

The Rooster Rebellion

A Referendum parable

by Anthony L. Mariani

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Cast of Characters

- SHELL** 70. Homeless history professor. Always the teacher, Shell is a bit of a know it all. He uses his knowledge and his showman like skills to work the streets for money. Pick a year in history and he will tell you what happened that year, for just one pound.
- REESE ANNE** 18. Runway student. Intelligent inquisitive dreamer, who is not afraid to stand up for what is right. She wants to make her mark, by bringing people together.
- MRS. WHEELER** 40s. Reese Anne's overzealous and over bearing Mother. A single mother who works hard as a waitress and barely paying the bills, just scraping by in life.
- NORRIS** 40s. A homeless war veteran. Having served his country, he came back home only to find there were no jobs for him. Bitter and jaded he feels the victim of the system and bad government.
- DAUD** 30s. Syrian Refugee. Lost his wife and son in the Civil War in Syria. He was forced to flee his country and after mounts at a relocation camp ended up on the street in London.
- COUNCILMAN** 40's City Councilman on rough sleeping. Deals with the weekly companies from shop owners and residents in his district about the growing homeless problem.

A Band of Refugees (6-10) A troupe of actors conformable with movement and improv sometimes and breaking the forth wall. They not only play a band of homeless refugees but other roles, interacting with the action on stage, as tourist, Voters, police officers, Chimney sweeps etc. I would love for one of the troupe members to be a drummer or someone good with keeping a rhythm or beat as a lot of the transitions the troupe is marching, stopping, keeping a rhythm to their movement.

TIME

The action takes place in Late Fall 2015 and the early Summer of 2016. This is a play from memoires and should be staged with burst of memory with exaggerated sounds and movements and that trigger the next memory.

PLACE

London, The abandoned Aldwych ghost tube station.
Also, London, Trafalgar Square at the steps of the National Gallery.

Prologue

As the Audience enters the Trafalgar Square is bathed in a cold blue light. Between two of the Lions lay THE BAND OF REFUGEES loudly sleeping under a giant cloth tarp painted like a giant front page of a London Newspaper. Both their faces and clothes are a dull grey. They are very still as they sleep. An exposed foot here, an exposed are, one woman holds a baby, wrapped in a blanket. One man has a glove with toy chatter teeth attached to it. He uses the teeth like a puppet, mimicking his teeth chattering. They all huddled together for warmth in one mass under the giant newspaper. The Trafalgar Square set fades to black with the house lights.

The lights fade up on The Ghost Station - A pool of light from overhead lights an old lawn chair where a large over-sized dried out apple sits. The apple's skin is so brown so dried that it looks accordion-like, with stretch dry rotten skin forming only a Skelton of something that was once delicious. The Ghost station, the sryy-tagged and mural painted abandoned old section of the ALDWYCH tube station.

Light shining through cracks in the wall, of a passing, tube cars from the adjacent District line tube train, flickers on a mural wall. On the left painted is a white "Peace" elephant made in spray tag style, inside the outline of the elephant should be the words peace love, no war, give help. These messages can be in many different languages. Next to the elephant is another more realistic image but of rich, vibrant colors. It is the mural of the frescoes depicting Jesus Christ before the crucifixion that is in the Barbara Church at Pochaev, Ukraine. There is a middle eastern man with a turban sitting behind Jesus holding a

spear with the top of the spear is missing, in its place is an exposed section of the mural, showing with generic but dirty London tube station sign.

The District Line train has passed, and in the silence, REESE ANNE, Age 18, dressed in a warm coat stands center stage in a pool of light she looks around the Ghost station, then pick up the rotten apple and holds it. Looking at it she thinks back, reflecting on her past she addresses the audience. As the Audience enters the Trafalgar Square is bathed in a cool blue light. Between two of the Lions lay THE BAND OF REFUGEEES loudly sleeping under a giant cloth tarp painted like a giant front page of a London Newspaper. Both their faces and clothes are a dull grey. They are very still as they sleep. An exposed foot here, an exposed are, one woman holds a baby, which is wrapped in blanket. One man has a glove with toy chatter teeth, attached to it. He uses the teeth like a puppet, mimicking his own teeth chattering. They all huddled together for warmth in a one mass under the giant newspaper. The Trafalgar Square set fades to black with the house lights.

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REESE ANNE

(To the audience) In the fall of 2015, The World was very much at war. Bashar aL Assad was raging war on his people, meanwhile the outside world continued to ignore him. Why? Because they were fighting their own internal battles. The war that unstable economies have been waging on the middle class for ages, but this time it was in the form of home repossessions. Forcing thousands into the streets to survive.

Sunday Church bells ring from the streets above; shafts of morning light begin to break over Trafalgar Square. THE BAND OF REFUGEES start to wake up, slowing humming open and lifting their voices to a morning warm up - in voice and body as they unfurl from the pile of human warmth they slept in last night..

REESE ANNE

(To the audience) In 2015 the homeless community in London alone had grown to more than 8,000 people rough sleeping on the streets each night. These people did not Choose to be homeless, relationship breakdowns, the housing crisis, domestic abuse were a few of the reasons for them ending up on the streets. Many of them had other support needs, poor mental health, alcohol, and other substance abuse, but they all had one thing in common. A significant crisis event in their lives that has left them with no place to stay.

The Refugees now in an awoken mass begin to rhythmic and physically move across the stage in unison, a wandering mass, moving mas, with each part of the mass repeating a short phrase. "Help Me," "Thank You.," "love," "see me," "care" One woman is carrying her newborn baby wrapped in a blanket close to her, some speak some moan and weep at moving their aching bodies...

REESE ANNE

(To the audience) FORTY-FIVE percent were UK nationals, THIRTY-FIVE percent were from central and Eastern European countries, EIGHTY-FIVE percent were males, and SEVENTY percent were white and only EIGHT percent were under the age of twenty-five.

Together in voice and in step the refugees build into a floating movement of a wandering mass of grey faced, discarded humans, roaming the streets for the day, wondering what miracle will save them today as they exit.

REESE ANNE

(To the audience) An influx of the refugees from Assad's war also began to invade these cities and slowly with time so did others with more evil intent. They brought their wars to the capitals of Europe, in the form of hidden terrorist. ISIS, struck Paris twice that year. The latest was on the thirteenth of November 2015, leaving One Hundred and thirty-seven killed and Three hundred and sixty-eight injured. It all started for me in London's Trafalgar Square a few days after those Paris attacks.

Another District line Tube train passes and in the flicker of passing light, Reese Anne disappears.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE REFUGEES mimic early morning pedestrians moving to The rhythm of the traffic, stomping to the beat to something like (A Day In The life by the Beatles) as Londoners on their daily morning commute. They push past the homeless mother who is still clutching her Blanket wrapped baby close to her. They pass NORRIS who has now entered and is begging them for some spare change. They walk right past him, ignoring Norris's pleas.

Act I

Scene 1

On each side of the stage are two large banners of the heads of the lions at Trafalgar square are lit by a cold morning sky. Norris, dressed in tattered monks robe, and black army combat boots with the Union Jack on them, reading from a weathered previously discarded bible, stands street preaching in the square. Enter, Shell, dressed as a disheveled Abraham Lincoln compete with a fake beard, frayed top hat. And ragged black tux, caring a camping chair that decorated like the Lincoln Memorial Throne. He looks over at the homeless mother and gives her a pound in change as she passes to exit. She lets him sneak a peek over her shoulder at the baby as she exits.

The refugee's in this scene wear hats and use props that depict them as a tourist in Trafalgar Square. They interact with the busking characters.

NORRIS

"Don't be afraid; I've redeemed you. I've called your name. Your mine. When you're in over your head - I'll be there with you. When you're in rough waters - you will not go down. When you're stuck between a rock and a hard place" - ...what the-fuck do you think you're doing?

SHELL

I'm setting up for the day.

NORRIS

Oh no, you're fucking not!

SHELL

Young man, I've been coming here to this spot every day for the last twenty-three weeks.

NORRIS

Well, today you're late, so piss off!

Shell picks up his throne and starts to move it a little.

NORRIS

Keep moving!

SHELL

I will never understand your generation. They blame the world's problems on my generation, yet we still learned to love one another and get along. But today it's all - this is fucking mine! Fuck off! Whatever happened to coexistence? Show a little kindness? Is the world that messed up? If so it's your generation that's screwed this world up not mine, my friend.

NORRIS

Don't fucking, my friend me, Joe Blogges! You don't know me or my generation now, and you better keep moving before I kick your Abe Lincoln ass...

SHELL

Alright, Geordie, I shall move a bit further, but I'm working these steps today.

Shell slides over a little more. Norris goes back to working for the crowd. Shell dust off his top hat then puts it out to the group looking for someone to drop in a coin, as a few tourists pass by.

NORRIS

When you're between a rock and a hard place - it won't be a dead end, Because I am God, your personal God, and savior, The Holy of Israel, I paid a huge price for you...

SHELL

Pick a year, any year, just a quid my friend, and I will tell you a fantastic tale of history for the date you choose. Yes, my friend, for one lonely quid you will get the education your mother always dreamed you'd have. Any period, any year!

A few of the tourists start to gather near him, and a coin is tossed into his hat.

SHELL

Thank you, sir. And what's your date? Seventeen forty? Seventeen forty. Yes, The Great Rooster Rebellion of Seventeen Forty. An English preacher by the name of George Whitefield, he was no theologian, mind you, he was more of a showman. He traveled America's New England countryside, frightening his congregations by depicting the pain that awaits the sinners in hell. He was only twenty-seven; yet already, he had a vivid imagination, and used it thoroughly; while dramatizing fearful judgments to any and all who would listen.

NORRIS

And did they listen?

SHELL

Did they listen? They came in droves from far away to hear the man preach! As I said, he had a flair for the dramatics, of which most of the small-town preachers in that day could not match.

A few more tourists gather, and the crowd grows bigger.

NORRIS

But where are the roosters?

