

FACING THE GAP

Humana Fragmenta

Scenes of migration

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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 21st 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

First Fragment

Young Man – Migrant trying to illegally enter the City

Young Woman – Migrant trying to illegally enter the City

Old Man - Migrant trying to illegally enter the City

Old Woman - Migrant trying to illegally enter the City

China in the near future

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

Night. The edge of the City. Smog. It is cold. A river bank. The bank which is steep has been concreted over. There are steps down the middle of the bank to a narrow concrete walk way by the water's edge. To the right there is a huge concrete pipe which protrudes from the bank just above the narrow walk way. There are cracks in the concrete where clumps of bramble have forced their way through. On the left further up towards the top of the bank there is small shrub with some scrawny branches and dried leaves hanging from it. A shredded plain blue carrier bag hangs like a lifeless flag from one of the branches.

On the far left of the steps on the narrow walkway zipped up and folded neatly on the ground is a well-worn heavy leather jacket.

A young man and young woman appear at the top of the bank. They are dressed in faded blue work clothes similar to a traditional Zhongshan suit. They both wear woolen hats. Both have scarves drawn over their noses. The young woman has gloves and an over-sized man's jumper over her 'suit'. They both wear old and battered cheap brightly coloured trainers. The young man has a very small rucksack type bag on his back. They both keep low as they edge their way along the top of the bank. They stop for a moment by the shrub. They scurry down towards the pipe. The YW begins to climb into the mouth of the pipe but YM pulls her away and they both lean against the river bank. YM pulls down the scarf in order to speak.

YM: *(Quietly)* Pipes are dangerous. When the flash floods come the water can wash you away.

YW: Cold.

YM: Can't risk it. They flood them deliberately as well, so no one can use them. Whole migrant family drowned when they were sleeping in one further downstream in the last storm. Feng told me. He was detailed to the work party that had to fish them out. Six of them. 2 kids, one a baby. No chance.

YW: How long?

YM peers round the side of the protruding pipe and into the gloom ahead along the pathway.

YM: They'll be here soon. *(Looks at her)* Don't worry. We're safe. This smog they can't see anything from other side down. Not even with searchlights. *(Hesitates)* Have to stay calm. Wait. There'll be others too.

YW: Others?

YM: Yes.

YW: You didn't say there'd be others.

YM: Didn't want to bother you. Strangers to worry about.

YW: *(Pause)* No.

YM takes off his rucksack and takes out some food.

YM: Didn't want to overload you. You know how youHere *(Hands a piece of food to her)* Need to keep up your strength. Eat.

YW: Yes. *(Pause)* Tell me again.

YM: Again?

YW: About the..... how we....

YM: Get to the other side.
YW: Yes, I'm sorry. It's the cold.
YM: That's Okay. *(YM kisses her. She smiles)* Eat. We'll be OK.

She eats. YM watches her for a moment

YM: There's more in the bag. Here.

He presses the rucksack gently but insistently into her arms.

YM: Take it. We've got enough. We'll be eating at our own table in the City tomorrow morning. Not long now. Go on.

She clutches the rucksack to her chest as she rests against the bank.

YM: Lost your appetite. Don't blame you.
YW: It's just... I can't seem to retain, think straight. *(She looks at him)* Am I going mad?
YM: No. It's them. In the Camp.
YW: I can't follow /instructions. I can't -
YM: They put something in the soup. That's why we had to get out.
YW: But you /cope -
YM: They work us like dogs and they poison the food.
YW: I couldn't survive -
YM: No /one can, that's why we're here -
YW: One more week!
YM: Hush.

Silence. YW shudders.

YW: Cold. *(Pause)* remind me. How long were we in the back of the lorry.
YM: Two days until we crossed the provincial boundary.
YW: I thought I was going to suffocate.
YM: But we didn't. We made it to the rendezvous. We walked for two weeks to get to the canal barges.
YW: I didn't like the Contact. He made you give him your watch.
YM: I can get another. You get one just for being a Citizen.
YW: But you'd already/paid -
YM: We have to wait here now. Sit tight. Others will join us. I don't know how many. Not from our Camp. One of the others.
YW: When do we leave?
YM: Eight. We leave at eight. The Contact will bring a change of clothes and papers. It's all sorted. Paid for.
YW: *(Vaguely recalling)* Papers.....?
YM: That's right. Company Papers. So we can enter the City. We go through the gates. On a bus. Like normal human beings.
YW: Do we have to speak to the soldiers?
YM: No. No. Not unless they speak to us.
YW: But what will I say /if they -

YM: I'll say. Let me. You're exhausted. It's sorted. Don't let yourself get worked up about things that won't happen. Once we're part of the Company we live on the other side of the fence.

YW: Yes. We'll be free. To come and go / as we –

YM: Yes. Come and go as we please - within the City. Hush now. Get some rest.

YM squeezes her hand. YM looks around. YW closes her eyes and mutters to herself. YM lets go of her hand.

YW: You won't leave me.

YM: No. On watch.

YW falls to sleep. YM crouches down to watch as if trying to peer under the smog. Still. YM sees the leather jacket. Stands. Looks at YW. Looks warily around him. Then slowly makes his way over to the jacket. Stops a few paces away and studies it from a distance. Looks around once more. He goes over to it and gingerly begins to lift the jacket. He examines it quickly, checks the pockets. Nothing. He looks back over towards the YW for a moment. Gets up and starts to go back towards the pipe. Stops. Feels intense cold. Quickly unzips the jacket and wraps it tight around him burying his hands under his armpits. Treads the ground with his feet without moving. Stops. Still. Looks at the YW. Begins to unzip the jacket once more. Stops. A noise from further up on the bank. Two more people appear. An Old Man and an Old Woman. They are dressed in the same faded work clothes as YM and YW. But they both have anoraks with hoods on. YM hurries over to the pipe to shield YW from view. They move unsteadily down the steps towards the pathway. When they reach the bottom of the steps the OW sees YM and points. Still. Her finger begins to tremble. Silence. The OM turns slowly and looks at YM. Gently lowers her arm. She doesn't resist.

OM: (To OW) Shhhh.

The OW's finger comes up again pointing at YM. The OM pulls it back down again with more vigour.

OM: Sit. (He helps the old woman sit) Sit here. Don't fuss.

OW: He's been waiting. I always said he would.

OM: Don't. You're making him stare.

OW: He's waiting not staring!

OM: /Don't –

OW: Come child! (She begins to get to her feet crying) we been /worried -

OM: Please!

OW (Wails) Come! Come!

The YM hurries over.

YM: Tell /her to –

OW: My boy! My boy! I knew you.....knew!

The OM tries to silence the OW. She begins to stumble. The YM grabs her and she falls into his arms. Pulling on the jacket, burying herself into it and pulling him to the ground. She pushes her face against his chest as if she is trying to climb into the jacket. She clings to YM her sobs muffled by the jacket. YW has stirred from her sleep and watches.

YM: Mad! I'm not her Get her off me.

OM pulls her away from YM. She cowers shaking against the OM. She is still sobbing. YM gets to his feet. OW's sobs become a choking cough. YW stands a few paces behind YM.

YM: She'll get us killed!

OM: Sorry.

YM: *(Hissing)* Just – just make her quiet. I swear I'll push her in if I have to.

OW's body is wracked with sobs and coughs. The OM holds her tightly trying to calm her.

YW: She's cold. Give her the jacket.

YM: *(Turning)* What?

