

## Of Our Own Making

Characters (in order of appearance)

(Preceding number denotes actor playing character for initial production)

**1 SAIF – Seeming refugee (30-50 yo)**

**2 HUSSAN – Seeming refugee (17-25 yo)**

**3 AMIRA – Syrian refugee, travelling with baby.**

**KATY – Micky's mother. (on Skype or phone & pre-recorded by member of cast)**

**4 MICKY – Tabloid cub journalist. (25-40 yo), N. Irish descent**

**JJ - Online groomer / radicalising voice (seen only on projected chat room text, pre-recorded by member of cast / in devised pieces by ensemble)**

**PARSIFAL – Teen boy, subject to online grooming / radicalisation. Ensemble.**

**PAUL – Editor of Micky's tabloid paper (only on Skype or phone & pre-recorded by member of cast)**

**5 CAPTAIN OF TRAFFICKING BOAT - (doubled up / played by member of cast)**

**5 REFUGEE #1 - (doubled up / played by member of ensemble)**

**5 REFUGEE #2 - (doubled up / played by member of ensemble)**

**5 REFUGEE #3 - (doubled up / played by member of ensemble)**

**5 MOHAMMED – Counsellor for Prevent de-radicalisation sessions**

**1 TRAFFICKER #2 - (Voice off)**

**5 BORDER OFFICER (Macedonia) - (doubled up / played by member of cast)**

**3 MIGRANT (Calais) – Wondering on street of Calais (doubled up / played by member of cast)**

**2 IMMIGRATION OFFICER (Calais) – at ferry port (doubled up / played by member of cast)**

**HUSSAN'S ACCOMPLICE – Pre-recorded, over radio.**

**ACT I**

**SCENE 1.**

SOUND OF THE SEA, CICADAS. EXTERIOR: A BEACH

SAIF: (RAISING HIMSELF UP OVER A SAND BANK, LOOKING OUT) There you are, you bastard.

HUSSAN: (ENTERS, FOLLOWING): You think we can cross it, Saif?

SAIF: Nothing can stop us now Hussan!

HUSSAN: Nothing but a thousand kilometres of deep cold water.

SAIF: Oh, she is not so hard to beat, are you? Can you hear me you great ugly wet bitch!?! Huh!?!?

HUSSAN: (SILENCE) A change, anyway, from a thousand miles of sand. I hope coming through Egypt was right. Turkey looked quicker and easier to me.

SAIF: Are you listening!?! You think you can stop us?

HUSSAN: You're wasting your time. The water here looks no more intelligent than at Alexandria. Could do with more ice cream parlours here though.

SAIF: All the comforts, soon enough Hussan.

HUSSAN: Though it never stopped raining in Alexandria.

SAIF: Wait till you get to Europe.

HUSSAN: Do they do ice creams, you think? I miss ice cream.

SAIF: All you can eat. Italy is the world Gelato trade centre.

SILENCE.

HUSSAN: Let's find a boat.

AMIRA: (OFF) Saif! Is it true. Are we there!?!?

SAIF: No, we are here. We still have to get "there".

AMIRA; (ARRIVING) Aaaaaah. Look at her. Look at it! It's so beautiful in the moonlight. Hold the baby Hussan. I want to swim.

HUSSAN: What!?!?

AMIRA: I want to swim! It looks too inviting.

SAIF: Careful what you wish for.

HUSSAN: Can you even swim Amira?

AMIRA: Let me at least get my feet wet. Let the waters bless these weary feet.

SAIF: Go on then, but quickly. We must find a safe place. And a boat.

HUSSAN: You think it will be easy. Where are we?

SAIF: Well we're not in fucking Syria anymore are we. So *that's* a start.

HUSSAN: Will you never go back?

AMIRA: (SHOUTING FROM WATER) Come on in Saif. The water is lovely!

SAIF: Soon enough! (TO HUSSAN) Never. And this will help, to go forward. (HE BRANDISHES A ROLL OF MONEY). Always forward, Hussan. We are unstoppable.

HUSSAN: Where did you get that!?

SAIF: A golden goose I know. And where are we? Tobruk. Or at east a few miles east. That way now. Come on Amira! We've a boat to catch.

AMIRA: Alright I'm coming. And stop shouting. You'll wake the baby.

HUSSAN: I can't wait to get to Italy! I can taste the gelato already.

SAIF: We shall arrive with the moon on our shoulders.

HUSSAN: Very poetic. Like the rats of Tobruk. Come on Amira. This baby's getting heavy.

AMIRA: We are all heavy, Hussan. But Allah, praise be his name, will keep us afloat.

SAIF: Come on. We've a long way to go.

LIGHTS

**ACT I**

**SCENE 2**

MICKY SPEAKS TO KATY ON SKYPE ON PHONE.

KATY: Hi love. Where are you?

MICKY: Dover. Just waiting to board the 3 o'clock.

KATY: Not the tunnel?

MICKY: I might take the train, once I'm there, but I like mixing it up. Trains, planes and automobiles. You know.

KATY: You like watching the waves from the deck. You always did. With ya da.

MICKY: The sea is good to look at. You can see... stories in it.... sometimes.

KATY: What are you covering?

MICKY: Immigration stories mostly.

KATY: (PAUSE) Is that really the outfit to be working for? They're no friends to the Irish immigrant.

MICKY: It pays well. It's good for my CV. I... like Paul.

KATY: You *like* him? (PAUSE) Are you fucking him?

MICKY: What sort of question is that to ask a daughter?!

KATY: Are ya?

MICKY: (PAUSE) I might be.

KATY: He's a married man Michaela. Never mind the rest.

MICKY: Don't call me that. He's married to his work anyway.

KATY: Are you on the pill?

MICKY: Another inappropriate personal question to a good Catholic girl!

KATY: You don't want that on ya CV.

MICKY: No. I mean... yes... I am Of course I am. I have been. Look I've got to go.

KATY: Call me!

**ACT I**

**SCENE 3**

WE DISCOVER A BOY (BOYS?) IN A HOODIE HUNCHED OVER A COMPUTER SCREEN. PLAYING A VIOLENT WAR GAME: WE DON'T SEE HIS FACE. PROJECTED WE SEE THE GAME AND THE FOLLOWING *GAMING CHATROOM CONVERSATION DEVELOP*.

THE ENSEMBLE DEVISES AROUND THIS:

JJ: Hi.

Parsifal: (PAUSE) Oh... Hi.

JJ: You're really good at this, hustler.

Parsifal: Huh. You think?

JJ: How did you get so good? I'd like to tell my friends about your skills.

Parsifal: My skills? Thanks, but...

JJ: You remind me of..... how can I say?.... a great hero.

Parsifal: Nah. Don't know about that.

JJ: Don't be modest. You could be a great leader.

Parsifal: (PAUSE) What do you mean?

JJ: Look I have to go. Catch you laterz, Parsifal.

Parsifal: Yeah. Laterz.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 4**

EXTERIOR: A TOWN (TOBRUK)  
SAIF IS IN THE BACKGROUND, HAGGLING WITH TWO  
MEN. HUSSAN AND AMIRA WAIT FOR HIM, IN  
FOREGROUND.

AMIRA: What's he doing? Will he be long, Hussan. I am so tired. I need to sleep.

HUSSAN: I need to piss. I need to eat. I need to wash. I need to drink. Allah will provide... in good time.

AMIRA: And soon I hope. All praise to his time-keeping.

SOUNDS OF A DISTANT EXPLOSION.

What in God was that!?

HUSSAN: Who knows? Target Practice? IS may have camps near here. I don't want to be introduced.

AMIRA: I thought I would miss Damascus. But you know... I don't. Damascus isn't Damascus anymore.

HUSSAN: The same for ..er... Aleppo. But I would rather sit on the rubble than be away from home. We will rebuild Amira.

AMIRA: Not from here. Come on Saif. I want to get my child off this (UNDER BREATH) fucking continent.

HUSSAN: Why we took the Jordan way.... I still don't see . And why not take the boat from Alexandria. That...captain.. whatever he was....

AMIRA: Darwishi.

HUSSAN: Darwishi. That's right. Seemed like a very good man. The boat looked good. Strong.

AMIRA: Hussan. The boat was half full of children. No. Saif was right. The crossing from Alexandria would have been too long. And we'd have likely ended up in Greece. Better to get further west first. Closer to Italy.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

HUSSAN: Into Libya!? I'm not so sure. (PAUSE) You know what Saif is carrying, Amira?

AMIRA: What? Wait. Here he is.

SAIF: Ok. Come on. Let's go.

HUSSAN: Any good?

SAIF: Yes. All good. We've got passage. A boat. But tonight.

AMIRA: Praise be to Allah.

HUSSAN: Tonight? Where from?

SAIF: Here. Just east of the harbour. A small inlet. There'll be 20 or so of us. We're the last.

AMIRA: 20? How big is the boat?

SAIF: They didn't say. I persuaded them to make space for us.

HUSSAN: Who cares? It floats. We're leaving. Let's go get some food.

AMIRA: Yes. And somewhere to charge my phone.

SAIF: Ok. But only enough to fill your belly, Hussan. We need to travel light.

AMIRA: Praise be. I'm so ready to cross that water. I'll text my brother in law we're on our way. Can I use your phone Saif?

SAIF: (PAUSE) Mine's flat too, Amira. Come on, We must go now. It's still a long way to the inlet. (PAUSE) Let me carry the baby.

,.....

**ACT 1**

**SCENE 5**

ROADSIDE. NIGHT.

MICKY ON PHONE. WE CAN HEAR PAUL ON OTHER END.

PAUL: Where are you?

MICKY: Cologne. Just outside. It's actually pretty here. The lights and...

PAUL: So...have you got any stories?

MICKY: Oh. Now you're hurting my feelings. I was calling for a quiet... chat.

PAUL: That's something I like about you. You still believe in romance.

MICKY: Only takes one to kill it, Paul.

SILENCE

PAUL: Listen... I do want you. Yeah, but right now... in Greece. Sorry... but we urgently need pictures and...(TO SOMEONE ELSE) Is he there. Yeah. Two minutes.

(DOWN PHONE) I can see a bright sign over *your* pretty head, um... Micky. The referendum's coming. We have to show our colours.

MICKY: Haven't we already?

PAUL: Greece. Tomorrow. Alright? Find one for us. Or even better... a cell. (PAUSE) Can you drive?

MICKY: HGV licence me.

PAUL: Really? Well, great. In that case, go overland, but pronto. And if you use your trucking... er...

MICKY: Knowledge...?

PAUL: To get stories on the way all well and good, but don't let it slow you down. Just follow the truck trail down to Greece. When you stop, talk to...um...

MICKY: Truckers?

PAUL: Flash your smile, flash your legs... get what you can. Hijackings. Bribes from traffickers. Have you got anything you know, good... to wear?

MICKY: You're joking, right? Look why don't we just make it up? I mean....

PAUL: No. Old school. Real names, with pictures. "Otto here from Hamburg had fifteen jump his truck. He feared for his life. They were like rats" he said. Stuff like that. Farage is literally a total wanker and he needs our help. And you know.... the jackpot, in Greece, *the* jackpot is....

MICKY: I know what the jackpot is Paul. I'll see what I can... rustle up!

PAUL: Good girl. (ENDS CALL)

MICKY: Good Girl. "be careful Micky. Don't put yourself in danger Micky." "Oh I won't Paul. Thanks for caring, but I'm a professional. La la la. Jack pot. Fuck you.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 6**

SAME BOY (OR BOYS) IN A HOODIE HUNCHED OVER A COMPUTER SCREEN. PLAYING A VIOLENT WAR GAME: WE DON'T SEE HIS FACE. PROJECTED WE SEE THE GAME AND THE CHATROOM CONVERSATION CONTINUE. *AGAIN THE ENSEMBLE DEVISE AROUND THIS:*

JJ: Hi again.

Parsifal: Oh.... hi.

JJ: You still like this game.

Parsifal: Sure

JJ: You seem a natural. Have you been playing long?

Parsifal: Just a month or so.

JJ: Wowsers. You're a quick learner. We could do with you on our team.

Parsifal: (PAUSE) Team?

JJ: Not now. Laterz Parsifal.

Parsifal: Oh... yeah. See you.

**ACT I****SCENE 7**

EXTERIOR: ON BOAT, OUT AT SEA. DAY

AMIRA: You said it was small Saif. You didn't say it was a teacup!

SAIF: It will get us there. Don't worry Amira. All will be well. I promise.

AMIRA: Don't worry!?! Move over Hussan.

HUSSAN: Move over yourself

AMIRA: I would if I could. Don't worry!?! There's nothing between my baby and the endless depths but 50 cm of rubber and air and you tell me not to worry!?! God I feel sick.

HUSSAN: I feel hungry.

AMIRA: You're always hungry.

HUSSAN: When do they serve the ice cream?

SAIF: Look there's the bigger boat. I told you once we're clear of the shore they'd transfer us. Come Amira. Get ready.

AMIRA: What must I do? Change frocks for the captains table!?!?

CAPTAIN: (OFF) All of you. You must climb up into the bigger boat. Leave nothing behind.

HUSSAN: He's joking right? I can't leave my laptop and microwave in his safe-keeping!?!?

CAPTAIN: (OFF) One at a time. You must disembark carefully. Do not un-balance the boats.

SAIF: Come on Amira. Come, pass me the baby. Come on Hussan.

HUSSAN: I will take the baby.

AMIRA: Don't let us fall in Saif. Allah keep us safe.

SAIF: All is well, come on. There'll be coffee awaiting us on the big ship.

AMIRA: There's no room to put my feet.

HUSSAN: Why doesn't this fucking bucking bronco of a boat stay still!?!?

SAIF: Come on. Pass me the baby.

AMIRA: Wait. Hussan! I can hardly stay on my feet. Hussan! Where are you? Do you

still have the baby? Do you have Mahdi?

HUSSAN. I have him. Here Saif. You take him.

SAIF: Wait. Let me get up some more. You lot get back, we can't get up. What are you all doing? Stop gawping at us and get back!

CAPTAIN; Get back to the other side. All of you. Get back. You're going to capsize her.

AMIRA; Saif! Look out! Hussan, throw me the baby. Mahdi!

SAIF: Shit. You bloody idiots! Get back!!

CAPTAIN: Look out! Quick, quick! She's going over.

HUSSAN: Here, Amira. Take him! Release the lines! All of you, Row back, row back!!  
Allah Save us!

AMIRA: Saif!!

HUSSAN: She's going! Oh my god. Row back, row back or she's take us down with her.

