

third world bunfight

presents

‘BIG DADA’

the rise and fall of Idi Amin

by Brett Bailey

CHARACTERS:

MANDLA – the narrator/M.C., a groovy, wise, charming dude in sharp suit.

IDI AMIN DADA – a corpulent but stylish tyrant/showman.

MALIYAMUNGU – his hideously sexy right hand military man.

THIRD WORLD BUNFIGHT – 8 actors in camo-pants who play a host of male and female characters with the help of overbearing masks and costumes.

STAGING:

Upon the theatre stage stands another raised platform, about 7m wide by 4 deep. It is bright glossy red, and decorated with a black and yellow border in sharp-fanged ethno design. This is where the play will take place. Gold lame stage curtains bisect this stage – behind them each of the highly stylised first four scenes will be set up.

Apart from this gaudy stage, to one side, MANDLA, the M.C., holds court. He speaks directly to the audience, and is in charge of opening and closing the curtains between scenes.

TEXT:

MANDLA: The stage is set for a coup d'état. Behind these curtains men are lacing their boots, loading their rifles, awaiting their cue.

It is 1971. Africa is in transition. Freshly liberated from colonial misrule. Torn apart by the tribal tensions that it fostered. The winds of change stink of smoke, gunpowder and decaying bodies. The skies are grey. Vultures are wheeling.

This is not a folktale. In Uganda Apollo Milton Obote has been president for 5 years. But his regime has become tyrannical and murderous. Throughout the country there is weeping and suffering. The people need a hero who will give them back their human rights, one who will restore democracy and the rule of law.

In the wings a leading man is waiting: he was heavy weight boxing champion of Uganda for 9 years... Let me do it a little differently: ladies and gentlemen, from the wings a leading man is waiting. He was heavyweight boxing champion of Uganda for 9 years. Can he be the champion of the oppressed of his country too?

Prepare yourselves for the man himself to speak his first faltering lines in the limelight he will learn to love so much. I present General Idi Amin and Third World Bunfight in BIG DADA.

1: OYE BIG DADA!

[This scene has very much the feeling of an upbeat, ham-fisted advert for a do-all product: BIG DADA]

AMIN: *[curtain sweeps open on AMIN alone on stage in vivid green fatigues at a bank of microphones, central. He is caught off guard, we see him anxious, insecure.]* The whole world now knows that on the 25th day of January 1971 the Uganda Armed Forces seized control of the civilian government and handed power to me.

[a crackling brass funky rendition of the Ugandan National Anthem, and AMIN'S bug-eyed, doll-like ministers march on with fanfare to flank him.]

AMIN: *[haltingly reading from and then disregarding notes. He did not write this speech himself, and he can barely read it.]*

Fellow countrymen and well-wishers of Uganda. I address you today at a very important hour in the history of our nation. A short while ago men of the armed forces placed this country in my hands. Now, I am a simple man; I am a professional soldier. I am not a politician; I have no wish to be a politician, even. I don't have any school certificates but I got very good brain, in fact I know even more than Ph.D.s, because as a military man I know how to act. I am an action man. *[he rips up notes and flings the pieces to the floor]* Throughout my life I have emphasized that if a civilian government has the support of the people the military must support it.

MINISTERS: Hmmm!

AMIN: But the present catastrophic situation forces me to accept the task given to me by the men of the Uganda armed forces until we can return to civilian rule.

MINISTERS: Hmmm!

AMIN: The days of out of touch, intellectual presidents with their clever words and their Shakespeare quotes are over, my friends – now is the time for action.

MINISTERS: *[bursting into jubilant song]*

Oye Big Dada, the chief of the army
You've chased away Obote, and you've come to set us free
Uganda has been has been beaten by an evil policy
But Big Dada is stronger than Mohammed Ali
Big Dada Big Dada, the chief of the army
You've chased away Obote, and you've come to set us free.

OKUM: *[a minister; bustles forward, goes down on one knee, produces a bright little dustpan and brush, and sweeps up the fragments of AMIN'S speech as he gushes]* Do not be afraid people – Dada's here! Dada's fully

automatic. He will clean up this yard in no time at all. Pull out the weeds, kill the rats, chase away the snakes, burn all the rubbish. It will be spick and span! We will have a house of brotherhood, harmony and prosperity. Starting from now!

MINISTERS: Oye Big Dada, the chief of the army
You've chased away Obote, and you've come to set us free
Uganda was in darkness and we cried like a baby,
But now our future's brighter than a colour TV.
Big Dada Big Dada, the chief of the army
You've chased away Obote, and you've come to set us free.

AMIN: You know I don't come from fancy backgrounds with flushing toilets or anything like that: I come from a tiny village in a dirty corner of this country. But I am not ashamed: I am a man of the people. I will not hide anything from you.

I learned the hard way; I became a man very early – before my time – fighting for the British in Crimea, Kenya and Sudan, in jungles and in deserts, promoted, promoted, each and every time.

I made very hard work, discipline, respect, and more especially obedience – that is how I got to the top of the army – that is why I stand before you now, to bring order to this poor country that has been gang-raped by Arabic slave traders, then torn limb from limb and chewed up by the greedy English colonists, then scraped clean and shitted on by ex-President Obote and his cronies. Get out of here, the lot of you!

MINISTERS: Oye Big Dada, the chief of the army
You've chased away Obote, and you've come to set us free
Uganda's very stinky, Uganda is dirty
Big Dada washing powder washes clean as clean can be.
Big Dada Big Dada, the chief of the army
You've chased away Obote, and you've come to set us free.

AMIN: *[getting into the swing, accompanied by the rat-a-tat of a snare drum]*
Big words camouflaging lies, corruption, brutality. No more!

MINISTERS: Big Dada!

AMIN: Today I will open the jails to liberate all political prisoners.

MINISTERS: Big Dada! He'll do it!

AMIN: I will allow all exiles to return to help rebuild our beloved Uganda.

MINISTERS: Big Dada! He can!

AMIN: I will lift up the State of Emergency that takes away your freedom, and throw it in the fire.

MINISTERS: Big Dada! Big Dada!

AMIN: I will give free and fair elections: all political parties are now free to campaign –

MINISTERS: Ha!

AMIN: But not immediately.

MINISTERS: Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha! Big Dada!

AMIN: I will even dance with you! I am a soldier not a President.

[pompous military instrumental of OYE BIG DADA – MINISTERS dance/play brass instruments; AMIN performs a Scottish jig]

AMIN: Benedicto Kiwanuka! This man, first black prime minister of Uganda, thrown into prison for five years by ex-President Obote because Obote he was very afraid of criticism, justice, all these things; today you are free. General Amin gives you freedom.

BEN: General Amin, Winston Churchill was awarded the title: ‘Saviour of Britain.’ In the same way you should be called ‘Saviour of Uganda’. All of Africa is watching you.