YW: Give her the/ jacket –

YM: But it's for you.

YW: Then why are you wearing it? *(YW gestures)* Cold and frightened. Poor, poor

YW unzips the jacket the rest of the way and then pulls on one sleeve yanking it off. She takes the jacket to the OW. The OM stares at the jacket.

YW: *(To YM)* Threatening an old lady. What's come over how? *(To the OM gently)* Let me help you.

She takes over and gently helps the OW to settle on the bank wrapping her in the coat which calms her. The YW nurses the OW. OM pulls YM away out of earshot.

OM: It's his jacket. *(YM doesn't answer)* Our son's jacket. I know it. She's not mad. That's his jacket. *(YM stares at the OM)* We had enough to pay for the papers for all three of us to get into the city. But one of the Contacts cheated us when we absconded from the Camp. My son said he would swim across the river to get to the City. We parted weeks ago. He had to go on foot. Now every young /man she sees -

YM: /How could you?

OM: But his jacket - I beg your pardon?

YM: Let him do that. You're old. It's too late for the both of you.

OM: My son –

YM: How could – you disgust me.

OM: He wouldn't take no for an answer. He's a /good boy –

YM: – it's freezing.... The current. And if by some miracle you don't drown or get shot by a patrol. How's he supposed to get through the fences and razor wire.... They shoot on sight when you cross the red line. *(Pause)* I found it on the river bank. Just there. He must have – its murder! *(The OM staggers. A silent wretch)* A child shouldn't die - not before the parents.

The OM wheels away

YM: You didn't think he *(Points to the water)* did you?

The OM begins to wander along the pathway. YM goes to YW. The OW is cradled in her lap with the coat over her

YM: Let's move further along the path.
YW: I can't leave her now. She needs comfort.
YM: She puts us in danger.
YW: She's lost her son.
YM: Don't want to hear anymore.
YW: We were going to have a son. Before I lost /him in –
YM: Don't.
YW: I should have been more careful. I'm sorry but I was –
YM: Don't. Please. Don't

YM grabs the arm of the jacket to take it off the OW. But the YW holds onto the other. The OM has sunk to his knees. The YW clings to the other sleeve of the jacket. The OW is still lying beneath their struggle. She finds strength which surprises him. YW pleads with her eyes to the YM. They are locked still for a moment. The OM is now sunk onto all fours.

YM: No. Please don't. It wasn't you. It's the Company. They're killing, destroying – everything. Fires, floods, drought hurricanes. Everything. People. Us! *(Pause)* Come.
YW: Sit with us.
YM: With that!....Him, her. Taking... draining the life..... *(They stare at each other. He tugs weakly at the sleeve of the jacket)* Please. Come. We must.
YW: *(Quietly)* There must be somewhere.....something else.
YM: Can you hear yourself?
YW: Yes. *(Pause)* Something.
YM: There's the City and there's the Camps. The Camps serve the City. The Company owns both.
YW: So why do you want to take us into there?
YM: Because there's nothing else!

YM lets go of the sleeve of the jacket. YW slumps over the OW. YM walks past OM who is still on all fours without looking at him. YM crawls into the concrete pipe.

OW: *(Quietly)* He's such a hot head. Always been the same since he was baby. He won't see reason nor sense.
YW: We lost our baby. I miscarried in the poly tunnel picking cherries. They didn't notice.
OW: That's hard.

The YW and the OW huddle together for warmth. YW drapes the jacket around both their shoulders. The OM groans and sits back on his haunches between the two women and the concrete pipe.

YW: The Contacts. They're not coming.
OW: Stubborn.
YW: There's no change of clothes, change of ID. No papers to take us through the gates.
OW: Still a child.
YW: There has to be another way.

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 sequester 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.

Humana Fragmenta

Third Fragment

Man – Coastguard for the Company

Joe – Junior Coastguard for the Company

Woman - young woman, illegal migrant

Chief – Senior Coastguard for the Company

Woman 2 – older, than young woman, escort working for Man

Priest – older man

Politician – Woman in her thirties

Journalist

The island of Malta in the near future

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

Night

A beach. Night. It is pitch black. We can hear the sea – gentle breakers on the shore. In the distance the sound of a helicopter hovering, voices – shouting, indistinct. Dogs barking.

We hear people approaching. They are moving as quickly as possible across the ground in the dark. Someone stumbles and curses.

Man: This way.

Joe: Jesus. Use the torch, eh.

Man: Shut up.

Joe: Can't –

Man: /Just down here – quick. Right, right. Stop.

They are carrying a body, one holding the arms the other holding the legs. They come to a halt.

Man: Put her down here.

They put the body down, a dead weight – legs extended, arms by the sides. The Men both lean over the body.

Man: Is she breathing?

Joe checks.

Joe: Shit!

Man pushes Joe away and begins to administer CPR. Joe gets out a torch and shines it. We clearly see the Man and the young Woman he is trying to revive.

[Man is wearing a leather jacket over a uniform with the cap. Woman wears jeans, and t-shirt, her long hair is plastered to her face and neck like seaweed. She wears a white training shoe on one foot – the other is missing leaving the foot bare.]

Man: *(Still working)* Christ - Switch it off! *(Joe switches the torch off. Black)* Just keep out of my way and do as you're told alright. Said you could handle this. Fucking idiot.

Joe walks away and balances on his haunches. He watches Man working for some time. In the background we can still hear the helicopter and some sirens. Joe lights a cigarette. We see gloved hands. He wears the cap of a uniform too. He smokes as he watches Man.

Man: Put it out!

Joe stubs the cigarette out quickly

Joe: Didn't say we'd be stumbling about in the dark with security crawling /everywhere.

Man: Have to get in fast. Before the rescue mission. What did you expect?

No response.

Man: Shut it, eh?

We can hear Man working harder, a note of anxiety in his own breathing. Joe is up on his feet pacing up and down.

Man: (To Woman) Come on. Come. On.

The helicopter is nearer, drowning out the sounds of the waves.

Man: Come on.....

The Woman jerks suddenly and begins to choke and vomit seawater. Coughing, spluttering.

Man: (Calm) It's OK. (To Joe) Pass the torch.

Joe gives him the torch. Man shines the torch over the body shielding the light with his hand to guide it down and restrict the beam to the body. He runs quickly, efficiently, up the body from the feet up with the beam. She is still coughing. Turns torch off.

Man: (To Woman) It's OK. (To Joe) No life jacket. They can't swim most of them. Seen a lot worse. She'll survive. Blanket.

Joe begins to unwrap a foil emergency survival blanket. They wrap the woman in the foil.

Suddenly the Helicopter rears up above. A beam is sweeping the beach. Over to the right of the men and Woman. The Men push the Woman down and lie on top of her. She struggles but they press down on her violently to cover the luminous foil. The beam sweeps rapidly up and down the beach. It flashes over the prostrate bodies on its way down to the left. The beam focuses to the left of them. They lie still. Helicopter hovers for a few deafening moments. The Men half crawl and half drag the Woman further away from the searchlight. Then cover her with their bodies once more. Suddenly the helicopter swoops away. Black.

The Men roll away from the Woman who curls up in the foil blanket in a foetal position. Joe scurries a few yards away. Man stands up and brushes himself down. Then they are still.

We hear the sea once more. The helicopter and all other human noise is gone. They are silent.

Joe: Close, eh.

A signal from a flash light to the left.

Man: She's here. Let's go.

They drag the Woman to her feet. Joe hesitates for a moment. The Woman hangs exhausted between them.