CAPTAIN: Look out!!

SOUNDS OF SCREAMING, WATER, CAPSIZING.

AMIRA; Hussan! Hussan!? Where is Saif?

HUSSAN: Saif!? He's gone Amira. I can't see him.

AMIRA: Saif!! Saif!?

.....

**ACT I**

**SCENE 8**

INTERIOR: AN INTERROGATION ROOM. SAIF IS SEATED AT A PLAIN TABLE.

MOHAMMED: (ENTERS) Hello again Saif

I'm going to call you Saif, for now, although we're fairly sure that's not your name.

Do you smoke?

SILENCE.

Ok. So my name is Mohammed bin Nayef  
I am one of the Channel councillors. Channel is... we work with... with re-education. You may have heard of Prevent. We.. we are... well we do the same thing. Effectively.....de-radicalisation.

SAIF: I'm not a radical.

MOHAMMED: Of course.

SAIF: You've got the wrong guy.

MOHAMMED: Well...

SAIF: You can call me what you want. A violent extremist. The violence I know is nothing. Do you hear me? Do you know what your coalition unleashed, huh? And who will avenge our brothers and sisters,.... our children and our... our wives. Is it we who are the terrorists!?

MOHAMMED: Well, nice to hear from you. I wasn't going to call you anything, except Saif, but yes.. it's true you're "on this programme" as you're deemed a threat and... well perhaps that's unfortunate, but I think you know why you've been invited...

SAIF: Forced

MOHAMMED: Encouraged...

SAIF: Forced

MOHAMMED: Compelled to attend these sessions. It is in your best interests...

SAIF: My best interests? You mean yours, Your governments. Your peoples.

MOHAMMED: Well, we hope we can all benefit. From... talking.

SAIF: Fuck you.

MOHAMMED: So as I said, my name's Mohammed and I am one of the original Saudi team. The Saudi deradicalization program began in 2004, in response to domestic terrorist incidents, to address ideological sources of violent extremism. One component was rehabilitation through religious re-education and psychological counselling. Graduates can reintegrate into society.... very successfully.

SAIF: (SILENCE) Do I clap now?

MOHAMMED: About four thousand prisoners participated in the six-week rehabilitation course, counselling sessions, overseen by clerics, psychologists, and security officers,

SAIF: Very interesting. Can I go back to my cell now. Please.

MOHAMMED: Saif. You have been found to hold extremist views, and seem very likely to be a high risk individual. You are a classic case. You seem intelligent, I just wanted to be honest with you about what's behind us being in this room together.

SILENCE.

You don't like being treated as an equal?

SAIF: If I was your equal, you would let me go.

MOHAMMED: No. As your equal, I deem it just and right for me to keep you safe, for now, and others safe from you.... for now. Until we've heard, and discussed your story.

SAIF: My story?

MOHAMMED: That is what I am here for. To hear your story. That is all.

SAIF: You want to hear my story? Really. Is that a fact?

MOHAMMED: It is.

SAIF: You want to know how I got started? Huh? How I got "on the road". For what? Huh? What's the point? So you can laugh at me. So you can find my weak spots?

MOHAMMED: Your soft underbelly.

SAIF: I am a man. Not a coward. You want to see me weep. I am a man.

MOHAMMED: You think you cannot be a man and weep at the same time?

SILENCE.

SAIF: I have wept in my time.

MOHAMMED: Listen to me, Saif. I am not going to say “trust me, I am your friend” or anything like that. I have a job to do. I get paid. By, it seems, your enemies. But what I am paid to do is simply one thing. To listen. To you.

Not to find out your combat secrets, or your operational methods. No. I... my job is just... purely.... to hear about.... what has *happened* to you. (PAUSE) Nothing more.

SAIF: You want to know what has *happened* to me, huh?

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: Yes.

**ACT I****SCENE 9**

EXTERIOR: BACK IN BOAT. CONTINUES FROM SC 7.

HUSSAN: Have you got the baby!?

AMIRA: Saif!?

HUSSAN: Is Mahdi alright?

AMIRA: Yes. Yes. He's safe. Saif!?

CAPTAIN: They're going to capsize us now. Row back. Row back!!

HUSSAN: Wait, wait! They need help.

CAPTAIN: Hit the engine. Let's go.

AMIRA: No. No. They're drowning. Saif ! Wait. You have to help them!

CAPTAIN: No time. They'll sink us too. There's too many. Turn her round. Let's go, let's go.

AMIRA: What are you doing you bastard? They're drowning before your eyes!

HUSSAN No, he's right. They'll tip us over. We have to get some distance first. Come back when the panic is less. Throw life jackets, quick. Throw them over. They'll be okay. They'll be ok.

AMIRA: Did you see Saif? Did he come up again?

HUSSAN I don't know. I didn't see him. Throw them in. Where are the lifejackets!? That's far enough now, Come on. Let them... hey you! Son of a whore! Captain Kirk! What are you doing? Snapchat or something?

AMIRA: Get off your phone and help them, you idiot!

CAPTAIN. I'm calling for help. Is ok, is ok. Calling now. No problem. No problem.

AMIRA: Saif! Keep looking for him, Hussan

HUSSAN: I am. I am. I can't see anything.

AMIRA: Keep looking. He must be there. Pass me the torch. Let me try.

HUSSAN: Here. Look. Another boat Amira.

AMIRA: Thank you God. Praise be to Allah. At last. And I thought he was bullshitting.

HUSSAN: It's... tiny! Is this your "help"?

AMIRA: Hey!

CAPTAIN: Yes. This is my help.

TRAFFICKER 2: (OFF, FROM OTHER BOAT) Rashid! Jump in quick. Let's go. Let's go.

HUSSAN: Wait. That's not going to....

CAPTAIN: God go with you!

AMIRA: You bastard!

HUSSAN: Bastard!! Come back! They're drowning you asshole.

CAPTAIN: Yes, but there'll be more. Lots more! Don't worry. Bye!

AMIRA: No! No! Hussan! Stop him. Saif!!

HUSSAN: Bastards!!

SILENCE. SAIF RE-EMERGES FROM THE WATER,  
IN PAIN AND EXHAUSTED.

SAIF: Hey Amira. You're right.... the water *is* lovely! But... I'm ready to come out now.

AMIRA: Saif! Hussan! He's here! We have found him!

**ACT I**

**SCENE 10**

EXTERIOR. NIGHT. COLOGNE STREET

MICKY: (ENTERING BUT SPEAKING TO PEOPLE BEHIND OFF) Danke  
Danke. Auf Wiedersehen Ja, alle deine Namen werden in dem Artikel  
in vollem Umfang sein. Morgen denke ich. Tschüss! Tschüss. Danke

PHONE BEEPS. SHE LOOKS AT IT

Good call. (SHE LOOKS THROUGH HER BAG) Time for you my little  
friends. (SHE BRINGS OUT A PACKET OF CONTRACEPTIVE  
PILLS. OPENS ONE, THE LAST ONE, AND TAKES IT WITH A SWIG  
FROM A BOTTLE OF WATER. THEN SHE STARTS LOOKING FOR  
MORE, BUT HAS NO LUCK.)

I could have sworn... No! I had two packets! Where are you?

HER PHONE RINGS. SHE ANSWERS.

Hi. No. I'm on my way. Munich

I *am* getting on with it. Was the Cologne material not inflammatory  
enough for you?

Yes... so please... let me do my job. Ok? I've a good piece from  
some truckers here, and....

I'll write it up and send it in the next couple of hours. One hour then.

Alright then. The quicker you let me go the sooner I'll get it done!

Alright? Bye. (HANGS UP) Romance... dead.

SHE TAKES OUT THE PILL PACKET, SCREWS IT UP AND  
DROPS IT ON THE GROUND

LIGHTS.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 11**

EXTERIOR: IN SAME BOAT. NIGHT.

SAIF: (IN PAIN FROM A LEG INJURY) Hussan? (SILENCE) Hussan. Wake up.

HUSSAN: Huh?

SAIF: Hussan. Wake up. What time is it?

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: What time is it?

HUSSAN: Huh? I don't know. Flat battery past thirsty bastard. (PAUSE) Where are we?

SAIF: The Serpentine, Regents Park. Where do you think?

HUSSAN: Have you seen anything?

SAIF: Sure. A couple of ships. But they looked like infidels so I waved them on.

HUSSAN: Oh, refugee humour! I like it.

SAIF: Come on. Your turn to watch.

HUSSAN: Is everyone alright? How's your leg now?

SAIF: They're all asleep, I think. Better for them.

HUSSAN: Huh. If one dies I might be tempted to drink his blood. I'm so thirsty.

SAIF: Here.

HUSSAN: What's this?

SAIF: Water. Captain dickhead left a knapsack. Save some for the baby. Don't advertise it. We may yet have a fight before we are spotted.

**REFUGEE 1: Hey, what have you got there?**

SAIF: Spoke too soon.....

REFUGEE 2: What? What's happening?

HUSSAN: You can go back to sleep.

AMIRA: Is that water!

REFUGEE 1: Water!?

AMIRA: Saif? Where are we?

REFUGEE 1: Where did you get that!?

HUSSAN: Regents Park.

SAIF: I have just found it.

REFUGEE 1: Hey. That's my bottle. Hand it over.

SAIF: Steady now. No fighting.

REFUGEE 1: Easy for you to say.

HUSSAN: Keep still, the boat will tip.

AMIRA: What's happening? Mahdi??

SAIF: Go back to sleep.

REFUGEE 1: Hey! we're all thirsty. All of us.

HUSSAN: Keeping lookout is thirsty work. Have you done your share?

REFUGEE 1: Share it out!

SAIF: Steady!

REFUGEE 1: I want my share now.

HUSSAN: Of water or look out?

AMIRA : What's happening?

REFUGEE 1: I said pass me that.

HUSSAN: Hey get off me. Steady! Keep the boat still.

AMIRA: Saif! The baby.

SAIF: Watch out you idiots. You all get your share.

REFUGEE 1: Who made you Captain? Huh? Pass it here. I'll dish it out.

SAIF: I don't think so.

AMIRA: The water is coming over the side.

HUSSAN: Stop rocking the boat. I get sick easily and drown even more so.

AMIRA: Saif. Tell them to stay still. The boat is taking....

REFUGEE 1: She has a baby. Why should just one baby drink from her breast when I am ready to drain the other.

SOUND OF A HELICOPTER SLOWLY INCREASING.

HUSSAN: I just want water.

AMIRA: Get away from me.

REFUGEE 1: She could feed two of us.

HUSSAN : No. Bad idea...

AMIRA: Saif!!

REFUGEE 1: You hold the baby while I get her clothes off.

AMIRA: Get off me. Saif!

SAIF: Get away from her, you dog!

HUSSAN: Saif. Be careful. It's going to tip!

AMIRA: Saif! Look!

THE SOUND OF THE CHOPPER INCREASES AND CHEERS FROM THE CROWD.

SAIF: Shit.

HUSSAN: Saif! We are saved. Allah be blessed.

AMIRA: We are saved!

SILENCE WITH HELICOPTER SOUND. DISTANT MEGAPHONE WITH GREEK AND ENGLISH LANGUAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SAIF: Yes. But by the bloody Greeks.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 12**

SAME BOY (BOYS) IN A HOODIE OVER A COMPUTER SCREEN. PLAYING GAME: FACE HIDDEN. PROJECTED WE SEE GAME & CHATROOM CONVERSATION CONTINUE, ACTORS NARRATE. (ENSEMBLE DEVISES AROUND THIS SCENE)

JJ: Been watching him for weeks, Every day he plays. Alone. No friends. . Here's he is again. I says, *Yo! 'sup*. He comes back instant like, hungry for contact. Any... contact. Easy. He says...

Parsifal: Hi.

JJ: I says, *How was your day?* I know his answer already.

Parsifal: Shit

JJ: I say..... *Sorry to hear that. They been at you again.*

Parsifal: Yes.

JJ: What they call you this time?

Parsifal: The usual

JJ: Paki?

Parsifal: No.

JJ: Then?

Parsifal: Muslim pig.

JJ: That's not nice. They don't know.

Parsifal: Bout what?

JJ: Your skillz

Parsifal: Skillz?

JJ: On here. You're super quick. Action man.

Parsifal: It's just a game.

JJ: No. You're good. I mean it.

Parsifal: Maybe.

JJ: I gotta go.

Parsifal: Already?

JJ: Sorry, Speak soon.

**ACT I****SCENE 13**

EXTERIOR. DAY. BEACH. LEROS.

SAIF: Can you go with her Hussan? Help the baby. Get some food. And sleep,... all of you! I'll be along soon.

HUSSAN: Don't worry Saif. I'll look after them for now. Can you help him?

MICKY: Yes, yes. I'll...

AMIRA: Don't be long, Saif. And get that leg looked at, okay? (EXITS)

SAIF: I will. I will. You go.

(THEY EXIT)

MICKY: You must be starving. Ow what's that?

SAIF: It's nothing. A propeller or something... when I fell in.  
When can we get another boat?

MICKY: That's not nothing. Let me see. (PAUSE) Christ!

SAIF: Really I....

MICKY: Come. Come and sit. Let me have a look.

SAIF: Are you a doctor?

MICKY: Er... Volunteer. Some basic training. First aid. You?

SAIF: Yes.

MICKY: (PAUSE) Yes... what?

SAIF: I am a doctor. (PAUSE) You look disappointed. Or is that your usual face?

MICKY: Disillusioned maybe. Some... voices... back home.

SAIF: You've been hearing voices. I'm not the sort of doctor you need. What have they been telling you?

MICKY: (PAUSE) Phhhh.... Fear the Syrian swarms.

SAIF: Is that why you're here? To face your fears?

MICKY: After 2 weeks? I'm starting to wonder *why* I'm here. Euw.... that really is nasty. Infected.... ugh... badly..... Here. Did you really want to spend 5 more days at sea? You know that tub would never get you to Italy.

SILENCE.

SAIF: We've all heard about Leros. It wasn't where we were headed. And from here to Germany? Many non-Shenghan countries. Pain in the arse! (IN PAIN) Shit!!

MICKY: Pain in the leg now. You look... here... just lay down a moment.

SAIF: I'm ok.

MICKY: Just do it. Come on. Here. Let me... (PUTS SOMETHING SOFT UNDER HIS HEAD). I'll get you something to drink.

SAIF: No. Just stay. Here with me. (PAUSE) Please.

SILENCE. SHE SITS NEXT TO HIM.

MICKY: You were lucky. It's been a quiet day. (PAUSE) Your wife and baby, must be exhausted. You must be exhausted. Where did you set sail from?