AMIN: Thank you very much – ‘Saviour of Uganda’. Everybody think I’m going to be afraid because you opposition leader. But I’m not afraid. I make you Chief Justice of Uganda, everybody will agree, because you very historical man in Uganda, very important man.

[AMIN forces him to his knees and ceremoniously thrusts a judges wig on his head, then jolts him back on to his feet]

BEN: *[heroically salvaging his dignity]* Sir, I accept very humbly. I will do my level best to bring fairness and justice to Uganda. The whole country is behind you, our redeemer, may Almighty God guide and sustain you in your honourable task.

AMIN: *Moto* Uganda, *Moto!*

MINISTERS: *Moto!*

AMIN: Also we give the very big thanks to our good friends, Britain and Israel, who have helped the military government to take control. You are our best friends. *[much flesh-pressing]*

BRITISH REPRESENTATIVE: We sincerely hope that this is the first step to a real democracy, Sir. We truly believe that you are the man for the job.

ISRAELI REPRESENTATIVE: Maseltov! We will continue to support Uganda against the Arab and communist aggressors!

AMIN: With your help Uganda will become the shining Pearl of Africa again. We are going to arm to the teeth to reach international combat levels, you will see. Don't worry. Thank you very much.

[up-tempo national anthem and the curtains sweep closed]

MANDLA: 'The basket-case of the world'. That's how the West likes to think of Africa, ladies and gentlemen. They've chopped up our continent and sucked the blood out of us for centuries, they interfere and intervene only when it suits them, and then when things start breaking apart they shake their heads sorrowfully: '*Eish!* It is hopeless. Those darkies will never be civilised...'

At the end of the sixties President Obote started to move Uganda towards socialism. The world was at war: The West against The Communists. And Africa was one of the main battle arenas. Opposing sides in the Cold War poured money and arms into the pockets of various African regimes, paying for allegiances at whatever cost to human lives...

Of course the West did not want to lose Uganda. They could not risk this market. They looked around for a new president. They wanted a man with a lot of muscle. A man intelligent enough to do exactly what they told him to do... and Idi Amin came to mind. He had served in their colonial detachments for many years, committing all sorts of atrocities. They knew his reputation well, but business is business. The moment Obote turned his back, they ushered Amin into the ring and the blood sports began.

Now it's late 1971, and Idi has cronies and soldiers to pay. The leaders of the Free and the Not-So-Free Worlds have friendly faces and open arms. Idi goes on a shopping spree overseas.

2: ARMS DEALS

[Four lovely ladies in matching prints appear through curtains.]

KAY: Hello everybody, I'm Kay.

NORAH: I'm Norah.

MADINA: My name is Madina.

MAAMA: And I'm Maama Maliamu.

ALL WIVES: *Karibu!* We're the lucky first ladies of Uganda!

NORAH: We are all four coming from different tribes of Uganda.

MAAMA: And Idi shares his love with us all equally.

KAY: You see, tribalism has no place in Idi's house.

MADINA: Actually, Idi's sole aim is love, unity, and brotherhood – more especially love! *[tittering]*

[curtains up on AMIN upstage centre and two MINISTERS waving Ugandan flags and beating drums]

AMIN: *[clutching a silver model aeroplane]* There is no room for hatred and enmity – only for love and friendship between us all.

ALL WIVES: Hurry home, baby, bring us nice presents in your new private jet-plane!

AMIN: Goodbye Uganda!

WIVES: *Jumbo!*

[song sung by WIVES and MINISTERS, who do a sweet traditional dance with white hankies and play percussion; AMIN wildly dances the flight of his jet...]

WIVES and MINISTERS:

Amini of Uganda – Amini of Uganda
Amini from Africa – Amini from Africa
Amini the traveller – Amini the traveller
Amini the world leader – Amini the world leader
He meets the world leaders – Amini of Uganda
He greets the world leaders – he asks them: 'How do you do?'
He greets the world leaders – he asks them: 'how do you do?'
He meets the world leaders – he asks them: 'how do you do?'

[Enter two women with pantyhose over their faces, and each with a crate on which is emblazoned a flag; they sit daintily upon the crates: the QUEEN with the Union Jack, and GOLDA Meir with the Israeli flag. AMIN squats between them.]

AMIN: It is wonderful to be back here in Israel Mrs Golda Meir, I love your country very much – it's a very rich country.

QUEEN: Hello Mr. President.

AMIN: *[very nervous]* Good afternoon, Mrs Queen.

QUEEN: It's an honour to meet you.

AMIN: Yes, yes, as you know you were my supreme commander for many years when I served in the King's African Rifles.

GOLDA & QUEEN: So, Mr President, how can we help each other?

AMIN: *[nervous]* Thank you, very much. We in Uganda know that you love us, because you are our biggest trading partners: you love our coffee and our tea, more especially our loyalty... You are like mothers to me.

QUEEN: Yes, we just love to develop things out there in the non-Socialist colonies –

GOLDA: 'States'!

QUEEN: 'States', just as long as they play ball.

AMIN: *[shyly]* Mamas, I am a friend in need: we have some problems down in Uganda.

GOLDA & QUEEN: Oooo

AMIN: You see, we need money, and fighter planes, and eh, also we need missiles.

GOLDA & QUEEN: Oh, missiles?

AMIN: *[warming up]* Yes, missiles, powerful ones.

GOLDA & QUEEN: For what?

AMIN: Well, Uganda is a landlocked country, and if we have planes and missiles we can bomb Tanzania. Then we can have our very own route to the sea.

GOLDA: Is that kosher now, Idi?

AMIN: Also ex-president Obote is a socialist communist, and he is staying in Tanzania with his red friend, Julius Nyerere. They are giving us all big Cold War headaches, Mama. They must be crushed.

QUEEN: Yes. As you know, Mr President, we don't mind turning a blind eye to a friend's failings every now and then, ha ha ha, but we do not like to cause war in the African, ehm, states.

AMIN: It's not a war – we just need to stabilize the situation.

QUEEN: Mr President, we love developing. Guns can fall into the wrong hands!

AMIN: Countries can also fall into the wrong hands, good Queen.

GOLDA: And I'm very sorry, our missiles are all busy now in Lebanon – we can help you with training and planning, but not missiles.

QUEEN: We'll make it up to you, Mr President. How much money do you need?

AMIN: Well, for development, schools, hospitals – it's for the people of Uganda – I need a lot.

QUEEN: *[dropping loose change in AMIN's cap.]* Well, we will give you £ 4.5 million a year, and a £10 million special bonus.

[AMIN pecks the QUEEN on the hand and fills his Harrods shopping bag. GOLDA reaches out her hand to AMIN. He glances at it scornfully and dances into flight again. QUEEN and GOLDA exeunt]

WIVES and MINISTERS:

He meets the world leaders – Amini of Uganda
They do what he asks them – O what do we do without him?
They do what he asks them – O what do we do without him?
He meets the world leaders – Amini of Uganda
Amini of Uganda – Amini of Uganda
Amini from Africa – Amini from Africa
Amini the traveller – Amini the traveller
Amini the world leader – Amini the world leader

GADDAFFI: *[a mad, bad, Arabic Elton John, with a crate full of explosive toys]*
Here's my soldier landing in Libya – Salaam el oakum, Big Dada.