SHELL

The roosters, yes, the roosters. Whitefield's style and flair of preaching were hard to match; eventually, though, many preachers began imitating him. And soon enough, they were everywhere. They called them roosters, as they crisscrossed the countryside in senseless paths like a rooster does in the yard. Waking up the settlers and letting them know that there is a choice in what kind of God they worshipped. It was the first time the colonists had a freedom of choice. This simple rebellion against their local preachers started the American search for freedom. A search that culminated some thirty-six years later. Proving once and for all that Roosters don't lay eggs, they lay Revolutions!

Shell flips his hat over and collects tips from the audience. As Norris has been watching his every move, he gives him a small clap of his hands.

SHELL

Thank you, thank you, and thank you.

NORRIS

You're a real corker, old man.

Norris fearing the crowd is dispersing reaches inside his robe and pulls out his pocket bible and begins to thumb through it. Slowly turning around 360 degrees, reappearing in full animated evangelist mode like the Whitefield that Shell just described.

NORRIS

"But the fearful and unbelieving and the abominable and murderers and whore mongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: that which is the second death" Revelation 21:8.

The tourist all toss coins that at his feet and Norris scurries to pick them up.

NORRIS

Thank you, thank you, and thank you.

He turns and bows towards to Shell as the crowd breaks up and exits.

NORRIS

Look, a fiver just like that, my morning meal. You have taught me well old man! Put the fear of God in them! But let me warn you do not cross me again or I will be sending you straight to Hell.

Norris lets out a long, wicked laugh as he exits off for his morning breakfast. Shell goes back to working the tourist passing bye, but he does not notice Reese Anne, at age 18, a young school girl with long braided hair dressed in her schoolgirl uniform, approaching.

SHELL

Pick a year, any year, just a quid my friend, and I will tell you a fantastic tale of history for the date you choose.

REESE ANNE

Twenty fifteen?

SHELL

Twenty fifteen.

Shell turns to find Reese Anne, standing in front of him.

SHELL

Hello, my dear Reese Anne.

REESE ANNE

What are you doing here?

SHELL

Should you not be in school?

REESE ANNE

Why are you dressed like this?

SHELL

What did they tell you about me?

REESE ANNE

Are you okay? Do you need help?

Shell turns away from her.

REESE ANNE

Shell, I've missed you so much at school. (Beat) Why did you leave?

SHELL

It was not of my choosing.

REESE ANNE

Bastards!

Shell starts to pack up his chair and gather his things.

SHELL

Reese Anne, this is all quite embarrassing to me, for you of all people to see me like this. I must be getting along now.

REESE ANNE

I'm just not going to let you go.

Shell removes his fake beard.

SHELL

Reese Anne.

As the sounds of traffic builds Shell starts to slowly exit off stage, with Reese Anne following him. He stops and looks back at her.

SHELL

Just Let me go.

Shell exits, Reese Anne waits a few beats then follows exiting.

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of a laundry dryer spinning a load of wash. One by one each REFUGEE dances in turning and waving a piece of clothing around in the air, in the rhythm of the dryer cycle. They cross the space and slowly one by one deposit their article of clothing in a single spot, then exit.

The last refugee places the last bit of clothing on the pile and then exits — the sound of the dryer stops and the end of the cycle alarm beeps.

ACT I

Scene 2

The Wheeler Apartment, a simple square of light, Mrs. Wheeler enters carrying an empty laundry basket. She walks up to the pile of clothes and then places a load of laundry into the basket and starts to pull one piece of clothing out at a time. She is folding the wash when Reese Anne comes running in.

REESE ANNE

Mother, I saw him. I saw him!

MRS. WHEELER

Saw who my dear?

REESE ANNE

Shell - I mean Mr. Moore!

MRS. WHEELER

Oh really, how is he enjoying his new school?

REESE ANNE

He is not teaching mother. He. Well, he.

Reese Anne begins to cry.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne? What on earth is wrong?

REESE ANNE

It's Mr. Moore. We were on an Art field trip and there in front of the National Gallery. He was begging for money. He is homeless.

MRS. WHEELER

Now, what makes you think he is homeless?

REESE ANNE

I watched him, mother. He was asking people to pick a date in history, and for a quid, he would tell you what happened that year.

MRS. WHEELER

He might be busking for some extra money.

REESE ANNE

No, No! You don't understand. I talked to him!

MRS. WHEELER

You did what?

REESE ANNE

At least I tried to talk to him, but he would not listen to me, he walked away.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne, I never like the way that man...

REESE ANNE

So, I followed him.

MRS. WHEELER

What?

REESE ANNE

I left my school group and watched him from the other side of Trafalgar Square. I stayed just within earshot so that I could hear his history lessons. Then at the end of the day, I tried to talk to him. But he packed up and wander down the street.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne Wheeler! Ditching, a field trip!

REESE ANNE

Mother, not now. Listen, I followed him down the street, past the Drury Lane, back around Aldwych, then down another road and over to Surrey St. There, I saw him go into a ghost Station.

MRS. WHEELER

Ghost Station?

REESE ANNE

Yes, Ghost Station. That's what they are called, these old, abandoned tube lines. This station was the former Piccadilly line branch from Holborn. It's the Aldwych tube station. It's like walking back in time.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne, don't you dare tell me you followed him in there?

REESE ANNE

I did not go in very far. I lost him inside. Or he lost me. I think he may have spotted me following him.

MRS. WHEELER

I want you to get down on your knees and swear to me, that you will never do anything like this again!

REESE ANNE

Please, Mother, Mr. Moore needs our help. Can't we take him in?

MRS. WHEELER

In this place? I'm doing everything I can to keep up with the rent. You think I need another mouth to feed around here?

REESE ANNE

Mother you're always telling me to do the Christian thing. This is the Christian thing, taking this man in.

MRS. WHEELER

No, Reese Anne, the Christian thing is for you to obey your Mother and I'm telling you never to go near that man or that ghost station! Do you hear me?

REESE ANNE

But Mother?

MRS. WHEELER

Do you hear me!

REESE ANNE

You have been parading men in and out of her for years. What's wrong with taking in someone with some class.

MRS. WHEELER

Whom, I date is my concern. Do you understand me? I'm tired of you running off every man that comes near me. You better start thinking about what you're going to do in this world, I'm not going let you continue sulking around here my whole life! As for a man with class then why is this teacher begging in Trafalgar Square? That's the kind-of lot you want to invite into this house?

Mrs. Wheeler tosses the stack of her folded wash on the floor and points next to it.

MRS. WHEELER

Down on your knees and get to praying, and I want you to think about what I'm saying. You will obey me. You will abide by our Lord. And tomorrow you will go back to school, turn yourself into the headmaster and apologize for your actions on this field trip!

Reese Anne gets on her knees and recites prayers, aloud. Mrs. Wheeler exit as the lights fades to leave Reese Anne spotlighted on stage as she keeps praying but starts packing up her clothes into her backpack.

The sound of military drums, as one of the Refugees, appears wearing a stainless steel kitchen colander, tied with a piece of rope around their neck and using two drumsticks on it, is beating out a call to arms. The Band of Refugees enters crying out like roosters, crisscrossing in patterns around Reese Anne. One stands at attention like a drill instructor and crows out orders. The others quickly fall into a military formation of roosters. The drill instructor Cries out once more, and they all turn at once and march, strutting off stage. Reese Anne slips on her backpack and joins the formation and marching behind them as the exit.

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene 3

The ghost tube station - Shell is curled up in a ball on his throne next to the dimly lit mural of Jesus. Reese Anne shines her flashlight on the painting behind him and sees the band of Refugees sleeping near the wall. Reese Anne's whispers break the silent darkness.

REESE ANNE

Shell? Shell?

Shell starts to stir at the sound of his name.

REESE ANNE

Shell?

Shell blinded by her flashlight beam.

SHELL

Who's there?

REESE ANNE

It's me.

SHELL

Me who?

REESE ANNE

Reese Anne Wheeler.

Shell turns on and dims up a small battery-operated lantern.

SHELL

My God, what are you doing down here child?

REESE ANNE

I came to help.

SHELL

My dear, dear Reese Anne, how you brighten my night, but you cannot shine down here - it's much too dangerous.

Reese Anne flexes her arm muscles.

REESE ANNE

I can more than handle myself

SHELL

And your mother?

REESE ANNE

My mother?

SHELL

Can you handle her? If I remember right, you are everything to her. I don't expect her just to let you run out on her and her grand plans for you. That is what you're doing. Running. Running from what, her? You're not here to protect me you're here to save yourself.

REESE ANNE

I'm not running from anyone. I'm here to help you.

SHELL

Reese Anne, this, this is a terrible life I'm living right now. Some days I think it's too hard. Too hard for even myself to survive. It's easy to fall through the cracks but to do so on purpose is pure madness.

REESE ANNE

Then let me help you. If this life is so hard on one, let me share your burden. I will help with anything. Just please let me stay?

SHELL

“No one is useless in this world Who”/

REESE ANNE

“Who lightens the burdens of another,”- Charles Dickens.

SHELL

Yes, correct. Yes, you can stay tonight. Just tonight understand?

REESE ANNE

Yes, Thank you! Thank you, Shell.

SHELL

You can bed down over here.

Shell points at a spot near the mural on the wall. He moves back over to his throne and curls back up in his chair. Reese Anne starts to bed down.

REESE ANNE

Shell?

SHELL

Yes, Reese Anne.

REESE ANNE

I snuck out in a hurry.

SHELL

Yes, I imagine you did.

REESE ANNE

Well. I'm hungry.

SHELL

Hungry. Well, let me see what I can do.

Shell pulls out an apple and a small penknife and begins to peel the apple, trying to keep the skin in one large piece.

SHELL

This is an old military trick I learned. You see, you try keeping the skin in one large piece, so you can save it for later. The apple may be juicy and delicious now, but the skin is full of nutrients that can save your life later. Think about that. The skin of an apple can save your life. An apple a day keeps the doctor away, but a skin a day could keep the gravedigger away. That's what it is like living on the streets Reese Anne. Something discarded can save your life.