Joe: When do I get paid?

Man: When the job's done. Alright?

Joe: *(Pause)* I got a lot of expenses.

Man: Shut up.

They carry-drag the Woman out to the left.

Black. Sea.

Day

Dawn. Daylight on the shore.

The sea gently washing the shore.

There are four body bags lined up in a row. The one on the end is obviously a child. A pile of personal belongings next to them. Man is stood close to the corpse furthest to the left. He is wearing the same boots and uniform with kit belt and the long peak cap as before. A thin body warmer over his leather jacket. The cap and the Body warmer is emblazoned with a Company logo on it. He is scrolling on his smartphone. Joe is stood, isolated, on the far right. He wears the same uniform and cap as Man, gloves and mirrored sunglasses. Joe smokes a cigarette.

Chief, wearing the same uniform appears. He is carrying a clipboard under one arm, a white training shoe in the other. He stops by the body bags. Joe drops his cigarette to the floor and puts it out with his boot. Chief looks down at them for a moment. Then looks out to sea. Man puts his phone away and begins to drift away.

Chief: Don't wander off! *(Man stops and turns)* Wait. *(Indicating)* The both of you.

Chief crosses over to Man and Joe hangs back a little.

Chief: How many did Scerri estimate there were – in the boat?

Man: Reckoned there was at least thirty boss.

Chief: Ten gone for processing. *(Sighs)* We only found four?

Man: So far. Not much of a catch is it?

Chief: What?

Man: Rest feeding the fish, eh.

No response

Chief: *(To Joe)* You new?

Joe: First week sir.

Chief: Welcome to the Company. Laugh a minute.

Joe: *(Uncertain)* Thanks.

Chief: You develop a funereal sense of humour in this job. Get used to it. *(Indicates Man)* He has. *(Examining one of the body bags)* Summer's coming. Used to be British tourists. That was bad enough. Now this. Flocking over. Death traps, piling up all along this bit of the coast. Poor – *(Turns his head and coughs)*. How old's that one?

Chief indicates the child. Joe looks at Man, Man shrugs.

Joe: Not very.

Man: Can we go?

Chief: Excuse me?

Man: Can we go – sir.

Chief: Where?

Man: Up all night fishing corpses out - sir. We've collected all that's left to collect. Entitled to a break. *(Chief doesn't respond. He hands him the training shoe)* Sir?

Chief: Odd one out.

Man: *(Shrugs)* It's owner might get washed up on the next tide eh.

Chief: Ah-ha. Sure. Sure.

Man: *(To Joe)* I can drop you back at base?

Chief: The strange thing is though, I found this back there. Above the tide mark.

Man: So?

Chief: So we've either got an illegal on the loose, or..... or....

Man: What?

Chief: Or worse *(Taps him with the shoe)*. Someone has helped them her – it's a Woman's - off the shore. *(No response)* The Company won't like that. If the owner doesn't wash up soon there might have to be an investigation.

Man: Can search me if you like.

Pause. Chief laughs. A woman (Politician) dressed in a smart business blue skirt and jacket appears behind them accompanied by a Priest. The Priest is talking to her intently. Chief puts the trainer down on one of the body bags. Makes a note on the clipboard.

Chief: *(He does not look at them)* Off you go then. We'll see what the new tide brings. *(Chief leaves. Stops and turns to Joe and Man)* Boys, not a word - about the shoe – to anyone.

Man: Forgotten already.

Chief goes. A journalist appears and approaches the Politician and the Priest. Chief joins them. Man and Joe wander further away. Man stops them to look back.

Joe: Shit. The Company – investigation /he said -

Man: Bullshit. He's guessing. Jobsworth. You think the Company gives a monkey's. Doesn't know what goes on, on the side, on this island? They know everything. They don't do everything in house. Corporate Reputation.

Joe: What?

Man: Stay calm and keep schtum.

Joe: Yea. OK. *(Pause. Indicating the Politician and the Priest)* /Is she Company –

Man: You don't know who she is?

Joe: No

Man: Neither do I.

Joe: Not Company?

Man: Everyone's Company – in the end.

The Politician and Priest and Chief are standing by the body bags. Priest is down on his knees by the corpse of the child. The Politician speaks to the journalist. She moves closer to the Priest. Chief moves away. Woman strikes a pose and the Journalist takes a photo – a flash.

Man: Listen. Don't forget the Company might own the Island, but it's the families that run it for 'em. Family's everything. I've got a big family. You do tight by it and it will look after you.

Joe: Alright.

Man: Keep it in the family. Come on.

They leave. The Priest is saying a prayer. The Chief stands to attention arms in front of him holding the clip board, head slightly bowed. The Politician stands next to the Chief in a similar pose. The Priest is silent with his head bowed for a moment. The Politician, trying not to draw attention to herself, slowly lifts the heel of a foot and tries to glance behind at the heel of her shoe without losing her balance, she momentarily wobbles before regaining it. A flash from the journalist's camera. Another flash.

Night

It is dark. A small room in an apartment. Window blacked out. Silence. We become aware of the presence of someone in the room shuffling up and down, quietly muttering indistinctly to herself over and over again. Someone at the door. Shuffling stops. A bolt sliding. Person in room moves. Another bolt slides. Stillness in the room. Key turning in the door.

We hear a door open. Woman 2 (W2) appears illuminated by a faint glow of light behind her. She carries a large torch which she shines into the room. The beam lands on the bare feet of the Woman. She is dressed as before but both feet are bare. There is blood on the sole of her right foot. She is lying on top of a small bed and reacts to the beam by cocooning herself in the duvet. W2 holds a plate of food in her other hand. W2 moves into the room and gently but firmly peels back some of the duvet and shines the light into the Woman's face. She turns away to shield her eyes. Still.

Silence.

W2: Beautiful. (No response. Woman sits on the edge of the bed) Come on baby.

Silence.

W2 puts the food down on the floor by the bedside.

W2: Foot's bleeding.

W2 leaves the room. Dark. Woman doesn't move. We hear the faint sound of techno beats from somewhere nearby. W2 returns. She puts a package on the bed. She sits on the bed and starts to pull the duvet off the Woman. She resists.

W2: Stop it. *(Grips the Woman's legs through the duvet. She is stilled)* Stop it. I know you can understand. Cooperate. I can't turn the light on. Not possible. OK? Do you want stay the in the dark or get out? *(Pause)* Let me look.

W2 holds the torch in one hand and pulls the duvet back with the other. Looks at the Women's feet.

W2: Hold this.

She holds out the torch. Woman hesitates, then takes the torch. She shines it on the face of the W2 – we see an older Maltese woman, she wears make up, hair heavily styled. She wears large earrings and a heavy chain round her neck. She shies from the torchlight a little.

W2: Foot.

Woman (W) turns the beam down to her foot, W2 begins to clean the sole of the right foot with wipes. She wears bright nail varnish. W stares at W2 who cleans the foot gently.

