

# FACING THE GAP

## *Humana Fragmenta*

Scenes of migration

*by Chris Cooper*

*Commissioned by the Facing the Gap project*  
[www.facingthegap.eu](http://www.facingthegap.eu)

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# *Humana Fragmenta*

## *Facing the Gap*

*Humana Fragmenta: Scenes of migration* is part of Facing the Gap; a European project involving partners from Hungary, China, Malta and the UK. Since December 2014 the partners have been meeting and working together through a series of mobility exchange workshops and training events to explore the most pressing issues facing young people today. These scenes are a product of that process of meeting, exchange, meaning making and shared understanding.

Facing the Gap is a response to the crisis in Europe today. The core functions of democracy, such as pluralism of values, reconciliation and striving for consensus do not function as they once did. Radicalism and extremes gain ground. Youth is especially affected by the emergence of these radicalisms with ideologies that cannot analyse or explain complex social problems. Refugees and migrants are mainly young people trying to make a life for themselves or carrying the hopes of the families they have left behind. They are also amongst the most vulnerable in the crisis.

The nation states of our project partners are deeply embroiled in the life and death struggle migrants face, be it at the closed Channel crossing ports around Britain; in the Mediterranean 'crossroads' of the island of Malta, an intersection between north and south and east and west; in the desperate attempts of tens of thousands of Syrians fleeing war to enter Europe through the sealed borders of Hungary, whose leader, evoking age old conflicts between the Magyars and the Ottoman Turks, claims to be defending Christianity from invasion; in modern China, where the internal mass movement of people from country to city, that took 300 years to complete in Europe, has been concentrated at great human cost that transcends another kind of border, into 30 years.

There is a great need for gaps, social and psychological spaces, for youth to create their own understanding, their own values, that can lead to actions that they can take responsibility for in the face of the relentless ideologised flow of information that saturates them.

In Facing the Gap all partners are pursuing and experimenting with artistic and educational methods that open up these gaps for audiences and participants of young people; gaps to be filled by young people with new understandings, creative responses, which reflects on or possibly challenges their understanding of the world.

## *Humana Fragmenta*

Scenes of migration

We are *Homo Sapiens*; a species defined since the dawn of our time by movement and change which created culture, the threshold between evolution and history. Relentless wanderers and settlers, continents conquered, civilisations built and destroyed. This is our species story spanning the millennia.

We are *Homo Sapiens*; a species defined in the 21<sup>st</sup> century by the free movement of capital and the restricted movement of people, a species which has turned on itself.

*Humana Fragmenta* (the human fragments) explores our present situation; a species on the move in response to war and destitution in search of peace and security. These scenes of migration are fragments gleaned from this most epic of narratives – the struggle to be human in desperate times – through the stories of ordinary families, uprooted and dispersed by the shock of events in their homelands. Surrounded by uncertainty, and often great hostility, they are ‘foreign bodies’ used to engender fear of the ‘other’. *Humana Fragmenta* asks, what kind of future are we choosing?

These scenes are a contribution to the process of gap formation. A dramatic intervention, a public space, that can be used for performance in part or whole, or as a stimulus for further dramatic exploration in workshops, training, discussion or other Facing the Gap activities, focussed on one of the most important questions of our time. The outcome of which will shape the future for the next generations.

But it is not only the content of the pieces that is related. It is to be hoped that the form of each fragment (through a unity of form and content) provides partners in the project with a continuation of our exploration of the Bondian concepts of the Site, Centre and Drama Event. In this sense each fragment is an experiment or exercise.

There is an attempt to consciously embed these concepts in different forms in each piece. Site A is present in the universal theme of migration, Site B is specific to the story and cultural context of each fragment, it is to be hoped that Drama Events are present in all of them, accessing Site D (the site of the audience as imagination) and Site A in specific situations through Site C, the central site. In particular, through the use of objects. The aim is to find society in the self and the self in society.

Although the four fragments have been sequenced with a specific logic in mind, it might well be possible to reorder them.

There are specified and defined roles in each Fragment but it would be possible to add to the number of roles appearing and to add to and extend each piece if partners would be interested in doing that.

Each has been written using the same centre: an exploration of freedom – in a society where people have become objects to be used by or discarded by authority.

Practical work on these draft fragments will undoubtedly reveal other, though related, concepts that will come from this centre.