Shell tosses the peeled apple to Reese Anne then takes the peeled apple skin and rolls it up tight.

SHELL

People walk by and look at you. The first thing they notice is your skin. Not your hair or your eyes, they always look at your hands and your skin. The color, the coarseness and the cleanliness of your skin. People say the eyes are the window to the soul. They are wrong. It's the skin. We wear our whole lives on our skin. Every mark, every burn, every scar, down to the last freckle they all tell a story. The story of the life you have lived and how it has taken a toll on the body can all be told by looking at a person's skin. So, like an apple, our skin holds the Nutrients of our soul.

He taps his heart and places the peeled apple skin in his outer coat breast pocket.

REESE ANNE

How I have missed you, my friend.

SHELL

And I have missed you, my dear. For what good is a teacher if he has no students to teach? Now let's get some sleep. I have a lot to show you in the morning.

Reese Anne moves back over to her bedding and starts to curl up as Shell crawls back into his chair.

REESE ANNE

Shell?

SHELL

What is it?

REESE ANNE

Shell? I'm doing this out of Love for you.

SHELL

I know my dear. I know. Goodnight.

Shell worries about the responsibilities he has taken on as he dims off his lantern.

FADE TO BLACK.

The sound of traffic in Trafalgar Square, THE REFUGEES – Repeat the stomping beat of Londoners on their daily morning commute. Still stopping to the beat, They pass by Norris who is waving a toy lightsaber and begging them for some spare change. They Walk past Norris and this time drop money in his hat and exit.

ACT I

Scene 4

Between the Lions Trafalgar Square early morning fog. As Norris is frozen like Obi-Wan Kenobi in his robe plus now holding a broken toy lightsaber that has been duck taped back together. Shell and Reese Anne enters behind him, but Reese Anne stops to watch Norris. Shell, looks over and see the Homeless mother wondering with her baby wrapped in a blanket. She looks over her should, and the mother lets him sneak a peek at the baby. Shell gives the woman a pound coin, tips his hat to her, and she exits

SHELL

Come along.

Shell points at Norris

SHELL

Ignore the numpty fella, bent as a nine-bob note that one.

Norris pulls back his hood.

NORRIS

Well, Well, look whose back Mr. Know about history, late again.

SHELL

As I said, don't pay him any attention.

Reese Anne sets up Shell's chair for him.

NORRIS

What's wrong old man? Don't like my new idea? Got to go with what's hot.

SHELL

And what's hot?

Norris makes the lightsaber sounds some more as he swings the toy.

NORRIS

The force! Use the force baby.

A refugee dressed as a tourist walks by and drops a coin in his hat. He points to a hat with the money in it.

NORRIS

I have already been making a killing all morning. Not some old Honest Abe bit. Hell, they don't even know who you are. (To Reese Anne.) It's the truth. The other day this little boy came up to him and was begging his, mother. "Please mummy, can I get my picture with Captain Ahab. Ahab, too funny!"

REESE ANNE

Well, I don't think it's funny.

SHELL

Reese Anne, ignore him.

NORRIS

Reese Anne, is it? Well, my little girl, just what are you doing with that old man anyway? Shouldn't you be in school?

SHELL

Mind your own business, monk.

NORRIS

The name is Norris, and I'm no longer a monk, Mr. Shelby Moore.

He goes back to waving his lightsaber to the crowd.

REESE ANNE

This old man knows more than you can imagine in that bald little head of yours. So, I suggest you leave him alone.

Norris starts to taunt her with waving the toy in her face. Changing his voice almost Yoda like.

NORRIS

Oooh! Feisty one, this Reese Anne. Just what are you going to do about it, Love?

Reese Anne snatches the toy Light Saber out of his hands and threatens to break it over her knee.

REESE ANNE

Or I will use the force.

Norris makes a move to snatch it back, but Reese Anne is too quick and is now walking around waving it at the tourist.

NORRIS

Now, I've had about fucking enough of your little girl.

SHELL

Reese Anne, Give it back to him!

She taunts Norris a little as she reluctantly obeys Shell and hands it back to Norris.

SHELL

Now ignore him!

NORRIS

Fuck You!

Shell chooses to ignore Norris and starts working the crowd for money and Norris goes back to his frozen statue pose.

SHELL

Pick a year, any year, and for Just a quid my friend and I will tell you a fantastic tale of history from the date you choose. Yes, my friend just a quid and you will get the education your mother always dreamed you'd have. Any Date! Any Year!

Shell starts to drawn in some more refugees dressed as tourist, one onlooker drops a pound in his hat.

SHELL

Eighteen Eighty-nine. Uh-huh, Yes, Eighteen Eighty-nine. April twenty-second, eight eighty-nine, at eleven fifty-nine over fifty thousand people were lined up at once. All are waiting for the clock to strike high noon. The Oklahoma land rush was on. The mad dash for over two million acres of land, which each man was able to claim up to 65 km2. Could you imagine that today?

REESE ANNE

Today, we have fifty thousand refugees a week pouring in from Syria. With no land to grab they come with nothing. But they still want the same thing - a stake in their future.

Norris breaks his pose.

NORRIS

Fuck them!

His outburst makes the tourist scatter away.

REESE ANNE

What?

NORRIS

Fuck them! Life is hard enough on these streets. They keep coming, and the streets have changed. They make life harder for all of us, so Fuck them!

REESE ANNE

You mean to say you have no compassion for what these people are being put through?

NORRIS

Compassion? I once had compassion, But I lost it back in 2003.

SHELL

Twenty-O-three. The year of the initial invasion of Iraq.

REESE ANNE

But Why? Why did that make you lose compassion?

NORRIS

Billy Conroy.

REESE ANNE

Who?

NORRIS

Billy Conroy. He was so young and trusting. We were on foot patrol when we entered a small street with a boy holding a football. Not kicking it but holding it. Billy loved the game. He walked right up to the boy and Bam! Alpha Mike Foxtrot.

REESE ANNE

Alpha Mike Foxtrot?

NORRIS

Adios Mother Fucker!

SHELL

Crazy world we live in. I would not have guessed you were a war veteran.

NORRIS

Yeah, I'm a veteran like many on these streets. We did our service for, God and country only to end up on a corner hand out needing a hand up. It's 2015. Seems like yesterday when I lost Billy, and here we are years later, and people are still blowing themselves up. Why can't they see that's no way to make a point? Why can't they see?

REESE ANNE

The parable of the Elephant.

NORRIS

Elephant?

REESE ANNE

The parable of the Elephant. A man leads an elephant into a village of blind people. One by one, each blind villager comes up and feels a part of the elephant. One man walks up and feels the leg and says it feels like a pillar. Then the next man feels the tail and says it feels like rope. Another man feels the trunk and says it feels like a branch of a tree. The men begin to argue amongst themselves about what the elephant must look like. When the man who led the elephant in says, "You're all right. For you, each touched a different part of the animal and are telling what you're believing to be the truth."

NORRIS

So, you're saying I'm blind?

REESE ANNE

No, we all have different systems of belief. The trick is not believing yours is the only correct one. Follow the parable of the elephant, and you will believe in a world living in harmony.

SHELL

We're not all blind my dear.

Norris packing his stuff up shakes his hat full of money.

NORRIS

Yeah, we're elephants. We work for peanuts.

REESE ANNE

No, you're blind.

Blackout

The fog starts to build as The band of refugees in two groups walks side to side from different sides of the stage and swaying like an elephant as they walk and meet in the middle. They then reach out and feel the elephant in front of them and accept and embrace them. Then they come together to configure a giant elephant, using the tarp as a skin, and grey scarfs as flapping ears, and grey socks as the trunk and tail. As the giant Elephant, they walk side by side off stage humming and singing in rhythmic patterns the word peace. A flog starts to build behind them as break apart and peel-off to lay on the ground in scattered areas around the stage.

ACT I

Scene 5

Mrs. Wheeler is ringing a hand bell, dressed in a long cape, and lit by a street lamp. She as she walks through the fog of Trafalgar Square at night. She is street preaching to the homeless while searching for Reese Anne, with a photo of her in her hands and her bell in the other. She approaches the refugees as she preaches and acts out the parable.

MRS. WHEELER

"Then, as he entered a certain village, there met him ten men who were lepers, who stood afar off, and they lifted up their voices and said, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!" And when he saw them, he said to them, "Go, show yourselves to the priests." And so, it was that as they went,

they were cleansed. And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, returned, and with a loud voice glorified God, and fell on his face at His feet, and giving him thanks. And he was a Samaritan. So, Jesus Answered and said, "we're, their no then cleansed? But where are the nine? Where there, not any found who returned to give glory to God except this foreigner? And he said to him "Arise, go your way. Your Faith has made you well".

The refugees all scatter and as the fog dissipates it reveals DAUD (30's) a Syrian refugee who is sitting on his prayer rug. The mist swirls around him as Mrs. Wheeler circles him looking him over and exits still searching for Reese Anne.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT I

Scene 6

Trafalgar Square the fog is still in the air, DAUD the refugee sits with his legs folded, with a small plate in the center tattered rug laid out in front of him. He his exhausted he stares out into the square. Norris, wearing a new blue knit cap enters carrying his backpack with part of a wing from a costume sticking out of the top. He sees Daud is set up in his prime spot.

NORRIS

Now, who the hell are you?

Daud, does not even acknowledge his presence.

NORRIS

Can you hear me?

Norris walks over and squats so the two are face to face.

NORRIS

I said who the hell are you?

The two men stare each other down. Then Norris takes Daud's blanket and plate and slides its way from his spot. The plate rattles as Daud who is very weak, rises to his knees and then slowly crawls over and picks up his plate and rug and sits down away from

Norris ignoring him he and goes back to staring into the square. Norris then starts to dig around in his bag to set up for the day. Reese Anne and Shell enter and begin to set up between the two men.

NORRIS

Well, look at the early birds.

SHELL

It looks like we have new company.

NORRIS

One of your refugee friends.

REESE ANNE

Hello.

NORRIS

He doesn't understand English. I told you they were coming. More and more every day.