W2: You should wear the sandals they gave you. Shuffling up and down. Can hear it out there. Where are you going? Blisters on your blisters. *(Looks at W)* How far did you walk to get to the boat eh? *(No response)* Long way. *(She continues to clean the cut)* You should cooperate. Really. If you don't they could drop you back in the sea. Or worse. Did you go to all the trouble of getting these blisters for that? Nasty *(As she talks she slowly, carefully cleans another wound and then applies a dressing to the underside of the Woman's metatarsal and to the heel)*. Think of these wounds and remember who you are. Tried to get to Italy eh? *(Looks at her. No response)*. Ah-ha. Most of them try to get to Italy. But you ended up here and smugglers picked you up. Unlucky baby. The Company just ships you back to the red zone. Ship them out. They try to come back. In and out. A horrible, dangerous game. These guys..... well. *(Silence)* There. Finished. Alright? *(She takes the torch back from the Woman)* You didn't come all this way, just to – *(She shines the torch in her face. Stares at her)* Beautiful. *(W2 moves the beam on to a bucket on the floor)* You came all this way to get away from – *(indicates)* from – this. Why don't you? How long? Eh? How long? *(Silence. She shines the beam on to the plate of food)* You should eat. *(Collects the wipes and dressing and puts them back in bag)* I have to go. I'll try to come back. If these guys let me. I'll ask. I'm not in control. You don't want them to come back – in here with you again - do you? No. You don't *(Pause)* It's up to you. Think. Don't take too long. They aren't very patient people.

W2 goes. Dark. We hear the door locking. The Woman is still. Outside the sound of techno beats is still faintly playing. W begins to mutter once more, indecipherable, intense. She stands, fumbles in the dark for the bucket. We hear her pulling down her jeans and pants. Squats. Urinates. Tissue off a roll. Stands and pulls up her pants and jeans. Sits on bed. Still. She sniffs. Reaches forward and picks up the plate. She eats the food.

Day

In the small room, the light is on – bed and bedding, bucket, roll of paper. A pair of sandals under the bed toes facing front. W is dressed as before. She still has the dressings on her right foot. She is sat on the

bed with her knees drawn up under her chin. W2 is sat next to her but slightly forward towards the edge of the bed. She is dressed as before but she wears the leather jacket that the Man was wearing earlier. She has another bag in her hands which she rests in her lap. Still. W2 sighs and puts the bag to one side of her and turns back to look at W.

W2: Oh baby.

W2 reaches out to touch W's cheek. W shies away.

W2: I'm sorry. He shouldn't have. But you should cooperate.

Silence

W2: Someone wants to meet you. They showed him your picture. The one when I got you to smile. (*W looks up at W2*) You don't remember. (*Shrug*) It was a snapshot. He wants to spend some time with you baby. You should go. Get out. Out of here. (*Fiercely*) Who the fuck do you think you are? There's no time. No – (*Grabs W's face in her hands*) Understand? (*Shakes her*) Scared!

W2 stands up suddenly and paces up and down the room quickly at first and then slowly as if she is measuring her steps and then slower as if she is trying to trace her footsteps exactly. Stops.

W2: You have to go. (*Calm*) Alright.

She picks up the bag from the bed and attempting to regain a sense of occasion slowly reveals a pair of white stiletto heels. W stares at W2 not the shoes. W2 holds them out for her to take. W continues to stare at W2. W2 sucks her teeth. Still. W2 puts the shoes down on the floor in front of the W. Steps back.

W2: (*Quiet*) What? What do you want from me? I can't – can't. They won't. (*Presses her hands and fingers together in front of her prayer like*) I'm going to leave and you put on the shoes by the time I come back. If you don't. You are on your own. Understand?

W is still staring at W2.

W2: (*Leaving*) Fuck you.

W2 leaves. W continues to stare where at where W2 was stood. Still. Silence. She begins to cry silent tears. Bows her head arms straightened gripping the edge of the bed. She slowly extends a leg forward and draws one of the shoes back and under the bed next to the sandals. Then the other so that both pairs of shoes lie next to each other. She lifts her legs back up onto the bed. Still. W looks down at the shoes beneath the bed for some time. Puts her hand to her cheek. Glances up at the door. Begins to cry audibly and quiver. Glances back to the shoes. Slowly stands up. Crying. Reaches for the white stilettos. Puts them in front of her on the floor. Sobs. She slowly puts her left foot into the left shoe. Then her right foot in the right shoe. She wobbles and sobs. Staggeres. Sobs. Nose running. She turns, teeters on the heels her back to the door. She presses her hands into her face half biting, gagging herself with one hand to stop the crying. She is swaying on the heels when W2 reappears at the door. She is holding a tight fitting white cocktail dress draped over her arm.

W2: (*Shoes*) Baby. Made for you.

W does not respond.

W2: Kill for a pair like that. Come on. Let's see how you look in this. *(No response)* Let's get out of here. *(Silence)* Hey!

W2 bundles the dress up under one arm and with the other manoeuvres W round towards the door.

W2: It'll be alright. Alright.

They go.

Night

Evening. A store room. A chair, sealed boxes of goods. A single light bulb on a flex dully lights the space. On another box is a bottle of water and pizza box. There are left over slices in it, used napkins on the top of the box.

W2 is stood to one side. She is dressed as before, stood almost to attention with a cigarette poised at her lips. The hand of one arm supported the elbow of the arm bolding the cigarette.

On the floor is a large plastic bucket of water. The Woman is wearing the cocktail dress. One of her stiletto shoes has come off. Woman's head is being held under water by Joe, who is wearing his uniform as before, sleeves rolled up. She is struggling but the hold he has her in is too strong for her. W2 draws on the cigarette and exhales immediately. Joe yanks Woman's head out of the water just above the bucket. Woman gasps for air.

Joe: Understand?

She doesn't respond.

Joe: Understand?

No response. M2 plunges her head into the bucket again. Holds her down. W2 takes another draw and exhales and stubs the cigarette out on the floor.

W2: Joe.

He doesn't respond. Plunges the W's head back in the bucket. She is tense. Then begins to relax a little. Bubbles. W2 moves over touches Joe's shoulder.

W2: *(Firmly)* Joe.

Pause. He suddenly let's go of the Woman who pulls herself free gasping and lies on the floor. Joe stands, holds his arms away from his body, shakes them. Disgust.

Joe: What she – who the – it's not as if *(Gestures)* Wet.

Looks at W, then at W2. Joe leaves. W2 picks up a towel from a box. She goes to offer it to him. He leaves the room. W lies on the floor, she coughs as she gradually recovers her breathing. W2 crouches down by W.

W2: *(Quietly)* You have to do what they tell you baby.

She lifts Woman upright puts the towel over her head and wraps it around her and holds her against her. Gently massaging her wet hair through the towel. Silence.

M appears. He stands behind the chair. He is no longer in uniform. He wears a smart suit. He looks at W2. She doesn't see him at first. Silence. He slightly moves the chair. W2 looks up. He signs to her.

W2: Let's get you back to your bed.

W2 helps the Woman to her feet, towel still covering her head. W kicks off the other shoe. W2 leads her out of the room. M puts his hands in his pockets. Unbuttons his jacket and puts it neatly on the back of the chair. Picks up the stiletto shoes. Holds them for a moment. Sniffs them. Places them neatly on top of a box. Sits on the chair. Flips open the lid of the box and takes a piece of pizza. Takes a large bite. Chews for a few seconds. Takes a clean napkin and carefully empties the food from his mouth back into it. Puts it to one side. Grabs the water bottle, drinks. Puts the cap back on. Wipes his mouth with another napkin. W2 reappears.

W2: Sorry. *(M looks at her)* She's – she won't do it again.

M: No. No she won't.

Alert. M takes out his phone and reads a message. W2 sits down on one of the boxes.

W2: Nice suit. *(No response)* Nice suit.

M: *(Doesn't look at her)* Thank you.

W2: No more uniform?

M: Going up in the world.

