

Heaven Earth Man

By

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an original idea in 1999

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Cast of Characters

<u>MARY:</u>	40S - 50S British Hong-Kong Chinese transracially adopted brought up in middle class south east England
<u>PERCY:</u>	70s WWII war vetran, Japanese POW and English throuhg and through
<u>DO NO EVIL:</u>	Human monkey of indeterminate age
<u>SPEAK NO EVIL:</u>	Human monkey of indeterminate age
<u>SEE NO EVIL:</u>	Human monkey of indeterminate age
<u>HEAR NO EVIL:</u>	Human monkey of indeterminate age
<u>HARJIT SINGH:</u>	Sikh solider loyal to the British and Percy

Scene

Derelict "Church" somewhere in the East End of London

Time

Now

ACT ONE

Scene 1

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

A certain amount of the action is placed outside recognised time and not bound by 'earthly' dimensions.

Blacks, silent, empty space. Into this void filters the faint haunting notes of a SHAKUHACHI, a Japanese bamboo flute. Slowly and almost inaudibly the undulating beat of the TABLA combines with the flute. The music trails off into silence. A flash of light. The gigantic silhouette of a dragon

BLACKOUT

Scene 2

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

Their manners and movements are primarily those of a primate. However they display very recognisable human traits.

DO NO EVIL Has the facial features of a West Asian Arabic. SPEAK NO EVIL The facial features of an East Asian Japanese. HEAR NO EVIL The facial features of a South east Asian Chinese. SEE NO EVIL The facial features of a South Asian Indian sub-continent.

We hear the Monkey's voices. But their lips do not move. *

Scene 3

A pin spot of light picks out DO NO Evil's face.

* It is suggested that the actors pre-record Scene 3 thus providing the sound track.

DO NO EVIL:

Pondering over and over

The fleeting affairs of the world

(CONTINUED)

It is better by far
 To be completely detached
 It is impossible
 To neither see Nor hear, nor speak
 If one remains attached
 To this fleeting world

*The pin spot snaps of DO NO Evil's face and onto
 the face of SEE NO EVIL's.*

SEE NO EVIL:

Best to be alone
 And without concern
 Viewing this transient world
 As if it were a dream
 It is true that seeing things
 Brings troubles
 So nothing is better than not seeing

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

HEAR NO EVIL:

Hearing Produces desire
 And gives rise to anger
 So not hearing
 Is truly the best

*The pin spot snaps from HEAR NO EVIL's face back
 onto that of DO NO EVIL's.*

DO NO EVIL:

Compared to the three wise monkeys.
 Who neither see nor hear nor speak
 Not thinking is by far the best.*

*The pin spot gradually spreads its beam to
 encompass all four Monkeys' heads. They visible
 speak.*

HEAR NO EVIL:

(Unclasping hands from ears)
Grains of time

Like sand

Trickle Full is empty

Ancient bleeds into new

Thus the glass is inverted

SPEAK NO EVIL:

(Unclasping hands from mouth)
Humanity no longer utters our names

They have forgotten to remember us

HEAR NO EVIL:

New life

A new cycle

Incomplete

SEE NO EVIL:

Knowledge

In forgetting the totality of their humanity Their
world

Our dream

Is blind deaf and dumb

A discordant note

Reverberating through time

HEAR NO EVIL:

They live and die

So to be reborn

Such is the passage of their time

**The Seven Monkeys poem attributed in legend to
Ganzen Jie Daishi. Translated by Dr George
Hlanatsch.*

DO NO EVIL:

We wait

SPEAK NO EVIL:

We say nothing

HEAR NO EVIL:

We hear nothing

DO NO EVIL:

So to do nothing

And therefore do everything

HEAR NO EVIL:

To hear nothing

And so listen to everything

Each note of breath

Each sigh of reborn death

The velvet flutter of a butterfly's wing

The faintest flight of petal

SPEAK NO EVIL:

To say nothing

So that silence might sing

DO NO EVIL:

So are we content

In stillness -

Pause

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I grow wear of this 'golden silence'

(Beat)

I am bored

The Monkeys disappear. Leaving behind them an empty shrinking pool of light, until there is nothing.

BLACKOUT

Scene 4

Lights fade up. Two solitary people march towards each other, from opposite sides of the stage. From the left an Elderly Caucasian male. Ex-army, immaculately dressed in a sober suite and tie.

Wearing a service beret, with company insignia on his breast pocket. He carries a banner it reads: JUSTICE NOW! REPARATION FOR THE JAPANESE POW'S

On the right a British East Asian woman. She too is smartly dressed. In modern casual clothing. Black leather trousers, black suede deck shoes, white T-shirt, black denim jacket and on her back a small leather rucksack. Tied across her forehead a white bandanna it reads:

JUSTICE FOR THE HONG KONG WAR WIDOWS

The man and woman inexorably march towards each other. On a direct collision course. They chant. We see only two people but hear the voices of hundreds. He chants:

REPARATION NOW!

She chants:

JUSTICE FOR HONG KONG WAR WIDOWS

Suddenly the 'duet' becomes a trio. More voices enter the space. It is predominantly a male chant:

BRITAIN FOR THE BRITISH! WHITE IS MIGHT! WHITE IS RIGHT!

The man and woman meet centre stage. The chanting gets louder and louder.

BLACKOUT

Scene 5

A scream. The screech of car tyres. The sounds of breaking glass. In the pitch dark we hear the noise of running feet. We see flashes of light. Blue, amber and red. Alarm bells ring. Police sirens wail. Torch beams bob up and down at erratic intervals and in all directions. The beat of a pounding drum takes over. Imitating the human heart. Faster and faster it pounds. Louder and louder, drowning out all other noise, until there is only the beating drum. Another scream. The drumming comes to an abrupt halt. Silence.