AMIN: El oakum salaam! Good to see you General Gaddafi.

GADDAFFI: How are you Soldier?

AMIN: Fine, fine – I am the Power of Africa, Liberator of -.

GADDAFFI: Eh, Amini, I have heard of your needs. Now, as you know, we in Libya are scared of nothing, nothing, we've got plenty of missiles – plenty; tanks, fighter planes... everything. *[handing an assortment of weapons to AMIN to inspect]*

AMIN: hehehehehe

GADDAFFI: But, we have one problem: the Jews *[spitting phlegm]* – the Zionist Israelis, who have stolen Palestine from our brothers with backing of the United States. According to my figures you have 500 Zionists in Uganda.

AMIN: They are all aid workers, Sir: doctors, engineers, military trainers, things like that.

GADDAFFI: Amin, your country is not safe! Kick them out of Uganda and we can talk business. *[hands him a tank.]* Here, I give you a gift to help you think about it.

AMIN: *[greed devouring him a moment]* General Gaddafi, Sir, I have no need to think, you are my brother in Islam, and as a Moslem it is intolerable for me to suffer one more week with the Zionists in my country, hey, I was blind, but now I see! The deal is done.

GADDAFFI: *[snapping a salute]* Salaam el oakum!

AMIN: *[snapping a salute]* Dada!

GADDAFFI: *[snapping a Nazi salute]* Dada!

AMIN: *[snapping a Nazi salute]* Dada!

[AMIN into dance again. WIVES rush to greet him and fight over his HARRODS bag. Exeunt. 2 more MINISTERS enter.]

WIVES and MINISTERS:

He meets the world leaders – Amini of Uganda
They give him nice presents – we thank our forefathers for him.
Oh lots of nice presents – we thank our forefathers for him.
He meets the world leaders – Amini of Uganda

[MINISTERS have set up cabinet table, upstage centre. They sing to AMIN as he takes up position at head.]

MINISTERS: Amin Dada Amin Dada, our hero
Amin Dada Amin Dada our hero
He is – he is our hero
He is – he is our hero.
He is – he is our hero
He is – he is our hero

Who will Mr Crocodile – of the River Nile have for dinner today?
He eats the elite, is what they say, but he has a lovely smile.
Sorry Mr Crocodile, but I can't come for dinner today,
But there is a buck I can pass your way, if you wait a little while.

AMIN: Cabinet Ministers: A-tten-shun! I make very important announcement: each and every Zionist must leave Uganda in three days time. I give their embassy to Palestinians. Make notes.

ALL: Yes, Your Excellency. *[they scribble manically]*

KYEMBA: Brilliant, Your Excellency, brilliant!

AMIN: Important point number two: the annual military budget is increased by forty three billion shillings.

[Pause. Alarmed faces all around. AMIN takes a backseat here, scrutinizing his MINISTERS for telltale signs... he becomes increasingly hot around the collar. Two big crocodiles enter and watch menacingly from the sides.]

HEALTH: Um, Excellency, how are we going to afford all the clinics and hospitals you have promised to citizens in all the districts of Uganda?

AMIN: Defence Minister!

DEFENCE: Thank you, Excellency, yes, we in the Defence Force - we need new barracks – many; and new military airfields; new uniforms; new tanks, more especially fighter planes; and so much more.

[KYEMBA whispers into AMIN's ear, his eyes upon the Minister of HEALTH]

EDUCATION: Excellency, I'm not trying to say that defence is not important, of course it is. But that increase will take almost all of the money allocated for education and for the schools you promised to build.

DEFENCE: Yes, Sir, but how you going to get healthy and educated if you are afraid of enemy agents every step of the way?

WORKS: Sir, it would be very nice if you could reconsider, because...

AMIN: *[Exploding]* What your problem?

WORKS: *[shrivelling]* Sorry, your Excellency, sorry.

AMIN: We're not bankrupt in Uganda, you little shit, we're very rich! Only we have been suffering because of the activities of the Zionists and the debts of the former regime. This I must make absolutely clear. It seems many civilian cabinet ministers like to waste a lot of public money for nothing, and to work against the interests of democracy, more especially the Minister of Health.

HEALTH: Sir?!

AMIN: It's come to my attention that money has gone missing from your department, funding is unaccounted for, this is very serious. And now you also want to get money I am allocating for Defence, I am very annoyed.

HEALTH: No, Sir!

AMIN: I have warned you, if I see a minister is weak automatically I kick you out of office, I put another person straight, I want this country must be super-sonic!

KYEMBA: Super-sonic, your Excellency, super-sonic!

AMIN: Kyemba!

KYEMBA: Sir!

AMIN: You new Minister of Health. And all civilian ministers demoted to janitors. Meeting adjourned!

MINISTERS: *[song accompanied by reeling kwasa-kwasa guitars]*
Who will Mr Crocodile – of the River Nile have for dinner today?
He eats the elite, is what they say, but he has a lovely smile.
Sorry Mr Crocodile, but I can't come for dinner today,
But there is a buck I can pass your way, if you wait a little while.

[song leads into bubbling instrumental; crocodiles are up and dancing a pas de deux on nimble toes, eventually drawing the curtains behind them.]

MANDLA: Yoh! Those Nile crocodiles grew fat during the Amin years, I am telling you. That was the one positive environmental contribution of Idi's regime...

Zimbabwe, the Democratic Republic of Congo, Ivory Coast, Sudan, Equatorial Guinea... In each country the flavour and the details of tyranny are different. The intimidation and the brutality, the destruction and the suffering – they are the same. History teaches us nothing.

We Africans allow these men to take control, it is we who allow it to happen, time and again. We see the signs, we know them; we know what is coming.

No matter how well-educated some of us are, we still allow it to happen.

Maybe we fool ourselves for a while: this Excellency, this one who is making such wild decisions, changing the constitution, silencing his critics, clinging to the throne; this one will be different; this one will not be a real Big Dada...

Huh! This is blindness, utter ignorance, and it is our own children who will eat the fruits of our stupidity. We have to be vigilant. Any more brute force and there will be nothing left. Nothing left at all...

My friends, holding onto power is not cheap, any tyrant will tell you. Your troops need salaries. Your officers need incentives. Your wives need fashion accessories... So many mouths to feed. What to do? It's 1972, and Idi decides to sleep on the problem...