W2: But a Company man through and through.

M: *(Smiles)* Aren't we all. Even you.

Silence. She takes out another cigarette from her jacket.

M: Don't. I don't like it.

She puts the cigarette and packet away. He puts his feet up on one of the boxes.

M: I won't be coming here anymore.

W2: Ah-ha, going up in the world. Company man.

M: Family man too.

W2: /Who –

M: Joe. Joe and the boys will deal with this end of things.

W2: Where's he gone?

M: On his way to the shore.

W2: Another boat?

M: Too many fish in the sea.

W2: But we don't have any/ more –

M: There won't be any more. Boat wont land.

W2: Alright. *(Pause)* But you said/ Joe –

M: *(Indicates)* Message. That jacket. *(He points to leather jacket she is wearing)* It's still on loan.

W2: I still feel the cold.

M: *(Ignoring her)* You need to make sure she behaves.

W2: I know. Sorry.

M: No more chances. She's lucky. If she didn't float their boats... she needs to understand that.

W2: I think she understands.

M: Good. She's still useful. For now *(Still)* Borg wants to see her.

W2: Father Borg? Jesus no.

M: He saw her at the reception. *(Pause)* He's still useful. Arrange it.

M stands, puts on the jacket and leaves.

Day

Morning. A hotel terrace. To the right a door into a dining room.

Man is stood with the Politician (P). She is 'straightening' herself up in a vanity mirror. A handbag dangles from her arm. He is idly watching his phone as he waits for her to organise herself.

P: Do I look alright?

M: Hmm...?

P: Do I look alright!

M: Yea. Course. You look fine eh?

P: Fine?

M: Fine's better than alright. Rather drink fine wine than alright wine.

P tuts and looks in the mirror again.

M: Seriously. You look great.

He leans forward and kisses her neck. She pushes him away half-heartedly and looks around. Presses right up against her crushing her lips violently for a moment.

P: Don't! Not here. My lipstick

M: Can't help it. Don't worry they've all got their noses in the trough.

P: *(Pause. Smiles)* When am I going to meet your family?

M: Soon.

She looks at him. He is back on his phone. Touches up her lipstick.

M: *(Without looking up)* You ready?

P: Think so. *(He looks up ready to move. She stops him)* Do you think I'm pitching right.

M: *(Switched on)* Absolutely. Without doubt.

P: Its just – will the Company/ understand -

M: Course. They understand what you have to do.

P: It's just that I'd / hate to -

M: Look. Think. Three hundred illegals have gone down in a rubber dingy for Christ's sake. A question's been raised in the House about the search rescue mission. Let's face it, they're expecting a bit of a bumpy ride in the media. You have to ask questions. *(Puts her face in his hands)* You're responsible, what you're elected for. What else can you do? This is a good place to do it. Announce the enquiry and everything will go from there. They understand.

P: It's just they can hang you out to dry /when –

M: You have to be seen to be doing something. *(Pause)* Go on. Just got to make a quick call. Be through in a moment.

P looks at M for a moment and then goes. As she approaches the door he wolf whistles at her. She turns back. Turns back to the door, opens it. As she goes into the hubbub Joe passes her. He is in civvies, but he is wearing the mirror sunglasses we saw earlier. He looks back over his shoulder at her as he walks towards M.

Joe: Is that....?

M: *(On a call)* Ah-ha. Ah-ha. Call you back. Ciao *(Looking up from his phone)* Hm?

M2: That woman. We saw her –

M: /Minister.

Joe: Alright.

M: Why are you out here? Told you to be my eyes and ears in there.

Joe: I know. *(Quietly)* Can I have a word?

M: Course

Joe: There's talk - some of the lads – saying that that the Company ...

M: What?

Joe: *(Short Pause)* Had it sunk. *(No response)* The other night. When you – you called us back. The boat. The migrants - on /purpose -

M: Who? said that.

Joe: – Some of the lads. They were saying -

M: Who.

Joe: Just /a rumour -

M: Who?

Joe: Apuzzardi. Just /talk –

M: Breach of Company policy. Corporate reputation. Tell him I want to see him.

Joe: OK. *(Pause)* Thought you should know what's being said.

M: *(Putting an appreciative hand on Joe's arm)* Thanks. Good. *(Pause)* Listen. They'll be an inquiry. The announcement will come after they've eaten their dessert. And.... if this gets round, I'll know it's you. It's true.

Joe: What?

M: sank it. Deliberately. There were terrorists on board.

Joe: /Excuse –

M: It will come out in the inquiry.

Joe: But the children /and –

M: New tactic. Terror. Company Intel tipped us off. The boat was packed with explosives and they were heading for our frigate.

Joe: Jesus. But three /hundred -

M: /Game's changed.

Joe: Is it true? Terrorists?

M: Dunno. Probably *(Polishes the front of his left shoe on the calf of his right leg)* Joe. Listen. There's millions of them. How many of us? Always someone and their wife desperate enough to fill a dingy. They're a threat. They want what we got. The Company's sealing the island. Closed. They know what they're doing *(Pause)* Not a word Joe. I'll know. *(Polishes the front of his right shoe on the calf of his left leg)* Eh, you did well to tell me. Thanks. Keep your ears open.

Priest appears from the left. He pauses when he sees M and Joe for a moment.

M: Father Borg.

Priest: Good afternoon gentlemen.

Priest crosses towards the door.

M: Just in time for dessert.

Priest breaks his stride and stumbles momentarily but continues. He opens the door and goes inside. Joe turns to follow the Priest. M suddenly snaps to attention and aims an air kick at some invisible object. Joe stops.

M: Shit. *(Pause)* He's no use now.

Joe: The priest.

M: *(Nods)*. That's it. Got to be careful now. Clear out the - No more fishing on the side for us either. Too risky. Understand? *(Pause)* Joe. Everything goes back in the sea. *(Joe does not respond)* Understand? *(Joe shrugs)* Look at me. Everything. Don't be stupid now. *(Grabs Joe)* Look at me. *(Joe looks at him, M stares at him)* Oh shit man. You didn't? you did. Stupid - strictly business. I told /you -

Joe: Didn't do -

M: Bullshit. Weak! *(Still)* Dangerous. Everything. Understand? *(Joe nods)* Be very careful. Tell Scerri and get on to it.

Joe goes. Opens the door, a round of applause. He pauses at the door.

P: *(Off)* Ladies and gentlemen -

Joe opens the door. There are flashlights from cameras. Enters the room, the door closes behind him.

M looks down at his shoes hands in trouser pockets. Rubs them both against his calves once more. Still. Turns wearily towards the door.

Dusk

The beach. On the rocks. We hear the sea water breaking. A bag and plastic bucket on the ground. Joe (J) is in shorts and t-shirt, sandals on his feet. He holds a fishing rod. He casts the line. Watches for a moment then reels in a little before resting the rod against a stand. He sits. Kicks his sandals off. Watches the surf. A flash of light crosses behind – car headlights.

Still.

M appears behind J. He is dressed casually, sneakers, and wearing the leather jacket. Watches for a moment. He walks over to J. Crouches down beside him. J does not look or acknowledge his presence.

Silence

M offers J a cigarette. J declines. M puts the cigarettes away. Waits.

M: Been looking for you all over the island.

J: Used come here when I was a child - with my grandfather.

