

MARY LAND

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1. THE MORNING AFTER

MARY *is folding clothes into a plastic bag. A green jacket. Blue leggings. Pink trainers. The clothes are dirty and have blood on them.*

The FURIES, a chorus of women (at least 3, 100 is better) watch.

Furies **We are not happy.**

No. We are not too happy.

DC MOODY *approaches.*

DC Moody Mary?

Mary Yeah.

DC Moody Hiya, I'm DC Moody.

Mary Hiya.

DC Moody You alright?

Mary Yeah.

DC Moody Good.

Mary Yeah.

DC Moody Great.

Pause. He smiles.

Mary So we / gonna – ?

DC Moody Okay, yeah, now, just to let you know, we've got another lady who's coming to the station for the same reason as you, and you can, you know, you can chat, we can chat, that's fine, but I will have to ask you not to discuss anything about / the

Mary No, yeah, course.

DC Moody great and that's just so, if they ask you in court, did you discuss the, the incident, you can say, honestly, you can say, no we didn't. Is that alright?

Mary Yeah course that's fine.

DC Moody Cos that's quite important cos we don't want to risk the conviction, if we, if it gets that far, do we?

Mary No, yeah.

DC Moody Great.

MARY 2 *enters. She is wearing a Victorian dress and modern trainers.*

Mary Alright? I'm –

She stops herself.

Mary Is it okay / to

DC Moody Yeah, names are fine, you can say names.

Mary I'm Mary.

DC Moody You're gonna laugh.

Mary and Mary 2 What?

DC Moody No, I just, she's gonna, you're gonna. When you.

,

He makes a gesture, 'tell her'.

Mary 2 Um. I'm Mary too?

Mary Oh right.

DC Moody What are the odds! I mean, it's quite a common, isn't it, so probably quite, but still, you know, it's – okay, let's get this show on the road.

Mary Where is it?

DC Moody What love?

Mary The police car.

DC Moody Oh, it's round the corner. Just to warn you, it's a banger. "My other car's a Porsche!"

He laughs.

Mary	What?
DC Moody	No, I was just – although it is, actually, my other car is, well it's not a Porsche but it is, it is a BMW so.
Mary 2	Why?
DC Moody	Oh. Ha. Good question! No, I mean it was a very good investment.
Mary 2	A car's never a good investment.
DC Moody	No.
Mary 2	A car can only depreciate.
DC Moody	Yes. Well, my wife would say the same, shall we?

*The lines for the Questionnaire scenes should be distributed among the FURIES. Single lines can be said by multiple voices at the same time. Lines in **bold** are said by all of them.*

Furies	Please state from one to five if you agree or disagree with the following statements, with 1 being “disagree strongly” and 5 being “agree strongly”.
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1. My environment is important to me.
2. Adequate parking is available on my street.
3. Locally there is an active and visible local Neighbourhood Watch presence locally.
4. I feel generally safe in my normal daily life and never wonder why I am so obsessed with podcasts about serial killers.
5. In my postcode there is regular and satisfactory collection of household refuse, recycling, green waste and male rage.

DOWN THE STATION

DC EDDOWES *pulls on a pair of disposable gloves.* MARY *hands her the plastic bag of clothes.*

DC Eddowes You'll be able to reclaim the items if you want, but it'll depend on how long the trial takes, if there is / one, so

Mary I don't, I don't want them back.

DC Eddowes No, that's what most people say. Did someone examine you when you made the report?

Mary No.

DC Eddowes No, well do you mind if we do a quick one now?

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Mary Yeah I dunno, I / don't

DC Eddowes Only external, just says here there was some, um, is it some bruising, yeah? On your legs? And your tummy, is it? Cos if I could just take some photos of that / then

Mary Yeah fine.

DC Eddowes That okay is it Mary?

Mary Yeah.

DC Eddowes Alright, thank you, if you can just pop your joggers down then, won't be a sec.

MARY pulls down her joggers and lifts her t-shirt to show her stomach.
DC EDDOWES takes photos.

MARY 2 is in the ID room.

DC EDDOWES leaves MARY and enters.

DC Eddowes Sorry to keep you waiting, my name's DC Eddowes but you can call me Mary if you want, d'you understand what we're doing this evening?

Mary 2 Yeah I, I think so.

DC Eddowes Great, okay if you take a look at the computer, Mary, you're going to see some faces, you're going to see nine faces today, and what would be great is if you could tell me if you recognise any of them as the man who assaulted you. Just take your time.

