Breakfast with Mugabe/Fraser Grace

Extract from Act One

[...]

Doors open, Gabriel steps in first, behind him Mugabe. Peric puts down his drink.

Grace: Robert. This is Doctor Peric from the hospital. He has come to help us.

Pause, as Mugabe stares at Peric, awaiting a response.

Peric: Mangwanani, Mr President.

Mugabe gives an order to Gabriel.


Forgive me Doctor Peric, I prefer our staff to be coordinated.

Perhaps you will choose a tie from those Gabriel will show you.

Peric: Mr President…

Mugabe: You have been offered some juice, I hope?

Grace: Yes Robert, he was offered juice.

Peric: Yes, thankyou…

Mr President, it’s a pleasure to meet you.

Gabriel produces a rack of ties. An awkward moment.

Mugabe: Please, choose yourself a tie.
Peric: Mr President, I think it’s important…

Gabriel: Sir.

Mugabe: Humour your elder, Doctor Peric. If you would be so kind. The tie you are wearing is quite inappropriate.

Peric: I’m afraid the President may be under a misapprehension. If what the President requires from me is a therapeutic relationship, I cannot allow him to consider me in any sense a member of his staff. Nor will I regard him in this context at least, my elder.

Beat.

Grace: Robert, I’m sure the doctor does not intend…

Mugabe: No no.

Forgive my wife Doctor Peric. We are not all familiar with your psychotherapeutic concepts. Transference and so forth. The doctor is concerned to preserve the purity of our relationship, my dear.

Mugabe: All the same, I hope you will agree, we should not abandon common courtesies.

Consider it a gift, from your President. Something to reward your work with Harare’s people.

Please. Choose a tie.
Beat. Peric takes a tie.

Peric: Thankyou.

Mugabe: No need for thanks. Please, take a seat.

[...]

© Fraser Grace, published by Oberon Modern Plays.