PAULUS. No.

ZAYDA. Hungrig?

PAULUS. No.

ZAYDA. So big . . . nit hungrig . . . I don't believe it. *(He  
breaks the food in two and gives Paulus half. Paulus sits down  
next to him.)* How you call this?

PAULUS. Amadumbe.

ZAYDA. Amadumbe—in Yiddish—knish.

PAULUS. Knish.  
ZAYDA. Amadumbe.  
PAULUS. Same but not the same. (*They eat silently for a moment.*)  
ZAYDA. Where you go on your next day off?  
PAULUS. My friend John invite I meet family in Green Meadows.  
ZAYDA. That's nice. Next week same day you're off—my birthday.  
PAULUS. Mazel tov.  
ZAYDA. A schainem dank. My son, I can tell, makes me a surprise party.  
PAULUS. (*With a nod.*) Good!  
ZAYDA. What's so good?  
PAULUS. Good you have a party.  
ZAYDA. But you're not coming . . . (*A beat—accusingly.*) You go alone . . . meet John . . . Green Meadows. No? (*They exchange a long look.*)  
PAULUS. Yes. I go. (*Sadly, as he gets up and starts to fold blanket.*) Way it is.  
ZAYDA. We'll see. (*Stands, starts walking off. They exit and we hear the sound of music playing a native strain. The lights come up on a one-room flat in Green Meadows. Paulus is being greeted by his friends, Peter, his brother John, their sister Joan and William, Joan's fiance, and Mr. & Mrs. Lamene, all in their early twenties. Out of the scramble of joyous greetings, we hear:*)  
JOHN. . . . I'm glad you're here!  
JOAN. You came in time to eat . . . this is my friend, William . . . (*Paulus and William exchange greetings.*)  
PETER. How is job? Johannes said good job . . . work hard?  
JOHN. Still injebe! . . . Good! Looks good . . .  
PAULUS. (*As he relaxes out of their greetings.*) Long time . . . good to see . . . oh wait! . . . I bring friend . . .  
JOHN. Where? . . . Where is he? . . . Why didn't you bring him in?  
PAULUS. (*Hurrying to admit Zayda.*) I wanted to tell you . . . (*They look toward the door. Zayda walks in, says "hi." There is a momentary busb.*)  
PETER. (*Crossing to Paulus.*) Are you out of your mind? . . . What do you think you're doing?  
PAULUS. What? . . . What is it?

PETER. Who is this? How did you get here?  
 PAULUS. I told you . . . friend . . . we . . .  
 PETER. How did he manage to get in the gate?  
 PAULUS. We ride in back of truck.  
 PETER. He's . . . Umlungu!  
 PAULUS. I was going to . . .  
 PETER. Don't you know Europeans are not allowed here?  
 PAULUS. Why?  
 WILLIAM. Paulus . . . how long you here now?  
 PAULUS. Two month.  
 WILLIAM. Then you know how it is . . .  
 PAULUS. But here . . . with friends . . .  
 PETER. You *are* stupid . . . this is a location . . . the only  
 whites allowed here are the police . . . (*A little pause.*)  
 ZAYDA. A mistake . . . I go . . . Paulus, you stay . . .  
 PAULUS. Wait, Zayda! . . . Peter, Zayda like brother . . .  
 PETER. Akafani nomfowenu. (*William laughs.*)  
 ZAYDA. For why you laugh?  
 WILLIAM. He say you not look like brother . . .  
 PAULUS. Not important he look.  
 JOHN. (*Crosses to Peter.*) Peter, you don't live here alone. I invited Paulus.  
 PETER. Did you invite HIM too? He can't stay here . . .  
 JOAN. Wait! . . . Both of you! (*To John.*) Is quiet outside?  
 JOHN. Quiet.  
 JOAN. John, you take Zayda out of location to place where get bus.  
 ZAYDA. Don't worry about me. I find my way back.  
 JOAN. The police not let you through gate.  
 ZAYDA. I got in, didn't I? I could get out.  
 JOAN. No, Zayda, too dangerous.  
 PAULUS. I take him.  
 JOAN. You stay. John know where hole in fence . . . get Zayda out.  
 JOHN. You come, Zayda?  
 ZAYDA. Well . . . have a good time . . .  
 JOAN. Please, before going, sit few minutes, rest . . .  
 ZAYDA. I not tired.  
 JOAN. Sit—rest.  
 ZAYDA. I rest standing . . .



JOAN. While rest, have something to eat. This my brother, Peter,  
my brother John . . . .

ZAYDA. Oh, unfowethu . . . (*They chuckle.*)

JOHN. Yeabo.

JOAN. Right! This William, and I Joan.

ZAYDA. (*To William.*) You too unfowethu?

WILLIAM. When I marry Joan . . .

ZAYDA. Oh, oh, you and Joan. Zoll zein mit glick!

PAULUS. That means good luck.

WILLIAM AND JOAN. Thank you.

JOAN. Mr. and Mrs. Lamene.

ZAYDA. Hi.

JOAN. Sit. (*She seats the Zayda on chair L. and serves him an amadumbe.*)

ZAYDA. Oh, amadumbe! Thank you. (*Eats.*)

PETER. (*To John.*) Keep watch at the door. (*John returns to door. To Paulus.*) You're a dunce. Green Meadows is not Jo-  
berg . . .

PAULUS. Sorry . . . my day off . . . I ask Oubaas come . . .

WILLIAM. You take him with you on day off?

ZAYDA. I ask him . . . why not? Paulus, me, friends, day off,  
day on . . .

PETER. Nice thought . . . but you Oubaas . . .

ZAYDA. No . . . not Oubaas . . . Zayda!

WILLIAM. (*Goes to Zayda.*) Beer, Zayda?

ZAYDA. Sure, why not? I like beer. Beer and knish. (*Joan gets  
beer and gives it to him.*) L'Chayim. (*Drinks.*) Oisgetzaychnet!  
(*Noticing nail harp.*) What is that?

PETER. Isiginci.

ZAYDA. Isiginci? What's an isiginci?

PAULUS. Nail harp.

ZAYDA. Oh, a nail harp. You play?

PETER. Little.

ZAYDA. Let us hear.

PETER. Not now.

ZAYDA. Why not?

PETER. Songs I sing, Europeans do not like.

ZAYDA. Who said?

PETER. They're songs about us . . . what we dream . . . what  
we think . . .

ZAYDA. I dream . . . I think . . . come let me hear . . .

PETER. No!

JOAN. Peter, Zayda is guest . . .

WILLIAM. Come, Peter.

PAULUS. Let's hear.

JOAN. Come . . . *(Peter drops nail harp on chair and crosses  
r. Joan looks at the others, starts clapping her hands and one by  
one, they start singing "LIKE THE BREEZE BLOWS.")*

YOU CAN'T STOP THE BREEZE FROM BLOWING,  
THE SUN FROM BURNING.  
YOU CAN'T STOP THE DAYS FROM GOING,  
TIDES FROM TURNING!

YOU CAN'T STOP A DREAM IN THE HEARTS OF MEN  
FROM GROWING,  
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD  
FROM GROWING, GROWING, GROWING, GROWING,  
GROWING!

LIKE THE BREEZE BLOWS,  
IT WILL COME!  
LIKE THE SUN BURNS,  
IT WILL COME!  
LIKE THE DAYS GO BY  
AND THE TIDE MUST TURN,  
YOU CAN'T STOP A DREAM IN THE HEARTS OF MEN  
FROM GROWING.  
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD  
FROM GROWING, GROWING, GROWING, GROWING,  
GROWING!

YOU CAN'T STOP THE RAIN DESCENDING,  
THE STARS FROM GLOWING.  
YOU CAN'T STOP THE NIGHT FROM ENDING,  
DAWN FROM SHOWING!

YOU CAN'T STOP A DREAM IN THE HEARTS OF MEN  
FROM GROWING,  
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD  
FROM GROWING, GROWING, GROWING, GROWING,  
GROWING!

