

The Second Coming

a play by

OWINO ELPHAS

Dedication

Dedicated to every child living under the umbrella of frustrating situations fueled by parents or guardians/ caregivers with unbecoming behavior.

To that child, please feel loved, known and protected by the outcomes of reading this book.

CHARACTERS

Aoro.....Father

Jane.....Mother

Joy.....1st daughter

Essy.....Prefect & second daughter

BrianSon

Mr Bakari.....Teacher

Ms Rael.....Children Officer

DaudiPolice Officer

Sam.....Pastor

Pupils.....Pupils 1&2

The play was performed during the 2024 Compassion Soft-Skills Cluster Competitions. It had the following the following cast:

Aoro..... Byron Otieno
Jane..... Travolta Loice
Joy..... Evet opere
Essy..... Vincy Amondi
Brian Wayne Joseph
Mr Bakari..... Rayvince Ochieng’
Ms Rael..... Mitchell Awino
Daudi Derrick Odhiambo
Sam..... Gavin Gift
Pupils..... Sandra Awuor,
Marryane Atieno.....Marion Molent
Alice Auma.....Emma Sheryl
Pam Winslate.....Molline Odhiambo
Travelian Chris.....Standard Flovia
PRODUCER.....Elphas Ochieng’ Owino

Every child should be Known, Loved and
Protected

~ *Compassion International*

Foreword

The play, *The Second Coming* addresses the awakening of parental responsibilities in societies. It is a timely representation of what befall most children especially those who find themselves in less fortunate families.

The story of Brian Nyang'ute therefore highlights the challenges of parenthood and the need to address those challenges soon before they get out of hand. Nyangu'te struggles to live with a father who hates his sisters and his mother. At school, he becomes the biggest problem to teachers and fellow children. Their teacher Mr. Bakari assigns the school prefect Essy to look for the boy. To find him, they device a way of making him reappear. How do they plan to do this? They organize a play to rehearse and since the culprit loves Drama, they are certain that he will appear. The playwright involves a play within a play to enlighten the parents to get ready for their own seeds-*The Second Coming*. I recommend every child to read this play.

Nawate Sharon

Teacher of English & Literature.

PROLOGUE

A bell rings unusually at Kioo comprehensive school and all the children run to the assembly ground.

Mr. Bakari: *(looking around angrily)* Good morning school?

Pupils: *(in shock and worry)* Good mor...

Mr. Bakari: There is nothing good about this morning. There is none at! I have always reminded children in this school to be good learners. That means that I will not be wasting my time talking about the same thing. Why do you take your teachers for granted?

Pupils : *(laughing and giggling)*

Mr. Bakari: One of you this early morning has gone to the kitchen and eaten the food for teachers. Now, where is Brian Nyang’ute of Grade Seven? *(Looking around angrily)* I want him, now and here!

Essy: Excuse me sir, Nyang’ute did not come to school today. He was preparing with me to come to school this morning but my father stopped him and asked him to remove his uniform. I am here because I managed to run faster than him.

Mr Bkari: *Ati!* Nyang’ute not in school ...? How is that possible when I am told that it is him who went to the kitchen and ate everything? Find him!

Essy: But sir our father does not want him in school. These days my father is very strange. I have not told you sir that he also ran after our mother in the rain two nights ago.

Mr Bakari: Find your brother! Which part of that sentence don’t you understand?

Essy: But sir...

Mr. Bakari: School prefect, you risk impeachment!

(Mr Bakari leaves stage)

Pupils: *Yawa! (The pupils look at each other in shock and surprise)*

Pupil 1: See guys I have an idea. What if...

Pupils: Yes, Tell us. You are always dramatic!

Essy: look, Mr. Bakari wants Brian Nyang'ute like dead or alive and you people are still wasting time with lame ideas. I am sure if we don't find my brother then it is me who will suffer. Do you remember how Miss Tembo punished me because Rose had spoken in Kiswahili on a Monday? I am not preparing myself for the same thing again. Not me again.

Pupil 2: Excuse me holy Moses, Time is people and we are the people! Whether you get punished again or not, is not our problem. Essy, why would you want to see Mr. Bakari cane your brother in his anger? You are not new at Kioo Primary School.

Essy: It is alright madam proverbs but everything bad that happens in this school always involves my brother and because I am

the school prefect, the teachers have to ask me why. (*Looking away*)

The pupils laugh out at Essy...

Pupil 1: Guys! Guys! I have the best idea because I know it will work. For us to find Nyang'ute let us make a play. Since he loves Drama he will hear us practicing behind the class and I am a hundred percent sure he will come.

Essy: Just that? Do you think you know more than we know?