3: ECONOMIC WAR – THE DREAM

[a young ASIAN woman in sari slips gracefully between the curtains, performs a short Indian dance to the accompaniment of sitar chords, then sets up a little store downstage left and sits luxuriously fanning herself. From behind the curtains we hear the soft rhythmic humming of the chorus. Curtains open slowly to reveal them performing an exhausted chain-gang dance. AMIN – the black Elvis, in gleaming white suit – appears, taking in the situation, then turns to talk to the audience. It is night; as the scene progresses the light will change from a pink dawn to bright daylight.]

AMIN: Last night I dreamed:
In a field I see seven thin cows,
Seven cows as thin as skeletons in a green field,
And beside them there are seven dancing women,
Fat dancing women wearing saris and singing;
Singing an Asian milking song,
And I am crying, crying like a little baby in the dirt...

[dancers suddenly get strength, throw down their 'tools']

AMIN: Then suddenly, the seven thin cows turn around,
They turn around and they eat those fat women,
They crunch those fat Indians in their jaws.
Those cows become fat!
And the birdies sing,
And all the little bees sing,
And I sing with them like a baby in the sun:

CHORUS: You're milking the cow, but you feed it nothing.
You're taking the cream, but you're starving the cow.
Red rag to the bull, got your bums in the butter.
Red rag to the bull and the bull is here now.

AMIN: *[upon his feet and mid-stage]* Now I know the meaning of this dream,
and you know the meaning of this dream:
When you make inspection in the streets of Kampala why you feel as if you
are in Bombay?
You ask yourself: what is going on here, Bombay in Africa?
[turning on the ASIAN, who becomes increasingly alarmed.]
Fifty thousand Indians, subjects of Mrs English Queen, for thirty years you've
been eating this country:
All the businesses, all the factories, every corner store,
Taking the shillings from the people, sending shillings to fat bank accounts all
over the world,
Using Africans as your servants!
But God has given me a command:

[ASIAN tentatively packs provisions into a box.]

CHORUS: You're milking the cow, but you feed it nothing.
You took all the curds and you sent them away.
Red rag to the bull, got your bums in the butter.
Red rag to the bull but the bull's here to stay.

AMIN: No self-respecting country can allow its economy to be run by aliens!
This is not South Africa. This is not Rhodesia! I declare Economic War: Africa
for Africans, African jobs for Africans! God has given me a command...

GOD: *[who has entered in a white gown and a plumed headdress]* You have
ninety days, Amin, ninety days to drive out every Asian man, woman and
child! You have 90 days to deliver every business to the Ugandan people.
For too long the people of Uganda have had their noses pressed to the shop
windows; it's up to you Amin. Open the door and let them in.

AMIN: I hear you, Lord; do you hear me Asians?

GOD: The writing's on the wall...

AMIN: Walk to England! Fly to India! Swim to the Himalayas! Get packing and
go! Who am I to disobey the Word of God?

CHORUS: You're milking the cow, but you feed it nothing.
You think you're big cheese, but you're starving the cow.
Red rag to the bull, got your bums in the butter.
Red rag to the bull and the bull is here now.

ASIAN: Good President Aminji, we beg you, do not chase us away.
We have done so much for Uganda in terms of educational development and
medical facilities, we are business leaders of Uganda. We have assisted
indigenous students financially...

AMIN: *[picks ASIAN up in one hand, empties the crate full of wares out with
the other]* What you hiding in these boxes?

ASIAN: *[in the air, flapping her limbs]* Excellency, we have been here for forty
years. We are Africans too. This is our home.

AMIN: *[flinging ASIAN to the ground]* Dirty little coolie! Out, out...

[Enter BEN Kiwanuka, Chief Justice]

BEN: I beg your pardon, Excellency, but according to international law it is not
legal to expel the Asians, Sir.

AMIN: You listen, the judiciary must never interfere in the internal affairs of
Uganda.

BEN: If you must drive them out, Sir, it is only right that they take their property with them.

AMIN: You think I make you Chief Justice so you can undermine my democracy?

QUEEN ELIZABETH: *[entering brusquely]* Your Excellency! My government would like to know what evidence you have for your astonishing claim that the Indians are sabotaging your economy. You're chasing away the goose and breaking the golden eggs!

[ASIAN has scampered over to QUEEN, and gropes at her dress in beggarly fashion]

AMIN: *[whining]* Hayi, Queen! We are rescuing Uganda's own people from the ruthless jaws of exploiters. They are leaving our people poor and hungry, mama.

[Asian still yanks at Queen's dress]

QUEEN: With due respect, this will be nothing less than racist action, which we would utterly condemn. Oh stop it! *[slapping the poor ASIAN to the ground]* I'm warning you, we will review our economic arrangements with Uganda: for instance, that annual grant of £4,5 million you spend on interrogation apparatus...

AMIN: You can not go back on those deals!

KIBEDI: Whether it is £ 4,5 million or £ 450 million, whatever the figure, the Ugandan government is not going to sell the inheritance of the Ugandan people for pocket money from you.

ONDOGA: Anyway, these Asians are British citizens, and their place is in Britain. It is because they are not white that you don't want them – who is the real racist here?

[AMIN and MINISTERS advancing threateningly on QUEEN.]

OKELLO: We keep believing that you Imperialists must continue to teach us, and we forget one thing: you will never let us believe that we can run our own affairs.

AMIN: You and your friends have set up puppet leaders all over the Third World, Mama, but Field Marshall Amin is not your puppet. You promoted the wrong soldier.

QUEEN ELIZABETH: Your Excellency! I want to remind you about the deals we made...

AMIN: We declare a total onslaught against the forces of Imperialism, Colonialism, Neo-Colonialism and Zionism. *[to ASIAN]* Get out!

[QUEEN stomps off stage, calling to her ASIAN cur to follow. ASIAN makes a desperate attempt to snatch some of her scattered property, but AMIN lunges at her and she flees.]

CHORUS: *[singing]* He's in charge, he's here to stay...
The bull is in charge, he's here to stay

AMIN: *[jubilantly over singing]* My people, in any war there will be difficulties and sacrifices, but what is important is to win. We must prepare to face some inconveniences. If we have faith in God we will win this Economic War. The future is very bright indeed.

[explosion – all hit the decks]

AMIN: Lieutenant Maliyamungu! What was that?

MALIYAMUNGU: The forces of Obote have invaded us from Tanzania, your Excellency!

AMIN: I knew it! Neo-colonialist, Zionist and Tanzanian masters, using their puppet Obote to strike against the Second Republic of Uganda! Another mission for Field Marshall Al Hajji President Idi Amin Dada: Get Gaddafi on the line, Maliyamungu! Let loose the assembled forces of the Uganda air force, navy and army!

Drive the enemy from our country, crush the enemy within!

[All have formed up into assault formations, sounds of gunfire etc.]

Do you see the helicopter – very good

The armoured regiments have been engaged – very good

Fighting to catch the objectives – very good

Battalions - Advance!

[All action freezes]

MANDLA: This sound echoes all over our continent.