Images of nine MEN in turn, all wearing identical black beanie hats. Each image has a number at the top left corner, from one to nine. Maybe the faces are projected, or blown up headshots held up by the FURIES.

When we have seen all of them, a pause.

DC Eddowes Like I say, just...take your time.

Mary 2 They're all wearing hats.

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DC Eddowes Yes, that's correct.

Mary 2 No just. Cos the only bit of his face I could see was his forehead, which I remember it really clearly cos he had like this scar? But that's, with the hats it's hard to –

DC Eddowes I understand.

Mary 2 Have you got any –

DC Eddowes Without hats?

Mary 2 Yeah.

DC Eddowes No.

Mary 2 Oh.

DC Eddowes Would you like to see any of the images again?

Pause.

Mary 2 No. I dunno.

,

Number two?

NUMBER TWO *appears again. A long pause.*

DC Eddowes Remember, you don't *have* to identify anyone.

Mary 2 No. But I want to.

Furies **PLEASE TICK YES OR NO**

6. From time to time I've borrowed small amounts of comestible items from my neighbours including but not limited to sugar.

7. I would leave my immediate neighbour in charge of my small child, demented parent or beloved pet.

8. Sometimes I smell other people's cooking at dinner time and think "that smells nice, I wonder what they're having?"

9. Sometimes I smell other people's cooking at dinner time and think "that smells horrible why are they always frying onions don't they know there's recipes that don't include onions?"

10. Delete as appropriate: I like to grow sunflowers tomatoes begonias runner beans high grade marijuana all of the above.

11. I have never hitch-hiked around the UK or gone for a long run at night mostly but not entirely because those things sound like they would be very boring.

12. My mother told me to always aim for the Adam's apple.

HATS

MARY *comes out of the interview room. DC MOODY is waiting.*

DC Moody How was that?

Mary They all had hats! Only thing I could remember, he had like a big scar on his forehead, like a Y, that's the only thing I was certain about, and they all had fucking hats on!

DC Moody No, I know, listen, that's because, I can't tell you, the haircuts on these bastards. They all had such awful haircuts, so I had to put hats on them or you would have been sick. Did you pick anyone?

MARY *stares at him. Is he thick?*

Mary No. They all had hats.

DC Moody No, listen, that's alright, no-one else did either.

MARY 2 *enters.*

Mary You didn't pick anyone?

Mary 2 No. They were all wearing hats.

Mary That's what I was just –

DC Moody Look, I'll tell you what it is, say you remember 100 percent the, the suspect had a big...wart on his arm or whatever. And just by chance, we bring in someone totally different with the exact same wart, you might ID an innocent person. Right? Cos the wart's such a strong, you know, identifying...thing. So if there was something distinctive about one of the suspects, we cover it up, does that make sense now?

Mary It sounds like total fucking shit but whatever.

Pause.

DC Moody Right well I bet you girls are ready for home, anyone need a wee? No? Good, okay, I'll meet you in the car park, just need to pick up some bits from the office.

He starts to leave, turns back.

DC Moody I'm just gonna remind you, I know you're gonna want to chat about all this but I need to ask / you to –

Mary yeah, we got it, keep your mouths shut, cheers.

She walks off. MARY 2 follows her.

Furies 13. If a neighbour had the energy to organise a street party on a warm summer's evening then I'd probably go, as long as I didn't have to bake anything.

14. I do wish there was a shop slash pub slash feminist utopian society a bit closer.

15. If my partner is away either on business or possibly conducting an affair with that non-entity from head office I check the doors and windows at least three times before I can go to sleep.

16. If I was attacked and left for dead I know which doors on my street I would drag my bloodied carcass to knock on and which ones I wouldn't.

The following three lines in italics are for all women of colour in the cast.

17. If I was attacked and left for dead I cannot guarantee the Police would not take photographs slash selfies with my dead body.

17. If I was attacked and left for dead, I cannot guarantee the Police would not take photographs slash selfies with my dead body and post them on Whatsapp.

17. If I was attacked and left for dead, I cannot guarantee the Police would do anything.

18. One day someone's going to break their neck on that paving stone.

CARPARK

MARY and MARY 2 are waiting.

Mary 2 D'you know what that shop was, over the road? Where Domino's is now? It was a printer's. They printed leaflets for the suffragettes. They did it for free. Husband and wife, they lived above the shop. He used to take motorbikes apart in the bath.

Mary Wow that's incredibly fascinating.

Mary 2 I know you're being sarcastic but I don't care.