Pupil 1: Once he comes here to practice with us we can inform Mr. Bakari immediately and he will come for his patient.

Pupils: Mmmhh...let's see. (*They spread out on stage*)

Essy: A play with no tittle? A play with no characters? Any other better idea?

Pupil 2: Here! We can call it..ttt... (*Cut short in thoughts*)

Pupil 1: (*sharply*) The Second Coming!

In sync: The Se...the se...The Second Coming!

ACT ONE: (TAKES PLACE AT SCHOOL)

Takes place at school (Kioo Primary School).

Mr. Bakari comes to stage holding a book and a pen for marking. He marks, pauses then talks to himself.

Mr. Bakari: *(pacing up and down the stage marking a book)* so this boy cannot answer a simple question. These are simple things I have taught and asked them to ask questions for those who did not understand. This boy Brian Nyang'ute is not able to answer this.

If two hundred children share four hundred books, how many....

Essy: Good morning sir. I have come to you with a problem this morning. So yesterday on my way home, Brian Nyangute...

Mr. Bakari: Hey! Hey! Wait. Are you the prefect? I only asked you to bring your brother to me but you failed. Are you aware that teachers did not have their lunch on Monday because of this one boy? Before you narrate to

me stories, I have to point out that there is a problem in our school. There is a big problem at Kioo Primary School .As I identified already; the prefects of this school are not doing their work. If you walk towards the latrine you will find a lot of rubbish. Three window panes to the windows of your own class are down since last week but none of the school officials has come to me to report. A parent here came to see the deputy head teacher over the conduct of Brian Nyang'ute. It is reported that he has been uprooting the farmer's groundnuts every time he passes by that farm.

Please confirm if that is true.

Essy: Yes *mwalimu* and... (*Cut short*)

Mr Bakari: Come to me during short break.
(*Teacher leaves stage*)

Essy remains on stage worried. A bell rings and the pupils peep onto stage before rushing in.

Essy: (*Aside*) what will I do now? My brother has decided to give me problems in this school

and even at home. I have become his watchdog these days; here with Mr. Bakari around I have no peace and my fierce father at home. The last time I saw Nyang'ute, I found him lying on our latrine floor!

Pupil 1 : *(To Essy)* Welcome to Kioo primary school! *Nini ilifanyika tena* madam prefect?

Essy: Today is Monday and you speak in Kiswahili. Respect rules or it will be whack! Whack! You are supposed to know that madam Rose has never stopped looking for culprits like you and many others. I already have a long list here of people like you.

Pupil 2: Madam Rose! I hate her with all my body parts. Can you imagine that she called me inside her room and knocked my ankle? She said that I was walking in a style that makes her eyes swell. I only have one friend in this school and the friend is not you.

What will you do to my friend for speaking in Kiswahili? She is my friend. *(Boastfully)*

Furthermore, canning is not allowed anymore in this country.

Essy: What will I do? It seems you lost your eyes. I AM THE SCHOOL PREFECT! I now understand why you make the eyes of Madam Rose to swell.

Pupils: Pleeeeeesee....!

Pupil 1: Guys are we still looking for Brian Nyang'ute?

All: Of course. (*Mr Bakari enters stage holding a cane and a few books*)

Mr Bakari: NO! (*They freeze except Essy who marvels*) I was busy marking your papers in the staffroom and your noise invited me. So tell me School prefect, what is the noise about? I can't have peace marking your work.

Essy: Okay sir. Since we are done with exams and the drama festivals are just to begin, we thought of trying something. We intend to make our school shine and shine above the rest in this region and even the country.

Mr Bakari: Our school has been participating in contests and from the much we have gathered most of you here have been scoring *Below Expectation*. So tell me about how you intend to make kioo Primary School shine above the rest.

Pupils: A play...

Pupil 1 & 2: Yes, a play and we intend to invite Brian Nyang’ute.

Mr Bakari: That is the biggest joke I am coming by this year. With that culprit Nyang’ute you may not even get three percent. Are you still planning to shine above the rest with him in the festivals?

Essy: Sir we hope the adjudicators will like Nyangute’s face Or even the script.

Pupil 2: And his name too. The adjudicators will be very hungry to see his face.

Mr Bakari: A face in drama festivals is not enough to earn marks. Do not think I have not been to festivals before. The last time I attended

drama festival a face with no brain was equal to a zero. Then what next?

Essy: Teacher, just wait and see. Then I will introduce the play. This play...

Mr. Bakari: How will you introduce the play?

