

9TARA
DRAMA

Kraftgriots

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'TARA
DRAMA

Bunmi Adedina

kg **kraftgriots**

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Dedication

To:
the unvoiced stories
and
sufferings
of
the caged girl-child

The cast and crew at the maiden performance on March 13-16, 2016 at Auditorium 11, Adeniran Ogunsanya College of Education, Otto/Ijanikin, Lagos.

Cast

Omo Tee	(Big Tara)	<i>Precious Eze</i>
Small Tara		<i>Gloria Okegbe</i>
Iya Ibeji	(Tara's mother)	<i>Damilola Okunyemi</i>
Moppy K Square	(Presenter)	<i>Oladayo Adededeji</i>
Kayode Kalejaye	(Husband)	<i>Ahmed Idris</i>
Peju Kalejaye	(wife)	<i>Glory Asukwo</i>
Gori Kalejaye	(Daughter)	<i>Olawunmi Shofidiya</i>
Funsho Bamisaye	(Husband)	<i>Ademide Omotayo</i>
Comfort Bamisaye	(Wife)	<i>Osarume Osaghae</i>
Baba Alaje	(Herbalist)	<i>Ibukun Raman</i>
Igbeyinadun		<i>Charles Odesina</i>
Igbayilaro		<i>Kehinde Adesokan</i>
Doctor		<i>Khadijat Akinola</i>
Lizzy	(House girl)	<i>Fatima Anifowose</i>
Abike	(Orange Seller)	<i>Deborah Wusu</i>
Iya Dudu	(Sympathiser)	<i>Fatima Anifowose</i>
Bosipo	„	<i>Khadijat Akinola</i>
Baba Akinde	„	<i>Samson Lamidi</i>
Woman	(Passerby)	<i>Alfreda Ogwo</i>
1st Woman	(Crowd)	<i>Damilola Bayegun</i>
2nd Woman	„	<i>Mary David</i>
1st Man	„	<i>Pelumi Ogunniyi</i>

2nd Man	(Crowd)	<i>Noah Pafenoh</i>
1st Officer		<i>Jude Onyema</i>
2nd Officer		<i>Samson Lamidi</i>
Member of Audience		<i>Alfreda Ogwo</i>
Member of audience		<i>Omowunmi Olumuyiwa</i>
Dancers		<i>Chiyaenre Benson</i> <i>Folashade Aina</i> <i>Faith Onikoro</i> <i>Etimbuk Udoh</i> <i>Chika Nwoko</i> <i>Folashade Oguntade</i>
Ushers		<i>Thona Huthewende</i> <i>Favour Anyabuaku</i> <i>Imaobong David</i> <i>Damilola Bayegun</i>
Music		<i>DJ MD</i>

Crew

Director	<i>Bunmi Adedina</i>
Assistant Director	<i>Oladayo Adediji</i>
Stage Manager	<i>Glory Asukwo</i>
Assistant Stage Manager	<i>Khadijat Akinola</i>
Business Manager	<i>Damilola Okunyemi</i>
Assistant Business Manager	<i>Gloria Okegbe</i>
Costume and Make-Up	<i>Faith Onikoro</i> <i>Osarume Osaghae</i> <i>Shofidiya Olawunmi</i>

Props

*Samson Lamidi
Charles Odesina*

Production Secretary

Precious Eze

SET

*Charles Odesina
Oladayo Adedeji
Ahmed Idris
Samson Lamidi
Pelumi Ogunniyi
Ademide Omotayo
Noah Pafenoh
Ibukun Raman
Kehinde Adesokan
Jude Onyema
Chiyenre Benson*

OPENING

The play opens as a campus variety show. The audience serves as students from the campus. There is a celebrity corner on a part of the stage. A group of dancers come on stage and do a vibrant choreographed dance. There is a lot of excitement in the hall. At the end of the dance, the PRESENTER comes on stage amidst a loud ovation.

PRESENTER: Thank you, thank you, thank you, that was a wow performance. Let's give it up again for KrisKross Dance Troupe (*Audience claps.*) My name is Omopennu Kokumo Kudaisi aka, "Moppy K Square." I am your presenter for this show. (*Another round of applause.*) Thank you all. You're welcome once more to our yearly "Campus Gigs" edition. "Campus Gigs" is put together by Frontiers League Club of Nigeria to give classy entertainment to academic institutions on a yearly basis. And I'm happy to inform you that this year, it's your turn. (*A loud ovation.*) I promise you that today you are in for a great jolly good time. Please, also give it up for the DJ who will be giving us good rollicking music for our enjoyment. (*Applause for the DJ.*) In this segment, we are bringing to you, in our celebrity corner, a very important and popular personality to grace today's event. Now, it is time to invite our special guest on stage. Permit me to introduce to you, an elegant, beautiful, intelligent,

creative, industrious, humble and unassuming lady, Miss Oriyomi Bamisaye. Ushers please lead her on stage. (*Music as she comes on stage.*)

PRESENTER: (*Leads her to the celebrity corner.*) You are welcome to this year's edition of "Campus Gigs".

OMO TEE: Thank you very much. I am greatly honoured.

PRESENTER: May we meet you please?

OMO TEE: My name is Oriyomi Omoseeni Bamisaye, aka "Omo Tee".

PRESENTER: Hmmm, Omo Tee. I love that. So, Omo Tee, please tell us about yourself.

OMO TEE: I am a graduate of the Creative Industry from a reputable institution in Nigeria and I practice my trade. I am an actor, director, choreographer, dancer, writer, composer, singer, all rolled into one. I am the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Funsho Bamisaye. They are my role models.

PRESENTER: Wow, that's quite interesting. What exactly is "Gold Dreams Foundation?"

OMO TEE: Gold Dreams Foundation was established to reach out to the girl-child that is deprived of opportunities for a better life. Here we mediate on issues like rape, physical and emotional abuse, denial of education, early marriage, runaway or abandoned street girls. Basically, our aim is to give succour and hope to the deprived girl-child.

PRESENTER: That's pretty good. How do you fund the foundation?

OMO TEE: Well, we receive grants, gifts and scholarships from well-meaning individuals, governments, religious bodies, organizations and international bodies.

PRESENTER: Please, tell us some of your activities so far?

OMO TEE: We have helped to reintegrate street girls into homes where they can have equal opportunities with their peers. We offer them counseling and psychological therapy and we handle health issues if the need arises.

PRESENTER: So, what's your dream for "Gold Dreams"?

OMO TEE: We want to grow bigger and take the boys in too especially those on the streets. We hope that in a few years time we would be able to offer succour to both genders.

