

Counter Offence

a play by

Rahul Varma

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***For Amma, Papa, Shree and Dipti.
Loved, respected and inspiring.***

INTRODUCTION

ANTI-RACISM AND ANTI-SEXISM: FROM THE LEGISLATIVE HALLS TO THEATRE HOUSES.

Western societies have gone through the process of democratisation of social relations since the end of the Renaissance. Since the French Revolution of the late eighteenth century, the slogans of 'equality', 'fraternity', and 'liberty' have been repeated throughout the world. The achievements have been remarkable. But contrary to F. Fukuyama's claim, we have not yet reached the "end of history". It is indeed more appropriate to claim that the democratic ideal has not quite materialized yet. In this sense, there is no end to history. *Counter Offence* depicts the lives of individuals in Canadian society where race, gender, and class cleavages combine to ceaselessly create tragedies. The play dramatises the interaction of the state, citizens, and traditional biases in a hierarchy of subordinations. Racism and sexism have been a permanent feature of Canadian society, the struggle against them has also shaped Canadian political life.

Many Canadians were alarmed in the early 1960s by the increase in the activities of groups who were openly advocating racial supremacy, inciting hatred and promoting ethnocide and genocide. This wave of hate propaganda activism was predominantly against the Jews and Afro-Canadians and communists, and used print as the main medium of communication. By the mid-1970s, a new wave of racist group activism targeted not only the Jews and Blacks but also Canadian of East-Indian origin, First Nations, and Francophones: hate was disseminated through both print publishing and other technologies such as telephone, audio and video tape, computer hook-up; another vehicle of hate propaganda was "Holocaust denial" literature that posed as academic "scholarship".

Ottawa responded by initiating the Cohen Committee which concluded in 1965 that the problem was not "one of crisis or near-crisis proportions," although it was "serious" enough to warrant legal action.

One result was a reform of the criminal code in 1970 which predicted various forms of punishment for the advocacy of genocide and inciting hatred against an "identifiable group," defined as any section of the public distinguished by colour, race, religion or ethnic origin.¹ Legislation and administrative measures against racism and racial discrimination has continued on both the federal and provincial levels, and it seems there is no end to the reform of the constitutional and legal system.

While constitutional and legal framework against racism is indispensable, experience shows that it is by no means adequate. If, in the early 1960s and 1970s, racial hatred was disseminated by well-known supremacist groups such as the KKK, the Edmund Burke Society, the Nationalist Party of Canada, and many others, we found out that the idea of racial supremacy is ubiquitous. It can be located where few would suspect in a democratic political system; it is right there in the institution of the state, in the justice system, in the police forces and the army, and in the public educational institutions. Non-state institutions like the church were found equally hospitable to racist practices.

In spite of numerous gains in the struggle against racism, we are still far from the ideal of eliminating racial hatred and discrimination. The world-wide economic crisis of the 1990s provides fertile ground everywhere for racist and fascist groups to promote conflict, and move towards the assumption of power. The legal frameworks of a democratic state are no guarantee that the experience of Germany and Italy in the 1930s will not be repeated. If racism is a ubiquitous phenomenon, its elimination demands a ubiquitous struggle.

Much like racial divisions, unequal gender relations continue to affect our lives. It took Canadian women decades of struggle to win suffrage rights in the early twentieth century. Today, resistance to sexism has broadened to include even the sphere of language where democratisation has made great strides. One may see gender-neutral language use as a hallmark of gender equality. English, in its North American context, was apparently the first language to be reformed as an

¹ For a brief survey of the trends in the advocacy of racial hatred and government response see, Philip Rosen, *Hate Propaganda*, Law and Government Division, Research Branch, Library of Parliament, 28 January 1985 (Reviewed 9 May 1988). Ottawa.

inclusive medium which does not perpetuate racial, ethnic, and gender hierarchies. We owe this to the feminist movement of the 1960s. A decade earlier, few could think about the extension of struggle to the realm of language let alone predict its success. Here lies the complexity of the conflict. Sexism continues to persist everywhere. The Montreal Massacre is by no means an isolated event. Tragedies, on a smaller but no less devastating scale, continue to hurt us in our families, in the workplace and in the open spaces, where women are battered, harassed and raped every hour. **Counter Offence** shows us the intertwining of gender-centred and race-based violence in our society.