LIKE THE RAIN FALLS,  
IT WILL COME!  
LIKE THE STARS GLOW,  
IT WILL COME!  
LIKE THE NIGHT MUST END  
AND THE DAWN MUST BREAK,

YOU CAN'T STOP A DREAM IN THE HEARTS OF MEN  
FROM GROWING,  
IN THE HEARTS OF MEN ALL OVER THE WORLD  
FROM GROWING, GROWING, GROWING, GROWING,  
GROWING!

ZAYDA. Oisgetzaychnet!

WILLIAM. (*To Paulus.*) What is that?

ZAYDA. What what?

WILLIAM. What you said: is something . . .

ZAYDA. Oisgetzaychnet . . . Paulus, you know what this means.

PAULUS. Ois is out, no? But more . . . I not know.

ZAYDA. Well, I'll tell you. It means—well, like if it's very hot—  
and you get into a cold shower—better yet, I know a song says  
just what it means. (*Zayda now starts to sing "OISGETZAICH-*  
*NET" [OUT OF THIS WORLD].*)

1.

LIFE IS FULL OF LOTS OF LITTLE PLEASURES,  
LIKE A STRUDEL, STUFFED WITH MANY TREASURES.  
THO YOU'RE SURE THE WORLD IS GOING WRONG,  
EVERY LITTLE WHILE SOMETHING COMES ALONG.

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET AMAZEL,  
TRANSLATION—OUT OF THIS WORLD!

2.

IT COULD BE A BOWL OF BORSCHT OR SCHAV,  
ON A HOT DAY, OR A CANTOR DARVNEN,  
LIKE CARUSO, HOT PASTRAMI RYE,  
OR A TZATZKELE COMING BOUNCING BY.

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET AMAZEL,  
TRANSLATION—OUT OF THIS WORLD!

3. IT COULD BE THE SMELL OF BREAD THAT BAKES,  
OR A HOT BATH WHEN YOUR BONES ARE ACHING,  
AFTER WORK, A WELCOME GLASS OF SCHNAPPS,  
OR AN ACHING TOOTH WHEN IT FIN'LLY STOPS.

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!  
OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!  
OY!—OISGETZAICHNET AMAZEL,  
TRANSLATION—OUT OF THIS WORLD!

4. IT COULD BE A GAME OF CARDS YOU WIN,  
A GLASS SELTZER AFTER A BIG DINNER  
BITING ON A RIPE AND JUICY PEACH,  
OR SOMEONE TO SCRATCH WHERE YOU CANNOT  
REACH.

OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!  
OY!—OISGETZAICHNET!  
OY!—OISGETZAICHNET AMAZEL,  
TRANSLATION—OUT OF THIS WORLD!

*(They all applaud. Police break in brandishing kerrie clubs. They  
grab Zayda and motion the others out.)*

CURTAIN COMES DOWN ON ACT ONE

ACT II

*Before the curtain rises, we are aware of the sound of the song "SOME THINGS." When the curtain goes up, the lights come up and we see Paulus, Peter and the others we have met at Green Meadows in jail. They are singing "SOME THINGS."*

ALL.

SOME THINGS A MAN MUST HAVE  
AS MUCH AS MEAT AND BREAD.  
SOME THINGS A MAN MUST HAVE  
SO HE CAN LIFT HIS HEAD.

SOME THINGS A MAN MUST KEEP  
SO THAT HIS SOUL MAY LIVE!  
SOME THINGS BEYOND A PRICE  
HE IS NOT FREE TO GIVE.  
TO WALK IN FREEDOM,  
BROTHER TO ALL MEN HE SEES  
UPON HIS FEET!  
NOT ON HIS KNEES!

SOME THINGS A MAN MUST CHERISH,  
FIGHT FOR WHILE HE CAN.  
SOME THINGS A MAN MUST HAVE,  
OR HOW IS HE A MAN?  
OR WHY IS HE A MAN?  
OR WHY IS HE A MAN?  
SOME THINGS, SOME THINGS, SOME THINGS!  
HM.

*(Zayda is sitting on a bench outside the cell. Listens and nods his head in tempo. Groenwald stands listening at desk. Capt. Dyckboom enters.)*

DYCKBOOM. *(To Groenwald.)* Quiet them up!

GROENWALD. Quiet down! *(Music fades. Dyckboom crosses to his desk.)*

... want to say . . .

... Quiet!

ZAYDA. Gentlemen . . . (He gets up, motions to those in cell "don't worry, I'll get you out" and crosses to the desk and hammers on it.) Gentlemen . . .

DYCKBOOM. Sit down!

ZAYDA. Gentlemen . . . (He taps again on the bench.)

GROENWALD. (Grabs his arm.) You sit on the bench!

ZAYDA. A bench, sugt er! I'm entitled to a cage!

GROENWALD. Sit!

ZAYDA. No. I want to go in.

DYCKBOOM. You're been told you CAN'T go in!

ZAYDA. Then I want to go out! (He heads for the door but Groenwald leads him back to the bench.)

GROENWALD. Come on now, you're under arrest. You know that. Now sit here quietly—sitz! (Zayda sits.)

ZAYDA. Paulus . . . a drink! (Paulus holds bottle through cell bars, Zayda goes for it.)

DYCKBOOM. Get that bottle, Groenwald! (Groenwald gets bottle, gives it to Dyckboom.) An illegal beverage, too!

ZAYDA. Water is an illegal beverage?

DYCKBOOM. Water out of a bottle like this?

ZAYDA. If they're thirsty . . . (Dyckboom opens bottle, smells it, hands it back to Groenwald, who hands it to Paulus, who gives it to Zayda. Zayda drinks and hands bottle back to Paulus.) Good water—you want some?

DYCKBOOM. Quiet!

ZAYDA. Gentlemen, one question: sometimes you let people go?

DYCKBOOM. When they're innocent, always . . .

ZAYDA. (Going to cell.) One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six . . . seven. All innocent. Me, I asked to go to Green Meadows. Them, innocent. Let them out. Seven!

DYCKBOOM. So you're the judge, huh?

ZAYDA. Better than the judge. The judge you have to tell what happened. I know already. My fault. They did nothing. Let them out! (Crosses to Dyckboom and Groenwald.)

DYCKBOOM. Old man, you be smart. Don't worry about them. You worry about yourself . . .

ZAYDA. My son . . . he'll get me out. But they . . . they don't

have any sons . . . *(He takes bill from pocket.)* here . . . a pound for the two of you. *(Hands it to Dyckboom.)*

DYCKBOOM. Thank you . . . I'll keep it as evidence and add it to the charges. Wait, I'll give you a receipt. *(Starts writing.)*

ZAYDA. Never mind, we're a little in a hurry . . .

DYCKBOOM. Will you be quiet so I can write.

ZAYDA. But I'm late for my party . . .

DYCKBOOM. You're not going any place for a while! And neither are they! Now just sit down . . . *(Hands Zayda the receipt.)*

ZAYDA. And my money? You forgot already.

DYCKBOOM. Quiet! *(Almost reverentially.)* You're in a jail!

ZAYDA. I want my pound back. *(To Zulus.)* You saw I gave it to him. A whole pound! You think it grows on trees? You . . . you . . . he calls himself a policeman! *(Harry enters from the outer door, L. The Zayda rushes to him.)* Herscle, er hut mein gelt aveckgenommen. A whole pound . . . schwindler! Goniff!

HARRY. Papa . . . shah . . . shah!

ZAYDA. He takes my money and I should be shah?

HARRY. Papa, do me a favor, a big favor . . . bleib shah . . .

ZAYDA. A favor? All right . . . *(He moves to the bench, sits.)* shah!

DYCKBOOM. *(To Harry, from up behind the desk.)* You the son? *(Harry nods.)* You have your pass for entering the location? *(Harry hands pass. Dyckboom reads it, hands it back. Groenwald crosses to Zayda.)* He lives with you, the old man?

HARRY. Yes.

DYCKBOOM. You are Jews, no?

HARRY. Yes . . . we're Jewish.

