

SCENE 3: BROTHERS

Day 1: 15 October 1945, evening.

Nkrumah, Appiah and Hlubi's boarding house.

The music continues. Appiah and Hlubi enter, followed by Nkrumah whose face is in his notebook. Appiah and Hlubi pull out their cases and start getting changed. Nkrumah continues making notes. Appiah snatches Nkrumah's book and tosses it on the bed.

APPIAH: Clock out Kwame, no one is giving an exam.

NKRUMAH: George might as well be. He likes his notes a certain way.

HLUBI: I hope you're not wearing that shirt to the club.

(Gestures to his suitcase) Hurry up pick and something in my case, I don't want all the ladies to be gone by the time we get to the Cosmopolitan.

NKRUMAH: They're not a buffet.

Nkrumah rummages through the suitcases. Hlubi's clothing is not his style. He picks a shirt from Appiah's clothes.

HLUBI: There's one or two I'd like to eat.

APPIAH: *(to Nkrumah)* You should buy Betty a drink tonight. /

NKRUMAH: I don't drink. /

HLUBI: She drinks/

APPIAH: and dances/

HLUBI: And that's all that matters tonight.

NKRUMAH: I'm not staying out late tonight. I need to practice my speech for tomorrow. /

APPIAH: Plenty people going out tonight are speaking too. You're not the only one/

NKRUMAH: *(to Appiah)* You're not. /

HLUBI: *(to Nkrumah)* But I am, and I'll be drinking, and dancing, and kissing all night long.

APPIAH: *(To Nkrumah)* You need to cash in on all those months of sexual tension with Betty/

NKRUMAH: Betty and I are friends /

HLUBI: It is a scientific fact. Men and women can never be friends.

APPIAH: I want to be Amy's friend.

NKRUMAH: She's practically your aunty.

HLUBI: Pheromones attract each other. No matter how platonic you claim to be, one of you is secretly waiting for the opportunity for sex to present itself. /

NKRUMAH: That's not true! Betty is my confidant. I'd never want to lose that.

HLUBI: You can't fool me Kwame. I see what you're doing.

NKRUMAH: What am I doing?

HLUBI: You're delaying your orgasm, so when it erupts, you'll be an untamed beast writhing in the forest of Betty's screaming desire. *(mimics Dorman)* Kwame take me!

Hlubi dramatically collapses.

NKRUMAH: Not every interaction with the opposite sex must satisfy a hankering Marko.

Hlubi and Appiah exchange perplexed looks.

HLUBI: Did - did he just say hankering Joe?

APPIAH: Yes Marko. I think he did.

NKRUMAH: For the dumb ones in the room, it means to desire, to long for something.

Hlubi crawls seductively to Nkrumah.

HLUBI: Betty is certainly desiring something *loooong*.

Nkrumah runs away.

NKRUMAH: *(sucks his teeth)* There's something wrong with you. /

Hlubi laughs.

APPIAH: I've seen it in the changing rooms Marko. His penis is not that long. /

NKRUMAH: *Woboa!* ('You're lying' in Twi) Tell the truth and shame the devil! /

APPIAG: *Mekaa nokware* ('I told the truth' in Twi.) /

HLUBI: Let me see it/

NKRUMAH: No/

HLUBI: I'm a medical student; I know what average looks like/

NKRUMAH: You quit your studies eight years ago. /

HLUBI: I took a sabbatical for my film debut.

NKRUMAH: (*mockingly*) Oh yes, remind me again, who did you play in King Solomon's Mines? (*Beat*) Dying Kukuanaaland native number 1? /

HLUBI: I was a named character! /

NKRUMAH: A named prop is still a prop /

HLUBI: The Sun Never Sets, Harlem in Mayfair, Dark Sophistication. My credits speak for themselves.

APPIAH: (*to Hlubi*) You don't have to justify yourself Marko. He's trying to distract us from his impotence.

NKRUMAH: I am very, very virile/

APPIAH: Brew him a herbal concoction Marko, it'll cure his performance anxiety.

NKRUMAH: My love making is poetic.

HLUBI: A very short poem.

Hlubi and Appiah laugh. Nkrumah sucks his teeth.

NKRUMAH: Make your jokes, but history will remember me as one of the greats.

