

PART OF
ACT II
SCENE 4 *** NOTE THE BAND OF PLAYERS WILL BE ACTING OUT THE SHELL
MONOLOGUE ABOUT THEODORE HOOK'S PRANK. ****

SHELL

Britain has not been solvent for years. You think this vote is going to bring us back into some kind of golden age of Camelot? But you forget, in Camelot, they all sat together at the roundtable. If this vote passes, we will be leaving the table.

Norris spits on the ground.

NORRIS

We would be leaving it, to sit back at our table.

REESE ANNE

That's not how the world works today.

NORRIS

Why, because of the bloody internet, that makes us all bloody connected now?

REESE ANNE

Not connected. More informed.

NORRIS

Well, you don't need the internet to know what's going on in the world. You just have to look around you. You can see on the street. These streets, just what the EU has done to Great Britain. Today we voted to make Great Britain, great again! And today we voted to get rid of the migrants on our streets!

REESE ANNE

Well, that's not going to happen as long as I can do anything about it.

NORRIS

And what luck do you think you will have missy in changing the world?

REESE ANNE

One person can make a difference. Right Shell?

SHELL

Mr. Theodore Hook.

REESE ANNE

Theodore Hook?

NORRIS

Oh God, a history lesson.

SHELL

I will tell you a story that took place not far from here. At the time, it was the most famous address in London.

REESE ANNE

Where is that?

SHELL

The house of a Mrs. Tottenham, 54 Berners Street. You see, Mr. Theodore Hook was a bit of a playboy and a renowned practical joker. He made a bet with a friend Samuel Beasly that he could transform any house in London into the most talked-about address in a week. He sent out thousands of letters in the name of Mrs. Tottenham requesting visitors, deliveries, and services for the assistance of all kind for the date of twenty-seven of November. Then at half past five in the morning a knock came to the door, and Mrs. Tottenham maid answered it. It was a dirty-faced Sweep, who had come to clean the chimneys of Mrs. Tottenham. Then another ring, and another sweep, then another. Soon an argument spilled out into the streets among the dozen chimney sweeps that had been sent to that address that morning. There was then a large rattle of carts as a fleet of coal carts arrived at the address, followed by vicars, lawyer, cake makers, with wedding cakes, fishmongers, shoemakers. Then came a dozen pianos, the Duke of York, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London all arrived that day for Mrs. Tottenham. The streets of London had become so congested that they were at a standstill. Mr. Hook stationed with Mr. Beasly in the house opposite to 54 Berners Street and watched the chaos of the day unfold, and by the end of the day he had won his bet.

NORRIS

Hook and Beasly, the original Beavis and Butt-head.

REESE ANNE

What does this have to do with changing London?

SHELL

One person can make a change. It all depends on what kind of change they want to bring.

NORRIS

Bollocks! Hook and Samuel were just two mates razing hell. I did that last night. I don't see London changing. No one man can change it.

DAUD

I agree with Mr. Norris. No man can but maybe one woman. The only one who brings to life can change it.

NORRIS

Listen to the learned migrant. Bollocks!

DAUD

It is true I studied at the university and had been even known to have read some of yours, Shakespeare.

NORRIS

I never cared for him. I'm more of Dr. Who, man.

DAUD

Too bad you could have learned about fate my friend.

NORRIS

I'm not your Mate, and you my friend me one more time, and you will meet your fate.

SHELL

“Mind your speech a little lest you should mar your fortunes.”

NORRIS

Piss off, Shell! You mind your fucking business. Fancy ass William Shakespeare. Bollocks and bull shit with you two combined, why you're teaming with him it boggles my mind. Quoting dead men, it's absurd. That is why I Flip you this bird.

He cranks up his middle finger as flips them the bird. Then takes a bow. A flashlight beam hits Norris face, a man holding the flashlight dressed in a vest indicating he is from the city council, enters.

COUNCILMAN

Here now! Just what do we have going on here?

NORRIS

Who the fuck, are you?

COUNCILMAN

I'm with the city council rough sleeping department. Can I see your Bulletin?

NORRIS

Bulletin? I'm no fucking migrant Romanian.

COUNCILMAN

Do you have a National Insurance Number?

NORRIS

National Insurance, now that's who you should be, after.

SHELL

What is this all about, Councilman? Why do you need our identification?

COUNCILMAN

Why? For our records, that's why. (Beat) I know you, we have spoken before?

SHELL

Yes, when I tried to renew my NI card. You rejected it on the grounds I don't have a permanent residence within, the city council. But I see now with your due diligence you have found my permanent residence.

COUNCILMAN

Don't get flip with me! (Beat) You girl, what are you doing down here with this lot?

REESE ANNE

I live here.

COUNCILMAN

Do you now? With this crew? Do You have got some identification?

SHELL

She is my granddaughter, and she came to take care of me.

COUNCILMAN

Granddaughter? Let me see some Identification please miss.

REESE ANNE

Were underground, you have no jurisdiction here.

COUNCILMAN

The principle of verticality, everything above and below the council district.

SHELL

We are right on the edge of two districts; how do we know you're still within your area?

(The Councilman turns his flashlight and attention on Daud.)

COUNCILMAN

Now just who are you?

NORRIS

He's a bloody migrant.

DAUD

My name is Daud, and I'm a Syrian Refugee legally admitted into your Country.

COUNCILMAN

Papers.

Daud hand his documents over to him. The councilman reads them.

REESE ANNE

He has every right to be here.

COUNCILMAN

None of you have a right to be here. Setting up your cottage to make a little money, shitting and pissing in our streets. Who do you think cleans up after you? The city council, that's who. The taxpayers.

DAUD

My I have my papers back?

COUNCILMAN

Do you like it here? I mean is this what you dreamed? Coming to London to live like this?

DAUD

My destination was not of my choosing.

COUNCILMAN

Do you want to go back?

DAUD

At times, I have asked myself that.

COUNCILMAN

I can make that happen. Fly you home that is. Last year our council flew over seven hundred homeless refugees back to their countries, Polish, Romanian, Spanish. People from all over the world. We work with agencies, and we can get you back home. So, I ask you again, do you want to go home?

DAUD

For now, I would like to stay here. My papers, please.

The Councilman's hands back the papers to Daud.

NORRIS

What about me? I got a sick mum up North; can you get me ticket home?

COUNCILMAN

Stop by the council office but remember it's a one-way ticket. You are not to return to this area again, or you will be subject to jail time.

The councilman exits.