Essy: Very easy. This is what I will say on stage; THIS PLAY IS ABOUT A BOY BRIAN NYANG'UTE. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN THIS PLAY WILL BE ABOUT WHAT YOU HAVE LOOKED FOR IN YEARS.THE SECOND COMING!

Pupils: Please love it. *They clap and cheer*

Mr Bakari: Congratulations in advance boys and girls of Kioo Primary School. Remember, I am looking for Brian Nyang'ute!

Essy: How does it sound sir?

Mr Bakari: The adjudicators will decide. Make sure you have the right costumes and props for the play.

(They high-five before Bakari leaves stage)

Pupil 1: Wow guys! It was my Idea.

Pupil 2: It was mine...

Essy: It was our idea. So guys very quickly before the bell goes, let us take roles for our play. That is also a very important area that determines what we get. We are working towards winning in this festival.

Pupil 1: I will be Nyang'ute!

Pupil 2: Impossible! You don't look like him. He is supposed to be Nyang'ute. Where is the funny face in you and your jokes are always dry?

Pupil 3: Then, I'll be Brian Nyang'ute.

Pupils: Exactly! (*Pointing out funnily*)

Essy: And I remain the prefect as usual. The teacher remains Mr. Bakari.

Pupil 1: We shall need the father to Brian Nyang'ute.

Pupil 2: And a mother too. (*They clap*)

Essy: What next? A pastor, a Child rights Activist and finally a police officer!

Pupill 1 & 2: Poliiice! To arrest who? *The other pupils leave*

Essy: Are you guys not with us? The police are employed to arrest those who break law and for our case the police will arrest Brian Nyang’ute! He pinched my nose last week on our way home after snatching my ripe mango.

Brian Nyang’ute: I will drop if you are going to bring police. And remember if I drop you don’t get the ninety percent you want. Who will make the adjudicators laugh? I am also your only brother why do you want the police to shoot my legs? How will run away from father?

ESSY: Brian, we are just rehearsing a play for the forthcoming Drama Festivals and we need good marks from the adjudicators. Our school Kioo Primary School must shine above the rest.

Brian Nyang’ute: Okay then, who goes first?

Essy: Of course you and your parents at home.

Brian Nyang'ute: Okay, one, two three
ACTION...! (*They leave stage*)

ACT TWO: AT AORO'S HOME

Aoro : *(pacing on stage holding his chins angrily).*

I am done with this boy. I am done with him!
There is no way I am going to continue feeding my age mate while the best he can do is give me problems. My friends ask me each day why I keep on delaying my breakthrough through what I have. A cow or so from the husband of my two daughters and grandchildren form this stupid boy. This...

Jane: *Baba Brian*, what is the problem? You have been talking to yourself in this house since morning.

Aoro: You are right. You are very right. You are the problem in this house.

Jane: Me? The problem, how? You have never accused me of that before because if I can remember well, the only time we disagreed slightly was last week when I failed to add enough salt into your soup.

So tell me, when did I start becoming a problem in this house?

Aoro: I am not talking about soup. Look at my face woman. It is your son Brian Nyang’ute! The boy disturbs his teachers in school; he disturbs people in this village and now all those when put together disturb my head. I already have a lot to do.

Jane: Like?

Aoro: I am already planning things for that boy.

Jane: But he is our son. Well, the last time I talked to his teacher Mr Bakari, he became second In Mathematics. Is that not enough to like the boy?

Aoro: Ehe! He became second! You don’t know because seemingly you must have been in a hurry to hear from his teacher.

That boy became the second last. Asking of what I will do, I will sell the land next to the road and use the money to buy him *pikipiki*. I believe that will serve him well after dropping

out of school. My rice farm needs somebody to look after it since the birds realized that it was ready for harvest. So before the birds take their portion from my own farm, you need to plan with your daughters on which days they plan to help with that rice farm.

Jane: Impossible! My only children! Then what happens to our daughter? Remember she is sitting her exams next month.

Aoro: Point of correction. Your daughter! Well, find what to do with her, as for my son, I already have an idea. (*Demonstrating*) PIKIPIKI...

Brian and Joy walk in and stare.

Jane: To hell with it Baba Brian! Our children must all go to school and allowed to do what they want with their books. Remember education is the only tool we can leave to our children not land and marriage.

Aoro: Enough of your quotes! If you continue this way woman then I will show you my real colors... (*Aims at Jane with a slap. She falls*)

Brian and Joy: Father...!

Jane: Did you slap me in front of the children? I knew you would do anything to this family the day you asked Essy to sleep away in the night just because she had come home five minutes past six o'clock in the evening. Even the blind Bathlomeow could see that it rained. What has come over you? The *baraza* you attend every Saturday where they lie to you that education is useless?