APPIAH: Of course, you're George's puppy now. /

NKRUMAH: Protégé/

APPIAH: Errand boy/

NKRUMAH: Successor. /

APPIAH: You lick a few stamps and now you think you're inline to become the next great revolutionary leader?

NKRUMAH: I will be carved into stone like Mount Rushmore.

APPIAH: Your delusion is unmatched.

NKRUMAH: Jealousy doesn't suit you, my friend.

APPIAH: I am a qualified lawyer. /

NKRUMAH: Trainee/

APPIAH: That can still sniff out your bullshit *Francis*. /

NKRUMAH: *Ka wano tum!* ('Shut up' in Twi). You know I go by Kwame now./

APPIAH: Oh yes, ladies and gentlemen, since making the pilgrimage to meet George Padmore in London nine months ago, Francis has now reinvented himself as an African./

NKRUMAH: I have always been an African! I'm just no longer using my English name.

HLUBI: Removing your English name doesn't decolonise that big forehead of yours Kwame. You still must figure out the man behind the name.

NKRUMAH: Isn't that why we are all here?

HLUBI: No, I came for the women and free food.

APPIAH: Get a real job Marko.

NKRUMAH: Don't listen to him, you're a star my boy.

HLUBI: Thanks papa.

APPIAH: Idiots. *(Beat.)* Tell me Kwame, does your purpose here include returning to your PhD studies in London; or are you rejecting that institution too?

NKRUMAH: Joe, I left my father back in Half Assini, mind your business.

APPIAH: Your supervisor came to ask me if you'd left to liberate Africa yet. He hadn't seen you in class. I told I didn't know where you were.

HLUBI: The only thing Kwame has been liberating are Eccles cakes from their packaging. *(Hlubi pats Nkrumah's stomach.)*
Uncle .

Nkrumah swats Hlubi's hand away and sucks his teeth.

NKRUMAH: The white man's university is not built to elevate an African's mind. *(Beat)* LSE wants to dictate how I should spend my money and my time. I want to study the political philosophy of my people. Dr Ayer doesn't want to supervise that. He says I don't have an analytical mind. But he is afraid that my thesis would send questions straight up the hierarchy, through the Chancellor's office, into Downing Street and force the monarchy to confront its genocides.

APPIAH: Only you would presume to have the loaded thesis in the gun of liberation before you've even written a single word./

NKRUMAH: I am an African in this world Joe. My life is documentation enough. I will not help the university shape me into a poor imitation of a white man.

Beat.

APPIAH: I'm still enrolled in Law School, so by your assertion, I am a mimicry of whiteness /

NKRUMAH: *(to Hlubi)* Marko, did I say that?! /

HLUBI: *(Exasperated)* Ah yeyi! (colloquial 'no' in Zulu) Please don't drag me into your arguments again. You're both as self-centred as each other/

APPIAH & NKRUMAH: I am nothing like him! /

HLUBI: Political debates are not the only ways to find answers for liberation. There is no freedom without the thespians, the musicians, the painters, the dancers. I contribute to the fight too. /

NKRUMAH: Then I expect you to dance for me when the enemy surrenders to the first Akan president of the Gold Coast./

APPIAH: Great men of all tribes can lead our country to independence. /

NKRUMAH: Yes, but I am the one working with George to edit the blueprint for Africa's decolonization. /

HLUBI: Wait, is George letting you write the manifesto?

NKRUMAH: George trusts me. *(Beat)* He respects my voice.

He likes my passion.

HLUBI: Dictators have passion too. It doesn't make them good leaders.

APPIAH: I'm going to run as the first Asante president of the Gold Coast./

Nkrumah laughs.

NKRUMAH: You have all the charisma of a grandmother's used waist cloth.) Our biggest and most ignored voting demographic in the Gold Coast are the youth. They need someone who can electrify them to revolt. If building anew from the rubble is good enough for British patriotism, it should be the same for black liberation.

APPIAH: We *must* also take control of the economic and legal powers in the colonies first. /

NKRUMAH: Revolution, Joe! *(Nkrumah pushes Appiah out of the way)* Act Now!

APPIAH: *Firi me so!* ('Get off me!' in Twi)

Nkrumah laughs and puts him in a headlock.

NKRUMAH: Don't worry Joe, I will make you a minister, of sanitation for all the shit you talk. /

Hlubi jumps onto the bed.

HLUBI: *(recites)* Like Romeo and Mercutio, Antonio and Bassanio, Hamlet and

Horatio,

They stop fighting.