Anti-racism and anti-sexism are not simply struggles by the victims against the victimizers: if this resistance is to succeed, both the victims and the victimizers should be involved in an on-going transformation. We discover, in this theatrical production, that the victims themselves are hostages to various forms of racist and sexist ideas and practices. **Counter Offence** is distinguished by its ability to extend the site of struggle over race and gender from the state to the public sphere, to civil society and to our private lives. The work is remarkable because, without eliminating the state of reducing the conflict to the realm of discovery, it slaps the immigrants in the face by reminding them that they are themselves actors in the tragedy of racism and sexism. It highlights the weaknesses of the victims and challenges them to go through an internal war without abandoning the external struggle.

Counter Offence deals with racism in a setting where most of the actors are immigrants. Although new waves of immigrants have generally been targets of discrimination, those who come from Asia, Latin America, the Middle East and Africa are readily affected by racial hatred. Since the 1980s, these immigrants have found a visible space alongside the traditional targets — First Nations, Afro-Americans, and Jews.

Some of the audiences, first-generation Iranian immigrants, were seriously offended by Rahul's characterisation of Shapoor an Iranian. Why, some complained, is he an Iranian rather than an identified "visible minority" member? It is not difficult to see, in this case, how nationalist feelings allows victims of racism to deny their own racist and sexist beliefs and practices. Indeed, to argue that Iranians are not racist or sexist

Counter Offence / I2

is itself rooted in a belief in nationalist or racial superiority. Denial is easy; it comes naturally and it only leads to the constant reenactment of the tragedy. The real challenge is realising the problem, facing it, and going through a process of transformation.

Counter Offence invites us to look at gender and race, and the individual and the state as multidimensional, intertwined phenomena. There is no simple solution but we are left with no alternative but to continue the struggle. If each and every one is part of the tragedy, each and every one should act to change the status quo. We can no longer assume the end of anything.

Shahrzud Mojab
Assistant Professor
OISE/University of Toronto

May, 1997

Playwright's forward

There is pride to be had in fighting for a just cause specially when the cause is ending racism or violence against women. But what if one has chosen to pitch one genuine cause against the other? This play, Counter Offence is one such story where somebody manipulates the causes to collide.

I read in the newspaper that a man of Iranian descent argued in the court for a right to beat his wife on the basis that it was permitted in his native country. Some other citizens from certain ethnic communities were fighting to legalize genital mutilation of young girls. The contention of these individuals was that since Canada is a pluralistic society, it must respect the customs of people coming from other societies. The fact however is that all such customs, if they do in fact exist, are under attack in their countries of origin by the citizens of those very countries.

Lately, some white policemen have been accused of racism by some men of ethnic communities while the police were trying to arrest them on charges of wife battering. This highlights mutual distrust between the police and the ethnic communities which may be the result of repeated incidents of police shootings and misconduct and the system's failure to render justice. For example, between 1978 and 1987, three black men--Buddy Evans, Albert Johnson and an unarmed black teenager, Anthony Griffin--were shot dead by Montreal police. Between 1987 and 1983, eight men, including four blacks, three Hispanics and one native, have been fatally shot by the police. Yet the police force has repeatedly prevented a public inquiry into the incidents of shootings.

Violence against Women in its various forms is the most serious problems in our country which occurs among all religious, cultural, ethnic and income groups. Yet it is brushed aside as a "family dispute", that is of no concern to the outside world. But "**cultural differences**" are often invoked to justify abusive behaviour. I believe that the cultural differences when used as "defence of abusive behaviour", become nothing but a double edged sword, for the police and the perpetrators of violence. For the police, cultural differences have become an excuse for misconduct perpetrated against ethnic minorities, as if cultural background of ethnics were responsible for police misconduct. And for the perpetrators of violence, it becomes an excuse for committing violence against women, as if it were a cultural phenomenon not understood by others--as if culture equals torture.

In Canada, racism is a recognized evil and, therefore, everybody fears being charged as a racist. As a result of so-called "political correctness," simply having a different point of view has often brought charges of racism. The damage of these charges is irreversible, as the mere accusation could spell the end of the accused even if he/she is later proven "not guilty" in a trial.

Should the fear of racism be allowed as an excuse to prevent a white police officer from doing his duties? Should a white policeman wait for a policeman of colour to arrive on the scene before he arrests an ethnic man who is beating his wife? Can a woman who is being battered, afford the delayed police response? And what if the battered woman is of the same colour and culture as the batterer? Wouldn't it be double racism? Racism against victim's gender and against her colour. Is a policeman justified in presupposing charges of racism? If he is not racist, why should he be afraid of charges? And who are the people who use the race card in every dispute involving ethnic communities? What credibility is the anti-racist struggle going to have if it is used as a front for battering?