BLACKOUT

Scene 6

A dim light comes up the Elderly Caucasian male stumbles along. His suite is torn and blood stained. His banner in tatters. He trips over something. It is the out stretched leg of SPEAK NO EVIL. The man is oblivious of the Monkey's presence (and remains so throughout the piece). *1 Slowly the lighting begins to highlight the features of the space. It is a vast cavernous hall. Littered with broken shapes. This was once some kind of mass meeting place. Maybe a church or a synagogue. Now abandoned and left to decay. Furthest from the man and high up in a wall, a huge stained glass window. It is a simple geometric design of red, green, blue and yellow glass. To the man's left the small door which he must have come through. It is still ajar. Only now as the light increases by gradual degrees, do we see it is part of an even larger door. An ancient oak construction. Studied with heavy black metal rivets. As the light continues to intensify we can see the space is full of row upon row of benches or pews. Running through the centre of these pews an aisle. Dressed either side by broken columns. They form a clear walkway through the middle of the space. SPEAK NO EVIL leaps onto the top of a broken column and watches the man intently. Even though the man is unaware of the Monkey's presence SPEAK NO EVIL pretends to be a statue. DO NO EVIL sits on top of another broken column. Still and serene in the lotus position. Below the large window a stack of broken pews have been piled one on top of the other. *1 Possible first point of entry for Norman's work. The idea that Norman paints the space and its features first and then the lighting state allows the physical set to bleed into the actual.

Forming a gigantic bonfire or funeral pyre type structure. Sitting on the summit of this pew mountain, SEE NO EVIL and HEAR NO EVIL. The man takes out a 'zippo' style petrol cigarette lighter. He strikes it. A flame appears. Mischievously SPEAK NO EVIL rolls a moth eaten candle at the man's feet. Without hesitation the man picks up the candle and lights it. The candlelight 'grows' casting huge shadows on the floor and walls of the space.*2 The man looks about him. Suddenly in the light of the candle he realises he is not alone. Half way up the pew mountain sits the South east Asian woman. Quietly looking down on him. They stare at one another. The noise from outside filters into the space. Echoing and bouncing the music of

(CONTINUED)

violence and fear from one barren surface to another. The music of panic, pain and chaos. Shouts, screams, whistles, sirens, running feet, stumbling feet and chanting voices mix into an almost unbearable cacophony of sound. SPEAK NO EVIL swings down from its perch. The Monkey sidles towards the man and blows out the candle flame. All is plunged into darkness. We can see nothing. But we hear everything. The riot, the man's heartbeat, his rapid breathing. A faint chuckle from a Monkey.

Scene 7

A match is struck. It fizzles into light. In its minuscule beam we can see three faces. The woman's SEE NO EVIL's and SPEAK NO EVIL's. Rather like a parody of Da Vinci's CARTOON. The woman attempts to light another candle. SPEAK NO EVIL obviously has other ideas and deliberately blows out the match. The woman tries again the same thing occurs. SPEAK NO EVIL is delighted with this game. The woman strikes a third match. SPEAK NO EVIL prepares to blow the match out. But before the Monkey can exhale it is cuffed - first over one ear and then over the other ear by HEAR NO EVIL and SEE NO EVIL. The darkness is lifted. The woman continues to gaze down at the man with an impassive face.

Until the end of the play the noises of the riot outside form a constant audible background. This 'music' will underscore the entire piece. *2 It is my intention that Norman should literally 'paint' the surroundings and from his creation will come the solid..

Scene 8

MARY:

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

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

(Pause)

I still have my doubts.

(Awkward silence)

Hello - I'm Mary. Mary Chau.

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

(CONTINUED)

PERCY:

Deliberately ignoring the gesture of friendship -speaks. He has a clear uncluttered Scots accent. His speech is slow deliberate and loud. As if he might be talking to a deaf child who is also mentally deficient.

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

Percy spits onto the floor. Then grinds his foot over the spittle.

*The chime of distant Chinese bells. MARY and PERCY are frozen in time.**

Scene 8

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

SEE NO EVIL:

This is evolution?

So much for mankind

HEAR NO EVIL:

Nothing changes

SPEAK NO EVIL is busy trying to get into Percy and Mary's pockets

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

And bag. The Monkey is so absorbed with the task it is unaware that the others are watching. SEE NO EVIL silently creeps up behind SPEAK NO EVIL and grabs the scruff of its neck, hurling the Monkey across the space. SPEAK NO EVIL lands with expertise and laughs.

DO NO EVIL:

Enough

Be still

Our memory is long

Countless sights, scenes, sounds, words

And actions have we witnessed

(CONTINUED)

So the world turns

HEAR NO EVIL:

Peering at Percy
What of this male

SEE NO EVIL:

I smell fear

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I am in capable of smelling anything -

Other than my own starvation

HEAR NO EVIL: (INSPECTING MARY)

There is something...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

What

Where

Is it edible

HEAR NO EVIL:

She...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Is edible...

HEAR NO EVIL:

Very...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Succulent

Tender

Tasty

I have never consumed human meat be...

HEAR NO EVIL:

Different!

The woman is not as others of her kind

That I have observed

SEE NO EVIL:

How so...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Just a morsel

A tip bit

(CONTINUED)

A single solitary crumb

I am so hungry

I cannot think

I cannot sleep...

SEE NO EVIL:

Celestials

What need have we for food or sleep

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I am unable to function -

SEE NO EVIL:

It was ever so Mortal or Immortal

You never could master the art of focus

SPEAK NO EVIL:

So my brain lacks the wit and wisdom to focus My
stomach does not

Is it any wonder

After two thousand years

Bereft of sustenance

Starved of food

I am so so hungry...

DO NO EVIL:

Hold your prattling tongue

*Speak No Evil does as is bid and literally holds
its tongue. The other Monkeys stare unmoved at
this rather bizarre but humorous sight.*

DO NO EVIL:

Must you always play the fool

SPEAK NO EVIL:

*Still holding tongue, so that what follows has
to be repeated in order to be comprehensible*
It is my nature

(pause)

I am a Monkey -

Am I not?

The Monkeys look at Speak No Evil with disbelief. Speak No Evil tries to continue talking still holding its tongue.

SPEAK NO EVIL:
What, what?

Why are you all staring at

I have done nothing...

