

THE HOMELESS MENACE

A Play in Three Short Acts

By

Milton Schorr

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**CHARACTERS:**

GRANNY PINCHOTT:	Australian, Gladys's long lost mother.
GLADYS PINCHOTT:	South African. An eccentric prophet. Lives as a homeless man.
KEVIN:	Young businessman.
PUPPET:	A homeless child puppet, voiced by an actor offstage.
MASKED FIGURES:	Various, played by company.
SANDI 'GRIFFITHS'	
NZEMBEZI	A real homeless black man

*The stage is a white box, white curtain surrounding it on three sides. A puppet sits on a chair, USSR, a padlocked box centre stage. On the floor DSL is an overhead projector.*

ACT 1:

*A slide appears on the back curtain, projected from behind. It reads:*

'We read of the young boy beaten to death by his parents. We shudder as his spirit passes over our heart. We forget. We put it away. We live so far away from certain parts of ourselves.'

*It fades.*

SC 1:

*A single spot fades up against the back curtain. The head of Granny Pinchott appears, poking through the curtain, clutching her handbag. She smiles brightly.*

GRANNY: Goodday! My name's Granny Pinchott. I'm very happy to be here. I suppose you're wondering why I'm smiling like this. It's because there is a man behind me, and he's holding a knife to my throat.

*She lowers her hands to reveal a hand with a knife curled around her throat.*

GRANNY: I've come here to look for my son, Gladys Pinchott, but now, this is happening to me.

*She begins to sob.*

GRANNY: I haven't seen my son in a long time. He's gone missing. I just want to see my son.

*A head in a white sheet appears and whispers in her ear.*

GRANNY: I'm going to give you my handbag, just please don't...

*Granny Pinchott is pushed forward, into the white space, her bag ripped from her. Sudden sounds of the street, cars and such.*

SC 2:

*Granny looks around her, frightened at the strangers, her lack of money. A figure wrapped in a sheet appears SL and hurries across the stage, bumping her, as does another from the right. She sits down on the locked box.*

*Kevin appears SR. He stands as if at the roadside, searching for a taxi. He glances at Granny sitting on the box.*

KEVIN: Are you alright? Would you like me to call you a taxi? Ma'am? Are you alright?

*He goes over to her.*

KEVIN: Ma'am. My name is Kevin Kleynhans. Can I help you in any way?

*He offers her his hand. Granny takes it.*

GRANNY: Thank you. I've been robbed.

*Kevin leads her away to SR. They exit.*

SC 3:

*Abrupt change of lighting and sound. The gloom and slow water dripping of a cave. Gladys Pinchott pops out from USL, a strange, eccentric man. He makes a magical gesture, the overhead projector onstage turns on. He begins to place transparencies of street images there.*

*When the puppet speaks little red lights flash on his mouth. He has the voice of a young boy.*

PUPPET: So. Why did you call him Silver-wing Studebaker?

GLADYS: Apparently he was the first to drive one there.

PUPPET: Where?

GLADYS: Walvis Bay. It's a small fishing village, well, it was at the time. Filled with whore houses and white boys with too much money.

PUPPET: *[laughs]* Rough fisherman hands!

GLADYS: Exactly.

PUPPET: And then what about Dani?

GLADYS: What about Dani?

PUPPET: Why did you call the other guy Dani?

GLADYS: Because Dani Craven<sup>i</sup> kept on coming up in the conversation.

*The sound of a ball being kicked, someone being tackled.*

*Pause.*

PUPPET: Who is Dani Craven?

SC 4:

*Abrupt change to the light and sound of the street. Gladys quickly ducks behind the curtain US. Granny and Kevin appear SR, Granny has her bag with her again.*

GRANNY: Oh, thank you, Kevin. That was very thoughtful of you. And getting my bag back for me. I don't know what I would have done.

KEVIN: Granny it was nothing.

GRANNY: Well I must pay you for your trouble.

KEVIN: Please, Granny, that won't be necessary.

GRANNY: Oh, but I must. Here, take this money.

*She holds up a huge R100 note.*

KEVIN: No, no, Granny. I couldn't.

GRANNY: Well then you must let me take you out to a meal. We'll have to exchange phone numbers.

*They each pull out oversized cell-phones.*

GRANNY: Oah! Mine doesn't seem to be working.

KEVIN: Let me see. Ah. I thought so. You've got your sim card in the wrong way round.

*He adjusts it for her.*

KEVIN: There.

GRANNY: Oah! Cheers. Now give me your number.

*The sound of numbers being punched in.*

KEVIN:        Alright. Mine is 082 591 2927.

GRANNY:      Great. Mine is 084...

KEVIN:        Are you sure 084?

GRANNY:      Yes. Why?

KEVIN:        No. Nothing.

GRANNY:      Okay. Mine is 084 777 6443. Great. Well, thanks again very much, Kevin. I'll be sure to give you a call.

KEVIN:        That's my pleasure Granny. I look forward to it. Goodbye.

*They shake. Granny exits SR, Kevin SL.*

SC 5:

*Sound of street fades, cave sound returns.*

*Gladys returns. Again he switches the overhead on, resuming his work on the pictures.*

PUPPET:      I think Kevin is a cunt.

GLADYS:      I suppose he is. A cunt.

*We see Granny in silhouette, SR. The sound of her dialing on her phone.*

*Gladys watches the silhouette.*

GRANNY:      Hello? Margaret here. Well I've finally arrived. I had a bit of trouble, but I'm fine now. Well, just give me a call when you can. Don't worry about time difference or anything. My number is +27 084 7776443. Ah. Bye.

*GRANNY unpacks a locket with a photo of Gladys inside. She hangs it above her bed*

GRANNY:      Well I'm here Gladys. I hope you sleep well. My little tiger.

*She reaches out an arm and clicks out her light.*

SC 6:

*There is commotion SL. Gladys ducks into the US exit just before Kevin enters the space. The onstage overhead is still on.*

