

Free Creative Writing Correspondence Course

A publication of Society of Young Nigerian Writers

DRAMA

Prepared By:

Wole Adedoyin

E-mail: www.societyofyoungnigerianwriters@yahoo.com, www.societyofyoungnigerianwriters@gmail.com

Website: www.societyofyoungnigerianwriters.wordpress.com, www.societyforyoungwriters.webs.com

Tel: 08072673852

CREATIVE WRITING CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

CATEGORY: DRAMA



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Dedication

This publication is dedicated to all the contributors

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INTRODUCTION

Our Creative Writing Correspondence questions are written by recognized and dedicated writers. We have nearly fifteen to twenty young and upcoming writers working on our works. They are writers who are just coming up and they are people who we think needs criticism and commendations.

The Society not only prepare questions to their write-ups, they also keep them constantly updated. Every year there are changes, because we need to use other upcoming writers works. It is vitally important that our course are kept up to date. That is why our correspondence course insists on using works by upcoming and aspiring young writers in the country.

Also, these expertly prepared questions are available for you to study at your own pace, in your own time, in your own home. At the end of the day, you can relax by your own fire side and read through your studies. No turning out at night and traveling to evening classes. No taking notes from lectures, everything is written down for you to study at will and revise as often as you like. No being held back because of slower students in the class. No being rushed too quickly ahead because a lecturer has to keep up with a timetable.

You don't have to take a chance on how good you are. You can rest assured that your interests are in our interests and we make the best talent available to you to achieve your aim.

How to enroll

The Letter of Introduction is normally accompanied by an enrolment form. If you require further copies of these documents, please contact the following contacts:

Wole Adedoyin

National President

No 13, Queen Elizabeth Road, Opposite Group Medical,

Mokola, Ibadan, Oyo State

Tel: +2348072673852

Website: www.societyforyoungwriters.webs.com,

Blog: www.societyofyoungnigerianwriters.wordpress.com

E-mail: societyofyoungnigerianwriters@yahoo.com,

societyofyoungnigerianwriters@gmail.com

About the Society

SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS is a literary organization based in Oyo State, Nigeria. It was established to promote literary and creative writings among youths in the country.

SOCIETY OF YOUNG NIGERIAN WRITERS is an international and local affiliate of Winning Writers Association, Association for the Study of Poets, Playwrights and Novelists lives and works and World of Poets and Literary Society.

Our thematic areas are creative writing, poetry, essay, drama, diary and short story writing. In a bid to effectively address some social issues like politics, corruption,

bribery, child hawking, religion malpractices to mention but few. We use various creative writing means such as poetry, drama, short stories, diary, novels and other forms of literary and creative arts to express our opinions and different views.

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Bada, Yusuf Amoo

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Joicy - Bukky's Friend

Passerby

Officials

Crowd

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

At the railway station, a spotlight revealed a beggar sitting on a household stool, wears an Ankara bubba upon a different wrapper and a black scarf as her head tie, a rough leather bag hung on her shoulder and before her, is a pink plastic bowl. Her left side is a motor road that crossed the railroad. A busy place the scene is, full of different vehicles, horn from cars and people passing here and there.

Bukky: (Speaking to herself) Every morning, we resume here.

Forcing our eye close like a real blind beggar

And stone of tears rolling down like a crying widow.

Well, I am not the only one here that begs spuriously.

After all, I am the likes of graduates

That later settle for one profession after all stress.

On the silent street full of companies and factories,

Begging for jobs despite nightless years of reading

In the war front of rowdy universities.

At least, I go out in the morning and come back at
night

And income every day.

Gaining everyday, no loss in the business.

This profession is everyday gain and no loss.

The whole passerby has one problem or the other,

They pay daily tithes to beggars on streets and roads.

Of course, givers never lack, as God says.

(A passerby drops fifty naira note inside the bowl)

Bukky: God bless you, God help you.....

He who God has help should help me

He who has two should give me one

I am poor, I'm in need

Please, help the beggar who doesn't have.

(A man comes and gives her cloth; two row of wrappers)

Bukky: (To herself) Who asked for her cloth

I am sure he has some money there.

Well, that is the nature of this profession

People give out what they have

Especially, when Prophets or Alfas order them to.