To the best of my abilities, I have attempted to write **Counter Offence** with directness with which theatre must tackle depth, reality and objectivity.

Rahul Varma.

Counter Offence

Shazia, daughter of East Indian immigrant parents, marries **Shapoor**, an Iranian on a student visa. She sponsors him for Canadian resident status. While the process drags on, their marriage takes an ugly turn. Shapoor hits Shazia and she calls in the police. **Sgt Galliard** attends Shazia's call and temporarily arrests Shapoor.

Mr. Moolchand Misra, an anti-racist activist and a family friend accuses Sgt. Galliard of racial misconduct against Shapoor. Moolchand questions cultural sensitivity of Montreal cops.

On the other hand, Ms Clarinda Keith, a black social worker, fully committed to **zero-tolerance** on violence against women, comes to Galliard's defence.

However, Mr Moolchand manages to put Sgt. Galliard through an inquiry. This angers the police brotherhood, who regard the inquiry as an offence against entire police force.

Meanwhile Shazia decides to end her marriage with Shapoor which results in his **deportation**.

But Shapoor returns back only to be found **shot dead** in his YMCA hotel room. He was a wife beater and a deportee but now he is dead. Everybody is a suspect.

Did Shapoor's race affect Sgt Galliard's judgement? If so, how did Shazia's race affect Galliard's conduct? **Counter Offence** explores an explosive situation when crime against a woman is turned into a crime against race.

Playwright's Acknowledgements

Counter Offence was written and developed with the financial assistance of the **Canada Council**. Help was also received from the **Cahoots Theatre projects** and from the **Ontario Arts Council**. **Counter Offence** was workshopped at the **Playwrights Workshop Montreal**, with the participation of actors from **Teesri Duniya Theatre** company which also produced the play in Montreal.

Thank you to: The cast and the crew of premiere production of **Counter Offence**; Carrie Causing, Dan Balliveau, Marta Majdan, Shernaz Bamji, Susan Glover, Ivan Smith, Shahariyar Bakshi, Sharzaad Mojab, Amir Hasanpour, Heather Ritchie, Marcel Jeannin, Helen Vlachos.

I would specially like to express my gratitude to Dipti Gupta, Dave Carley, Sally Han, Ken McDonough, Jack Langedijk, Kapil Bawa, Raminder Singh, Peter Smith and Dr. Daya Varma.

Reviews

".... (**Counter Offence**) may prove to be the most important play to come down the chute all year."

" ... Varma tackles all the hot button issues here and together with his director, he does it with no little amount of imagination, intellectual brilliance and beauty.

Getan Charlebois, Montreal Mirror.

"Written with insight and directness by the companies India-born artistic director, Rahul Varma, **Counter Offence** is a play that dares challenge a lot of the stereotypes and perceptions reiterated by the media, especially those relating to race.

Paul Delean, The Gazette

"...**Counter Offence**" is far more than a speech against violence and racism. It is also an extremely good play."

Silvie Babarik, McGill Tribune

characters

Shazia Rizvi	A 26 year old Muslim woman brought up in Canada
Shapoor Farhadi	Her Iranian husband who came to Canada as a student
Clarinda Keith	A black woman who runs a centre for battered women.
Guy Galliard	Police officer who works in the domestic unit.
Gilles Prougault	President of the police brotherhood (union)
Moolchand Misra	An "Indo Canadian" -- an anti-racist activist.
Mohammed Murad Rizvi	Shazia's father. Retired. He is from India.
Shafiq Rizvi	Shazia's mother, a good woman who speaks frankly and without fear.