KEVIN: Gladys. Gladys. There is no sense in hiding. Gladys. *[He looks at the projected pictures.]* Huh. Still messing around with this stuff. I guess this is real life. Hey? You can hide all you like. Gladys. It won't help. Sound familiar? Come on Gladys. I want to hear your story again. Come on. Please tell me your story again. *[He looks at the puppet]* Hello. And who might you be? A toy of the famous Pinchott. Or should I say a friend? He is such a crazy cunt. Would you like a beer? *[He takes a beer from his suitcase and drinks deeply.]* Just joking. I wouldn't share my beer. *[He goes to sit by the overhead, drawing a doodle of his madness while he talks.]* So, how you doing? Gladys treating you well? Having exciting times and that? You do know you aren't the first? So I take it he's told you the story. How he had the fit and then changed his life. I don't know what he told you, but he described it to me as a blackness. Something you only know once you leave. And now everything is different. So, did he tell you about me? I also had the fit. Oh yes. I did. A life changing experience. But I don't know about the blackness. But everything did change. Has changed. It kind of makes you believe. Do you believe? You know, stars and that. Ya. Gladys is a crazy guy. Did he tell you he used to be a cage fighter? He's a crazy guy. I do know that you can talk. You can say something. *[Pause.]* So I suppose you're all interested in the homeless now. Or at least the seriously disenfranchised. Cunt. Do you like Gladys? Who are you anyway? I'd say you're young. Maybe a bartender. Or maybe younger. I mean there's no rules. You may as well be small. Ten. Are you ten? A small kid. You are quite well made. *[He begins to touch the Puppet.]* I wonder who made you. You are quite well put together. You are just like a little kid. Like somebody's son. Like the son of Gladys. *[He pulls out the same knife that was around Granny's throat and cuts the Puppets legs off. The puppet's lights flash in agony.]* There. Now you have no legs. Now you are a no-legged kid. Now things are different.

*Sympathetic violin music begins to play.*

KEVIN: *[Turning to the audience.]* A lost limb is not retrievable, when it is gone you cannot reclaim it. But, of course, with time and effort, you can reclaim your self-respect, moulding your own image of yourself back to that whole-man you once were, or better, that man you always wanted to be.

*He gives the Puppet a long look. He exits.*

SC 7:

*Granny clicks her light on. We see her in silhouette.*

GRANNY: Oah! What a terrible dream. My own son having a fit, and that nice man that gave me a lift. He was so cruel. That poor boy. Still. It's a new day and I am going to find my Gladys.

*Granny enters carrying a large picture of Gladys.*

*Sounds of the street.*

GRANNY: Now, where could he be?

*A Masked Figure walks across from SL.*

GRANNY: Oh! Have you seen my Gladys?

MASKED FIGURE: Sorry lady not today.

*Exits.*

GRANNY: Oh! No bother.

*GRANNY's phone rings.*

GRANNY: Oah! Hello? Oh. Who? Kevin! Oh hi! It's nice of you to call. I had a dream about you last night. Oh, no, no. Nothing like that. Yeah, I'm fine thank you. What? Well I'm a bit busy Kev... Oh, well in that case I'd love to. That's a perfect idea. Where would you like to meet? The Waterfront? Where's that? Ah, no, no. I'll find it. I've got all my money back. Alright. Cheers.

*A Sheeted Figure comes from behind her, almost bumping her, hurrying past.*

GRANNY: Oh. Sorry. Could you tell me the way to the Waterfront?

Sheeted Figure: No!

*Figure exits SL.*

GRANNY: Fuckit.

*She hurries after him. Exits.*

SC 8:

*Sound of the cave.*

PUPPET: Aaaaahhh! Aaaaaahhh!

*Gladys enters US.*

GLADYS: It's okay. I'm here. I'm here.

PUPPET: Gladys. It was so sore. It was so sore...

GLADYS: I'm sorry. I'm so sorry...

PUPPET: Aaaaaaahhh! Why did he do that?

GLADYS: Because he is a bad man.

PUPPET: HE IS A CUNT! HE IS A CUNT!

GLADYS: You're right. He is a cunt.

PUPPET: What are you going to do about it?

GLADYS: Nothing. What do you want me to do about it?

PUPPET: HURT HIM FUCKING BADLY!

GLADYS: No Puppet. That's not for me to do.

PUPPET: Why not?

GLADYS: If that's what you want then you will have to do it yourself.

PUPPET: How? HE TOOK MY LEG!

GLADYS: Puppet! Stop over-reacting.

*Pause*

PUPPET: What?

GLADYS: You heard what he said to you. He was talking sense. And besides, you can't move anyway. Now there. How's that? Just about as good as new.

*Gladys has tied the empty trouser legs of Puppet shut.*

PUPPET: Jesus. But I suppose you're right. It doesn't really hurt that much.

SC 9:

*Granny enters. Gladys freezes. Granny starts to walk towards Gladys. Kevin enters and interrupts them.*

*Light and sound change to a busy Waterfront.*

GRANNY: Kevin.

KEVIN: Granny.

GRANNY: Well, should we get a table?

KEVIN: I'm afraid this is the Waterfront, Granny. We'll have to wait. But we can walk and talk.

*They fall into a circular pattern, walking around the stage.*

GRANNY: So what did you want to tell me Kevin?

KEVIN: Well Granny, I've been thinking. I didn't want to say anything yesterday because I wasn't sure. But I've thought about it and I think that I may have met him.

GRANNY: Who?

KEVIN: Your son.

GRANNY: My son?

*Gladys puts a mask on his face and follows them as a Masked Figure.*

KEVIN: Yes, Granny. It was a while ago, and as I say I can't be sure, but I think so. Can you describe him to me?

GRANNY: Well, I've got this picture.

*She shows it to him.*

GRANNY: He's a little young. But it's the most recent one I have.

KEVIN: And what did you say his name was again?

GRANNY: Ah, it's Gladys. Gladys Pinchott.

KEVIN: Yes, you see I thought it was Ponko. But you can't forget a name like Gladys.

*Gladys places an empty coke bottle with a plastic rose in it on the locked chest, turning it into a table.*

KEVIN: Granny, it's a strange coincidence, and this is why I am being so cautious, but it seems that I know your son rather well.

GRANNY: Ah ch...

KEVIN: Careful, Granny. This is not all good news.

GRANNY: Wha...?

KEVIN: Granny. I am actually your son's best friend, or at least I was.

GRANNY: Well this is quite a coincidence.

KEVIN: Believe me, I've noticed it to. Ah look, our table is ready. Shall we?

*They seat themselves at the chest.*

*The Masked Figure hovers, a waiter or beggar.*

KEVIN: Now, Granny, as I am your son's best friend I know a bit about your story.

GRANNY: Ah, Kevin, I ...

KEVIN: Granny I'm not here to judge you. That is best left up to God I always believe. The important thing is that we find a way to help Gladys.

GRANNY: Yes. I only want to help him.

KEVIN: That's what I thought. Granny, I think the best course of action is for you to tell me all you know of Gladys's current situation. That way we can both be certain of the facts.

GRANNY: Well, all I know is that Gladys has gone missing. I don't even know why. I'm half mad with worry.

KEVIN: Yes, you see, Granny, there is much more to tell. Firstly, Gladys has been missing for two years or more.

GRANNY: Two years?!

KEVIN: Yes, Granny. Also Gladys was not kidnapped or murdered. He left of his own free will. And he is now wanted by the police.

GRANNY: The police!

KEVIN: Yes, Granny, there is not much time. Gladys is wanted by the police on the charge of kidnapping.

GRANNY: Kidnapping?!