DYCKBOOM. What does he do for a living, your father?

HARRY. Nothing.

DYCKBOOM. Doesn't sell? Peddle?

HARRY. No, nothing. He lives with me.

DYCKBOOM. How does he spend his time? He's a member of a club, an organization?

HARRY. Nothing, Captain, nothing . . .

DYCKBOOM. Where is he from?

HARRY. From London.

DYCKBOOM. He was born in London?

HARRY. In Slutsk.

DYCKBOOM. Where is that?

ZAYDA. It isn't any more.

HARRY. Papa, please . . . it used to be between Warsaw and Moscow.

DYCKBOOM. He reads foreign papers?

ZAYDA. Of course I can read. I can write too.

HARRY. Papa . . . Captain, what are you getting at?

DYCKBOOM. How long do you live in the Union?

HARRY. Since after the war . . . since 1946.

DYCKBOOM. You have had no occasion to learn about the Criminal Law Amendment Act?

HARRY. My father is not a criminal . . . his boy took him to the location . . .

DYCKBOOM. That's the point . . . a European mingling with Kaffirs in a location! The law says . . . *(Holds out book.)* Do you want to read it? *(Harry shakes his head. Crosses to cell.)* The law says, "Any person who does any act or thing calculated to cause any person or persons in general to commit an offence by disobeying a law, supporting a campaign against a law, or attempting to limit or repeal the law, shall be guilty of an offence and liable to:

a fine not exceeding 700 pounds,  
or imprisonment not exceeding five years,  
or a whipping not exceeding ten strokes . . .  
. . . or a suitable combination of the foregoing."

*(There is a long silence.)* That is the law . . . *(Claps book shut, goes back to desk.)*

ZAYDA. Paulus, I want water.

HARRY. Not now, Papa.

ZAYDA. Can't even get a drink . . .

HARRY. Captain . . . *(Dyckboom comes D.)* I realize that my father broke the law . . . unintentionally. I'm sure you'll agree that if the case came before a magistrate, it would be dismissed . . . or perhaps a small fine . . . isn't that so? Now I'd rather avoid that trouble. I'm a businessman and this is taking up a lot of your time. Isn't there some other way we can straighten this out? *(A silence.)*

DYCKBOOM. What did you have in mind? *(Groenwald, aware of deal, turns his head away. Paulus and the others watch silently. The Zayda yawns. He is tired, thirsty.)*

HARRY. Isn't there a fine for ordinary trespassing?



DYCKBOOM. There is. But when a European trespasses in a Kaffir location, The Criminal Law Amendment Act applies . . .

HARRY. But . . .

DYCKBOOM. And that calls for a fine not exceeding 700 pounds.

HARRY. Not EXCEEDING 700. That clearly means it could be much less . . . especially since this is the first offense. Don't you agree?

DYCKBOOM. Could be less.

HARRY. Well, what amount do you think it might be?

DYCKBOOM. Hmm . . . I would judge . . . under the circumstances . . . what do you do for a living?

HARRY. I have a store . . . hardware . . . home furnishings . . .

DYCKBOOM. Where?

HARRY. Elov Street.

DYCKBOOM. Hm-m-m-m-m! Well, under the circumstances, taking everything in account, and since we've been caused a great deal of extra work, I would say it would involve about fifty pounds.

HARRY. OH, THAT much!

DYCKBOOM. No, as a matter of fact, sixty pounds! Considering the trouble and inconvenience we've been caused, sixty pounds is a conservative figure. *(Steps back to desk, Harry follows him.)*

HARRY. It's still a lot of money.

DYCKBOOM. Not these days. There are businessmen who donate more than that to charity all the time.

HARRY. Oh, which charity?

DYCKBOOM. I'll think of one.

HARRY. *(Reaching for wallet.)* Let me make the contribution in cash. *(Harry starts counting money.)*

ZAYDA. *(Goes to cell, to Paulus.)* See, I told you, he'll get us out. Tomorrow we'll go to the Botanical Gardens like we planned and . . . *(Fades.)*

HARRY. *(To Dyckboom.)* I only have fifty-five pounds.

DYCKBOOM. The contribution is sixty.

HARRY. Oh. Papa . . . do you have any cash?

ZAYDA. How much?

HARRY. Five pounds.

ZAYDA. Far vos? *(Harry nods in the direction of Dyckboom.)*

For him! He got enough already!

HARRY. Papa . . . if you have it, just give it to me!

ZAYDA. (*Digging out money.*) To him, I wouldn't give. You all right, you're my son . . . I'll . . . have you change of a ten?

HARRY. In a minute. (*He gives Dyckboom the ten, Dyckboom gives him back five.*) Thank you, Captain. (*Giving Zayda five.*) Thank you, Papa.

DYCKBOOM. (*To Zayda.*) Go. Your case is closed. But first one thing . . . (*Motions to Zayda who goes to him.*) . . . you old man . . . rest . . . stay home . . . stay out of trouble.

ZAYDA. (*Pats him on cheek.*) A dank! You be a good boy too. (*Harry starts moving him out, the Zayda stops.*) And the others? Paulus?

HARRY. Papa, come on. It's all taken care of.

ZAYDA. Taken care of? They sit in the cages?

HARRY. Papa, for God's sakes will you come?

ZAYDA. (*Looks at Harry and at Dyckboom.*) Aha! Ich vershtay! Ich gay nit. I stay! (*He starts back toward the cells. Now all three start urging him toward door. Their speeches overlap.*)

DYCKBOOM. Come on, old man!

HARRY. Papa, we'll talk about it later!

GROENWALD. You have to leave.

ZAYDA. Who said?

HARRY. Come on.

GROENWALD. We're overcrowded.

ZAYDA. I don't take so much room.

DYCKBOOM. You can't stay. There's no charge against you. (*To Harry.*) He's your responsibility . . . talk to him.

HARRY. Papa, please, I don't need any more trouble!

ZAYDA. I make trouble?!

HARRY. Come . . . we'll discuss it home.

GROENWALD. It's all been fixed. It's all been arranged.

DYCKBOOM. It's been worked out.

HARRY. Can't you hear? It's been worked out!

ZAYDA. Is that so?

HARRY. Well?

ZAYDA. If Paulus stays, I stay! (*There is a long beat.*)

HARRY. Papa . . . you can't do this to me.

ZAYDA. So get them out.

HARRY. With what? Am I a magician? Can I make miracles? I want to know . . . with what?

ZAYDA. (Calmly.) I have with what. (To Dyckboom.) I give for each one . . . five pounds . . .

HARRY. Papa . . . shh.

DYCKBOOM. It's all right. I accept. (Quickly.) In the name of charity.

ZAYDA. (Goes to Dyckboom, taking out bill.) Here . . . five pounds. (Pointing to Paulus' cell.) That's for him five pounds. Open up the gate. Let him out. (Groenwald looks at Dyckboom who nods. Groenwald lets Paulus out.) Three . . . four . . . five . . . wait . . . wait . . . another five . . . hold this string . . . (He gives Dyckboom string which was tied around money.) ten . . . two more let out. (Groenwald lets out Joan and William.) Here's a ten pound—two more let out. (Groenwald lets out Mr. & Mrs. Lamene.) Look, my grandson's picture when he was Bar Mitzvahed. (Gives it to Dyckboom to hold.) Another five. One more let out. (Groenwald does. Zayda takes out golf ball from one of his pockets.) Where did this come from? Here, you hold it. (Gives it to Dyckboom.) Let's see. Let's see . . . here's three more pounds . . . wait, in this pocket I have one pound more in silver . . . and the paper for the pound you took from me . . . remember you took a pound from me? Now you remember? . . . Well, here's the receipt! (Groenwald lets out the last one, Zayda takes back his picture and the golf ball from Dyckboom. The lights dim. A music bridge takes us to this scene. The lights come up on a section of a small Jewish Cemetery. In the foreground is a bench. A fence and a gate are at L. There is not a fence facing the audience. The sun is shining brightly. After a moment, Paulus and the Zayda appear outside the gate. The Zayda has a tiny magnifying glass and reads the inscriptions on some of the headstones.)