SAIF: You ask a lot of questions. Are you border control?

MICKY: (PAUSE) Me? No. I'm just... curious. And Irish. A curious Irish volunteer.

SAIF: Is that your day job? Back home.

MICKY: Me? No. I'm...um... an actor.

SAIF: Is this the best part you could get? A walk-on part in a bad drama?

MICKY: Auditions hadn't been going well.

SAIF: I hear it's hard for women, but surely... easier for beauties.

MICKY: Oh. A silvery-tongued doctor. Your bedside manner applies even when you're playing the patient then?

SAIF: It's a part I fell into. Like that goddamn propeller.

MICKY: (SILENCE) I've done some falling in my time.

SILENCE.

Your wife will need you soon.

SAIF: Hussan will look after things for now. Actually do you have anything to drink?

MICKY: Here.

SILENCE. HE DRINKS.

SAIF: How long have you been here?

MICKY: 2 weeks. Welcome to the Island of the Damned.

SAIF: I hear they tied naked lunatics to trees here.

MICKY: Not anymore. The asylum's closed.

SAIF: Back in business now.

SILENCE.

Who was that other guy? A volunteer too?

MICKY: Spiro? Yes. Solid as a rock. From Corfu, and down to earth. Not like some?

SAIF: Huh?

MICKY: Some volunteers... just use the place for... grandstanding. A high-visibility vest is all they need... an air of officialdom and inflate your own importance. I've seen volunteers show up looking for hardcore adventure—you know.... pulling drowning people out the sea. When we tell them ships usually just drop refugees off at the port, they leave. Spiro's been here four months. (PAUSE) I like him.

SAIF: And you?

MICKY: Me? I feel more... in the way here. I might decide to get, you know... my life back. (PAUSE) What is her name?

SAIF: Who?

MICKY: Your wife?

SILENCE.

SAIF: My wife.

MICKY: And your baby.

SAIF: And my baby. Yes.

SILENCE.

I need to get them away from here.

MICKY: The Frontex people will get to you. Check your papers and.... are you Syrian?

SAIF: (PAUSE) Of course.

MICKY: Anyway... they'll assess, and register you. I'm just here for... you know...

um... welfare.

SAIF: What are they like?

MICKY: The Frontex guys? Officious. Tired. Confused. They say they clamped down a bit after one of the Paris attackers was reported to have come through here. What can I say? They're doing their best? Some are arseholes, some have hearts. I haven't seen any forced expulsions but the Greek coast guard have had a reputation. Towing boats away to Turkey... so you were lucky. Maybe you'll get lucky again. If Castellanos is on duty, stay "ill" until he finishes his shift.

SAIF: I think I just did... get lucky. (PAUSE) Hold my hand. Please... Just for a moment.

SILENCE.

It's good to feel a kind touch, in all of this.

SILENCE.

I think you are a little lonely. Yes?

SILENCE.

MICKY: What *is* her name? Your wife.

SILENCE.

SAIF: I need to get them away from here.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 14**

**\*\*\*\*\*NOW CUT\*\*\*\*\***

KATY (LIVE) IS SPEAKING TO MICKY ON SKYPE ON PHONE FROM HER HOME.

KATY: Just a bad dream.

MICKY: Tell me.

KATY: Well...Alright. I'm.... at a party. The Queen's jubilee or something. Can you believe it. I hate the queen. We're all.. you know...jubilant and all that. Pissed Singing God Save the bloody Queen la la la. Me!? Then I leave... to go home. Everyone's laughing, saying their good byes. Then I'm walking home... and I'm carrying.... what... a little union Jack flag, can you believe it! And a copy of the Mail. Me! Your Da would turn in his grave. I shouts back over my shoulder, "Bye Britney. I loved it. Thanks. See you tomorrow. Bye!! Who's Britney? Don't ask me. And I walk off... into the night.. Then.... A man in dark islamic-looking clothing, (PAUSE) I know. It sounds racist. A hoodie or something. He starts to follow me. I see him and I stop.. I turn to go back. But another man appears. Somehow I know he's...

MICKY: A Muslim?

KATY: An immigrant. Refugee. Something. Then another. I'm hemmed in. Silently.... like a pack... They advance on me....I'm fucking terrified. I'm screaming...."No. No. No!" and I'm trying to fight them off with, get this, with the bloody flag and the newspaper! Then I wake up.

MICKY: Well. Der Sturmer would be proud.

KATY: God I was in such a sweat.

MICKY: I never asked you to actually read my... look... it's just a job. Don't read the papers. We make half of it up. You know that. I've told you that enough times.

KATY: It's not your fault. It was just... a dream. That Cologne thing really upset me. I haven't a xenophobic bone in my body, well... not many.... but this...

MICKY: I know. It's confusing.

KATY: Are you looking after yourself out there? Not taking any silly risks?

MICKY: I'm fine.

KATY: I mean... is it worth it? Really?

MICKY: It's an education, Mum. Really. Don't worry. Most of them.... Their priorities are getting warm, fed...

KATY: ...and further north.

MICKY: (PAUSE) And further north.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 15**

INTERIOR. DAY. A SHACK/STOREROOM. SAIF AND MICHAELA ARE HAVING SEX ON THE FLOOR. AT FIRST WE ARE UNSURE IF MICKY IS CONSENTING. SHE GASPS AND CRIES OUT ALMOST AS IF BEING ASSAULTED; BUT IT TRANSPIRES SHE IS FULLY & HAPPILY CONSENTING . AFTER A WHILE THEY FINISH. SILENCE

SAIF: Been a long time, yes?

MICKY: Yes.

SAIF: For both of us.

MICKY: God I needed that.

SILENCE

SAIF: Is it allowed, for aid workers to...have sex... with their... clients?

MICKY: (PAUSE) Not... strictly.

SILENCE

Will Amira....

SAIF: She'll be asleep. She sleeps a lot. Whenever she can. The baby...

MICKY: And everything else.

SAIF: It's a lot to... you know... she is exhausted, but she's been strong. So very strong.

SILENCE

MICKY: You must... love her.... very much.

SILENCE

SAIF: She's... she wouldn't mind,... you know.

MICKY: She wouldn't...

SAIF: About.... this.

MICKY: No?

SILENCE.

SAIF: No.

SILENCE.

But maybe...

MICKY: Maybe we don't need to talk about it. To her?

SAIF: Maybe not.

SILENCE.

MICKY: Where did you meet her?

SAIF: Can we talk about... something else? I just came inside you, after all.

MICKY: Oh. (PAUSE) Did you?

SAIF: (NUZZLING HER) I... couldn't help it. (THEY KISS SOME MORE)

Some of you Europeans...

MICKY: British. Didn't you know? We're not European anymore...

SAIF: Some of you *British* really know how to make us... Syrians... feel wel-come.

MICKY: I've adopted a points-based system.

SAIF: And I scored well, huh?

MICKY: You did alright, With me.

SAIF: Thank you.

MICKY: But we're trying a new policy.,, not to open anything, especially our legs.

SAIF: I'd like to see your country one day.

MICKY: No pun intended. Northern Ireland? I bet you say that to all the nice British girls.

SAIF: No really. Just you. A tour perhaps, the sights. Of London. You live in London, right? Do you drive?

MICKY: HGV licence me! Driving big trucks paid for my... drama school. So yeah... you're thinking what....? Tower of London, Nelsons Column. Saif's *column*. You've got a nice one.

SAIF: Column jealousy is a common thing. Houses of Commons perhaps. Isn't it going to fall down soon. Like London Bridge.

MICKY: That's a song, silly. La la la, la la la laaaa.

SAIF: I mean it. So... you do drive?

SILENCE.

MICKY: Am I a passport as well as a fuck? What about Amira. And Mahdi?

SAIF: Well, them too! And Hussan....We'll all meet, one day... for... a curry and a pint of .... real ale. (PAUSE) Yes?

SILENCE.

MICKY: I see. (PUSHES HIM OFF).

SAIF: What?

MICKY: You have priorities. It doesn't matter! Ok!?

HIS PHONE PINGS.  
HER PHONE PINGS

SAIF: Wait. (HE LOOKS AT HIS WHILE SHE LOOKS AT HERS)

Listen. Come here. (PAUSE) I want to see you again.  
No... I think I *need*... to see you again.

SILENCE.

MICKY: Uhuh. What about Amira?

SAIF: Listen. Her papers are better than mine. Before we left...? Mine got messed up, badly. I had to... get some new ones.

MICKY: New papers? Interesting.

SAIF: Hers and Hussan's are all in order. But mine... they're good, mostly, but I need to... well sometimes, I need to.... oil the wheels a little.

MICKY: Is that what you're doing with me?

SAIF: No. But I have money. Quite a bit. I can... you know... persuade officials a bit.... to go easy with me.

MICKY: And Amira?

SAIF: She doesn't need it. In fact I'm more of a liability to her, here in Europe. My new papers don't even have the same last name. She'd do better without me.

MICKY: And the baby?

SAIF: Hussan is a young man like no other. He has made a pledge. To stick with Amira. To get her to Germany or the English channel. When we're in England I can.... if I want to....Micky... find her, find the baby again.

MICKY: I.... see? Hussan is a good lad.

SAIF: I've had to... guide him... quite a bit. But he's sound. I owe him many things.

MICKY: Does she know? Amira? About you... making your own way?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Not yet. But she'll understand. And she and Hussan love each other. They'll be fine.

SILENCE.

MICKY: Until you get to England?

SAIF: They'll be fine. Whatever happens, ....Micky. (HE STARTS KISSING HER AGAIN, MAKING LOVE TO HER) Listen... I'm going to get off this Island. I think that maybe you are too.

MICKY: Am I that see-through?

SAIF: Would you meet me?

MICKY: Where?

SAIF: I would really like to meet you again.

MICKY: Yes.

SAIF: I really fucking need to see you again. Please. Say yes.

MICKY: Yes. Ah... ah...

SAIF: Shall we?

MICKY: Yes.

SAIF: Yes?

MICKY: Yes. Yes, yes! Where? Tell me where!?

HE STOPS HIS LOVEMAKING. SILENCE.

SAIF: Calais.

**ACT I**

**SCENE 16**

SAIF: (IN ISOLATED LIGHTING) And what are you going to do... with what I tell you?

LIGHTING CHANGE REVEALS INTERIOR.  
UNDETERMINED TIME OF DAY. THE  
INTERROGATION ROOM AGAIN.

MOHAMMED: (ENTERS) Nothing much. Make a few notes. Assess your progress. We won't even record the conversation.

SAIF: You're not wired?

MOHAMMED: I promise. The notes are just to aid my memory. I see quite a few people a week. It's good not to....

SAIF: Mix us up.

MOHAMMED: No.

SAIF: We're all alike.

MOHAMMED: Some stories are painfully similar.

SILENCE.

SAIF: I can believe that.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: Have you heard of an organisation called IBC?

SAIF: IBC?

MOHAMMED: Iraqi Body Count. They.... they keep a tally... of the dead since 2003.

SAIF: Why would I have?

MOHAMMED: (PAUSE) You're an Iraqi aren't you.

SAIF: Says who?

MOHAMMED: Well your interesting "papers" say you're Saif and that you're a Syrian, but we all know that's not true.... don't we.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: So let's imagine you *are* Iraqi, and a disgruntled one at that, then you might also be... a Sunni?

SAIF: (LAUGHS) This is the sum of your training? Stabbing around in the dark?

MOHAMMED: You are not a Sunni?

SAIF: I am a simple Muslim. I love my country.

MOHAMMED: Your people were persecuted. After the war began. After Saddam was removed.

SAIF: My people?

MOHAMMED: The Sunnis

SAIF: I never said I was a Sunni.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: You are Shia then?

SILENCE.

SAIF: It's a guessing game isn't it. Like... Russian Roulette these days.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: I know one thing. You're not ISIS.

SAIF: More of your high-level training?

MOHAMMED: ISIS fighters... they're far more... they have no qualms. They tell it as it is, and are proud of what they do. No hiding.

SILENCE.

You're not ISIS.

SILENCE.

Where did you get all that money?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Friends.

MOHAMMED: I should have such friends! Why were you trying so hard to get to Italy. Why not go the Turkey route?

SAIF: That's better. How did you know about that?

MOHAMMED: Just answer.

SAIF: Look. I'm a Syrian refugee. We wanted into the Shengan zone quickly. Not to go through all those non-eu countries.

MOHAMMED: But that's not all is it?

SAIF: I don't know what you mean.

MOHAMMED: You should delete stuff from your phone. It's a very nice phone.

SAIF: No headphone jack though!

MOHAMMED: Well we're all sheep. I've got one too. What can you do? We're all followers of the great Apple in the sky. One God huh!?

SAIF: One God.

MOHAMMED: So... tell me... who..... is she? (SHOWS HIM A PICTURE ON THE PHONE).

SAIF: Her? Oh... she's nothing. Some girl I met.

MOHAMMED: She looks... in love.

SAIF: She might have been. I was um.... (BECOMES VISIBLY EMOTIONAL).

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: You ok?

SAIF: Yes. I'm fine.

MOHAMMED: Water?

SAIF DRINKS.

MOHAMMED: Who is she?

SAIF: Like I said... she's no one. Are you a councillor or a cop?

MOHAMMED: A councillor. Honestly. I'm sorry. We... I was just curious.

SAIF: Can I have my phone back now.

MOHAMMED: Sorry. No can do. There was something else. On your phone.

SAIF: What?

MOHAMMED: This. (SHOWS IT AGAIN).

**ACT I**

**SCENE 17**

MICKY IS SPEAKING ON PHONE.

MICKY: (ON PHONE) So I think I've got... something.

I've been digging. I've met... someone. I'm not sure what it is yet. Might be nothing.

That I need to get closer.

Time.

Yes

No.

I know what you mean. I don't know. He's... I just need to get closer.

I'm moving pretty fast on him Paul, I promise you.

What!? CALL ENDS

Wanker.

**ACT 2****SCENE 1**

THE GAMING CHATROOM CONVERSATION CONTINUES. THE TWO NARRATE, COMMENT ON & SPEAK *THE LINES* AS THEY APPEAR ON THE SCREEN. ENSEMBLE DEVISES AROUND THIS.