# Humana Fragmenta

## Second Fragment

ISO – Senior Immigration Security Officer

ISO2 – Junior Immigration Security Officer

Youth - illegal migrant

Woman - young woman, illegal migrant

Woman 2 – illegal migrant, a little older than the Woman

Older Man - illegal migrant

ISO3 – Female Immigration Security Officer

*Britain in the near future*

*The action takes place between the Observation Room and the Detention Room. Each unit is seen from the perspective of one of the rooms except when it is specified that the action goes from one to other. When one room is 'live' we can see what is happening in the other but we cannot hear it – as if the sound is turned down.*

Note on stage directions

..... means the sentence drifts off  
- is an interruption by one which stops the other  
/ denotes where one speaker overlaps with another

## 1.Observation Room

*A detention facility. An empty oblong room. It is lit by LED strip lighting in the ceiling. The grey walls are blank. The floor is lined with a dark hard rubber protective covering. There are five plastic utilitarian chairs, bright red, scattered around the room. One of them is turned over. There are two small CCTV cameras in opposite top corners of the room. In the longer back wall, above head height, there is a small window. In the right hand shorter wall there is a door. The short wall to the left is a two-way mirror, behind which there is a small Observation Room (OR) – a table with two chairs, identical to those inside the detention room. On the table is a computer screen with keyboard and intercom, a clipboard and pen.*

*Immigration Security Officer (ISO), wearing a paramilitary type boiler suit, sits at the table playing solitaire with a pack of cards. He has a baton and gun attached to his belt and airwave radio communication equipment (AR) in his right ear. He has two stripes on his shoulders. ISO quietly turns over the cards, slowly, deliberately. Overhead we hear an aeroplane passing – it is quite low. ISO stops playing with a card suspended over the rows on the table. He looks through the mirror into the room. Still. ISO continues to play. Stops again. Sighs. Stares through the glass into the empty room. Tilts his head slightly to one side and wiggles his index finger vigorously for a few moments in his left ear.*

*ISO2 appears carrying two plastic pots of rehydrated noodles. He is in the same uniform without the stripes. He wears the same equipment. Puts them down on the table. Sits. Throws down two plastic forks. ISO collects the cards and looks inside the pot of noodles. ISO2 starts to eat. ISO doesn't move. ISO2 continues to eat. ISO looks at him for a moment.*

**ISO2:** *(Still eating)* Starving.

**ISO:** Here any minute.

**ISO2:** *(Stops eating. Sudden flash of anger)* Bullshit!

*ISO2 starts to shovel the noodles in quickly. ISO picks up a fork and levers out a mouthful. Chews slowly.*

**ISO2:** *(Still eating)* Total bullshit. Entitled to a break. Something to eat. Not this.... this.. Shit. *(Indicates the room with the fork)* Even prisoners - even *(Jabs with the fork in the direction of the room again)* they get that. *(Eating)* Jesus. I mean..... what.... its.....

**ISO:** Endless.

**ISO2:** *(Speaking between mouthfuls)* Yea..... that's it.....That's.....the bleeding.....truth.....the Company has...

**ISO:** The Company has monthly quotas to process and deport. It takes /the -

**ISO2:** *(Scraping out the pot, chewing)* The bleeding..... piss.

**ISO:** It takes the security of the nation seriously. *(Points to a logo on his suit)* 'Putting people first'.

**ISO2:** Are you serious? *(No response. ISO2 wipes his mouth with the back of his hand)* You are? Jesus. Are yer?

*ISO looks blankly at ISO2. Pause. Silence.*

**ISO2:** You aren't. I can – you're not. Yer, yer .... fucker. /You -

**ISO:** You need to watch your mouth.

*They look at each other. Silence. ISO2 slowly nods his head.*

**ISO2:** Smart. If you don't want that. I might as well. Entitled aren't I.

*ISO gestures. ISO2 takes the pot and eats. Silence apart from the eating. ISO looks through the paperwork on the clipboard. ISO2 takes a few more mouthfuls in and swallows after minimal chewing.*

**ISO2:** *(Sudden)* What you reading.

**ISO:** Orders.

**ISO2:** No *(Indicates somewhere behind)* By the lockers

**ISO:** I've told you before.

**ISO2:** No. I couldn't help – its sticking out your bag ..... s' nice *(Pause)* Had a peep.

**ISO:** It's for my daughter.

**ISO2:** Oh. Yea. Course. *(Pause)* How old?

**ISO:** Told you before.

**ISO2:** Yea. Sorry. Forgot.

**ISO:** Four.

**ISO2:** She can read that? Jesus. I mean....

**ISO:** I read to her. When I'm on leave. Before bed.

**ISO2:** Cool. *(Eats more. Stops)* Got a kid. *(No response)* Yea. Lives with the mother up north. *(No response)* City's too pricey. I'm in Company dorms. *(Silence)* I go/ back when –