Aoro: I also knew you would address me this way the very time I married you. Do you want more? *(He aims to slap her again but she blocks)*

Joy: Farther! Did you slap mother?

Aoro: And you take her away from me and disappear. I should hear your voice asking your husband how much he plans to pay me for giving him a woman.

Joy picks her crying mother and leaves stage.

Brian: Father please, do not kill mother she...

Aoro: Do you still want to be a pastor?

Brian: YES! (He leaves stage)

Aoro : (*Looks around angrily*). I am tired of this family. I am tired. (*To the audience*) They will know me. *Clicks and leaves stage.*

ACT THREE: AT SCHOOL.

Essy comes to stage with a paper and finds the rest of the pupils discussing.

Pupil 1: Guys what do you think? With this play do you think the organizers will allow us meet the president once we become the winners? Every school that wins has always been allowed to visit the state house and I don't think our faces are that bad to meet the president.

Pupils: Here she comes...

Joy: who?

Brian: Here comes Essy the school Prefect.

Essy: So guys let's pick from where we left. I already picked the script from Mr Bakari this morning and he included all the characters and their roles. If we take this seriously then we must appear on TV, one God.

Joy: How does Brian look like in the script?

Essy: The bad boy, as usual. *(To Brian).*
Remember to remain the bad boy. Agreed...

Brian: Yes director. *Bakari walks in*

Mr Bakari: Remember to remain the bad boy. I will be Mr. Bakari, your teacher as usual. Remember it's a play that you will present at the forth coming Drama festivals. Winning with the play will require that you apply everything from costumes, props, stage management and finally to yor discipline on stage. What is the goal?

Pupils: We shall win! *(They clap)*

Joy: The adjudicators will give us ninety percent. The face of Brian Nyang'ute the thief of food will add us marks unless other schools will also have their own Nyang'ute.

Essy: We hope for the best. We shall begin in one, two ACTION...

Mr Bakari: Now, Good Morning School. *(They all turn to pay attention)*

Pupils: Arise and shine, good morning teacher of excellence.

Mr. Bakari: Wow! Sounds like a new one. We are coming to the end of this term but from the look of things we are closing it on a bad note. I have a problem with one Brian Nyang’ute since he has refused to change. There has been a recent embarrassing occurrence where one of you walked into the staffroom yesterday and added hot pepper into a bowl of food.

Brian: Not me sir..Is my step sister who tell me to. She say madam Rose refuse her to go home...

Essy: Liar! Liar!

Mr. Bakari: Silence! Respect the assembly! As for Nyang’ute, if you speak bad grammar on a Monday again then I will teach you a lesson. You must be the same pupil who sneaked into the teacher’s quarters and stole Five Hundred Shillings from my room. Please change your ways young boy. *Asiyefunzwa na mamake hufunzwa na ulimwengu!*

Joy: Teacher, The prefect has always wanted my brother in problems. Can you imagine that

yesterday on our way home Essy promised to report Brian for failing...

Brian: It is not that way sir. It is my father who wants me to drop out of school and my sister to get married. He says that my age is enough to allow me earn my own money.

Pupils: sorry!

Mr. Bakari: (*To the pupils*). Let me remain with the two alone. You can go to your classes. *The pupils leave stage*

Essy: Teacher, when we went home last week my father slapped my mother and sent us away. We found him beating mother and when we asked him why he became a wounded buffalo.

Brian: And he hit me here. (*Showing his elbow.*) It has not recovered.

Essy: And we have never seen our mother again since that day. He threw us out.

Mr. Bakari: And why would he do all this? Does he understand that children like you have

rights too? Rights to education, to food and clothing? Nyang'ute look at your clothes. The behavior of your father requires serious intervention before he loses his children to archaic ways. Why would a young boy like you begin to feed himself and these two girls lost to marriage?

Brian: (*Almost cring*)...He does not care for us. He does not. I am always this hungry and angry with everybody who does not understand my situation.

Mr. Bakari: No wonder you steal teacher's food and books belonging to other children.

Essy: Don't cry brother may be teacher Bakari here will help us.

Enter Aoro breathing heavily.

Aoro: What are these two rats doing here? Wasting my money in the name of...? (Cut short)

The two race towards the teacher for cover.

Mr. Bakari: Hey! Hey! Stop it there! You are in a school, Kioo Comprehensive School where noise like yours is not needed and for your information here we manufacture brains. The children I have around me are human beings and not rats as you pupport.

Aoro : I am ready for anything Mr. manufacturer. These ones here are my children and I am free to choose what to do with them. Are you their father or me? I am at liberty to send them here and pick them when I need their services back home like now.