- JJ: This one was... easy. Like a lover waiting by the phone. Desperate. I says... *Hey.*
- Parsifal: He's back at last. Where have you been? Breathless, I say.... *Hey...* He says
- JJ: *How are you? I missed you.*
- Parsifal: *I.... missed you too.*
- JJ: *School day today, huh?*
- Parsifal: *Uhuh.*
- JJ: *Do much... at lunch?*
- Parsifal: *Not much. Hung out with Daniel a bit.*
- JJ: Daniel. The only friend. The only obstacle. *You said he was a waster. Maybe even....like.... gay. Someone like you deserves better.*
- Parsifal: (PAUSE) *Maybe..*
- JJ: *Especially when you have so many real admirers, right here.*
- Parsifal: *I do?*
- JJ: *Sure. Your skills are talked about a lot where I come from. You're... I don't know... incredible.*
- Parsifal: *I don't feel I am.*
- JJ: *I know. It's hard to believe when... well when you haven't, you know, actually met all your real fans. One day perhaps. Would you..... like that? (PAUSE) Feeling... shy... huh?*
- Parsifal: *Uhuh.*
- JJ: *Thanks for your picture btw. You're... I don't know... a very beautiful young man. Has anyone ever... told you that? He's not. He's ugly.*
- (PAUSE)
- Parsifal: *No.*
- JJ: *Well... you are. You have incredible eyes.*

Parsifal: *Thanks.*

JJ: *Seriously. I never realised. I'd like more pictures of you. (I'd like fewer)*

Parsifal: *Thanks.*

JJ: *You deserve lots of friends.*

Parsifal: *Suppose.*

JJ: *You feel lonely sometimes?*

Parsifal: *Sometimes.*

JJ: *I'm sorry. I think you're very special.*

Parsifal: *You think?*

JJ: *Definitely! If I had a son like you... I'd be.... so proud.*

Parsifal: *Thanks*

JJ: *You're so honest and you know.. that takes real courage. To tell me,,, you know... all you've told me.*

Parsifal: *It's not much.*

JJ: *Don't be modest. You're a very special, and beautiful person. If I had a son like you, I'd put you right at the middle of everything. Does your dad do that, like he should?*

Parsifal: *Not much.*

JJ: *Not even close huh?*

Parsifal: *Not really.*

JJ: *Doesn't he love you?*

Parsifal: *Well....*

JJ: *He must be either blind or stupid.*

Parsifal: *Well... he's... just you know... busy. A lot of the time.*

JJ: *With his stupid shop huh? When right under his nose is this incredible guy. Is he actually blind?*

Parsifal: *LOL no.*

JJ: *Then he's stupid. A stupid dad. (PAUSE) Sorry I shouldn't have said that about your dad.*

Parsifal: *It's ok. He is. God. He really understands me.*

JJ: *Who is what?*

Parsifal: *My dad is stupid.*

JJ: *Huh? Say that again?*

Parsifal: *My dad is stupid.*

JJ: *Yeah right. Stupid dad. You're better than him. Than all of them.*

Parsifal: *Maybe.*

JJ: *No maybe. You're fucking incredible and they're blind. I hate that. Makes me... upset. Angry even. (SILENCE) Do you ever get angry?*

Parsifal: *Sometimes.*

JJ: *Oh... Gotta go. See you soon.*

Parsifal: *Ok. um..... When?*

JJ: *Soon. Bye!*

Parsifal: *Bye.*

**ACT 2****SCENE 2**

EXTERIOR. DAY. A BORDER CROSSING.

HUSSAN: Please. You must let us through. Our baby is starving. My... wife is tired, cold, hungry.

OFFICER: *You* are the father?

HUSSAN: Yes

OFFICER: Well father or not. You're not welcome here. Go home.

HUSSAN: We're not welcome there either. Please. We don't want to stay in your, lovely, country. We just need to pop through. You know. We won't make a mess, I promise.

AMIRA: Just passing through, you see. In transit. Our papers are all in order. We are Syrians. On our way to Germany. Fleeing the war! Refugees.

HUSSAN: Or England.

AMIRA: England?

HUSSAN: Didn't Saif say he was headed back there?

AMIRA: *Back* there?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) There.

AMIRA: (PAUSE) Or England. We're not stopping. Do you see?

OFFICER: No one comes through. You should have been granted asylum in Greece, your first country. No rights to travel on.

AMIRA: But Germany has suspended the Dublin regulation. We know this. And we don't want to be.... here. In... Greece.

OFFICER: So you thought you'd try your hand here? In Macedonia.

HUSSAN: In *The Republic* of Macedonia, you mean? No. Listen. No offence my friend, nothing personal... but your lovely, very important country, whatever its name, is not our preferred destination. You understand. I'm sure it's all very nice, but we... just want to get to the other side,...

AMIRA: To Serbia.

HUSSAN: And you see....

AMIRA: And you see.... your crumby country

HUSSAN: Calm yourself Amira.

AMIRA: Is in the way!

HUSSAN: That's not helping.

OFFICER: Our country is full up. Go home!

AMIRA: But we don't want to *stay* in your country.

OFFICER: They all say that.

AMIRA. Then perhaps you might ask yourself why they're *all* saying it.  
(PAUSE) Do you have children?

OFFICER: What?

AMIRA: Please. My baby is starving. Do you?

OFFICER: Do I ...?

AMIRA: Have children.

HUSSAN: Leave it Amira.

AMIRA: What are their names? Mmm? Here. This is Mahdi. He is one years old.  
Look at him, just for moment. Please.

OFFICER: Very nice.

AMIRA: Please. Take a good look at him. He hasn't had a proper meal in over a week.

OFFICER: That's not my problem

AMIRA: I'm thinking you wouldn't want the same for your children, huh?

SILENCE.

AMIRA: What is your name?

OFFICER: What?

AMIRA: I am Amira. From Damascus. This is Hussan. My baby, Mahdi, has seen barrel bombs destroy the very playground he should be in right now.

OFFICER: That's.... Look.... I can't help that.

AMIRA: The very playground. Do you hear me? His cousin, an eight year old, my nephew, Amah, had his arms torn off, that very day. Do you hear me. An eight year old. He cannot now hold his baby cousin. Cannot cradle him in his

arms. He has no arms any more thanks to the butcher Assad, whom the west, and the EU, NATO, the UN will only condemn, but will do nothing to stop!

OFFICER: Look I...

AMIRA: You're in the UN aren't you. Macedonia

OFFICER: What? Of course.

HUSSAN: But not NATO.

OFFICER: (PAUSE) No.

HUSSAN: Nor the EU.

OFFICER: (PAUSE) No again. Greece blocks talks.

AMIRA: Because.... of the name.... and the flag, yes?

OFFICER: Look... I'm just doing my job.

HUSSAN: It's not fair, is it. For them to keep your country out.

OFFICER: Is putting it mildly.

HUSSAN: What is your name?

OFFICER: (PAUSE) Nikola.

AMIRA: Nikola. A good name. Listen we crossed from the Libyan coast. Do you know Libya.

OFFICER: (PAUSE) My mother took me there for work. I was four.

AMIRA: Nikola. Listen. You are a good man, I know it. Your children will grow healthy. Your great country deserves to join NATO and once it does, persuade them to confront Assad. Would you like that?

HUSSAN: That's better.

OFFICER: I am no friend to Assad. He is a murderer.

AMIRA: Listen. Nikola. It's true. I am no Greek shopper popping over to buy goods and spend money, but if you help us, let me have your address, my friend in England who is wealthy, will post you... something... for the children... mmm?

HUSSAN: For the children.

AMIRA: I promise.

**ACT 2****SCENE 3**

EXTERIOR. DAY. CALAIS TOWN SQUARE, MICKY IS  
READING THE BACK OF A PREGNANCY TEST KIT PACKET  
AND SPEAKING ON PHONE

MICKY: ...et placez la bandelette sous le jet d'urine pendant au moins trois secondes...  
It's all in French mum. I... No.... I know I said.... Look.... I ran out!  
No. I know! I'm usually totally meticulous about....

MIGRANT: *Hello. Excuse me. Can you help me?*

MICKY: *Oui?*

MIGRANT: *I am looking for my friend.*

MICKY: *I'm sorry.... And...?*

MIGRANT: *Perhaps you know him. Can you take me to him?*

MICKY: *(DOWN PHONE) Hang on.*

MIGRANT: *You see... well, he is in England, and I think... you are English yes?*

MICKY: *No. I'm not.*

MIGRANT: *And he is there. He has nice big house. Very plenty of money, plenty of room, he has asked me to come and stay, and I was wondering if you can take me there. He will pay you. His name is Paul. You know him, yes?*

MICKY: *Look I'm really sorry... I can't... (WALKING AWAY) Mum?*

MIGRANT: *Where are you going?*

MICKY: *I'm meeting someone. Please let me go.*

MIGRANT: *I am someone. Do you want to help me?*

MICKY: *Not right now thank you.*

MIGRANT: *It will be ok. I have a good friend with much money. You know. Paul. Very rich. Half a million in EU subsidies I think. How you say...Minted.*

MICKY: *Can you leave me alone now please. I am meeting my boyfriend, and he gets quite angry...*

MIGRANT: *You have a car? Is it near here?*

MICKY: *Seriously. I just want you to leave me alone now.*

*MIGRANT: Shall we go there now. You can make a lot of money. Your name in lights.*

*MICKY: Listen will you just get off me. I don't want to... look...*

*MIGRANT: If you show me your car? I have pictures of my friend's houses. Very rich. One in Sussex, one in Scotland.*

*MICKY: Look just FUCK OFF!*

SILENCE.

SAIF: (OFF) Micky!

*MICKY: (PAUSE) Saif!*

SAIF: (ENTERS) Micky are you ok?

*MICKY: Oh Saif. Thank christ for that.*

SAIF: (TO MIGRANT) What are you doing? Huh? Go on. On your way! NOW!

*MIGRANT: Who are you?*

SAIF: *I...? I am a person. And you? You.... are just one. Of the plague. Now... Go! before I stamp on you.*

*MIGRANT: You are wrong. I am a person.*

*MICKY: Just...leave us alone! (SIGHS)*

MIGRANT EXITS.

Oh thank god you're here. *That... man... just started hassling me.* The motorway into Calais was a nightmare. Have you seen the trucks, backed up. For miles. The drivers Must be sick of it. Anyway...how are you?

SAIF: (PAUSE). I am... ok. All is good. Yes... all is good now I see you?

MICKY: Did you get the train?

SAIF: Yes. But most of it in the toilet. Ticket or not, there are too many checks.

MICKY: No pun intended. (PAUSE) It was a shame I missed you... in Paris. Kiss me.

SAIF: (THEY KISS) Yes. It would have been nice. But... well the timing wasn't right, was it?

MICKY: No. (PAUSE) How was your meeting?

SAIF: My...?

MICKY: You said. In your text. You had a meeting in Paris?

SAIF: (LONG PAUSE) Oh Yes. Some old family that...

MICKY: Some group... a migrants... collective or something? Support or action group you said.

SAIF: Oh that!? Oh yes... that went very well. Very well. Yes.... Have you... eaten?

MICKY: No. No. I'm starving. And very hungry for this.

SHE PULLS HIM TO HER FOR A KISS. HE RETURNS IT,  
SLIGHTLY LESS EAGERLY.

Have you lost interest?

SAIF: What? Oh. No. No Micky. Not at all. I m just a little tired. Really. It's been a long road. No sleep for a while.

MICKY: I've a room. Here in Calais. I can sneak you in, after dinner. You can sleep... a bit.

SAIF: Ok. Let's do that. I'd like that. Come on. Where shall we eat?

MICKY: Oh... who cares? Have you heard from Amira, and Mahdi?

SAIF: (PAUSE) No. Nothing at the moment. A few days ago... I think they're all good. They were in Austria... nearing the German border.

MICKY: When was that? She texted me too, Tuesday. They... were still in Serbia.

SAIF: No... Frankfurt I think. Some texts get stuck... you know. They'll be fine now. Hussan is a good man. I um.... I said to meet me, in Frankfurt....., but Amira said to... to go ahead, and to keep going. To England if I can. Better to meet there she said. Did you bring your car?

MICKY: It's parked near the hotel. (PAUSE) You... you want to go... to Frankfurt....to get them?

SAIF: It's not that...(PAUSE) I'm not sure. Perhaps.... As I said... she said to go ahead. That she, and the baby, Mahdi.... are fine. My papers, my funny papers.... you know... might confuse things for her. (SILENCE.) Come here.

THEY HAVE A LONG AND SENSUAL KISS.

Micky.

MICKY: Yes, Saif.

SAIF: How big... is your car?

MICKY: Why?

SAIF: (PAUSE) I don't think my papers will get me across the channel.

**ACT 2**

**SCENE 4**

EXTERIOR NIGHT. ON THE M20 MOTORWAY, UK

MICKY PULLS OVER. SHE GETS OUT OF THE CAR AND LEANS AGAINST IT, CLEARLY SHAKEN.

AFTER A WHILE A MUFFLED SOUND AND A THUMPING COMES FROM INSIDE THE CAR. SHE OPENS THE BOOT, AND UNDOES THE LARGE DUFFEL BAG. SAIF EMERGES, WINE BOTTLES FALLING OUT. PLUS DIRTY WASHING.

SAIF: Jeez. You were right about the washing. How long were you going to leave me in there? (LONG SILENCE) Listen. What you did... today... It was a victory..... for... compassion. (SILENCE) Look I know it was a close thing, but we made it didn't we.

MICKY: *You* made it.

SAIF: Thanks to you. (SILENCE) I am in your bad books.

MICKY: 5 years. I could have got 5 years. You know, I realised, on the boat... I still don't know what the fuck I am doing. Or why.

SAIF: You were... helping a friend weren't you. Because... you're a good person? Isn't that it? Because you like me. Because you care?

MICKY: Because I care? You know what... as I looked out over the channel, as we pulled out of Calais, and got clear of the French justice system... I really *got it*.... for the first time.

SAIF: What did you get?

MICKY: That actually, maybe I do care... But that perhaps.... you... don't.

SILENCE.

SAIF: You don't think I care. About you?

MICKY: No I think you do care. About yourself.

SAIF: You're wrong.

MICKY: You leave Amira.

SAIF: No listen.

MICKY: Your baby,

SAIF: It's not like that,

MICKY: Hussan too, you just drop them...

SAIF: Look I...

MICKY: And now me. You know... It really struck me,... as I came out of that toilet on the ferry, felt the metal of that railing under my hands, the cold sea air on the deck, the waves heaving beneath us, France disappearing over the horizon. All of this.... ever since Leros. It's been about getting you here, hasn't it.

SAIF: No Micky. It hasn't.

MICKY: You put me... do you know the risk you put me in?

SAIF: I thought you wanted to.