KEVIN: Yes, Granny, hold on a second won't you. *[To the Masked Figure.]* Can you fuck off?

*Kevin places an oversized money note in the figures hand. Figure leaves.*

KEVIN: Sorry, Granny. I can't stand those guys.

GRANNY: Yes. And he wasn't very good. How much did you give him?

KEVIN: Oh, only ten.

GRANNY: Oah! Well I suppose that's alright.

KEVIN: When he first left he was harmless enough. He went on some kind of crusade for the homeless. Forsaking all his worldly possessions in order to understand, or something like that. He refused to speak to me. Personally I think he just couldn't get over his guilt. Whatever. But now it seems that three months ago he kidnapped a child. Why I cannot say.

GRANNY: Oh, my, Kevin, that's terrible.

KEVIN: I know. I have a note here that he wrote me a few months ago. I thought you might like to read it.

*He pulls out a big book.*

GRANNY: Ah...

KEVIN: I'm just going to find a waiter. Waterfront. I'll leave you to it.

*Granny handles the book as if it is a delicate treasure. She opens it and reads it carefully. After a while Kevin returns with a Gatsby<sup>ii</sup> that he is eating hungrily.*

*She looks up and sees him.*

GRANNY: Oh, Kevin. I don't know what this means.

KEVIN: I know Gra...

GRANNY: It's just observations. Just meaningless observations. I don't know what he means.

KEVIN: It's heavy for me too. We just have to wait until the police sort it out.

GRANNY: Well I won't wait. I won't wait. He is my son and I am going to find him. I must go, Kevin. Thank you for your help. I'll be in touch.

*She leaves.*

*Lights fade to soft dimness, Granny's silhouette fades up. Sound fades.*

SC 10:

*Gladys enters US.*

*Granny places the picture of Gladys back on the hook, and begins to sob. Gladys and Kevin listen. Kevin continues eating his sandwich.*

GLADYS:     *[To Kevin]* You don't need to do this.

KEVIN:        I will do what I have to. I believe it is you that taught me that.

*Gladys masks and hoods himself, then goes to sit downstage centre. Granny emerges from her room. Gladys and Kevin are frozen in foreboding poses, the curtains waft in a breeze. Granny approaches Gladys.*

GRANNY:     Excuse me, sir. I was wondering if you could help me. You see I am looking for my son. I have a picture of him here. It's not a very recent one. But it's the only one I have. His name is Gladys. Gladys Pinchott. Sir, I was just wandering if there was any chance that you knew anything about what had happened to my son. Sir? They say that my son has kidnapped a child. Now I don't know if that is true or not, but sir, if you help me find him then we could find that child. Sir. I just want to find my son. If you would just look at this picture. Sir? Please. Sir? I'll be honest with you. I left my son when he was very young, for reasons of my own, and now he needs me. Please. Sir. If you will just look at this picture, perhaps if you just look, then maybe it will remind you of something. Sir? I must find him. He is in terrible trouble. Sir. Please. Sir. Help me find my son.

*She reaches out and touches the figure's shoulder. Gladys slowly takes his mask off and turns to look at her. Granny is horrified, dumbstruck, a nightmare. She walks slowly backwards.*

*The onstage overhead projector begins to flash, covering Granny in the doodle of madness that Kevin drew earlier.*

*Kevin has finished his sandwich. He begins to call to Granny softly.*

KEVIN:        Granny. Granny. Granny Pinchott. Are you alright? Granny Pinchott.

*Kevin touches her. As if released, she screams. Gladys exits.*

GRANNY:     Kevin. Kevin, I...

KEVIN:        Granny I have had some news.

GRANNY:     I think I just saw my son.

KEVIN: Granny I have had some news. I think I know where your son might be.

GRANNY: Wha...?

KEVIN: Granny there is not much time, we must go now.

*He pulls her SR.*

GRANNY: Wait.

*She goes back and picks up the photo and the book, then follows Kevin.*

PUPPET: I was right. Kevin is a cunt.

SC 11:

*Sound of the cave. Kevin and Granny enter SR. Both look all around, the lighting rig, audience, everything, seeing the space for what it is.*

KEVIN: Well it doesn't look like he is home. In fact it doesn't look like he has been here for some time.

*Kevin notices that his briefcase is still there, forgotten from the the scene at the Waterfront. He goes to try to get it without Granny seeing, but messes it up horribly. He turns to confess everything, but Granny has not noticed. She's holding the coke bottle with a flower in it, staring.*

KEVIN: Granny, I... What's that?

GRANNY: It's an empty coke bottle with a flower in it.

KEVIN: Why were you screaming like that earlier, Granny?

GRANNY: I don't really know, Kevin. I was talking to a man, and he looked at me. I felt so alone.

KEVIN: I see.

GRANNY: I never raised Gladys you know. His father was a horrible man. Full of hatred. I suppose Gladys has those demons.

KEVIN: He was always very intense.

GRANNY: These words of his, they make no sense. They make me feel like I am drowning.

KEVIN: I know what you mean.

GRANNY: Kevin. I don't want to stay here. I'm going to go.

KEVIN: Where are you going?

GRANNY: I don't know, Kevin. Everything has changed. I don't know.

*Granny exits SR.*

KEVIN: *[To Audience]* Yes, I suppose you could call me that. A cunt. *[To Puppet]* Tell Gladys I will see him as soon. He need not bother trying to find me, I know where he lives.

*KEVIN exits SL.*

*A projected slide appears on the right hand side of the theatre, moving slowly across till it occupies centre stage. It reads:*

'We read of the young boy beaten to death by his parents, we shudder as his spirit passes over our heart, we forget, we put it away. We live so far away from certain parts of ourselves.'

SC 12:

GLADYS: *[To audience, in character]* Ladies and Gentleman. That brings us to the end of Act One. We invite you to step outside for a moment, perhaps to enjoy a cigarette or a beverage, perhaps to partake in some of the extensive literature we have on offer, or maybe just generally to hang around and do whatever you feel like. It is now 8:50. At 9 o'clock sharp we will commence with Act Two of *The Homeless Menace*, which deals largely with the relationship between Gladys Pinchott and Kevin Kleynhans, their history and so-forth. It is entitled, 'Do you wanna fucking fight?'

*The sound of a punch.*

GLADYS: Thank you.

*He exits.*

ACT 2:

*A projected slide travels from SR of the theatre, coming to rest CS. It reads:*

'Do you wanna fuckin fight?'

SC 1:

*Lights and sound of the cave.*

*The puppet is gone. Kevin enters SL in a sheet with a mask on his face, his hands tied together. He stands there breathing heavily. Suddenly, Gladys comes charging in SR, beating him up to sudden, loud and heavy music, WWE style.*

GLADYS:     *[To Audience]* Hey. I've got something here that I think you might be interested in. Who can guess? Well, of course. It is a man. I found him outside the Bayside Shopping Centre. Having a fit. His name is Kevin.