Counter Offence was first produced by Teesri Duniya Theatre at the Strathearn Intercultural centre, Montreal, from March 14 - 31, 1996. The cast and crew was as follows:

SHAZIA RIZVI	Raminder Singh
SHAPOOR FARHADI	Cas Anvar
CLARINDA KEITH	Judy Rudd
GUY GALLIARD	Stephen Orlov
GILLES PROUGAULT	Mark Walker
MOOLCHAND MISRA	Prasun (Raja) Lala
MOHAMMED MURAD RIZVI	Kapil Bawa
SHAFIQA RIZVI	Ranjana Jha

<i>Director</i>	Jack Langedijk
<i>Set and Light design</i>	J. David Gutman
<i>Music</i>	Raiomond Mirza
<i>Costume</i>	Rossana Higgins
<i>Stage Manager</i>	James Douglas
<i>Poster design</i>	Raminder Singh
<i>Production Manager</i>	Jim Patrick
<i>Publicity</i>	Jonathan McKiel

Counter Offence was again produced by the Black Theatre Workshop (Montreal) in collaboration with the Teesri Duniya Theatre at the Monument Nationale from Sept 25 to October 5, 1997. The cast and crew was as follows:

SHAZIA RIZVI	Raminder Singh
SHAPOOR FARHADI	Cas Anvar
CLARINDA KEITH	Jacklyn Webb
GUY GALLIARD	Stephen Orlov
GILLES PROUGAULT	Mark Walker
MOOLCHAND MISRA	Prasun (Raja) Lala
MOHAMMED MURAD RIZVI	Kapil Bawa
SHAFIQA RIZVI	Ranjana Jha

<i>Director</i>	Jack Langedijk
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<i>Set and Light design</i>	J. David Gutman
	Duncan Morgan
	Keith Roche

<i>Music</i>	Raiomond Mirza
<i>Costume</i>	Rossana Higgins
<i>Stage Manager</i>	Corine Deeley
<i>Production Manager</i>	Nancy Delva
<i>Publicity consultant</i>	Jim Patrick

COUNTER OFFENCE

THE SET CONSISTS OF A FAMILY HOME, A WOMEN'S SHELTER, A POLICE STATION AND A NEUTRAL ACTING AREA. ALL THE ABOVE SERVE MULTIPLE PURPOSE. THERE ARE FOUR DOORFRAMES WHICH CAN BE MOVED AROUND THE STAGE. BY LAYING THEM HORIZONTALLY, THEY BECOME, A TABLE, A RAILING OR A PLATFORM.

DOWNSTAGE RIGHT, IS RIZVIE'S HOUSE--SYMBOLIZED BY A BED, A SMALL TABLE, A TELEPHONE AND A TEL DIRECTORY. EAST INDIAN DECORATION HANGS FROM THE CEILING. THE HOUSE WILL ALSO BE USED AS A YMCA HOTEL ROOM BY CHANGING THE CONFIGURATION OF THE BED.

DOWNSTAGE LEFT IS A WOMEN'S SHELTER WHICH ALSO ACTS AS CLARINDA'S OFFICE. IT HAS A TABLE, A CHAIR, AND A SMALL STOOL.

ANOTHER STOOL IS LOCATED DOWNSTAGE CENTER.

AT A CERTAIN POINT IN THE PLAY, TOWARDS FRONT OF THE STAGE, A DETENTION CELL WILL BE REPRESENTED BY SHADOWS OF JAIL-BARS FALLING ON THE FLOOR.

UPSTAGE IS A POLICE STATION SITUATED ON A RISER. ONE DOORFRAME WILL STAY THERE PERMANENTLY.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PLAY, THE THREE MOVABLE DOORFRAMES ARE PLACED, ONE BEHIND THE OTHER. THEY WILL BE REARRANGED AS THE PLAY PROCEEDS.

FOR THE MOST PART, ACTORS DON'T LEAVE THE STAGE. WHEN A SCENE IS UNDERWAY, OTHER ACTORS REMAIN FROZEN IN ABSTRACT FORMATIONS, UNDER DIM LIGHTS. THEY BREAK FORM THEIR FREEZE TO ACT THEIR PARTS WHEN REQUIRED. TIME AND PLACE TRANSITIONS AS WELL AS FLASHBACKS ARE SHOWN BY CHANGING LIGHTS.

THROUGHOUT THE PLAY, THE COURTROOM IS REPRESENTED BY A BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT, FROM WHERE THE CHARACTERS TALK TO AN IMAGINARY JUDGE. THE COURTROOM LOCATION CHANGES FROM SCENE TO SCENE.

(NB: IN THE SCRIPT, THE COURTROOM IS REFERRED AS "COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT.")

GENERALLY, WHEN THE COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON ACTORS, REST OF THE STAGE GOES IN DARK. MOSTLY (BUT NOT ALWAYS), THE DOORFRAMES ARE USED TO PROJECT THE COURTROOM SPOTLIGHTS ON.