Men and boys pulling triggers. Women and children crying in refugee camps. People that ask questions groaning in jail cells, weeping in exile.

[addressing AMIN, furiously] What are you doing, you and your kind? Why do you destroy this sacred continent, our sacred cultures, the sacred lives of our people? After all we have suffered at the hands of others? How can you put your appetites above everything that is valuable? It cannot be excused...

[To audience, still with anger] If I had a dream for my people, my African people, just one wish, it is this: that the whole world leaves us alone for one week: no interferences, no disturbances, nothing. For that week we will all turn our eyes away from the world. We will look deep inside ourselves, we will listen to the guidance of our ancestors, we will find our own power, we will know what to do... *[steps on to stage]*

But that is not to be. And when we look around for examples to follow, for a role model, we see the likes of you! *[indicates AMIN]*

4: M.C. IDI

[MANDLA has stepped onto stage – a fatal mistake. AMIN’s quick eyes take in the situation, he barks a sharp command and MALIYAMUNGU falls upon MANDLA, knocking him to the ground; machine gun fire and the military romp of ‘Oye Big Dada’ blasts out over the speakers. Theatre doors are secured. MANDLA is stripped to his underwear, beaten, gagged and stuffed into a small cage on stage, which AMIN will use as a throne. Music oozes into a hypnotic, distorted rendition of the Ugandan National Anthem; AMIN talks soothingly, hypnotically into a mic on a darkening stage. Curtains closed behind AMIN.]

AMIN: Do not be afraid, people, Big Dada’s here.
Do not be afraid, Big Dada’s scared of nothing.
God has appointed me to lead you, my people.
Take back your farms.
Take back your land.
Big Dada is heavy weight champion of all African underdogs.
I will beat all your enemies in the Ugandan boxing ring,
One by one, even with my right arm tied behind me.
And once I have finished this task I will beg the armed forces to let me resign.
I will hand over power to who ever you elect to lead you.
But first I return property stolen from you by Imperialists.
[AMIN points out into the audience, reading from a list. The following can be light-hearted, showing us his warmth, laughter, his gentle corny humour.]
Brigadier Hussein, I know you love tea breaks very much, I give you all the Khan tea plantations, now you can grow your own tea, save defence budget lot of money.
General Azo, my friend, we make many sweet victories together: I give you the Singh Sugar Works.
Lieutenant Toloko, it’s your birthday today: I promote you to Colonel, and give you Nyanza Textiles for your birthday suit.
Captain Maliyamungu!

MALIYAMUNGU: Sir!

AMIN: You my new P.A. You my secret weapon *[laughing. He hands ASIAN possessions to MALIYAMUNGU]*. Go through these lists – give all remaining Asian businesses and industries to loyal veterans! Africa is for Africans!
I call on everybody here to rise up as one person and join with the government in building a happy, prosperous Uganda: the New Uganda!
Moto Uganda, moto!
[to Maliyamungu]
Secure all exits. Anybody try to leave, take them backstage.

[Anthem winds down]

AMIN: *[downstage, addressing the audience directly, warmly]* Turn up the lights; turn up the lights, yes, very good. Ha – now I see you all, I see you all:

Ho! So many white people! So many Jews! Even some Asians – hey, this is why the whole world is saying Amini is most influential leader in all Africa, people just want to see him. My friends, it's nice you come here tonight to this theatre, see nice drama show, laugh a little bit, cry a little bit, nice little African cabaret sponsored by the Super Powers. President Amin is very happy. Do not worry about this little incident [*gesturing to MANDLA*]. I can see you like him very much because he is imperialist mouthpiece. But don't worry, do not be afraid, more especially the Jews, nothing will happen to you here tonight; I like international people very much, don't worry. Yes, you know, I call on everybody to pray for peace in the world. To discuss things through conferences...if everybody in the world prayed to God there would be no fighting and quarrels and wars. What we all want is peace and democracy – I must emphasise this. Thank you. Now ladies and gentlemen, as you know, Amini is celebrated all over Africa. This is the Head Quarters of Entertainment! Tonight I have special star from the Heart of Africa to sing my praises: I present to you Odidiva!

5: LAW AND ORDER

[Curtains open on ODIDIVA in 70's Afro-drag-Afro-pop to gush her praise for her Big Dada. As ODIDIVA sings, a number of newspaper billboards slide past on a line overhead, first African papers with headlines praising him, then derogatory British papers: 'Amin: the Butcher of Africa', 'The Shame of Africa', 'Idi Amani' etc. AMIN watches in dismay, tries to pull them down.]

ODIDIVA: (Fire in Uganda, Fire in Uganda)

My man has conquered the British Empire
My man has kicked out Asians and Jews
My man has won the Economic War
My man leads the O.A.U.
My man can kill with his smile
Is there nothing that my man can't do?
Tell me just one thing that my man cannot do...
My raging bull in a red Maseratti.
My raging bull in a red Maseratti.

Cover me in kisses, baby, set me alight
You're my flaming heart of darkness, I've been burning all night
I'm addicted to your body heat, a slave of desire
Strike me, ignite me, I'm strapped to your pyre

Cos you're the bright one, set alight one
You're the fire and I'm out of control
You're the bright one, set alight one
You're the fire and you're burning me up

AMIN: *[interrupting ODIDIVA, pointing headlines out to audience]* You see, ladies and gentlemen, this is the way it starts. Colonialist counter-offensive to undermine African democracy. Lies and propaganda. But Amini is an old soldier.
Chief of Justice!

[enter BEN Kiwanuka, Chief of Justice]

BEN: Sir!

AMIN: That British businessman you arrested last week, I want him sentenced, sentenced to death.
Hang him, Ben, it's time to teach Britain a very big lesson at last.
[to audience] But the Chief Justice Mr Benedicto Kiwanuka has attitude problem.

BEN: *[speaking directly into a standing mic, downstage]* No, this man can go free, he was wrongfully detained without trial. It is essential that the rule of law is observed by the security forces in this country of ours! We cannot allow the law of the jungle to take hold here.

Legally the military has no power to arrest people such as this man. I want the military to wake up and start realizing the importance of a citizen's freedom. I beg Your Excellency not to interfere in matters of justice.

AMIN: The law of the jungle! The military has no power! His Excellency should not interfere!...

ODIDIVA: *[crooning]* Fire in Uganda, Fire in Uganda...

[Enter BEN's wife, MAXENCIA.]

MAXENCIA: What's wrong Ben, why you change your face, dear?

BEN: It's Amin.

MAXENCIA: Oh, darling, you must run away – to Kenya or to London. You've spent 5 years in jail already. I don't want to lose you again!

BEN: You know I'll never flee, Maxencia!

MAXENCIA: But he will kill you, Ben, after all you have struggled for!

BEN: He will only kill the body, the spirit is beyond him.

MAXENCIA: No, listen Ben, don't be so stubborn. Obey Big Dada, whatever he's saying, I know he's wrong. But if you go against him he will destroy you.