M: /What the -

J: *(Quietly)* The first time I went – went to see her – it was after the Priest..... afterwards, I wouldn't let go. Of her. *(Pause)* Holding tight. Like, when her – her head was in the bucket. *(Pause)* I decided to stay. She didn't want me to. I fell asleep. Both did. Later she was crying. Nightmare. Woke me up. Found the light. She was shaking. Had to shut her – *(Puts his hand to his mouth)* – stop her from - . Wake her to stop – stop it. *(M sighs)* She said it was always the same..... She gave her life belt to a child. In the boat. Four, five years old maybe. Girl. Curly black wet hair. Spindle thin fingers. Small. Too small for an adult life belt. She said. Slipped over her head – she popped out like a seed from a pod with the first wave. Said I didn't want to know. *(Still)* Stopped her talking. *(Pause)* Stayed with. What she said. All the time. Tried to forget. But she was a reminder. Stopped. Stopped screwing her.... Still see it all the time. The jacket, too big for the little / body -

M: Where is she?

J: Don't know. When you gave the order I decided not to do it. Fuck you. Fuck the Company. *(Looks at M)* You've done well for yourself, eh?

M: Big family to feed.

J: Fuck the family. Yea. I was going to help her. Give her money. Know what it's like, when you don't have any you can't - no choice – no chance, eh. *(Shrugs)* She was gone. Just those shoes in the middle of the floor. Don't know where.

M: You let her.

J: No. I didn't. *(Smiles)* Not me. But I would have. If I could. And you don't know who did. *(Indicates the sky)* It's beautiful. Orange? Not don't do colours.

Silence. Waves breaking.

M: We have to go.

J looks at M. Stands and begins to dismantle the rod.

M: Leave it.

M indicates for J to go first. M follows. They leave.

Fishing rod, back, bucket and sandals.

Sun down.

Humana Fragmenta

Fourth Fragment

CC2 – A Gypsy Woman in her late thirties

BG1 – Male Border Guard, in his late twenties

BG2 – Female Border Guard, in her mid-twenties

Man – Migrant in his mid-twenties

Hungary in the near future. At the border.

At the border. Winter. A morning mist. Hard cold ground.

A metal fence, 3 metres high, metal posted and ringed with razor wire at the top. The fence travels as far as can see both left and right, in a straight line into the distance.

Off to the left we can hear voices and shouted orders. The voices are subdued, exhausted and stressed. The orders are dispassionately aggressive and routine. Someone coughs. A woman's voice crying.

The middle section (centre stage) has been torn apart by an explosion. A fence post, fencing is splintered and razor wire hangs like metallic entrails. The earth directly in front and behind the shattered fence has been gouged out by the force of an explosion. The earth is stained with dark patches.

On the ground 4 metres in from the fence is a rail track which also travels straight along the fence from left to right into the distance.

To the right of the exploded fence there is the splintered stump of a small tree. The trunk lies across the track. To the right of this, a flat bottomed, heavy duty plastic sack 1 with handles. It is full. There is a tag with a number on it. There is a man's boot lying on its side nearby. To the left hand side of the hole in the fence by the side of the track there is another heavy duty plastic sack 2 with handles in the middle. There is a tag with a number on this one too. There is another sack 3 with a tag and number, half full, directly opposite to the hole in the fence in the middle of the track.

Human belongings, that have been scattered by the explosion; a shredded rucksack and clothing, including that of a child, are scattered around on the ground, some spattered with blood. There is also a pile of bags that have been collected by the side of the track to the left.

Caught in the razor wire quite high above the ground is a well-worn leather jacket. It hangs by one sleeve from the top. The other sleeve is missing and strips of its lining hang down.

An older woman (CC2) wearing a black headscarf knotted at the back of her head and pale grey boiler suit with wellington type boots, stained with blood, is inspecting the ground around her feet. CC2, in large white letters, is marked on the back of her boiler suit. On the front over her left breast is a Company logo. She wears rubber gloves. They are smeared with blood she holds what looks like a litter picker.

She is still for a moment staring at the ground at her feet. She moves slowly towards an item of clothing on the ground. Uses the picker to lift it up carefully and turn it over delicately, inspecting the ground under and around it as she does so. Shakes the clothing. Then puts it down. Still. Looks up and stares through the hole in the fence for a moment.

Off left there is a guard dog barking. More orders and people murmuring. There is the sound of banging and a heavy wooden door being bolted.

CC2 turns and looks left back down the rail track in the direction of the noise. Pause. She does not move until the dog has stopped barking and the noise has subsided. We hear the slam of car doors and a siren as a vehicle pulls away. CC2 bends low to follow the departing vehicle with her eyes.

She straightens up and looks at the leather jacket suspended in the wire. She moves over to the plastic sack 3 with the tag that is half full, and glances inside. Looks up at the leather jacket once more. CC2 bends over the bag and carefully lifts something quite heavy for a moment. Examines what she is holding. She looks at the jacket once more. She lets go of what she has been holding. Takes off the gloves and drops them inside the bag.

She goes over to the fence and stretches to reach up for one armed jacket, it's too high and far back on the wire. She returns for the litter picker. Tries to release it from the wire. It is hooked on. She retains the grip on the jacket with the picker and takes a penknife from her back pocket and reaches up with the other hand to cut the body of the jacket free from the wire. She carefully unhooks it and 'carries' it down. She wanders over to the branch and sits down with the jacket. Looks at her hands. Wipes the fingertips of her right hand on the ground.

CC2 looks up and down the track and glances behind her. Starts to go through the pockets. Finds a photo in the inside chest pocket. Looks at it for a moment. Still. Pause. Goes to put it back in the pocket, drops the photo, picks it up. Voices off from the left. She looks along the track in the direction of the voices. She is trying to put the photo back in the pocket without looking and misses, tries again, misses, again – misses. Finally she stuffs the photo awkwardly back in place with her fist scrunching it up. Casts the jacket aside where it lies crumpled alongside the plastic sack, but some way apart from the other clothes. She stands and wipes hands down the sides of her hips and thighs. Picks up the litter picker and stares at the ground.

BG1: (Off) Garbage.

Two border guards (BG1 - male) and (BG2 -female) appear from the left. They wear a uniform of urban camouflage and both are armed. Both wear balaclavas over their heads. They have radio (ATP) ear pieces. BG1 has his rolled up onto his head so his face is fully visible, BG2 wears the balaclava down over her face. BG1 is senior, with stripes, they both wear the same Company insignia on the chest of their uniforms as CC2. CC2 has turned her back towards both BGs and slowly begun to pick up some of the items of clothing.

BG1: (To BG2) Still mopping up. Told yer. (To CC2) Oi! (CC2 turns towards him) Get a move on.

CC2 continues to gather up the clothing. BG1 glances into the plastic sack 3.

BG1: Christ. (Turns to BG2) Back up should be here soon. (Looks around. Crosses to the fence. Jiggles it) No easy fix this time. (Looks at the nearest sack) Crazy bastards. (Order) Make a note of the numbers on the sacks for the form.

BG2: Corp.

BG2 starts to write the numbers on sacks in a small notebook.

BG2: Easier when we could just bag 'em up an' stick 'em in the truck. Paperwork. Don't see the point.

BG1: Aren't coming over the top like they used to. They're blowin' themselves up to get through. More dyin', more gettin' through. New tactic. Outbreak. Seven attacks on the fences this month. Company wants documentation. Who's goin' to pay for all this?

BG2: *(Noting another number)* Blowin' up their mates as well.

BG1: Captain reckons the first one suicided to get 'em through here an' another belt went off by accident. Stupid fuckers. Carnage. He reckons they were going to walk along the track and blast through the interior fence by the river. Once they get to the river....well, new route. Harder to catch 'em.