*Gladys holds up a large white envelope with the word "Kevin" written on it. He props it up at the overhead projector, then exits SR.*

*Kevin wakes. He looks around. He sees the silhouette of a hand writing 'Do you have epilepsy Kevin?' on the back curtain, a projection from behind.*

KEVIN:       What?

*Gladys enters SR.*

GLADYS:     I asked you if you have epilepsy.

KEVIN:       What?

GLADYS:     Why did you just have a fit, Kevin?

KEVIN:       What?

GLADYS:     Why did you just have a fit, Kevin?

KEVIN:       What is going on?

GLADYS:     Take a look at the pictures.

*Kevin opens the envelope. In it are pictures of him having a fit outside of Bayside Shopping Centre.*

KEVIN:       Jesus.

GLADYS:     Kevin, you had some kind of a fit. Outside Bayside shopping centre.

KEVIN:       How did this happen?

GLADYS:     You just fell down, began screaming and shouting at the people...

KEVIN:       But how did this happ...

GLADYS: You were very violent, Kevin. I had to take precautions. Why do you think you had a fit?

KEVIN: I had a fit!

GLADYS: Look at yourself, Kevin. Look at all the people watching you.

KEVIN: *[Looks at the audience.]* Oh my God! That was insane. What did you do to me?

GLADYS: Nothing at all, I'm trying to help you.

KEVIN: Hectic. That was fucking hectic. It just happened.

GLADYS: Why did it happen, Kevin?

KEVIN: What the fuck, shut up what are you on about? I just had a fit. Hectic. I need a doctor. What do you want? How do you know my name? What the fuck is going on?

GLADYS: Kevin. Think for a moment. Why did you have a fit?

KEVIN: I don't know why I had a fit. I had a fit. I've never had a fit before. Fuck.

GLADYS: Kevin, it was a beautiful fit, the flames of the end-times were burning in your eyes.

KEVIN: What?

GLADYS: You were gesticulating madly, your suit making wild angles in the breeze.

KEVIN: What? What the...

*Gladys slaps him hard in the face. At the same time a projected image of a hand that makes a fist on the back screen, accompanied by the sound of a punch.*

GLADYS: Kevin, you just had a fit. I am trying to help you. I have had a fit like yours. I have an idea what caused it. I'm asking you if you would like to know what I think.

KEVIN: Wait! Wait! Fu..., what is going on? You're moving too fast. Give me time. I just. Untie me.

GLADYS: Of course, sit down Kevin.

KEVIN: Thank you.

SC 2:

*He sits on the locked box.*

KEVIN: Hey! Where are we?

GLADYS: We're in my cave.

KEVIN: How did we get into your cave?

GLADYS: You had a fit for a long time. I brought you here.

KEVIN: Why did you bring me here?

GLADYS: Kevin, look at me, look at my eye. I'm not playing around, there is a reason for all of this. If you will just think for a moment.

*Pause.*

GLADYS: Now, why do you think that you had a fit?

KEVIN: I don't know.

GLADYS: You must think, Kevin, while the fit is still on you. Tell me, what is the last thing that you remember?

KEVIN: What do you mean?

GLADYS: What is the last thing that you remember before the fit overtook you?

KEVIN: I remember coming out of my shopping centre. Going towards my car.

GLADYS: What else?

KEVIN: I remember that there were kids around my car. I do not want to go there.

GLADYS: Why Kevin? What kind of kids?

KEVIN: Bad kids.

GLADYS: Why bad, Kevin?

KEVIN: Homeless Kids.

GLADYS: Why don't you want to go there?

KEVIN: Because my phone was stolen.

GLADYS: What has that got to do with it?

KEVIN: Because they are a menace.

GLADYS: Why are they a menace?

KEVIN: Because they don't care.

GLADYS: Why don't they care, Kevin?

KEVIN: I don't fuckin know. Because they don't have mothers, because their whore mothers fucked them up or threw them from the house or their dad was gone or drunk and they can't fuckin look after themselves cause they are dirty self-righteous cunt *kaffirs*<sup>iii</sup> who expect me to sort out all their fuckin problems for them.

*Pause*

KEVIN: Untie me please.

GLADYS: Untie yourself.

*Gladys hands him the same knife.*

GLADYS: Can I read you something?

KEVIN: Jeess... I suppose so.

*Gladys pulls out a piece of paper.*

KEVIN: What is that?

GLADYS: Just a note. [*He reads, in a declamatory style*] 'Taking my wife and child to the bank to the spar to get some butternut for his supper today, about 5 o'clock, when I saw a white guy, roughly early thirties, seated on an upturned bucket next to the banking machine, sores on his face and fucked in his head, from drink or mandrax, he slowly toppled forward.'

KEVIN: Hey, I've had an experience like that.

GLADYS: Yes, but hold on, Kevin, I'm not finished. [*He reads.*] 'I went to the machine, with some trepidation, and stuck my card in the slot. He was looking at me and I was not looking at him, a moment in time where everything is about angles and temperature and the way the air feels, the way the stomach feels, the whirling of justifications in my head. I thought just

respect him, and I began to sink into it, but then I knew that I didn't want to give the fucker any money, that fucked fucker, sitting on the tar, not giving a shit. That hurting fucker, you could see how bad he felt about things, that guy sitting where I could be.'

KEVIN: What?! But that's just...

GLADYS: Hold on. He said... *[He reads.]* 'Excuse me sir, if you have any spare change could you give it to me please. I pretended to make a moral decision, if I had spoken out loud it would have been in a shrill voice, I would have said, 'No. No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Why don't you get a job?'

KEVIN: How did you know that? That's exactly what happened to me.

GLADYS: I've been following you, Kevin. I saw you at that ATM. My name is Gladys Pinchott. I'm just a guy, that, well, lives in a cave. A guy who watches for people like you. I wait for people like you to have the fit, and then I bring them back here.

KEVIN: Why?

GLADYS: I do it because I want to help the person who has had the fit, you, because I have had that fit myself, because it is important to me.

KEVIN: This is bullshit.

GLADYS: The Homeless Phenomena is not something to be taken lightly, Kevin. They suck on your soul when you're not looking; they turn you into a guy who can step right over another guy lying drunk or dead in the street. *[Pause]* I know how you feel, Kevin. I know your anger, your bewilderment, but unlike you, I have chosen to call it fear.

KEVIN: Why have you chosen to call it fear?

GLADYS: Let's look at something interesting and special.

SC 3:

*Gladys exits. He returns abruptly, holding a piece of paper.*

GLADYS: What do you think of this?

KEVIN: It's an ice-cream advert.