**ISO:** Told me.

**ISO2:** Did I? .... Sorry.

**ISO:** Shithead.

**ISO2:** No need /to be –

**ISO:** *(Cards)* Game of Shithead.

*ISO2 stops eating the noodles and puts the unfinished pot on the table, wipes his hands on his overalls and pulls the chair in closer to the table.*

**ISO2:** Smash yer.....Shithead

*ISO deals. They play in silence with real concentration. Communication from the AR. ISO2 drops his cards demonstratively. ISO covers ISO2's card hand without looking. Puts his own down carefully and responds to the AR.*

**ISO:** *(Touching his ear piece)* Received. Over. *(To ISO2)* They're here. *(He hits a button on the keyboard The lights in the detention room becomes very bright)* Play.

*ISO uncovers ISO2's hand and picks up his own. They play.*

**ISO2:** Asians?

**ISO:** Mix.

**ISO2:** Oh. How many.

**ISO:** *(Hesitates with a card)* Four.

**ISO2:** Don't like the Asians. / The way they –

**ISO:** Sh. Concentrate.

*The door to the right opens inwards (downstage). They continue to play. All we hear is the cards.*

*In the empty detention room a Youth appears from behind the open door. He is dressed in casual clothes with a hoodie and a leather jacket, a hat and gloves and carries a small rucksack which he holds by the straps in one hand. He also wears a large pair of earphones over his woolen hat. He is listening to music. He pauses for a moment in the doorway. The ISOs continue to play cards. Two other people appear behind the Youth. He glances over his shoulder and then moves further into the room to allow those behind to enter. A young Woman appears, she wears a headscarf and a heavy coat, she clutches a small suitcase to her torso with both arms. An Older Man (OM) follows her, he wears a well-worn suit under an anorak. He carries a shoulder bag on one shoulder. ISO2 stops playing to look.*

**ISO2:** Don't /like –

**ISO:** Play.

*They continue to play. The OM turns towards the door. Another woman (W2), a little older than the Woman appears. She is wearing jeans and puffa jacket, her hair is untidy, face bruised around the left eye and cheekbone. Her arms are in front of her. She has been restrained with cable tie cuffs and carries a rucksack in her hands with some difficulty. The OM goes to help her with the rucksack. She pulls away from him. He stops. They all stand in the room a little lost. The ISOs play but ISO2 is distracted. The door into the room closes. The OM watches it close. The others do not react. ISOs keep playing. The people in the room are silent and still. The ISOs continue to play and while they do so, the ISO leans forward and presses the button on the intercom (IC). The sound in the detention room becomes 'live'. ISO holds a card – queen of hearts - aloft as he does so.*

**ISO:** Take a seat. Sit (*His voice is heard over the intercom inside the room. Repeats slowly*) Sit. Down. Sit. Down.

*The group look around for the voice. The OM is the first to react to the order, he indicates to the others and goes to the nearest chair. Sits. The Woman moves to the chair nearest the corner of the room facing the wall. She doesn't adjust the seat but sits in it facing the wall. The Youth and W2 adjust their seats to face the door, but all remain spread out around the room. A plane overhead. ISO switches IC off.*

**ISO:** (*Plays his final card*) Shithead.

*ISO2 looks at the cards. Looks at ISO.*

**ISO2:** What the - you - Every time. (*Throws his cards down*) S' not..... (*ISO collects the cards in*) How they get in?

*ISO turns to look through the mirror*

**ISO:** They're not sure. Company's investigating. Not the usual traffic.

*ISO2 leans forward to look.*

**ISO2:** Drains by the look of her.

**ISO:** Which one?

**ISO2:** Her. Face a bit of a mess. Pity. Don't mind [*ethnicity of actor*]. She's not ... /bad for a –

**ISO:** Keep your hands off. Company's cracking down on all that after the stuff in the papers.

*Silence. ISO2 sucks his teeth.*

**ISO:** They want us to do an IE2. Company wants them interviewed separately by intel about how they got in and report to the Immigration and Security Board. We have to sequestrate their/valuables –

**ISO2:** We have to? Thought they was /assessed –

**ISO:** New regs say they have to cough up for food, accommodation and any medical costs from the off, the duration.

**ISO2:** We got enough to take care of. S’not on.

**ISO:** It is now.

**ISO2:** Should be Terminal One’s job not –

**ISO:** Terminal One’s chocka. They’re overloaded and they haven’t got the staff. Control says we got to do it. After the mugshots. *(Pause)* Got that?