PAULUS. (Pointing.) Bench!

ZAYDA. Yeah, nice bench.

PAULUS. Vasser?

ZAYDA. You talked me into it. (Paulus gives Zayda the small bottle. The Zayda drinks and returns the bottle to Paulus.) Nobody! . . . I don't know anybody here. Strangers . . . all -- gers. (He sits on bench and enjoys the warm sun)

goot . . . how you say "good to be alive?"

PAULUS. Impilo yinhle.

ZAYDA. Impilo yinhle.

PAULUS. You say like Zulu . . . leben is goot.  
 ZAYDA. You say like Jew . . . ai, good to be alive. You know who lives here? Dead ones . . . all dead.  
 PAULUS. Ah . . . isidumbu!  
 ZAYDA. Yoh . . . isidumbu! How wonderful you could live if they would only let you. (*Paulus sits down next to Zayda.*)  
 PAULUS. Baas Grossman . . . Harry . . . he angry . . .  
 ZAYDA. Get angry; get happy.  
 PAULUS. I make mistake take you location.  
 ZAYDA. Not your mistake. Not my mistake . . . their mistake . . . location . . . a mishugas. Tell me, how long you me together?  
 PAULUS. Two month.  
 ZAYDA. Two months. That's all? Why you not come to me sooner?  
 PAULUS. Baas not tell Johannes to bring me here.  
 ZAYDA. You have a girl there in Pondoland?  
 PAULUS. Not girl . . . wife.  
 ZAYDA. Wife? You never told me you were married.  
 PAULUS. Married, but not married.  
 ZAYDA. You have a wife, you must be married.  
 PAULUS. No. Not have lobola.  
 ZAYDA. What's lobola?  
 PAULUS. Lobola . . . boy show father of girl he love her.  
 ZAYDA. And how does he do that?  
 PAULUS. Boy give father cows.  
 ZAYDA. That means he loves the daughter?  
 PAULUS. (*All innocence.*) Why give cows if not love daughter? (*A beat.*) Father, my girl, he say . . . you want marry daughter, give four cows . . . not have four cows. Give one.  
 ZAYDA. He took it?  
 PAULUS. He took. Then he take me outside . . . he say . . . you nice boy . . . I you like. I want you marry daughter. We get marry.  
 ZAYDA. So you are married!  
 PAULUS. Married, but not married.  
 ZAYDA. Nit vershtay.  
 PAULUS. Father say, you bring three more cow, then I deliver wife.  
 ZAYDA. Funny thing . . . by us is the other way around.

PAULUS. Nit vershtay.

ZAYDA. Husband don't pay girl's father. Father pays husband.  
Called nadan . . . dowry. (*Paulus is overcome with laughter.*)  
Why you laugh?

PAULUS. Girl's father pays to get rid of daughter.

ZAYDA. And with your lobola, how long will it take you to get married?

PAULUS. While.

ZAYDA. And the girl waits for you?

PAULUS. She wait. Every day I sing to her, ask her to wait.

ZAYDA. You sing? How can she hear?

PAULUS. Like yohrzeit lamp . . . world turn . . . (*Goes to foots R. and sings his "ZULU LOVE SONG."*)

1.

REMEMBER THIS, TK, MY BELOVED,  
AND WAIT TK-TK FOR ME,  
IN THE HOME OF YOUR FATHER WAIT, TK-TK,  
WAIT FOR ME!

I HAVE MET A HUNDRED MAIDENS,  
BUT TK NONE LIKE THEE.  
AHAH, WOO-OO-OO, YINI LE-LE-MAMA,  
NONE LIKE THEE!  
TK—NONE! TK-TK NONE! HM! HM!

2.

REMEMBER THIS, TK, MY BELOVED,  
AND WAIT TK-TK FOR ME,  
IN THE HOME OF YOUR FATHER WAIT, TK-TK,  
WAIT FOR ME!

FAR FROM HOME DID I WANDER-HM! HM!  
I HAVE MET A HUNDRED MAIDENS,  
BUT TK NONE LIKE THEE.  
AHAH, WOO-OO-OO, YINI LE-LE-MAMA,  
NONE LIKE THEE!  
TK—NONE! TK-TK NONE! HM! HM!

3.

REMEMBER THIS, TK, MY BELOVED,  
AND WAIT TK-TK FOR ME,

IN THE HOME OF YOUR FATHER WAIT, TK-TK,  
WAIT FOR ME!

WIDE AND LONG HAVE I TRAVELED HM! HM!  
FAR FROM HOME DID I WANDER HM! HM!  
I HAVE MET A HUNDRED MAIDENS,  
BUT TK NONE LIKE THEE.  
AHAH, WOO-OO-OO, YINI LE-LE-MAMA,  
NONE LIKE THEE!  
TK—NONE! TK-TK NONE! HM! HM!

4.  
REMEMBER THIS, TK, MY BELOVED,  
AND WAIT TK-TK FOR ME,  
IN THE HOME OF YOUR FATHER WAIT, TK-TK,  
WAIT, TK-TK-TK, WAIT, TK-TK FOR ME!  
HM! HM! HM! HM! HM! HM!

ZAYDA. You sing like that, she'll wait for the lobola. Let me ask a foolish question . . . how much does a cow cost? (*A professional mourner approaches, wailing his wares.*)

MOURNER. A weib gestorben? A kind? (*Paulus jumps up.*)

ZAYDA. (*Gets up.*) No, no, gay aveck!

MOURNER. Ich'll dir zuggen a zah kaddish . . . (*Kisses his fingers.*)

ZAYDA. Vill nit . . .

MOURNER. Bloiz ain bob . . .

ZAYDA. Gay aveck!

PAULUS. What he want?

ZAYDA. He wants money.

PAULUS. He poor man—beggar?

ZAYDA. No, no—he prays for dead, saves you the trouble.

PAULUS. I give? (*Zayda shakes head vigorously.*)

MOURNER. (*Going from grave to grave.*) Tzyge mir voo? . . .  
Voo? . . . Voozsheh?

PAULUS. Zayda say: "Go away!"

MOURNER. (*Suddenly aware of Paulus' color.*) Vos tut 'er' duh?

ZAYDA. Who asked you?

MOURNER. (*To Paulus.*) What you do here?

ZAYDA. A Zulu king . . . fun King Solomon's time . . .

MOURNER. A Yid?

ZAYDA. King Solomon was a goy?  
 PAULUS. I chase him away, Zayda?  
 MOURNER. Ahah! Aib er is fun King Solomon's time, why he speaks English?  
 PAULUS. (*A deep bass in Yiddish.*) Vos, ich vill, red ich!! (*The Mourner is surprised. Paulus claps his hands.*) Aveck. Gay aveck.  
 MOURNER. A teivel!!! (*He runs off like a bird. Zayda and Paulus laugh, then Paulus notices that the Zayda is breathing heavily, noisily. Paulus helps him to bench.*)  
 ZAYDA. I'm all right.  
 PAULUS. Baas say we be back five o'clock.  
 ZAYDA. No, no, it's not five yet. (*Takes out watch, looks at it.*) You're right again! (*He starts putting watch away, changes mind, holds it out to Paulus.*) Take!  
 PAULUS. I wind?  
 ZAYDA. You take!  
 PAULUS. Your watch!  
 ZAYDA. For you . . . take!  
 PAULUS. You need.  
 ZAYDA. I want you to have it. (*Paulus takes watch. They clasp hands.*)  
 PAULUS. Thank you, Zayda. (*They start out of the cemetery L. as the lights fade. Lights come up on a small section of the verandah of the Grossman home. It is night. We see only the silhouette of the verandah and Harry, pacing back and forth. He is smoking a cigar. In the darkness, Paulus enters R.*) You send for me, Baas?  
 HARRY. Yes. I want to talk to you—sit down.  
 PAULUS. I not tired, Baas.  
 HARRY. You went to the cemetery today?  
 PAULUS. Yes; Zayda go—I follow.  
 HARRY. That's quite a distance—a long walk for Zayda. Mrs. Grossman said she noticed that when you both came back, Zayda was very tired.  
 PAULUS. I ask Zayda ride on bus, but he not want go alone. Baas, for first time today, I hear Zayda breathe heavy—khhh, khhh. I know what good stop. Called sloh. Leaf from plant. Boil in water, give Zayda. But much money—half pound. You give me now, I go when sun rise to herb seller . . .  
 HARRY. You're a doctor? You've got a license to practice medicine?