GLADYS: But what does it remind you of?

KEVIN: Tell you the truth it reminds me of porn. That girl may as well be clutching a cock in her hand those eyes saying I love you.

*An image of the advert is projected on the back curtain, a smiling, open-mouthed girl with an ice-cream clutched in her hand.*

GLADYS: Exactly, Kevin. These are the times we live in. Everything is commodified. Burglaries happen every day. My bum is beginning to sway.

KEVIN: What?

GLADYS: Why did you have a fit, Kevin?

KEVIN: I don't know.

GLADYS: Come, Kevin, come.

KEVIN: The truth is I don't know. If I try to think about it I just get so bewildered, all I see is these images of dirty things, of animals infesting our cities, kids that are like rats, they have no morals, kids sloe-eyed and dangerous, wanting to take my things. It makes me feel so, so, angry. I hate them.

*Pause*

GLADYS: It was a beautiful fit, Kevin.

KEVIN: It was quite cool, wasn't it? It was so hectic, but at the same time I was watching it happen.

GLADYS: Yes.

*A sound from backstage.*

KEVIN: What is that noise?

GLADYS: It's some children. Try to ignore it.

KEVIN: Do you want me to tell them to shut up?

GLADYS: No, Kevin, I prefer to keep my whereabouts secret.

KEVIN: So you are some kind of Zen homeless man, preaching the gospel and that?

GLADYS: Something like that, yes, Kevin.

KEVIN: And you are saying that I had a fit because of something to do with homeless women and men?

GLADYS: That's right.

KEVIN: And so now I suppose you are going to do everything in your power to try and make me believe you?

GLADYS: That is what I want to do.

KEVIN: How?

GLADYS: I will use that overhead projector.

*The on-stage overhead flashes once.*

KEVIN: It's quite an old one.

GLADYS: Yes. I get them from a guy. He has all sorts of projection equipment, old stuff. He sells it expensive but of course it still works out cheap. Do you need a slide projector?

KEVIN: Are you trying to sell me something?

SC 4:

KEVIN: What kind of cave is this? How can...

GLADYS: The cave is not the issue. The cave is not the issue.

KEVIN: Sorry.

GLADYS: Now look here.

*Gladys pulls some transparencies from beneath the chest. He puts them on the overhead and switches it on.*

GLADYS: This is you.

*The picture is of Kevin at an ATM, a bicycle between his legs, he's been cycling. A homeless woman with a child at her breast can be seen in the background.*

KEVIN: How...

GLADYS: And this is you again.

*Another angle.*

KEVIN: My Go...

*An enlargement.*

GLADYS: And closer we notice certain interesting things. See. Look at your body position. Here and here. The bicycle. The sock over the leg. Look at this picture. How would you describe yourself here?

KEVIN: I don't know. Normal? Having a bad day? Harrassed?

GLADYS: You look fuckin stupid.

KEVIN: I look fuckin stupid.

*An enlargement.*

GLADYS: And now further. The nipple of the woman. The malnourished child.

KEVIN: What nipple?

GLADYS: What do you mean, what nipple?

KEVIN: What nipple?

GLADYS: That nipple.

KEVIN: Where?

GLADYS: There. Can't you see it?

KEVIN: That is not a nipple...

GLADYS: That is a nipple.

KEVIN: That is not a nipple.

GLADYS: Oh my Kevin, but...

KEVIN: It's not a nipple. It's a piece of, what is this? Something *siff*<sup>v</sup>.

GLADYS: Give me that.

*Gladys eats it.*

GLADYS: Regardless. I was there, I took the photo. That is a nipple. It's no big deal. She is feeding her child.

KEVIN: I have no problem with it.

GLADYS: Good. You shouldn't.

KEVIN: What is the point?

GLADYS: What is going on here?

KEVIN: Do you mean? Oh, Ok... well, I was waiting at the ATM. There by Bruce Tait. It was under routine maintenance. It will be restored shortly. I had my bike with me. I was half sitting on it and my right sock was pulled up over my pants. As you can see. Then there was a woman with a child at her breast. She looked kind of gaunt, angled, hard. I saw her asking others for money, not two metres away from where I was half standing, they are just out of picture.

GLADYS: Here.

*Gladys hands him another picture.*

KEVIN: Yes, yes. That is exactly them. The tall one. But anyway, after they passed on, she asked me for money, motioning to the child with a flick of her head, but slower. Initially I said no, acutely uncomfortable and aware of a picture of what I must look like in my head. A rich man saying no to a woman who just needs to feed her child. Pretty sick. And then she had already almost given up on me, in the process of, when I decided that I could not give up on her, and so I reached into my pocket and pulled out my wallet. *[Gladys gives him a picture of his wallet.]* Yes, yes. That is the wallet. She didn't smile when I did this *[he pulls out his own wallet]* and I opened the change section and fished out a R2 and a R1. *[He fishes the monies from his palm]* and I gave it to her. I mean it strikes a nice balance, more than two less than four, just right.

GLADYS: And so you were proud of yourself at this point.

KEVIN: Well, it all seemed to work out in the end.

*Gladys pulls out a piece of paper.*

GLADYS: *[He reads]* 'This to me struck some kind of balance between the ifs and buts, the pros and cons, the to give or not to give, the right and the wrong, the integrity and the loss of control, the fucking disgusting nature of the situation.'

KEVIN: Please. You can't tell what I was thinking. I was not thinking that.

GLADYS: Did you say anything during this encounter?

KEVIN: Probably.

GLADYS: What did you say?

KEVIN: I don't remember.

GLADYS: Well yes, what does one say, to a mother, and her child slowly dying.

*Kevin snorts*

KEVIN: Please, the child is not dying.

GLADYS: *[Reads]* 'I don't want to get involved. The nipple seemed soft and dirty, neither full nor empty.' So in conclusion we have a R2, a R1, a 50 and a 20 cent piece.

*Gladys takes out a 20 and a 50 cent piece, he arranges them in front of Kevin on the floor.*

KEVIN: So what?

GLADYS: Okay. Let's leave the overhead for a moment. Let's look at Sandi "Griffiths" Nyembezi.

KEVIN: Who is Sandi "Griffiths" Nyembezi?

GLADYS: A friend.

*Gladys exits SR.*

*Kevin sits for a moment. We see the silhouette of a man on the back curtain. He climbs through, coming onto stage. He is a poor black man, battered by life. He simply stands.*

*Gladys speaks to Kevin from offstage.*

GLADYS: See. His face. Not the type of face to grace the cover of a glossy magazine.

KEVIN: No.

GLADYS: Kevin. I know your bewilderment. Your anger. But unlike you I have chosen to call it fear.

KEVIN: Yes, Gladys. We know that it is fear.

GLADYS: His hands.