Reese Anne walks over to Shell and digs out the rolled-up apple peel from his coat pocket and smiles at Shell.

REESE ANNE

(To Shell) It keeps the gravedigger away.

She walks over to Daud and kneels down face to face with him and gives him the apple peel. He smiles and takes it from her. Norris still digging in his bag when he stops to point out his new cap.

NORRIS

Check out my hat, Mr. Shelby Moore. MASATO. That's the name.

Norris retrieves a dirty pair of ripped angel wings and unfolds them and straps them on.

NORRIS

They were giving these hats out down at the shelter this blessed morning, and God Bless MASATO!

SHELL

Well, it looks like you had a good morning. But, my little angel, just how did you know my name? That has been troubling me.

Norris strikes a little angel pose.

NORRIS

Divine Providence.

SHELL

When did you see her?

REESE ANNE

See who?

SHELL

Your Mother.

Norris goes for an angel to a devil look.

NORRIS

I guess you got me, Shelby Moore.

REESE ANNE

When did you see her?

NORRIS

Oh, she has been around the Square. I think the last time was before you started bringing the young one around.

SHELL

Did she give you a price?

NORRIS

A price?

SHELL

Yes, a price?

NORRIS

Well, she did mention she would pay for a bit of information.

SHELL

Just what did you tell her?

NORRIS

Nothing, I threw her off your sent.

REESE ANNE

Was she mad?

NORRIS

Not sure. Does she always look that stern?

REESE ANNE

Yeah, your right, I guess you could not tell.

SHELL

How much?

NORRIS

A biscuit.

REESE ANNE

A biscuit?

SHELL

A hundred pounds. Did she give you anything else?

He takes out the card with Mrs. Wheeler's phone number on it. He teases them with the card.

NORRIS

I don't know why. Maybe it's the fact that this fashion designer took the time to think of me and give me something special like this hat. It makes me feel like I should be doing the same. It's as if I got a bit of my faith back in the human race.

Norris rips the card up into little pieces.

REESE ANNE

Just think if the whole world was that way. What if we were kind and left each other alone to be who we want to be. That's what peace is. Peace is naturally, what everyone wants but we have to let everyone find it in their way.

SHELL

But not everyone wants peace. That's the sad thing today.

In his ripped wings Norris stands on one leg and makes a little cupid pose.

NORRIS

Well, I'm feeling at peace today, feeling like a little angel.

He takes the ripped-up pieces of paper and tosses them up in the air to shower himself with them like snow. He then stands on one leg and poses like cupid again with a fake bow and arrow.

NORRIS

(To the Audience) Too bad it's not closer to Valentine's Day! Or I would make a killing! (Beat) What's with Honest Abe?

REESE ANNE

He is not feeling well. His lungs.

NORRIS

It's all that damp air in the underground. You need to be sleeping above ground in the fresh air.

REESE ANNE

That's what I have been telling him!

SHELL

It's not safe.

NORRIS

But slowly dying each night is? You're a crazy old man.

REESE ANNE

Stop calling him crazy! Maybe he is right.

SHELL

It's not safe above ground. Believe it or not, I feel more comfortable in that deep darkness of the underground than to be exposed on the streets.

NORRIS

I can see your point old man, but some part of dear old London town can be quite so lovely in the early morning. I've been all over this world, New York, L.A., I've even been to Rio De Janeiro. All nice but never wholly silent at night. However, London, I'm talking early before the traffic starts up for the day. You almost feel if you listen close like you're transported back in time. I like that about this town. Let's me for a moment forget my past and live in someone else's past.

SHELL

I agree about London; however, it's not safe for a man my age to be exposed like that.

REESE ANNE

To the weather?

NORRIS

You just have to keep your eye on the weather; it can change very quickly. There is nothing worse than walking up to a friend on the streets. Say hello and have half a conversation for minutes before you realize, they are frozen to death. Every seen someone froze to death?

SHELL

Quiet! You're trying to scare the girl.

NORRIS

I'm just telling her the truth. People think it's all peaceful like in the movies. It's not. They look like they have been through a frozen hell.

SHELL

That's enough! It's not the weather! I don't want to be exposed to the human race. It's people I fear not the weather. People can be ruthless at night when they think no one else is watching. I won't expose myself to that.

NORRIS

Awe, you just need to get yourself a dog, man! A dog will protect you.

REESE ANNE

I never had a dog, but I love them!

SHELL

I can barely feed myself. How can I take care of a dog living like this?

NORRIS

No, you got it all wrong man, the dog takes care of you. They love you, they protect you, and if they are cute enough then dog lovers will give you a little extra in your hat. I'm telling you, the right dog could be a good money maker on the streets.

REESE ANNE

Have you ever had a dog on the streets?

NORRIS

My sweet Pepper. Now that dog knew how to draw the money in.

SHELL

So, the animal was another one of your money, making gimmicks.

NORRIS

No, she was my girl. My sweet Pepper. Always by my side. Would curl up with me and keep me warm at night. I could feel her little heartbeat slowing down to keep rhythm with mine. Such separation anxiety she had. I could not even get up to take a piss in the middle of the night without her by my side.

REESE ANNE

What happened to her?

NORRIS

She got into something, and it took her down quick. I got her to a vet, but the Doc said it was too late. Her body was already shutting down. I have killed men in battle not a stone's throw away from me. But putting down someone you love is the hardest thing you will do.

A loud thunderclap.

NORRIS

Jesus looks like some lousy rain is coming our way.

SHELL

Let's get packing Reese Anne.

NORRIS

I thought you said you were not afraid of the weather? Come on old man; you're not going to let a little storm run you away.

The sound of the wind picking up and swilling around the square as Reese Anne packs up their belongings.

SHELL

It looks like it's going to be a bad one and I don't feel fit enough to fight it today.

He starts to exit with Reese Anne.

NORRIS

Shelby Moore! You don't need a dog! It looks like you already have one!

The Rain drives hard on the pavement. Daud, takes his plate and puts in his garment and uses his blanket for cover from the rain. He gestures to Norris offering to share the blankets shelter. Norris stubbornly refuses the offer and sits in the cold shower.

BLACKOUT

The sound of crowds of people counting down to the new year, then the lights flash like fireworks as THE BAND OF REFUGEES enter as New Year's Eve party revelers in the street. They are dancing with each other and singing Auld Lang Syne. Norris starts to dance with one of the Female Refugees and then they slowly slip away leaving a drunken Norris dancing by himself.

ACT I

SCENE 7

The winter wind is whipping through the square, Norris is drunk sipping from a beer bottle as he dances around Daud who is already sitting on his Rug.

NORRIS

She dances before me. She dances in the sky. She dances before me, till we meet eye to eye. She dances before me, then she disappears. She dances before me, then leaves me here.

Shell begins to clap loudly as he and Reese Anne enter the area.

SHELL

Very nice. You're stepping up your game Norris.

NORRIS

Happy New Year, 2016! Dear Shelby Moore. I see you still have your dog.

Reese Anne charges towards him barking viciously! Norris steps back, and she stops and takes over Norris' spot. Daud lets out a little chuckle.

SHELL

Don't make me sic her on you, my dear Norris. Her bite is much worse than her bark. Well, I see she found a sweet little spot for us, Happy New Year!

NORRIS

She is a bright one.

SHELL

One can never have enough knowledge.

NORRIS

I agree. An excellent piece of information can get you far.

SHELL

No. Knowledge.

REESE ANNE

Critical thinking, objective analysis, and evaluation of an issue to form a judgment - Shell taught us that the first day of class. It was not good enough to just memorize dates and events only to forget them later. You need to understand the critical thinking of the people of that era. See why they succeed or why they failed. For what else is history for? Then to learn, from our mistakes.

Norris now claps loudly.

NORRIS

You have trained your dog well.

SHELL

Enough!

REESE ANNE

Shell!

Shouts out, then hides behind Shell.

SHELL

What's wrong?

Reese Anne points across the Square to her mother making a path directly to them.

REESE ANNE

It's my mum!

SHELL

Quick run!

Reese Anne starts to make a break for it when Norris catches her by the arm.

NORRIS

What's wrong? I thought you were a tough doggie.

Reese Anne, bites his arm, freeing her and she exits running away. Norris screams in

*pain and falls to the ground and crawls
away from Shell. Mrs. Wheeler enters!*

MRS. WHEELER

Mr. Shelby Moore! Where is she? You tell me right now!

SHELL

I'm afraid I don't know who you're talking about Mrs.

She turns towards Norris.

MRS. WHEELER

Where is she?

NORRIS

She just ran, I tried to stop her, but she bit me.

*Norris clasps his arm like a wounded paw
on a dog.*

SHELL

Stay out of this, Norris!

MRS. WHEELER

What thinks you have the right to keep my daughter from me?

SHELL

I think she is old enough to choose her own life.

MRS. WHEELER

This? This is life? What nonsense have you been filling in her head?

SHELL

It's my understanding your daughter is escaping the nonsense that was going on in her own house.

MRS. WHEELER

How dare you!

SHELL

I'm just stating the facts.

MRS. WHEELER

What makes you think you have the right to meddle in your student's lives.

SHELL

I help develop these children into responsible adults. When I hear of a student, being mistreated at home, It's my responsibility/

MRS. WHEELER

/Mistreated!?! Well, I never. I just don't spoil my child like the others. She has never been, mistreated. (Beat)Do you have children, Mr. Moore?

SHELL

All my students are my children.

MRS. WHEELER

No! No not my child! My Reese Anne is not your child! Do you hear me?

SHELL

It's too late for you to still act like this. You know that, don't you?

MRS. WHEELER

Do you have a child?

SHELL

No.

MRS. WHEELER

Then you don't know what it's like to be rejected, by the flesh that you brought into this world. Do you?

SHELL

No, but I was rejected by the school I loved.

MRS. WHEELER

That's not the same thing. I'm talking about someone that I sacrificed for from day one. Even the choice to keep her was not that simple. She made it hard on me every single day of my life. Every day. I did nothing but give her everything. All my hopes. All my dreams for her, gone. Nothing left for her to do but regret having me as a mother. Why? Why do you get to be the good guy? You have done nothing!