SEE NO EVIL:
Let lose your tongue

Blank no response.

HEAR NO EVIL:
Let go of your tongue

The penny drops. Speak No Evil releases its tongue and immediately begins to speak.

SPEAK NO EVIL:
I merely wish to say it is in my nature

To be foolish

(pause, silence no reaction)

I am a Monkey

Am I not

DO NO EVIL:

(Wearily)

Peace

SEE NO EVIL:
She is afraid...

No

She is fear

His fear

DO NO EVIL:
The world has changed

But to what end

These beings who walk its earth

Still live against nature's grain

They force

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DO NO EVIL: (cont'd)

They meddle

They are filled with artifice

Fear

Ignorance

Complacency

Those are Man's immortal Gods

What need then

Do they have of us

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Chuckles

I smell trouble

I smell fun

HEAR NO EVIL:

Fear haunts this man's memories

The fear of her future dreams

Listen awhile to their lament

SPEAK NO EVIL jumps onto the pew pile. Bearing teeth and posturing. HEAR NO EVIL leaps onto a broken column. DO NO EVIL remains in mid air, legs crossed, hands folded. SEE NO EVIL begins to howl. The chime of a distant temple bell. The Monkeys vanish.

Scene 9*MARY and PERCY are reanimated.*

MARY:

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

PERCY:

(Still speaking slowly and very loudly)

P-E-R-C-Y A-L-L-A-N

MARY:

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

Percy blanks the comment.

MARY:

Mission accomplished?

Were the Whitehall bosses suitably embarrassed?

(Pause)

Justice for all POW's wasn't it?

PERCY:

What the bloody hell do you know?!

(Beat, sarcastically)

Hong Kong War Widows was it!

Och away and peddle your vegetarian, 'yoghurt' eating, goat farming twaddle on some other, more gullible sod.

MARY:

I would have thought you as a POWs of the SEA campaign might at least have some modicum of compassion for the widows of combatants that fell, were tortured and killed - fighting for their King and Country?

Percy shifts with discomfort

Actually, I'm a confirmed carnivore.

PERCY:

Aye, I should have known!

MARY:

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

PERCY:

Mumbling

People like you, turn my stomach...

MARY:

Meaning..? What, exactly?

PERCY:

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

MARY:

Uh

(Longish pause)

No.

Sorry you've lost me on that one.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

The means justifies the end. Quod erat demonstrandum.

PERCY:

(Ignoring Mary's last remark)

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

MARY:

You really believe that, don't you.

PERCY:

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

(pause, a moment of memory. Then in a mock whisper)

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

MARY:

Why?

PERCY:

"Why?"

(He sucks in a sharp breath)

Because!

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

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

MARY:

Explain, please.

Enlighten me.

Make me understand. I'm a generation removed from those horrors.

Precisely, how did irradiating Hiroshima and Nagasaki impact upon the betterment of mankind. Putting to one

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY: (cont'd)
side the most obvious, the cessation of hostilities
in the Far east. What if anything has humanity
positively and benignly gained from microwaving
Hiroshima and Nagasaki?

PERCY:
Nothing!

(Laughs)
It merely postponed the inevitable.

MARY:
Being?

PERCY:
You now dominate the world. Not by the sword but by
commerce. You own most of the technology that drives
our society, our industry. And you're using it to
spy on us. Turing our own machines against us. You have
us like a butterfly skewered to the ground.

MARY:
Might it not be the case it would have happened
anyway.

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

MARY:
I'm serious.

PERCY:
So am I, lassie. And I'll wager a bob or two it is
nae Scottish Beef!

MARY:
Japan was no better than the Weimacht, Mussolini's
Italy or Vichy France. Why not 'nuke' the lot. Done,
dusted. Slate cleaned.

PERCY:
That's no the point

MARY:
But it is precisely *the point*.

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

MARY:
It's hard to punish a 'monster' especially if that
monster shares visible commonalities. We persecute,
vilify and deride things and people who are different
to us. Especially if the differences are as plain as
the noise on my face...

PERCY:

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

MARY:

True. You merely dropped a couple of bombs on top of two densely populated areas, admittedly in enemy territory. Killing 152,034 and seriously if not fatally injured 213,796. The majority of those injured or killed were civilians.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

The Nazi regime, amongst other things, was anti-Semitic. The Japanese, anti-European and anti-Chinese. If we sift through the historical ashes and human debris of Dachau, Auswitch, Ping Fan, Unit 731; the facts paint a different picture. Innocent men, women and children died. On all sides. The people of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were civilians. Not caught in general crossfire, but put to death by human design and manipulation. How can we justify mass murder? It shouldn't matter which side. Enemy, friend, Jew, Gentile, Asian or Caucasian. All civilians have the right to protection. Even In times of aggression. It's called The Geneva Convention.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

I could say exactly the same. "Explain that to the poor sods" who froze to death in cold water experimentation tanks in Ping Fang and Unit 731, so that the Japanese could prove their misguided theories of racial Asian superiority.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

That's exactly what I was doing. Before I was so rudely interrupted. I was born here, three miles down the road. I grew up here. I went to school in this green and pleasant land. I made my mistakes here. I got my first job here. And I pay my taxes here. My life's experiences, all forty years worth, are based here. My childhood was spent playing beneath 'the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY: (cont'd)
dark satanic mills'. Jerusalem it was not and it
still isn't, yet.

*Pause -silence. Just the on off, pop and bang of
the riot outside. Percy For the first time isn't
quite sure what to say, what to do.*

MARY:
Never judge a book, purely by it's cover.

Fade to blackout.

Scene 9

*There is an upsurge in the external noise level.
Joining this background sound the beating of
drums. MARY and PERCY melt into the shadows of
the space. BLACKOUT. The chime of a distant,
deep temple bell. Shudders through the
blackness. The MONKEYS appear. DO NO EVIL floats
serenely mid-air. SPEAK NO EVIL swings through
the space. HEAR NO EVIL. Squats on a broken
column and SEE NO EVIL sits atop of the pew
pile. There is much noise between the MONKEYS.
Whoops, yells and the beating of chests.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:
Breathe in the lie

HEAR NO EVIL:
As a canker it spreads

SEE NO EVIL:
Is there nothing new in this world?