APPIAH: *(to Nkrumah)* What is he doing?

HLUBI: *(recites)* Proteus and Valentine.

NKRUMAH: *(To Appiah)* Freeing us with his art.

HLUBI: *(recites)* Shaka Zulu and Mzilikazi. Many have philosophized its complex nature. But none has said more poetically than Seneca's letters. Test a man's character before accepting him as a friend. When you do, welcome him into your heart and soul, speak to him as you would with yourself *(Beat)* For true friendships are worth dying for /

APPIAH: *(to Nkrumah)* I would never die for you./

NKRUMAH: *(to Appiah)* Agreed/

HLUBI: You two have the kind of friendship you give children namesake to./

APPIAH: My lineage will never carry the Kwame name.

NKRUMAH: *(to Appiah)* Do you know who else were friends?

APPIAH: Who?

Beat

NKRUMAH: Jesus and Judas.

APPIAH: And who is Judas in this scenario?

NKRUMAH: If you must ask.

Appiah tries to hit Nkrumah.

APPIAH: You are not the messiah.

Nkrumah blocks the hit. He tries to put him in a headlock again.

NKRUMAH: You shall be defeated Judas!

APPIAH: *Firi me so!* ('Get off me in Twi.)

They tussle.

HLUBI: I give up! *Asambeni!* ('Let's go' in Zulu). The women are waiting.

SCENE 4: CHEERS!

Day 1: 15 October 1945, late evening. Cosmopolitan Club

Electrifying and feverish music plays. A bright 'COSMOPOLITAN' sign hangs above the bar. Padmore nurses a drink at the bar. The delegates dance around him.

Nkrumah and Dorman dance closely. Appiah and Hlubi cheer him on. Kenyatta meanders around them.

KENYATTA: *(He moans and sways to the music. To the audience)* You like that don't you? *(Beat)* You like the way the music seduces you? *(Beat)* The way the sweet liqueur licks your lips. *(Beat)* The way it smoothly slides your inhibitions off like a satin petticoat. *(Beat)* OOOOooo you look so sexy. So sharp! So delicious!

PADMORE: Keep it clean Jomo.

KENYATTA: *My playground, my rules George. Revolutionaries are allowed to let their hair down (Beat. He pulls Pizer closer)* Don't worry about your reputations here. The night knows how

to keep secrets. *(Beat)* My beloveds, this is your home away from home. Be free, be human. Get close, *real* close. Dancing is a mating ritual.

There's immense excitement and an enjoyment of each other's bodies.

KENYATTA: *(to Padmore)* Come on, get up.

PADMORE: Someone must be the responsible chaperone in the room.

KENYATTA: All work and no play, Georgie/

PADMORE: Don't call me that. /

KENYATTA: This work can make men hard, and not in the fun way. Cut a rug my friend.

PIZER: *(to Padmore)* Let's show them how it's done.

PADMORE: It's been a long day. I'm going to have another drink.

He turns away from them. The delegates exit, leaving Nkrumah, Padmore, Ashwood Garvey, Kenyatta and Pizer on stage. The rest of Cosmopolitan exists off stage. Kenyatta pours drinks at the bar.

NKRUMAH: *(to Appiah and Hlubi)* I'll get us some drinks.

Ashwood Garvey, Padmore, Pizer, and Nkrumah remain on stage.

NKRUMAH: Three beers please Jomo. *(To Padmore)* A successful first day George. Your congress vision is alive.

Padmore doesn't make eye contact with Nkrumah. He continues searching the bar.

PADMORE: It is not my vision alone. Abrahams is here. Banda is here. Milliard. Jomo, Amy /

NKRUMAH: I didn't mean any disrespect. But it was your rallying call that brought us here. We should have written a catchy slogan and printed t-shirts with your glorious face on them.

PADMORE: Showboating is unattractive Nkrumah. /

NKRUMAH: If your articles and pamphlets are anything to go by, the manifesto will be epic. I was thinking we should have a section dedicated to the youth in the manifesto. They won't come to things like this. They need to be met on their terms, in their villages, on their street corners, *(gestures to the room)* in their bars. /

PADMORE: *(snaps)* Kwame please! Let me enjoy my drink in silence.

The room stops. Nkrumah feels everyone's eyes on him. He takes his drinks and leaves. Silence.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Kwame was right. Today was fabulous.