BEN: If we have to die, baby, let us die as martyrs rather than cowards. Sooner or later someone must die for a noble cause in this wicked, wicked world.

MAXENCIA: What about our family? O Ben...

[AMIN gives a sign, two soldiers creep up on BEN and MAXENCIA who are in a clench. Soldiers grab BEN, knock MAXENCIA to the ground, toss BEN's judge wig to AMIN, who dons it. BEN is gripped by MALIYAMUNGU and bashed in the face several times in clownish Concert Party style; a drum beat emphasizes each 'bash!' AMIN sits imperiously on his throne.]

ODIDIVA: Something's smouldering in Uganda
In my jungle fever delirium I see flames
Flames moving across the savannah
A wildfire in the mountains
And I'm right in the middle
My body slick with sweat
And my raging bull in his red Maseratti

AMIN: And so Dead Ben says to me,

BEN: *[blood on his shirt, a streak of red beneath his nose]* I'm innocent, Your Excellency, I never said it like that, you don't understand, these words were taken out of context.

AMIN: *[fuming]* 'Context?' I say to him, 'what's context? *[bash!]* You know, I wouldn't even hurt a fly, it's not in my nature – but a mosquito... for mosquitoes there can be no mercy, *[bash!]* there's too much malaria going around.' *[bash!]*

He was the most ambitious parasite on the arse of Uganda, our Benedicto Kiwanuka, God rest his Catholic soul. *[bash!]*

And I call Major Maliyamungu. 'Apply the hammer to this ex-prime minister, ex-Chief Justice of the Second Republic, Maliyamungu.' I say with great sadness, 'Knock a little bit of sense into him'.

MALIYAMUNGU: The hammer! *[bash!]*

AMIN: Says Major Maliyamungu with a very big smile. *[bash!]* And, Fee Fi Fo Fum, Dead Ben turns white as an Englishman. *[bash bash bash!]*

[Music strikes up again, BEN is dragged and pushed to the floor downstage left in the 'hammer line' with a man in front of him and one behind.]

ODIDIVA: Time for target practice, baby, time to load your gun
Gonna shoot me from your lovin' hips, I'll be your hit and run
Come and fill me with your bullets baby, shoot me I pray
And split me with your ecstasy, I'm dying all night and day
(Ready) – (aim) – when I shout 'fire' (fire) blow me away
(Ready) – (aim) – when I shout 'fire' (fire) blow me away

[As the song reaches its climax, BEN is forced at gunpoint to beat out the brains of the man in front of him with AMIN's hammer. Then the hammer is passed to the man behind him, who beats BEN's brains out. AMIN joins the dancers showing off in a mad dance]

ODIDIVA: Cos you're the bright one, set alight one
You're the fire and you're burning me up
You're the bright one, set alight one
You're the fire and I'm out of control
Is there nothing my man cannot do?

[Curtains close on ODIDIVA.]

6: CORRUPTION

[AMIN walks over to pile of bodies – BEN etc. He kneels over them and rifles through their pockets removing wads of money etc. and places it in a small suitcase.]

AMIN: *[sadly, to audience]* In Africa, my friends, if you President Doctor, there is one condition that you cannot ignore:

Corruption.

Immediately I got power in 1971 I tried to cure it.

You have to be firm, my friends, you have to be very quick.

I disinfected the barracks:

All ethnic enemies -

Over 5 000 of them - I mopped up in 3 months, chop-chop.

Stamped out!

Was that enough?

Never enough!

You have to cut out the intellectuals, capitalists, politicians, journalists;

They buzz like flies around an open wound.

Uh! Pus oozing from the newspapers, gangrene in the NGO's!

Viruses from neo-colonialists, imperialists, Zionists, you name it:

Embezzlement, bribery, smuggling, slander...

Too many diseases to count!

[music strikes up and curtains open to reveal AMIN's throne on podium, guitarist and drummer flanking it, backdrop celebrating AMIN's titles. AMIN moves to throne with pomp, decorates himself with medals. MALIYAMUNGU removes AMIN's boots and slips on glittering slippers. Dead bodies quiver to zombie life and sing chorus]

CHORUS: Corruption, corruption, fight against corruption...

AMIN: *[beaming with delight]* Ladies and gentlemen, I am very happy to dedicate this song to all the African leaders who have supported my operations with quiet diplomacy, you have helped to make these last four years very successful years in Uganda's life.

CHORUS: United Nations, help us please, we're heading for destruction. We need a dose of medicine to fight against cor-cor-corruption! Corruption!

[AMIN hands suitcase of money to MALIYAMUNGU, who exits with it. The suitcase is very heavy.]

AMIN: Oh! It breaks my heart...

CHORUS: Corruption makes things fall apart... things fall apart.

AMIN: Corruption, corruption, wherever you look.
Bring in the paramedics! Emergency!

[three actors with vicious dog teeth bound on stage]

AMIN: I bring medical experts from Zaire, Rwanda, Sudan:
Thousands, armed to the teeth.
Come to Daddy, my ruthless boys, tear this thing to pieces!
Salaam al oakum,

Seek them! Seek them!

[mad barking of dogs – they rush to the DEAD CHORUS and savage them.]

AMIN: Hey! Mercy cannot stop my boys *[laughing]*
My orderlies have no ears for screams.
I send them in with Russian instruments,
Hack, hack, crack the subversive bones,
Hack, hack, hack!

[DOGS scamper to DSR to dance]

But the more you cut, the more it grows, my friends.
Piles of corpses rotting in the forests,
Bodies poisoning the shores of the lakes.
Ugandan people what are you doing?
Save Uganda!
Obey me!
What is a leader to do?
Must I kill every man, woman and child before I can govern this land?

[MALIYAMUNGU enters with a golden crown, with which AMIN crowns himself. DOGS watch in fury.]

CHORUS: Corruption! Corruption!

AMIN: Oh! It breaks my heart...

CHORUS: Corruption makes things fall apart... things fall apart.

[DOGS swoop on AMIN.]

AMIN: What? Get back! Down!
What they want Maliyamungu?

MALIYAMUNGU: Payment, Excellency.

AMIN: *[stopping music]* Payment? More payment? I've given them all businesses and estates; I've made them provincial governors and company directors; I supply them with stereos, cars and whiskey from the UK and the USA, arms from France and Israel... all the coffee in whole country pays for those things!

MALIYAMUNGU: Hungry dogs have been known to bite off the hand that feeds them, Excellency.

AMIN: *[freaking out at dogs]* I have sacrificed and sacrificed for you mongrels, I have bled, and wept. Money doesn't grow on trees!

[DOGS growl savagely, chase AMIN off throne and over to DSR, taking over throne]

AMIN: Okay, okay! You promoted to major... *[He removes jacket and throws it to 1 DOG]*

And, eeny meeny miney mo... You: brigadier. *[He removes slippers and throws to another DOG]*

You, colonel - no, general. *[He removes trousers and throws to 3rd DOG]*

Maliyamungu, see to it!