SHELL

I treated her as an adult. That's all she wants.

MRS. WHEELER

Please! Please, don't you dare tell me what she wants. Wants and needs are two separate things in my household. How else am I to keep her from becoming part of this? This fucked-up generation?

SHELL

You don't know Reese Anne. She is anything but "fucked up."

MRS. WHEELER

I don't agree.

SHELL

Did you teach her the parable of the elephant?

MRS. WHEELER

What?

SHELL

The parable of the elephant. Did you read that to her as a child?

MRS. WHEELER

I have no idea what you're talking about?

SHELL

As I said, you have no idea who Reese Anne is.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne is my child. That's who she is! If I catch you in public with her, I'm going to throw your backside in the docket!

SHELL

I have done nothing wrong.

MRS. WHEELER

Don't fuck with me, Mr. Moore! Who do you think had you fired from that school in the first place? (Beat)I know what I'm doing, and there is not a judge in London that won't believe me.

SHELL

You are crazy.

MRS. WHEELER

Leave my daughter alone! Do you hear me?

She turns and walks over to Norris and drops some large bills into his hat.

MRS. WHEELER

Excellent work, let me know if you see her again.

*Mrs. Wheeler heads off in the direction of
Covet Garden as Shell locks eyes with
Norris. Daud breaks his silence.*

DAUD
(To Norris) Look who is the dog now?

Norris
You speak English?

DAUD
You never asked.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT I

SCENE 8

*Later that night at the ghost tube station.
Reese Anne is waiting next to the fire for
Shell when she hears heavy breathing.*

REESE ANNE
Shell?

SHELL
Yes, It's me.

REESE ANNE
Jesus, I've been waiting all night. I thought you were arrested or something. She is that crazy,
you know?

SHELL
Yes, I know.

REESE ANNE
Are you okay?

SHELL
I'm just a bit winded.

REESE ANNE
I can't believe she tracked me down like that.

SHELL
Norris. (Beat) I think he did it out of kindness.

REESE ANNE

Damn him.

SHELL

Sure, he did it for the money, but also I think he thought it would get you off the streets.

REESE ANNE

Now you're crazy.

SHELL

He sees the same thing. (Beat) You don't belong here!

REESE ANNE

Shell, you said so yourself it's not safe above ground.

SHELL

Not safe for the homeless, you don't have to be homeless.

REESE ANNE

Shell, one of the first memories I have is my mum pulling me out of the bin. I had climbed in because I was hungry. She found me sucking on a banana peel. I've been climbing out of bins, my whole life with her. Climbing the first time the city council evicted us. Then, we finally got back into a flat she could afford, and she started with the boyfriends. God, she has shit for taste in men. It was always my fault that they left. But the truth is you live under a roof with her for too long and you will be dying to escape. With or without a home to live in, I'm going to live down here with you. I'm going to build a home. My home. In the world that I want to live in, not one the in a world that is being determined, for me. I want to make a world that we all can all live together, as one in peace.

SHELL

Underground peace, Reese Anne?

REESE ANNE

It's a start. If we can make a world that can get along underground maybe it will spread above ground. For now, this is where I live, so this is where I must make my start.

SHELL

Just how are you going to start your little underground utopia?

REESE ANNE

By inviting Norris to come live with us.

SHELL

Norris? That's how you're going to start world peace?

REESE ANNE

Someone once taught me about Mahatma Gandhi “It is easy enough to be friendly to one’s friends. But to befriend the one who regards himself as your enemy is the quintessence of true religion.”

SHELL

But you’re not starting a religion.

REESE ANNE

No, a Utopia.

SHELL

It’s a big mistake inviting the likes of Norris down here.

REESE ANNE

I know there is a risk, but I think we can start something here. A place where we can feel safe and build our community among the homeless, with our own rules.

SHELL

Reese Anne, we're alone, and that's why don't need rules, and it's why we're safe. Inviting others to live down here is just asking for trouble.

REESE ANNE

I've made up my mind. If I can find him, I'm going to invite him to come live with us. (Beat)Just let me try this for a while?

Shell glares at her then turns his back to her while he thinks about it.

REESE ANNE

Shell? Shell?

She approaches and touches his shoulder.

SHELL

Yes?

REESE ANNE

How did you end up here?

SHELL

I often ask that question myself.

REESE ANNE

I need to know.

SHELL

Well, if I'm going to live in your utopia, I guess you do have a right to know. The irony is I was doing the same thing you are doing right now. Trying to help a person out.

Reese Anne moves back over towards his chair like it's one of his class lectures.

REESE ANNE

Was this person homeless too?

SHELL

No, worse. She was a shut-in. My Auntie. She never married and was getting on in years. I knew from my visits; she was not doing well. A bit of Alzheimer had set in. So, we agreed that I would move in and start paying the mortgage when she passed. I would take over the household, and for the last five years, I would teach each day, then come home and take care of her and her needs. Well, then she passed. About a week after her passing I had a knock at the door.

Shell Mimics hearing a knocking sound.

SHELL

It seems with the Alzheimer; old Auntie forgot to tell me that being a retired nurse, she had already willed the house to a nursing school. I tried to fight it in court, but this only left me broke and homeless. So, this is why I worry about you being here. I don't want you to repeat my mistakes and sacrifice your life for nothing in return.

REESE ANNE

Did you do it expecting something in return?

SHELL

No, I did it out of love for my Auntie.

REESE ANNE

Then no matter how bad things are, God will make it better. If not now, in the life beyond.

SHELL

Out of the mouths of babes. (Beat)I'm still not feeling well. I need to get some sleep. Let me sleep on your Underground Utopia idea.

REESE ANNE

Sleep on it then, Goodnight Shell.

Shell shuts his eyes and lays down near his chair, Reese Anne tucks a blanket around him.

A BEAT IN TIME

A tube train passes, and in the early morning light Reese Anne wakes up and quietly walks over near Shell. She then grabs Shell's Top hat and exits the ghost station. Shell, who was pretending to be still asleep opens his eyes right after she exits. Then Shell making sure that Reese Anne is gone stands up and removes the blanket. He rolls up a shirt sleeve and goes digging for his bag. Shell finds it and carries it over to his throne and sits down with the bag between his legs. He opens the bag and pulls out some rubber tubing he wraps it around one arm, then removes a syringe. Next, Shell pulls out a small bag from his pocket and a small spoon with some cotton in it and begins to melt some heroin over the cooking fire. He then fills his syringe and shoots up in his arm. His body relaxes his eyes roll back in his head as he sits on his throne by the fire. The needle still sticking out of him under the rubber band. Another train passes.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT I

SCENE 9

Trafalgar Square, Norris is nervously waiting. He is wearing his MASTSO hat and has a black eye. However, he is not dressed in a gimmicky outfit today, just plain street clothes. He is wringing another beanie in his hands. Reese Anne enters, getting dressed in Shell's jacket and top hat as Abraham Lincoln with a Vote Stay EU button on her lapel.

REESE ANNE

I didn't think I would find you here today. Jesus, what happened to your eye?

NORRIS

Shell was right, and these streets are dangerous at night. I've been waiting for you. Where is Shell?

REESE ANNE

I told him to stay back today. He has not been able to sleep and has these horrible dreams. He needs the rest.

NORRIS

I'm sorry for what I did yesterday. I was thinking about it all night. That was not right.

Norris takes out a wad of money and tries to hand it to Reese Anne.

REESE ANNE

What's that?

NORRIS

Your mum's money.

REESE ANNE

I don't want that!

NORRIS

I can't take it.

REESE ANNE

Please, I can't take it.

NORRIS

You can give it to Shell. Help him get some medication for those lungs of his.

REESE ANNE

You give it to him. I'm not taking anything from her ever again.

NORRIS

Please. I also ran to the shelter and got him a beanie.

REESE ANNE

You give it to him.

NORRIS

I can't. I'm going to be heading on.

REESE ANNE

Where are you going?

NORRIS

I'm not sure, but this dressing up and making an ass out of myself for money is no life for me. I need to find some gratitude in my life. Shell is right. He is a good teacher.

REESE ANNE

Then where are you going to go?

NORRIS

Somewhere where I can adopt me a dog.

There is the awkward silence of friendship.

REESE ANNE

We need a dog.

NORRIS

What?

REESE ANNE

We need a dog. How about instead of you adopting one, we adopt you?

NORRIS

What do you mean?

REESE ANNE

Stay with us.

NORRIS

Why are you kind to me?

REESE ANNE

Why did you give Shell that hat?

NORRIS

I felt guilty for what I did.

REESE ANNE

No, you did it out of Love, without expecting something in return. Love for your fellow man, unconditional Love. Yes, we need a dog like you.

NORRIS

You are one smart young lady.

REESE ANNE

If we can't live in London above ground without getting beat up, then why don't we start our own world, underground? A society in which everyone lives in harmony and everything works for the good of its citizens.

NORRIS

I'll make like, a good dog and see him and what kind of medication Shell needs?

REESE ANNE

I think he would like that. We're staying in the old.

NORRIS

Ghost Station at Aldwych. Like a good dog, I've been trailing you the past couple days.

REESE ANNE

Good, then you know how to get there.

NORRIS

I knew how to get there, but you showed me the way. Thank you, my friend.

REESE ANNE

Anytime, my friend.

Norris exits. Reese Anne puts on the top hat and begins to walk down the street working for the crowd as she exits.

REESE ANNE

Pick a year, any year. Just a quid my friend, and I will tell you a tale of history. Yes, just a quid and you will get the education your mother always dreamed you'd have.

FADE TO BLACK

INTERMISSION

ACT II

Scene 1

THE BAND OF REFUGEES are scattered around Trafalgar Square, sleeping around the monument. REESE ANNE enters the square writing a poem as she walking in a small notebook.