MICKY: I thought I did too.

SAIF: Because you like me. Yes?

SILENCE.

MICKY: I'm pregnant.

LONG SILENCE.

Was that deliberate? Huh? To make me beholden to you? Part of "the plan".

SAIF: No.

MICKY: But you had "a plan"

SAIF: (SILENCE) Yes.

MICKY: Which involved using me.

SAIF: I... I like you. Micky. Very much. But....

MICKY: I can't be a parent It's just... not me.

SAIF: *My baby?*

MICKY: You know what. I'm going to drop you at the next service station. You can hitch from there.

SILENCE.

SAIF: Ok.

SILENCE. THEY KISS PASSIONATELY. LIGHTS

**ACT 2    Scene 5**

SAME BOY (OR BOYS) IN A HOODIE HUNCHED OVER A COMPUTER SCREEN. PLAYING A VIOLENT WAR GAME: WE DON'T SEE HIS FACE. PROJECTED WE SEE THE GAME AND THE GAMING CHATROOM CONVERSATION CONTINUE. MORE DEVISING FROM ENSEMBLE

Parsifal: *Hey. Why do I feel like this. I feel so excited when he gets in touch.*

JJ: *How are you? Did you get that kid? Daniel? The one who tore your shirt. That faggot?*

Parsifal: *No. He ain't worth it.*

JJ: *You'd like to right.*

Parsifal: *Sure. I hate him. Now.*

JJ: *You're better than him. Than all of them. They're all infidel faggots.*

Parsifal: *Maybe.*

JJ: *Sure you're better than them. They don't know who you are. What you can do. I've seen.*

Parsifal: *I... thanks.*

JJ: *Is your lame dad around?*

Parsifal: *He's running the shop.*

JJ: *Does he... go up the school? Stick up for you?*

(PAUSE)

Parsifal: *Not yet.*

JJ: *What is the matter with him?*

Parsifal: *He's... I don't know.... A lot of them, their families shop at the shop.*

JJ: *He's scared. A coward.*

Parsifal: *I guess.*

JJ: *But you're not. (PAUSE) You're not scared. Are you?*

(PAUSE)

Parsifal: *No.*

JJ: *Good. Listen do you wanna find out how you can... you know... use your skills. But like.... Properly?*

Parsifal: *What do you.....?*

JJ: *I mean ... get your own back. On.... them. The white kids. All of them?*

*(PAUSE)*

Parsifal: *Yes.*

JJ: *Ok. Let's talk some more. But not here. Wait I'll send you a link to a secure group. Ready?*

*(PAUSE)*

*Are you Ready, Parsifal?*

*(PAUSE)*

Parsifal: *Yes.*

**ACT 2**

**SCENE 6**

INTERIOR. DAY. NEXT MORNING. MICKY'S FLAT. SHE IS IN A ROBE, BREAKFAST IN FRONT OF HER; SHE'S ON HER PHONE. SHE HEARS WHISTLING OFF.

MICKY: (DOWN PHONE) No. Not now. Got to go. Signing off. (RINGS OFF)

SAIF ENTERS IN A ROBE.

(NOT LOOKING UP.) Good shower?

SAIF: Good. Thank you. (HE COMES OVER TO HER. LEANS OVER HER. SHE LETS HIM KISS HER, PULLS HIM TO HER, AND THEN JUST PUSHES HIM AWAY.)

MICKY: Look. Just... fuck off. (SILENCE) Are you hungry?

SAIF: A little.

MICKY: Sit then. There's tea in the pot. And toast... well... just help yourself. You know how to do that.

SILENCE. HE SITS.

SAIF: Thank you. (SILENCE) Have you... eaten?

MICKY: Not much. I've been a little nauseous these last 2 weeks. Brilliantly hadn't wondered why. Investigative jou....

SILENCE.

SAIF: Can I get you anything?

MICKY: Such as?

SAIF: I don't know... some water or...?

MICKY: Where did you practice?

SAIF: What?

MICKY: As a doctor?

SAIF: Er...Aleppo. The main hospital there.

MICKY: Oh yes? What was... what is your speciality?

SAIF: My speciality?

MICKY: Is there an echo in here?

SAIF: Oh I see... well.... um... It's been such a long time since I was asked...

MICKY: You've forgotten?

SAIF: No. I just...

SILENCE

Oncology.

SILENCE

But once the war started, I was moved. To the Burns and Emergency wards. We were all needed there. (PAUSE) A lot.

SILENCE.

MICKY: I 'm sorry. I didn't mean..... it must have been really awful.

SAIF: I was... I'm no expert in burns and... well.... some of the patients.

MICKY: Yes.

SAIF: I'm a bit squeamish you see.

MICKY: Me too.

SILENCE.

SAIF: When are you due?

SILENCE. HER PHONE PINGS. SHE IGNORES IT.

You've a text I think.

MICKY: So what?

SAIF: When are you due?

MICKY: Do The Maths Saif. (SILENCE) Why are you in London? (PAUSE) I get the feeling you're escaping more than...

SAIF: A war? Is a war not enough to escape from?

MICKY: And Amira?

SAIF: (PAUSE) She's safer without me.

MICKY: So you keep saying. But that's not all is it, Saif. You're really "on the run". (PAUSE) I know *the look*. (SILENCE) Let me tell you something. Back in

1998. One of the last big bombings... of The Troubles. In Omagh. That's in Ireland, Saif... My father... he tried to stop it.

SAIF: He was... IRA?

MICKY: He was.... IRA.

SILENCE

SAIF: Your father?

MICKY: In April that year The Good Friday agreement had been signed. My da was all for it. But.... The "Real" IRA.... they called themselves.....had plans. To scupper it. My Da knew them.... begged them, to at least make a warning phone-call. And they did. But you know what? They let *him* do it. But fed him the wrong information. And the police .... cleared the wrong area. Cleared people *toward* the bomb.

SAIF: His warning made it... worse?

MICKY: It was... a massacre.

SAIF: But....It wasn't his fault.

MICKY: 29 people.... died. A *lot* of Catholics. One woman, Avril her name was, was pregnant, with twins. She was out shopping with her ma, *and* her 18 month daughter. *All* of them, every one, in that family, died. There was a total backlash... in some, many, ways, ironically, it helped the peace process...

SAIF: The final sacrifices.

MICKY: Maybe.(PAUSE) But my Da... He never lost that look... in his eyes. The look you have right now, Saif. (SILENCE) Why are you here?

SILENCE

SAIF: I can't tell you too much. I want to tell you, but it's...(SILENCE) One day... when it's safe... I want to tell you. Everything. Everything. If you'll let me.

MICKY: You're protecting... me?

SAIF: Yes... and no. It's not just... noble. I'm afraid....Micky, that if I start... I'll break in half, Micky. Worse. I'll explode. I'm holding my breath to stop my body flying into pieces.

MICKY: Give me... something Saif. Please.

SAIF: (SILENCE) You're right... About me being "on the run". Don't ask who from. But London felt a good place... to disappear.

MICKY: That was the plan.

SAIF: To disappear. Yes.

MICKY: Meeting me?

SAIF: No.

MICKY: Fathering a child on a Greek beach?

SAIF: No.

MICKY: Abandoning your wife and child in the Baltic?

SAIF: Listen... It's not what it looks like. Please. Give me... a chance!

PHONE PINGS AGAIN.

MICKY: (TO PHONE) For christ's sake shut up, asshole!!  
(SHE READS THE TEXT.) Oh  
(AND THEN ANSWERS IT)

SAIF: What is it?

MICKY: It's... Amira..

SAIF: (SILENCE) Where is she?

MICKY: In Calais. With Mahdi. (PAUSE) You didn't know?

SILENCE

They're stuck there. (SHE GETS UP TO GO). You know what? I'm going back. To get her.

SAIF: What?

MICKY: Listen. You help yourself to... whatever. You can let yourself out.

SAIF: Wait. Did you...

MICKY: Tell her...that you're here. With me? No.  
That you're in England? Yes Saif. I did.

**LIGHTS**

**ACT 2****SCENE 7**

EXTERIOR. DAY. AT A CALAIS CAFE TABLE. AMIRA IS EATING. MICKY IS WATCHING, WHILST HOLDING MAHDI.

MICKY: You needed that.

AMIRA: Thank you, thank you Micky.

MICKY: I'm not sure it was Halal.

AMIRA: Right now, I don't care. Thank you Micky

MICKY: He's sleeping well.

AMIRA: Yes. He sleeps a lot. It's better for him. Life on the road...? And we have done, now, about 9000 kilometres. He has been very strong. But he's near the end of his... strength.

MICKY: You did well. So well. And.... alone.

AMIRA: I wasn't alone. I had Hussan. A lot of the way.

MICKY: Where is he now?

AMIRA: In a Hungarian jail. At Horgos, women and children only were allowed through.... and he was told he must wait, and so he left.... he jumped the fence a few miles east, but they have hunters. You know. Like a man hunt. Men on horses. Like sport.

MICKY: Bastards.

AMIRA: They are taken to Szeged for trial. If you make a confession you are deported. Otherwise.... jail. Hussan is not one to lightly make... confessions.

MICKY: That's shit.

AMIRA: Yes.

MICKY: And you?

AMIRA: (PAUSE) I never imagined I would make a journey like this.

MICKY: I'm surprising myself too. Sorry....

AMIRA: I am from Damascus. Before the war my family was happy. At first I thought the uprising against Assad was good, and my sister and I, we went on marches, but soon it became too dangerous. Now you never know what will happen..Daily there are bombardments, shelling, mortars. I have lost many friends, Micky. (PAUSE) Including now my husband.

MICKY: Saif.

AMIRA: Saif?

MICKY: Your husband.

AMIRA: What?

MICKY: Saif is your husband.

AMIRA: Who told you that?

MICKY: Well... no one... but... I assumed.

AMIRA: Saif!? No no no. We met him near the Jordanian border. He came with us. He helped us... in many ways, but... Micky... really. He was never my husband. Although... you know... he's a good looking man. Have you seen him, mmm? Since he came to the UK?

MICKY: (PAUSE) Once.

AMIRA: I would like to see him again. Did he try that "I'm a doctor" thing on you too!? He's a terrible liar! I am glad he made it though. Iraq is a bad place to be also.

MICKY: Iraq?

AMIRA: But he's the one who made us go south... to Jordan, and then Egypt and Libya. Stupid man. Said it would bring us closer to Italy and we'd be right into the Shenghan area. What a waste of time.

MICKY: (ABSENTLY) And you ended up in Greece anyway.

AMIRA: And met you! Praise be to Allah. After that? .... well... you know some of it.

MICKY: Tell me

AMIRA: A lot of the time... you have to walk: People call it the "ant road" because of that.

When we reached the Serbian border we walked... through the woods to avoid checkpoints, following a group of refugees who had a smuggler with them to find the way.

In Belgrade, a man let us stay with him because he also had been a refugee once.

in Serbia We avoided the police by avoiding towns... we walked mostly through farmland. In Hungary after Hussan was caught.... I went with some other refugees. We met a smuggler who said he would take us to Germany by car. We gave him money but the bastard drove us back to the Hungarian border instead.

The police caught us again and put us on a train, going south again. The

wrong way. But... I was lucky. When it stopped at a station and they were taking everyone off, I dodged them, and jumped onto another train back to Budapest. Mahdi and I were lucky. And from there I got trains... to France. When a ticket collector started asking for passports I hid, of course, in the toilets. I shouted through the door that my baby was sick.

Finally I got here.

What for? I don't know.

I met one woman in Budapest.... said she'd been to the "jungle". That it was a nice place. What a lie. It's hell. It's shit, It's freezing. I have no tent, no sleeping bag. No warm clothes. We're given one rotten meal a day. The children, so many children, wonder alone. Begging, You can never tell who they are, or if they're safe. One day to the next. I fear for them.

MICKY: Did you say.... Iraq?

AMIRA: What?

MICKY: Never mind. Listen. I can get you, both, to England.

AMIRA: You can?

MICKY: If you can keep Mahdi quiet. I know a good way. We just have to be on the right boat. In (CHECKS WATCH) two hours.... But not from here. From Dunkirk.

AMIRA: You're the boss.

MICKY: Yes I am. Come on. Eat up. We've wine to buy, there's a Pidou near here.... and.... a boat to catch.

AMIRA: I don't drink. (LONG PAUSE)  
What made you think that Saif was my husband?

**ACT 2**

**SCENE 8**

INTERIOR. DAY. INTERROGATION ROOM.

MOHAMMED: So... you are Sunni....and we know the background. Once Obama gave Malaki the green light, and the Americans left and told him it was now all *his* show...Malaki and his Shia administration started... the punishments.

SAIF: Malaki was paranoid. Insecure. Saddam had persecuted Shia's for years, including him and his family... he blamed anyone or anything that smelt of Baa'th, Sunni or Saddam.

MOHAMMED: But he'd promised the Americans a government Inclusive of the Sunnis

SAIF: Yes. He included us in his plans. as the happy recipients of death squads and militias for the next 3 years. Sooner or later Sunnis in the worst affected regions fought back.

MOHAMMED: Car and suicide bombs are... effective.

SAIF: They do the job.

MOHAMMED: The estimates are high. 130,000. 160,000... depending on whose figures you trust. And on it went. On and on. Back and forth. (PAUSE) Until Mosul.

SAIF: Until Mosul

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: What happened. To your family?

SILENCE.

She is not "some girl you met". Is she?

SILENCE.

what happened to her?

SILENCE.

She was your wife.

SAIF: What happened to her? She was a Shia.

MOHAMMED: You have a mixed marriage.

SAIF: Had. (SILENCE) We honeymooned in Rome. Can you believe that? In 2000.

We had permits, to leave Iraq, and we went... to Rome. The land ...of the infidels!

MOHAMMED: The Nation of the Cross.

SAIF: We saw it all... the Colosseum, dear Allah...those Romans were barbarians. ISIS could learn from them, the Trevi Fountain, the Spanish steps, the Roman Forum....

MOHAMMED: The Vatican,

SAIF: The Vatican. All of it. Then we went home. At the fountain.... she threw in a coin. For luck. They say if you do.... you'll come back... to Rome.

MOHAMMED: But she never did.

Saif: No. *She* didn't.  
Some... back home.... some of our friends even.. frowned on our marriage  
But not many., It wasn't that rare. Mosul was always .... it was a melting pot...  
of peoples. Arabs, Kurds, Assyrians, Armenians, Turkmen, Shabaks, even  
a few Jews. Saddam had tried to... "Arabise" the city... clear out the  
minorities, during the no-fly zone time. But people stayed. They liked the city.  
It was worth the... the Sectarianism.  
And Sunnis and Shias have lived side by side, in peace for centuries...  
mostly. Prayed together, played together, converted one to the other, even  
married.... It's always the politicians who want to stir up the sectarianism. For  
their own ends.

