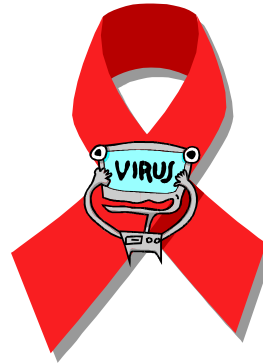


# What's killing us Now?



OR



**Presenter 1:** Good morning/day/evening. This is Free World News coming to you live from Johannesburg, South Africa. Yes! Who would have thought that in 1994 there would be an election in South Africa? Right, it happened 14 years ago! Everyone- both black and white voted for a democratic government. The world watched anxiously. Just as they watched South Africans tear each other apart in the past. The struggle for freedom was over in South Africa.

*(Presenter 2 enters from stage left - moves downstage left-in front. Prepares to report in typical news reporter style.)*

**Presenter 2:** Good morning/day/evening. This is Free World News to you live from Johannesburg, South Africa. Today on Special Report we'll be taking a look at a struggle that is raging in South Africa. Yes! It's a struggle that is tearing all South Africans. A country that has spent so many years fighting the world. Its citizens are now facing a new enemy. But the rules in this struggle are different from what South Africans are used to. It's a new struggle.

**Presenter 1:** That's right the struggle for freedom is over in South Africa. No more will we see the images of crude racism on our television sets. We saw Nelson Mandela walking out of prison as a free man in 1990. We saw him shake the hand of F W de Klerk as they received the Nobel Peace Prize. We saw the political negotiators hard at work crafting a future settlement to the conflict. We see a nation preparing for peace with itself. A nation is about to end years of struggle.

**Presenter 2:** The enemy is silent. The enemy is faceless. The enemy is all around you. This is the dilemma that South Africans are now facing in this new struggle against HIV and AIDS. There are more people infected with HIV in South Africa than in any other country in the world. AIDS is the leading cause of death. AIDS threatens the hopes, dreams and aspirations of newly liberated people. Can they really enjoy the fruits of freedom that they struggled so hard for?

# Music-dance.

**Person 1:** Hey Chief, how are you?

**Person 2:** I'm together Chief. You can see. Take a look.( points to his body )

**Person 1:** I can see that you are prospering all over. I was worried when I did not see you in the last months. I thought maybe you were sick with this new disease. But now I see that you have put on weight. So it's fine - you are not infected- you are not thin.

**Person 2:** Ooooh! You mean this disease that they call AIDS. Eish! Man, you know that it's not a disease. That is why they call it AIDS- American Ideas to Discourage Sex.Its the ploy of the white man.

**Person 1:** Yes! You know this disease can never happen to us. I think it only infects these white men who sleep with other men.

**Reporter** And so the ignorance and denial of HIV and AIDS continued. "It can never happen to me" was commonly believed???

**Presenter1:** We are right outside the New Brighton Community Hall in Port Elizabeth to witness the first hearing of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. Its mission: to uncover the deep, dark and nightmarish secrets of the past South Africa. Today we will be hearing the testimonies of three young apartheid activists and the human rights abuses that they suffered in the name of racism.

**Judge:** Bring the witnesses in.

*(Witnesses walk in)* Today we want the nation to hear what took place in your lives 14 years ago. It's going to be tough. Tears will flow and that's OK. Take as much time as you need. Tell us the truth.

*(Witnesses walk to different geographical points in the audience.They fix their gaze either on an section of the audience or on a particular person and render their stories. They follow each other in a synchronized style punctuating the air with feelin, yet not being robotic)*

**Person 1:** We now know what we did was wrong, your honour.

**Judge :** Did you not know this when you killed her?

**Person 2:** We immediately thought about our own safety. What if she sneezes or coughs and we get AIDS. What about our children? What if this disease wipes us all out?

**Person 1:** So we immediately thought that we must get rid of Gugu Dlamini from our township to protect our community and ourselves.

**Person 2:** We got a group of people together and began to search for Gugu. As we searched the group got bigger. Word went around that Gugu has AIDS and that she must be sorted out.

**Person 1:** When we eventually found Gugu the group became too large to handle. Gugu did not get the chance to speak. The first stone hit her on the head. The next minute there was a shower of stones and rocks. The crowd picked up whatever they could find.

**Person 2:** Gugu fell to the floor. She was bleeding. She begged the crowd to listen to her but the crowd did not give her the chance. Some men rushed forward and stabbed her with knives to finish the job. Her body lay on the ground. The crowd dispersed pleased that they had stopped a threat to the community. I now know that what we did was wrong. All Gugu wanted was our compassion. But we were fearful and instead of compassion, we gave her hate.

**Presenter 2:** Gugu Dlamini, an AIDS activist, died in December 1998 after she declared that she was HIV positive. She broke silence about a disease that was affecting her province. A disease that nobody wanted to acknowledge or talk about.

A disease that could not be seen but was silently killing both young and old. This is what is killing us now. Gugu Dlamini broke the silence. She spoke out. She knew that she would be stigmatized or discriminated against. Her community was used to silence. They could not handle the truth.

**Person 3:** My submission to this TRC is personal and painful. My brother was involved in the struggle against apartheid, a young lion who attended the township school. I was still a little boy that time. Sifiso was a student leader who mobilised other students to resist apartheid laws. He was popular amongst the students and also known to the police. It was cold evening in Soweto. The lights were out and the streets were empty. Sifiso was in bed telling me a bed time story. The silence in the air was disturbed by a banging on the door. Before we could open it, a policeman kicked the door down. “WAAR IS SIFISO, where is he?” They roared as they pointed their torches at our faces. Sifiso tried to escape through the back door but they caught him. “So you are the trouble maker, the white sergeant screamed, Sifiso was silence. They whipped him but he could not speak, they whipped him again. He opened his mouth to say “Don’t let my little brother see this” the white sergeant said “SHUP UP” He must see what happens to trouble makers so that he can stay away from trouble. They dragged Sifiso, half naked, punching and kicking him on the way to the police van. Sifiso, Sifiso” I screamed but he would not look at me.