**ISO2:** Copy. *(Pause)* How we gonna work this?

**ISO:** You take them one at a time to Room 3. Get them to put their belongings in a crate we’ll put by the door and then take them in and snap ‘em. You’ll have to bring them back to the room though. Given what’s happening in Terminal One we could be holding them for hours.

**ISO2:** What is happenin’ exactly?

**ISO:** *(Looks at the screen)* Don’t know. Doesn’t say. *(Indicates)* Company directive from Control, that’s all

**ISO2:** *(Pause)* What are you doin’ – when I’m doin’ all that?

**ISO:** Back up. I’ll secure all the doors. We don’t want a repeat of last night do we? When I had to handle the last lot on my own because you were out manoeuvred by a seven year /old –

**ISO2:** She was older than /that –

**ISO:** She was seven. Seven. It’s in the documentation.

**ISO2:** She bit me really hard. Took advantage, cos she knew I wouldn’t – not a kid. If anyone /else -

**ISO:** Come on.

**ISO2:** We need more support.

**ISO:** I know. But we haven’t got it.

**ISO2:** Everyone’s dead quick to slag us when shit happens though.

**ISO:** Let’s go.

*They stand and put on face masks and rubber gloves. They leave.*

## 2. Observation Room

*Later. In the detention room: The detainees have all surrendered their bags except the Woman with the suitcase. She is no longer seated facing the wall but crouched in the corner of the room clinging on to the suitcase with the chair shielding her. The Youth is also sat on the floor. His chair is turned over. He leans against the wall. He nods his head as he moves his lips to a rap as if he was still listening to music through his sequestered earphones, taps his foot and stares straight ahead. W2 and OM are sat on their chairs as before facing the door. W2 is still restrained with the cable cuffs.*

*In the OR the ISO and ISO2 are sat at the desk. ISO2 is watching through the mirror. ISO is speaking to someone through the AR.*

**ISO:** Copy. *(Sighs)* Righto.

**ISO2:** Well?

**ISO:** Nothing doing for at least an hour.

**ISO2:** So what we gonna do? She won't let go of the case. How do we do 'er mug?

**ISO:** Have to wait.

**ISO2:** How long?

**ISO:** Said an hour – at least.

**ISO2:** Jesus. When we gonna finish - we're supposed to be goin' on leave.

**ISO:** I know. Just be patient. Read something. We have to wait.

**ISO2:** She went ape when I grabbed it. Took me by surprise. *(Pause)* I could get it easy. Be prepared for it this time.

**ISO:** No.

**ISO2:** Come on. If Burns was Senior on duty he'd let me. Be in an' out –

**ISO:** *(Fierce)* No! *(Pause)* We have to be very careful. Professional. That's why we need a female officer. New regulation following the... incident with the Somali woman detainee. As soon as Control can send us one over we can sort it out.

**ISO2:** They're still relieving us though aren't they? Doesn't matter how long they're stuck 'ere. We're on leave. They've/ got to –

**ISO:** Yes. They know we're due leave. OK?

**ISO2:** *(Pause)* Hear my stomach rumble? *(No response. Looks at the pot noodle)* Cold. Don't like 'em cold. They go .....

**ISO:** Congealed.

**ISO2:** Yea. *(Pause)* Jesus..... You haven't got /anything -

**ISO:** No.

**ISO2:** Just that I saw some bits and bobs in the lockers, in your bag –

**ISO:** Chocolate. A gift for my daughter.

**ISO2:** Oh.

*Silence. ISO gets his mobile phone from a pocket. Checks it. Puts it on the desk. Glances through some paperwork. ISO2 stands, looks at his watch. Stares into the room. Goes out. Returns a few moments later with a copy of the newspaper.*

**ISO2:** Read the sport.

*ISO does not respond.*

### 3. Detention Room

*Later.*

*In the observation room ISO is playing cards once more. ISO2 is trying not to nod off as he reads the paper.*

*In the DR the Woman is now lying down with her head resting on her suitcase. She is murmuring quietly, softly, as she does so. The Youth is still as he was before. The OM is stood by the door into the corridor,*

*looking out. He leans against the door with both hands for a moment as if he is testing its strength. He turns away and looks at W2. Goes back to his chair and turns to her.*

**OM:** *(Indicating her face)* Sore?

**W2:** What do you think? *(Pause)* It doesn't hurt much.

**OM:** Good.

**W2:** The cables cut into my wrists.

**OM:** I thought you were going to hurt yourself.

**W2:** I panicked. I don't like the dark. Like a child. We were so long without daylight and then they locked us in the dark again. Even though I knew it would only be a short time.....I panicked. When the guard came – he hurt me – so I beat him. It was not rational. I hope I hurt him.