AS THE HOUSE LIGHTS FADE OUT, ACTORS WALK IN. MOOLCHAND ENTERS TALKING TO THE AUDIENCES AS OTHER ACTORS REARRANGE THE DOORFRAMES. ONE DOORFRAME IS MOVED BY THE WOMEN'S SHELTER, ONE BY THE FAMILY HOME & THE THIRD ONE STAYS CENTER STAGE.

LIGHTS BRIGHTEN A BIT. WE SEE PROUGAULT STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY THE POLICE-STATION WHILE GALLIARD UNDER THE DOORFRAME LOCATED CENTER-STAGE. OTHER ACTORS STAND STILL AT VARIOUS SITES OF THE STAGE.

MOOLCHAND

I speak to you for a just cause, not because a young ethnic is being thrown out of the country, but because I'm driven by a social justice that thrives in this city. God knows, I'm doing something that our ancestors could not do, when they stepped on the soil of Canada. Komagatamaru, the Chinese head tax, native babies being taken away from their families, spouses kept apart right after their marriages because of the so-called immigration backlog. History that can't be rewritten, but hopefully guide us to a future that can. I'm not fighting against racism, I'm fighting for equality. Where police identify people by their acts and not by their skin. I'm fighting for a Canada that accepts what it is, a multi-ethnic society. I heard somebody say the other day that just like all ethnics, I am in the habit of putting down Canada. No sir, I chose Canada, this very city to be my home and all I'm trying to do is make my home better for my children, where I hope that some day we will focus on values rather than the colour of skin.

LIGHTS FADE-IN A BIT MORE ON ACTORS

PROUGAULT Will the defendant please rise, Guy Galliard, you stand accused of the murder of Shapoor Farhadi.

ALL ACTORS (REPEATING) I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing...

LIGHTS OUT ON STAGE. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON SGT. GALLIARD WHO IS STANDING UNDER THE CENTER STAGE DOORFRAME.

GALLIARD (IN SPOTLIGHT) No, its the God damn truth!-- excuse me your Honour, but I have said the same thing every time. What sir? Shapoor called me -- at my home, ... We talked for a short time. I don't know , 5 minutes, ... no not even 3 -- I went to his room at the YMCA. I remember the door was slightly open.

FLASHBACK: COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT OUT. LIGHTS FADE-IN ON THE YMCA ROOM WHERE SHAPOOR IS SEEN LYING (DEAD) ON THE BED. GALLIARD WALKS OVER TO HIS ROOM.

GALLIARD Shapoor ? ... Shapoor !

HE WALKS OVER TO THE DEAD BODY, MOVES IT -- IT FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

Oh shit, Oh, oh... (HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM) ..What the ...
(SHAKES HIM) Come on you can't be ...

IN WALKS SHAZIA, SHE GASPS, AS SHE SEES HER HUSBAND LYING ON THE FLOOR AND GALLIARD STANDING OVER HIM.

SHAZIA What are you doing here?

GALLIARD He called, ... I ... I ... I don't know ... he is dead.

SHAZIA What? .. What ? ... My God ... Shapoor...

SHE RUNS TO HIM, HOLDS HIS BODY IN HER ARMS.

Shapoor, Shapoor ... Oh please, no .. no.. Oh my God. Please, ...Shapoor, look at

me, please, I'm sorry, too. Shapoor come on...

GALLIARD (LEANS OVER SHAZIA'S SHOULDERS) It's alright...

SHAZIA (SCREAMS) Get away, don't touch us. ...Oh my Shapoor, (TO GALLIARD) Get out, get out...

GALLIARD LEAVES. LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THE YMCA.
GALLIARD RETURNS BACK TO THE COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT.

GALLIARD (IN THE SPOTLIGHT) Yes, I did, I did your Honour, I called 911 but he was gone though, ..I mean dead when I got there. (PAUSE, HE LISTENS) No, ...Yes I did arrest Mr. Shapoor, seven months ago. But that doesn't mean that I ...Your Honour, he won't even let me finish. Fine ...yes, seven months ago, that was the first time I ever met him.

FLASHBACK: SHAPOOR IN DIMLY LIT DETENTION CELL. SHADOW OF THE JAIL BAR CAN BE SEEN ON THE FLOOR. GALLIARD INTERROGATING SHAPOOR.

SHAPOOR Please, let me go. ...Why have you brought me here? Please, let me go home?

GALLIARD Home?

SHAPOOR I want to know how is she doing?

GALLIARD Shut up. (SHAPOOR MOVES) ...Don't turn around.