PAULUS. Slah good. Stop Zayda khhh khhh.

HARRY. What is slah in English? What is it?

PAULUS. No word in English. No word Yiddish. Just slah.

HARRY. All right. Thanks. Don't bother. I'm not going to let my father take something I never even heard of. Thank you . . . I'll take Papa to a doctor and have him examined. I know what to do . . . I've been taking care of my father for a long time . . . before you were born . . . slah! All his life he got along without slah! *(Paulus stands silently.)* What are you standing for? *(Paulus starts to go.)* Sit down! *(Paulus sits.)* Your father dead, no? *(Paulus nods.)* How old were you when he died? *(Paulus indicates he was a tot.)* Your witch doctor couldn't save him? *(Paulus shakes head.)* How come? I thought they had herbs for everything? *(Paulus is silent.)* You don't talk much, do you? How come, when you're with my father, you're talking, laughing all the time? *(Paulus is silent.)* What do you talk about? . . . I'd really like to know . . . what do you find to talk about? *(Paulus is silent.)* You're afraid to tell me? . . . Don't be afraid. What do you talk about? Automobiles? Shoes? . . . You went to the cemetery with him. You talk about dying? . . . World Affairs? *(Retreating a little.)* I'd like to know . . . so? . . . He teaches you about yohrtzeit and you tell him about slah, satellites . . . *(Trying desperately to cover his hostility.)* I understand, you have a lot in common. You tell him about the Kraal, he tells you about Slutsk . . . two little villages . . . *(Paulus, silent.)* sure, he tells you everything . . . you have a lot in common, you like each other, like brothers, like a father and a son . . . what? *(Almost in Paulus' idiom, almost masochist.)* I know . . . I'm not ox . . . you, Zayda, real friends . . . if Zayda hurt, you hurt . . . if you laugh, Zayda laugh . . . I know . . . don't you DARE to take him to the cemetery again! Do you hear me? He's not dead yet, you hear? *(His growing rage feeds still more rage.)* All right, you came here, you did your job, now you can go home! I'm fed up with you . . . *(Paulus stands.)* your pay? Here it is . . . *(Paulus shakes head "no" as Harry hands him money.)* and a month besides, and go! . . . Go on! Get out now! Out . . . out! *(Paulus puts one bill back on table. Paulus starts to leave. But before he can get to the door, Harry stops him.)* Paulus! Wait! Try to understand me . . . this is not the right job for you . . . it's given us a lot of trouble, hasn't it . . . you take him farther away all



the time— I mean in your walks. I mean, a servant can't get too friendly with his master, isn't that right? You can understand that, can't you? There's nothing else I can do.

PAULUS. Understand. (*Paulus looks at Harry compassionately. He turns away and starts to leave. Harry walks back to the table, slowly picks up the bill Paulus left there and looks at it despairingly, as the lights dim quickly. The lights come up again on the Grossman dining room, about noon, the next day, Sunday. Helen, Arthur and David come in R. They are dour, unsmiling and bickering.*)

ARTHUR. If you wanted the fan to work, you had to hold the plug.

HELEN. (*Snapping.*) I know that! You were supposed to fix it!

ARTHUR. We don't have the right kind of plug.

HELEN. Dad has a whole store-full of them.

DAVID. (*Far away.*) He could have done something else . . .

HELEN. I wish you wouldn't mumble, David.

DAVID. I said Dad could have done something else!

HELEN. Shhhh! Zayda can hear you . . .

ARTHUR. Oh come on, don't mope!

DAVID. You don't understand. (*Sits.*)

ARTHUR. It had to come to an end . . . better now than later.

DAVID. Not this way!

ARTHUR. I'm not so sure of that.

HELEN. Will you two stop it! Arthur, will you get the wine?

ARTHUR. What for?

HELEN. Zayda might like some . . . look, will you both try to be a little more pleasant? Life isn't all roses, you know. (*Arthur goes out R. for the wine.*) Dad had to do something . . .

DAVID. I can't stand the smell of that fish. (*Harry enters from outside with the Sunday papers.*) I'm not hungry, Dad. (*He stands up.*) I'd like to—

HARRY. You'll sit down and have dinner with the rest of us! Look, I feel sorry for Paulus. I don't blame him for everything. It's Zayda's fault too. (*Arthur returns with the wine.*) Did he have to make a shadow of himself for Paulus even on his da-

One is as much to blame as . . . (*Harry sits down, enters happily, sniffing.*)

ZAYDA. (*To Helen.*) I know what  
chrain!

HELEN. Yes, Papa, I did make fresh horseradish and also—

ZAYDA. Don't tell me—I know! What goes with fresh horseradish? Gefilte fish! Right?

HELEN. Absolutely! *(They all laugh, except for David who stares at Zayda with trepidation.)*

ZAYDA. *(To David.)* What are you standing with an open mouth? *(He takes a small piece of bread and puts it in David's mouth.)*

Kum, ich bin hungrig! Ah soup, we're going to have soup. I like soup.

DAVID. I don't want any.

ZAYDA. You don't want any soup? Hershel, gib ihm a bissel vine . . . *(Harry pours wine for everybody. Zayda sings "L'CHAYIM" [MAY YOUR HEART STAY YOUNG.]*

L'CHAYIM! L'CHAYIM!  
DRINK TO LIFE.  
HOLD YOUR GLASSES HIGH!  
L'CHAYIM! L'CHAYIM!  
MAY YOUR HEART STAY YOUNG  
AS THE YEARS RUSH BY.

THERE IS NO LONGER A YESTERDAY  
AND A TOMORROW IS YET TO BE.  
SO WHILE TODAY SLOWLY FADES AWAY,  
NOW IS THE TIME,  
NOW IS THE TIME TO SHARE A  
GLAZELLE WINE WITH ME.

NOW IS THE TIME,  
NOW IS THE TIME TO SHARE A  
GLAZELLE WINE.

L'CHAYIM! L'CHAYIM!  
MAY YOUR HEART STAY EVER YOUNG  
AS THE YEARS GO RUSHING BY.

*(They all say "L'Chayim" and drink.)* Now let's talk.

HARRY. *(With trepidation.)* About what?

ZAYDA. Business! *Mihr Gehen zein reich . . . millionairen! Von coffee bags!*

ARTHUR. What?