**OM:** Perhaps we could ask them to take them off.

**W2:** Yes. *(Quietly)* I need to go to the toilet.

**OM:** You can't wait?

**W2:** Until when? I have been waiting a long time already.

**OM:** Yes. Of course. I see.

**W2:** Can you tell them? My English....

**OM:** Of course. We could call out. Let's call.

**W2:** Thank you.

#### 4. Observation Room

*In the DR the detainees are as before. In the OR the ISO is playing cards, ISO2 is dosing.*

*The OM is stood up and calling. We cannot hear him. ISO glances up, switches on IC. We hear the OM's voice.*

**OM:** *(Calling)* Hello?

*ISO2 jolts upright. Watches. A pause.*

**OM:** Hello? Excuse me?

**ISO:** *(Hits the switch)* This is the Senior Duty Immigration Security Officer. You have a request.

**OM:** The young lady. She needs the bathroom please.

**ISO:** One moment. *(ISO switches the IC off)* Great.

**ISO2:** Not equipped for this. Normally just passing through on the way to – not bloody social workers.

**ISO:** *(Looks at his watch)* The female officer should be here in half an hour. If she can wait we can do everything at once *(Switches the IC back on)*. Duty ISO. We will have a female member of staff available to accompany the detainee to the facilities in thirty – three zero – minutes.

**OM:** *(To W2)* He says thirty minutes.

**W2:** I can't wait.

**OM:** She says she will unfortunately not be able to wait that long ... sir.

*ISO switches the IC off.*

**ISO2:** Now what?

**ISO:** I don't want to have to clean her mess up. We'll have to take her. There's the block on the other side of the compound. Have to stand outside the cubicle and wait.

**ISO2:** *(Laughs)* Can yer whistle? Never mind. I'll do it.

**ISO:** What?

**ISO2:** I'll do it. Like yer say don't want her wetting her knickers in there.

**ISO:** No. I'll do it.

**ISO2:** Why?

**ISO:** It's not standard operating procedure. I'm senior. It's my decision. I should do it. You back up.

**ISO2:** *(Unsure)* OK.

**ISO:** Come on. *(Switches IC on)* We will attend the request. Understand?

**OM:** Understand.

**ISO:** *(Switching IC Off once more)* No staff, no translators, good job he can speak good English.

*They put on masks and gloves once more. As they start to leave there is a text alert from ISO's mobile on the desk.*

**ISO2:** Yours.

**ISO:** I'll look later.

*They leave the Observation room.*

## 5. Detention Room

**W2:** Tell them I don't want to go with the one who took us for the photographs and took our things.

**OM:** Why.

**W2:** He was ... touching.

**OM:** Touching? Did/ he -

**W2:** No. But .... his hands were too close. Touching. He scared me.

*The automatic door opens and ISO appears with ISO1 behind him.*

**ISO:** *(To OM)* You can step back. Tell her to come with me.

**OM:** *(To W2)* It's alright. You have to go with him.

**ISO:** What are you saying.

**OM:** I am explaining to her sir.

**ISO:** Move. *(To ISO1)* Let her through.

**OM:** Sir. I would appreciate it if I too could visit the bathroom. Please. *(To W2)* I told him I /would -

**W2:** Yes. Thank you.

*ISO blows out his cheeks. Pause.*

**ISO:** Right. Anyone else want the bathroom? Last chance for what could be a while *(To OM)* Tell them.

**W2:** What is he saying?

**OM:** If anyone else needs the bathroom. Last chance for a while. *(Indicating Woman)* I don't speak her language.

**W2:** Let me. I was in the same crate when we crossed the sea. I can.... *(She gestures with her hands)*

*W2 goes over to Woman. Woman backs away. Kneels down by her. Youth stares straight ahead.*

**OM:** *(To Youth)* Toilet? *(No response)* Toilet?

Youth doesn't respond.