Saddam was the same.... and now... Al-Zarqawi? Al-Baghdadi? They're just  
the ghosts of Saddam.  
Stirring up hatred to get themselves a following. It's worse than... facebook.  
Say they protect sunnis, spill their blood for us.... but only if you're a sunni  
who hates Shias, who'll allow women and children raped or made sex slaves,  
who'll be blind to murder... and injustice.  
That's not protection.... unless you mean it in the Mafia sense of the word.  
They are crooks. Dogs.

MOHAMMED: What happened?

SAIF: It wasn't so bad back then, even after the 2003 war started.. The University  
was a bustling place. Debate, talks, people were busy learning. Sharing what  
they learnt. I loved it there.

MOHAMMED: What was your faculty?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Medicine.

MOHAMMED: You're a doctor?

SAIF: For my sins

MOHAMMED: And she?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Yes. For hers.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: What was her speciality?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Oncology. (PAUSE) And you know...? Sunnis... when she treated them. Made them better. They never asked... if she was Shia.

MOHAMMED: Not till ISIL came.

SAIF: Not till then.

MOHAMMED: *They* asked.

SAIF: Yes.

MOHAMMED: And what did she say?

SAIF: She said... "I am pregnant".

.....

**ACT 2**

**SCENE 9**

EXTERIOR. DAY. DUNKIRK FERRY CHECK POINT. MICKY IS DRIVING AGAIN.

MICKY: You okay in there?  
Ok. They're stopping us. Oh shit no... It's the same fricking guy. (WINDS WINDOW DOWN). Bonjour. Ca va?

CUSTOMS: Open the boot please. Turn off your engine.

MICKY: (PAUSE) Sure. (SHE GETS OUT) So... you work on this ferry too?

CUSTOMS: Is this your car?

MICKY: Yes?

CUSTOMS: Lift this blanket please. (PAUSE) What is this?

MICKY: It's... a box.

CUSTOMS: What is inside it?

MICKY: Well... Funny you should ask me that.

**ACT 2****SCENE 10**

INTERIOR. DAY. INTERROGATION ROOM.

SAIF: It all happened so quickly.

MOHAMMED: Yes...

SAIF: There'd been lots... too much fighting. Bombings. Too many.... and so on. We were all on the look out, but... mostly... the rest of us.... Shia's and Sunnis alike... we trusted each other. We weren't going to be made enemies of each other. We knew, we thought.... it was just local hot heads. Angry young idiots. Stirring trouble. The town was under the Iraqi government. The soldiers were around, on the street corners, in the cafes. Mostly in the cafes. They were... lazy mostly. Or holed up at the base, polishing their nice pile of US mortar weapons and humvees.

But then it all changed. Suddenly...literally... within a day... Mosul was full... of gunmen, in black head-scarves and pick up trucks with machine guns on. Black flags everywhere. People were cheering. I don't know who they were, cheering these men into the town. I guess the university had been a bubble ....we'd not.... just not realised... how far the ignorance and the hatred had been stirred up.

MOHAMMED: And the soldiers. The army?.

SAIF: Gone. They just... ran away.  
And then the check points went up.  
If you could prove yourself a Sunni... you had a chance. If you were Shia, or they thought you were....you disappeared.

Now? Everyone who can... has two ID cards. One Sunni, one Shia. You just hope you get the right one out at a checkpoint.

Anah said we should go. But it was too late. We were trapped.

MOHAMMED: Anah.

SILENCE.

SAIF: They searched the city. Rounded us all up. People... including people I had known, thought of... as friends.... were fingering Shias, distancing themselves quickly. Dropping allegiances like....  
They had a lot to get through. So most were just machine gunned in the back. I thought we'd be luckier. I was Sunni, and could show it. She was my wife. I was a doctor. She had treated Sunni's.... people could vouch for her...

They shot her in the head first, and then through the stomach. Several times.

LONG SILENCE.

The funny thing was... I was glad. That the baby had not.... That I hadn't got to know... my child.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: They spared you.

SILENCE.

SAIF: I didn't care. After that. Everything had gone. They... the other Sunnis welcomed them in, or at least pretended to..... they said, ISIS...said they were spilling their blood... to protect us... to free us... from the Shias. Liars.

MOHAMMED: You were punished.

SAIF: They "fined" me. Robbed me more like. They were just thieves, self important creeps.... *They said I had brought shame on my people. On islam. (PAUSE) I know who needs to learn about shame. (PAUSE) Said I should have my dick shot off.*  
But I had treated one of their men. They called him a "general". He was just a wanker. But I treated him and he got better .... so they let me live.

Then they trashed the university.

**ACT 3**

**SCENE 1**

INTERIOR. DAY. MICKY'S FLAT. SHE ENTERS WITH BAG, SAME BAG SHE LEFT FLAT WITH PREVIOUSLY. SHE IS TIRED, CARRYING A BIG PILE OF MAIL, IS VISIBLY MORE PREGNANT. AFTER FLIPPING THROUGH HER MAIL, AND OTHER ARRIVAL BUSINESS, SHE FINDS HER REFERENDUM VOTING FORMS.

MICKY: Oh good. Just in time to vote. June 23<sup>rd</sup> it is then.

SHE FINDS A POSTCARD.

MICKY: Rome? Who do I know in...? The Colosseum? Very nice thank you. That is some scrawl. I can't read that whoever you are! You must be a doctor! (ASIDE) I hate doctors.

SHE DROPS IT TO ONE SIDE AND SHE STOPS, AND LEANS AGAINST THE TABLE... RELIEVED TO HAVE COME HOME, AND SOBBING FOR HER ORDEAL. SHE DISCOVERS A NOTE LEANING AGAINST THE TEAPOT. SHE PICKS IT UP, AND COMING UPSTAGE READS IT.

The same bloody scrawl!

AS SHE DOES SO, LIGHTS COMES UP ON SAIF, WHO NARRATES.

SAIF: Dear Micky.

How are you? Where are you?  
You've been gone many days now. I waited... as long as I could. I wanted to explain... as best I could. But.. (SILENCE.)  
I guess you got caught. Took your phone.  
I hope they're treating you well... and I am hoping that, if you tell them about the... the baby, and with Amira having Mahdi.... they'll be merciful with you and let you off with a few days inside and a fine.  
Inside the teapot is something toward the fine.  
Inside you is something towards.... me.  
There's something toward him or her too. (PAUSE) Try the sugar bowl.

Thank you. For helping me, for telling me... about your father. If not about... everything. I suppose we all have secrets.  
I now know I cannot hide in England after all.  
So... I cannot wait for you anymore. But I am trusting you'll be out soon.  
The Calais courts don't need more high profile mercy-smuggling cases (sorry, I used your laptop.) so I guess you'll soon be back.

You'll have found out by now, also, about Amira, and I.

Good news!..... and bad. I suppose.

But Micky... listen... I am still not free. Not at the moment.

I have things to do.

You have my number. Whatever you do... don't call it at the moment, don't even text..... as you'll be traceable.

I'll delete as much as I can about you for now, but I have you and your number in my head.

I would like... if I can,... if you don't mind.... to call you..... one day.

Look after the baby. I think you're going to.

Saif

**ACT 3****SCENE 2**

INTERIOR. UNDETERMINED TIME OF DAY.  
INTERROGATION ROOM.

MOHAMMED: How did you get out? (SILENCE) You joined them.

SAIF: No choice. They have both my nieces as well now. Guns to everyone's heads. If was just me, I'd....  
I'm on a checkpoint now. For starters.

MOHAMMED: Go on.

SAIF: I'm trying.... to let as many through as I can. I have to not be too lenient or...

MOHAMMED: They suspect.

SAIF: I know this one...a student of mine. Shia. I wear my black scarf up, but he knows my voice. I let him through and tell him "stay away. Stay away... from checkpoints." He thanks me. And runs.

MOHAMMED: But you can't keep the pretence up long. You have to...

SAIF: Show my colours. Demonstrate... my allegiance. To as many as possible I say.... "Ok....you're Sunni. You know the right things. Know the right prayers (most people do anyway... we've all been neighbours!) Ok.... You go through." But they... This one... a truck driver... is driving too fast at the check point today.... I don't know him..., and now I'm not alone, at the checkpoint, and the other guy with me,... he's trigger happy, full of hate. "Come on Saif...." he says, "you do him. Come here you. Get out of your cab. Why did you not stop back there. You were going too fast. Show me your ID card"  
The driver... he's thin, anxious. Sweating.... He says... "I'm just a good Muslim trying to work. I want to live."  
Trigger Happy says "You're Sunni? Huh?"  
The driver says "I swear.... by Allah and the Prophet. Please. I just need to work."  
Trigger happy says "You're Sunni, yes? How can I know you're not Shia?"  
I say... "Hey... maybe he's ok.."  
Trigger happy says, "Huh? Maybe not. You... truck man. Sunni you say. What are the Shia doing with the honour of Muslims in Iraq? Huh?"  
Truck driver says..."I don't know. I have nothing to do with them"  
Trigger says, "They're raping women and killing true muslims".  
Trucky says, "I've never been so close to the army."  
Trigger suddenly says, "Based on the way you talk you're a polytheist. Come on Saif, bring him". And I know. I know I must either make this man die, or I.... must die. And I am wondering... what it is I am living for now. Why must he die instead of me? But I don't have time.  
I know I have an answer... I just can't find it yet. Why I, or my nieces, must live, and he must not. I don't have time, cos Trigger is urging me on, pushing Truck man to the dirt, I don't have time, to work it out, to remember why we

must live, and that to do so, he must die. And he's urging and truck man is pleading, pleading with me, cos he can see I am hesitant. And Trigger can see I am now, and now Trigger and is wondering whether he should kill me, for taking too long, and I'm wondering if I should kill Trigger instead, and in the split second, I raise the gun, and... shoot the Truck driver. BANG dead, in the head. And again... and again... his twitching body dying in the sun and the heat, spilling blood onto the sand. And trigger is saying... "Good. Quicker next time. We have much to do. Come on Saif.... let's see how many more bastards are out there." And I say.... "yes... come on... "and I'm spitting.... on the truck driver. On his body.... Who I have never had a quarrel with. Who I never hated. Who I never knew why I was supposed to kill him. And that night... I think about it... amongst all the other dead, all the other killings, and the dreams of killings.... and I try to work out... why did he have to die..... and why did I have to live? Why me?

MOHAMMED: (SILENCE) Did you ever figure it out?

SAIF: I figured something out. The best I can do.

MOHAMMED: (SILENCE) Tell me.

SAIF: I must live... so I can save... a life.

MOHAMMED: You are a doctor after all.

SAIF: And I couldn't have saved *that* life. The truck driver.

MOHAMMED: Probably not.

SAIF: Nor many others. Not there. Not in Mosul. Although I let through as many as I could... without them being... wondering... about my allegiance. Everyone's allegiance was in question. Mine more so... all those who knew... about Anah.

MOHAMMED: You are in a tight spot.

SAIF: But the local general. (Name??) he likes me, the wanker I'd treated? He likes me. Shit. I even caught myself talking like him... even walking like the bastard. And they know I am educated though they hate the educated..... but they find out I can speak English.... but moreover... they find out that I have been... because they ask me.... they say to me... "where did you spend your honeymoon with your Shia whore".... (SILENCE) and I tell them.

MOHAMMED: Rome.

SAIF: And then all their ears... prick up.

**(?DEvised VIGNETTES HERE:  
HUSSAN ARRIVES ROME / AMIRA RELEASED / MICKY PACKS FOR ROME?)**

**ACT 3**

**SCENE 3**

INTERIOR. INTERROGATION ROOM

MOHAMMED: The Nation of The Cross.

SAIF: (PAUSE) They want to export... their brand of ...

MOHAMMED: Godliness. You're here to do a *job!*

SAIF: I'm here... to *stop* a job.

MOHAMMED: The Vatican?

SAIF: Probably... but ... the actual target is not my...

MOHAMMED: Part of the mission. You're not alone.

SAIF: No.

MOHAMMED: Do you know your fellow...

SAIF: Brothers? No. I won't know.... till I get the truck to Rome. Nor will you. If I don't get there, he'll do his own thing.

MOHAMMED: Or she....

SAIF: Maybe... and probably.... quite effectively.

SILENCE.

MOHAMMED: You.... want us to...

SAIF: Listen... I'll do my best. This is it. Why truck driver.... his name was Salim by the way. Why Salim, and more.... had to die.

MOHAMMED: And not you.

SAIF: Let me go. I'll lead you to them. Their code-name is *Parsifal*. The truck isn't just a battering ram this time. Like Nice. No. I'm to take it for packing. If I don't get there, they'll find, and pack, another truck &, well, you know the rest.

MOHAMMED: Ok. But when? When are you due there?

SAIF: Monday.

MOHAMMED: The 1<sup>st</sup> ..., of.... May. This week!?

SAIF: A holy day. The day of St Joseph The Worker. And.. Pope Francis...? He likes to walk freely among the people.

**ACT 3**

**SCENE 4**

EXTERIOR. DAY. ROME. IN FRONT OF TREVI FOUNTAIN

SAIF: Hussan! Is that you!?

HUSSAN: Saif! Good to see you. Allah is great I knew it!

THEY HUG.

SAIF: Let me look at you.... huh? I thought you were in a Hungarian jail!

HUSSAN: I was. I was. The food stinks. What a year. What a fucking year! Whose idea was it to come via Greece, huh!? We should have come straight to Italy. Cut out the middle men. At least now I have my gelato! You should try it.

SAIF: Well, we got you here finally. The Trevi Fountain, the gelato. As you wished.

HUSSAN: Yes! Thanks to some.... friends. It is good and hot here, huh?

SAIF: And very busy.

HUSSAN: All the better.

SILENCE.

SAIF: What are you doing here?

HUSSAN: What are *you* doing here?

SAIF: I asked first.

SILENCE.

HUSSAN: Have you heard from Amira?

SAIF: They're safe. In Calais I hear. Disgusting but safe. For now.

HUSSAN: Good, Good.

SAIF: Micky tried to help her

HUSSAN: Micky?

SAIF: The woman from Greece. Remember?

HUSSAN: Her. Oh her! You dirty bastard. You were porking her, yes?