Brian& Essy : Teacher please stop him..*Aoro tries to catch each of them but they escape.*

Mr. Bakari: Excuse me. You are not allowed to get into a school and start running after children like that. You are interfering with the smooth running of the school and the school will charge you with intimidation and violence.

Essy: This is exactly how he behaves at home teacher. Last weekend he sent our good mother away and threatened to marry me and Joy to a

man of fifty six years. I want to be in school and pass.

Brian: He does not want me to become the pastor I want to become. I have wanted to be a good boy but the behavior of my father does not allow me. Every time he sees me with my school mates he calls me big-for-nothing boy.

Aoro: *(to the children)* where did you learn how to talk when I talk? Is that how you are taught here? You see what I mean sir. Just like their mother at home, they have chosen to disrespect me.

Mr Bakari: Respect is not commanded sir. It is earned.

Aoro: I am yet to earn it more and more from you, from them and their mother.

Mr Bakari gets on a call.

Mr Bakari: Emergency! Emergency! Kioo primary school. *(Police van sirens)*

Aoro: I need my children, not emergencies you are calling for. Should you inform the police whenever I want my children?

Mr Bakari: You will say that to the police...

Police storm in accompanied by another lady.

Daudi: Freeze! (*Aims at Aoro after cocking a gun*) I say freeze!

Brian & Essy: *Don't kill uuus...*

Ms Rael: We will not kill you. We are here to save you.

Mr. Bakari: Mr. Aoro, now shout to the police.

Aoro: who are they and what do they want here?

Daudi : *Mikono juu!* What happens here?(*Aoro kneels, hands behind his head*) maintain silence or whatever you say now will be used against you in a court of law.

Brian & Essy: It is my father...It is him...

Enter pastor and Jane singing...

MS Rael: We find Mr Aoro, the father to the children, a wrong doer. This is a thing he has managed to do for the last ten weeks.

I am Ms Rael, the Children's rights Activist of Kioo Region. I stand to protect children from harm and advocate for their well-being.

Aoro: What is that?

Daudi: Shut up young man and listen to her or I will show you why I am here. For your information I am corporal Daudi, a police officer sent to arrest people like you.

A bell rings and all the other pupils come to stage.

Mr Bakari: We have been visited by a group of people in our school on the conduct of the parent of one Brian Nyangute, Joy and ESSY our school prefect. THEY will talk to us today. Understood?

Pupils: *(In unison)* Yes Teacher Bakari.

Ms Rael: We realize that Mr. Aoro has been mishandling his children and wife madam Jane. We are here to inform you children that you are very important as well. Just like any other person, you are entitled to a better life in an environment that allows for your holistic development.

Essy: (*from her hiding place*) excuse me madam what does that mean?

Ms Rael: Good question. Your holistic development means you are physically, spiritually, cognitively and socio-economically empowered.

With us is also a police officer who maintains law and order in cases like this one today.

SAM: Very true. You Are God's children and you are supposed to be taken care of. I am Pastor Sam and I preach the good news to prepare us for the second coming of Christ. Remember you are important creatures of the Lord. You should be known, loved and protected. What did I say?

Pupils: I should be known, loved and protected.

Jane: *Akhi Asnateni sana.* I can now see my children once again. This way, my husband will not see fault in his children again.

Sam: Lastly, we preach so that we may all go by the commandments because in the book of Mark chapter 16; 15, we are asked to make each of us disciples. That means that we should continue to live the right paths.

Ms Rael: Now, as for Madam Jane. Do you forgive your husband Aoro?

Jane: Yes I do.

Essy, Joy & Brian: We forgive him too

Aoro: I am very sorry for the much I have done to my family. I did not understand these things until now that you came here to explain. Mr. Bakari please receive my sincere apologies for causing mayhem in your school. I am very sorry.

Mr. Bakari: So what happens to Brian Nyang’ute, the thief of food?

Daudi: I will arrest him and shoot his legs for stealing food and books.

Pupils: (*holding their heads*) Heiiii.... (*Brian tries to run away...*)

Pupils: NYANG’UTE DON’T RUN! It was a play. (*Giggling and laughing*)

Mr Bakari: He forgets so fast that it was just a play we are rehearsing about the story of Brian Nyang’ute. From a bad boy and now he will become a pastor like he has wanted and his sisters will go to school. Well done boys and girls of Kioo Primary School. The rehearsal was successful. Will it win a trophy at their forthcoming Drama Festivals?

Essy: (*to the rest*) this play will be presented at the forthcoming Drama festivals and it will give us a trophy. The adjudicators will like it. It will be called...

All: The Second Coming!

~Curtain~