*Sandi holds up his hands, palm outward.*

KEVIN: Yes Gladys. I know that it is a fear.

GLADYS: What do you want, Kevin?

KEVIN: I want to be able to walk the streets with my pride, that's all.

GLADYS: Tell me, Kevin.

*Sympathetic violin music begins to play.*

KEVIN: It's just that, life is so hard. *[He fights back the tears.]* It's so difficult to do everything you have to, all the time. There is never a break. Fuck, I'm sorry. I'm being stupid. But shit, this is how I feel, this is how I feel, Gladys, I feel so small.

GLADYS: Do you want to continue?

KEVIN: I mean, obviously I'm not afraid of this fucking guy, of course it's more, the human condition, the streets you know, the little kid at my car window, and I'm staring straight ahead, I just feel so stupid, I feel like a fucking spastic, at times, I mean you out and they all around, I mean, you pretend, can't you tell this guy to go away or put his hands down or something? I mean, it's not a problem, it's not a problem, it's not my problem, they're nothing, they're nothing, it's not my problem. I mean, do you wanna fucking fight, or what?

*Gladys motions to Sandi, who goes to sit on the puppets spot in Act 1*

GLADYS: Go on.

KEVIN: I don't know what else to say. It's stupid. They make me feel like a spastic. I don't like it.

*Kevin picks up the knife, looks at it, puts it back down, pulls a chocolate from his pocket.*

KEVIN: I'm not always like this. It's just been a strange day. I mean I had a fucking fit today, you know?

*He offers Gladys a bite.*

GLADYS: It was a beautiful fit, Kevin.

KEVIN: I know. I mean it was cool. It was so weird. Like, watching it happen, like.

SC 5:

GLADYS: Moments, they grab you.

KEVIN: Yes they do. They make you see things for what they are. Or could be.

GLADYS: There is this homeless couple that I know, or at least used to know before I became homeless myself. I had spoken to or given them money once or twice and now we both know that we know, know what I mean? They make a show of being equal, that we're both human and they just have different lives. But that doesn't change the fact that I don't know them from a bar of soap and underneath it all they want me to give them stuff. All the hello's are worth fuck-all, they are interested in my goods. So every time I walk past the two of them there is tension, a time of lies.

KEVIN: Yes! A time of lies. Have you often felt that time?

GLADYS: I would say that it is a time that I have felt before.

KEVIN: A strange time.

GLADYS: For certain.

KEVIN: A void.

GLADYS: For sure.

KEVIN: I don't understand.

GLADYS: We can measure it. *[Gladys goes to the stage overhead and turns it on.]* Say I am that man that you were talking about. *[Gladys draws a symbol on the overhead, then goes and sits on the box. We see that the symbol now falls on his chest.]* Say you are walking on the street... *[He goes back to the overhead and draws another symbol, it falls directly on Kevin's chest.]* ... it is a Thursday, you are on your way to where you are going, you spot that man, me, you spot him here. *[He goes to sit on the box again. Then goes back to the overhead.]* You walk. *[He draws an arrow where Kevin will walk.]* You live the moment of passing. It ends, let us say, here. *[He draws a symbol where Kevin's journey will end, on the other side of the stage.]* Outside the lines you are a certain person. Inside you are a certain person. Both are the same person. Let's try it.

KEVIN: Alright.

*They do it.*

KEVIN: Nothing happened.

GLADYS: Nonetheless, it was a moment of passing. Try it again. Try and see everything that you would see if you were really there, imagine it all, see me, that man waiting for you to ask you for your money.

KEVIN: Why must we do this?

GLADYS: We are playing idle games. That's all.

*They do it. This time it is real, a moment of truth passing between them.*

KEVIN: I see, yes. It is not a time and place, it is an idea. *[A circle of light appears from the back overhead. The picture of the girl in the ice cream ad is slowly brought in, slowly coming into focus.]* It is the home of ideas, which itself is an idea. It's like that guy who sold you the overhead, or the girl in the poster, everything is faces. All this stuff is full of faces.

GLADYS: That's good, yes, that's good.

KEVIN: And behind those faces there are still more faces.

GLADYS: Yes

KEVIN: Millenia of faces.

GLADYS: Yes!

KEVIN: It's a kind of a shimmering, seething mass.

GLADYS: Yes!

KEVIN: And in the middle of them all there is money. Like a glue, holding them together.

*Kevin throws his chocolate wrapper into the air, it drifts to ground.*

KEVIN: It's quite joyful.

GLADYS: It can be. Yes.

KEVIN: I like it. I was watching you, Gladys. I saw you. You were afraid.

*Kevin picks up the knife, walks over to Gladys.*

GLADYS: Yes.

KEVIN: Why?

GLADYS: Because I saw you watching me.

KEVIN: So?

GLADYS: Because I saw that you were not afraid.

KEVIN: So?

*Pause. Gladys looks into his eyes, searchingly.*

GLADYS: You must go now. I've said enough.

*Pause*

KEVIN: What?

GLADYS: You can go, Kevin. Take your knife and go.

KEVIN: But we wer...

GLADYS: Just go! Just get out of here.

KEVIN: But wha...

GLADYS: I don't have time to waste on you.

KEVIN: Gladys how am...

GLADYS: Get. Out. Of. Here.

*Kevin grabs Gladys' head and puts the knife to his throat.*

KEVIN: Jesus. You really wanna fuckin fight, don't you?

GLADYS: Just go. Do what you have to do.

*Kevin stands, knife in hand, staring at Gladys. He then goes, taking the mask, the sheet and Sandi with him. Gladys switches off the overhead, exits. A silhouetted hand puts a coin over the face of the ice cream advert, and then a whole lot of coins, a slow flood, each clattering onto the image.*

*The actor playing Kevin enters.*

ACTOR: We will now listen to a carefully selected and appropriate song. It lasts for [ ] minutes. After which we will begin Act 3.

*Music.*

ACT 3:

*A projected slide on the back curtain:*

*'We don't know what to do with our brokenness'  
- Father Terry Lestor*

SC 1:

*Sound of the street.*

*A figure in a mask enters. She is female and waiting for something. A male masked figure enters, goes over to her from behind and places his hands over her eyes. She giggles. We realise they are deeply and wonderfully in love. They sit on the box and talk, miming to each other.*

*Granny shuffles in, pushing a trolley stuffed with bric-a-brac she's collected from the streets. She now looks homeless herself. She sees them and mumbles a note into a dictaphone. She walks over, interrupting them.*

GRANNY: Goodday. My name is Granny Pinchott, but you can call me Margaret. I wonder if you would mind if I asked you a few questions? Don't worry, I'm not religious. I wanted to ask you if you had seen this boy?

*She shows them her photo of Gladys.*

GRANNY: Although he is not a boy anymore, he is a full grown man by now. You see he is my son. He has gone missing and I am trying to find him. His name is Gladys Pinchott. Does that ring a bell? A strange name I know.