HEAR NO EVIL:
Everything

SPEAK NO EVIL:
Nothing

HEAR NO EVIL:
These mortals so predictable!

SEE NO EVIL:
They have learnt nothing

HEAR NO EVIL:
Understood nothing

SEE NO EVIL:
Are nothing

DO NO EVIL:
Just as we are nothing

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DO NO EVIL: (cont'd)

As we are ignorant so do we learn

As we know nothing so shall we understand

As we are nothing so are we everything

From Nothing comes All

Silence

HEAR NO EVIL:

What concern is it of ours

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I like the female

(reflective slightly cheeky pause)

What a fine companion she would make

SEE NO EVIL:

It is not for us to meddle...

SPEAK NO EVIL: (SOTTO VOCE)

Perhaps not brother

But I Speak of meddle as a singular action.

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

HEAR NO EVIL:

We are above such childish pranks

We waste time

SPEAK NO EVIL:

You have something better to do?

SEE NO EVIL:

She would fair no better in our existence

Than we in hers...

HEAR NO EVIL:

I have half a mind...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Only half brother!

HEAR NO EVIL:

To expedite this painfully slow process of...

DO NO EVIL:

Have a care!

Your memory is short

(CONTINUED)

Your patience even shorter!

Reflect upon the results of your last intervention.

HEAR NO EVIL:

A slight miscalculation

A mere oversight...

SEE NO EVIL:

Such chaos

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Such sport

HEAR NO EVIL:

Did we not truly become

Central To All Humanity

DO NO EVIL:

At what cost

SEE NO EVIL and SPEAK NO EVIL Begin to laugh.

DO NO EVIL:

Cease this childish self-indulgence

HEAR NO EVIL:

I give my solemn vow...

SEE NO EVIL:

And I mine...

*Pause HEAR NO EVIL and SEE NO EVIL stare at
SPEAK NO EVIL. It takes a few moments for SPEAK
NO EVIL to realise they are waiting for a
response.*

SPEAK NO EVIL:

I can not

It is so much fun

These Humans have such fertile imaginations

They have such rich dark thoughts

They perform so well

DO NO EVIL:

There would not be the need for intervention

Save to untangle your unholy woven webs of chaos!

I grow weary

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DO NO EVIL: (cont'd)

Have you learnt nothing

Your meddlesome interaction has shredded their
humanity

Flaying to the bone their tender too thin skin

Exposing the soft under belly

Through the blinking eye of one crisis onto another

Each one more devastating than the last

Small wonder they have yet to learn

You sought to give them Gods

Demons you became

Beware your children have grown

Dark False hope followed by despair

Utopias are become hells

Their Messiahs,

Despots, dictators, tyrants

Fear plunging this world into bloody conflict

Ploughing through their tattered humanity

Severing thought from heart

Torturing mind from peace

Until there was nothing left but dark pools

Pools to drown in

They have built

They have fought

They have won

And they are lost

False Gods

False Hope

Yet in these two imperfect beings there may be A
spark, a light...

(CONTINUED)

HEAR NO EVIL:

A cantankerous old man

Bent double by his own inadequate fears and prejudices

SEE NO EVIL:

A lost Daughter of Heaven

Who knows not who or what she is...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

She knows something

HEAR NO EVIL:

Silken words from a peasant's mouth

SEE NO EVIL:

Share with us now your vast expanse of knowledge

HEAR NO EVIL and SEE NO EVIL pause and turn deliberately towards SPEAK NO EVIL, with feigned 'I'm all ears' - SILENCE -

HEAR NO EVIL:

Yes

SEE NO EVIL:

Yes

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

DO NO EVIL:

I will select a suitable time

The Place is HERE

The manner of exchange

An alternative to their perceived and accepted reality

HEAR NO EVIL:

How dull

SEE NO EVIL:

Where is the sport in that

SPEAK NO EVIL:

A banquet

FOOD

SEE NO EVIL and HEAR NO EVIL sulk. SPEAK NO EVIL can not contain the joy that it feels. The MONKEY is elated. It jumps up and down, leaps from pillar to pillar somersaults through the air.

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Honey

Ginger

Chilli

Garlic lemon

Pork

Beef

Fish

Rice

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

Fishy noodles, egg noodles, flat noodles

Soup, salt egg soup

Peacocks tongues

sea cucumbers

Scallops

Prawns

Crabs

Seaweed

Chickens feet

Bears feet

Dim Sum

Dumplings...

SEE NO EVIL:

Monkey's brains

DO NO EVIL:

He fears life

He seeks refuge in his past

DO NO EVIL:

Her future is inextricably bound to his memories

SILENCE!

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

DO NO EVIL:

A pebble falls from the bank of his memory

Bounding down the precipice of his recall

Plop!

The first ripple is cast...

SPEAK NO EVIL:

What fun

Fun!

Fun!

Fun!

HEAR NO EVIL:

A butterfly wing beats...

HEAR NO EVIL:

A storm approaches

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Chaos

DO NO EVIL:

It begins

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

Scene 10

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

MARY:

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

PERCY:

Scared are we?

(Mutters almost under his breath)

Doesnae surprise me!

PERCY deliberately sits down and folds his arms.

MARY:

Yes I am.

I'm not afraid to admit it.

(pause)

I'll do it then.

(Silence from PERCY)

I'll take that as a yes.

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

PERCY:

Huh!

MARY:

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

PERCY:

Think what you like!

MARY:

I do. Have been doing for the past forty odd years. With considerable success - I hope.

(CONTINUED)

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

PERCY:

What happens now?

MARY:

Beg pardon.

PERCY:

What do we do until the cavalry arrives?

MARY:

How the bloody hell should I know?!

PERCY:

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

MARY:

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

"Siege expert. Speciality stuck in derelict building with cantankerous OAP whilst riot rages outside. Call this number, calls charged at national rate."