DC EDDOWES *comes out for a cigarette or a vape.*

DC Eddowes Everything okay ladies?

Mary 2 Your colleague said he was gonna give us a lift.

DC Eddowes Oh right.

Pause. She smokes.

DC Eddowes What you up tomorrow then?

MARY *stares at her.*

Mary Are you serious? (*to MARY 2*) Is she serious?

Mary 2 I know.

DC Eddowes Sorry, I was just trying / to

Mary “What you up to tomorrow?”, what does she think I’m / gonna be

Mary 2 Having a bloody...like, spa day?

Mary D’you know what I mean though?

DC Eddowes Obviously I didn’t mean to minimise what / you’ve both

Mary 2 Seriously, d’you even get training? Do they tell you to say this stuff or are you just like, freestyling?

Mary Alright, here’s what I’m gonna do tomorrow: I’m gonna go Wilkos and buy a breadknife / and then

DC Eddowes Okay, I think / we’re getting a bit

Mary no and then I’m gonna go out and I’m gonna find someone with a scar like a Y on his forehead, and even if it’s not him right? even if it’s a totally different man who out of some like weird coincidence’s got exactly the same weird scar, I’m gonna slide this breadknife into his belly, and I’m gonna watch the fear rise in his eyes and I’m gonna snap off the handle so he can’t get it out again, and I’m gonna watch his fingers scrabbling, trying to pull it out yeah and then when he looks at me, in my eyes you get me, and he goes help help and he goes no no and he goes stop stop I am just gonna, I tell you, I’m just gonna look back at him and laugh and laugh and laugh and then I’m gonna go chicken shop. Have some wings.

Pause.

DC Eddowes I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that.

DC EDDOWES *leaves.*

The [UNBEARABLE SOUND] could be a recording that is played by an operator, or operated onstage by one of the FURIES. It could be the sound made by a physical action. It could be every FURY screaming in unison.

Furies

20. When I am walking from the tube to my house, I keep my phone in my bra and my keys in my hand.

36. There is not enough green space near my home in which I have never been attacked by a man's dog while menstruating.

90. I regularly pass a group of teenage boys who pay me compliments and spit on me.

33. I have Googled how to kick out a tail light from inside the boot of a car.

1001. If a handsome stranger sent me a drink in a crowded cocktail bar, I would be too anxious about Rohypnol for it to threaten my marriage in an exciting way.

22. My father once gave me a rape alarm in my Christmas stocking, along with some chocolate money, a scented candle and a walnut.

103. Sometimes I hear her and her boyfriend having screaming rows through the walls in the middle of the night and then there's thumps and then it goes completely silent and I spend half an hour trying to decide whether to call the police or not but I never do I never do I never ever do.

and every three days a woman is [UNBEARABLE SOUND] by a man

and not all men

yes not all men

can I just say not all men

sure you can say that

thank you

but

what?

if I gave you a box of ten maltesers and told you two of them weren't maltesers they were small balls of

human shit would you feel a bit anxious while you were eating or would you just crack on?

,

What?

Exactly.

THE MOST FRIGHTENING THING OF ALL

MARY *and* MARY 2 *still waiting. MARY 2 whispers.*

Mary 2 I was on Wanstead Flats. Behind the Esso.

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Mary 2 You know. When / it.

Mary Oh!

Mary 2 yeah I was going to my boyfriend's. Bit stupid, that time of night but he only lives on Herongate Road. When did you, like when did / it

Mary Um, like two days ago on Romford Road? I nipped out to get a Mango Lilt and – you ever had Mango Lilt?

Mary 2 No.

Mary No, they discontinued them in 2015 only there's this newsagent round the corner from me still sells them, I love them, like my boyfriend says I'm addicted, anyway that's what, that's what I was, that's when, cos it wasn't even dark, not properly?

Pause.

What was he –

Mary 2 Shhh, I think he's coming out.

Mary 'Kay, well, it was nice to meet you.

She starts to leave.

Mary 2 Wait, where you going?

Mary That policeman does my head in. And I fancy a walk.

Mary 2 What like, home?

Mary Nah, the Esso. I'm starving.

Mary 2 This time of night?

Mary It's open twenty four hours.

Mary 2 But why?

Mary Case people need petrol.

Mary 2 No, I mean – it's not safe out there.

Mary Police said on the news the streets were safe.

Mary 2 They said he could strike again.

Mary They said he could strike again and that the streets are safe.

Mary 2 But what d'you even, what d'you, what d'you want?