SAIF: (SILENCE) Well... she.... listen Hussan. I can't talk for long, I am supposed to be, um... meeting someone. It would be better....

HUSSAN: Me too. Me too.

SILENCE.

Who are you meeting?

SAIF: I don't... look... I can't say.... you... it's best if you're not here, ok?  
Best to... to move on. Maybe I can see you later, somewhere.

HUSSAN: I see. Where are you meeting.... whoever it is.

SAIF: Here.

HUSSAN: Me too.

SAIF: No. I mean right here.

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) Me too. (PAUSE) There's a hashtag in there somewhere.

SILENCE.

SAIF: Can I ask you something?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) Ok.

SAIF: (PAUSE) Who failed....in his initial search for the Holy Grail?

HUSSAN: Parsifal, Saif. (PAUSE) But later he became the new...

SAIF: Grail King. (SILENCE) You... are Parsifa!?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) Yes.

SILENCE.

SAIF: How long since you began this... mission..., Hussan?

HUSSAN: My allegiance to Allah is eternal, Saif.

SAIF: Did you know? That it was me you were to meet here today?

HUSSAN: It doesn't matter, Saif. Have you got the truck?

SILENCE.

Have you?

SAIF: Yes.

HUSSAN: How did you get it? Where from?

SAIF: Paris. I sent our Paris contact a copy of the driving licence that I... borrowed.

HUSSAN: Don't tell me.... Micky?

SAIF: (SILENCE) Yes.

HUSSAN: Huh. She is good for many things. Maybe we can use her yet.

SAIF: I'd rather not. Paris came up with a look-a-like. To pick the truck up. She took her time to collect it. But when she did... dear God. The resemblance...

HUSSAN: Mmm. You wanted to fuck her too, huh? She is also a great hacking expert.

SAIF: What?

HUSSAN: It doesn't matter. They're jumpy since Nice, so using a western woman to collect was good. And I suppose a legit vehicle is going to get further into ground zero. You're to bring it here (HANDS HIM A PIECE OF PAPER), and there we pack it. Are you alone, or is the infidel whore with you?

SAIF: (PAUSE) I am alone, Hussan.

HUSSAN: Good. Bring the truck. Tell no one.

SAIF: Hussan. If that is your name.

HUSSAN: Yes?

SAIF: Have you always wanted to... you know... do this?

SILENCE.

HUSSAN: Since you ask, and it's no business of yours... it was only after my eyes were opened that I was able to see the light.

SAIF: The light? Yes... tell me again... about "the light"

HUSSAN: Have you forgotten your training so soon, Saif?

SAIF: *You* forget... I have two trainings Hussan. One as a doctor. One as a killer. Which do you mean?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) Are we to play word games here, Saif? Is your allegiance to Allah solid, Brother? Are you ready? (SILENCE)

SAIF: Brother? I am old enough to be your father.

HUSSAN: They were ready, weren't they? No qualms. No hand-wringing. The infidels bombed us to hell, brother. Did they not? Did they not unleash

untold horror? On Ba'athist strongholds, yes, but also on our people, on innocent Sunnis? When Saddam was toppled, did they not bomb indiscriminately, their coalition of the willing, killing children and women alike, Acceptable collateral. Legitimate Targets?

SAIF: I thought you were supposed to be Syrian....

HUSSAN: Sat in their arm chairs, in the West, watching their TV's, while planes bombed and murdered our wives, our children. Our loved ones. Us. All expendable.

SAIF: allah yaelam 'anak ealaa haqi hawsan

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: I said...Allah knows you are right Hussan. I wish not. But...in England at least... they marched. Against the Iraq war.

HUSSAN: You are wavering, Saif. It doesn't matter, we just need the truck. You get it delivered, I'll do the rest. (PAUSE) Listen to me. Yes... they marched. And then... they went home. Homes that were safe. Their children? Safe, in their beds. But ours? Not ever... once the war, the bombs started, and Malaki and his death squads let loose. And the coalition? They turned their backs.

SAIF: They urged Malaki to include the Sunnis.

HUSSAN: They *abandoned* the Sunni to him. And he let loose his Shia death squads on us.

SAIF: Again with the "us".

HUSSAN: The Sunni will always be crushed underfoot, unless we rise up and rebuild the Caliphate. You're thinking too much. Anyone would think you pity these Crusaders..

SILENCE.

SAIF: I have... been thinking a little. Did you know.... The British... they made... an Enquiry.

HUSSAN: (LAUGHS) You mean... the Chilcot...whitewash!? Why do you love the British so? Dear Allah, I should kill you here and now.

SAIF: I did... a secondment there, Brighton. Part of my medical training.

HUSSAN: Brighton?

SAIF: Yes.

HUSSAN: (SILENCE) And so... *that* is how you are taken in... by the lies of the infidels? How long did your British friend's enquiry take? Huh? 7 years. 7 years! And

Blair is off... free. Bush, the same. Both criminals.

SAIF: They are both free it is true. But it was damning. Of him, his decision to go to war. And yes... that Saddam was no real threat.

HUSSAN: So the massacre that came was an unjustified, illegal, criminal genocide by the west, the Christians... against Muslims.

SILENCE.

Genocide, Saif. Of our people. Of your people,.

For no good cause. You hear me.

And on it went... this Chilcot "enquiry" finally... to talk... of the dead.

And whose dead did it speak of? Huh, Saif?

Of the 150 thousand or more Iraqis murdered,.... in their beds, in their homes, in the street.... bombs falling like rain? Did it?

Huh?

No. It spoke, your Chilcot, Sir Chilcot, Knight and crusader.... Saif.... spoke of the need to... what was it... in future conflicts to.... count, count!.... the civilian dead. *Count* them.

Not *stop* them being killed! Just count them....

Like the massacres were simply.... an accounting problem. An issue of tallying up the column correctly.

What did it speak of... in terms of *regret*, Saif?

Only... *only*... Saif... of the 179 British soldiers killed. Soldiers, Saif. Men who signed up... to come and kill *us*.

Now their time has come, Saif. For them to feel the pain our people have been feeling since this began.

I pity them, Saif. I do.. For I know about the pain they are to feel.

I am not going to tell you about my brothers. I'm not going to.

I wouldn't wish that on any one... but I do... wish it.

For it is only... by feeling that pain, really feeling it, Saif, that the Infidel is going to *wake up*.... to their armchair wars, their drone battles, their games-consul murders and massacres. And start to see... that we are people. Not dogs. Not pixels on a screen. But humans. Humans that bleed and die and feel and hurt.

And you know when... when they released their Chilcot report, huh. On what date? The day before, and they say it was not a manipulation of the British minds. They released it the day before the anniversary of the 7/7 bombings. The day before!

"Oh I say.... we might have got it slightly wrong... but hey... tomorrow we remember what those bastards in Ghutras did to us in London... so anyway... fuck them!"

You know... I argued, with all my heart, to launch this attack in England... for *that* report, and for Blair's response, alone.

But someone else will cover that.

They still haven't learnt, Saif. They still sit, in their homes, vote for leaders that use their drones, to wipe us out.

When will they learn Saif? What language do they understand? Huh?

Talk? No.  
Pleas? No.  
Reason? Decency? Humanity? No.  
Pictures... of dead children? Shame? No  
What language do they understand, Saif? Huh?

SAIF: What language do *you* understand?

HUSSAN: They can't hear us. Saif. They simply cannot hear Muslim pain. It is like background noise, programmed out like the cries of a cow being slaughtered. With their press, all whispering lies in their ears  
"Saddam and his WMD's...are coming to get you in your beds!"

Well now... we really fucking are!

I see you're having second thoughts, Saif..that you are squeamish. Who can blame you? But until they stop, we will never be free, Saif. Until they wake up, and hear the lesson that we will teach them.

SILENCE.

SAIF: 'akhbarni ean banat 'atruhat lika. (*Tell me about these brothers of yours.*)

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: Your brothers. Tell me about them.

HUSSAN: Like what

SAIF: la 'aerfu. 'asmayuhm? (*I don't know. Their names?*)

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: (SILENCE) You're not from Syria, or Iraq, are you?

HUSSAN: (SILENCE) What does it matter?

SAIF: Where are you from?

HUSSAN: It doesn't matter.

SAIF: Just tell me. Parsifal. Hussan. (PAUSE) Where are you from?

HUSSAN: (SILENCE) Brighton

SAIF: (SILENCE) And you have no brothers.

HUSSAN: (SILENCE) No.

SAIF: You went out.... to join IS?

HUSSAN: (SILENCE) My.... cousins... needed me.

SAIF: I'm not so sure.

HUSSAN: I was... called.

SAIF: Nice to feel needed, Hussan. You must have been very lonely. (PAUSE) In Brighton.

(SILENCE)

HUSSAN: Fuck them.... all.

(SILENCE)

SAIF: Huh. You always wanted to speak English, on the road. Said you wanted to "practice". Funny. And I bought it. You pull off a good Arabic accent, Hussan.

HUSSAN: Cultural appropriation some would say. Hollywood next, huh?

SAIF: Well, You're young enough. And happy to play to someone else's script.

HUSSAN: What do you mean?

SAIF: All that speech you just spouted. It's not even your own thinking. Just words someone put into your head.

HUSSAN: It's the Truth, Saif.

SAIF: But someone else's all the same. When will you learn to think for yourself, Hussan? What was your father's name?

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: Your father? Who was he?

HUSSAN: Him? Nothing. He worked in some fucking shop. Selling Samosas and cigarettes to fat stupid people.

SAIF: What's so wrong with that, Hussan?

HUSSAN: What's wrong with growing up in the local Paki shop? Being shouted Paki at every day? Being told I stink of curry. What's wrong with that?

SAIF: Are you a Paki?

HUSSAN: No. I'm not. I'm fucking British. You know. Born in their stupid fucking country, but still not allowed in.

SAIF: Your father?

HUSSAN: A fucking Paki, yes.

SAIF: Did you always hate him?

SILENCE

HUSSAN: Did I say I hated him?

SAIF: You said he was nothing.

HUSSAN: He was. How many times did he have his windows broken? Paint sprayed over his shutters? How many times did his son come home with blood or worse, spit on his face, his bag, or jacket ripped? How many times did he wait with a shotgun or baseball bat to defend his shop, his home, his son? How many fucking times did go to the school to fight for me, defend me!?

(PAUSE)

None. The answer is none, Saif. He never fought for himself, for me. No. So I start to bunk school, and I sit, alone, on my computer. Watching all sorts of... shit. Porn, games, beheadings, anything. Anything. Never does he stop me, I am 11 for fuck's sake... Never does he come upstairs, see what I am watching, never does he even ask me what is going on. On the internet I am racking up a massive bill. £2000 it hits before he finally, with a penknife, cuts the phone line. But it's too late, Saif. I've already made contact. With brothers. Who fight. For their families, for what they believe. For their people.

SAIF: These... are not your people.

HUSSAN: Then who is, Saif? My dad? You? You fucking abandoned me in Greece like all the other arseholes. The kids at school? The children I grew up with....

SAIF: Did you have no friends at school. Not one?

SILENCE:

Did he have a name?

HUSSAN: I'm not talking about it.

SAIF: A white boy.

HUSSAN: I'm not... talking.... about... it.

SAIF: Did *all* the others bully you?

SILENCE

HUSSAN: Enough of them.

SAIF: So if you drove a truck into them... Into a school... there'd be innocent..

HUSSAN: Well he didn't fucking stop them did they!

SAIF: He?

SILENCE.

HUSSAN: I don't even remember his name. (SILENCE) Daniel.

SAIF: His name was Daniel. That is a god name.

SILENCE.

And the teachers?

HUSSAN: Fucking useless! Mostly.

SAIF: Mostly... That's the big word. Mostly is where there's... hope. (SILENCE) You must have been.... frightened. Alone.

HUSSAN: Until the Brothers contacted me. They knew. What it's like. They fucking listened. No one else... gave a shit.

SAIF: It's a glamorous world. The world of the IS fighter. Black Ninja outfits, Guns and riding pick-up trucks. Super cool.

HUSSAN: They were cool. Didn't let any bastards smash *their* windows or spit in *their* faces.

SAIF: Superheroes, not shopkeepers, huh?

HUSSAN: They fucking saved me, Saif. You didn't. For that I'll forever be in *their* allegiance.

SAIF: For ever?

HUSSAN: For ever Saif.

SAIF: No way back? It might not be too late, Hussan.

HUSSAN: No way back, Saif.

SILENCE

SAIF: You know you remain a legitimate target Hussan.

HUSSAN: No... way... back, Saif.

SAIF: I will bring the truck. Is it just you?

HUSSAN: You ask a lot of questions Saif. You know not to.

But no... we're waiting for the detonators. Bring the truck. Then you can go. We will do the rest. (PAUSE) Can I still trust you?

SILENCE.

SAIF: (PAUSE) You can trust me, Hussan. So... what is the target?

HUSSAN: You know I cannot tell you that.

SAIF: The Vatican.

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) One God, Saif. One God.

SAIF: Will *you* be driving?

HUSSAN: I don't need to, brother. Just be there, at the rendezvous, by nine. We will do the rest.

HUSSAN EXITS. SAIF STANDS THERE AND THEN EXITS.  
LIGHTS GO DOWN.

**ACT 3**

**SCENE 5**

EXTERIOR. DAY. SAIF ENTERS AND APPROACHES A TRUCK, LOOKING FOR KEYS.

MICKY: (ENTERS) Hello SAIF.

SAIF: (TO SELF) Micky.

You followed me. From the fountain.

MICKY: Sentimental postcards are always a bad idea.

SAIF: How are you?..... Did they keep you long?

MICKY: Four weeks.

SAIF: Not... so bad.

MICKY: Oh No. A holiday camp. And a thousand Euros fine. And deportation..... Permanent.

SAIF: Well...Who needs France anyway, huh.

MICKY: Amira right now. It's all she's got. And Mahdi.

SILENCE.

Why did you hire a truck.... in my name?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Refugees?

MICKY: You're a trafficker now?

SAIF: I don't ask money. I just... bring them. Like you did.

MICKY: Why hire it in Paris? You would need a woman... to pick it up there. Someone who looks like me.

SILENCE.

SAIF: I... had help. (PAUSE) Listen Micky. It's not safe for you to be seen with me. You don't want...

MICKY: The truth!?

SAIF: (PAUSE) Oh... I see. At last.... Micky, The "truthful" Reporter, wants The

Truth! For your truthful newspaper? How *is* your IRA dad?

MICKY: (SILENCE.) You know fucking nothing . (SHE SNATCHES THE KEYS) Is this the truck?