KENYATTA: What's bothering you, George?

PADMORE: We didn't hear from Du Bois or his people.

PIZER: Commercial flights are only just getting back up. He could still be on his way.

PADMORE: *(to Pizer)* But what if it's something else? I've been careful not to overstep since the article.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: What article?

Beat.

PADMORE: I spoke to the Chicago Tribune during the trade unions conference in February. I was excited. We'd just had the largest Negro mass meeting in Manchester's history. I candidly mentioned that we should use the momentum to plan a Pan-African conference. The paper quoted me, and he wrote to me soon after saying he was concerned that I was leaving the NAACP out. He was already planning a post-war congress. *(Beat)* I suggested that we work together. I've tried to keep him informed of our plans.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: We don't need DuBois's blessing for this week to be a success.

PADMORE: The congresses are his brainchild.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: *(under her breath)* Depending on who you ask.

PADMORE: He is influential. My reputation and credibility are on the line.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Americans arrogantly believe they're number one in the world in everything, including civil rights movements. You've done nothing wrong George. Batons get passed on whether a predecessor is ready or not. Look around the room. There are Africans from all walks of life. Du Bois held four previous congresses and, in each one, he catered to the academic bourgeoisie. *(Beat)* Du Bois simply doesn't like being outshined. You all remember how he saw Marcus and I

as competition when the U.N.I.A emerged. *(Beat)* He called us a danger to our own people. Traitors. Meanwhile he was in the FBI's pocket./

KENYATTA: Allegedly/

ASHWOOD GARVEY: We reached the black masses whilst Du Bois was busy drinking tea with white friends and dancing at the Astoria *(Beat)* Jealousy made Du Bois write to you George, nothing else.

KENYATTA: Give the man more respect Amy. His writings on black America are groundbreaking. /

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Jomo, this week is about all Africans, not just Americans.

They drink in a pensive silence at the bar.

KENYATTA: The last time we were together like this, we'd been heckled and spat on at Speaker's Corner for being unpatriotic.

PADMORE: I found all my pamphlets in the bin as we were leaving.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: *(refers to the audience and delegates off stage)* My parlour was our sanctuary just like the Cosmopolitan is theirs.

PIZER: Your curried goat is still the best seasoned food I've ever had.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Spam and Lord Woolton Pie are punishment. I couldn't let you suffer on the streets and in your stomachs too.

KENYATTA: I tried to teach Edna how to cook ugali and she turned it into a lumpy watery porridge. It made me miss my first wife.

PIZER: Jomo, you have another wife?

KENYATTA: Monogamy is a western phenomenon.

PIZER: You're married to an English woman Jomo.

KENYATTA: For anthropological purposes.

PIZER: So, loving us is a social experiment?

KENYATTA: My dear, loving anyone is a series of unknown variables.

They all cheers in agreement. Appiah joins them.

APPIAH: *(to Ashwood Garvey)* Pardon me, aunty. /

ASHWOOD GARVEY: *(speaks in Jamaican Patois)* Excuse me?! Mi nuh yuh aunty! Mi still a young sexy uhman who cya ave yuh inna tailspin an lef yuh calling fi god inna di bedroom.

KENYATTA: Take a breath Joseph. She's teasing you

APPIAH: I - I didn't mean any disrespect. I just wanted to say how much I admired your campaigning in New York. *(Beat)* I'm a law student. Getting Adam Clayton Powell in the Unites States Congress is historic. I hope more black people become the firsts to conquer prominent positions.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: I know what I have done Joseph, but what have you accomplished?

APPIAH: I am the current president of the West African Students Union.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: I helped Solanke set that up you know.

APPIAH: I told the boys that I would pay my respects to Iyalode, our founding mother. *(He kneels and gets back up)* We have been doing you proud. The Nigerian Union of Students and the Sierra Leone Students' Union have affiliated now. Many of us want to go back home once our studies are finished. I'm here to make sure we voice our demands for independent states too.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Well next time we meet Joseph, I want to shake the hand of a country's president.

APPIAH: I won't let you down.

Appiah exits.

PADMORE: *(to Pizer)* I'm ready to call it a night.

PIZER: Me too.

PADMORE: I'll get our coats.

Padmore exits.