*Figure shakes his head.*

GRANNY: He is a homeless man. Or so I am told. No? Well I kind of expected that. Do you mind if I sit down? Can I read you something? I promise it's not religious. *[Reads from Gladys's book]* 'Ode to that guy, that black guy sprawled on the pavement today. That guy with his legs limp and laying there, making space for those other business guys to walk over him. That guy that was like a clown that lay there on the tar pavement, his cheek flat against the rough tar, his shoes big and broken just like a clowns. That guy that was asleep on the pavement during the day when the two business guys just walked over him. So what. We've been over this, surely? Surely we're used to these people by now.

*The couple place an oversized money note on her lap and leave to stand upstage. They begin to talk about her.*

GRANNY: Surely we have ignored enough, been bored enough... *[Into her Dictaphone]* 2:15pm. Subject was not interested. They did not seem to know anything. Note to self, next time read the ATM piece, the ode is a bit too confrontational.

Her cellphone rings.

GRANNY: *[nervous]* Hello? Oh, hello Kevin. How are ya?...No, fine, fine...No great...It's going alright, yea, I'm having a little success...Yea, I know, they are a lot like that. What can I do you for Kevin? *[Sudden intense interest]* Really? Where?...No rather not, can ya meet me?...Ah, I'm not too sure. There's lots of people, it's a kind of a paved road...Choirs and tourists, guys selling paintings...In the City yea...Oh. Is that what they call it? Alright, I'll see ya in ten. Cheers. *[Into her Dictaphone]* 2:17. The place is called St. Georges Mall. I don't know why. Kevin is meeting me in nine minutes. He has some news.

SC 2:

*Kevin appears in a sheet dragging the legless puppet by a rope. He walks in a circle around Granny.*

GRANNY: Oah! Hold.

PUPPET: Fuck. Shit. Stop!

GRANNY: Hello. Who are you?

PUPPET: Hi. Sorry. Fuckin piece...shit...fuck...STOP!

GRANNY: Are you alright?

PUPPET: Yes, if I can just get this...thing...stop!

GRANNY: Can I help?

PUPPET: No, if I, fucking... Stop you cunt! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! STOOOOPPPP! There. I got it.

GRANNY: Well done.

PUPPET: Thank you. Do you like my wheels?

GRANNY: Oh, they are very lovely.

PUPPET: Thanks. I haven't had them for long. You look sad.

GRANNY: Oh, no, no, it's just, you remind me of someone.

PUPPET: Who?

GRANNY: Oh my, look at your legs, what happened?

PUPPET: A man in a grey suit cut them off because of a gangland vendetta. He was evil. A real cunt.

GRANNY: Oh. My.

*Granny bursts into gentle tears.*

PUPPET: But it's okay. I've got my wheels now. Why are you sad?

GRANNY: Well, it's nothing.

PUPPET: You can tell me, I don't mind.

GRANNY: I'm looking for my son. He has gone missing. And they say he kidnapped a child, just like you.

PUPPET: Oh. Do you think he did?

GRANNY: I honestly don't know. This is a picture of him when he was a baby.

*She shows him.*

GRANNY: It's the only one I have.

PUPPET: How old is he now?

GRANNY: About 30.

PUPPET: 30, that's old. I know someone who's 30.

GRANNY: That's nice. Is he your father?

PUPPET: No, actually he's...

*Kevin takes his mask off and turns to look at Granny.*

KEVIN: Hello, Granny.

GRANNY: Ah, Kevin. You're early.

KEVIN: Yes, Granny. It seems you were not that far away.

*The puppet is dragged off-stage.*

SC 3:

- GRANNY: Puppet! Oah! Strange little kid. I was just telling him about Gladys.
- KEVIN: Granny you really must be careful. Those kids are evil little shits. He was probably distracting you so that a friend could pick your pocket and then stab you with a hypodermic needle filled with AIDS.
- GRANNY: Oah! No. He was a sweet little guy. He lost his legs. He told me an evil man cut them from him.
- KEVIN: There you see a fantastic story. You never know with them. Probably his parents did it to make him a better beggar. They will stop at nothing.
- GRANNY: But Ke...
- KEVIN: No buts Granny. They have no morals.
- GRANNY: He seemed such a ni...
- KEVIN: Granny, I don't want to see you hurt. I am just looking after you.
- GRANNY: Ah, I'm sorry Kev. Of course I know you were just trying to protect me.
- KEVIN: Of course, Granny, of course.
- GRANNY: So, what's the news?
- KEVIN: Not here Granny. But we can walk and talk.
- Kevin takes her arm, walking her in circles again.*
- KEVIN: Well. It seems that there has been some fresh activity at the cave. We are going to have to act quickly, I don't know how long it will be before the police hear of this. And of course the life of the child is in danger.
- GRANNY: Yes, I understand. What do you suggest we do?
- KEVIN: We go to the cave, tonight. That way we will catch him unawares.
- GRANNY: Oh, Kevin.
- KEVIN: But for now we must continue as normal. Later I will sms you with the time and place we should meet. Go now, Granny, we must remain vigilant.
- GRANNY: Kevin, thank you so much for helping me. But what about the poor child? I can't wait to see my Gladys. Do you think he will want to see me?
- KEVIN: I'm sure he will, Granny.

GRANNY: I'm scared Kevin.

KEVIN: I know Granny, but I will be there with you.

GRANNY: Oh, Kevin.

*The sound of a gunshot, very violent and loud. Kevin consults his watch.*

KEVIN: Excellent. Right, Granny. You should get going.

GRANNY: Alright, Kevin. Be careful. Good luck.

KEVIN: Good luck. My sweet.

*Kevin turns slowly to the audience. He smiles. He begins to laugh. He speaks.*

KEVIN: Who is. The fucking. Man.

*Sympathetic violin music begins to play.*

KEVIN: He felt like strong steel bars were in front of him, thick, and black. Behind him there was freedom, but he did not want to turn around.

*Kevin exits SR.*

*Sound fades.*

SC 4:

*Lights dim to cave. Cave sounds.*

*Gladys enters SR, dragging puppet.*

PUPPET: Gladys! Gladys!

GLADYS: Yes, puppet.

PUPPET: I saw him. I saw the man!

GLADYS: How are you, Puppet?

PUPPET: The man, with the fat chin, the suit...

GLADYS: Calm down, what m...

PUPPET: The cunt! The cunt! Kevin! I just saw Kevin!

GLADYS: Oh?

PUPPET: Yes! I was talking to a woman with a trolley and a big picture of her baby and...when he just appeared.

GLADYS: A woman?

PUPPET: Yes! No. Kevin. I saw Kevin.