MALIYAMUNGU: Sir!

AMIN: *[whispering]* And exterminate the rest.

[Music starts up again. DEAD CHORUS plant a bomb DSL. They back gingerly away off stage.]

AMIN: *[returning to his throne, mopping his brow]* Officers, ladies and gentlemen,

Can't live with them, can't live without them...

Racist Imperialists do not understand the situation: they criticise and condemn everything I do. They humiliate me and impose sanctions. They accuse me of genocide. This is not genocide, this is surgery, this is African medicine. We are cleaning the wounds made by the whites in Africa!

[DOGS etc notice bomb ad back off]

AMIN: Even Hitler knew this way, my friends; that is why I told the U.N. that he was right when he decontaminated Germany with gas and ovens. That is why I will erect a statue of Hitler in the centre of Kampala. But listen, listen, Hitler didn't do his job properly...

[AMIN suddenly notices the bomb. He climbs down from throne, and begins to creep away. Bomb explodes. Darkness. Curtains drop behind AMIN.]

7: GROUND ZERO

[Sound: white men singing God save the King in boozy voices in the distance. Lights fade up. AMIN is in a heap on the floor. The stage is littered with dirty rugby socks. A wash basin stands DSR with a box of PUNCH washing powder next to it. AMIN pulls himself to his feet and collects socks. He dumps them in tub, adds detergent and starts to scrub. Call to prayer fades up.]

AMIN: When I was a young man the British saw my potential. They gave me training. They gave me promotion. They gave me decorations. I was in first team rugby in King's African Rifles – Idi Amin Dada, the only black man on the whole team in Africa. I won all the rugby matches for the British. They made me to be strong...

[he pulls a wet sock over his right hand and animates the British speaking with this puppet]

Before rugby matches they take Amini by the arms, they hold me tight, 'Now we gonna make Amini strong', say the white men, 'now we make the nigger wild so he scores the goals', and they hit me on the head with a hammer like this. They hit me on the head with a hammer like this.

[A tear runs down his cheek. He tears the sock off his hand and wrings it brutally. Wrings more socks in pain. MANDLA appears badly beaten, in his underwear, through the curtains, his legs in chains. He reads from a sheet of paper. While he speaks MALIYAMUNGU enters, comforts AMIN. Removes tub, socks etc.]

MANDLA: Life President Field Marshall Al Hajji Doctor Idi Amin Dada has done none of the things shown here tonight. None of what you have seen or heard is true. It is all racist propaganda. It is all just words put into his mouth by the subversive elements for the sensationalist entertainment of bourgeois imperialists, Uncle Toms and Zionists for the sake of destabilizing Africa.

[An arm appears through the curtain and yanks him back.]

8: MASS

AMIN: *[Sobbing.]* Maliyamungu!

MALIYAMUNGU: *[entering]* Excellency?

AMIN: Maliyamungu, imperialist agents tried to kill me.

MALIYAMUNGU: We will find them, your Excellency, they cannot hide.

[CHORISTERS begin to sing kee be ha. Archbishop LUWUM enters SL with crate with sign on it saying 'ARCHBISHOP LUWUM OF UGANDA, RWANDA AND ZAIRE'. He places it and stands upon it.]

LUWUM: This is what the Son of Man said to the land of Israel: 'The end! The end has come upon the four corners of the land. The end is now upon you and I will pour my anger on you. I will judge you according to your conduct and repay you for all your wicked practices. I will not look on you with pity or spare you; I will surely repay you for your conduct and your sins.'

[CHORISTERS enter and kneel before LUWUM for communion.]

AMIN: Do you hear the Archbishop, Maliyamungu? Do you hear what he's saying?

MALIYAMUNGU: Yes, your Excellency.

AMIN: He's plotting, Maliyamungu! Plotting in the House of God! Call the State Research Bureau.

MALIYAMUNGU: They are out massacring the remaining Langi tribesmen, Sir.

AMIN: What? When?

MALIYAMUNGU: They took initiative, Sir.

AMIN: The Public Safety Unit! Get *them* quick.

MALIYAMUNGU: They are gang-raping the nurses at Nakasero Hospital, Excellency. They will never come.

[AMIN ponders a moment, then scuttles over to join the kneeling CHORISTERS]

AMIN: *[calling sweetly, on his knees]* Oh Archbishop Luwum!

LUWUM: Your Excellency!

AMIN: *[imploring quietly from the bottom of his heart]* Good Archbishop, bless you. Tell me, why you preach hatred and bloodshed in the House of God? Why you can't just preach love and tolerance, Father?

LUWUM: Excellency, we preach only salvation from the trials of life through the blood of Christ!

AMIN: Blood. Blood. Blood... Oh Father of the Church of England flocks, where was your strength when the serpent of CIA Imperialist Zionism tempted you in the Garden of Good and Evil, Father? The Good Book warns you, Father. How do you expect a Life President who is trying to tidy up a

disorderly nation to respond to such sinister sabotage from a powerful religious leader like yourself, I ask you with tears in my eyes?
[to audience] I was very polite to him, ladies and gentlemen, I respected the man, but then he says to me:

LUWUM: The gun which was meant to protect Uganda as a nation, the Ugandan as a citizen, and his property is increasingly being used against the Ugandan to take away his life and his property...

AMIN: *[sadly]* 'Take away his life and his property...' Maliyamungu, you heard the man!

MALIYAMUNGU: Amen, Sir.

AMIN: By the grace of God, Colonel, find some evidence.

[MALIYAMUNGU drags ONGOM from the CHORISTERS and thrusts a script at him]

MALIYAMUNGU: *[to ONGOM]* Where are the weapons that Obote has sent to destroy our democracy? Read!

ONGOM: *[reading in terror from the script]* There, near the Anglican Church. In the Archbishop's house.

AMIN: *[in astonishment]* In the Archbishop's house! Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

MALIYAMUNGU: *[poking a gun at LUWUM]* Where are the guns?

LUWUM: This is the house of God; there are no guns here.

AMIN: No guns here? So they've been spirited away, Maliyamungu, each and every missile in his holy armoury.

MALIYAMUNGU: *[to audience]* And so we bring him in for questioning.

AMIN: *[hauling up two CHORISTERS and placing them on either side of LUWUM]* Him, and also my two oldest cabinet ministers, both long past their sell-by date.

MALIYAMUNGU: We put them before ten thousand troops, and display nice piles of weapons.

AMIN: 'Look at these wolves in sheep's clothing;' we shout, 'behold this treason! What do we do to them?'

MALIYAMUNGU: 'Kill them! Kill them!' Cry the soldiers with one voice as the piss runs down the cabinet ministers legs.

AMIN: ‘Silence!’ we cry, ‘we live in a just society, and there will be no summary executions without a free and fair trial!’