ZAYDA. Coffee bags. You never heard of coffee bags, Arthur?  
 ARTHUR. No, I don't think . . .  
 ZAYDA. Ich bin the first. Tea bags is an old story. But coffee bags I invented . . . how? You take ground coffee, put it in a bag . . . spill in hot water . . . right away, coffee!  
 HELEN. (*After a little pause.*) But don't they already have instant coffee?  
 ZAYDA. Mit cream und sugar?! (*Looks at them triumphantly.*) The only thing is, how to put in the cream . . . we find how to do that, mihr velen zein millionairen.  
 HARRY. (*Laughing.*) Papa, you do that, you deserve to be a millionaire!! (*Zayda rises.*) Where are you going?  
 ZAYDA. Come right back. (*He exits R. as Johannes brings in a tray of bread.*)  
 DAVID. May I be excused?  
 HARRY. No!  
 DAVID. I don't want to be here . . . I don't want to be here when he finds out . . .  
 HARRY. No!  
 JOHANNES. Baas . . .  
 HARRY. What is it now?  
 JOHANNES. I have to be here, Baas?  
 HARRY. Oh, God! (*Zayda enters.*)  
 ZAYDA. Johannes, where is Paulus? (*A silence. Johannes looks at him compassionately and leaves. To Harry.*) Where is Paulus?  
 HARRY. What do you need Paulus?  
 ZAYDA. I want to ask him—  
 HARRY. What?  
 ZAYDA. About the cream . . .  
 HARRY. What cream?  
 ZAYDA. Fun die coffee bags . . . where is Paulus?  
 HARRY. He's not here . . .  
 ARTHUR. I read in the Mail that the tracking station picked up something, they can't figure out what it is . . . a Martian maybe . . .  
 ZAYDA. Where is Paulus? (*Another silence.*)  
 ARTHUR. Grandpa . . . you're going to have to know sooner or later . . .  
 HARRY. Arthur! He's not coming back, Papa.  
 ZAYDA. Vos? . . . Vos sugst du? (*The phone rings.*)

HELEN. I'll get it. *(She goes to the phone.)* Yes? . . . Oh, Tommy . . . *(Harry starts to get up, Helen motions "no.")* He'll call you back later, Tommy. Yes, thanks. *(She hangs up, returns to table, sits.)*

ZAYDA. Where is Paulus?

HARRY. He went home . . .

ZAYDA. He went?

HARRY. Yeah . . . where he lives . . . Pondoland . . .

ZAYDA. And he didn't tell me? . . . *(Stands up and looks at others around table.)* NOBODY tells me?

HELEN. We were going to tell you, Papa . . .

DAVID. Grandpa, I know how . . .

HARRY. Papa, we did our best . . . I wanted . . .

ZAYDA. What best? . . . You! *(Points to Harry.)* . . . You told him to go!

HARRY. No, Papa, no, I didn't . . . we talked and we thought it was best . . . *(There is a silence after the unfinished phrase . . . Zayda stares at Harry.)*

ZAYDA. Ashame on you, Hersheleh! Ashame on you! *(Walks over to Harry.)* You couldn't stand to see me happy, hah? . . . Ay, Hersheleh . . . ashame on you . . .

HARRY. *(Suddenly the brunt of attack, the focus of all eyes. Goes to Zayda.)* Shame on me for what? For doing my best? . . . For running all over town after you? . . . For bribing the police . . . for spending more time on you than my shop?

ZAYDA. All right! You don't need to spend any more time on me. I don't need you anymore . . . and I don't need your food either . . . I can work for my bread . . . *(Zayda starts for the door . . . Harry tries to stop him.)*

HARRY. Where are you going?

ZAYDA. Where? I don't know. I don't know. One last favor I ask you, Hersheleh . . . where did he go? Where did you send him?

HARRY. Papa, you won't find him, it's no use . . .

ZAYDA. For YOU is no use . . . for me is use . . . *(He starts out the door.)*

HARRY. Where are you going?

ZAYDA. Where I need to I'll go . . .

HARRY. I forbid you to go out now! *(Grabs Zayda's arm.)* Sit down!

ZAYDA. Forbid? Me you forbid nothing! (*Harry still holds him. David crosses to Harry.*)

HARRY. I won't go chasing you again, do you hear?

ZAYDA. Leave me alone! Leave me alone! From you I had enough!

HARRY. Papa, please . . . (*David grabs Harry's arm.*)

DAVID. Dad . . .

HARRY. (*Turns to David, furiously.*) TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME! (*David does. A moment's silence as Harry turns to the Zayda and they look at each other. Harry slowly lets go of the Zayda's arm. The Zayda looks at Harry for another moment, then runs out L. The lights fade. The lights come up on Johannes who appears D. R. in a spotlight. He is singing "HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM."*)

JOHANNES.

HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM!

HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM!

HOW DARK A DESERTED HOUSE, SO LONELY AND BARE.

HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM!

COME HOME, COME HOME AND CHANGE WINTER TO SPRING!

I WALK IN SADNESS SINCE YOU'RE GONE!

I WALK IN SADNESS SINCE YOU'RE GONE!

MY EYES LOOK AROUND, AROUND, SEEK YOU EV'RY-WHERE.

HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM.

HOW COLD, COLD, COLD AN EMPTY ROOM.

(*He speaks.*)

It happen . . .

When man young, if he roll down mountain, he pick self up, brush self off, same as before . . .

old man: humming bird sneeze, man blow away . . .

Baas send Paulus away, Zayda run.

You think he run far?

Not reach corner. He fall down like hunter strike with assegai . . .

now in hospital . . .

six day in hospital, from not run to corner . . .

Baas sad.

But David, he stubborn:  
He ask, "Where Paulus?"  
I say, don't try bring back . . . your father send away.  
He say, "I must bring Paulus back. Zayda need him."  
He young boy, David, but he stubborn.

*(The lights fade. The lights come up on the Nurses' station. Harry and Helen are talking. He is restless, moving. She has a jar of soup in her hands.)*

HARRY. Ridiculous! Absolutely ridiculous, bringing chicken soup!  
You think they don't feed them here?

HELEN. Harry, calm down . . . please calm down!

HARRY. What could you be thinking of? This is a hospital! They have a strict diet here!

HELEN. I thought it would make him feel better . . .

HARRY. Sure! Chicken soup cures heart insufficiency!

HELEN. Harry, calm down . . . what did the doctor say?

HARRY. Chicken soup! They can't even get him to drink water out of a proper cup! He has to drink out of that bottle all the time!

HELEN. Which bottle?

HARRY. You know which bottle . . . who got him to drink water from a bottle?

HELEN. It can't hurt him . . . *(Harry paces.)* it wasn't your fault, Harry . . . *(Harry stops, looks at her.)* it really wasn't. You can't blame yourself.

HARRY. *(After a beat, almost to himself.)* That's all he talks about . . . every time I see him, "Where's Paulus . . . bring Paulus . . . I want Paulus . . ."

HELEN. Well?

HARRY. Well what? *(Nurse enters R.)* Nurse, did you say Doctor Bohnen was coming?

NURSE. He wants to see you, Mr. Grossman . . .

HARRY. Then what's taking him so long? . . . I've been waiting half an hour.

NURSE. I'm sorry . . . he should be here any minute . . .  
*(David enters from hallway.)*

DAVID. Zayda's sitting up!

HARRY. All right, Helen, go on in. *(She starts to go, hesitates over jar of soup.)* Go ahead, take it . . . take it!

HELEN. You want to come with me?  
HARRY. No, I'll wait for the doctor . . . (*Helen exits. David starts crossing to Harry.*)  
DAVID. He's sitting up.  
HARRY. So? That's good.  
DAVID. (*Carefully.*) He wants to see Paulus, Dad . . .  
HARRY. I know that . . .  
DAVID. (*Finishes crossing to Harry.*) I think it's a good sign . . .  
HARRY. What?  
DAVID. I think it's good that Grandpa wants something badly. It's well, like the coach says, "If you have a need to win, you'll do your best . . ."  
HARRY. Rugby! (*A silence. Harry is in turmoil.*)  
DAVID. Dad?  
HARRY. Yes?  
DAVID. Eddy Newman's grandfather died . . .  
HARRY. Very sorry to hear that . . . (*A silence.*)  
DAVID. You know something I read? The average span of life expectancy for a person entering an old age home is one year and four months . . . he was there only six months . . .  
HARRY. What's on your mind?  
DAVID. All I wanted to say was . . . well . . . you were right not to send Grandpa to a home . . .  
HARRY. And the rest of it? Don't hint, David, I don't like hints. Speak up like a man . . . say the whole thing that's on your mind . . . you want me to bring Paulus back, right?  
DAVID. Yes, Dad. Paulus is good for Grandpa. And I like him too. When I listen to them laughing together, I always feel jealous . . . (*Harry studies him.*) I'm ashamed to admit it, but I do . . . I suppose you can't like a person unless you're jealous of him first . . .  
HARRY. Where did you learn that?  
DAVID. I don't know . . . Dad?  
HARRY. Yes?  
DAVID. I saw Paulus yesterday . . .  
HARRY. Where?  
DAVID. On Fairview . . . he has a job for a few days delivering orders for Jameson Pharmacy . . .  
HARRY. (*After a beat, with decision.*) All right! Get him plain to Jameson. Tell him I want him. If there's

me here . . . (*Growing.*) go on! Get going! (*David doesn't move. Helen enters.*)

HELEN. He liked the chicken soup . . .