GLADYS: Drink some water Puppet.

*Gladys offers him a bottle of water. Sound of slurping as the puppet drinks.*

GLADYS: Now, tell me, what woman were you talking to?

*Kevin enters SL.*

KEVIN: Your mother, Gladys. Hello, puppet.

PUPPET: The cunt! It's the cunt!

GLADYS: Hello, Kevin.

PUPPET: Get him Gladys! Now is the time! Rip his balls off!

GLADYS: How are you?

PUPPET: Gladys! Kill him! Use your cage fi...

GLADYS: Puppet! Calm down.

*Kevin has pulled out the knife, he cleans his nails.*

KEVIN: Oh, not too bad. Yourself?

GLADYS: Can't complain.

PUPPET: Just body-slam the cunt!

*Gladys gives Puppet a look. He retreats.*

KEVIN: Nice picture.

GLADYS: Thank you.

KEVIN: Preparing for a new student?

GLADYS: No. Just some research.

KEVIN: I see. Kids? *[Making reference to the sound]*

GLADYS: Yes. It's called music. I can't keep up.

KEVIN: Your mother is not too well.

GLADYS: Oh?

KEVIN: She's looking all over for you. Very worried.

GLADYS: That is a pity.

KEVIN: Distraught even.

GLADYS: I'm sorry to hear that.

KEVIN: She has taken to preaching your Gospel.

GLADYS: Well I wouldn't call it a Gospel. Would you like some tea?

KEVIN: It's quite awesome really. She reads your scribbling's to strangers.

GLADYS: Good for her.

KEVIN: She has a laminated baby photo of you, then asks people if they recognise you.

GLADYS: Well, I can see how you would find that funny.

KEVIN: Yes. She's in love with me.

GLADYS: You have outdone yourself. Well done.

KEVIN: She's coming here tonight.

GLADYS: I don't want to see her.

KEVIN: Oh yes. I've told her that you kidnapped a child. She is coming here to save you.

GLADYS: I don't want to see her.

KEVIN: She loves you very much.

GLADYS: I don't want to see her.

KEVIN: Why not?

GLADYS: I'm over this. You do whatever you want.

KEVIN: She loves you very much.

GLADYS: I'm busy, as I've told you before, do whatever you want.

KEVIN: She is going to be here in a few minutes.

GLADYS: Then phone her and tell her that I'm not here. You missed me.

KEVIN: She loves you very much.

GLADYS: I'm not going to lose my dignity over this. If you won't phone her then I'm going. It's your choice.

KEVIN: She has tried so hard.

GLADYS: Listen to me. I don't want to see her. She made her choices. I don't want to see her.

KEVIN: I feel for you, Gladys, I really do, but she will be here at any moment.

GLADYS: Phone her. Just phone her and tell her no.

KEVIN: She will be alone when I tell her, Gladys. She will have no one.

GLADYS: I don't care. Just phone her.

KEVIN: She will be faceless Gladys. She will be alone.

GLADYS: Just phone her.

KEVIN: One face among many. Lost.

GLADYS: Phone her.

KEVIN: She will never know what you look like.

GLADYS: Phone her.

KEVIN: Alright Gladys, I will phone her.

*He takes the phone.*

KEVIN: I don't need to tell you, Gladys. I don't need to tell you.

*He dials.*

GLADYS: Phone her.

KEVIN: She never stopped loving you.

GLADYS: Phone her.

KEVIN: I am.

*Kevin listens.*

KEVIN: Her phone is off. She's coming.

GLADYS: Fuck you.

SC 5:

GRANNY: *[off SL]* Kevin? Kevin?

KEVIN: Make your choices.

*Granny enters SL.*

GRANNY: Kevin?

*Pause.*

GRANNY: Kevin, I couldn't wait.

*Pause.*

GRANNY: Gladys?

*Pause.*

GRANNY: It is you isn't it...Gladys?

*Pause.*

GRANNY: Kevin? Is that my Gladys? Gladys? Why did you kidnap a child, Gladys? Gladys? I've been reading your words, Gladys. They're beautiful. I'm so sorry, Gladys. I never stopped thinking about you. I nev...

GLADYS: It's too late. It's too late. It's too late.

*Gladys makes to exit.*

KEVIN: Ah, Gladys? Gladys I think you forgot something.

*He holds out the knife, Gladys takes it.*

GLADYS: You are such a cunt. You are such a cunt.

*Gladys exits.*

GRANNY: Kevin. I. Kevin help me.

KEVIN: What would you like me to do?

GRANNY: Kevin. Please. Cant yo...

KEVIN: Look, Granny. I don't know. He says it's too late.

GRANNY: But Kevin, I...

KEVIN: It's too late.

*Kevin takes Granny's phone out of her bag, removes the sim-card, tears it in half.*

KEVIN: Go back to your county. We don't want you here.

GRANNY: But my son.

KEVIN: Granny. Whatever. It's too late.

GRANNY: It wasn't my fault.

KEVIN: There's nothing I can do.

GRANNY: But I can't.

KEVIN: I'm sorry Granny.

GRANNY: Why are you doing this?

*As Kevin talks he is busy with the on-stage overhead. He switches it on, keeping the lens down so that he is bathed in light but the image is not yet projected. He puts an image on, adds water, puts a bowl on top of it.*

KEVIN: Granny there was a woman once. I was at a red robot and she was outside the line of cars. She was shouting at everyone in the cars, *Jou ma se poes*<sup>v</sup>, etc. At the same time she was feeling her body, not in any particular way, but in a

way that I knew what was coming. And of course, she turned, pulled her pants down and showed us her horrible homeless bum, a dark crack, her panties spread low between her legs. It was sick, that dark crack, because the woman was dirty, toothless, the smell, must have been awful. It made me think of a pile of vomit. It made me think of diving in. Why did the woman do that? Try to show us her vagina? Shouting at us in our line of lovely warm cars? Why did I think idly of what it would be like, my hands clenched upon my steering wheel, my eyes staring straight ahead? It's a mystery  
Granny.

*Kevin spits on the overhead screen.*

KEVIN: Goodbye, Granny.

*Kevin kisses Granny on the cheek. Exits.*

*Granny goes to the overhead. She turns the lens up so that the image is projected. We see that it is a picture of a woman. The water and floating saliva make her look horribly abused. Lost. One face among many.*

PUPPET: Don't worry, lady. I can get you a sim-card.

*The same dramatic music that opened the play begins to play.*

*Granny exits.*

*Darkness.*

*The end.*

### ***Glossary:***

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<sup>i</sup> Dani Craven, famous South African rugby legend.

<sup>ii</sup> Messy, cheap sandwich.

<sup>iii</sup> Niggers, the equivalent of.

<sup>iv</sup> Disgusting

<sup>v</sup> Your mother's cunt.