PRESENTER: Omo Tee, how old is "Gold Dreams"?

OMO TEE: Ten. We are ten years now. It was founded immediately I gained admission to the university. It was a 'yes' to a request I made to my parents.

PRESENTER: Wow! That's great. Thank you very much. Peeps, let's give it up for Yomi Bamisaye, aka, "Omo Tee". (*Audience claps.*) Now we are going into another segment of this show, where you have the opportunity to ask questions from our celebrity. This is the '*I want to know*' segment. I am going

to allow only two questions because of the Dinner coming up tonight as the grand finale. I hope you'll all be there. It will hold right here in this hall by 7.00pm prompt. No African time please. The first one hundred guests to arrive to time will get a free T-shirt of Gold Dreams Foundation. Yes I can see a hand up. Please come forward and ask your question. *(A member of cast already planted by the Director is to ask the question.)*

PRESENTER: Please tell us your name and ask your question.

AUDIENCE: My name is Christopher Musa, Omo Tee, please what actually led you to Gold Dreams Foundation?

PRESENTER: Thank you Christopher. Omo Tee you're on please.

OMO TEE: *(After a long pause.)* Hmmmm. It's a long story.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

The following scenes are in a flashback. A village setting. Light comes on stage as we see a group of people, mainly women mourning. IYA IBEJI is bereaved of her husband and is being comforted by family and friends.

IYA DUDU: Iya Ibeji, take it easy. I know it is very hard to accept but it has happened. Kii bani ka yeri.

BOSIPO: My friend no amount of weeping will bring him back. Please, just accept your fate and life continues.

IYA IBEJI: *(Amidst sobbing.)* Life continues hen? Life continues. So easy for you to say. Who will replace my Akanni? Omo olopo meji, omo erinle, omo olomi apata ti n san gererere... *(A fresh outburst of tears.)*

BABA AKINDE: Don't worry, Iya Ibeji, God will comfort you. Your husband, Akanni was a good man and he will not be far from you.

ALL: Amin o. *(A knock is heard and a well dressed woman in her fifties comes in.)*

IYA IBEJI: (*Jumps up.*) Aah, Auntie me, you have heard.
See what Akanni did to me. E waye mi l'ode.

PEJU: Aburo, its okay. Don't worry (*Greets people around.*) E se, mo dupe o. thank you for your help.
E ni firu e gba o.

BABA AKINDE: I want to take my leave. Iya Ibeji, I
will see you later. (*Exits.*)

IYA DUDU: I left my goods unattended to in the market.
I will be back soon. (*Exits. After this, others take cue and leave one after the other leaving only IYA IBEJI and PEJU.*)

PEJU: What really happened? No tears please.

IYA IBEJI: Hmmm. He went to farm early yesterday morning to harvest some pepper to be sold in the market today. When I didn't see him till evening, I went to look for him in company of my friend Iya Dudu. We met him lying dead. He was stung to death by bees. The tell tale signs were all over him.

PEJU: So, what is your plan now?

IYA IBEJI: Plan ke? What plan can I have? I have three children to raise all by myself. I don't have any plan Auntie mi.

PEJU: Where are the children?

IYA IBEJI: The twins are with Mojinyin for now. Omotara is inside.

PEJU: (*Thinks for a while.*) Teniola, you don't have to worry anymore about Omotara. Henceforth, I will be solely responsible for her upbringing. You take care of the twins especially as they are barely three years.

IYA IBEJI: (*Kneeling and sobbing.*) Haa Auntie mi. Thank you. I am very grateful Ma.

PEJU: Haba, we're family now. Your mother, my elder sister was always there for me in her life time. I promise you, Omotara is in good hands.

IYA IBEJI: Auntie mi, I don't know what to say. May God reward you and continue to provide for you and your family. I will inform her.

PEJU: So, when can I come for her?

IYA IBEJI: When bawo? It is now. What else are we waiting for. If I am relieved of her, I will have only her twin brothers to think of. She will cope very well. She's no longer a child at twelve.

PEJU: Well, if you say so, then no delay (*Brings money from her purse.*) Here Teni, take this ten thousand naira. It's not much, I know. I came for the burial of my friend's father in Oke-Imo that was where I saw Baba Oloye who informed me of the death of your husband. I promise to send more when I return to my base in Lagos.

IYA IBEJI: Ha, all this for me (*Crying.*) Modupe o. Thank you auntie mi. (*Calls.*) Omotara, Omotara.

TARA: Maami (*Comes out.*) Good evening Ma.

IYA IBEJI: Come on, kneel down very well. Don't you know her?

TARA: (*Kneeling.*) Good evening Ma.

PEJU: Good evening my dear. How are you?. Tara, you're now a big girl.

IYA IBEJI: Omotara, sit down. Auntie mi has offered to take you to Lagos, so that you will not end up like me. I've told you the story of your birth. Your father is not from our tribe. He came from a far distance to work on Baba Ajadi's cocoa farm. It was love at first sight for both of us but against my parent's wishes. He travelled by sea, one early morning to inform his people that he has found himself a soul mate. There was a storm. The boat capsized killing all its occupants. He was one of them. It was only after his death I discovered I was pregnant. Auntie mi, I am doomed. And now, Baba Ibeji too...

PEJU: It's okay. We've been through all this before

IYA IBEJI: I've heard you Ma. Please Omotara be a good girl. I don't want complaints about you. This is now your mummy (*Hands her over to PEJU.*)

OMOTARA: (*Crying*) Maami, who will be helping you? What of my brothers? How will you...

IYA IBEJI: Shhhhhh. I will be okay and your brothers too. You will come home from time to time and I will also come and see you.

OMOTARA: (*Now consoled.*) Okay Maami.

IYA IBEJI: Go in now and pack your things.

PEJU: Yes, my dear go and get ready. I don't want to travel late. It's already past four (OMOTARA *goes in.*)

IYA IBEJI: I don't know how to thank you, Auntie mi

MRS. K: Don't bother. Tara is a good girl too. I am sure you'll not regret this.

IYA IBEJI: I am so relieved now. God, I thank you

MRS. K: Now let's talk about you ...(*Lights out.*)

SCENE II

A city setting. A well-furnished sitting room. It is night.
COMFORT *comes out of the room crying.*

FUNSHO: (*Comes out.*) Comfort, why are you behaving like this (*Goes to her.*) Come on, it's okay.

COMFORT: It's not okay at all. That's what you've been saying for the past five years.

FUNSHO: Look my dear, God's time is the best

COMFORT: When is God's time?. When will I carry my own baby? Tell me Funsho. When, when, when? (*Continues crying.*)

FUNSHO: I hate to see you like this. Having a child is not the only thing in this world.

COMFORT: I don't blame you. You're a man. You don't know how it feels. Very soon now your family will come to beg me to accept one useless girl whom you impregnated as your wife.

FUNSHO: Comfort, you're going too far. I won't take such condescending and low thoughts about me from you (*Makes to go in.*)

COMFORT: (*Rushes to him, kneeling.*) I am sorry, Funsho. Please, forgive me, help me please. (*FUNSHO raises her up and they both sit.*)

FUNSHO: We've been through all these before.

Comfort, let's consider the option of adoption recommended by Dr. Akinbode.

COMFORT: No. I won't. I will have my own baby.

FUNSHO: Of course you would. Adopting a child will reduce the tension and stress in both of us. Remember all medical tests and examinations confirm us fit to have a child.

COMFORT: I don't

FUNSHO: Come on, give it a thought. It's worth it.

COMFORT: Well, may be I

FUNSHO: (*Hugging her.*) That's a 'yes' (*Kisses her on the cheek.*) That's my darling wife. Come on, let's get some sleep.

COMFORT: Why are you so excited about adoption?

FUNSHO: My dear, there are many unwanted children abandoned by their parents. The lucky ones get adopted, some end up in homes while some others roam the streets endlessly.

COMFORT: I never saw it from this angle before. So, we are going to give love, care and affection to a forsaken child.

FUNSHO: Exactly. And deep down in me I know God will smile on us.

COMFORT: It's okay dear, let's call it off. Tomorrow is here already.

FUNSHO: Yes, tomorrow will be a better day. (*Lights out.*)

SCENE 3

It is late at night. A sparsely furnished sitting room in a state of disarray. TARA is busy ironing on a table and there is still a heap of clothes piled up on a nearby chair. She is sweating profusely and sleepy.

TARA: (*Exclaiming frightfully.*) Ah! I'm dead, my life is ruined (*now crying*) what will I tell mummy. I'm finished.

GORIOLA: (*Comes out of the room sleepily. TARA hides the cloth behind her.*) So, you have not finished yet? (*She notices her trembling.*) What is wrong with you. What are you hiding?

TARA: Nothing sister mi.

GORIOLA: Then bring it out (*She collects it.*) Aaah. Here we are. This is another of your evil acts.

TARA: I'm sorry sister. Please... (*Crying.*)

GORIOLA: (*Slaps her.*) Sorry for yourself (*Calls.*) Mummy, Mummy, Tara is at it again.

PEJU: (*She comes out sleepily.*) Gori, why are you shouting at this time of the night? (*Sees TARA.*) What is the problem? (*Sees the cloth in GORIOLA's hand.*) What? My Aso-ebi for tomorrow's occasion (*Descends on TARA, beating her mercilessly.*)

TARA: (*Begging.*) Please Ma. I'm sorry Mummy

PEJU: I will kill you today. You will regret coming to this house. *(Still beating her while TARA runs round the room screaming.)*

KAYODE: *(Coming out of the room.)* What is wrong with all of you? Are you aware of the time?

PEJU: It is this devil of a girl. See what she did to my cloth. She has broken almost all my plates in my Canteen. The rice she cooked this morning was stony. My customers complain about her every day. This girl wants to ruin me completely. Ah, mo s'ore daran.

KAYODE: You have not seen anything yet. Nobody will tell you before you return her to where you picked her.

TARA: Ah, Daddy, please help me beg mummy.

KAYODE: If you dare touch me...You this small witch. Look, Peju, I don't want any noise again please, I need to sleep.

PEJU: Kayode, there's no sleep for anybody tonight, especially you this devil. *(Picks the hot iron on the table and presses it hard on TARA's back. TARA faints while others stand transfixed. Lights out.)*

SCENE 4

Lights come up on two young men sitting in a small hut. The setting and stage props suggest the home of a herbalist.

BABA ALAJE: (*Coming into the room.*) Well done my children.

BOTH: Yes, Baba. Thank you.

ARO: Baba Alaje, I hope it is good news.

ADUN: Howu, Igbeyinadun, be patient. Let Baba sit first.

ARO: I'm sorry Baba. I am very eager.

BABA ALAJE: Sorry for yourself. That is why I don't like helping small boys like you. Everything is rush, rush, rush, giri, giri, wara, wara.

BOTH: (*Prostrating*) Please, Baba, forgive us. We are truly sorry.

BABA ALAJE: (*Looks at them strangely.*) Ah, welcome my children. I've been waiting for you (*ADUN and ARO exchange glances. ADUN pulls ARO to a side of the stage for conversation*)

ADUN: Aro, Aro, Aro, how many times did I call you.

ARO: I did not count. Look, I know what you want to

say

ADUN: You do, Aro yes, you don't trust this man.

ARO: He forgets every five minutes and you have to prompt him to remember. How can I trust the efficacy of his charms.

ADUN: I know. But you know what brought us here. This poverty is enough now. We have gone through this before. As for him, just leave him to me. Denrele already told me of his shortcoming and we will deal with it appropriately. You watch. (*They go back to sit. Hits his palm on the floor thrice., BABA is startled.*) Baba, this is Igbeyinadun and Igbayilaro.

BABA ALAJE: Of course I know. How silly of you to remind me. Was I not the one that went inside to inquire for the sacrifice for your pot of wealth?

ARO: Baba we know. Just give us the message.

ADUN: Take it easy now.

BABA: What impunity. In the house of more than one thousand Irunmole's of Yoruba land.

ADUN: Don't mind him Baba.

ARO: Adun, I'm sick and tired of all this. I'm no longer interested. (*Makes to leave.*)

BABA: Stop there. If you move another step you will turn to a stone. Where do you think you are going? After entering the house of Irunmole. After eating

the sacred kolanut. Eewo. You want to undermine the power of the oath we took? Look young man, it is too late for this. Sit down (ARO *still stands*.) sit down I say or ... (*Takes out a horn, licks it and starts incantations.*)

ADUN: (*Both Prostrating.*) Baba please, we are truly sorry this time, forgive us.

BABA: (*Looks as if he is seeing them for the first time.*) Welcome my son, are you not the son of Gbengbele the goldsmith who lives by ...

ADUN: Yes, Baba, I am. (*Hits the floor thrice.*)

BABA: (*He is jostled back to the present.*) Igbeyinadun, Igbayilaro, you are very lucky. Thank your lucky heads. (*Both hold their heads.*) Irunmole is kind. Irunmole needs only one fish.

BOTH: Fish!

BABA: Yes, fish. A very small one

ARO: That's no problem at all. We will get it straight away.

ADUN: Em, Baba what type of fish? Panla, Alaran, Kote, Aro ...

BABA: You're both foolish.

ARO: Foolish? I'm only taking these insults because it's you baba.

BABA: Okay, go and bring your fish.

ADUN: (*Prostrating.*) Baba we are sorry. Please forgive us.

BABA: (*Looking at him dazed.*) Ah, Akanbi, you're welcome. What of your mother?

ADUN: Look old man, I'm getting tired of your failing memory.

ARO: No, don't get tired at all. You asked for it.

ADUN: Look Aro, let's just leave him to finish his message without interrupting so that we can get out of here. (*Hits the floor thrice again.*)

BABA: (*Sitting upright.*) My children both of you are to bring a life fish here latest in three days time. (ADUN & ARO *look confused.*) I know your problem. I will say it in the language you understand. Your pot of wealth demands the blood of a young girl. (ADUN and ARO *jumps up, shocked.*)

ADUN: A young girl?

ARO: This is confusing, fish, girl

BABA: Take this. (*Gives them a charm.*) Touch her forehead with this, she will follow you sheepishly.

ARO: This is the last straw. I'm out.

BABA: Out or what did you say? A child that does not know medicine calls it vegetable.

ADUN: Baba, don't worry, we will try our best.

BABA: If not for you, I would have cast a spell on this useless friend of yours.

ARO: I am not useless Baba. What I want is money not to kill. You want to turn me to a murderer?

BABA: (*Obviously angry.*) Both of you leave my house and don't ever come back when you start facing calamities.

ADUN: (*Prostrating.*) Please Baba, forgive us. We are truly sorry (*BABA is quiet and looks far away.*) No, Baba, not again. We will just go ahead and carry out your instructions. (*Hits the ground thrice. ADUN and ARO leaves,*)

BABA: (*Now conscious of his environment.*) Hey, wait, you two. (*He looks at them as they leave.*) Children of nowadays, so impatient. Well, I wish you luck. (*Lights out.*)

SCENE 6

Light come up on the KALEJAIYE 's sitting room. This time, items are well arranged and in order. Mr. KALEJAIYE is just finishing his dinner.

KAYODE: (*Picking his teeth.*) Where is this girl? (*Calls.*)
Tara, Tara.

TARA: (*From within.*) Sir, I'm coming.

KAYODE: Come and clear this plate. (*Takes an orange. TARA comes out tying a wrapper.*) What are you doing?

TARA: I'm just through with washing the clothes mummy soaked at the backyard. I want to take my bath sir.

KAYODE: Un hmm. (*Looking at her seductively.*) Really? Okay take this plate inside but leave the orange and knife. (*She does as instructed while MR. KAYODE continue sizing her up. TARA leaves. MR. KALEJAIYE makes drawing in the air to indicate the shape of a woman and other body language to suggest what he is thinking of. Calls again.*)
Tara.

TARA: Sir (*Comes out.*)

KAYODE: What time is it now?

TARA: (*Looking at the clock.*) It is past eight sir.

KAYODE: Okay. Where is Gori?

TARA: She has gone to vigil sir.

KAYODE: Vigil? Without my permission?

TARA: Sorry sir.

KAYODE: Don't worry. Sit down.

TARA: No, sir I'm okay like this.

KAYODE: I say sit down.

TARA: (*She obeys.*) Yes sir.

KAYODE: When is your mummy coming back from her trip?

TARA: On Sunday sir.

KAYODE: That's good. I can help you, you know, that is, if you cooperate. I can make sure you go back to school and stop all kinds of maltreatment on you. (*Touching her.*) Tara, my good girl.

TARA: (*Springs up from her seat*) Daddy ...

KAYODE: Don't daddy me jare. All those male customers are already ... (*Makes suggestive actions and tries to embrace her.*) Is that not so?

TARA: (*Innocently.*) Daddy, I don't know what you are talking about.

KAYODE: You don't? Okay, come closer let me show you.

TARA: No, daddy please. (*There is a mild chase round*

the room until KAYODE catches up and carries her suddenly. TARA continues screaming as he carries her inside.) Daddy please, daddy ... *(Lights out to show the passage of time. TARA comes out sweating and crying. Blood trickles down her legs.)* Ha, what is this? My stomach... Somebody help me.

KAYODE: *(Comes out sweating.)* Come on Tara, it's a normal thing. Ah Tara, you're such a good girl. In fact by the time we're through in the morning you would have gotten used to it. *(Moves to carry her once more.)* Tara, you are so sweet... sweet... sweet...

TARA: No, please. Stay away from me.

KAYODE: Come on, don't be childish. This time, I'll be gentle. I promise.

TARA: No, please don't come near me. *(As he advances to carry her, she grabs the knife on the table and stabs him in the stomach. KAYODE falls to the ground bleeding.)* Ah, my God. I've killed him. I've killed someone. Blood! No, no, noooo... *(She continues screaming as she runs out of stage)*

INTERMISSION

Back to Campus show. Light comes up on OMO TEE and PRESENTER. She is now emotional.

OMO TEE: Tara roamed the streets for days and ...
(*Sobbing.*) *She ...*

PRESENTER: Oh no. This is quite touching. Omo Tee, don't get carried away, remember you are only telling a story.

OMO TEE: Yes, yes, I know. (*Now composed.*) I just couldn't help myself. Thank you.

PRESENTER: Let's give it all up for our special guest once more. (*Audience claps.*) I think we need to take a break to douse the tension. I don't want our spirits to be dampened. We are here to enjoy ourselves. Ushers, please serve the snacks and drinks while the DJ gives us music. Omo Tee, please join me on the dance floor. (*Ushers move round the auditorium serving drinks and snacks. Both dance for a few minutes until the PRESENTER brings it to an end.*)

Thank you, thank you and thank you again. I hope we've all been served. (*Audience respond.*) That's good. Don't worry if you are yet to be served. It will soon get to you. Omo Tee please sit down. I can see that you are now smiling. We are all ears.

OMO TEE: Oh yes. I feel a lot better. Where did I stop
(*Trying to remember.*) Yes. Tara roamed the streets
for days. She slept in uncompleted buildings. She
was hungry and tattered. One day, two young men
came to her and offered to take her back to her
mother. They touched her forehead and that was
the last she knew for a very long time. (*Lights
out.*)

ACT 2

SCENE 1

The setting is BABA ALAJE's house. TARA is kneeling, clad in a red wrapper and carrying a clay pot decorated with cowries. BABA ALAJE chants some incantations while IGBEYINADUN and IGBAYILARO looks on impatiently.

BABA ALAJE: We are now in the last phase of this ritual. You, (*Referring to IGBAYILARO.*) Stretch your left hand forward. (*He obeys.*) You too, do the same. (*IGBEYINADUN obeys too*)

ARO: Baba, this process is taking too long. We have been here all through the night.

BABA: See, young man, the end justifies the means. You have to be patient. We have to make sure there are no mistakes.

ADUN: Yes, continue Baba. We are ready to do everything.

ARO: Talk for yourself only.

BABA: (*Now angry.*) You're right Aro. I want to talk for myself. You can both leave.

ADUN: (*Prostrating.*) Ha, Baba please what is remaining is little compared to what we have gone

through.

BABA: (*Obviously unconscious of his environment.*)

Yes, you're right, tomorrow is market day. Make sure you bring big yams to the market. Big, big yams. I need to make ...

ADUN: (*To ARO.*) See what you have caused now?

Everything was going smoothly until you ruined it with your foul mouth.

ARO: Adun, the truth is, we have made a very big mistake.

ADUN: Ah, Adun why did you allow yourself to go on a journey with a cripple.

ARO: Me? Cripple. (*Posed for a fight.*)

ADUN: Please, I don't want to fight. I am begging you, let us complete the rites. We are only a few minutes away from wealth. Money, big money, my friend. We will replace this tattered Ankara with expensive lace. Buy sleek cars, build giant houses, and enjoy as many women as possible.

ARO: Okay, it's alright (*Points to BABA.*)

ADUN: Oh, that one? (*Hits the ground thrice and calls.*) Baba.

BABA: (*Jostles back to the present.*) Where were we?

ARO & ADUN: Our left hands Baba.

BABA: Now, hit them on the floor thrice. (*They comply.*)

Place them on your foreheads and then on her

forehead (*As each places hand on TARA's forehead they experience a shock that runs through their body*) Eewo. (*Chants.*) My mothers don't put me to shame.

ARO: Baba, please help me, I'm dying.

ADUN: Oh. My head, my head.

BABA: Did you say the incantation while taking your bath?

BOTH: Yes, we did Baba.

BABA: Let me find out. (*Looks at TARA's left palm for a while, then exclaims*) Abomination!

BOTH: What is it Baba?

BABA: Ha, you these children, you gave Irunmole rotten fish.

ADUN: Rotten fish?

ARO: How Baba?

BABA: Look at the girl (*They both stare at TARA.*)

BOTH: We can't see anything.

BABA: No wonder. This girl is not a virgin.

ARO: Virgin?

ADUN: What has that got to do with ...

BABA: Everything. You hear me, everything. This girl is polluted. (*They look confused.*) I mean she has already... (*Rolls his waist in a suggestive manner.*)

ARO: This tiny one? At what age?

BABA: Tiny? You're deceiving yourself. The tinier, the better. These ones, they are the sweetest.

ADUN: Baba, so what do we do now?

BABA: You will bring another one?

ARO: What? Not me. In fact I'm no longer interested. And this time, I mean it.

BABA: Then it means you are ready to die.

ADUN: Die?

ARO: Yes, let me die. It's even better than all these stress I've been going through for days.

BABA: If that is how you want it. (*Brings out a gourd from his pocket and licks it.*)

ADUN: (*Pulls ARO as they prostrate.*) Baba, please we are sorry. Forgive our childlike behaviour.

BABA: (BABA ALAJE *is absent minded again.*) Ah, Monkele, tell your father that I will meet him at home.

ADUN: Oh, no. Baba not now. (*Hits the floor thrice. BABA jostles back to reality.*) Baba, please what is the way out.

BABA: Way out? I've told you.

ARO: Where do we get another girl? This one was by sheer luck. We saw her crying by the corner of a street and we offered to help her.

BABA: Go back to the place now. Maybe another one will be there.

ADUN: Baba, but you didn't tell us the fish should be a virgin.

BABA: That is because you did not ask. You were too much in a hurry to leave.

ADUN: Aro, let's go.

ARO: Where?

BABA: Where are you going? Come and carry your load.

ARO: What do we do with her?

BABA: Eat her if you like. (*Removes the pot and washes her face thrice with water.*) You better take her back. She will regain consciousness in the next seven days. I am expecting you before the end of the day. That's all. (*Exits as ADUN and ARO looks on helplessly.*)

SCENE 2

*A doctor's office. MR. and MRS. BAMISAYE are seated.
DOCTOR comes in.*

BOTH: Good day, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hope I've not kept you waiting for long.

COMFORT: How is she now?

DOCTOR: Well not doing badly at all. She regained consciousness a while ago. We'll wait till she's a lot better before interrogating her.

FUNSHO: Thank God. I'm so relieved.

COMFORT: We could have killed her you know. She ran out of a bush path straight into the car...

FUNSHO: On a lonely and deserted road so early in the morning.

DOCTOR: Obviously, she's a victim of ritualists or kidnappers going by the cloth on her. I think she managed to escape. That explains her haste.

FUNSHO: Anyway, we thank God.

COMFORT: And we thank you too.

FUNSHO: Doctor, we think this is a good opportunity to make our dream come true. We would like to adopt this girl.

DOCTOR: (*Laughs.*) Mr. Bamisaye. These things don't work that way. There is a process and procedure. But first, let's find out her status and background. Since law enforcement agents are already involved, that would make it easier. We'll have to go about it legally.

FUNSHO: It's okay by us. We don't even mind being foster parents if outright adoption is impossible.

COMFORT: Yes dear. Girls like this need all the help, support and encouragement they can get.

FUNSHO: That girl has been through a lot.

COMFORT: There are countless marks of torture on her. She is really traumatized.

DOCTOR: You see reasons to take it easy. I don't want us to be on the wrong side of the law.

FUNSHO: I totally agree with you. Thank you very much Doctor Ishola. We'll be back to see her tomorrow.

COMFORT: And we will also take necessary actions in the right direction.

DOCTOR: That's very good. Thank you for coming. We need more of good citizens like you.

FUNSHO: See you tomorrow then.

DOCTOR: Bye. (*Lights out.*)

SCENE 3

The scene takes place by a roadside. IGBEYINADUN and IGBEYILARO are parading the street. A WOMAN passes by carrying a bucket of water but they ignore her. A voice is heard from a distance.

ABIKE: Buy sweet orange. O dun, o loyin. Sweet, sweet orange.

ADUN: Omo olosan, come. (*She comes to him.*) How much is your orange?

ABIKE: Three for fifty naira sir.

ADUN: I want only two. One for me and one for my friend.

ABIKE: That is forty naira sir. Should I slice it?

ADUN: Oh, yes, do (*He looks around cautiously and motions ARO to come closer*) Good girl, what is your name?

ABIKE: Abike Sir.

ADUN: Ummm, what a lovely name.

ARO: Abike, are you a virgin?

ABIKE: What kind of stupid question is this? Are you buying or not?

ARO: Abike, good girl. (*Carries her suddenly.* ABIKE

screams as she struggles.) Adun, touch her forehead.

ADUN: (*Searches in his pocket frantically.*) I can't find it, I think I left it in my trouser at home.

ABIKE: (*Struggling and yelling.*) Help, ye, gbomogbomo ni o. Kidnappers. (*At that instant, the WOMAN appears with an empty bucket.*)

WOMAN: What is going on here?

ARO: (*Releases ABIKE.*) We are only playing with her.

ABIKE: No, it's a lie o. They wanted to kidnap me. (*Holding on to ADUN and ARO's clothes*)

WOMAN: Kidnappers. (*Shouting and calling.*) Everybody come o, come out. It is kidnappers. (*By now a small crowd has gathered. They beat ADUN and ARO mercilessly.*)

1ST MAN: Bring tyre and petrol.

2ND MAN: Yes, burn them alive.

1ST WOMAN: No, please, let us not take laws into our hands. Let's take them to police station.

2ND WOMAN: Police station? The police will collect bribe and release them.

2ND MAN: I think she is one of them.

1ST MAN: I support her suggestion. I don't want to soil my hands with anybody's blood.

2ND MAN: Ok, let's go. But they must confess

everything there.

ADUN: Yes, please. We will confess.

ARO: It is Baba Alaje.

1ST WOMAN: Who is Baba Alaje?

3RD MAN: Don't worry. When we get to the station
you will continue.

*(IGBEYINADUN and IGBAYILARO are dragged out
followed by the crowd. Lights out.)*

SCENE 4

It is morning. The scene takes place in the sitting room of the KALEJAYE 's. LIZZY, a new house help is busy sweeping and arranging things.)

PEJU: *(Comes in from the bedroom.)* Lizzy.

LIZZY: Ma.

PEJU: *(Sees a dirty plate on the floor.)* What is this?
Who used this plate to eat?

LIZZY: Na me, madam, I just finish to dey eat.

PEJU: What? You have eaten breakfast by this time?
It's just past ten in the morning *(Slaps LIZZY.)*
How many times will I tell you that you must not
eat until you finish your chores?

LIZZY: *(Crying.)* Sorry madam. I no chop last night.
Na hunger dey waya me.

PEJU: That hunger will kill you. So you think you are
here to eat?

LIZZY: I sorry madam.

PEJU: You are here to work, get that into your dumb
skull. Every month I send ten thousand naira to
your mother in the village. Do you think it is for
free?

LIZZY: I sorry, I no go eat again madam.

PEJU: Better, have you washed all the clothes I soaked?

LIZZY: I go wash am when I don finish here.

PEJU: What effrontery? How dare you. (*Start beating her. LIZZY runs round screaming*)

KAYODE: Peju, what is it again? Leave the girl now.

PEJU: Look Kayode, don't interfere. This is none of your business at all.

KAYODE: Okay o. I agree but just take it easy o. (*LIZZY suddenly wobbles on her feet and falls fainting.*)

PEJU: Ye, mo gbe. Lizzy, Lizzy (*Both place her on the chair.*), Lizzy, Lizzy.

(*KAYODE rushes in to bring water and splash on her.*)

LIZZY: (*Coughs, but now in pain.*) My stomach...

PEJU: Lizzy what is wrong with you?

LIZZY: I beg oga madam no beat me. I...

PEJU: No, I won't, but if you don't tell me the truth, I will kill you.

LIZZY: (*Stammering*) I ... don ... get belle...

PEJU: Is that so? That is no problem, go inside and pack your things. You are going back to your village today.

LIZZY: Madam, I beg, help me, I no wan go. My mama go kill me.

PEJU: Okay, I will help you. Now tell me, na who give you belle?

KAYODE: Look, Peju, why are you wasting time on irrelevances. Just take her away from here and get another girl. That's all.

PEJU: Lizzy answer me. (KAYODE *is uncomfortable.*)

LIZZY: Madam, na ...

KAYODE: Na who, who?. (*Just then there is a knock on the door. He is relieved.*) Yes come in. (*Two Police Officers in plain clothes come in.*)

1ST OFFICER: Good morning, please are you Mr. and Mrs. Kalejaiye, we are policemen from Area D, Idiro.

KAYODE: Yes, we are. Any problem?

2ND OFFICER: Not really sir, we want to find out if you know any Tara Adesina.

KAYODE: (*Hissing.*) That useless girl.

PEJU: She stole all my trinkets and money and ran away three months ago. Omo ole. I don't ever want to set my eyes on her again.

KAYODE: When I tried to stop her, she almost killed me.

PEJU: Even her useless mother believes she is still here.

1ST OFFICER: Thank you very much. There will be

enough room for that at our station. (IYA IBEJI enters.)

PEJU: Aburo mi, how are you? This is a big surprise.

IYA IBEJI: Aunty mi, you are an animal in human form.

PEJU: Let me explain.

IYA IBEJI: What a wicked world.

PEJU: Let us settle this as family.

TENIOLA: Family my foot. So everything Tara told me is true. You have a replacement already. I know it can't be any different.

1ST OFFICER: That's okay, we will all move down to the station now. Mr. and Mrs. Kalejaiye move please.

KAYODE: What is my own business there? Let my wife go. I will come and see her later.

1ST OFFICER: I will advise you to keep quiet as anything you say will be used against you in the court of law.

LIZZY: Oga police, make we all kukuma go station together. Madam, na oga give me belle.

MRS K: Haa, Kayode, again? (*Rushes to her husband and goes for his trouser flap in an attempts to bite.*)

MR. K: (*Screaming.*) Yeee, yeee, heeelp. (*Lights out.*)

SCENE 5

It is night. The scene takes place at the Bamisaye's residence. TARA is busy studying in the sitting room. There is a knock on the door

TARA: Yes, come in (MR. and MRS. BAMISAYE comes in. TARA greets.) Welcome daddy, welcome mummy. (MRS. BAMISAYE is heavily pregnant.)

COMFORT: Why are you not in bed?

TARA: I was waiting for you.

COMFORT: That's my girl. Where is your brother Ayodeji?

TARA: He's in the room sleeping.

FUNSHO: I hope you are well prepared for your promotion examination. You must come first you know?

TARA: Daddy, I promise, it is first or nothing.

FUNSHO: Good, once you're through with secondary school, you will go to the University to study any course of your choice.

TARA: Daddy, thank you. (*Hugs him.*) Mummy, thank you. (*Hugs her.*) I don't know where or what I would have been today without you. (*Sobbing.*) How I wish Maami...

COMFORT: Come on, stop it, you are our daughter now. You have been legally adopted after the demise of your mother in that fatal car accident on her way back to the village.

FUNSHO: My dear daughter, Life is full of mysteries that will remain unresolved. Our meeting you was divine. Since you came to this house three years ago, things have changed for us too. We have a son and ...

COMFORT: ... we are expecting another soon (*They all laugh.*)

TARA: I am so happy. When I grow up I would like to make others happy too especially girls that may be experiencing what I went through.

FUNSHO: Don't worry; we will cross the bridge when we get there. We will give you all the support needed.

COMFORT: Father and daughter, it's been a long day. I am going to bed. Good night dear.

FUNSHO: Good night my baby girl (*Kiss her on the cheek as they go in. TARA smiles as she packs her books. Lights out.*)

CLOSING

Lights come up on celebrity corner as OMO TEE rounds up her story

OMO TEE: So that was how Tara had a chance at a new life. The Bamisaye's lived up to their promise.

PRESENTER: Wow, what an inspiring story. Thank you very much Omo Tee. (*To the audience.*) Let us give a loud ovation to our guest. I am sure you all enjoyed the story. Now we have time for just one more question. (*Notices a hand up among the audience.*) Yes, young lady, please come forward.

LADY: My name is Esther Badru. Omo Tee, my question is, where is 'Tara now and how is she doing?

OMO TEE: (*Stands and after a long pause*) I am 'Tara. And 'Tara is with you. There's also a 'Tara close to you, in your homes, in your schools, in your places of worship and the society at large. Together, let us join our voices and say no to girl child abuse.

PRESENTER: Please, let us all give her a standing ovation. Wow. This is great. So, you just told us your story. Congratulations, you made it. As our tradition, we are going to present to you, an award as a foremost agitator for the girl child in our nation, Nigeria. (*He takes her centre stage.*) Ushers please bring the award while I call on one of our dignitaries

to present it. (*Music from DJ as ushers lead any member of the audience on stage to present the award.*)

PRESENTER: Thank you very much. Omo Tee, you have added spice to this year's 'Campus Gig'. To round up, let us have the Kriss Kross dancers on stage once more for their final performance. (*Music from DJ as dancers come on stage and put up a choreographed dance to hip pop music. At the end of the dance, other actors come on stage for curtain call. Lights out.*)

THE END

Kraftgriots

Also in the series (DRAMA) (continued)

Chris Anyokwu: *Ufuoma* (2007)
Ahmed Yerima: *The Wives* (2007)
Emmanuel Emasealu: *The Gardeners* (2008)
Emmanuel Emasealu (ed.) *The CRAB Plays I* (2008)
Emmanuel Emasealu (ed.) *The CRAB Plays II* (2008)
Richard Ovuorho: *Reaping the Whirlwind* (2008)
Niyi Adebajo: *Two Plays: A Market of Betrayals & A Monologue on the Dunghill* (2008)
Chris Anyokwu: *Homecoming* (2008)
Sam Ukala: *Two Plays* (2008)
Ahmed Yerima: *Akuabata* (2008)
Kayode Animasaun: *Sand-eating Dog* (2008)
Ahmed Yerima: *Tuti* (2008)
Ahmed Yerima: *Mojagbe* (2009)
Ahmed Yerima: *The Ife Quartet* (2009)
Peter Omoko: *Battles of Pleasure* (2009)
'Muyiwa Ojo: *Memoirs of a Lunatic* (2009)
John Iwuh: *Spellbound* (2009)
Osita C. Ezenwanebe: *Dawn of Full Moon* (2009)
Ahmed Yerima: *Dami's Cross & Atika's Well* (2009)
Osita C. Ezenwanebe: *Giddy Festival* (2009)
Ahmed Yerima: *Little Drops ...* (2009)
Arnold Udoka: *Long Walk to a Dream* (2009), winner, 2010 ANA/NDDC J.P. Clark drama prize
Arnold Udoka: *Inyene: A Dance Drama* (2009)
Chris Anyokwu: *Termites* (2010)
Julie Okoh: *A Haunting Past* (2010)
Arnold Udoka: *Mbarra: A Dance Drama* (2010)
Chukwuma Anyanwu: *Another Weekend, Gone!* (2010)
Oluseyi Adigun: *Omo Humuani: Abubakar Olusola Saraki, Royal Knight of Kwara* (2010)
Eni Jologho Umuko: *The Scent of Crude Oil* (2010)
Olu Obafemi: *Ogidi Mandate* (2010), winner, 2011 ANA/NDDC J.P. Clark drama prize
Ahmed Yerima: *Ajagunmale* (2010)
Ben Binebai: *Drums of the Delta* (2010)
'Diran Ademiju-Bepo: *Rape of the Last Sultan* (2010)
Chris Iyimoga: *Son of a Chief* (2010)
Arnold Udoka: *Rainbow Over the Niger & Nigeriana* (2010)

Julie Okoh: *Our Wife Forever* (2010)
 Barclays Ayakoroma: *A Matter of Honour* (2010)
 Barclays Ayakoroma: *Dance on His Grave* (2010)
 Isiaka Aliagan: *Olubu* (2010)
 Emmanuel Emasealu: *Nerves* (2011)
 Osita Ezenwanebe: *Adaugo* (2011)
 Osita Ezenwanebe: *Daring Destiny* (2011)
 Ahmed Yerima: *No Pennies for Mama* (2011)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Mu'adhin's Call* (2011)
 Barclays Ayakoroma: *A Chance to Survive and Other Plays* (2011)
 Barclays Ayakoroma: *Castles in the Air* (2011)
 Arnold Udoka: *Akon* (2011)
 Arnold Udoka: *Still Another Night* (2011)
 Sunnie Ododo: *Hard Choice* (2011)
 Sam Ukala: *Akpakaland and Other Plays* (2011)
 Greg Mbajjorgu: *Wake Up Everyone!* (2011)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Three Plays* (2011)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Igatibi* (2012)
 Esanmabeke Opuofeni: *Song of the Gods* (2012)
 Karo Okokoh: *Teardrops of the Gods* (2012)
 Esanmabeke Opuofeni: *The Burning House* (2012)
 Dan Omatsola: *Olukume* (2012)
 Alex Roy-Omoni: *Morontonu* (2012)
 Chinyere G. Okafor: *New Toyi-Toyi* (2012)
 Greg Mbajjorgu: *The Prime Minister's Son* (2012)
 Karo Okokoh: *Sunset So Soon* (2012)
 Sunnie Ododo: *Two Liberetti: To Return from the Void & Vanishing Vapour* (2012)
 Gabriel B. Egbe: *Emani* (2012)
 Shehu Sani: *When Clerics Kill* (2013)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Tafida & Other Plays* (2013)
 Osita Ezenwanebe: *Shadows on Arrival* (2013)
 Praise C. Daniel-Inim: *Married But Single and Other plays* (2013)
 Bosede Ademilua-Afolayan: *Look Back in Gratitude* (2013)
 Greg Mbajjorgu: *Beyond the Golden Prize* (2013)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Heart of Stone* (2013)
 Julie Okoh: *Marriage Coup* (2013)
 Praise C. Daniel-Inim: *Deacon Dick* (2013)
 Wale Odebade: *Ariyowanye (The Uneasy Head)* (2013)
 Soji Cole: *Maybe Tomorrow* (2013) winner, ANA NDDC/J.P. Clark drama prize, 2014
 Wunmi Raji: *Another Life* (2013)
 Sam Ukala: *Iredi War: A Folkscript* (2014), winner, The Nigeria Prize for Literature, 2014

Bashiru Akande Lasisi: *The First Fight* (2014)
 Angus Chukwuka: *The Wedding* (2014)
 Prince Ib' Oriaku: *Legend of the Kings* (2014)
 Denja Abdullahi: *Death and the King's Grey Hair & Other Plays* (2014)
 Julie Umukoro: *Cry for Democracy* (2014)
 Walse Tyoden: *Hunting Sekyen* (2014)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Orisa Ibeji* (2014)
 Chris Anyokwu: *Bloodlines and Other Plays* (2014)
 Titus Ohwonohwo: *Edacious Potentate* (2014)
 Pius Osuntuyinbo: *Before the Stroke of Noon* (2015)
 Bosede Ademilua-Afolayan: *Once Upon an Elephant* (2015)
 Dickson Ekhaguere: *Unstable* (2015)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Collected Plays I* (2015)
 Isiaka Aliagan: *Ogu Umunwanyi* (2015)
 Chukwuma Anyanwu: *Two Plays* (2015)
 Dimabo Oruama: *The Return of the Golden Sword* (2015)
 'Muyiwa Ojo: *Half a Bag of Lies* (2015)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Collected Plays II* (2015)
 Ademakinwa Adebisi: *Below the Belt* (2015)
 Broderick Esanmabeke Opuofeni: *A Tower of Babel* (2015)
 Ameh P. Egwaba: *Love Potion* (2015)
 Peter Omoko: *Crude Nightmen* (2015)
 Olu Obafemi: *Running Dreams ...* (2015)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Abobaku* (2015)
 Doris Ngozi Utuke: *Blood for Love* (2016)
 Kene Igweonu: *Plays One* (2016)
 Obii Okwelum: *Those Who Live in Glass Houses* (2016)
 Ifechi Jane Odoe: *Edge of the Brink* (2016)
 Denja Abdullahi: *Death and the King's Grey Hair* (2016)
 Barclays Ayakoroma: *Once Upon a Dream* (2016)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Iyase* (2016)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Collected Plays II* (2016)
 Comish Ekiye: *The Family* (2016)
 Solomon Iguanre: *Sculptorico & Other Skits* (2016)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Collected Plays III* (2016)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Collected Plays I* (2016)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Collected Plays II* (2016)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Collected Plays III* (2016)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Tony Wants to Marry* (2016)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Pari* (2016)
 Barclays Ayakoroma: *A Scar for Life* (2016)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Jakadiya* (2017)
 Eunice Uwadinma-Idemudia: *The Quest & King Okaka* (2017)

Ahmed Yerima: *Odenigbo* (2017)
 Emma Eregare: *A Mother's Lot* (2017)
 Omotayo Matthew Aderinola: *Iyaloja* (2017)
 Femi Adedina: *Time and Tide* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *The Joy of Professor Abednego Jnr.* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Sorters and Sortees* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Specks in Our Eyes* (2018)
 Akanji Nasiru: *The Rally* (2018)
 Julie Okoh: *Thorny Path* (2018)
 Nwagbo Pat Obi: *When Women Go Naked* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Oh My Rolls Royce & My Fairly Old Lady* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Honourable Chairman* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Ina-Aga* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Armchair Parents* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *His Excellency and the Siren* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *The First Lady* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Signs and Wonders* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *The First Day* (2018)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Mine: An Enduring Heart* (2018)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Drugga* (2018)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Collected Plays IV* (2019)
 Doyin Aguoru: *Two Plays* (2018)
 Olu Obafemi: *Near and Distant Cries* (2018)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Lanpapa* (2019)
 Tunji Oyewole: *The Grain* (2019)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Hendu* (2019)
 Jerry Alagbaoso: *Let My Husband Be* (2019)
 Austine Anigala: *Drops of Rotten Deals* (2019)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Queen Amina* (2019)
 Doyin Aguoru: *Refugees of the Great Lake* (2019)
 Ray Emeana: *Ebubedike* (2019)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Ala* (2020)
 Funso Aiyejina: *The Character Who Walked Out On His Author* (2020)
 Olatunde Ojerinde: *Museum of Dreams* (2020)
 Stella Omonigho: *The Twin Kingdoms* (2020)
 Ahmed Yerima: *Haze* (2020)
 Comish Ekiye: *One Stroke of the Matchete* (2020)
 Akínwólé S. Ariwoṣá: *The Travails of Ààrẹ-Ọ̀nà-Kakàifò* (2020)
 Bakare Ojo Rasaki: *Ifajuyigbe* (2020)
 Pater Omoko: *A Requiem for the Gods* (2021)
 Akínwólé S. Ariwoṣá: *Tragedy of Ààrẹ-Ọ̀nà-Kakàifò* (2021)
 Victor S. Dugga: *Gidan Juju* (2021)
 Olympus G. Ejue: *Hard Times are not for Dying* (2021)

Esanmabeke Opuofeni: *Trial of the Sea Gods* (2021)
Kehinde Akano: *Pajepolobi* (2021)