How on earth did you leap to that astonishingly incorrect conclusion?

PERCY:

I just

(pause)

assumed that you'd been involved...

MARY:

(Sharply)

Why?

PERCY:

The barricade, your manner...

I thought...

MARY:

What you think or care to assume of me is your own affair. Please keep it that way.

PERCY:

Found a raw nerve have I?

(He chuckles)

MARY:

Yes, but not in the way you think. I am sick and tired of being the focal point for other people's personal paranoia. A dumping ground for their unfounded, unsubstantiated emotional and irrational projections.

Silence PERCY is slightly taken aback by MARY'S "sudden" outburst. The feel of banter has been lost. There is an edge to what MARY'S just said. A reality that is as hard and dark as the hall they are now stuck in. PERCY and MARY stare at each other for a moment. Both wanting to take up the 'debate' but not knowing how to. Social convention and niceties kick in. PERCY is the first one to lower his eyes.

MARY:

I know I'm not perfect...

PERCY:

Now there's something we can both agree on!

MARY:

Everybody judges. It's human nature. That first step through a door. The face, the accent, the 'look'. I try not to dot all the I's and cross all the T's. Some people might call that hypocrisy, diplomacy or just weak mindedness. Perhaps. Maybe because it's constantly being done to me, and because I know how sharp that knife is, I try to "do unto others..."

PERCY:

As you would have them do unto you.

The Bible

MARY:

Lao Tzu, actually.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

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

PERCY:

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

MARY:

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

PERCY:

Why are you here...

MARY:

And not 'over there' or somewhere else?

(pause she looks intently at PERCY)

You really have no idea do you. I am the direct result of the actions of you and your fellow countrymen and women. You, are the reason that I am here. That I exist. It's precisely the same reason you and I are stuck in this dilapidated old shell of a building. Neither one of us was about to stand still while a bunch of mindless morons beat seven shades of shit out of us

PERCY:

Yellow through and through! You think you're so clever! No, you're just bloody inscrutable. A polite way of saying you're untrustworthy. I mean look at you, wi' a face like that! Is it any wonder?

MARY:

Now you're just being plain rude. That's rich coming from a barbarian. A barbarian who smells to boot.

Percy for the first time displays openly his loss for words. Is Mary being serious? Mary breaks the em pass by winking at Percy and then breaking into a soft but genuine laugh.

MARY:

You label me as being 'yellow' because you were taught in school that people from the Far East are small, slant eyed and yellowed skinned. Your generation were thrilled, frightened and entertained by Sax Rohmer's flight of fancy. The Fiendish Dr Fu Man Chu. Yellow is a colour which in this society is associated with cowardice. Don't quite know why, but by the same token, does it then follow, because you are pink you're Spam?

Mary looks intently at PERCY for a response. PERCY stares dumbfounded at MARY.

PERCY:

Don't be bloody ridiculous, woman!

MARY:

You know what your trouble is, you devote too much of your precious time and energy trying to define

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY: (cont'd)

people. Keeping them in a very narrow band. Whether that's you lack the vision and knowledge to expand your ideas and perceptions, I wouldn't like to say. But I have my suspicions. Why bother? Why waste the essential elements of you. Those vital and rare commodities that one should nurture and and tend on such inane dross? What was it that turned you into such a bitter human specimen? There is so much more to living. I abhor all mindless violence. But what's worse, the violence based on fear, violence perpetrated by ignorance. Ignorance is far more deadly, more destructive than the fists of a cretaneous yob. Stupid you are not Mr Allan. Pigheaded, maybe. Ignorant, no. Closed of yes. You've battened down your memory hatches and absented yourself from the living breathing world. That's a real shame. What made you turn your back on life?

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

Scene 11

PERCY has dosed off. MARY sits watching him sleep. He slowly wakes up. For a second he appears to be disorientated unaware of where he is. Then slowly it dawns on him.

PERCY:

I'm still in one piece then.

MARY:

I decided against taking your brains out and eating them.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

I'm saving that for later.

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

Awkward pause. PERCY gives the impression of being more relaxed. The riot still rages on outside.

(CONTINUED)

PERCY:

Lassie the truth as I see it...

MARY:

Doesn't that depend upon who's telling what to whom and why? The trouble with 'truth' is it's malleable. It can be moulded.

PERCY:

You're no short on grey matter.

MARY:

Thanks!

PERCY:

It was nae meant as a compliment.

MARY:

I know. I just thought I'd indulge in some sarcasm. It's a racial characteristic sarcasm.

PERCY:

Sarcasm is one of the ...

MARY:

Lowest forms of wit.

They fall into an uneasy mutual silence. All that can be heard is the underscore of the riot outside. Percy breaks the silence

PERCY:

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

(Beat)

When will it end?

MARY:

When you want it to, if you want it to.

PERCY:

You have an answer for everything! It's all so easy isn't it.

MARY:

Smiling

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

PERCY:

Words, they mean ... nothing

MARY:

By themselves, no. But the speakers as sentient beings take on the responsibility of giving them meaning. Our life's breath converts the inert into the active. As a child I Used to collect things. At some point I turned my attention away from stamps and coins to chrysalids. I begged the largest jam jars, filled them with the softest earth. Searched out the juiciest twigs and then carefully placed the chrysalis into the jars. I would watch and wait. Days Would drift by. For a child they were months. Eventually I would wake to find a beautiful butterfly. I got so impatient of missing out on this wondrous transformation, I took matters into my own hands. The next time I found a chrysalis, wriggling and writhing with change, I tentatively, with great care, slit the case with the sharpest craft knife. After a Few moments the newly emerged butterfly settled on the a twig. Opens its wings. I hold my breath in anticipation of a feast of colour. The wings opened. They were just brown. Deary and un-spectacular. I told one of my Teachers. They said that by making things easy for the butterfly I'd taken away its identity, its colour. It needed to struggle. To fight. To become that colourful insect.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

Can't say I'd noticed. Not all prisons have bars.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

No. I say what I mean and I believe in what I say.

PERCY:

You've got nerve.

