

UIT KARNAVAL
Deur
PIETER-DIRK UYS

Die toneel speel af op die balkon van Auntie Dora se dubbelverdieping losieshuis in Langstraat, Kaapstad. Oorkant die straat word partytjie gehou om die nuwejaar te vier.

DORA:

O, my tyd, Andrea, you can't call die people bastards, dearie... Ag nonsense, Phyllis darling, hy sal jou nie doodslaan nie, not while I'm around... Andrea, waar's daardie kind met die brandy...? Vat Phyllis maar na my kamer. Daar's iodien en aspirin in die kassie bo die wasbak. Die klere lê 'n bietjie rond, but ag, I haven't had the time to hang up my... Ag Here, ek is moeg... En hier kom jy ook nou aangedraf, Jack. Dankie Vadertjie, not a moment too soon. Toe, moenie rondstaan nie, skink vir jou ou Auntie 'n lekker stywe dop... Ag eina nee, asseblief. Letitia, vat die bottel van die kind. If he drops it and it breaks, I'll perish without a whimper... Ek sê vat die bottel! Don't throw yourself at him, you'll crash him to death!... You, Letitia! My friend? Don't make me laugh. I'm not talking to you. Give me the bottle... Ek praat nie met jou nie. Gaan weg van my. Jy't my lelik in die gesig gevat. Ek ken jou nie... Wat gaan tog aan met vandag se kinders?...

[Pause. Sy begin sing]

The moon belongs to everyone
the best things in life are free
the stars belong to everyone
they gleam there for you and me
the flowers in spring
the robins that sing
the sunbeams that shine
they're yours, they're mine
and love can come to everyone

the best things in life are free
 the best things in life are free...

Haai, hoor nou daar, back to my heyday. Dancing behind the old butchery in Gordon's Bay on a Sunday afternoon. My ma sou dadelik beroerte gekry het. *[Sigh]* Ja-nee, lyk my we all live in the past, nè? The pensiongivers, the roadbuilders, the generation of tomorrow live in my heyday. Bet you they don't dance like we used to... It's funny hey, living here and now, that it's still all yesterday. Where's today if tomorrow's still 45 years away? Ag, Here, U weet mos ek kan lag. Ons ken mekaar al so 'n paar jaar of hoe, hè?... So 'n paar ou jaartjies. My kind, my lewe, my drome - alles tot niet want dis mos hoe U grappies maak, maar dis OK, Here. The best things in life are free... *[lag en staar na party oorkant]*

Maar verskoon my nou as ek hier iets vra, Here, maar ek is kwaad... 'n Bietjie... ontevrede. Ag it's just, you know... U ken my mos... ek glo... U... ek glo U is die Groot Liefde... ek sien mos daagliks U liefde in ons leed... U soet in ons suur. *[Sterk]* Why you play games with Phyllis? She's a good girl, Here. He's also a good boy, 'n bietjie stupid, but maybe it's not his fault if you don't mind me saying so. Maar dis alright, dis U wil. Dis U wil dat ek, Dora Lambrecht, born in Gordon's Bay in the years before jets and films and bombs and fear - dat ek hier is om hulle te help. You know me, God, ag ek's mal vir die kinders. Bring die kindertjies na my en ek sal hulle behoed soos U sê... I'm losing your battle, I'm sorry, darling...

My tyd is jy nog hier? Javanese Jumping Jack, nè? Ai my ou bediende in Gordonsbaai lag in haar graf. Honourary white indeed. Well, I'm a bit mature for you, but that doesn't stop us having a nightcap... Javanese Jumping Jack, ek drink op jou. Happy New Old Year. I'm young! I'm beautiful! I'm dancing! Kom, dans met die auntie. Let's face it, darling. I'm all you've got left.

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(Uitgewers: