

Heaven Earth Man

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Cast of Characters

MARY:

early 50s British Hong-Kong  
Chinese transracially adoptee

PERCY:

70s WWII war vetran, Japanese  
POW a Scot proud of being  
Scottish but also proud of  
being British

DO NO EVIL:

Human monkey of  
indeterminate age East Asian  
could be male or female

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Human monkey of  
indeterminate age East Asian  
could be male or female

SEE NO EVIL:

Human monkey of  
indeterminate age East Asian  
could be male or female

HEAR NO EVIL:

Human monkey of  
indeterminate age East Asian  
could be male or female

SERGEANT HARJIT SINGH:

Sikh soldier loyal to the  
British and Percy

SOLDIER/ POLICE OFFICER:

Male South Asian Sikh mid  
twenties to mid thirties

Scene

Derelict "Church" somewhere in the East End of London

Time

The main action takes place in present day London. The  
'East End'. And in recall during the Second World War's  
South east Asia campaigns.



ACT IScene 1

*A silent empty, black space.  
The faint haunting notes of a SHAKUHACHI, (Japanese bamboo flute). Slowly and almost inaudibly the undulating beat of a TABLA combines with the flute. A flash of light. A gigantic silhouette of a dragon ripples through the space. The dragon rushes through the projection of the Union flag. The flute and the tabla get louder and louder*

BLACKOUT

Scene 2

*Lights up. Two people march towards each other, from opposite sides of the stage. Stage left an elderly Caucasian male. Ex-army, immaculately dressed in a sober suite and tie. Wearing a service beret, company insignia on his breast pocket, with the meddles pinned above. He carries a placard it reads:*

*JUSTICE NOW! REPARATION FOR THE JAPANESE POWs*

*Stage right a British East Asian woman. Casual-smart dress, Jeans, deck/skate shoes, t-shirt, denim jacket. She carries a small rucksack. Tied across her forehead a white bandanna, which reads:*

*JUSTICE FOR THE COMFORT WOMEN AND HONG KONG WAR WIDOWS*

*The man and woman march, inexorably towards one another, on a direct collision course. We hear the chanting of hundreds of voice, as the Man and Woman on stage march. REPARATION NOW!*

*JUSTICE FOR THE COMFORT WOMEN AND HONG KONG WAR WIDOWS!*

*A projection OF Enoch Powell giving his "River's of Blood" speech. This merges into a projection of archive footage of NF, BNP and EDL marches Chanting starts and grows filling the space  
BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH!*

*The man, woman meet centre stage. The chanting gets louder to the point of being uncomfortable. The beat of the tabla becomes*  
CONTINUED: (2)

(CONTINUED)

*faster, imitating a racing heart-beat. The chants, the flute and tabla blend together in a crescendo, of cacophonous of sound. The sound of breaking glass, a gun shot, feet running, screams, chaos, police sirens, shouts and all the while the underscored music plays*

BLACKOUT

### Scene 3

*FOUR WISE MONKEYS float in mid-air. They sit in the traditional poses. From left to right: DO NO EVIL Hands folded atop of crossed legs SPEAK NO EVIL Hands clasped across the mouth HEAR NO EVIL Hands clasped across both ears SEE NO EVIL Hands clasped across the eyes*

*Their manners and movements are a perfect combination of primate and human.*

*A pin spot on DO NO Evil's face.*

DO NO EVIL:

Pondering over and over

The fleeting affairs of the world

It is better by far

To be completely detached

It is impossible

To neither see Nor hear, nor speak

If one remains attached

To this fleeting world

*The pin spot snaps onto the face of SEE NO EVIL.*

SEE NO EVIL:

Best to be alone

And without concern

Viewing this transient world

As if it were a dream

It is true that seeing things

Brings troubles

So nothing is better than not seeing

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

*The spotlight widens to light SEE NO EVIL and  
HEAR NO EVIL's faces*

HEAR NO EVIL:

Hearing Produces desire

And gives rise to anger

So not hearing

Is truly the best

*HEAR NO EVIL's face is plunged into darkness as  
the light focuses on DO NO EVIL.*

DO NO EVIL:

Compared to the three wise monkeys.

Who neither see nor hear nor speak

Not thinking is by far the best.

*The light spreads gradually encompassing all  
four Monkeys.*

HEAR NO EVIL:

*Unclasping hands from ears*  
Grains of time

Like sand

Trickle

Full is empty

Ancient bleeds into new

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Unclasping hands from mouth*  
Humanity no longer utters our names

They have forgotten to remember us

HEAR NO EVIL:

New life

New cycle

Incomplete

SEE NO EVIL:

Knowledge

(CONTINUED)

In forgetting the totality of their humanity

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (3)

SEE NO EVIL: (cont'd)

Their world

Our dreams

Are blind deaf and dumb

HEAR NO EVIL:

They live and die

So to be reborn

Such is the passage of their time

DO NO EVIL:

We wait

SPEAK NO EVIL:

We say nothing

HEAR NO EVIL:

We hear nothing

DO NO EVIL:

So do nothing

And therefore do everything

HEAR NO EVIL:

To hear nothing

And so listen to everything

Each note of breath

Each sigh of reborn death

The velvet flutter of a butterfly's wing

The faintest flight of petal

SPEAK NO EVIL:

To say nothing

So that silence might sing

DO NO EVIL:

So are we content

(CONTINUED)

In stillness -

*Pause*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Beat*

I am bored

CONTINUED: (4)

*The Monkeys evaporate. Leaving behind them a pool of empty shrinking light.*

BLACKOUT

#### Scene 4

*A scream. The screech of tyres. Sounds of breaking glass. We hear running feet. See flashing lights.*

*Blue, amber and red. Alarm bells. Sirens wailing, Police, Ambulance, Fire brigade. Torch beams bob up and down at erratic intervals and odd angles. The beat of the tabla takes over. Imitating the human heart. Faster and faster it pounds. Louder and louder, almost drowning out all other noise. Another scream. The drumming comes to an abrupt halt. Silence.*

BLACKOUT

*A heart beat can be heard, distant at first, getting louder and nearer. Lights come up slowly giving just enough brightness to make out the elderly Caucasian male from the march, PERCY ALLAN, stumbling along. His suite is torn and blood stained. Some of his medals have been ripped off his jacket. He drags his torn placard behind him with one hand. He trips over the out stretched leg of SPEAK NO EVIL. The man is oblivious to the presence of the Monkeys.*

*Slowly the lighting begins to highlight the features of the space. It is a vast cavernous hall. Littered with broken shapes. This was once some kind of mass meeting place. Maybe a church or a synagogue. Now abandoned and left to decay. Furthest from the man and high up in the wall, a huge stained glass window. It is a simple geometric design of red, green, blue and yellow glass. To the man's left the small door which he must have come through. It is still ajar. Only now as the light increases by gradual degrees, do we see it is part of an even larger door. An ancient oak construction.*

(CONTINUED)



Studied with heavy black metal rivets. As the light continues to intensify we can see the space is full of row upon row of benches or pews. Running through the centre of these pews an aisle. Dressed either side by broken columns. They form a clear walkway through the middle of the space. SPEAK NO EVIL leaps onto the top of a broken column and watches the man intently. Even though the man is unaware of the Monkey's presence SPEAK NO EVIL pretends to be a statue.

DO NO EVIL sits on top of another broken column.

Still and serene in the lotus position. Below

CONTINUED: (2)

the large stained-glass window a stack of broken pews have been piled one on top of the other. Forming a gigantic unlit bonfire or funeral pyre type structure. Sitting on the summit of this pew mountain, SEE NO EVIL and HEAR NO EVIL. The man takes out a 'zippo' style petrol cigarette lighter. He strikes it. A flame appears. Mischievously SPEAK NO EVIL rolls a moth eaten candle at the man's feet. The man picks up the candle and lights it. The candlelight 'grows' casting huge shadows on the floor and walls of the space. The man looks about him. Suddenly in the light of the candle he realises he is not alone. Half way up the pew mountain sits the East Asian woman from the other march. Quietly looking down on him. They stare at one another. The noise from outside filters into the space. Echoing and bouncing the music of violence and fear from one barren surface to another. Panic, pain and chaotic shouts, screams, whistles, sirens, running feet, stumbling feet and chanting voices mix into an unbearable sound scape. SPEAK NO EVIL swings down from its perch. The Monkey sidles towards the man and blows out the candle flame. All is plunged into darkness. We can see nothing. But we hear the riot, the man's heartbeat, his rapid breathing. A faint chuckle from a Monkey.

BLACKOUT

### Scene 5

A match is struck. It fizzles into light. In its minuscule beam we can see three faces. The woman's SEE NO EVIL's and SPEAK NO EVIL's. Rather like a parody of Da Vinci's CARTOON. The

(CONTINUED)

woman attempts to light another candle. *SPEAK NO EVIL* deliberately blows out the match. The woman tries again the same thing occurs. *SPEAK NO EVIL* is delighted with this game. The woman strikes a third match. *SPEAK NO EVIL* prepares to blow the match out. But before the Monkey can exhale it is cuffed - first over one ear and then over the other ear by *HEAR NO EVIL* and *SEE NO EVIL*. The darkness is lifted. The woman continues to gaze down at the man.

Until the end of the play the noises of the riot outside form a constant audible background. This 'ongoing music' will underscore the entire play.

MARY:

*Speaking with a natural and 'unforced' upper-class English accent*

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY: (cont'd)

I wasn't sure whether you were friend or foe.

(Pause)

I'm still not sure.

(Awkward silence)

Hello - I'm Mary. Mary Chow.

*She begins to clamber down the pew mountain. Candle in hand. The Monkeys assist Mary by creating footholds with their hands. Mary of course is unaware of the Monkeys or their help. Once on terra firma she walks confidently towards the man. Hand out-stretched in greeting.*

PERCY:

*Deliberately ignoring the gesture of friendship he speaks. He has a clear uncluttered Scots accent. His speaks slowly deliberately and loudly. As if he's talking to a deaf child, who is also mentally deficient.*

I would nae take your hand if my life depended upon it!

*Percy spits on the floor grinds his foot over the spittle.*

(CONTINUED)

MARY makes her way to the door and barricades the small entrance. The chime of distant Chinese bells\*. MARY and PERCY are "frozen" in time.

The monkeys reappear out of the air. SPEAK NO EVIL leaps from broken column to broken column. SEE NO EVIL drops from on high landing silently next to the two 'frozen' human beings. DO NO EVIL hovers above all in the lotus position. HEAR NO EVIL hangs from the ceiling, swinging back and forth.

\*Consider using the combination of the twelve basic notes of the Classical Chinese scale.

SEE NO EVIL:

This is evolution?

So much for mankind

HEAR NO EVIL:

Nothing changes

SPEAK NO EVIL is busy trying to get into Percy's pocket but tires quickly and goes to inspect Mary and the rucksack she has on her back. The Monkey is so absorbed with the task it is unaware that the others are watching.

CONTINUED: (3)

SEE NO EVIL silently creeps up behind SPEAK NO EVIL and grabs the scruff of its neck, hurling the Monkey across the space.

SPEAK NO EVIL lands with expertise and laughs.

DO NO EVIL:

Enough!

Be still

Our memory is long

Countless sights, scenes, sounds, words

And actions have we witnessed

So the world turns

HEAR NO EVIL:

Peering at Percy

What of this male

SEE NO EVIL:

(CONTINUED)

I smell fear

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I am in capable of smelling anything

Other than my own starvation

HEAR NO EVIL:

*Inspecting Mary*

There is something...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

What

Where

Is it edible?

HEAR NO EVIL:

She...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Is edible?

HEAR NO EVIL:

Very...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Succulent?

Tender?

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (4)

SPEAK NO EVIL: (cont'd)

Tasty?

I have never consumed human meat be...

HEAR NO EVIL:

Different!

The woman is not as others of her kind

that I have observed

SEE NO EVIL:

How so...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Just a morsel

(CONTINUED)

A tip bit

A single solitary crumb

I am so hungry

I cannot think

I cannot sleep...

SEE NO EVIL:

Celestials

What need have we for food or sleep?

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I am unable to function...

SEE NO EVIL:

It was ever so Mortal or Immortal

You never could master the art of focus!

SPEAK NO EVIL:

My brain lacks the wit and wisdom to focus

My stomach does not.

Is it any wonder after two thousand years bereft of  
sustenance

Starved of food

I am so so hungry...

DO NO EVIL:

Hold your prattling tongue

CONTINUED: (5)



*SPEAK NO EVIL does as is bid and literally  
holds its tongue.  
The other Monkeys stare at SPEAK NO EVIL  
unmoved.*

DO NO EVIL:

Must you always play the fool!

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Still holding tongue, SPEAK NO EVIL talks  
It is my nature*

*Pause*

(CONTINUED)

I am a Monkey

Am I not?

*The Monkeys look at SPEAK NO EVIL. SPEAK NO EVIL tries to continue talking still holding its tongue.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

What, what?

Why are you all staring at

I have done nothing...

SEE NO EVIL:

Let lose your tongue

*Blank no response.*

HEAR NO EVIL:

Let go of your tongue.

*No reaction. DO NO EVIL cuffs the back of SPEAK NO EVIL's head. The penny drops. Speak No Evil immediately lets go of its tongue and begins to speak.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I merely wish to say it is in my nature

To be foolish

*pause, silence no reaction*

I am a Monkey

Am I not

DO NO EVIL:

*Wearily*

Peace

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SEE NO EVIL:

She is afraid...

No

She is fear

His fear

DO NO EVIL:

The world has changed

But to what end

These beings who walk its earth

Still live against nature's grain

They force

They meddle

They are filled with artifice

Fear

Ignorance

Complacency

Those are Man's immortal Gods

What need then

Do they have of us

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Chuckles

I smell trouble

I smell fun

HEAR NO EVIL:

Fear haunts this man's memories

The fear of her future dreams

Lets listen awhile

*SPEAK NO EVIL jumps onto the pew pile. Bearing teeth and posturing. HEAR NO EVIL leaps onto a broken column. DO NO EVIL remains in mid air, legs crossed, hands folded. SEE NO EVIL begins*

*to howl. The chime of a distant temple bell.  
The Monkeys vanish.*

Scene 6

MARY and PERCY "unfreeze"

MARY:

You have the advantage - you know my name, but...

PERCY:

*Still speaking slowly and very loudly P-E-R-C-Y A-L-L-A-N*

MARY:

Don't take this the wrong way, are you all right? Do you normally naturally speak like that?

*Percy blanks the comment.*

MARY:

Mission accomplished?

Were the Whitehall bosses suitably embarrassed?

*Pause*

Justice for all POWs wasn't it?

PERCY:

What the bloody hell do you know?!

*Beat, sarcastically*

Comfort Women and Hong Kong War Widows!

Sympathisers and collaborators more like. Och away and peddle your vegetarian, yogurt-eating, goat farming twaddle on some other, more gullible sod.

MARY:

I would have thought you as a POWs of the SEA campaigns might at least have some modicum of compassion for those poor women and widows of combatants that fell fighting for their King and Country?

*Percy shifts with discomfort*

FYI, I'm a confirmed carnivore.

PERCY:

Aye, should have known!

MARY:

Roast beef, Yorkshire pud, two veg and onion gravy...

(CONTINUED)



PERCY:

*Mumbling*

People like you, turn my stomach...

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY:

Meaning...? What, exactly?

PERCY:

The only reason, *lassie*, that you're free tae stand here in front of me, whining 'n whinging on about poor women, so called war widows and ban the bomb, is because of the very same bloody bomb! Do you no see a wee speck of irony in that?!

MARY:

*Longish pause*

No. I wasn't marching to ban the bomb, though I'd quite happily join that procession. But you've lost me . . .

PERCY:

For somebody who's so learned and booked, you're rather dense. It was a rhetorical question. No need tae bother your mouth. For all your 'education', you can't see the plain honest truth of the matter. The A bomb is the very thing that gave you life and the freedom to live it.

MARY:

The means justifies the end. Quod erat demonstrandum.

PERCY:

*Ignores Mary*

My one real regret, that those bombs did nae wipe the whole bloody slate clean.

MARY:

You really believe that, don't you.

PERCY:

Aye wi' heart soul and mind. An awful bloody war was brought to a bloody awful end.  
Stopping your lot from world domination.

*pause, a moment of memory. Then in a mock whisper*

(CONTINUED)

I'll tell you something else 'an all, I'd have made those bombs twice the size.

MARY:

Why?

PERCY:

"Why?"

*He sucks in a sharp breath*  
Because!

Because We, the Allies had the wit, wisdom, right and power tae do it.

CONTINUED: (3)

*Silence. Just the ongoing background noise of the riot outside. Shouts screams and the occasional flash of light bursting through the stained glass window.*

MARY:

Explain.

Please enlighten me. Educate the Colonial in me.

Allow me to better understand, I'm a generation removed from those horrors.

How did irradiating Hiroshima and Nagasaki add to the betterment of mankind. Putting to one side the most obvious, the cessation of hostilities. What has humanity positively and benignly gained from microwaving Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

PERCY:

Nothing!

*Laughs*

It merely postponed the inevitable.

MARY:

What?

PERCY:

You've dominated the world. Not by the sword, but by commerce. You owned most of the technology that has driven western society and our industries. You were using it tae spy on us. Turing our ayne machines a'gin us. You had us like that a butterfly, skewered to the ground.  
But we're wise tae you now!

(CONTINUED)

MARY:

War or no war might it would not have happened anyway?

PERCY:

Am I right in thinking, you eat beef on a regular basis?

MARY:

I'm serious.

PERCY:

So am I, lassie.

I'll wager a bob or two it's nae Scottish Beef!

MARY:

Japan was no better than the Weimacht, Mussolini's Italy or Vichy France.

Why not 'nuke' the lot.

There done and dusted.

Slate cleaned.

CONTINUED: (4)

PERCY:

That's no the point.

MARY:

But it is precisely *the point*.

*Their 'conversation' is interrupted by a serious of very loud explosions.*

MARY:

It's hard to punish a 'monster' isn't it. Especially if that monster shares is so like the punisher. We persecute, vilify and deride things and people who are visibly different to us . . .

PERCY:

We're not the ones trying to take over the world. We did nae herd thousands of people into concentration camps to be gassed and incinerated...

MARY:

No, you just dropped A-bombs on top of two densely populated areas.

Killing 152,034 and seriously, if not fatally injuring 213,796.

(CONTINUED)

The majority of those injured or killed were civilians.

PERCY:

You're well educated, I'll give you that.  
But you're a simpleton.

MARY:

The Nazi regime, amongst other things, was anti-Semitic. The Japanese, anti-European and anti-Chinese. If we sift through the historical ashes and human debris of Dachau, Auswitch, Ping Fan, Unit 731; the facts paint a different picture. Innocent men, women and children died. On all sides. The people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were civilians. Not caught in general crossfire, but put to death by human design and manipulation.

How can we justify mass murder? It shouldn't matter which side. Enemy, friend, Jew, Gentile, Asian or Caucasian. All civilians have the right to protection. Even in times of aggression. It's called The Geneva Convention.

PERCY:

Where was your precious, bloody Geneva Convention when I was a POW of the Japanese?  
Explain that to the poor sods rotting away six foot under.

MARY:

I say exactly the same.  
Explain that to the poor sods who froze to death in  
(MORE)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARY: (cont'd) cold water experimentation tanks at Ping Fang and Unit 731, just so the Japanese could prove their misguided theories of racial Asian superiority.

PERCY:

Go home, back tae your ayne kind. Take your neatly packaged, politically correct history with you.  
Dinnae try an lecture me about 'history'.  
I was there. I saw it.  
Go home.

MARY:

(CONTINUED)

That's exactly what I was doing. Before I was so rudely interrupted.  
 I was born in this country, three miles down the road  
 from here. I grew up, went to school, made my mistakes,  
 got my first job and pay my taxes, here. My life's experiences, all fifty plus years, are rooted in this country. I spent my childhood playing beneath 'the dark satanic mills'. Jerusalem it was not.

*Pause - silence. Just the on, off, pop and bang of the riot outside.*

MARY:

Never judge a man, or woman on their looks alone.

FADE TO BLACKOUT.

### Scene 7

*There is an upsurge in the external noise level. Joining this background sound the beating of drums. MARY and PERCY melt into the shadows of the space.*

BLACKOUT

*The chime of a distant, deep Chinese temple bell. Shudders through the blackness. The MONKEYS appear. DO NO EVIL floats serenely mid-air. SPEAK NO EVIL swings through the space. HEAR NO EVIL Squats on a broken column and SEE NO EVIL sits atop of the pew pile. There is much noise between the MONKEYS. Whoops, yells and the beating of chests.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Breathe in the lie.

HEAR NO EVIL:

As a canker it spreads.

CONTINUED: (2)

SEE NO EVIL:

Is there nothing new in this world?

HEAR NO EVIL:

Everything

SPEAK NO EVIL:

(CONTINUED)

Nothing

HEAR NO EVIL:

These mortals so predictable!

SEE NO EVIL:

They have learned nothing

HEAR NO EVIL:

Understood nothing

SEE NO EVIL:

Are nothing

DO NO EVIL:

Just as we are nothing

As we are ignorant so we learn

As we know nothing so shall we understand

As we are nothing so are we everything

From Nothing comes All

*Silence*

HEAR NO EVIL:

What concern is it of ours

SPEAK NO EVIL:.

I like the female

*reflective slightly cheeky pause*

What a fine companion she would make

SEE NO EVIL:

It is not for us to meddle...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Sotto Voce*

Perhaps not brother

But I Speak of meddle as a singular action.

*SPEAK NO EVIL turns and vulgarly displays his  
backside to the audience*

CONTINUED: (3)

HEAR NO EVIL:

We are above such childish pranks.

We waste time

(CONTINUED)

SPEAK NO EVIL:

You have something better to do?

SEE NO EVIL:

She would fair no better in our existence

Than we in hers...

HEAR NO EVIL:

I have half a mind...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Only half brother!

HEAR NO EVIL:

To expedite this painfully slow process of...

DO NO EVIL:

Have a care!

Your memory is short

Your patience even shorter!

Reflect upon the results of your last intervention

HEAR NO EVIL:

A slight miscalculation

A mere oversight...

SEE NO EVIL:

Such chaos

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Such sport

HEAR NO EVIL:

Did we not truly become

Central To All Humanity

DO NO EVIL:

At what cost

*SEE NO EVIL and SPEAK NO EVIL Begin to laugh.*

DO NO EVIL:

Cease this childish self-indulgence

CONTINUED: (4)

HEAR NO EVIL:

I give my solemn vow...

(CONTINUED)

SEE NO EVIL:

And I mine...

*HEAR NO EVIL and SEE NO EVIL stare at  
SPEAK NO EVIL.*

*It takes a few moments for SPEAK NO EVIL to  
realise they are waiting for a response.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I can not

It is so much fun

These Humans have such fertile imaginations

They have such rich dark thoughts

They perform so well

DO NO EVIL:

There would not be the need for intervention

Save to untangle your unholy woven webs of chaos!

I grow weary

Have you learned nothing

Your meddlesome interaction has shredded their  
humanity

Flaying to the bone their tender too thin skin

Exposing the soft under belly

Through the blinking eye of one crisis onto another

Each one more devastating than the last

Small wonder they have yet to learn

You sought to give them Gods

Demons you became

Beware your children have grown

Dark False hope followed by despair

Utopias are become hells

Their Messiahs,

Despots, dictators, tyrants

CONTINUED: (5)

(CONTINUED)



Fear plunging this world into bloody conflict  
 Ploughing through their tattered ranks  
 Severing thought from heart  
 Torturing mind from peace  
 Until there was nothing left but dark water  
 Pools to drown in  
 They have built  
 They have fought  
 They have won  
 And they are lost  
 False Gods  
 False Hope  
 Yet in these two imperfect beings there may be a  
 spark a light...

HEAR NO EVIL:

A cantankerous old man  
 Bent double by his own inadequate fears and  
 prejudices

SEE NO EVIL:

A lost Daughter of Heaven  
 Who knows not who or what she is -

SPEAK NO EVIL:

She knows something

HEAR NO EVIL:

Silken words from a peasant's mouth

SEE NO EVIL:

Share with us now your vast expanse of knowledge

*HEAR NO EVIL and SEE NO EVIL turn deliberately  
 towards SPEAK NO EVIL*

*SILENCE*

HEAR NO EVIL:

Yes

CONTINUED: (6)

(CONTINUED)

SEE NO EVIL:

Yes

*There is no response from SPEAK NO EVIL. Just an open gormless mouth.*

DO NO EVIL:

I will select a suitable time

The Place is HERE

The manner of exchange

An alternate reality

HEAR NO EVIL:

How dull

SEE NO EVIL:

Where is the sport in that

SPEAK NO EVIL:

A banquet

FOOD

*SEE NO EVIL and HEAR NO EVIL sulk.*

*SPEAK NO EVIL can not contain the joy that it feels.*

*The MONKEY is elated. It jumps up and down, leaps from pillar to pillar somersaults through the air.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Honey

Ginger

Chili

Garlic lemon

Pork

Beef

Fish

Rice

Steamed rice, plain rice, boiled rice, fried rice, sticky sweet gluttonous, rice pistachio, rice noodles,

Fishy noodles, egg noodles, flat noodles

Soup, salt egg soup

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Peacocks tongues

sea cucumbers

Scallops

Prawns

Crabs

Seaweed

Chickens feet

Bears feet

Dim Sum

Dumplings/

SEE NO EVIL:

Monkey's brains

DO NO EVIL:

He fears life

He seeks refuge in his past

Her future is inextricably bound to his memories

SILENCE!

*The Monkeys pause as one, cocking their heads to one side, listening. The ongoing background music of the persistent riot. The patter of drums, the intermittent running feet, the occasional yell and cry for help, the crash and clash of metal on concrete. Screeching tyres, flashing blue and amber lights, wailing sirens. Slowing rising above this orchestrated cacophony the clear and distinct peel of Chinese bells. As they calmly sound out the the five sounds of the ancient Chinese musical scale. Not until the fifth and final chime has rung and receded does DO NO EVIL continue to speak.*

DO NO EVIL:

A pebble falls from the bank of his memory

Bounding down the precipice of his recall

Plop!

The first ripple is cast/

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SPEAK NO EVIL:

What fun

Fun!

Fun!

Fun!

HEAR NO EVIL:

A butterfly wing beats/

SEE NO EVIL:

A storm approaches

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Chaos

DO NO EVIL:

It begins

*DO NO EVIL slowly raises its arms as if conducting a mighty orchestra. The noises outside swell and grow. The chime of a distant temple bells, the MONKEYS disappear.*

Scene 8

*PERCY and Mary reappear and continue as if nothing has happened. A petrol bomb explodes outside the building. Directly beneath the stained glass window. The flames create a kaleidoscope of red, green yellow and blue illuminating the dark and empty hall. Someone screams. Somewhere a window is shattered triggering a car alarm. Feet run in several directions. A police siren seems to give chase. The door is pounded. It is rammed. Rammed again twice in quick succession. The pew barricade wobbles. Feet run off. More glass is shattered. Missiles are being thrown. Angry voices fade in and out. After a long almost uncomfortable pause MARY speaks.*

MARY:

Don't you think we should check on the door?

PERCY:

Scared are we?

*Mutters almost under his breath*

Does nae surprise me!

*PERCY deliberately sits down and folds his arms.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY:

Yes I am, afraid.

*pause*

I'll do it then.

*Silence from PERCY*

I'll take that as a yes.

*She goes to the door and begins to re-barricade with more broken pews*

PERCY:

Huh!

MARY:

Please don't stay on my account. I wouldn't want you to think/

PERCY:

Think what you like!

MARY:

I do, been doing for the past forty odd years. With considerable success.

*Nothing but the muffled noise of the continuous riot outside. MARY seems perfectly happy with this 'silence' PERCY however is not. He begins to fidget.*

PERCY:

What happens now?

MARY:

Beg pardon.

PERCY:

What do we do until the cavalry arrives?

MARY:

How the bloody hell should I know?!

PERCY:

It's obvious you've done this sort of thing before...

MARY:

Oh is it! Got a tattoo on my forehead have I.

(CONTINUED)

"Siege expert. Specialty stuck in derelict building with cantankerous OAP whilst riot rages outside. Call this number."

How did you leap to that astonishingly incorrect conclusion?

CONTINUED: (3)

PERCY:

I just

*pause*

assumed that you'd been involved/

MARY:

*Sharply*

In what?

PERCY:

The barricade -

I thought/

MARY:

What you think of me is your own affair.  
But please keep it to yourself.

PERCY:

Found a raw nerve have I?

*He chuckles*

MARY:

Yes, but not in the way you think.  
I am sick and tired of being the focal point for  
other people's personal paranoia.

*Silence PERCY is taken aback by MARY'S "sudden" outburst. The feel of banter has been lost. There is now an edge to MARY. PERCY and MARY stare at each other.*

MARY:

I know I'm not perfect/

PERCY:

Now there's something we can both agree on!

MARY:

Everyone judges.  
It's human nature.

(CONTINUED)

That first step through a door.  
 The face, the accent, the 'look'.  
 I try not to dot all the I's and cross all the T's.  
 Some people call it diplomacy, some hypocrisy. Maybe  
 because people constantly prejudge me, I know how  
 sharp that knife is -  
 So, I try to "do unto others/

PERCY:

As you would have them do unto you.

The Bible

CONTINUED: (4)

MARY:

Lao Tzu, actually.

PERCY:

Less of the lip.  
 Were you never schooled in basic Manners?  
 Respect for your elders and betters.

MARY:

It's not whether I was schooled in basic manners,  
 it's whether I apply the manners I have in the same  
 way to whom ever I meet.

PERCY:

A vegetarian and a politician! Never a straight  
 honest answer. Always has to be a question with a  
 question. That's cowardice for you. But then you'd  
 know all about that. It being a common racial trait.

MARY:

I really don't give a . . . what you or anybody  
 else thinks about me, or *people like me*. That's  
 your problem, your paranoia.  
 It won't alter the intrinsic reason as to why I am  
 here.

PERCY:

Why are you here?

MARY:

And not 'over there' or somewhere else? It's the  
 wonderful weather and the warm, friendly and  
 inviting welcome

*pause she looks intently at PERCY*

(CONTINUED)

You really have not got a clue have you. I am the direct result of the actions of you and your fellow countrymen and women. You, are the reason that I exist and that I am here. It's precisely the same reason you and I are stuck in this dilapidated old shell of a building. Neither one of us was about to stand still while a bunch of mindless morons beat seven shades of shit out of us.

PERCY:

Yellow through and through! You think you're so clever! No, you're just bloody inscrutable. A polite way of saying you're untrustworthy.

I mean look at you, wi' a face like that! Is it any wonder?

MARY:

Now you're just being plain rude.

Bit rich coming from a barbarian.

*PERCY is for once lost for words. MARY breaks the en pass by winking at PERCY. MARY laughs, a soft but genuine laugh.*

CONTINUED: (5)

You label me as being 'yellow' because in school you were taught that people from the Far East are small, slant eyed and yellowed skinned. Your generation were thrilled, frightened and entertained by Sax Rohmer's Fiendish Dr Fu Manchu. Yellow is a colour which is associated with cowardice. Which I have never understood. By the same token then, it should follow, because you're pink, you're Spam.

*PERCY stares*

PERCY:

Don't be so bloody ridiculous, woman!

MARY:

Exactly!

People devote far too much of their precious time and energy trying to define people. Keeping them in narrow bands. Why is that? Because you lack the vision or knowledge to expand your ideas and perceptions?

I have my suspicions.

Why bother?

(CONTINUED)



Why waste the essential elements of you. Those vital and rare commodities that you should nurture and tend to. Why squander them on such inane dross? What turned you into such a bitter human being? There is so much more to living.

I abhor all mindless violence. But what's worse? The violence based on fear of the unknown, of people and things that are not different.

Ignorance is far more deadly, more destructive than the fists of a cretaceous yob.

Stupid you are not Mr Allan.

Pigheaded, maybe. Ignorant, no. Closed off, yes.

You've battened down your hatches and absented yourself from the living breathing world. Why turn your back on life?

That's a real shame.

*MARY finds a comfortable place to settle down. A discreet distance from PERCY. But facing him full on. The noise outside swells in volume invading the space. MARY hugs her knees as if she were a school child again. PERCY rubs his chin. Thinking, eyes cast down.*

#### Scene 9

*PERCY has dosed off. MARY sits watching him sleep. He slowly wakes up. For a second he's disorientated, unaware of where he is. Then slowly it dawns on him.*

CONTINUED: (2)

PERCY:

I'm still in one piece then.

MARY:

I decided against taking your brains out and eating them.

PERCY:

I'm si'posed to be thankful for that, am I?

MARY:

I'm saving that for later.

Of course you're still bloody well here. And *they* are still out there. Running around like the Neanderthal morons that they are. Everything is exactly as it was.

(CONTINUED)

*Awkward pause. PERCY seems to be more relaxed.  
They listen to the riot raging on outside.*

PERCY:

Lassie the truth as I see it/

MARY:

Doesn't that depend upon who's telling what to whom  
and why? The trouble with 'truth' is it's malleable.  
It can be bent, molded to suite an agenda/

PERCY:

You're no short on grey matter, I'll give you that.  
. . .

MARY:

Thanks!

PERCY:

It was nae meant as a compliment.

MARY:

I know. Just indulging in a little sarcasm. It's a  
racial characteristic, sarcasm.

PERCY:

Sarcasm is one of the ...

MARY:

Lowest forms of wit.  
"The last refuge of modest and chaste-souled people  
when the privacy of their soul is coarsely and  
intrusively invaded".

PERCY:

Fyodor Dostoevsky, aye you don't own the monopoly on  
reading books!

*Silence. All that can be heard is the  
underscore of the riot outside. PERCY breaks  
the silence* CONTINUED: (3)

PERCY:

Yon fellow finds himself away from his wife. Having  
tae leave the landscape 'n folk that he loves, for  
King 'n Country. He's young, keen, honest 'n green  
as the spring grass. He's one of, oh hundreds. Maybe  
thousands. All on a great adventure. Doing what's  
right. The adventure turns into tae living  
nightmare. It all turned tae ash.

*Beat*

(CONTINUED)

When will it end?

MARY:

When you want it to.

PERCY:

All so easy for you isn't it.

MARY:

*Smiling*

Life doesn't work that way. But you know that far better than I.

PERCY:

Och! Words! They mean nothing

MARY:

By themselves, no. But the speakers are sentient beings. So they have the responsibility of giving them meaning. Our life's breath converts the inert into the active. When I was a child I used to collect things. I moved away from stamps and coins to chrysalids. I begged the largest jam jars, filled them with the softest earth and searched out the juiciest twigs. Then carefully placed the chrysalis into a jar. I'd watch and wait. Days would drift by. For a child a day was like a month. Eventually I would wake to find a beautiful butterfly. But I never got to witness the transformation. I wanted to witness this wondrous transformation. So I took matters into my own hands. I found a writhing chrysalis, I slit the case with my sharpest craft knife. After a few moments the butterfly emerged, settled onto the twig. The moment I'd been waiting for, the opens of its wings. I held my breath in anticipation of a feast of colour. The wings opened

*Pause*

They were just brown. Deary and ordinary. I told one of my Teachers. They said that by making things easy for the butterfly, I'd taken away its identity, its colour. It needed to struggle. To fight to become that colourful insect.

CONTINUED: (4)

PERCY:

(CONTINUED)

Very poetic. But as you can see, I don't much resemble a butterfly.

MARY:

I agree you're no butterfly.

Not all prisons have bars.

PERCY:

Do you never tire of the sound of your ayne voice?

MARY:

I say what I mean and I believe in what I say.

PERCY:

You've got nerve.

But you have no ken of who or what I am.

MARY:

But you, do?

PERCY:

'Do' what?

MARY:

'Know' about my life. You've classified me. Pigeon holed me. But you have no more 'ken' of me, than I of you.

PERCY:

I know you and your kind better than you know yourself!

MARY:

Interesting/

PERCY:

You're a JAP. A race I have little time and even less 'love' for. Worse still, you're here. Invading my space. You've nae right tae be here.

*The riot outside has taken on a different tone. It seems to echo more. There is less human vocal activity and the colour of the light into the darkened space has taken on a deeper richer hue. The reflection from the stained glass window deep blue almost black, dark red almost the colour of dried blood. The yellow is not bright and warming but stark and empty. Percy remains in his chosen spot resolutely silent but obviously uncomfortable. Mary has not moved from her place but she seems to be more at peace with herself, the surroundings and the situation.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MARY:

How about a tale to while away the time?

PERCY:

I don't much care for tales.

MARY:

You might find this one interesting, it'll help while away the time.

*From the depth of the empty space the four MONKEYS float in. Unseen, unheard and invisible to the MARY and PERCY. The MONKEYS sit like children cross legged at Mary's feet. Waiting for the story to begin.*

You don't have to 'do' anything. Listen, don't listen.

*PERCY grunts and turns his back on MARY, shoulders hunched.*

MARY:

Are we sitting comfortably?

*The MONKEYS nod in unison*  
Then I shall begin.

PERCY:

Just get on with it. The sooner you start, the sooner you'll be done!

MARY:

Once upon a time, but not so very long ago -

*Percy grinds his teeth.*

A middle aged couple decided they wanted to have another child. Not so extraordinary. This couple for reasons of their own didn't want to go down the procreational route. They'd done that once before, result a son. They wanted an instant daughter. So ADOPTION why not? This was done in a time when phrases such as, cultural displacement and mother tongue had yet to be born. They weren't quite right for a home grown orphan, but eminently suitable for a foreign child. The Far east had more 'Little Orphan Annies or should that be 'Little Orphan Suzie Wongs' than they knew what to do with. All crying out for good Christian homes. Eighteen months later the BOAC stalk flies in little orphan Suzie Wong to her new home. Directly into the heart of this green

(CONTINUED)

and pleasant land. Full of cricket, church spires and a deep-rooted mistrust of anything that isn't quintessentially 'English'. Suzie Wong begins her life in the shadow of Blake's 'dark satanic mills'. She grows, she flourishes she even thinks that she's 'English'. Sad misguided and deluded girl. Her almond shaped eyes, jet black hair and flat nose put pay to

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (6)

MARY: (cont'd) that. Suzie grows into a woman. Displaced and at odds physically with all around her. Including her mother, father and brother. But in spite of it all she struggles on, leaping over the hurdles of adolescence, finding an unusual ali in her adoptive maternal grandmother. From whom it is said she gained much wisdom and insight. Not only about herself, but also her adoptive parents. Particularly her mother. Suzie's grandmother was not what she seemed. In fact she turned out to be much more -

*There is a sudden rise in the background noise. The riot has hit another peak. The violence sounds as if it is escalating. Less focused more general.*

#### Scene 11

PERCY:

This 'grandmother' what made her so extraordinary?

MARY:

*She smiles at PERCY acknowledging his 'sudden' interest. Much to PERCY's annoyance. She continues*

She was a mundane, 'normal' human being. That is what made her, as you put it, so extraordinary. The daughter of a Highland Scotsman, who'd foolishly married...

PERCY:

A sarsanach...

MARY:

An outsider. A Woman from another land and another faith. He took on his wife's beliefs such was his love for his new bride. They were forced to move

(CONTINUED)

away from his homeland. They moved as far south as they dared, Glasgow. There in the Gorbels two flourished into three. But it didn't last for long. Again they were forced to move even further south because of their religious beliefs. This Time as far as Yorkshire. Here they set up home. The Grandmother grew up and at the age of nine began her long life in paid employment. First as a bobbin girl. Threading her way in and out of the gigantic looms collecting the flaxen stray. Dodging the perilous mechanised arms which took many a child's limbs away and on occasions their lives'. By the time she was thirteen she entered the world of servitude. Walking ten miles there and ten miles back. During the winter months when the snow was too deep her father would carry her upon his back. By the time the Great War broke out her mother was dead and her father crippled by years of hard manual labour. Grandmother was the soul bread

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARY: (cont'd) winner. Packing bombs with sulphur. Which in the end permanently discoloured her long back length hair a nicotine yellow. All the while the two that remained kept faith with their loved ones as they lit the candles every Friday evening at sunset to celebrate Shabat. The grandmother, married and had a child of her own. She watched the world evolve from horse drawn cart, steam locomotion, auto mobiles and finally men walking on the moon. At her own daughter's behest she 'disposed' of the trappings of her faith and 'became' a Catholic. But in her heart she never once wavered from what she truly was. This drew a line between her and her only surviving child. My Adoptive mother. Looks, appearance, money and position seemed to mean much more to my adoptive mother. She married the younger of two brothers. Good Gloucester stock. An old if now not so wealthy family. Socially very desirable. I think my adoptive mother got lost in her desire to become something that she could never be. My grandmother never lost touch with who or what she was. She was proud of her dual heritage. A Scot, a Highlander. Proud to don the tartan of her father's clan. But also proud to be a daughter of Judaism.

(CONTINUED)

She never once stopped believing. Even if she did it silently. Grandmother made me realise that I could be both. That I could be proud of both. That bending in a breeze is much easier than trying to stand rigid.

PERCY:

It's a tale all right!

*There is a sudden flourish of violent activity outside the door. Screams yells. Feet, broken glass. Sirens and explosions. Sudden flares of light. Whistles, car alarms. Then sudden and complete silence. Only the ongoing sound of the heart beat from the tabla. The MONKEYS float upwards legs crossed. Listening to the stillness. The heart beat. DO NO EVIL again raises its arms as if conducting the air, the space, the time and the people in it. A single Chinese bell tolls the MONKEYS vanish. PERCY rises to his feet.*

PERCY:

I'd like to say that this has been a pleasure.  
It's time I made a move.

MARY:

Do you think that's wise?

PERCY:

I'm sure we'll never meet again. Goodbye.



CONTINUED: (3)

*PERCY removes a portion of the barricade and is gone. MARY re-stacks the broken pews in front of the old oak door. She silently climbs the pew pile and gazes out of the window. Silence just the ever present background 'music' of the riot. The MONKEYS appear and join her watching her watching through the stained glass window. MARY looks on a 'scene' unfolds. Which is played out on the fore stage.*

*PERCY, upright marching away. Suddenly he is surrounded by four dark figures. These figures are not necessarily corporal they could be projections or shadow puppets. They surround PERCY. They circle him, they move in for the kill. PERCY is beaten, kicked and then 'robbed'. He lies there coughing, blood oozing from an open wound, his head gashed and bleeding, his eyes puffed and swollen, his nose bloody.*

MARY:

Shit!

*She leaps down from the pew pile races to the door and wrenches part of the barricade free and then out into the street. The noise of the riot slowly begins to swell mixed in with this cacophony the unmistakable toll of a deep and ancient Chinese Bell. The noise reaches its zenith.*

BLACK OUT

INTERVAL

ACT TWOScene 1

*MARY sits crossed legged beside a fire. She sets up a small camping stove. PERCY lays on the other side. Wounds attended to and bandaged. His head rests upon Mary's scrunched up jacket. He is in a feverish state. Mary watches with concern. The riot still rages on outside. MARY slows down until she 'freezes'. The Chinese bell tolls. A younger looking PERCY stirs. From the shadows a Sikh infantry man appears in the unmistakable British Khaki of World War Two.*

HARJIT:

We will wait awhile until the fit has past you Sir.

PERCY:

Sergeant Singh

*pause*

Why Singh, sergeant?

You're all called Singh.

HARJIT:

Family, Sir.

PERCY:

That's one hell of a family, sergeant!

HARJIT:

Yes Sir, I know.

PERCY:

Family as in kith and kin

*the sergeant looks slightly perplexed*

Blood ties. You know, father, mother, kith'n' kin.

HARJIT:

In a manner of speaking.

But it is closer to your Scottish bonds.

The name of which I forget...

The ones who wear the skirts in battles.

PERCY:

That's no a skirt man! That's a KILT. A tartan. The badge of A man's Clan.

*Pause, Percy takes this on board*

Aye I ken. Family, roots, where you hail from lad, it's a very powerful and important thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

*Percy stops mid flow it is obvious he is in great pain.*

Do you have family Soldier?

HARJIT:

Yes Sir. Indeed I have. They are a source of much joy and server pain.

PERCY:

No doubt you're anxious to be away back to them?

HARJIT:

Yes indeed. They weigh heavy in my thoughts. Always in the back of my minds eye. I see them. I worry for them. Where are they? Are they coping? Time grows longer whilst we are apart.

PERCY:

Well soldier what are you waiting for? Front 'n centre Laddie, quick march, that's a direct order. You wouldn't want to be disobeying a direct order would you sergeant?

HARJIT:

My mind is in two. As is my heart. I do not like the thought of leaving you here, in this infested jungle.

PERCY:

Och away! There's nae much tae be a feared of. What there is, is natures way of keeping the balance.

HARJIT:

I am not fearful of God's creatures. I fear those that have turned their faces from the light. Those who look with hatred upon their fellow beings. I fear them. I fear what they will do to you when you be found.

PERCY:

Aye well.

I note that you don't rate my chances very highly!

HARJIT:

I mean no disrespect, Sir.

PERCY:

I am no good. A dead weight, Sergeant. You'd best be on your way. If you start now, go willing, you'll be away across the water by sunset.

*PERCY waves the SERGEANT on. The SERGEANT hesitates. PERCY struggles to his feet. By the right quick march and that is a direct order from your superior!*

*HARJIT stands smartly to attention. Salutes PERCY. Marches on the spot as he turns. Stops still for a few seconds then disappears.*

CONTINUED: (3)

PERCY:

(CONTINUED)

What's the worst that can happen. They find me, drag me back? We all have to face death at some point. I always dreamed of going quietly, tucked up in my ayne bed... No such bloody luck Percy. You always were an awkward bastard.

*PERCY hobbles of into the distance.*

## Scene 2

*The chime of a distant temple bell. The MONKEYS reappear*

SEE NO EVIL:

This is interference

HEAR NO EVIL:

This is fate

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Karma

DO NO EVIL:

The wheel turns

Full circle

SEE NO EVIL:

We shall see

*SEE No EVIL vanishes. HEAR NO EVIL, SPEAK NO EVIL and DO NO EVIL look at one another and laugh. The chime of a distant temple bell. The MONKEYS fade into the darkness.*

*PERCY is propped up against the base of the pew pile. He is semi-conscious. MARY has finished redressing and cleaning his wounds. PERCY looks rough. MARY watches him every now and then as she goes about her business. MARY opens her rucksack and takes out two wooden bowls, two pairs of chopsticks, two spoons, two eggs, bacon scraps, salt, pepper, chili, dried ginger, chopped spring onions, two packs of noodles, a camping frying pan and some other bits and pieces.*

*The MONKEYS appear from the shadows. SPEAK NO EVIL is mesmerised and sits himself crossed legged next to MARY. MARY begins to "cook". PERCY is semi-conscious. MARY observes him at intervals with concern. The toll of a Chinese temple bell. MARY and PERCY carry on oblivious to the MONKEYS*

SCENE 3

*From the shadows*

SPEAK NO EVIL:  
Sustenance

The aroma of life - food

DO NO EVIL:  
Silence

*The riot still rages. MARY slows down until she 'freezes'. Another Chinese bell tolls. A younger PERCY stirs. From the shadows a Sikh infantry man appears in the unmistakable British Khaki of World War Two.*

SOLDIER:  
We will wait awhile until the fit has past you Sir.

PERCY:  
Sergeant Singh

*pause*  
Why Singh, sergeant?  
You're all called Singh aren't you?

SOLDIER:  
Family, Sir.

PERCY:  
That's one hell of a family, sergeant!

SOLDIER:  
Yes Sir, I know.

PERCY:  
Family as in kith and kin  
*the sergeant looks slightly perplexed*  
Blood ties. You know, father, mother kith'n' kin.

SOLDIER:  
In a manner of speaking. But it is closer to your Scottish bonds. The name of which I forget... The ones who wear the skirts in battles.

PERCY:  
That's no skirt man, that's a KILT. A tartan. The badge of A man's Clan.

*Pause*  
Aye I ken. Family, roots - where you hail from lad, it's a very powerful and important thing.

(CONTINUED)

*PERCY stops mid flow it is obvious he is in great pain.*

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CONTINUED: (2)

Do you have family Soldier?

SOLDIER:

Oh yes Sir. Indeed I have. They are a source of much joy and also server pain.

PERCY:

No doubt you are anxious to be away back to them?

SOLDIER:

Yes - indeed. They weigh heavy in my thoughts. Always in the back of my minds eye I see them. I worry for them. Where are they? How are they coping... Time grows longer whilst I am apart...

PERCY:

Well soldier what are you waiting for? Front and centre then quick march and that's a direct order. You wouldn't want to be disobeying an officer now would you?

SOLDIER:

My mind is in two - also my heart. I would not be leaving you here in this infested jungle.

PERCY:

Oche - away. There's nae much ta be afeared of, and what there is - is natures way of keeping the balance...

SOLDIER:

Sir I do not talk of God's creatures. But those that have turned their faces from the light and look with hatred upon their fellow beings. I fear them and what they will do to you when you be found. I have no love for these people.

PERCY:

Aye well... I note that you don't rate my chances very highly...

SOLDIER:

I mean no disrespect, Sir...

PERCY:

I am no good only as dead weight, Soldier. You'd best be off on your way - if you start now you'll be across the water by sunset, god willing.

(CONTINUED)

*PERCY waves the SERGEANT on. The SERGEANT at first is unwilling to go. PERCY struggles to his feet.*

By the right quick march and that is a direct order from a ranking officer!

CONTINUED: (3)

*The SERGEANT stands smartly to attention. Salutes PERCY. Marches on the spot as he turns. Stops still for a few seconds then runs into the jungle.*

What's the worst that can happen - they find me and drag me back whence I came? We all have tae face death at some point. Me I always dreamed of going quietly tucked away in my ayne bed... No such bloody luck Percy. You always were an awkward bastard.

*PERCY hobbles of into the distance.*

#### Scene 4

*PERCY hobbles in from one side of the stage, Mary walks in from the other side. Lights up to reveal a large long table set out for a banquet. Reminiscent of the painting The Last Super. Seated at the table the THE FOUR MONKEYS in human guise*

DO NO EVIL:

Join us, be seated

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Garçon!

*He claps his hands and HARJIT appears as a smartly dressed waiter*

HARJIT:

Madam, if you will please be following me

*HARJIT escorts MARY to an empty chair and seats her*

Sir, how wonderful it is to see you again. They did not catch you I think

*HARJIT shows PERCY to his seat*

Ladies, gentlemen please help yourselves. You have only to think of the beverage you wish to drink and it will be there in your glass and will continue so until you have had your fill

(CONTINUED)



If there is anything that you require you have only to ask and I will be there to assist you.

Bon appetite!

*HARJIT walks away behind the table and positions himself behind and slightly to the side of PERCY*

HEAR NO EVIL:

You'll have to speak up. Hearings not what it used to be.

CONTINUED: (2)

SEE NO EVIL:

Eyes not what they used to be

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Stage whisper*

Voice not what it used to be

DO NO EVIL:

Body's not what it used to be

*DO NO EVIL passes wind very loudly much to the amusement of SPEAK NO EVIL who rolls around laughing in classic chimpanzee style, until DO NO EVIL catches SPEAK NO EVIL's eye*

PERCY:

This has got to be a dream

*looks around and the final thing he sees is*  
MARY It's no a dream, it's a bloody nightmare . . .

DO NO EVIL:

All are welcome at this table Percy Alan.

We do not throw stones.

Who amongst us is truly without blemishes?

PERCY:

Whatever did I do wrong to deserve this . . .

MARY:

What makes you think you did anything "wrong".

Do you see what I see? A mountain of food for a banquet and the company?

PERCY:

I see the food, aye. I see four people

*struggles*

(CONTINUED)

and Harjit here. This has got to be a dream.  
I'll snap out of it.

*Beat*

What the hell may as well play along w'i it while it lasts.

DO NO EVIL:

Help yourselves, we do not stand on ceremony.

*SPEAK NO EVIL has stuffed an entire small chicken into its mouth. Is halted mid chew by another withering "old fashioned" look from DO NO EVIL.*

MARY:

Thank you could someone please pass the...

CONTINUED: (3)

*HARJIT picks up a bowl of steaming rice and a selection of dumplings and Dim Sum. He places himself next to MARY so she can help herself Rice, dumplings, Dim Sum, thank you.*

*pause*

HARJIT:

Harjit Singh, Memsahib.

MARY:

Dear god no! I'm not a Memsahib. Please it's just plain Mary.

HARJIT:

As you please, "just plain Mary."

MARY:

*Smiles*

I'm not even going to ask how you knew exactly what I wanted.

I'll just help myself and shut up.

PERCY:

At last! Peace . . .

DO NO EVIL:

Mr Allan we do not take kindly to such thoughts

HEAR NO EVIL:

Yes it is a tidy amount of food

(CONTINUED)

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Mouth still stuffed with chicken  
You deaf old ...*

DO NO EVIL:

Please eat, talk, enjoy.

*The Monkeys disappear*

*PERCY looks slightly overwhelmed and a little  
suspicious. HARJIT appears next to PERCY with a  
selection of foods*

HARJIT:

Try these . . .

PERCY:

Here Sergeant, you'd tip me the wink about any funny  
stuff, you know, Monkey's brains and the like?

HARJIT:

Trust me Sir, I would never serve you anything like  
that.

CONTINUED: (4)

*They are back in the derelict church the sound  
sound of riot can still be heard*

#### Scene 5

SOLDIER:

We will wait awhile until the fit has past you Sir.

PERCY:

Sergeant Singh?

*Pause*

Why Singh, sergeant?

SOLDIER:

Sir?

PERCY:

You're all called Singh aren't you.

SOLDIER:

Yes that is most definitely true, Sir. It's family  
isn't that how you say it, Sir?

PERCY:

That's one hell of a family, Soldier!

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER:

Yes Sir.

PERCY:

Family as in kith and kin?

*the SOLDIER looks slightly perplexed*

Blood ties. Father, mother, children, kith'n' kin.

SOLDIER:

In a manner of speaking.

But it is closer to your Scottish bonds.

The name of which I forget...

The ones who wear the skirts in battles.

PERCY:

That's no skirt man! That's a KILT. A tartan. The badge of A man's Clan.

*Pause*

Aye I ken. Family, roots - where you hail from lad, it's a very powerful and important thing. (Percy stops mid flow it is obvious he is in great pain.) Do you have family Soldier?

SOLDIER:

Yes Sir. Indeed I have. They are a source of much joy and also server pain.

CONTINUED: (2)

PERCY:

No doubt Soldier you are anxious to be away back to your family?

SOLDIER:

Indeed. They weigh heavy in my thoughts. Always in the back of my minds eye. I see them. I worry for them. Where are they? Are they coping? Time has grown long whilst I have been apart from them.

PERCY:

What are you waiting for? Front and centre, quick march and that's a direct order. You wouldn't want to be disobeying an officer now would you?

SOLDIER:

I am uneasy with the idea of leaving you behind.

PERCY:

(CONTINUED)

Oche - away. There's nae much ta be afeared of, and what there is...

SOLDIER:

Sir, I fear what will happen to you when you are re-captured

PERCY:

Aye well... I note that you don't rate my chances very highly...

SOLDIER:

I mean no disrespect, Sir...

PERCY:

I am nae good tae you, Soldier. On your way Soldier, if you start now you'll be across the water by sunset.

*PERCY waves the SOLDIER on. The SOLDIER stands to attention. PERCY struggles to his feet. By the right quick march and that is a direct order from a ranking officer!*

*The Soldier salutes PERCY. Turns. and runs away disappearing into jungle.*

What's the worst that can happen?

*PERCY collapses onto the ground*

#### Scene 6

*The MONKEYS hover in the background*

PERCY:

Sergeant! Sergeant Singh!

CONTINUED: (2)

*The barricade starts to collapse as the MONKEYS "invisibly" dismantle it. In walks a POLICE OFFICER a British-South Asian Police office wearing one of those Police-helmet style turbans.*

SERGEANT SINGH:

Sir! Sir!  
Are you all right?

PERCY:

Sergeant, you're a welcome sight for my sorry old eyes!

(CONTINUED)

SERGEANT SINGH:

Easy old-timer.

Take it nice and gentle, Sir.

*He gently lifts PERCY so that he's sitting up right*

PERCY:

*PERCY stares at the Policeman and then looks around him* Do I

know you, sergeant? You  
look so familiar.

SERGEANT SINGH:

First time I've ever had the pleasure, Sir.

PERCY:

*Pause*

I was just talking to...

Ja - p ....

*corrects himself*

Chinese lassie it were She that patched me up. . .

The riot. . .

After the march, yes after the march, I

SERGEANT SINGH:

You were one of the old boys marching?

You were with the POWs?

My Grandfather served . . .

PERCY:

Your grandfather wouldn't happen to have been called  
Singh, would he?

SERGEANT SINGH:

Yes Sir.

*laughs*

But then we are all called Singh.

OK Sir

CONTINUED: (3)

*Looking at Percy's wounds*

You took one hell of pounding.

Was that from the EDL lot?

Anyway the worst of it's over.

(CONTINUED)

We're just rounding up the stragglers.  
Smart move finding cover in here.

PERCY:

Where's Mary, that Chinese Woman?  
Mary?

*PERCY looks at the SERGEANT who's looking  
rather perplexed*

SERGEANT SINGH:

Chinese woman, Sir?

*Concerned*

Is there someone else in here with you?

*Shouting*

Hello! Hello! Is there anyone else in here?  
It's the police, make yourself known?  
Anyone?

*Pause*

There's no one else here, sir. It's just you.

PERCY:

Pay no mind, the bang on the head must have been  
harder than I thought.

*PERCY looks about him peering into the  
darkness where the Monkey's watch looking for MARY.*  
Thank you

*(whispers)*

Mary.

SERGEANT SINGH:

No need for thanks, just doing my job. Did you  
serve Sir . . . it's just the way you've bandaged  
yourself. I've only ever seen it done that way  
before by my Grandpa.

He served, he got caught by the Japanese.  
Ended up in some sort of prison encampment. He  
never really talked about. Except for a few tales  
about his commanding officer. Who he claimed saved  
him from the Japanese. Though I'm not too sure how  
true that was.

My grandpa was so proud of the white man who saved  
him. I must have heard that tale hundreds of times.  
One day I just flipped. Let rip about how he was a  
disgrace to his race and religion. What did an  
effing white man do to warrant such gratitude, blah,

(CONTINUED)

blah. . . Look at what was happening to us here,  
now, how it was all their fault . . .

CONTINUED: (4)

*Pause*

PERCY:

Got a strip torn off laddie?

SERGEANT SINGH:

That wasn't the half of it!

*smiles*

He yelled at me.

Only time Grandpa ever raised his voice at me.

Told me to stop being a snotty nosed ignorant shit.

'Open you eyes, your mind and your heart, boy. Don't  
ever let me catch you being so disrespectful again'.

My Grandpa was all for sticking with this CO. But  
the CO would have none of it. He sent my Grandpa on  
his way.

Last Grandpa heard his CO had been recaptured.

Was sent to work on the rail road.

If he hadn't of sent my Grandpa packing, I might not  
be here now. Actually now I think of it I'm sure my  
Grandpa said his CO was Scotsman like you. How's  
that for a coincidence?

PERCY:

Aye that is a coincidence.

SERGEANT SINGH:

Did you serve Sir?

PERCY:

Aye laddie I did. Saw my fair share of action. Had  
the pleasure of serving along side many a Sikh  
soldier.

By the time I got back home there was noting there.  
Just a yawning hole. Whilst I was off fighting on  
the front w'i the Japanese, Hitler was making free  
w'i his bombs and flattening home and hearth.

They went together wife and the bairns.

Well at least they were all together.

That was the hardest thing.

Not the camps, or the torture, but coming home tae  
nothing but death. I made me wonder why, what had it  
all be for? I'd been fighting, for King, Country and

(CONTINUED)



family. Cruel wasn't it, to find that they'd been gone for a long while.

SERGEANT SINGH:

Come on Sir, let's get you up and out of here.

*Picks up small camp stove and frowns* You don't see many like this these days. Handy aren't they. I think Grandpa had one like this said his sergeant gave it to him as parting gift, bit of an odd ball gift if you ask me, but then hey war and all that.

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PERCY:

Ha! That's what it was, knew I'd seen it somewhere before. How the hell did that Chinese woman end up with it?

*SERGEANT gives PERCY a look*

Don't mind me, I'm just blathering. Take me home, laddie, I just want to lie down in my ayne bed

SERGEANT SINGH:

Hospital first, Sir.

You're as stubborn as my grandfather. I think you two would have gotten on really well. He would have liked you, you being Scots and all. Come on let's get that head checked out.

Then I'll see you home, Sir.

*The SERGEANT helps PERCY on to his feet the MONKEYS come out from the shadows and watch as PERCY is assisted out of the building*

*DO NO EVIL WALKS APPEARS FROM THE SHADOWS AND TURNS ROUND AND IN THE SPACE BLOWING THE LIGHTS OUT ONE BY ONE. THE NOISE OF THE RIOT RISES AND THEN FADES INTO THE DISTANCE AS THE NOISES OF SIRENS, RUNNING FEET AND WHISTLES FADE AWAY. LEAVING ONLY THE BEATING SOUND OF THE TABLA A HEART BEAT.*

BLACKOUT

THE END