**ISO:** Quickly. *(To ISO1)* Watch the far door.

**OM:** The lady, it will be difficult for her with the ties.

**ISO2:** Should have thought of that when she kicked off.

**OM:** *(To ISO)* Do not worry sir. We will not run. We want to stay.

**ISO:** *(Calling)* Hurry up.

*W2 leaves the Woman. ISO takes a tool from his belt and cuts the ties.*

**ISO:** Come on.

*W2 skirts round ISO1. They leave. Doors close.*

*Silence.*

*Woman sits upright holding the suitcase rocking back and forwards. Youth starts not knock out a beat on his knees. He moves his head and mouths his rap. The 'drumming' builds in intensity.*

## 6. Observation Room

*In the DR the Woman is pacing up and down slowly taking a few short steps back and forwards. The youth is asleep. W2 and OM are sat on their chairs. They are silent.*

*In the observation room. ISO is on his mobile.*

**ISO:** Sorry. I was - I know. I'm not really supposed to take personal calls at work. They might be monitoring - how is she. No, just tell me how is she? *(Listens)* OK..... OK. .... Right. OK. Look. If it gets any higher go to the chemists - don't wait for me. I don't know exactly. Yes, I know - I know I am. Listen. *(He listens)* Listen. *(Calm)* I might be delayed that's all. I don't know. There's problems at this end. I can't divulge - it's procedural. I'll let you know as soon as I know. OK? Yea. Don't wait though. Yea? ..... No ..... It's OK. Company health insurance'll cover the chemists. *(Listens)* ..... I know..... *(ISO2 appears carrying two hot drinks from a dispenser)* I am /sure -

**ISO2:** One hot, oops -

**ISO:** *(Ignoring him)* .... OK. Speak later. I know you do. Me too. Call you later. Bye.

*ISO2 puts the drinks down on the desk.*

**ISO:** Thanks.

**ISO2:** Trouble and strife?

**ISO:** Eh?

**ISO2:** Trouble and strife - Wife.

**ISO:** Yea. *(Pause)* My daughter's got a temperature - that's all.

**ISO2:** Flap?

**ISO:** Worried about the cost of medicine. I told her the Company covers us for that.

**ISO2:** Yea.

*Silence. In the DR the Woman is still pacing. W2 stands up. She watches Woman. OM has folded his arms and stares at his knees which are drawn together.*

**ISO2:** What's Control saying now?

**ISO:** Sit tight. Seems that there's an incident at Terminal One.

**ISO2:** Incident? What's happened?

**ISO:** Not going to say are they. So, we're just going to have to sit it out.

**ISO2:** Was thinking of going back up North when we're on leave. Just for a few days. Glad I didn't splash on a ticket. Not now.

**ISO:** *(Communication from the AR) Receiving. (ISO stands. Pushes his chair back. Listens)* That's correct. Both of us. *(Wanders a little. Agitated listening. Calm)* Correct. On leave. Week's annual. Two hours ago. No, but – *(Listens)* ....Sir.....OK. Will do. Acknowledge.

**ISO2:** Well?

**ISO:** Leave cancelled until tomorrow morning.

**ISO2:** Shit. *(Pause)* Might as well put me feet up and read the paper then.

**ISO:** They're sending over some food and water. You need to collect it out the back.

**ISO2:** Scran. OK. When?

**ISO:** Bringing it over now.

**ISO2:** *(Takes a gulp of his drink)* back in a jiffy.

*ISO2 goes. ISO kicks the chair. Stares into the detention room. The Woman is still pacing with the suitcase. W2 stands staring 'blindly' back at ISO through the mirror.*

## 7. Observation Room

*In the DR the Youth eats a sandwich. The package and a bottle of water on the floor by his side with a healthy cereal bar. W2 and OM are eating too. Woman is totally still, a hand on the suitcase. Her food is on the chair that she has vacated.*

*In the observation room. ISO2 is eating his food – it is the same as the detainees. ISO's sandwich sits on the desk in front of him untouched in the packet. ISO is staring into the computer screen.*

**ISO:** *(Quietly)* News says they think somebody might have gone nuclear.

**ISO2:** *(Still eating)* Where?

**ISO:** The conflict.

**ISO2:** Which ones?

**ISO:** It's not clear. Could be any one of three or four factions. Allies withdrawing troops from the area. *(Pause)* Big clouds. Above the desert. *(Silence)* Crowds of people. Trekking across, slow motion. Black dots on the horizon.....