REESE ANNE

A double socked foot in a doorway sleeps,
as the morning light begins to creep.
With shivers they roll over, look blank in the air.
What would come today? Would anyone care?
Under historical relics and old church steps.
Lay cardboard mattresses where they slept.
In this city of beauty in any cover, they lay.
Waiting to see what will come this day.
Will She be able to pass this test?
Will He be able to beg like the rest?
Will They be able to survive this day?
All we can do is hope and pray. - REESE ANNE WHEELER - Spring 2016

She exit the Square and then REESE ANNE sneaks back into the Ghost Station and settles down in her bedding by the Shell, Norris and now Daud. She falls back to sleep as the light fades into silhouette. (Beat) The sound of middle eastern chanting of morning Fajr prayers. (It first builds slowly getting louder.) The warm glow reappears in the crack in the station above. You see Daud sitting on his rug performing his Fajr prayers. Shell, Reese Anne, and Norris are still half-asleep stirring to once again find that comfortable spot. However, the chanting grows louder. Norris rips off his blanket.

NORRIS

Jesus Christ, I wish I would have known this before I agreed he could stay with us.

REESE ANNE

Go back to sleep Norris.

*Daud's prayers continue to get louder.
Norris pulls his blanket over his head.*

NORRIS

Sleep? How can I sleep? I have not been able to sleep all night.

SHELL

Just count refugee's coming into our borders Norris, I'm sure you will not back off.

The chanting continues.

NORRIS

Oh, leave it to Mr. Chips to chime in.

REESE ANNE

Norris, Will you go back to sleep?

Norris pulls back his blanket uncovering his head.

NORRIS

Sleep? I'm up now. No, way I'm going back to sleep knowing he is up.

REESE ANNE

Why do you have to make things so hard?

NORRIS

You can just go right back to sleep if you want. This dog is up, and I have my eye on that one.

Daud is still praying.

REESE ANNE

For God's Sake, the man is praying.

Norris gets up and walks over to the one side of the ghost station and takes a piss.

NORRIS

Bollocks! It's gibberish.

REESE ANNE

Splendid, you can be a good dog and go outside to piss.

NORRIS

I don't see you pissing outside?

SHELL

I rather hope you don't see her pissing at all.

Daud stops praying.

NORRIS

Sorry, I feel like shit today, and I start my new job on the river. Shell, could you spare a Fiver until this afternoon? I'm needing a bacon roll from the cab stand.

REESE ANNE

You made a killing yesterday, don't give it to him Shell.

NORRIS

I ran into an old friend from up North and pissed it away, last night. Please Shell my trick stomach is flipping it awful.

Daud pulls out a small silver cylinder and struggles to open it.

NORRIS

What's he got there? You making a pipe bomb?

Daud opens the cylinder and reveals some dried tea leaves.

DAUD

Sage Tea good antioxidant.

NORRIS

Antioxidant, Listen to him. No thank you migrant.

REESE ANNE

You can be a real prick.

Norris grabs his crotch.

NORRIS

Well, when you got a big one you tend to be a big one.

SHELL

Enough! Here Norris! A fiver is worth the peace.

Shell pulls out the money and hands it to a grinning Norris.

NORRIS

Thank you, Shell.

Norris exits.

REESE ANNE

Why do you let him do that to you?

SHELL

Do what?

REESE ANNE

He pisses and moans until he gets his way. Why do you always have to give into him?

SHELL

The man is broke, Reese Anne, that's why he moans.

REESE ANNE

Bollocks.

SHELL

He seems to be rubbing off on you. (Beat) Daud my friend I would love some of your sage tea if you please.

DAUD

It would be my honor to share with those who have shared with me.

Shell sets up a makeshift camping stove and places a teapot on it. Removes a bottle of water from his jacket and fills the pot. The three of them sit around the stove as Shell lights it.

REESE ANNE

Daud, just how did you get to the UK?

Daud fills three dirty teacups full of the dry tea leaf's.

DAUD

Aha, my young one, I have learned that sometimes life takes you on a journey you never expected. The trick is to keep going and not get lost on that journey. (Beat) There I was loading myself onto an already crowded boat. I was still in a daze from my trip to the sea. Our bodies were pressing against each other. It was the first time in a long time that I had felt the warmth of another entity. Then, I started to panic. I can't swim. What was I doing here? I kept thinking of that now famous photo of the refugee boy dead on the beach. Would I drown?

Would anyone care if they saw my body dead on the beach? I was about to climb out of the boat when it pulled away from the shoreline. I was once again trapped. That was a very long boat ride.

The tea water has boiled, and he pours it into three dirty cups.

DAUD

When we reached the next shore, we took us to a camp. The men Including myself were used as labor to build tents for the other refugees. There was always working to be done, for they kept coming every day. I would search their faces for someone I knew who could bring me the news. But I found no one. I started to think of my neighbors I left behind. Were they okay? I should go back and show them how to get here. Yes, that is the right thing to do, they are your friends. No, Daud that is foolish you were lucky to get this far.

Shell and Reese Anne sip their tea as they listen.

DAUD

I stayed and worked that the camp for three months. Then finally it was my turn to be screened and vetted. The red cross-agency had found a distant Uncle of my late wife. He was in the UK in London. I had to wait another two months for them to make the arrangements for me to come to England. Then when I landed in the UK, as my luck would have it, I arrived only to find that her uncle had passed away. So once again I thought about going back. Back to the refugee camp, back to my homeland, back to my neighborhood. I should go back they need me. However, I decided to stay and see where this journey will bring me. So, my friends, it has brought me here with you.

SHELL

What a remarkable story.

REESE ANNE

So, you were married?

Daud, nods and takes a sip of tea to clear his throat.

DAUD

Things were terrible in my neighborhood. Very little food and no water. I went to an area of the city where I knew I could get water. They knew too. Snipers, shooting from nowhere. Sometimes you did not even hear the shots until the bullets were flying past you. I had two massive plastic jugs. I dropped one pitcher, as sniper fire struck it. I just ran with the other and hid by a wall until it was dark, then I slipped away.

He takes another sip of tea.

DAUD

I saw the white helmets as I approached what was left of my apartment building. I dropped the second jug of water and ran as fast as I could to the pile of rubble. I dig, I dig, and I dig.

Tears fill Daud's eyes.

DAUD

For twenty-four hours, I dig by hand. Lifting rocks and dirt of what use to be my shelter from this terrible war. In the twenty-third hour, I found one of my son's favorite toys, a plastic dinosaur. Then in the next thirty minutes, I saw him in my loving wife Anisah arms. He died as he was born with his mother.

He pulls out a small plastic toy dinosaur.

How fitting for they are both now extinct.

Reese Anne, reaches over and gives Daud her hand in comfort.

DAUD

You have a lovely girl Mr. Shell.

SHELL

Yes, she is a special one. (Beat) Now, why don't you two runs along to the square and save our spot and I will be dragging my old bones along soon.

DAUD

Yes, the day is wasting away. Let's go, my friend.

Reese Anne grabs her backpack and Daud his rug and bowl and Shell stands up and begins to stretch out his body and slowly gathering his coat and hat. Reese Anne Waves goodbye as she hurries along with Daud exiting the ghost station. Shell then sits back down in his chair and waits. He places his jacket on his lap and begins to roll up one sleeve of his arm. Then he hears a noise.

SHELL

Who's there?

silence, then another sound closer.

SHELL

Who are you?

Norris wicked laugh.

NORRIS

It's just the boogie man with your magic dust.

Shell starts to put a rubber band around this arm to make his veins bulge.

SHELL

It's form Sneaky Pete?

Norris enters holding a small plastic bag out for Shell to grab.

NORRIS

Yes, Sneaky Pete, but he said that this is the last of this batch. The price has changed going up twenty pounds a bag next week.

SHELL

Fucking economy.

Shell reaches for the bag.

NORRIS

Which means my trips are going to start costing you ten pounds, no more fivers.

He hands the bag over to Shell.

NORRIS

Fucking economy.

SHELL

Well thank you, my little mule, and you will get your ten, next time. Just be more discreet when asking for it. Reese Anne is smarter than you think.

Shell starts to cook his heroin in a spoon over the fire.

NORRIS

She is a smart one. There is something about that girl. She puts a little spring in your step.

Shell is now tapping the needle.

SHELL

She does spread some sunshine in this world.

Shell shoots up, and his body filches as he relaxes into his chair.

NORRIS

No, you don't get it. She is the only one that has ever shown me some love. (Beat) Shell, I think I love her.

Shell staring up at the ceiling of the ghost station.

SHELL

We all love that girl.

Norris grabs Shell's arm.

NORRIS

No, you don't get it. I fancy her.

Shell slowly comes back down to earth and realizes just what Norris is saying.

SHELL

Oh, I see. You know how young she is?

NORRIS

I know, I know Shell.

SHELL

Then you know what's, right?

NORRIS

Say's the man with the needle in his arm. (Beat) I need to get to work. I'm making an honest man's wage today.

Norris exits quickly leaving Shell just finishing shooting up and now relaxed a glaze in his chair.

FADE TO BLACK

The sound of wind picks up, the Band of Refugees form a tight rectangle like they are Refugees in a boat, bobbing on the rough seas. The Waves crash they move their bodies violently from side to side, reacting to the violent crashing waves. The woman with the blanket wrapped baby loses grip, and her baby falls into the sea. She jumps in after it. The other people in the boat move with the rough waves; they start to form a human life rope and slowly work their way out to the woman and her baby. They reach her and one by one they are all pulled back into the boat. The waves continue to crash.

The once again are violently moving side to side, then the wind grows louder, and one giant wave overcomes the boat, and everyone is tossed out.

Blackout.

ACT II

Scene 2

Early Morning, the Ghost Station the flickering light of the tube cars passing by from above, Reese Anne, with her blanket wrapped around her like a hoodie, is writing in her journal. The others are all under there blankets moving to stir and coughing they are all sick.

REESE ANNE

Dinner, Dinner what will it be?
It's always something from Tesco for me.
Whatever I can afford and not later dread.
Something that won't leave me still hungry in bed.
A plastic-wrapped sandwich, with an apple or fruit.
But what would I do for a hot meal?
Something cooked that I did not have to steal.
For food is what I dream of when I sleep
And when I wake I still want to eat. – Reese Anne Wheeler -June 2016

The Sunlight breaks through the cracks of the ghost station, waking Daud up.