The fact is that everybody in this country wants to give

For every ones' faith lies in the beggars.

The highest quest of every one in this country is fortune and money

So, the more they give to the beggars, they more they receive.

(A passerby stops in front of her now, holding a black nylon)

Passerby: Have this mama

(Dig his hand inside his pocket)

Take this to it also.

Bukky: God answer your prayer

(She save the money inside her bag and tries to untie the nylon)

Bukky: What is it that is oily and hot?

(She untie the nylon now)

Bukky: Akara!

This is a sacrifice, food of the spirits

This is not for beggars, eewo, I am not going to eat this.

(She ties it back and throws it on the motor road)

Bukky: Has he forgotten that

A fire set to catch the vulture

Catches another bird.

If you dare dig a grave and lay mat on it

And you asked me to walk on that mat

I will never fall into that trap.

(She runs her hand through her head to the back)

Bukky:I reject it in Jesus name!!

BLACK OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE TWO

Late in the evening, the spot light revealed an office. At the window, there hung brown golden cotton, the room painted brown and yellow, a swivel chair resting it back at the window behind a desk, facing the entrance door that is closed. On the table, there are different papers, file packed on one side and on the other side, a laptop plugged into electric extension and another swivel chair that backs the entrance door. At a side, a three seated sofa is seen with cushion at both ends, a white standing air conditioner is seen at one corner and a water dispenser beside it.

The fluorescent light brighten up the room, reveals a woman lying on the sofa, well dressed like a modern bank cashier.

(A knock at the door)

Joicy: Come in, the door is open.

(The door open from behind, Bukky comes on stage)

Bukky: (Dramatic comedy)

Joicy le le yi

Joicy: Busky le le yi

Bukky: Whatz up na, any news today?

Joicy: Of course, there is, go inside and change your dress.

(She is walking toward a door that leads to another room now)

Joicy: And how is market today?

Bukky: We thank God.

(She goes in and come out with a new formal dress)

Bukky: And what's the news is all about?

Joicy: Your husband came today

He asked for two hundred naira

On the quest that he's going to Ikeja for an interview

Bukky: May God help us in this country of ours'

Everything is inconsistent

It is strenuous to get admission

The university is a grain of terror,

Where everyone fear failure to avoid another expenses,

And to get job is another pathetic drama.

You will walk; your leg will turn to young banana
stem

In fact, education is not encouraging in this country.

And if he doesn't get the job in time,

I will give him my savings to set up small business
centre

And all these walks on the dusted road can end

Or what do you think about that, Joicy?

Joicy: (Shrug) That is a good idea

I also have that in mind for mine to

But one thing disfigured tortoise beauty

Is the length of its forelimb is longer than that of its
hind-limb

Bukky: And that implies what?

Joicy: It was the news that was broadcast on radio this afternoon

That government will be sending out her task force

To arrest beggars on our streets and our roads

All in the name of Mega City

Bukky: (Humph) That can't be possible

Joicy: How are you sure about that?

Bukky: The people will protest against that

Juicy: And do you think the protest can stop the government?

Bukky: If the people don't protest in general

I am sure the Muslims will never allow that

Joicy: The Muslims! How could that be?

Bukky: It is foolishness to ask married woman

Where she got pregnancy, after all, she's married.

If the government wipe off all the beggars on the street,

Where do you want the Muslims to take their Sara to?

Joicy: You are right, but I am perplexed if government thinks of it that way

You know all powers lies with them

Bukky: This is democracy, Joicy

And not the khakistocracy

So be strong and courageous like soldiers at war front.

Joicy: (Flexing her muscles) How will you feel

If any one of us find herself in government bulldozer?

Bukky: Do not let the government talk blunt down your passion

And besides, the vulture has no room in barber's shop.

We are not the likes that will be arrested.

Joicy: I will like us to prepare for this very well

In order for our snail not to receive water from the
bottom of its shell

And you know, what is hidden in the market

Is what we know as secret

So, do not let us overlook this, let's plan our own
strategy.

Bukky: Of course, you are right, Joicy

Quality decision equals to quality life.

But what should we do than to run when they are
coming.

Joicy: And how do we know when they are coming?

Should we open our eye?