Mary I want a Kit Kat and a packet of wotsits.

Mary 2 But it's dark. It's the middle of the night.

Mary So?

DC MOODY *returns.*

DC Moody Where'd she go?

Furies **Mary is struggling to breathe.**

Mary 2 Home.

DC Moody I don't think that's a good idea, do you?

MARY 2 *shakes her head.*

Furies **Mary is experiencing a tingling in her fingers.**

DC moody I like the name Mary. It's so...it's just simple, isn't it? "Mary". Uncomplicated. My mum was a Mary. Very anxious woman, my mother. She'd stand there ironing,

making the tea, whatever, and you'd try and talk to her but you couldn't, she'd be in her head with her worries, a million miles away. It was like she was in another country – my Dad would say, don't bother son, she's away to Maryland again. D'you want to get in the car for me?

Furies *DC Moody takes off his Police Hat. There is a scar on his forehead in the shape of a Y.*

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Furies **Mary thinks she is screaming right now.**

DC Moody I'm really sorry about this.

We hear the [UNBEARABLE SOUND]. The briefest of black outs. MARY 2 joins the FURIES.

Furies **and one in forty women have been [UNBEARABLE SOUND]**

and by [UNBEARABLE SOUND] we do not mean

a fumbled flirt

a misguided chat up

an unwanted hug

an overly familiar text message

being watched while we eat an ice cream

a builder using us to demonstrate his heterosexuality to his workmates

all that snowflake shit

we mean

The [UNBEARABLE SOUND] plays for 10 times its normal length.

The following lines in italics are for the women of colour in the cast.

And that's just the stuff we're telling you about. That's just the stuff you actually wrote down.

*Because if your bruises don't show like a Caucasian
you are not believed like a Caucasian and anyway we
are more frightened of what you will do to our men
than what our men will do to us so we just*

The FURIES all mime zipping their mouths shut.

,

The FURIES all mime unzipping their mouths again.

**and meanwhile every three days a woman is
[UNBEARABLE SOUND] by a man**

**and every three days a woman is [UNBEARABLE
SOUND] by a man**

**and every three days a man [UNBEARABLE SOUND]
a woman and his name is Saucy Jack his name is the
Ripper his name is Robert his name is Wayne his
name is Fred his name is Levi his name is John his
name is Colin his name is Jeff from Accounts his name
is actually not the point because actually yes obviously
there are some really mentally unwell individuals out
there who enjoy kidnapping and driving round Dover
naked from the waist down**

but that can't be it, can it?

that can't be the whole story, can it?

cos what we can't work out

what we can't get our pretty little heads around is

why are we so fucking

killable?

what is it that makes us so very

killable?

because it's not just bodies is it?

it's not just that sometimes

(only sometimes mind!)

we are

smaller

slower

weaker

softer

is it?

It surely can't just be that

can it?

cos we're

civilized

aren't we?

we've got

trains and

planes and

Toyota Priuses and

literacy and

sewers and

the equality act and

skinny cappuccinos and

bone marrow donation and

the internet and

sports bras and

staycations and

prams that cost one thousand pounds and

really great hamburgers in provincial towns and

stay at home dads and

the concept of duvet days and

Sir Trevor Macdonald so

we've come a long way

haven't we?

from eating raw meat and bonking each other on the head and dragging our brides by the hair, we aren't cave people any more for god's sakes so

please tell us

please tell us

please tell us how it is possible that we can get a billionaire to space and back in safety but a twenty eight year old woman cannot walk five minutes from her house to a pub without being [UNBEARABLE SOUND]?

How is this possible?

How is this possible?

HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?

I mean unless, for example, you somehow built a whole culture that made billionaires the crucible of your wildest dreams and greatest esteem, and women the dumping ground of your rage and contempt.

But what kind of backwards, self loathing morons would do a thing like that?

Pause.

OOPS!

And maybe we're over-thinking this

Cos of course Not All Men and also Not Just Women
because men get hurt too

(by other men)

men get killed too

(by other men)

which by the way, kind of suggests the wrong people
are over-thinking this doesn't it?

But still we put up and shut up and hold our keys in
our hands and our hope in our throats

that one day Not All Men will become Not Some Men
or even Not Many Men At All actually.

But we have been waiting

For centuries we have been waiting

Doing all the right things

Being safe rather than sorry

But we aren't safe.

And we are sorry.

We are angry, unhappy, exhausted women

And we would like to know

What it will take

What fresh hell do you need?

Before you are as angry as we are?

End.