DAUD

Right, Moring Reese Anne, you're up early.

REESE ANNE

I could not sleep.

Shell and Norris a cough and stir.

DAUD

I understand I have found it hard to sleep lately too. I'm afraid we are all getting each other sick.

REESE ANNE

I know I'm starting to feel run down too.

DAUD

Take care of yourself. You need the strength of two these days.

REESE ANNE

I know, I hope Shell can get better soon. I can't pull in the money like him.

DAUD

He will. He will.

Daud, lays out his rug and starts his Morning prayers. which wakes the others.

NORRIS

Oh, my God! My fucking head hurts bad enough.

SHELL

Norris, if you just let it in that might clear that head of yours.

NORRIS

Piss off; I'm sick as dog and my head really, fucking hurts today.

SHELL

I'm afraid we're all run down with this heat.

REESE ANNE

It's because we eat like shit.

NORRIS

I eat what I can afford to eat.

REESE ANNE

That's just it; we can all afford to be eating better. There are four of us here If we each put in ten pounds a day. That's forty pounds; I could cook us some fantastic meals instead of us just boiling water for tea, and gruel down here.

NORRIS

You Mean thirty pounds, I'm not sharing my food with the Migrant.

REESE ANNE

Norris, if we are doing this, we do it all as one, together. That's why we're down here.

Daud is still praying.

NORRIS

I'm not down here to share with anyone. (Beat) What do you think you can cook?

REESE ANNE

I was thinking of starting with a beef stew.

*Everyone including Daud who is still
praying lets out a deep moan of yearning.*

SHELL

With carrots?

NORRIS

And Onions and Potatoes?

Daud finishes praying.

DAUD

On a hot bed of rice.

REESE ANNE

Yes, I think I can manage that. Do we need to pool our money together? Agreed?

NORRIS

I'm not sharing with the Migrant.

REESE ANNE

Then you will not eat with us.

NORRIS

Just who made you the boss, little miss?

REESE ANNE

I'm a woman, not a little miss! I'm also the cook, who knows how to stir the pot. If you don't dish in, then I don't dish it out. Simple. Where, all down here together, regardless of this election and the outside world. If we are going survive down here, we need to help each other out, pool our resources and live as a community should live. So, either we all share our money together, or we can just forget this whole thing and all move on.

SHELL

She has a point.

NORRIS

Piss off; you have not worked the street for days. Letting a little. (beat) A young woman is doing your bidding.

REESE ANNE

Shell and I were a team before you showed up. Who I share my earning with is my concern, not yours. Now, can we all agree to pool our money together? At least try it once?

The others all nod yes.

REESE ANNE

Agreed then! Okay, maybe a few tasty meals and we can all get back to good health.(Beat) Shell, how are you feeling today.

Shell who is very pale now, not from his sickness but his hidden drug addiction.

SHELL

I'm afraid I don't feel much better today.

NORRIS

Yeah, I bet you don't.

SHELL

Mind your business, Norris! (Beat) I'm afraid I won't do you much good today. I'm trying to save my strength to go vote.

NORRIS

Yes, save your strength.

REESE ANNE

Shell? Where does a person go to vote?

Norris laughs at her.

REESE ANNE

What's so funny?

NORRIS

The little Woman who is going to change the world, but does not know where to vote to do it.

REESE ANNE

I Just have never voted before. Did you know how to vote in your first election?

SHELL

Voting is mostly done in community Halls and other public buildings. (Beat) Did you ever go with your mother when she voted?

REESE ANNE

Yes, I think so. I think she votes at our Church hall.

SHELL

Then that is also your polling place.

REESE ANNE

So just show up there.

SHELL

Yes, with your ID.

REESE ANNE

And then?

SHELL

They will have your name on a list check you off and had your ballot. You fill it out and slide it into the slot of a box, that's it. Simple.

REESE ANNE

Except for the part about going back to my Church hall.

SHELL

If you're lucky, you can be in and out of there in no time.

NORRIS

I've never once voted where there was not a long Que.

DAUD

I have not voted since Ba'ath party came to power in a coup. The first anti-regime uprising that started in March 2011., then to appease the citizens of Syria, Assad had an election, 3 June 2014. It was the first election I've ever boycotted. Assad's puppet democracy. Some boycotted in fear, others like myself boycotted to give notice that we did not recognize this dictator, as our president. Soon after the Civil War escalated and so my country spiraled out of control. Voting in a free state is a blessed gift, Reese Anne.

SHELL

Yes, it is. A gift and a responsibility.

NORRIS

From the mouth of MR. Responsible himself. Yes, a Responsivity to do the right thing for your country.

SHELL

You're, in a piss mood today.

NORRIS

I told you I've been feeling like shit.

Reese Anne anxious to get started is packing her stuff for the day.

REESE ANNE

Well, a hot meal tonight. For all of us. Let's go Daud and get the prime spot.

The Band of Refugees is divided into two sides marching those who what to stay in the EU and the other side Pro Brexit, each marching and chanting slogan Reese Anne work the way down the middle between the two factions and towards Trafalgar Square.

ACT II

Scene 3

Mrs. Wheeler is standing near the Lions waiting and looking for Reese Anne, when Reese Anne enters walking and talking to Daud, un aware that her mother is near.

REESE ANNE

(To Daud) That's just It. I don't think either one of them are sick. They just want us to go out and work the streets for them, I starting to feel used.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne?

Reese Anne looks up and sees her mom and starts to run away.

Please! Wait! Don't run!

Reese Anne, stops and turns to face her mother.

I'd like to talk to you alone.

She nods at Daud, who in return looks at Reese Anne, who gives Daud a nod that it's okay to leave. So, he exits.

MRS. WHEELER

Your looking thin.

REESE ANNE

I'm fine Mother.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne, Come home.

REESE ANNE

I thought you don't like to invite the homeless into your flat.

MRS. WHEELER

This has gone too far. You have made your point.

REESE ANNE

My point Mum? Just what is my point?

MRS. WHEELER

I don't want to fight anymore. I want you to come home.

REESE ANNE

Well I have other plans.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne your throwing your life away here.

REESE ANNE

No mother I'm trying to save a life here.

MRS. WHEELER

Mr. Moore? Is he worth sacrificing your future?

REESE ANNE

I know it's hard to see, but he is a good man mother. If you want me home, you're going to have to invite us both.

MRS. WHEELER

I can't have that man in my home.

REESE ANNE

Then you won't have me in it either.

Reese Anne turns and walks away. A loud bang and chaos break out with the Band of Refuges and the two sides fighting, a while a yellow vested London Police officer tries to hold back the two parties who are now in a violent shouting match. Reese Anne and Daud are shoved as they try to get back to the Ghost Station.

BLACKOUT

ACT II

Scene 4

The subway cars pass lighting up Norris and Shell who are drunk singing as the lights fade up in the ghost station.

SHELL/NORRIS

“ON the morning dark as the devil,
The shape of the ghost has become one.
A cruel wind cuts, a man to the bone like a razor.
And the lighting on a blanket like a warming sun.

So, pull me a pint, Jon,
I’m not going home yet.
I might stay here for a year.
Send to my wife, Say I’ve gone to Australia.
While all winter along, I’ll be sitting right here.

Goodbye, boring job,
I leave you behind me.
And Goodbye to my family, And my career.
I think I’ll wait for the summer. Then ill head to Australia.
Or perhaps I might stay, and spend all my days here.”

Reese Anne and Daud frantically run in to find the two of them singing.

So, pull me a pint, Jon,
I’m not going home yet.
In fact, I might stay here, for years.
Send to my wife. Say I’ve gone to Australia.
When all year long
I’ll be sitting right here.”

Reese Anne throws the top hat at Shell to interrupt them.

REESE ANNE

Is this what you have been doing all day? Getting drunk?

NORRIS

Come, have a swig, love.

He offers her the bottle.

REESE ANNE

Piss off! Love! (Beat) Shell you have no idea what the streets have been like today, protesters everywhere.

SHELL

London is always like this on election eve.

REESE ANNE

No, I mean angry crazy. Someone threw coffee on Daud.

DAUD

It is true. The streets were very angry today.

NORRIS

Well, there is nothing left to do but wait for the tally, then the migrant here will be going home.

REESE ANNE

Most, Londoners are for staying in the EU.

NORRIS

But England is for the Brexit. As a whole Country, you will see we stand for sovereignty!

Shell laughs at him.

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 Beasley 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. Beasley 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 Beasley, 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.

NORRIS

See he gets it. The country is sick of being invaded. We will have our say, and you mark my words tomorrow the U.K. Will be, exiting the EU, and the first thing we're going to do is get rid of the likes of him!

Norris points at Daud.

REESE ANNE

Bollocks, I want you to get out of here! This is our spot, I invited you down here, and now you want to go back up North. Well, Leave! I'm sick of the trouble you bring; I want you to leave, Now!

SHELL

Reese Anne, you can't.

NORRIS

Oh, she means it. What a hypocrite, do you even hear what you're saying? This is mine, and I want you to leave! You agree with me, and you don't even know it.

REESE ANNE

Leave now!

Norris get his things together to leave the ghost station.

NORRIS

Little girl, you have no idea of what's going on in the world around you. Yeah, he is sick, make him roll up his sleeves! Check out his skin! His Skin will tell you the truth. You will see the facts, come tomorrow when we vote to kick the likes of that migrants out!

Norris storms off exiting and laughing.

SHELL

Reese Anne, sometimes you don't know when to leave things alone.

REESE ANNE

Is this true?

Shell drops his head. Reese Anne walks over to him with the lantern.

REESE ANNE

Roll them up!

Shell slowly rolls up his one sleeve to reveal all the purple needle marks from him shooting up.

SHELL

I'm sorry to have to say Norris is right.

Reese Anne is devastated by seeing the truth and starts to cry.