BG2: What the – what they...?

BG1: Fanatics. He reckons it's their religion. I reckon it's in their genes.

BG2: *(Writing down the number on the side of the half full plastic sack 3. Pointing)* Is this him?

BG1: Who?

BG2: The accidental..... or the first one?

BG1: Bits an' pieces of both, mixed in with bits of their mates. Should 'ave seen it when they first radioed me over. Mess. Desperate, crazy bastards.

BG2: Corp? Why, what do they – I mean - blowin' yerself up

BG1: Permanent leave to remain in heaven?....Can't send 'em back? Dunno. Migrants – illegals – don't think like me an' you. Don't think 'uman. Don't put 'em in there! *(CC2 stops)* Keep 'em separate – Jesus. Only have to sort it later.

CC2 starts to take the damaged clothes she has put in the one of the plastic sacks back out again. Stands holding them.

BG1: *(Pointing with his rifle)* Over there! In the truck – *(Gestures)*. Cigány bitch.

BG2: S'deliberate. Makes yer – want...

BG1: Slow, slap happy. Play Stupid. It's sabotage. Be in the rail wagon with the rest of 'em if I had it my way. Ship all 'em out. Clean up.

BG2 leans into the side of one of the plastic sacks with her boot. Steps away quickly and wanders over to the hole in the fence.

BG2: *(Quietly)* Crazy bastards.

CC2 has started to make her way along the track towards the rail carriage with some of the clothes she has gathered. BG1 bends down and picks up the one-armed leather jacket which is lying by the half full plastic sack.

BG1: Cigány!

CC2 stops and turns slowly. BG1 flings it at her. It hits her and falls to the floor.

BG1: Get a move on.

She picks up the jacket from the floor. Slowly turns and continues on her way.

Off left there is a sudden commotion coming from the rail carriage. Voices calling. CC2 continues to walk along the track with the clothes.

BG1: Playin' up. Captain wants me - you wait 'ere. Keep an eye on 'er.

BG2: Thought back-up was on its way.

BG1: Don't worry. They're rounded up. Locked in the wagon. *(BG2 trips over the track. Stumbles to the ground momentarily. BG1 doesn't notice. Order) Cigány! (CC2 stops.)* You. Stay. Here. *(To BG2)* Back in a sec.

More commotion from the wagon train. BG1 runs past CC2 as she turns back again with the clothes.

BG1: *(To himself)* Bleedin' illegals. All wind and piss.

Off the voices continue. Orders. More commotion. Two shots. CC2 and BG2 both freeze. Silence. CC2 puts most of the clothes down on the track. She still holds the leather jacket by the collar which hangs from her hand.

BG2: *(Gestures with her rifle to CC2)* Sit. Down. *(Gestures)* Hands up. *(Touches her head)* On yer head.

CC2 puts the jacket down and sits on the track by the pile of clothes hands on head. BG1 runs in from the right, gesturing for BG2 to come over.

BG1: Stray. Flushed 'im out from the bushes. Tried to make a run for it. Grass is always greener isn't it? *(Little gesture with his rifle)*. Nutters. Change of plan. Captain says Company wants to roll the rail wagon out now. Get 'em transported to the processing centre before there's any more shit. We got to shift the stiff's.

BG2: Yer said back up/were –

BG1: Don't get windy on me. Sweetheart. Back up's working on the outer fence. Then they'll fix this hole next. *(Silence)* There's been more fireworks 20 kilometres down the line. Serious shit. We shift the stiff's. After we've done a sweep of the area. Understood. *(Pause)* Understood?

BG2: Yes Corp.

BG1: *(Seeing CC2)* Jesus. What yer doin'?

BG2: Eh?

BG1: With 'er?

BG2: Yer said keep an eye. Don't trust any of 'em. Trust them less than the illegals. At least they want to try to live like normal /people, not like these –

BG1: She's got clearance. CC2. To work for the Company. To work for us. Want to be 'ere all night?

BG2: No Corp.

BG1: Look at yer! Pull yerself – *(Yanks the balaclava up off her face)* Act normal. Don't spook yerself. *(To CC2)* Get up. *(CC2 gets up)* Once the wagon rolls out yer can take their bags an' stuff an' these clothes to the truck. And clear *(Pointing to trunk)* this and any other shit off the track. *(To BG2)* She can leave the the stiff's to us. There's transports waiting to bring illegals up from the south. They want us fully operational by noon, as soon as that hole's fixed. First darlin' you and me are gonna sweep the long grass on the other side of the fence. Circle the area. Come across any strays yer can pop 'em, no one's going to ask any questions. Not now. No questions asked. Safety first remember. Then we clear out and its back to base for a kiss and a cuddle with the boyfriend. Right?

BG2: Right.

BG1: You 'ave got one. Right?

Off left we hear the squeal of wheels and the rail wagon pulling away. Still. Quiet.

BG1: *(To CC2)* Move it.

CC2 begins to collect from the pile of bags and carry them off left to the truck where the rail wagon has departed. BG1 goes through the fence disappears off to the right. BG2 hesitates. Steps back from the hole in the fence for a moment. Looks at CC2 dragging the plastic sack along the track.

BG2: *(She pulls the balaclava down again. She looks inside the half full sack gripping the handles as if she is going to pull the sack up towards her. Pause) Crazy. Wha - How the.....*

Still. BG2 drops the handles and the sack sags. Stands and walks over to the gap in the fence.

BG1: *(Off to right) Move it! Stay in radio.*

BG2 goes left.

Silence.

A Man appears from the right on the track side of the fence. He wears a woollen hat, a long coat with a thick jumper underneath, trousers and cheap trainers. He carries a small rucksack. He is moving with difficulty along the track, dragging his leg.

Man stops for a moment surveying the track. Looks over his shoulder. He crouches. Then stands again and begins to walk in the direction of one the plastic sacks. Man stops by the sack. Crouches down. Touches the side. Looks over at the pile of clothes and crosses over to them. He looks at them but does not touch them. He covers his face with his hands.

CC2 appears. They startle each other. Frozen. CC2 gestures for Man to get down. He sinks to his haunches with pain and difficulty. She gestures with her finger for him to be silent. She looks through the hole in the fence and behind to where she has just come from.

Man: You speak English?¹*(No response)* English. You speak?

CC2: Little.

Man: People?

CC2: Gone. *(She makes the sound of a train)*

Man: Where do they take them?

CC2 looks back once more and turns back to Man, shrugs

Man: Where? Please?

CC2 shakes her head

Man: People. My people. Please.

¹ From this point on when the characters speak in Hungarian, the speech is denoted as usual. When they speak in English it is underlined. When they speak in another language it is in bold – this is not specified but a choice when working on the fragment.

The Man stands

CC2: You go. Guards come soon. (*Indicates*) Take bodies. (*Looks behind once more*) Take you. Go.

Man: I hide. After explosion. When guards come – (*Gestures*) Run. (*Gestures*) I, me, run. No where to - fence. just fence, wire. Everywhere. Yes? (*She looks at him*) I come back. (*To himself*) **Only the dead remain –**

CC2: They take them away. All the refugees. Fugitives. They don't come back. You must leave before they take /you –

Man: (*Reading*) CC2? (*She looks at him. Repeating*) C – C - 2?

CC2: Cigány.

Man: Foreign?