**ISO2:** Do you want that? Sandwich.

**ISO:** No.

*ISO2 leans over takes the sandwich and opens the packet.*

**ISO:** *(Looking at him)* Hear what I said?

**ISO2:** Yea. S'bad. Hope they don't all come here.

*ISO2 starts to eat ISO's sandwich. ISO turns his attention to the detention room. Inside the room W2 has crossed over to the Woman. W2 kneels down. Speaks to her. No response. W2 encourages her to drink. No response.*

**ISO2:** Ham. Not bad. Could do with some mustard. Prefer cheese. Not with tomato though. Makes the bread soggy.

*We see that W2 is trying to encourage her to drink. Woman turns her head away. W2 touches her shoulder, she screams. Once then twice (We cannot hear it). Overhead we hear a plane as she screams. Youth turns and looks. Stands. Relocates himself further away. Pulls his woollen hat down tighter over his head. Continues to eat.*

**ISO:** They will, here or somewhere else..... Anywhere. Someone presses a button and millions ..... scurry like ants in the desert.....What else can they do?

*W2 turns to the OM and speaks to him. OM jolts from his silence. OM looks over. He stands and walks towards them. Speaks to W2. ISO2 continues to eat. OM looks up towards the ceiling. Speaks. ISO watches him for a moment. OM speaks again. ISO turns and switches on the IC.*

**OM:** Hello? *(Pause)* Hello?

*ISO's mobile begins to ring. ISO looks at it. Picks it up. Leaves the room. ISO2 watches him go.*

**OM:** Hello? Please?

*ISO2 picks up his paper.*

## 8. Detention Room

*Later. In the detention room. The OM is still stood in the middle of the room. The Youth is drumming on his thighs and the W2 is sat on the chair near the Woman. The food is on the floor still untouched. Woman is curled up in the corner enveloping the suitcase.*

**W2:** *(To OM)* She's wet herself. Ask them again.

*OM looks to the ceiling.*

**OM:** Hello? Please?

*In the observation room ISO is on his mobile. He is talking animatedly (we cannot hear him). In the detention room the Youth is drumming quite loudly.*

**OM:** Hello?

**W2:** What are they doing? She needs help.

**OM:** Hello?

*In the observation room. The ISO is crouching on his haunches talking into the mobile. He ends the call.*

**OM:** Hello? Please, we need assistance.

*ISO stands and puts his hand to the ear piece and tries to contact Control. He repeats the same request as he paces up and down.*

**OM:** Please.

*ISO stands at the desk looking into the DR – watches the OM. Switches on the IC (we can hear both sides of the glass now)*

**OM:** Hello.

**ISO:** Remain seated.

**W2:** Sit? Is he saying sit?

**OM:** Yes. *(Calling)* The other lady -

**ISO:** / Please remain seated. Assistance will be coming shortly.

*ISO Switches the IC off. ISO2 wanders into the room. He is doing his belt back up. ISO looks at him.*

**ISO:** Where/the hell -

**ISO2:** Nipped out for a piss while you were on the mobile but it turned into something more complicated –

**ISO:** We're stuck here. Fucking trapped.

**ISO2:** Eh?

**ISO:** Control's cancelled leave until further notice.

**ISO2:** Oh.

**ISO:** *(Pause)* Did you hear what I said?

**ISO2:** Yea. Its shit. *(Shrugs)* Like I said. Company takes the piss. What's going on in there?

*In the detention room. The Woman is crying as W2 is trying to comfort her. OM is wandering up and down the room looking for something to speak to. The Youth is now stood up. He goes to the door. Starts to pull on the handle.*

**ISO:** *(Glancing)* They're sending an FO over now.

**ISO2:** 'Bout time. Prepared this time. Your phone – calling.

*ISO's phone vibrates on silent. ISO glances quickly. Decision. Back to the IC. Turns it on.*

**ISO:** Sit down. Sit down.

*A female ISO3 appears. She is in full kit and carries a helmet. ISO turns towards her. ISO2 starts to speak.*

**ISO2:** What time /do you call -

**ISO3:** Don't even think it. Don't know what you've been missing over there. Right what's the spec?

**ISO:** Female. Early twenties won't allow us to sequestrate –

**ISO3:** Yer jesting?

**ISO:** She won't let us sequestrate her possessions – suitcase –

**ISO3:** Just take the /fucking –

**ISO:** /New regs -

**ISO2:**/That's what I said.

**ISO:** - state /that we have to have a female officer present. So we've been stuck here waiting -

**ISO3:** New regs went out the windows with most of the furniture in terminal one about twelve hours ago mate.

**ISO:** - We're stuck. Here! Stuck here!

**ISO3:** Keep yer hair on.

*In the detention room the Youth has stopped pulling on the door. He starts to shout.*

