



TRAPPED

by Ali Kemp & Deborah Klayman

A SMITH SCRIPT

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Characters

All characters are gender, age and race neutral.

Ash: Married twice with four children, two with each spouse. Currently married to a Martian. Glib, manipulative and cunning. Believes in personal responsibility and individual freedom.

Bo: Married once with four children, currently divorced. Sincere and forthright, with a desire to help everyone to see “the bigger picture”.

Dusty: Married three times, with five children and five grandchildren. Charismatic self-made millionaire with a short attention span. Always needs to have the last word.

Frankie: Married three times, has three children with current spouse. Charming, loyal and engenders loyalty. Wedded to his own political agenda.

Notes for the director

This play is gender, age and race neutral in order to encourage diversity in casting.

A minimum of two female actors to be cast.

At any point, the characters can give an improvised response to the audience.

} indicates simultaneous or overlapping lines

A public meeting is being held. As the participants (audience) arrive, Ash is welcoming people – shaking hands and pressing the flesh. Dusty is talking loudly on the phone. Bo is quietly seated, waiting patiently for the meeting to begin.

Ash: Right, looks like it's time to get started.

Bo: Are we sure that everyone's here, Ash?

Dusty: We've waited long enough, if they aren't here yet they're not our problem.

Blackout.

VO: *Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to tonight's public meeting. Following the debate and questions from the floor, you will be required to cast your vote. When the voting commences, please indicate the candidate of your choice. Your vote will then be counted and verified.*

Spotlight on Ash.

Ash: Look, we all know what is happening here. We are in the middle of a crisis of unprecedented proportions. No one else wants to tell you that – these two won't tell you that – but I know you're clever enough to see through the spineless apologists and make the right decision today. Look, it is essential that a clear message is sent that no migrant setting foot on our soil is allowed to remain.

Blackout. Spotlight on Dusty.

Dusty: I say, let's bomb them before they bomb us! Yeah, let's bomb the hell out of them! I'm sick of all the whining – oh, boo hoo, some fool I don't know that's nothing like me lost their home. Boo hoo! Let's give them one of ours, boo hoo. No! We don't owe these criminals, these rapists, these murderers any help – we don't even owe them the time of day, okay. You know what? I'm smarter than them, and I'm going to make us great again!

Blackout. Spotlight on Bo.

Bo: The fact of the matter is they are not migrants – they are refugees. They are just like us. If it was you, if it was your children, you would hope someone would throw you a lifeline. They don't want anything that belongs to you – they are not coming here by choice – they just want to be safe. They are hoping to be here for as short a time as possible and, as soon as it's safe, go home and rebuild their own communities. We have nothing to fear, but there is an elite agenda that wants you to be afraid of them. Let's be brave, let's be our brother's keeper.

Blackout.

Lights up on a Q&A.

Ash: Well, I'd like to answer the question that Chris here asked a few moments ago, because no one else is answering it. The point is Chris, that we know they are coming and no one apart from me is prepared to address the real concerns of ordinary working people like yourself. Listen, we've had fifty years of trying to integrate them, and it hasn't worked. Fact.

Bo: Who says it hasn't worked, Ash?

Ash: } All that has happened...

Bo: } You can't just make these statements...

Ash: All that's happened is you've seen crime go up, your jobs disappear, and your community change beyond recognition.

Bo: I find that offensive. A study showed that refugees are less likely to commit crimes than the native population.

Dusty: They're dirty criminals and you know it! Are you stupid? They are costing us billions. Why should I pay for them to come here, murder someone, then stay in a prison that's like a hotel, okay?

Bo: } That's just patently untrue!

Dusty: } Shut up - no one cares.

Ash: These two are both getting off the point. The point is, as Chris asked me, would I let more in? The simple answer is "no". I say "No" to open-door immigration. I say "No" to a rise in disease and crime and "No" to a drop in affordable housing.

Dusty: My answer? Kick them all out! Blow them all up! You need me in the fight, okay, because I'm going to bring jobs back. So how do we win? We build a big, beautiful barrier to keep them out. Sure, it can have a hatch in it so that the good ones can come in legally, but first we've got to get them all out. I don't care what colour you are, okay. I don't care if you're a blue man, a grey man, or a "little green man" – you aren't one of us, so get back to where you came from – or else!

Bo: Look, no one's buying this - this is just the politics of fear. The fact of the matter is that, like it or not, they're coming. The answer is not to turn them away when they have nowhere to go back to, the answer is to build more homes and create more jobs by doing so.

Ash: } No, no, no, no.

Bo: } It's just common sense.

Ash: } Stand aside, stand aside, PC brigade coming through!

Dusty: } Lightweight.

Ash: Listen, as no one else is going to answer Chris' question, I'd like to finish the point. We have enough of our own people who need houses and jobs. Listen, we're

happy to be friends, but the fact is, we have to look after our people. We just can't help them - we are fighting for our way of life.

Frankie: (*Seated in the audience*) But you're married to a Martian!

Dusty: } What did they say?

Bo: } Quite right.

Frankie: (*Seated in the audience*) You talk about "our people", but you're married to a Martian. What do you have to say about that, Ash?

Bo: } It's a fair point.

Ash: } No, no, no.

Ash: Listen, I'm going to address that directly, because yes, I am married to a Martian, but that is not what we're talking about today.

Dusty: } Answer the question, stupid.

Bo: } Why can't we talk about it?

Frankie: } (*Seated in the audience*) Boo!

Ash: } I've already said, I've already said...

Ash: I have answered the question, and I've already said, this is not about kicking hard-working citizens out, this is about reclaiming our birthright and not just giving away our country.

Bo: } But it does seem a bit hypocritical...

Ash: } No, no, no.

Ash: I say "No" to these migrant Neptunians joining the multitude of aliens already filling up our planet.

Bo: The Neptunians are *refugees*, they aren't migrants.

Dusty: Same shit different smell.

Ash: Look, first it was the Plutonians. They wanted to come here, and we said "Yes". And who doesn't enjoy a spicy Plutonian takeaway after a few beers? But the truth of the matter is that after all these years many of them still don't speak our languages. They don't integrate. Now the Neptunians are in trouble, and a civil war is regrettable, but we aren't responsible for the position they are in. And that's a fact.

Ash: } And I'm sorry...

Bo: } You're so wrong...

Ash: Actually, I'm not sorry. I'm not sorry that our planet is full and we have to think about ourselves. We'd like to help the Neptunians out, but we're already overrun, aliens are streaming down in unprecedented numbers with no sign of stopping. This Intergalactic Federation, as they call themselves, are calling all the shots and allowing whoever wants to come here to just flow in. Should we take the whole population of Jupiter next?! It's utter lunacy.

Dusty: Maybe we should ask the Neptunians to pick up the "little green men" up on their way by!

Bo: } That term's offensive, Dusty.

Ash: } I wouldn't have said that.

Dusty: } Sit down. Sit down.