CC2: Foreign. (*Severe grin*) No. Cigány. Born here. I come from the north. Type 1 – Magyar. Cigány - type 2 or 3. Type 2 you get work permits. Type 3, they use fences to keep you in. (*Grins again*) Not to keep you out. You go.

Man: No

CC2: Go!

Silence. Man slowly sits down next to the pile of clothes

Man: (*Shakes his head*) **No more. I ran. I tried to climb the fence. I Fell. My leg.....no way over – no way out. I don't, can't. Won't. No more.**

CC2: You go. They will shoot you. Guards shoot. (*The Man does not respond*) Shoot. Suicide. You throw yourselves on their fences. Now you throw yourselves on their guns. (*Pause*) Please go.

CC2 tries to pull the Man up but he will not get up. She half hauls him up. He is a resistant dead weight. Let's go of his arm and he sinks back to the ground.

Man: You not understand. **I left my home a year ago. I am no nearer a new one than when I left. I have walked, run, crawled, begged and pleaded on my hands and knees. I have been robbed and cheated and beaten. I am worn out. My leg is refusing to carry me. I cannot run anymore.**

CC2: You do not understand. You will disappear. No one comes back. When they don't want you, when they don't I lost my son. They took him away from me when he was a baby, took him from my breast. I screamed until my milk curdled. They made him Cigány Type 3. No explanation – just a paper I cannot read. (*She takes the crumpled photograph from her pocket. Showing him*) Look. This could be him - how he looks. How do I know? (*She hands him the photo*) How do I know? How! Who is he? (*Points at the photo*) Mine?! Is he mine?! (*Pause*) Take him! Take! Go! Please I beg you! (*Man tries to give it back to her. She will not take it. Steps away from him*) I give my son away again. Save him. (*Man hobbles to his feet. She pushes him away.*) Take him away from here! Go! Go! (*They look at each other. Quietly*) Go. Take him. Take them. take them all away from here.

CC2 picks up the leather jacket and snatches at the piles of clothes. She presses them on him and tries to push him away all at once.

CC2: Go! All of them. Take them away!

Clothes spill onto the track as the Man pushes back at her. They struggle for a moment. CC2 groans and slides to her knees sobbing. The photo falls to the ground. CC2 buries her face in the clothes. The Man stands over her.

BG2 appears at the gap in the fence. She is poised with the rifle.

BG2: Back!

The Man steps away and turns towards BG2 who gestures for him to raise his hands. He does so.

BG2: (Radio) Corp? Come in Corp. (To CC2) Get up! (No response) Get. Up! (Radio) Corp! Shit. (To Man) Back. (The Man back away from BG2 towards CC2) Stop! Back! (BG2 indicates another direction) Corp! (No response) Shit. Shit. Fuck. (To Man) What you done with 'im? (To CC2) Get up! (CC2 continues to sob amongst the clothes) Bitch! Cigány bitch! (To Man) Don't move! Don't! (Man freezes. BG2 paces back and forward with the rifle pointed at Man). Corp? Shit. (To CC2) Get Up! (She looks at BG2) Up. Last time. (CC2 slowly gets to her feet) Step away. (CC2 takes a small step.) Deal with you after. (Eyeing the Man. Quietly) Out of radio. On me tod. Crazy bastard. What you done to 'im. Eh?Eh?

Man: Please. Me give up! Give up!

BG2: That right? Eh?

Man: Pardon?

BG2: Pardon?

Man: Sorry?

BG2: Will be. Train's gone..... No questions. She don't count.

Man: **Please.**

BG2: English!

Man: Friend.

BG2: Friend!

Man: My leg. I Can't / run -

BG2: Can't....can't? – shut it. Shut it! (Pause) What you got under that coat? Eh? Crazy bastard. I see it. See it. In yer face. In all the faces an' bits and pieces. (Goes over to half full plastic sack. Lifts the handles) Seen it! Begging for mercy then boom! (Pause) Take it off (Gestures for Man to take off his coat) Off! Now! (Man takes the coat off and drops it to the ground. BG2 gesturing) And the jumper. (Man takes it off. BG2 gesturing) Shirt. Trousers. Shoes. Strip!

Calmly and wearily the Man strips down to his pants and vest. He stands shivering in the cold.

Man: **Nothing left. Now what?**

BG2: Shut it!

CC2 steps forward towards the clothes. She picks up the leather jacket.

BG2: Back!

CC2 pauses. Looks at BG2. Holds the jacket. Picks the photo out of the pile of clothes.

BG2: Hands!

Man flinches involuntarily with his arms.

BG2: Cigány bitch!

CC2 puts the photo back in the inside pocket of the jacket. BG2 crosses and tries to snatch the jacket. CC2 resists. BG2 knocks CC2 to the ground with the rifle. Snatches the jacket and flings it away.

Man: No! Please! `

BG2: Shut it! Back!

She turns towards the Man pointing the rifle. CC2 gets to her feet and takes the knife from her pocket, moves towards BG2. There is a shot. And CC2 collapses onto the track. Dead. BG2 throws herself to the ground. BG1 appears on the other side of the fence, rifle still cocked.

BG1: *(Screaming at Man)* Down! Down! *(Gesturing)* Down! *(Man lies face down on the track)* Hands on head! Head!

Man puts his hands on his head. BG1 Comes through the gap in the fence. BG2 sits up, her rifle lies on the track. She yanks her balaclava from her face.

BG1: Jesus. *(Uses his boot to check CC2 is dead. Quietly)* I told yer - yer can pop 'em, no one's going to ask any questions. Not now. No questions asked. Safety first remember.

BG1 crosses to Man. Kicks him in his leg. Man gasps. But does not move.

BG1: *(To BG2)* Another stiff to clear. Be questions. Reports. Type 2. They got rights. *(No response)* Attacked yer. *(He picks up the knife. Brandishes it)* Lucky lady. They're good with a blade. *(No response.)* BG1 puts the knife on the body of CC2) Evidence. Attacked yer.

Silence.

BG1: This bitch. Attacked yer. Didn't she? *(Pause)* Eh?

BG2: Corps.

Silence. BG1 looks up and down the track. Sighs.

BG1: More stiffs. You bin fuckin' useless today. *(Kicks Man)* Get up. Up! *(Man staggers to his feet)* Not carryin' 'im an 'all. *(Gestures)* Move!

Man begins to move in front of BG1 who pauses and turns back to BG2.

BG1: Bet yer 'aven't got a boyfriend. Yer fucked up. Put me in – shit. *(Indicating the body of CC2)* You can bring that while I sort this one out. Get a move on.

BG1 nudges Man ahead and they go off to the left towards the truck.

BG2 stands. Picks up the rifle. Looks for somewhere to lean it. Thinks better and hangs it across her shoulders with the strap. Goes to the jacket and picks it up. Takes the photo from the inside pocket. Stares at it. Pulls her balaclava off her head and drops it to the ground. Runs a hand through her hair and examines the photo closer. Pause. Still. Holding it in front of her she looks at CC2 and then turns around to look at the sacks. Still. Puts the photo in her pocket.

Goes to CC2. BG2 puts the knife in her pocket. Levers CC2 into a sitting position. Then lifts CC2 upright in order to hoist the body onto her back. Off to the left a gunshot. BG2 flinches and the body of CC2 collapses against her. BG2 clutches on to CC2. Sways for a moment. Still. BG2's face buried between CC2's neck and shoulder. BG2 wearily lifts the body onto to her back. Staggers. Bowed she carries the body off left.