**Youth:** Oi!

**OM:** Please!

**W2:** *(Standing up)* Hey!

**OM:** /Please

**Youth:** /Oi!

**W2:** Hey!

*They begin to shout louder.*

**ISO:** Jesus. *(In IC)* Sit down! I repeat. Sit. Down. This is your final warning. *(To ISOs)* Quick. Pacify the others /and then –

**ISO3:** /We get it. Come on.

*ISO2 and ISO3 leave the room. ISO Repeats instructions to sit down. The detainees continue to shout. The Youth begins to smash a chair against the floor. ISO sits down in the chair and watches for a second. His phone vibrates he picks it up and reads a message.*

**ISO:** *(Into IC)* Shut up! Shut it!

*The door opens in the detention room and a helmeted ISO2 and ISO3 burst into the room. ISO2 slightly ahead. He immediately strikes the Youth with his baton, The Youth struggles. They fall to ground struggling. The Youth tries to get away. ISO2 grabs him by his jacket. An arm comes free. Youth struggles. ISO2 left holding the jacket for a moment. Throws it to the ground. Hits the Youth once more, disables him, turns him on his front and begins to apply cable tie cuffs behind his back. At the same time as above ISO3 sprays both OM and W2 in the eyes. The Woman begins to scream. ISO3 rolls OM over and cuffs him from behind too. W2 begins to wander around the room lashing out with her arms to keep them away.*

**ISO:** *(Into the IC)* Get them out! We don't want a - Out! Out! Get them out!

*ISOs phone begins to vibrate again. He picks it up and stares at it.*

**ISO:** Can't – I *(Shouts at it)* I can't –

*ISO drops the phone on the desk and leaves the OR. ISO2 drags Youth from the room. ISO3 grabs W2 and gets her in a lock. Knees her in the back. Forces her head down and pushes her out of the room.*

*The Woman is clinging onto the suitcase wailing and the OM is wriggling on the ground trying to free his arms. Shouting Off.*

**OM:** Please. Please. No. Please.

*ISO appears. He stands in the doorway for a moment. The noise and shouting off has died away. A lull in the room. The Woman stills. The OM is still. ISO slowly approaches the Woman. He holds his bare hands up non-threatening. He sinks to his knees. The Woman backs away. They make eye contact. OM twists so that he can see them.*

**ISO:** *(Quiet. Calm)* Please. *(Signs)* Your suitcase. I must take it. *(Signs to her)* Please? *(No response)* Give me the suitcase. *(No response)* Give me – give. Please *(No response)* I can't – I can't – if you don't give me – I can't – the Company won't – the Company won't! Won't! Please!

**Woman:** *(Quietly)* Baby.

**ISO:** No. Please.

**Woman:** My Baby!

**ISO:** What – no - / what do you – No -

**Woman:** My/ baby!

**ISO:** No! /No its –

**Woman:** My baby!

**ISO:** No listen!

**Woman:** /My baby!

**ISO:** No! My baby!

**Woman:** /My baby!

**ISO:** /My baby! Listen. Listen to -

**Woman:** /My baby!

**ISO:** /! Listen. Listen to - my baby – listen to me. to me. You Bitch! /Stupid bitch – No! No!

**Woman:** /Baby!

**ISO:** Bitch! No!

*ISO launches himself at the suitcase and starts to rip it from her grip. The Woman repeats “my baby” over and over as he struggles with her. The OM begins to writhe once more trying to move across the floor towards them. Suddenly the ISO comes away with the suitcase. The Woman collapses to the floor, too weak to stand, she sobs. ISO steps back with the case. OM wriggles.*

**ISO:** No..... No.....

*He pulls on the straps and tears at the zip. Opens the case. Sudden stillness. Drops the case to the floor. Wretches, nothing comes out. The small bundle - a dead baby wrapped in cloths falls out. Violent empty wretch again. ISO covers his mouth and nose. Sinks to the ground. The OM groans and turns away. The Woman is lying face down on the ground her arm outstretched towards the bundle. The OM groans.*

## 9. Observation Room

*The Detention room is empty. The people removed. The suitcase and bundle removed. Food left overs and the scattered overturned chairs remain. The leather jacket on the floor. The door to the corridor is shut.*

*ISO2 enters the OR. He has taken off his helmet and gloves and belt. He looks at the desk. Discarded food and wrappers. The screen. Goes to the chair ISO was sitting in before. Sits in it. He has a bar of chocolate in his hand. He blows out his cheeks. Opens the packet and puts a piece of chocolate in his mouth. Chews. Swallows. Another. Same. Another. Same. Eats until it is finished.*

*On the desk ISO's mobile starts to vibrate.*