HARRY. Good!

HELEN. But he didn't like the noodles. He said they didn't look like noodles.

HARRY. He's feeling better! (*They laugh.*) David found Paulus. (*David stares at Harry.*) What is it? . . . Go on!

DAVID. Dad, I think it would be right if you asked him . . .

HARRY. (*After a beat.*) All right . . . I'll go. (*Smiles proudly at David, exits. David and Helen cross to meet each other. The lights dim. The lights come up on Harry and Paulus sitting opposite each other on stools in the alley of the pharmacy . . . Paulus is quietly telling a story . . .*)

PAULUS. So when he come to farm, King Shaka see many isikhukhukazi . . . you know isikhukhukazi? (*Harry shakes head. Paulus imitates chicken clucking. Harry nods.*)

HARRY. Chicken . . .

PAULUS. Chicken . . . isikhukhukazi, in big cage, eating . . . and in middle he see intaka . . . eagle . . . big wings . . . King Shaka angry, say, "What eagle do here?" Farmer smile, say, "WAS eagle, I teach be chicken." Shaka pick up eagle . . . big . . . say, "You eagle . . . belong sky . . . go! Fly!" . . . Eagle look down, see chickens eat, jump down, eat . . . farmer laugh . . . King Shaka very angry . . . he kill farmer, then he take eagle up to mountain . . . high . . . sunrise . . . he make eagle look in sun . . . hold head . . . and he say, "Eagle . . . no chicken . . . remember! You are eagle! . . . Sky home, not earth . . . go! Stretch wings! Fly!" . . . Eagle look in sun . . . shake wings . . . screech . . . then jump and fly up . . . up into sky . . . (*A pause as Harry looks at Paulus.*)

HARRY. . . . Will you come back?

PAULUS. I not know . . .

HARRY. Why? . . . What do you want me to do?

PAULUS. Not sure you can do . . .

HARRY. What?

PAULUS. Many things . . . hard things . . .

HARRY. I am sorry for what I did . . .

PAULUS. I know . . . not that . . .

HARRY. You deserve a raise . . . I'll see that you get one.



PAULUS. NO! . . . Not raise . . .

HARRY. Then what? . . . Ask me . . .

PAULUS. Nothing for me.

HARRY. Go ahead.

PAULUS. Is hard to say . . . *(Harry beckons for Paulus to continue.)* Zayda, he old, but you no more treat like old. Zayda eagle.

HARRY. *(After a breath.)* I'll try. What else?

PAULUS. When I have day off, you spend with Zayda.

HARRY. That I can't promise . . .

PAULUS. Why?

HARRY. I've got a business . . .

PAULUS. One day week?

HARRY. I'll try . . . now what do you want for yourself? . . . What do YOU want?

PAULUS. One pair black shoe . . . leather.

HARRY. What size?

PAULUS. Size fit foot . . .

HARRY. *(Laughs.)* Don't you need something else?

PAULUS. I need . . . but not now . . . for now, I promise too! I promise we not hold hand in street . . . we not go Green Meadows . . . we not try to take same bus . . . we try stay out of trouble . . .

HARRY. *(With a smile.)* Can you do that?

PAULUS. *(With answering smile.)* We try . . . *(Lights fade on scene. The lights come up on the hospital garden. A low foot-high hedge borders it, separating it from the street. It runs diagonally across the stage. In the garden, on the street side, Paulus and Johannes are standing near the hedge waiting. Paulus steps over the hedge and looks around.)*

JOHANNES. Psst! *(He reaches over, grabs Paulus and pulls him back.)*

PAULUS. What wrong?

JOHANNES. Not allow to stand there.

PAULUS. You say in hospital not allowed. But there?

JOHANNES. Not allowed!

PAULUS. Only one step away.

JOHANNES. One big step. Here safe. There trouble.

PAULUS. In kraal, I understand . . . crocodile in river . . . trouble. But here, grass . . . flower . . . *(Steps over hedge.)* here

grass . . . flower . . . (Johannes pulls him back.) why safe here, trouble there?

JOHANNES. Is law.

PAULUS. Meshugah! (Harry enters from hospital, motions Paulus and Johannes to get out of sight. Helen, David and Arthur wheel Zayda on in a wheelchair. Zayda is dispirited and shows the effects of his illness.)

ZAYDA. What you want, Harry? The grass I saw already.

HARRY. (Softly.) I have a surprise for you.

ZAYDA. Again a surprise?

HARRY. Yes . . . a big surprise . . . (Zayda, beginning to think affirmatively, looks up at Harry questioningly. Harry, with a nod of his head.) Yes, he's here. (He motions Paulus to approach. Zayda looks at Paulus. Harry indicates to the others to leave. They go. Harry wheels Zayda's chair close to hedge.) I'll wait inside.

ZAYDA. Before you go— (He takes Harry's hand.) thank you, Herschele. (He brings Harry's hand to his lips. Harry, touched, can say nothing. He just touches Zayda's shoulder and walks off. Zayda and Paulus look at each other. There is a moment of silence during which they regard each other in unspoken emotion.) You got bigger . . . you were always so big? (Paulus smiles silently. Then . . .)

PAULUS. You look good . . . you no more khh . . . khhhh . . .

ZAYDA. No . . . no more . . . I want to go home tomorrow. (Paulus steps over hedge.)

PAULUS. I bring you present.

ZAYDA. Don't need. (Paulus unwraps package.) Don't need. (Paulus holds out nail harp.) I need! (He takes it from Paulus. Strums. A discord.) Fingers don't play . . .

PAULUS. I teach fingers. (They start strumming.)

ZAYDA. Tonight it'll be a week I didn't see you.

PAULUS. Long time. (He looks around.)

ZAYDA. Why you looking?

PAULUS. I promise Baas we not hold hands.

ZAYDA. You promised? What else did you promise?

PAULUS. We not take same bus . . . we not go Green Meadows . . . we try stay out of trouble . . .

ZAYDA. No trouble? So what will we do the whole day?

PAULUS. We find to do.

ZAYDA. When I get out of this wheelchair, they think I'm going to sit around the house all the time?

PAULUS. We go out.

ZAYDA. Where? They wouldn't let us.

PAULUS. We find way. They look there . . . we do here. Kishef!

ZAYDA. (*Happily.*) Ay, Paulus, Paulus . . . are you a Paulusele! Takeh, Leben is gut!

PAULUS & ZAYDA. (*Singing.*)

BREATHE OUT, BREATHE IN,  
THE AIR IS FREE.

AND PLENTY THERE FOR YOU AND ME.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR SCENERY.

AYE! IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE, ZU LEBEN LEBEN,  
GOOD TO BE ALIVE.

(*Harry and Jobannes come out L. and R. and stand guard as the CURTAIN COMES DOWN.*)

## PROPERTY PLOT

### ACT I

*Scene 1*—Botanical Gardens:

Pass—Johannes

*Scene 2*—Grossman terrace:

African spear—Eric (OFF L.)

Folding money—Harry

2 drinks on tray—Johannes (OFF R.)

*Scene 3*—L & G hardware store:

Income receipt book, or cash register tape—Tommy

Telephone on L. end counter

Pass—Paulus

Watering cans (2)

*Scene 4*—Dining room:

Table with 3 chairs, set for dinner with the following:

Low bowl of flowers

Tea bell

Bread on tray

Plates

Silverware

Glasses

Napkins

Soup tureen and 3 soup bowls—Johannes (OFF R.)

Pocket watch with hunting case for Zayda

*Scene 5*—Hedge:

Hedge clippers and sharpener—Johannes

*Scene 6*—Botanical Gardens:

Baby carriage (OFF R.)