## **Sing – Asimbonanga / Thula sizwe**

Until one day I heard the front gate creak. I saw Sifiso walked up the path way. There was something strange in the way he walked. He limped dragging his right leg. They had broken his leg at the police station with all the kicking. He still cant walk properly today. I will never forget the day that face of the white policeman beating Sifiso. Sifiso told to forget the past and enjoy the integrated school I now go to. I’ve never had that opportunity, he would say. I struggled for it and now you must enjoy it. But still, how can I when my history is tied up with that cold night in Soweto. Should I forget what happened? Is it fair to view all whites as I view that white policeman? I don’t want to, but I feel that if I don’t, I will be letting Sifiso down. What history do I create for Myself.

**Reporter:** April 1994. It was unbelievable. They were out on the streets, singing and dancing and getting ready to vote. Today in South Africa all South Africans are equal before the law. White or black, rich or poor, it does not matter-one man one vote. The world was watching history in the making. The election of a new government for the people, by the people

The miracle of a freed nation-that’s the story of South Africa. The votes were counted. Its was official. The prisoner became the president. The oppressed led the oppressor. We witnessed the official inauguration of Nelson Mandela as the 1<sup>st</sup> black President of South Africa.

**MANDELA:** “I have fought against white domination; I have fought against black domination. During my lifetime I have cherished the ideal of a free society. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if I have to, it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die. *Never, never and never again...*”

**Presenter 1:** Today we say goodbye to Nelson Mandela as the President of South Africa and we welcome Thabo Mbeki as the new President. South Africa has shown the world that it is managing its transition from apartheid to democracy. It is becoming a country that is leading the way on the African continent. From Nelson Mandela to Thabo Mbeki- an example of how power should be handed over. A lesson for the African continent.

**MBEKI:** “As South Africans, whatever the difficulties, we are moving forward in the effort to combine ourselves into one nation of many colours, many cultures and diverse origins. No longer can we be falsely defined as a European outpost in Africa, we are an African nation in the complex process; we will seek to educate both the young and ourselves about everything all our forebears did to uphold the torch of freedom.”

## **MUSIC**

*(Sue enters with a song, Good to me- Mary Mary) They all look at her as she performs the song.*

**Sue:** *Chorus - No, no it ain't the way it used to be and Yeah, yes it may be hard to believe, When, when I think about all my blessings. I, oh I'm telling you God is been good to me.*

*Growing up in a really big family, I had to take what I could get; there was always a sister or a brother I had to share everything with. I had to share my room wear hand-me-downs*

*Cos we didn't have much money but now there's not much I long for, telling you God is been good to me.*

**Chorus:**

*You may think I've got it easy and that's the way it's always been. But that's not really my story, I'll tell you how it all happened, I had to work really hard to get here but I didn't do it alone. Someone was watching over me and that is why I sing this song.*

**Chorus:**

*If I began to count my blessings, I wouldn't know where to begin; God has done so much for me. He is been much more than a friend, He is been a protector and provider. Though I didn't always know, always been right beside me and without him, where would I be?*

I grew up in an orphanage. Firstly it was not nice because people used to call me names. Sometimes it was so painful that I wanted to leave school. I used to hate school functions because learners were asked to come with parents and I didn't have any, I just cried. But I pulled through.

I had a dream and I wrote it down. I put it where I can see it everyday so it can give me courage. I worked very hard and didn't let my situation or people around me to stop me. I stopped feeling sorry for myself and also did not allow others to feel sorry for me. I refused to be used and abused. I stood my ground. I tried to think and act differently. A person in your position doesn't have to leave school. There a lots of things you can try to do apart from leaving school and sleeping around to get money. You are beautiful and special before the eyes of God. You can apply for government grant.

**DANCE:** Can Dance

**Sing: Hamba Kahle**

**Presenter 2:** Nkosi Johnson's fragile life slipped away.. This 11 year old boy, who was the longest surviving child living with HIV and AIDS, showed South Africa the human face of this disease. Who could forget his bravery and commitment to sharing his story and challenging the stigma of HIV and AIDS. This boy showed leadership beyond his maturity in the fight against HIV and AIDS. And yet he cried every night like any other little child because he could not cope with the physical pain. South Africans will always remember the smile that stretched across Nkosi's face. He belonged to all of us. This is what is killing us now. Hamba Kahle Nkosi Johnson. Hamba Kahle.

## **MUSIC**

**Presenter 1:** History has shown us that there are few nations in the world that have successfully ended its civil conflict without major bloodshed. South Africa is one of the few exceptions. People struggled against apartheid. Leaders saw that words made more sense than weapons. That compromise is necessary to end conflict. So South Africans voted and ended apartheid. A new democracy was born. South Africa took its rightful place on the African continent and in the world. Its leaders are well respected and the country is looked upon favorably for struggling and defeating apartheid. As we end this report – we salute South Africa for its victories. The struggle has ended.

**Presenter 2:** South Africa is a time bomb waiting to explode. The country is struggling with HIV/AIDS. Apartheid was an enemy that everybody saw. HIV/AIDS is the invisible, silent enemy. HIV/AIDS is threatening to kill more people than those that died fighting apartheid. Gugu Dlamini's story was told – but what about all the other Gugu Dlaminis that we don't hear about. Nkosi Johnson's face is well known. The faces of thousands of other little children who are HIV positive do not appear on our television screens. We struggled against apartheid and defeated it. What's killing us now? HIV/AIDS. The new struggle has begun.

**THE END**