PIZER: Thanks love. *(Turns to Ashwood Garvey.)* He puts so much pressure on himself. He hasn't slept well in weeks.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Heavy is the head that wears the crown. *(Beat)* Just keep being there.

PIZER: Wonderful work today, chairman. Goodnight.

Pizer exits. Dorman and Johnson approach the bar.

DORMAN: Another gin and tonic please Jomo.

JOHNSON: I'll have a Lemonade pop/

Ashwood Garvey admires Johnson's muscular body.

JOHNSON: (to Ashwood Garvey) Good evening.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: It certainly is now.

Beat. He holds out his hand.

JOHNSON: (to Ashwood Garvey) Len Johnson.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: (to Johnson) Amy.

Ashwood Garvey keeps hold of his hand. She feels his muscles. La Badie enters. She straightens herself and approaches the bar.

DORMAN: (to La Badie) Hey, you disappeared this morning.

You can't be doing that.

La Badie ignores her and makes a beeline for Ashwood Garvey

LA BADIE: Excuse me, Mrs Ashwood Garvey, sorry to interrupt, I'm Alma/

Ashwood Garvey gets up to hug her.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: (hugs her) Alma La Badie! I thought you'd not been able to make it.

LA BADIE: I was meant to arrive last night, but there was an incident at work. A baby girl was abandoned at the orphanage.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: How is she doing?

LA BADIE: We rushed her to the hospital, but she passed this morning.

JOHNSON: I'm sorry to hear that.

LA BADIE: Pastor Ekarte was meant to drive me, but I told him to stay with the staff. They need his counsel. I thought I could make my own way this morning without getting lost, but I nearly missed my own talk.

DORMAN: *(to La Badie)* You're a delegate? /

LA BADIE: Yes/

DORMAN: Why didn't you say so ? /

LA BADIE: Why didn't you ask me? /

ASHWOOD GARVEY: You're the secretary Betty, you should know all the delegates /

DORMAN: We have nearly 200 delegates representing 50 organisations from across the world. It's a lot of people to keep track of.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: But Alma and I are the only women, *black* women speaking here Betty. There's no excuses. *(Beat. Dorman excuses herself.)* Alma, I'm so glad that you still came. *(Offers Dorman's empty seat.)* Come sit.

Nkrumah, Appiah and Hlubi curiously approach with drinks in hand. They sit at table close by. Dorman joins the men at the table. Johnson remains at the bar. All eyes are on La Badie.

LA BADIE: I've been wanting to meet you for so long. My mother has been telling me stories about you since I was little.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: I've heard plenty great things about you too. *(To Kenyatta)* I don't get jealous of many people Jomo, but this one is special. Even with all my friends in the Jamaican High Commission, I couldn't convince not one US government official to give work permits to the women and girls I was helping. Miss Alma La Badie slid right under my nose and secured her own permit to serve in the British Air Force. *(Beat)* You are the shining role model for girls.

JOHNSON: *(to La Badie)* I heard your talk this morning. The plight of coloured babies in Britain hits very close to home.

LA BADIE: *(to Johnson)* Did you grew up in a home?

JOHNSON: No, but my mixed family stood out everywhere we went.

KENYATTA: The town hall is for discussions. The bar is for fun.

LA BADIE: *(to Ashwood Garvey)* Can I buy you a drink?

Ashwood Garvey gets up to leave.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: If I drink more, I talk more, and George will complain that I'm not being a good role model. Are you speaking again?

LA BADIE: Yes, on Friday.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Wonderful. I'll be speaking tomorrow and on Friday. We should rehearse together.

LA BADIE: Really?

ASHWOOD GARVEY: *(Speaks in Jamaican Patois)* Wi black women *haffi* stick together, Alma. Find me tomorrow.

LA BADIE: Thank you.

ASHWOOD GARVEY: Goodnight everyone.

Ashwood Garvey exits. La Badie and Johnson remain at the bar. Kenyatta starts clearing up.

LA BADIE: *(to Johnson)* Are you a speaker this week?

JOHNSON: No. I'm here observing for the Manchester Communist Party.

DORMAN: Planning on getting into politics Len?

They turn to face the table.

JOHNSON: I'm not a bureaucratic suit. I want to know the people I'm helping.

LA BADIE: As it should be. Men that go from one institution to another, end up disconnected to the real world.

JOHNSON: I see lot of African students on my bus route. They look like walking zombies coming off the campuses.