REESE ANNE

Your skin tells the story of your life. You taught me that.

Shell tries to approach her.

REESE ANNE

No! Don't! Your skin tells me that you need to also get the hell out of here!

SHELL

Kicking me out of here is not going to solve any problems.

DAUD

I agree with Mr. Shell, “At the end of the game the king and the pawn go back in the same Box.”

REESE ANNE

Do they? What if the king was a fucking court jester?

SHELL

Reese Anne.

REESE ANNE

All these days, when you were not feeling well? This is what you were doing?

SHELL

If you remember when you first came here I said you could stay here a day or two. I never thought I was going to have to hide anything.

DAUD

Well, I for one have made up my mind. If the UK chooses to leave the EU will go back to Syria and show others how to get out.

REESE ANNE

Get out for what? For this?

SHELL

Reese Anne!

DAUD

No, Mr. Shell, the young one is right. No, I will not show them how to get to the UK. I will show them a way out of danger that's all I can do.

REESE ANNE

Then you have both have given up?

DAUD

Giving up?

REESE ANNE

On this?

SHELL

This was your Utopia Reese Anne, not mine.

She picks up his chair and tosses it at him.

REESE ANNE

Then get out! Both of you just leave!

SHELL

Reese Anne.

REESE ANNE

Don't you understand, I looked up to you. You were like my Dad. Now, now I can't even look you in the face. Please leave.

Shell picks up his top hat, then the chair and slowly exits. and Daud collects his things, Reese Anne keeps her head down not making eye contact with him as he also exits.

FADE TO BLACK.

ACT II

SCENE 5

The Church Hall, Reese Anne is waiting at the end of a slow-moving long voting line, composed of The Band of Refugees. She slowly shuffles towards the voting entrance when her Mother exits the voting station and sees her. Reese Anne ignores her and continues to slowly shuffle forward.

MRS. WHEELER

Your first vote.

Reese Anne shuffles another step forward ignoring her. Mrs. Wheeler then turns and starts to exit. She then stops and looks back at Reese Anne who is still slowly shuffling forward. She walks back up to her.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne, you know you can come home.

REESE ANNE

I came here to vote not for your help.

Reese Anne Shuffles another step forward. MRS. WHEELER starts to walk away but returns hold out a 20 for Reese Anne.

MRS. WHEELER

Take this.

She tries to touch Reese Anne, but she takes another step forward and ignores her mother. Mrs. Wheeler stuffs the money in her hand and walks away. Reese Looks twenty and starts to cry.

ACT II

SCENE 6

In the dimly lit Ghost station. Reese Anne is behind the thrown getting change into fresh clothes, her back to the audience she is topless and reaches over to grab a clean shirt, she starts to slips over a new top when a light slowly brightens on Norris who with a bottle in hand has been silently watching her change. Then suddenly Reese Anne notices that she is being, watched.

NORRIS

You always did have a lovely backside, my dear.

REESE ANNE

Piss off!

Reese Anne starts to back away and create a little distance between the two of them.

NORRIS

I told you we would win.

REESE ANNE

Fucking shame it is, don't see what you're so proud about.

NORRIS

That's what it is about Pride. Taken back what is ours and being proud of it.

REESE ANNE

Well, I don't think it's a very proud day.

Norris takes another drink from his bottle then offers it to Reese Anne.

NORRIS

Want a drink?

REESE ANNE

What makes you think I would share a drink with you.

Norris starts slowly creeps up on her.

NORRIS

Come on fiery Anne, why do you always have to fight me?

Norris grabs her by the arm and pulls her close to him and kiss her. She fights him knocking his bottle out of his hand; he swings a backhand which hits her across the face. She tries to break free and run, but he still holds on to her one arm.

NORRIS

To the victor belong the spoils.

REESE ANNE

No! Jesus Norris! Norris!

Norris backs her up and bends her over the throne and begins to rape her from behind. Reese Anne still fights, and pleas but Norris has his hand on her neck and forces her back down. Shell and Daud enter and witnesses what is happening. A shaken Shell tries to unfold his penknife, He points it at Norris like a sword towards Norris.

SHELL

Stop That!

Norris turns around to see Shell and Daud then slowly pulls up his pants.

NORRIS

Leave us alone old man.

Shell charges at Norris who knocks him to the ground and sends the knife sliding

across the floor. Daud quickly picks up the penknife and strikes a defensive pose.

NORRIS

I'm going to enjoy sticking that in you migrant.

The two engage each other in hand to hand combat struggling for control over the knife. Norris is bending Daud's arm holding the knife backward away from him pointing the blade back at Daud. Then suddenly Daud twist free and Norris lunges after him sending the two men rolling on the ground. When they stop, Daud is on top of Norris's bloody body. He drops the knife and looks at the blood on his hands, the lifeless face of Norris and then at Reese Anne.

DAUD

(To Shell) "They have made worms' meat of me."

Daud, in fear darts runs away, Reese Anne has curled up in a ball and Shell checks Norris for any sign of life.

SHELL

It's too late Reese Anne. (Beat) We must go.

Shell, tries to pick up Reese Anne to carry her out of the ghost station. The City councilman enters the Ghost Station and searches the area with his flashlight discovering Norris Body. The Councilman blows on a police whistle, and One of the Refugees runs in wearing a Police Bobby helmet. He starts to blow on his Whistle. In the Dark you Hear another Whistle, then another, soon All the Refugees run in dresses as police officers blowing their whistles and searching the area with their flashlights. The Break the fourth wall and start to harass the audience, shining their flashlights in their faces and asking for some identification. Another whistle is sounded, and Daud in handcuffs is lead through Trafalgar Square.

BLACKOUT

ACT II

SCENE 7

Trafalgar Square daylight is just breaking, and the fog has rolled in. Mrs. Wheeler is standing on one side of the stage in a pool of light when Shell appears from the mist.

SHELL

Thank you for coming.

MRS. WHEELER

The school sent me your message, thank you for your call.

SHELL

It's time. She needs to come home.

MRS. WHEELER

What made you change your mind?

Shell

You were right this is no life for a girl.

Mrs. Wheeler

You mean, a young woman?

Shell

Yes, A young women, but I'm afraid she is not so innocent anymore.

MRS. WHEELER

Is she, all, right?

SHELL

Yes, Just A bit broke and I don't know how to fix her.

MRS. WHEELER

Where is she?

Shell points across to the other side of the stage, and the lights fade up so you can see

Reese Anne in Shell's Top hat sheepishly trying work the crowd for money. You can tell by her body language alone she is beaten down.

MRS. WHEELER

(To Shell) Thank you.

Shell gives her a nod then disappears into the fog. Mrs. Wheeler slowly approaches Reese Anne.

MRS. WHEELER

Reese Anne.

REESE ANNE

The Great Rooster Rebellion of 2016. Crisscrossing the city side, letting her mother know she had freedom of choice in what kind of God she believed in. For the very first time, she had a freedom of choice. My freedom. My life. My choice.

MRS. WHEELER

And He said to him, "Arise, go your way. Your faith has made you well."

REESE ANNE

Has it?

MRS. WHEELER

What?

REESE ANNE

Has it made me well?

MRS. WHEELER

It has made you into a strong young woman. I can see that.

REESE ANNE

But has it made me well?

MRS. WHEELER

I think you have seen by now just hard this world can be. I think it has made you well. You can still see the goodness in people. Reese Anne, I'm so proud of you.

REESE ANNE

Thank you, Mother, I needed to hear that.

MRS. WHEELER

I just wish you could still see the goodness in me.

REESE ANNE

I never stopped, mum. I just had to find out who I was. That make sense?

MRS. WHEELER

It's perfectly common sense.

The two embrace each other with a warm hug. Reese Anne See's Shell for a moment watching the reunion from the fog, She, gives him a nod of thanks and Shell gives her a nod in return. He fades away as he exits. Then Reese Anne and Mrs. Wheeler start to fade as Mrs. Wheeler exits.

EPILOGUE

The band of Refugees one by one start to reappear, drifting their tired bodies towards Trafalgar Square. The mother with her baby wrapped in the blanket trails the row of refugees as they enter. Behind her, Shell wonders in. He tries to sneak a peek at the baby. However, When Shell looks over the mother's shoulder, she turns away. He tries again looking over the opposite shoulder of the mother, but once again she turns way protecting her child. Shell makes a third attempt to look at the baby. When the mother stops and unfolds the blanket letting it drop the floor. Her baby has died, she stands sobbing looking down at the blanket on the ground. Shell picks up the blanket and wraps it around the mother to comfort her. They walk together and meet the other refugees, and together they climb under the giant newspaper and try to sleep as the lights fade on them. The sound of District line approaching, and as the flicker of light passes. The ghost station, Reese Anne steps

into a pool of light, dressed back in the same warm coat from the prologue. A tube train passes from above, and the lights flicker as it passes by.

REESE ANNE

I still come down here from time to time. You know, to escape from the world above. I miss this stale air. (Beat) I think of what we could have had here. Maybe I was just trying to save myself. We voted as a Country to exit the EU that day and yet we are still attacked by terrorist, both in London and Manchester. More recently the Easter Day attacks in Sri Lanka. I guess people still have not learn that blowing yourself up is no way to make a point. (Beat) I come back here to wonder what if we could have made it work. Where did we go wrong down here? (Beat) These days the whole world seems to be blind, everyone just recognizing what they seem to think is the right way to live on this earth. Were just little strips of apple skins trying to absorbed as much as life as possible. (Beat) But, what if for one year we could bind together. Can we still do that? One year? Make the apple whole again? We could create world that is full of nurturance and life, and call it a World at peace. The Peace Year.

She pulls out of her backpack a giant oversized shiny red apple. She places the oversized shiny red apple, on an abandoned stool. She then makes a direct plea to the audience.

REESE ANNE

Pick a year, one year, any year and you would get an education in a world your mother always dreamed you'd have.

Another tube train passes as its lights flicker by, Reese Anne exits, leaving only the Bright Red Apple illuminated in a pool of light and then they slowly fade to black.

END OF PLAY