And you know the people won't give offering,

To the one who has no disability

And the road is full of different noise

Than to figure out the noise of government officials

Bukky: Then, how can we plan that?

Joicy: I suggest we arrange two transmitters

And from now on, we will both be outside together

One will be collecting money as usual

And the other will be out to watch government
officials

And alert the other immediately they are around.

Bukky: (Dramatic comedy)

Joicy le le yi

Joicy: Busky le le yi

BLACK OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

The spotlight reveals Bukky at the railway station as she appeared in scene one. Her head tie bigger than that of scene one and now with a transmitter at her ear.

Bukky: (Speaking to herself) God, we are here again
Here again at your feet
Do not make me victim inside government bulldozers
Do not make my colleague and me such victim
God, you know the fault is not from me
You too can see that education is not encouraging in
our country
Schools on strike and education minister organizing
parties
God, everything are done in your name
Nothing undone in your name, God
Our country's democracy is not for all
If a boy who starts by picking pocket
And ends as the union chairman
Could be counting millions today
And we that spent our days in school
Striving against carry-over can end up as beggars

To make a living, to prepare ourselves for business

I mean to prepare ourselves to set up a small scale
business

That we may be independent

God, everything is done in your name

Nothing is undone in your name, I mean without you.

I am tired of praying for this country

I mean we are tired of this country of ours'

The more we pray, the more we become a prey

The fruits of our prayers reaped by another

Everything is down in this country

Academic, health, moral, social, sport even
entertainment.

Many of our musicians' speaking in tongues

Like the beach prophet in his celestial gown

Our women dancing naked on stage

All in the name of money, God!

(Speaking loud now) Please help me

He who has two should give me one

He who God has help me should help me

I am poor, I am in need

(Speaking to Joicy through the transmitter)

Bukky: Joicy, are you there?

(From the transmitter)

Joicy: Yeah! Still on the matter

Bukky: What's happening around me?

Any show yet? Any unwanted news?

Joicy: Nothing yet Busky,

I am still on the look

Keep the business going

Bukky: Alright!

(Speaking to herself now)

Bukky: I know you will keep me safe

But why is this happening to our country

As big as it is, as wealthy as we are

And the masses are begging for life

They can't give us life, job to get money, to get food

To set up your own earning, they will run after you.

See now, I am sitting here in there fear

God, when will you make things right for us?

I mean when we will make things right for ourselves

(She changes her sitting position)

Bukky: Or should I go for teaching?

No! The beggars monthly earning

Is higher than that of the teacher

Even the lecturers, how much do they earn?

They all fast and pray to earn their salaries

Whereas, they are mother of all knowledge

Do they earn up to those that sit to discuss their own
business?

The house is to discuss their business.

That is why they don't give us good electricity

So that we won't see their nakedness.

And yet, all our daily needs keep increasing in price

When we watch them on our telescreen

They speaks grammar beyond the topic of debate

(From the transmitter)

Joicy: Alert Busky! Busky alert!! Alert Busky!!!

Officials around, prepare for a move

Pick the walking stick and your back

The crowd is not at your focus now

Good, take the left, open your eye a little

Hold the stick now; change the mood of your face

To that of gentle mad woman on the road side.

(Bukky unnoticed by people as she crossed the road galumphly, as from the opposite side. The uniform officials emerge the stage, trying to rumple other beggars)

Official: (Angrily brushing the dust on his trouser with his beret)

Arrest them all!!!

Echoes fro Crowd: Hey! Hey!! Hey!!!

(People stand gaping at the officials as they act)

BLACK OUT.

Questions

1. Make brief notes on this play using the followings:
 - a. Style
 - b. Dramatic Sketches
 - c. Scenery
 - d. Improvisation
 - e. Mood
 - f. Suspense
 - g. Stage Direction
 - h. Plot and Setting
 - i. Crisis and Climax
 - j. Write short notes about the Dramatis Personae.
2. Describe fully the character of a person in this play you have enjoyed reading recently.
3. Criticize as constructively as possible one of the characterizations you witnessed during this reading session.

Short Profile:

Born September, 15, 1989. An undergraduate of Moshood Abiola polytechnic, Abeokuta, Ogun State. He writes poetry and drama. He was shortlisted in the Naija Poems @ 50 organized by House of Hit Projects, Ibadan in 2011.