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

MARY:

But you, do

PERCY:

'Do' what?

MARY:

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

(CONTINUED)

PERCY:

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

MARY:

Interesting...

PERCY:

(Beat)

You're a JAP. A race I have little time and even less 'love' for. Worse still, you're here. Invading my space. You've no right to be here. You're not wanted or needed here. I'd rather not talk any more.

Time seems to have moved on. The riot outside - the noise has taken on a different tone. It seems to echo more. There is less human vocal activity and the colour of the light into the darkened space has taken on a deeper richer hue. The reflection from the stained glass window deep blue, dark red almost the colour of spent blood. The yellow is not bright and warming but stark and empty. The blue is almost black. Percy remains in his chosen spot resolutely silent. But ill at ease. Mary too has not moved from her station but she it seems is more at peace with herself and the situation.

MARY:

How about a tale to while away the time?

PERCY:

I don't much care for tales.

MARY:

You might find this one interesting, at worst it'll pass the time.

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

MARY:

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

Percy grunts and half turns his back on Mary. Shoulders hunched.

MARY:

Are we sitting comfortably... (The MONKEYS in unison Nod.) Then I should begin.

PERCY:

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

MARY:

Once upon a time but not so very long ago...

Percy can't help himself he grinds his teeth.

MARY:

A middle aged couple decided they wanted to have another child. Not so extraordinary. This couple for reasons of their own didn't want to go down the procreational route. They'd done that once before, result a son. They wanted an instant daughter. So ADOPTION why not? This was done in a time when phrases such as, cultural displacement and mother tongue had yet to be born. They weren't quite right for a home grown orphan, but eminently suitable for a foreign child. The Far east had more 'Little Orphan Annie's' or should that be 'Little Orphan Suzie Wong's' than they knew what to do with. All crying out for good Christian homes. Eighteen months later a stalk, BOAC aircraft flew orphan Suzie Wong to her new home. Her new life. Directly into the heart of this green and pleasant land. Full of cricket, church spires and it and a deep-rooted mistrust of anything that wasn't 'English'. Suzie Wong began her life in the shadow of Blake's 'dark satanic mills'. Later to be transplanted to the green banks of Old Windsor. She grew, she flourished and thought that she was 'English'. Sad misguided and deluded child. Her almond shaped eyes and jet black hair and flat nose put pay to that. Suzie grew into a woman. Displaced and at odds physically with all around her. Including her mother, father and brother. But in spite of it all she struggled on, leapt over the hurdles of adolescence and found an unusual ali in her adoptive maternal grandmother. From whom it is said she gained much wisdom and insight Not only about herself, but also her parents. Particularly her mother. Suzie's grandmother was not what she seemed. In fact she turned out to be much more...

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

Scene Twelve

PERCY:

This 'grandmother' what was she?

What made her so extraordinary?

MARY:

She smiles at PERCY acknowledging his 'sudden' interest. Much to PERCY's annoyance. But doesn't comment. She continues

What was she? No more and no less than either of us. A mundane, 'normal' human being. But that is what made her, as you put it, so extraordinary. The daughter of a Highland Scotsman who'd foolishly married...

PERCY:

A sarsanach...

MARY:

An outsider. A Woman from another land and another faith. He took on his wife's beliefs such as his love for his new bride. They were forced to move away from his homeland. They moved as far south as they dared, Glasgow. There in the Gorbels two flourished into three. But it didn't last for long. Again they were forced to move even further south because of their religious beliefs. This Time as far as Yorkshire. Here they set up home. The Grandmother grew up and at the age of nine began her long life in paid employment. First as a bobbin girl. Threading her way in and out of the gigantic looms collecting the stray bits of flax. Dodging the perilous mechanised arms which took many a child's limbs away and on occasions their lives'. By the time she was thirteen she entered the world of servitude. Walking ten miles there and ten miles back. During the winter months when the snow was too deep her father would carry her upon his back. By the time the Great War broke out her mother was dead and her father crippled by years of hard manual labour. Grandmother was the soul bread winner. Packing bombs with sulphur. Which in the end would permanently discolour her long back length hair nicotine yellow. All the while the two that remained kept faith with their loved one as they lit the candles every Friday evening at sunset and celebrated Shabat. The grandmother, married and had a child of her own. She had seen the world evolve from horse drawn cart, Great war, steam locomotion, to auto mobiles. At some point at her daughter's behest she 'disposed' of the trappings of her faith and 'became' a Catholic. But in her heart she never once wavered from what she truly was. This drew a line between her and her only child. My Adoptive mother. Faith and Being held little sway with this post war generation. Looks and appearance, money and position seemed to mean much more to my mother. She married the younger of two brothers. Good Gloucester Stock. An old if now not so wealthy family. Well respected. Socially very acceptable. I think my mother got lost in her desire to become something other than what she was. My grandmother never lost that. She was proud of

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARY: (cont'd)

her dual heritage. A Scot and a Highland one to boot. Proud To don the tartan of her father's clan. But also proud to be a daughter of Judaism. She never once stopped believing. Even if she did it silently. Grandmother made me realise that I could be both. That I could be proud of both. That bending in a breeze is much easier than trying to stand rigid.

PERCY:

It's a tale all right!

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

PERCY:

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

MARY:

Do you think that's wise?

PERCY:

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

Mary tries to dissuade Percy from leaving the relative safety of the building. But she knows it is useless. Percy removes a portion of the barricade and he is gone. Mary re stacks the broken pews in front of the old oak door. She silently climbs the pew pile and gazes out of the window. Silence just the ever present background 'music' of the riot. The MONKEYS appear and join her watching her looking out of the stained glass window. Mary watches a 'scene' unfold. Which is played out for us on the fore stage. Percy, upright marching away. Suddenly he is surrounded by four dark figures. These figures do not necessarily have to be corporal they could be projections or one of Norman's creations. They surround Percy. They circle him, they move in for the kill. Percy is beaten, kicked and then 'robbed'. He lies there coughing, blood oozing from an open wound, his head gashed and bleeding, his eyes puffed and swollen, his nose bloody.