SAIF: What?

MICKY: How many can you get in. That's one big mother. I can only fit one in my belly.

SAIF: What are you doing?

MICKY: (SHE CLIMBS IN TO TRUCK) Come on, Saif... let's take her for a spin!?

SAIF: That's... not a good idea.

MICKY: Jump in. (CLOSES HER DOOR, AND STARTS ENGINE) I've always wanted to go left hand drive, and these modern babies,.. a dream to drive.

SAIF: Just get down!

MICKY: No no. Come on... It'll be fun, it's in my name after all so I deserve a spin in her whilst you tell me all about your.... mercy mission.

SAIF: Please!

MICKY: (HE CLIMBS IN AND SHE DRIVES OFF) And you get a much a better view of Rome from a nice high cab. Come on let's go...!!

SAIF: Come on. Enough's enough... turn off the engine. Bad idea!

MICKY: I like bad ideas. Didn't you know. Like letting you screw me. Like bringing you into the UK. Like leaving you alone in my flat. I'm the mother of all bad ideas.

SAIF: Please Micky. Stop. Let me drive. We can talk.

MICKY: I've had a lot of your talk Saif. *Is* that your real name? It doesn't matter. I'll tell the baby you were a romantic Arabian night.

SAIF: For fuck's sake Micky... look out!

MICKY: What a beauty. So... you like trucking, huh, Saif?

SAIF: Not much.

MICKY: No. You're more a stretcher-trolley kinda guy aren't you. At least that was true. (LOOKING OUT OF WINDOW) Hey! Laurentina. Sounds sooo good on the tongue. Like... certain words. Was it fun... lying to me, Saif?

SAIF: No.

MICKY: Did they sound good on your tongue, your lies, Saif?

SAIF: No. Look... we're all going to get killed....

MICKY: Tell me your real name.

SAIF: Saif

MICKY: Where are you from "Saif"?

SAIF: Iraq. Mosul.

MICKY: This is fun isn't it. And who is your wife. **Who** is your wife!?

SAIF: Her name was Anah.

MICKY: Fuck you! (CARS HOOT) And Fuck you!!! (SOUNDS THE HORN). I'm not going to be taken in by you again.

SAIF: Red Lights! Slow down, slow down!

MICKY: Alright! Alright. No problemo! (STOPS AT LIGHTS WITH A SCREECH) Hey. This baby's got good brakes. I hardly had to touch them.

SAIF: Allah! Are you some sort of maniac?

MICKY: Hormones I guess.

HUSSAN: (ENTERS CAB. BRANDISING A GUN) Hello Saif. Micky. Move over.

MICKY: Hussan? Is that you?

HUSSAN: Just Drive.

SAIF: Great. My accomplice.

HUSSAN: DRIVE!

(SHE CONTINUES: THE TRUCK CONTINUES ON)

HUSSAN: What is this Saif?

SAIF: She's in love.

HUSSAN: With you!? How funny. You're a fake.

SAIF: But not in the way you mean. You know she's pregnant.

HUSSAN: Here, tie her up.

SAIF: She's driving!

HUSSAN: No. Someone else is. Take your hands off the wheel, Micky.

MICKY: What!?

HUSSAN: Go on. it's fine. Someone else is driving, now. The other you.

SILENCE

SAIF: Shit. You've hacked it.

HUSSAN: Tie her, Saif. Quick. The traffic's waiting. Don't try anything.

SAIF: Give me your hands.

MICKY: What is this Saif? This isn't about trafficking.

SAIF: Not quite. Listen to me, Hussan. She's pregnant. Very pregnant. Let her go. You're a good man. I saw how you cared for Mahdi.

HUSSAN: That was different.

SAIF: Hussan. She's nothing. Just caught up in all of this.

HUSSAN: She works for the Mail Saif.

SAIF: She's not Katy fucking Hopkins. She's a cub reporter. She's pregnant.

HUSSAN: Your baby?

SAIF: Does it matter?

TRUCK COMES TO A STOP AT SOME RED LIGHTS

MICKY: Listen, Hussan....

HUSSAN: Ok. Get out Micky

MICKY/SAIF: (IN UNISON) What!?

HUSSAN: If you want to live, you know what to do. Quickly. It's your best chance. The Lights are red, and they're far enough behind they won't see you jump. Just get out. Now. Quickly.

SILENCE

SAIF: Ok listen to me, Micky. Trust me...

MICKY: You're a doctor!?

SAIF: If that helps.

MICKY: I fucking trusted you before. Look where I've been since.

HUSSAN: Just get out Micky. Trust me, it's your best chance.

MICKY: Oh.. trust you too!? That's a big trust fest we're having here today!

SAIF: Just GET OUT Micky!

SILENCE. SHE CLIMBS DOWN (EXITS). THE TRUCK RESUMES DRIVING. (BEING DRIVEN BY HACKERS)

SILENCE.

SAIF: I notice you've not put the gun down, Hussan.

HUSSAN: What are you playing at?

SAIF: I told you, she followed me.

HUSSAN: That's not what I mean.

SAIF: Who's driving?

HUSSAN: Her look alike again. Twins at the wheel of your truck simultaneously. I find that sexy.

SAIF: Why not get *her* to bring it to Rome?

HUSSAN: Too busy training.

(THEY SWAY VIOLENTLY)

SAIF: She needs more.

HUSSAN: Doing it from behind, as it were. Hard to see where she's going. Get over and take the wheel. Quickly. (INTO THE RADIO) OK he's.... he's got it. You can hand over. I've got it now, and we've dealt with the girl. Meet you at... the... place. I'll be in touch. OK?

RADIO VOICE: Roger that, Parsifal.

SILENCE.

SAIF: Where are we going?

HUSSAN: Are you wired?

SAIF: Should I be?

HUSSAN: Don't move. (HUSSAN FRISKS SAIF) Ok...

SAIF: To the rendezvous?

HUSSAN: No.

SAIF: The Target then?

HUSSAN: No! Just... drive. I have to... think.

SAIF: Do we need the gun. (SILENCE) Have you seen your father?

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: Have you seen your dad? Since you got *back* to Europe.

SILENCE

HUSSAN: Briefly. Still running his stupid shop, like nothing's happened.

SAIF: Did it have a name. His shop? (SILENCE) Did it?

HUSSAN: Masala Bazaar! What does it matter!?

SAIF: He's probably worried, you know. Keeping busy. Keeping it all going, should you... return. He probably wanted you to take it over one day. (SILENCE) Hussan's Masala Bazaar. That's a great name, huh? Rolls off the tongue. (SILENCE) Did you... speak to him. (SILENCE) Does he know you're safe?

HUSSAN: Why the fuck should I want to run some stupid shop!?

SAIF: No reason. Did you see... your friend?... Daniel?

HUSSAN: Shut up!! Shit! I've got to think.

SAIF: So why didn't you just do a job in, like... Brighton. Plenty of targets there.

HUSSAN: Why do you ask so many stupid questions?

SAIF: Never know who you'd hit, I guess. Your Mother. Your dad. Your other friends. (PAUSE) Daniel.

HUSSAN: I don't have any friends!

SAIF: Have you ever actually killed anyone, Hussan?

HUSSAN: Shut up!

SAIF: Have you?

HUSSAN: You think I'm not a man!? Huh? You think I couldn't do it?

SAIF: I think you're man enough... to not kill someone. I think you came here, to Rome, partly to protect...

HUSSAN: You're wrong!

SAIF: Am I? Is it so hard to find innocents to kill in your home town, Hussan? I found many to kill in mine. In Mosul. Friends. Students. Plenty. Why not turn this around, head for your old school, your dad's shop, Daniel's house, if you hate them all so much. Huh? What do any of them matter? You belong to Allah now. And apparently, every unbeliever must die. why not start at home? Tell me!?

HUSSAN: Leave me alone!

SAIF: Tell me!

HUSSAN: We considered Brighton Actually, yeah? (PAUSE) Full of fucking gays.

SAIF: Oh... so... You... don't like gays? Did Daniel.... like gays?

SILENCE

Listen to me, Hussan. I am not going to say "trust me, I am your friend" or anything like that. Although I am. If you're going through with this, you're going to die, soon. You know? This is it. Last chance... To talk. To really tell someone.. who knows you, who cares... to tell .. ....look... I've got nothing better to do, Hussan, right now, than to listen. To you. Nothing. What have you got to lose. I just want.... to hear... what has *happened* to you. (PAUSE) Nothing more.

SILENCE.

HUSSAN: You want to know what has *happened* to me, huh?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Yes.

LONG SILENCE AS THEY DRIVE

SAIF: So...?

SILENCE

HUSSAN: You know... In Raqqa.... they were throwing them off the roofs.

SAIF: Them?

HUSSAN: Dozens of them.

SAIF: Dozens of...? Daniels?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) Yes.

SAIF: *They...* were throwing them off the roofs?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) We.

SAIF: Did you... help?

HUSSAN: (PAUSE) With the... throwing? (PAUSE) No....  
I was like... a witch hunter. I found them... rounded them up.

SAIF: With your... gaydar?

SILENCE

HUSSAN: I couldn't have stopped it Saif. None of us could.

SILENCE

SAIF: I know. About that. But, Daniel... he was your friend wasn't he?

HUSSAN: My dad wouldn't have it.

SAIF: Your dad?

HUSSAN: He caught me, one night. In my room.

SAIF: With Daniel

HUSSAN: He hated what I'd become.

SAIF:

SILENCE

Are you really going to do this, Hussan? Because your dad was too fucking conservative, too shit-scared.... to cuddle you? God knows every little boy deserves cuddles, love, from their dads, but..... must more little boys be run over by trucks.... to avenge your... your wounds? Huh?

SILENCE.

SAIF: Hussan?

HUSSAN: I don't know. I don't know. I don't know.

SILENCE.

SAIF: Ok. Listen. I'm going to Drive north, Out of the city. Let's get clear, dump the truck. And make our way out of this. There's a way out. I know there is. For all of us. (PAUSE) Ok? (PAUSE) Ok!?

SILENCE.

SAIF: (QUIETLY) Hussan.

HUSSAN: Ok.

SAIF: Ok. (STARTS TRUCK AND RESUMES DRIVING) Ok. So... I'm going to head for... um... let's start with... er... Ostia. Hey. We're coming up to Ponte Mazzini.  
(STARTS TO REPROGRAMME SAT NAV)

HUSSAN: (LOOKING IN WING MIRROR) She's still behind us.

SAIF: What?

HUSSAN: Micky's look alike. She's still tailing us. Turn left.

SAIF: Ok.

HUSSAN: And someone's tailing her.

SAIF: Ah.

HUSSAN: Ah?

SAIF: That... might be...

HUSSAN: Have you betrayed me?

SAIF: No. No. Your fate isn't just to be betrayed.

HUSSAN: Then?

SAIF: If you want to stop this, like I thought we agreed. ..Then we'll need help. That's the help, back there. If you really want to stop this.

HUSSAN: I'm a legitimate target you said.

SAIF: Not if we... look... we can all find a way, safely... out of this. All of us, Hussan. No one get's left behind.

RADIO VOICE: What's going on Parsifal. You ok?

HUSSAN: Hey. All good. We're just... we've got....

RADIO VOICE: You're too early Parsifal.. Too early!

HUSSAN: What?

RADIO VOICE: You're Approaching the Grail. Why are you approaching the target!?

HUSSAN: Huh?

RADIO VOICE: The Vatican, you idiot.

SAIF: Shit. There it is.

HUSSAN: There's police everywhere. Slow down. I said slow down

SAIF: I am.

RADIO VOICE: It's too late. We have to do this now.

HUSSAN: What?

SAIF: I can't stop it. It's speeding up. She's speeding it up!

HUSSAN: Kill it Saif.

RADIO VOICE: Good bye Parsifal. Allah akbah. God be with you.

HUSSAN: No!

SAIF: I can't stop it.

HUSSAN: She's taken back control. Shit (INTO RADIO) Stop now. This isn't the plan. This isn't...

RADIO VOICE: The new grail king!

SCREAMS FROM OUTSIDE.

HUSSAN: No.

SAIF: Hussan.

HUSSAN: Saif!

HUSSAN: Hit the horn. Hit the horn...!! (GUN SHOTS AND MORE SCREAMS)  
No.... No... we're not... it's a mistake... don't shoot!

SAIF: I.... I can't stop her...

HUSSAN: Turn off the engine. Turn it off. Use the brakes. the hand brake! Don't shoot!

SAIF: They don't do anything!! Allah no... the Square... there's .....hundreds.... of

them Hussan. Oh shit. No.

HUSSAN: Why don't they have better fucking barriers!? Get it out of gear..... Stall her...  
Look out! Look out!!!! There's a child. We can't stop her!

SAIF. No!! No!!!! No!!!

HUSSAN: Look out!!! Get that boy out of the fucking way! Shit!!! No!

LIGHTS DOWN TO....

SOUNDS OF SHOUTING, POLICE SIRENS, GUNSHOTS, BODIES BEING HIT,  
SCREAMING, GLASS BREAKING, CHILDREN CRYING, TYRES SCREECHING,  
ENGINE REVVING, AND FINALLY CRASHING.... LASTLY SOUNDS OF SOBBING...

## ACT 3 SCENE 6

EXTERIOR. DAY. AMIRA IS IN A CAMP, CALAIS.

AMIRA: (CALLING TO HER CHILD OFF) Boys! Go and play, *nicely...* with Mahdi. And Don't be so loud! Let me read.

SHE READS A LETTER. NARRATED BY MICKY

MICKY: Dear Amira. Thanks for your letter. I'm in Rebibbia Prison. I assume you've been relocated, again, to yet another camp?  
I don't know how long I'm in for. Until they've finished the enquiry.  
My baby? He's ok. The other women here are.... friendly. Mostly.  
As for the enquiry... they examined the truck... and found evidence....that it was hacked, and that Saif... and Hussan... could do nothing to stop it.  
Saif was shot. But he lives. He writes, tells me it could have been much, much worse, had the full plot gone ahead.  
(SILENCE) He's helping now with a de-radicalisation programme. They listen to him, respect him. He needs that.  
Maybe, you read my article... or at least what they'd let me write? I want you to know... once I saw how it was... that I really wanted to help you. I'm sorry I deceived you. I never intended for any of this.  
I hope you are well, and that Mahdi is growing strong, And that you'll soon find your home. The home you both need. To grow. To live! (PAUSE)  
Remember us.  
Yours, Micky.

**End. Copyright. Jonathan Brown. Lewes, UK.**

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