MALIYAMUNGU: Do you think this is South Africa?

AMIN: *[to audience]* Such was the excess of my generosity, my friends. But the ways of Allah are strange ...

[MINISTERS begin to hum ‘Idi is my friend’.]

MALIYAMUNGU: *[to ONGOM]* Read!!

ONGOM: *[reading again.]* I was driving the three of them – the two MPs and the Archbishop – I was driving them to the head quarters of the State Research Bureau for questioning. But then one of the ministers attacked me, and the car went out of control, the vehicle crashed into another vehicle, then I was in a coma for two days, so I remember nothing.

MALIYAMUNGU: Our dear friend, the Archbishop of Uganda, and our trusted Ministers of Internal Affairs and Land Resources, all tragically killed in cold blood in a car crash.
You can read the post-mortem, by the grace of Allah.

[2 MINISTERS, down on their knees, framing LUWUM. AMIN wipes away a tear. He removes LUWUM’S mitre and sash and dons them.]

CHORISTERS: *[singing beautifully in close harmony]*

I say no matter what happens to my country, Idi is my friend...

I say no matter what he does to my people, Idi is my friend...

AMIN: Where are the guns, Luwum?

LUWUM: There are no guns.

AMIN: You have turned against me, Archbishop, after all the tolerance I gave you. You mix religion with politics. You preach bloodshed instead of love. Don’t you know who I am? Don’t you see that you are spitting in the face of God...

[AMIN stabs LUWUM repeatedly in the guts. LUWUM falls. The CHORISTERS sing. AMIN crosses himself. AMIN and MALIYAMUNGU dance a couple of steps and exit. CHORISTERS withdraw singing. DEAD take up positions DSR. LUWUM writhes slowly on floor.]

9: THINGS FALL APART

[DEAD open it and the soft tinkling of a music box begins. A corpse marionette, one of THE DEAD, rises slowly on a string from the box, soon joined by another. THE DEAD start to sing.]

THE DEAD: *[sing a nursery rhyme ditty]*

I'm waiting in the darkness, the months drag slowly by;
My teeth lie all around me, they burnt out both my eyes;
They take my friends up one by one, I listen to their cries;
They cut me down to size, they cut me down to size.

They came into the churches; we were hiding with our wives;
Praying with our families for God to save our lives;
They came into the churches and they chopped us with their knives;
They chopped us into pieces; yes, they chopped us with their knives;
We shouted out to Jesus but he couldn't save our lives.
The Lord is my shepherd, but he couldn't save our lives...

[Curtains open on AMIN on his throne, central, in a white plastic apron and gumboots. He has giant bull horns coming out of his head, and is flanked by two tall candles in beautiful church holders. MANDLA is draped Pieta-style across his lap. AMIN cuts into the body and loses himself in cannibalistic gluttony and whiskey.]

THE DEAD: *[cont]*

They took us to a field and we dug into the ground,
They stood us in a line and then they shot every one down
The children were all screaming, but you couldn't hear a sound
They shot every one down, they shot every one down
They shot every one down, they shot every one down
The children were all screaming...

[MALIYAMUNGU enters]

MALIYAMUNGU: Excellency? Excellency?

AMIN: Who is it? *[pistols and paranoia]*

MALIYAMUNGU: Colonel Maliyamungu, Sir.

AMIN: What you want now?

MALIYAMUNGU: Your Excellency, the security forces are rebelling, mutinies have been reported at Jinja, Mbare, Bombo, Masaka... they have not been paid for months, Excellency.

AMIN: *[sighing deeply]* Give them whatever they want, and leave me alone.

MALIYAMUNGU: There's nothing to give them, Sir, all foreign aid has been cut, there's no appliances, no whiskey, no money even ...

AMIN: So print more, Maliyamungu.

MALIYAMUNGU: The printing machines are broken, Sir.

AMIN: *[pause for thought]* Invade Tanzania, Maliyamungu.

MALIYAMUNGU: Excellency?

AMIN: Take the armies all south and invade Tanzania, then they can help themselves to whatever they want there: food, money, women everything. I will issue a statement.

[AMIN speaks into the upside down whiskey bottle as if into a mic]

Uganda people, there is no cause for alarm, but the Tanzanian forces of Nyerere and puppet Obote have invaded our country with sophisticated Zionist CIA arms and weapons intended to systematically wipe out the biggest sections of our people based on tribal and religious grounds.

MALIYAMUNGU: Sir, we took them by surprise. Our forces have captured the whole of the Kagera Province of Tanzania with no resistance.

AMIN: I call on all Ugandans to crush the enemy in our midst in this year of love, unity and reconciliation.

[MALIYAMUNGU joins AMIN at the throne, takes out his harmonica and plays a wistful little version of 'Oye Big Dada'; AMIN joins the song with drunken gusto. SOLDIERS enter one by one with urgent reports. AMIN blows each of the soldiers away as they bring their news]

MESSENGER 1: Sir, the Tanzanian forces have driven our army back across the border...

[bang!]

MESSENGER 2: Excellency, Tanzanian troops are approaching, Sir. They are fighting at Entebbe Airport...

[bang!]

MESSENGER 3: Sir, Kampala is surrounded...

[bang!]

AMIN: *[pushing the remains of MANDLA off his lap.]* The show's over old friend.

MALIYAMUNGU: Colonialist puppets everywhere, Sir.

AMIN: *[sadly]* I tried so hard to clean up this country, but the more you cut them the more they grow.

MALIYAMUNGU: The corruption! *Eish!*

AMIN: Africa is not what it used to be.

MALIYAMUNGU: No Sir.

AMIN: You're the only faithful one in this rotten world, Maliyamungu. Where you go now?

MALIYAMUNGU: Zaire, Sir, there's always a job there. You, Sir?

AMIN: Me I go visit Gaddafi, then I live happily ever after in Saudi Arabia with many wives and children. I be Life President in exile.

MALIYAMUNGU: All Africa will miss you, Sir; you have been inspiration to many leaders...

[AMIN walks centre stage, bloodied knife in one hand, mic in the other. Avoiding corpses while mirrorballs spin he launches emotionally into Paul Anka's 'My Way', accompanied by a ludicrously lush strings arrangement.]

AMIN: And now the end is near
And so I face the final curtain
My friends, I'll say it clear
I'll state my case of which I'm certain
I've lived a life that's full
I've travelled each and every highway
But more, much more than this
I did it my way

Yes there were times
I'm sure you knew
When I bit off
More than I could chew
But through it all
When there were doubts
I ate it up and spit it out...

[The song is interrupted by explosions of shrapnel etc. AMIN shakes MALIYAMUNGU's hand, MALIYAMUNGU hands him his aeroplane and he dances off through the audience and away, MALIYAMUNGU salutes, then lights a cigarette, glances around and exits as another explosion kills the music. Sound of the needle caught at the end of a record.]

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