MARY:

Shit!

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

BLACK OUT

End of ACT ONE.

ACT TWOScene One

Mary sits crossed legged beside a fire. Percy lays on the other side. Wounds attended to and bandaged. His head rests upon Mary's scrunched up jacket. He is in a feverish state of sleep. Mary watches with concern. The riot still rages on outside. With no apparent sign of abating. Mary appears to slow down until she 'freezes'. The Chinese bell tolls. Percy stirs. From the shadows a Sikh infantry man appears in the unmistakable British Khaki of World War Two.

HARPIST:

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

PERCY:

Sergeant Singh

(pause)

Why Singh, sergeant?

You're all called Singh.

HARJIT:

Family, Sir.

PERCY:

That's one hell of a family, sergeant!

HARJIT:

Yes Sir, I know.

PERCY:

Family as in kith and kin

(the sergeant looks slightly Perplexed)

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

HARJIT:

In a manner of speaking.

But it is closer to your Scottish bonds.

The name of which I forget...

The ones who wear the skirts in battles.

HARJIT:

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

(Pause, Percy takes this on board)

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

(CONTINUED)

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

Do you have family Soldier?

HARJIT:

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

PERCY:

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

HARJIT:

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

PERCY:

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

HARJIT:

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

PERCY:

Oche away. There's nae much tae be a feared of, and what there is, is natures way of keeping the balance...

HARJIT:

I am not fearful of God's natural creatures. But those that are not of this time or place. Those who have turned their faces from the light. Who look with hatred upon their fellow beings. I fear them, what they will do to you when you be found. I have no love for these 'creatures'.

PERCY:

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

HARJIT:

I mean no disrespect, Sir...

PERCY:

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

Percy waves the Sergeant on. The Sergeant at first is unwilling to go. Percy struggles to his feet.

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

The Harpist stands smartly to attention. Salutes Percy. Marches on the spot as he turns. Stops still for a few seconds then disappears.

PERCY:

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

Percy hobbles of into the near distance.

Scene Two

The chime of a distant temple bell. The Monkeys reappear

SEE NO EVIL:

This is interference

HEAR NO EVIL:

This is fate

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Karma

DO NO EVIL:

The wheel turns

Full circle

SEE NO EVIL:

We shall see

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

Scene Three

Mary has propped Percy up against the base of the pew pile. He is semi-conscious. Mary has finished cleaning and dressing his wounds. Percy looks rough. Mary watches him every now and then as she goes about her business. Mary opens her leather rucksack and takes out the following items two wooden bowels, two pairs of chopsticks, two spoons, two eggs, bacon scraps, salt, pepper, chilli, dried ginger and some chopped spring onions, a pack of noodles, a camping frying pan, small camping stove and some other bits and pieces.

(CONTINUED)

The monkeys appear from the shadows. SPEAK NO EVIL is mesmerised and sits himself crossed legged next to MARY. Mary begins to "cook". PERCY is still unconscious - MARY observes him with concern. The toll of a Chinese temple bell. MARY and PERCY are frozen in time.

SCENE FOUR

From the shadows

SPEAK NO EVIL:
Sustenance

The aroma of life - food

DO NO EVIL:
Silence

Mary watches with concern. The riot still rages on outside. With no apparent sign of abating. Mary appears to slow down until she 'freezes'. The Chinese bell tolls. Percy stirs. From the shadows a Seek infantry man appears in the unmistakable British Khaki of World War Two.

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

PERCY:
Sergeant Singh (pause) why Singh, sergeant? You're all called Singh aren't you.

SOLDIER:
Family, Sir.

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

SOLDIER:
Yes Sir, I know.

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

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

PERCY:
That's no skirt man, that's a KILT. A tartan. The badge of A man's Clan. (Pause, Percy takes this on board) Aye I ken. Family, roots - where you hail from lad, it's a very powerful and important thing. (Percy

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PERCY: (cont'd)
stops mid flow it is obvious he is in great pain.) Do
you have family Soldier?

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

PERCY:
No doubt soldier you are anxious to be away back to
them?

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

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

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

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

SOLDIER:
Sir I do not of God's natural creatures. But those
that are not of this time or place. Beings which have
turned their faces from the light and look with
hatred upon their fellow beings. I fear them and what
they will do to you when you be found. I have no love
for these 'creatures'.

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

SOLDIER:
I mean no disrespect, Sir...

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

*Percy waves the Sergeant on. The Sergeant at
first is unwilling to go. Percy struggles to his
feet.*

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

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

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

Percy hobbles of into the near distance.

Scene 5

*Percy hobbles in from one side of the stage,
Mary walks in from the other side. Lights fade
up to reveal a large (al la Last Super) table
set out for a banquet. Seated at the table the
Four Monkeys in human guise*

DO NO EVIL:

Join us, be seated

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Garçon! (He claps his hands and Harjit appears as a smartly dressed waiter)

HARJIT:

Madam, if you will please be following me

*Harjit escorts Mary to an empty chair and seats
her*

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

Harjit shows Percy to his seat

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

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

Bon appetite!

*Harjet walks away behind the table and positions
himself behind and slightly to the side of Percy*

HEAR NO EVIL:

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

SEE NO EVIL:

Eyes not what they used to be

(CONTINUED)

SPEAK NO EVIL:

Stage whisper
Voice not what it used to be

DO NO EVIL:

Body's not what it used to be

PERCY:

This has got to be a dream

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

DO NO EVIL:

All are welcome at this table Percy Alan. We do not throw stones as who amongst is truly without blemishes?

PERCY:

Whatever did I do wrong to deserve this . . .

MARY:

What makes you think you did anything "wrong". Do you see what I see? A mountain of food for a banquet and the company befitting such an occasion?

PERCY:

I see the food, aye, I see four people (struggles) and Harjit here . . . this has got to be a dream. At someone point I'll snap out of it . . . what the hell, may as well play along w'i it while it lasts.