Nkrumah approaches the bar. Hlubi and Appiah follow.

NKRUMAH: You say African like as if you're not one of us.

JOHNSON: I'm a Manc, through and through.

Hlubi approaches the bar.

HLUBI: But where are your people from?

JOHNSON: My father is Sierra Leonean, and my mam is Irish.

Appiah approaches the bar.

APPIAH: Have you ever been to your homeland?

JOHNSON: Ireland or Sierra Leone?

The men circle Johnson.

NKRUMAH: You're an African. You should get to know yourself.

Johnson notices the dig in Nkrumah's tone.

JOHNSON: If I didn't know myself, I wouldn't have dominated my opponents in the ring.

HLUBI: *(pleased)* You box?

DORMAN: Len's a Moss Side legend around here Marko.

JOHNSON: I was pro for 13 years until the colour bar ended that.

HLUBI: I've got a few moves myself.

JOHNSON: Show me then.

Johnson stands and holds up his hands. Hlubi punches into his palms.

NKRUMAH: Stage fighting is not the same as real fighting Marko. /

Nkrumah, Dorman and Appiah laugh. La Badie is not as easily amused.

JOHNSON: You're an actor? /

HLUBI: Yes/

JOHNSON: Man, that's a serious skill.

HLUBI: Finally, a friend who values my talent. You know I am a direct descendant of the great warrior King Shaka Zulu

APPIAH: *(Coughs)* Bullshit/

HLUBI: You're just jealous because your people aren't great warriors. /

APPIAH: Come again?!/

HLUBI: You heard me! /

NKRUMAH: We are a warrior nation!

HLUBI: But none of your warriors will ever be as famous as Shaka Zulu. When Hollywood makes a film about him; I will be ready for the casting call.

NKRUMAH: We don't need Hollywood to make movies about our heroes to know we are great. /

APPIAH: You Southern Africans always think you can compete with West Africans. /

HLUBI: *(to Kenyatta)* Mzee Jomo, please jump in. We are supposed to be here for unity so why are we being subjected to this elitist xenophobia.

Kenyatta collects their glasses.

KENYATTA: West Africa is not the centre of the continent, boys. Your success in this life is determined by how you select, attract, and retain mates. This applies outside of the bedroom too. Study your community. Grasp what they need.

Harambee! ('All pull together' in Kiswahili). Pull together.

Tomorrow is a new day. Try again.

Kenyatta turns off the bar sign. They all exit.

CONGRESS SPEECH

A projection appears: 'DAY 2: 16 OCTOBER 1945'. Ashwood Garvey and Pizer enter. Padmore steps to the mic holding a newspaper. The delegates surround him.

PADMORE: Congress, listen to this. *(He reads to the audience)*News coming from England..... "The opening day at the Pan African Congress was marred with bitterness" "They claim the removal of British rule would immediately bring heaven to the colonies"..... "the recklessness of speakers".... "Emotion rather than reason was the order of the day" ... "The Special Branch should investigate the organizers" ... "If their grievances are so intolerable, why don't they go home?"

Nkrumah interrupts Padmore by taking the mic.

NKRUMAH: *(to the audience)* Why don't *they* go home?! *(the room cheers. Padmore is forced to steps aside)* Imperialism is a parasite. Parasites are organism that live on or in another organism, called the host. They get nutrients from it. Parasites can cause disease, pain, or sometimes be almost unnoticeable to their host. *(Beat)* Eradicating imperialism in Africa isn't just

about removing the colonialist from positions of power. We must paralyse, kill and stop their growth of mutations on the continent, in our minds, in our cultures, in our children. *(Beat)*
Get out of *our* homelands! /

APPIAH: *(Chants) Firi ha ko!* ('Get out' in Twi)

ALL: *(Chants) Firi ha ko!*

NKRUMAH: *(Chants) Get out!*

HLUBI: *(Chants) Phumani!* ('Get out' in Zulu)

ALL: *(Chants) Phumani!*

NKRUMAH: *(Chants) Get out!*

KENYATTA: *(Chants) Toka nje!* ('Get out' in Swahili)

ALL: *(Chants) Toka nje!*

NKRUMAH: *(Chants) Get out !*

JOHNSON: *(Chants) Komot de!* ('Get out' in Krio)

ALL: *(Chants) Komot de!* ('Get out' in Krio)

Delegates repeat the chants as they disperse.