Nail clipper—Zayda

Change purse—Zayda

Pass—Paulus

*Scene 7*—Grossman terrace:

3 spritzers already made

1 glass with ice in it

1 open bottle of soda  
1 open bottle of wine  
Ball point pen—Zayda  
Tennis racket—David (OFF R.)  
Bottle of "Coke"—Arthur (OFF R.)

*Scene 8*—Grossman dining room:

Brass plaque  
Polishing cloths  
Yohrzeit glass in drawer  
2 brass bowls that fit on Zayda's and Paulus' heads  
Brass candlestick  
Attache case—Harry (OFF L.)  
Paulus' pass—Harry (OFF L.)

*Scene 9*—Hill:

Blanket—Paulus  
Water bottle—Paulus  
Amadumbe—Paulus (ladyfingers will suffice)

*Scene 10*—Green Meadows:

Amadumbe on plate  
Table with 2 chairs  
Beer in pitcher in pail L.  
Nail harp—on table  
1 glass on L. stool  
4 glasses on table  
1 stool R.  
1 stool L.

ACT II

*Scene 1*—Jail:

Law book on desk  
Bottle of water—Paulus  
Money—Zayda  
Golf ball—Zayda  
Photo—Zayda  
Piece of string—Zayda  
Pass—Harry  
Money—Harry  
Receipt pad and pencil on desk

*Scene 2—Cemetery:*

Water bottle—Paulus  
Tiny magnifying glass—Zayda  
Pocket watch—Zayda

*Scene 3—Terrace:*

Cigar—Harry  
Money—Harry  
Drink—Harry

*Scene 4—Dining room:*

Table set for 5—all including soup bowls  
Bread on tray—on table  
Bread on tray—Johannes  
Wine glasses  
Wine bottle—Arthur (OFF R.)  
Jar of horseradish—on table  
Sunday papers—Harry

*Scene 5—Nurse's desk:*

Jar of soup in bag—Helen  
On nurse's desk—  
Clipboard  
Notebook  
Pencil

*Scene 6—Alley:*

Stools (2)

*Scene 7—Garden of hospital:*

Wheelchair for Zayda (OFF L.)  
Nail harp in bag—Paulus (OFF R.)

## ZULU GLOSSARY

Ubaba mkhulu— <i>grandfather</i>	ifastela— <i>window</i>
kraal— <i>native village</i>	umese— <i>knife</i>
assegai— <i>spear</i>	injebe— <i>beard</i>
tsotsies— <i>gangsters</i>	Imilenzi Emide— <i>Long Legs</i>
baas— <i>boss</i>	isikhumba— <i>skin</i>
oubaas— <i>old boss</i>	amadumbe— <i>potato cake</i>
Ufanani?— <i>What do you want?</i>	Umlungu— <i>European</i>
Khuluma!— <i>Speak!</i>	Isiginci— <i>nail barp</i>
Ngi— <i>I</i>	isidumbu— <i>corpses</i>
isicathulo— <i>shoes</i>	lobola— <i>dowry</i>
nye— <i>one</i>	isikhukhukazi— <i>chicken</i>
bili— <i>two</i>	intaka— <i>eagle</i>
Nawa amanzi— <i>Here is water.</i>	impilo yinhle— <i>good to be alive</i>

Umfowethu ungithume lapha—*My brother sent me here.*

Johannes avi lapha—*Johannes is not here.*

Uyagonda Yiddish?—*Do you understand Yiddish?*

Ngi gondana isi Zulu—*I understand Zulu.*

Akafani Nomfowenu.—*He doesn't look like your brother.*

Isitolo esihle impela. Naku sensibona nemishini yenhlobo nhlobo babe-  
quinsile kanti ngezimanga zasegoli.

*This is a nice store. I heard they had machines for everything in Jo-  
hannesburg, and I see it's true.*

## YIDDISH GLOSSARY

Zayda— <i>grandfather</i>	Kishef— <i>Magic</i>
Schweig!— <i>Quiet!</i>	Sholem Aleichem— <i>Hello.</i>
sehr— <i>very</i>	Shpritzer— <i>Seltzer and wine drink</i>
Schwartz— <i>A Black man.</i>	L'chayim (a toast)— <i>To life!</i>
arein— <i>in</i>	oisgezaychnet— <i>wonderful</i>
Shich— <i>shoes</i>	Chanukah— <i>Feast of Lights</i>
Tzvay— <i>two</i>	arbet— <i>works</i>
Er sugt.— <i>He says</i>	gur nit— <i>nothing</i>
Ich vays— <i>I know</i>	weit aveck— <i>far away</i>
Fenster— <i>window</i>	takeh— <i>really</i>
Effen— <i>Open</i>	far dir— <i>for you</i>
Farmach— <i>Close</i>	Purim— <i>Feast of Esther</i>
Messer— <i>knife</i>	Mir shinen— <i>We're shining</i>
Galizianer— <i>A Galician</i>	Sitz— <i>Sit</i>
zieben azeiger— <i>seven o'clock</i>	Ess— <i>eat</i>
doomkup— <i>blockhead</i>	Shah— <i>quiet</i>
chalaria— <i>fever</i>	A dank— <i>Thank you</i>
mishpoche— <i>family</i>	Bar Mitzvahed— <i>confirmed</i>
chutzpah— <i>nerve</i>	Nadan— <i>dowry</i>
Graysse Polkes— <i>Long Legs</i>	aib— <i>if</i>
Nemm arois!— <i>Take out!</i>	teivel— <i>devil</i>
Kum— <i>come</i>	meshugah— <i>crazy</i>
Schvitzbud— <i>Steambath</i>	

Ich bin hungriq.—*I'm hungry.*  
 Du gibst mir mazel tov?—*Are you congratulating me?*  
 Die breyt is nit frish.—*The bread is not fresh.*  
 Helen sugt sie hut es gekayft blois zvay stunden zurick.  
*Helen says she bought it only two hours ago.*  
 Zvay stunden und schayn alt.—*Two hours and already old.*  
 Far vus hust du gepeddelt . . ?—*Why did you peddle . . ?*  
 Gist mir genug.—*You give me enough.*  
 Vos du gist mir, farspend ich.—*What you give me, I spend.*  
 Und vos Ich fardeen, steck ich aveck far die alte yohren.  
*And what I earn, I put away for my old age.*  
 Verstayst Yiddish?—*Do you understand Yiddish?*  
 Ich verstay.—*I understand.*



Ob du villst eppes . . . —*If you want anything . . .*  
 Vos is dus?—*What is this?*  
 Gay zum tisch, giess oon a gluz vasser. Bring es zu mir.  
*Go to the table, pour a glass of water. Bring it to me.*  
 Ut is vasser.—*Here is water.*  
 Hub dir in bud! (a curse)—*I have you in the bath!*  
 Er hut es aveckgenommen. He took it away.  
 Ut is a yohrzeit lamp.—*Here is an anniversary lamp.*  
 Dus luz ich nit.—*I don't allow that.*  
 Ich care nit.—*I don't care.*  
 Ich bin a mann.—*I'm a man.*  
 A schainem dank.—*Thank you.*  
 Schwindler! Goniff!—*Swindler! Thief!*  
 Far vos?—*What for?*  
 A mishugas!—*An idiocy!*  
 A weib gestorben?—*A kind? A wife dead? A child?*  
 Gay aveck!—*Go away!*  
 Ich'll dir zuggen a zah kaddish.  
*I'll say such a delightful prayer for the dead.*  
 Blois ain bob.—*Just one sbilling.*  
 Voo? Voozsheh?—*Where? Where?*  
 Vus tut er doh?—*What is he doing here?*  
 A Yid?—*A Jew?*  
 A Goy?—*A Gentile?*  
 Vos ich vill, red ich.—*What I want, I speak.*  
 Gib ihm a bissel vine.—*Give him a little wine.*  
 Mir gehen zein reich.—*We're going to be rich.*  
 Vos sugst du?—*What are you saying?*