DO NO EVIL:

Please help yourself, we do not stand on ceremony here

SPEAK NO EVIL has stuffed and entire small chicken into its mouth but is halted by the withering "old fashioned" look from DO NO EVIL

MARY:

Thank you could someone please pass the ...

HARJIT picks up a bowl of steaming rice and a selection of Dim Sum and stands next to MARY so she can help herself

Rice and Dim Sum . . . thank you (pause)

HARJIT:

Harjit Singh, Memsahib

MARY:

Dear god no! Please it's just plain Mary.

HARJIT:

As you please, Mary

MARY:

I'm not even going to ask how you knew exactly what it was that I wanted, I'll just help myself and shut up

PERCY:

At last! Peace . . .

DO NO EVIL:

Mr Allan we do not take kindly to such thoughts

HEAR NO EVIL:

Yes it is a tidy amount of food

SPEAK NO EVIL:

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

DO NO EVIL:

Please eat, talk, enjoy

The Monkeys disappear

Percy looks slightly overwhelmed and a little suspicious. Harjit appears next to Percy with a selection of foods

HARJIT:

Try these . . .

PERCY:

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

HARJIT:

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

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

Scene 6

SOLDIER:

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

PERCY:

Sergeant Singh (pause) why Singh, sergeant? You're all called Singh aren't you.

SOLDIER:

Family, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

PERCY:

That's one hell of a family, sergeant!

SOLDIER:

Yes Sir, I know.

PERCY:

Family as in kith and kin (the sergeant looks slightly perplexed) blood ties. You know, father, mother kith'n' kin.

SOLDIER:

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

PERCY:

That's no skirt man, that's a KILT. A tartan. The badge of A man's Clan. (Pause, Percy takes this on board) Aye I ken. Family, roots - where you hail from lad, it's a very powerful and important thing. (Percy stops mid flow it is obvious he is in great pain.) Do you have family Soldier?

SOLDIER:

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

PERCY:

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

SOLDIER:

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

PERCY:

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

SOLDIER:

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

PERCY:

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

SOLDIER:

Sir I do not of God's natural creatures. But those that are not of this time or place. Beings which have turned their faces from the light and look with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER: (cont'd)

hatred upon their fellow beings. I fear them and what they will do to you when you be found. I have no love for these 'creatures'.

PERCY:

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

SOLDIER:

I mean no disrespect, Sir...

PERCY:

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

Percy waves the Sergeant on. The Sergeant at first is unwilling to go. Percy struggles to his feet.

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

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

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

Percy collapses onto the ground

Scene 7

The Monkeys can be seen hovering in the background

PERCY:

Sergeant! Sergeant Singh!

The barricade starts to collapse as the Monkeys "invisibly" dismantle it. In walks a Policeman an British-South Asian

SERGEANT SINGH:

Sir! Sir are you aright?

PERCY:

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

SERGEANT SINGH:

Easy fellah, just take it nice and gentle

(CONTINUED)

He gently lifts Percy so that he's sitting up right

PERCY:

Percy stares at the Policeman and then looks around him

Do I know you, sergeant?

Pause

I was just talking to . . . Japa (corrects himself) Chinese lassie. She's the one that patched me up. . . the riot and after the march . . .

SERGEANT SINGH:

You were marching with the POWs? My Grandfather served . . .

PERCY:

Your grandfather wouldn't happen to be called Singh . . .

SERGEANT SINGH:

Yes Sir, (laughs) but then we are all called Singh. OK Sir,

Looking at Percy's wounds

You took one hell of pounding. Was that from the EDL mob. Anyway the worst of it's over now. We're just rounding up the stragglers. Smart move. Now where's the Chinese (Looks at Percy) Woman?

PERCY:

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

Percy looks about him peering into the darkness where the Monkey's watch

SERGEANT SINGH:

Did you serve Sir . . . it's just the way you've bandaged yourself. I've only ever seen it done that way before by my Grandpa. He served, he got caught by the Japanese. Ended up in some sort of prison encampment. He never really talked about. Except his immediate commanding officer. Who he claimed saved him he. My grandpa was so proud of the white man who saved him. I must have heard that tale a hundred times or more. One day I just flipped. let rip about disgrace to his race and religion, what did an effing white man do to warrant gratitude, blah, blah, look at what was happening to us here, now

Pause

(CONTINUED)

PERCY:

Got a strip torn off laddie?

SERGEANT SINGH:

Sort of. (smiles) He yelled at me. Only time Grandpa ever raised his voice at me. Told me to stop being a snotty noised ignorant shit. Open you eyes, you mind and you heart, boy. Don't ever let me catch you being so disrespectful again. My Grandpa was all for sticking with this CO. But the CO would have none of it. He sent my Grandpa on his way. Last Grandpa heard his CO had been recaptured. Was sent to work on the rail road. If he hadn't of sent my Grandpa packing I might not be here now. Actually now I think of it I'm sure my Grandpa said his CO was Scottish like you. How's that for a coincidence

PERCY:

Aye that is a coincidence

SERGEANT SINGH:

Did you serve Sir?

PERCY:

As it happens laddie I did. I saw my fair share of action. Had the pleasure of serving along side many a Sikh soldier. By the time I get back to my home there was noting there. Just yawning hole. Whilst I was off fighting on the front w'i the Japanese, Hitler was making free w'i his bombs and flattening home and hearth. They went together wife and the bairns. Well at least they were all together. That was the hardest thing. Not the camps, or the torture, but coming home tae nothing but death.

SERGEANT SINGH:

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

Picks up small camp stove

PERCY:

I just want to go home and lie down in my ayne bed

The Sergeant helps Percy on to his feet the Monkeys come out from the shadows and watch as Percy is helped out of the building

DO NO EVIL WALKS INTO THE EMPTY SPACE BLOWS AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT. THE DIM NOISE OF THE RIOT FADING INTO THE DISTANCE CAN BE HEARD. AS THE NOISES OF SIRENS, RUNNING FEET, SIRENS, WHISTLES FADE AWAY TO LEAVE ONLY THE BEATING SOUND OF A HEART BEAT.

THE END