SHAPOOR Sir, you can't keep me here. Please, I need to get back home.

GALLIARD To A a i r a n? No? No, you're going to sit here and you are going to tell me exactly what you did.

SHAPOOR (MUTTERS IN PERSIAN) What more can I tell, I have told you every thing. I need to call my friend. Please just let me....

SHAPOOR TAKES A STEP

GALLIARD Stop right there. (SHAPOOR SHOCKED) ..N don't bloody shine your eyes on me. ...Now very slowly, turn around, ...don't even blink boy. Are you sure you don't have anything more to say? That's it? Put your hands behind your head, (SHAPOOR TURNS TOWARDS HIM, GALLIARD

SHOUTS) I said don't come near me, ... Walk out that door, head back to the cell, nice and slow...

SHAPOOR This is insulting.

GALLIARD Shut up.

GALLIARD PUSHES SHAPOOR OUT. LIGHTS BRIGHTEN ON POLICE STATION, WHERE PROUGAULT IS BUSY WRITING A REPORT. GALLIARD JOINS PROUGAULT.

GALLIARD Guys like him are a scum, no better than pimps and child molesters.

PROUGAULT (HOLDING THE REPORT) What does this say?

GALLIARD (SPELLS IT) A i i r a fucking "n" -- Born in Aيران.

PROUGAULT (WITHOUT PAYING ATTENTION) Okay, so what's it gonna be? Disorderly conduct?

GALLIARD Assault.

PROUGAULT Oh yeah? (TAKES THE PHOTO FROM THE FILE) I am looking at the photo, I don't see any bruise 'n, blood 'n broken bone. Where is the doctor's report?

GALLIARD (SNATCHING THE PHOTO FROM HIM) He's already confessed!

PROUGAULT Guy, don't waste your time on minor matters.

GALLIARD You need a damned seminar on wife assault.

PROUGAULT You need a seminar on how things work around here. You can't lock him up on this.

GALLIARD Sir this is not his first time, check the ...

PROUGAULT There is a thing called restraining order.

GALLIARD How many ladies have been saved by a restraining order? Come on, he will be out gunning for her and he damn well knows where she lives.

PROUGAULT That's when you lock him up.

GALLIARD What? When she's dead?

PROUGAULT Sergeant, if you put him away, for a little thing like this, he will come out even madder than before he went in.

GALLIARD Oh, You give me a black eye, but I can't lock you up, even though I know you'll whack me again.

PROUGAULT O.K. Guy, I guess you know your job better than I do. Where is the wife?

LIGHTS GO OUT ON POLICE STATION AS COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON CLARINDA WHO IS STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

CLARINDA (IN SPOTLIGHT) It's impossible, I can't believe Shazia could or would kill him. She was no different than any other woman, ..in her situation. The man did beat her. Mad? Of course she was mad? But I really believe she was willing to forgive..

FLASHBACK: CLARINDA'S OFFICE. SHE'S COUNSELLING SHAZIA WHO IS SEEN SITTING ON A STOOL WITH HER BACK TO THE AUDIENCE. GALLIARD IS ALSO PRESENT.

SHAZIA I had to call the police.

CLARINDA You could have waited until it was too late.

SHAZIA I can't believe he hit me again!

CLARINDA Again?

GALLIARD Yes in the report...

CLARINDA Thank you officer. I am sorry Shazia -- please...

SHAZIA Well, not like this. ...A month ago he threw hot coffee on my face.

GALLIARD (UNDER HIS BREATH) Shit...

CLARINDA ...Sergeant!!

SHAZIA I was so insulted, ...so embarrassed.

CLARINDA Didn't You tell anyone?

SHAZIA No, I feel so little.

GALLIARD You don't have to sweetheart. (TO CLARINDA) It's okay. (TO SHAZIA) You don't have anything to feel ashamed about. You haven't done anything wrong. He has.

SHAZIA What will happen to him?

CLARINDA Don't worry.

SHAZIA Where is he?

GALLIARD He's locked up.

CLARINDA Please sergeant, will you excuse us now? Don't worry Shazia, sgt Galliard will make sure...

SHAZIA (RUNS UP TO THE DOOR AS GALLIARD EXITS) Don't let him out! Please don't let him. (TO CLARINDA) They won't let him out will they? Don't let ...

CLARINDA They won't. Not this time.

MURAD AND SHAFIQA ENTER. THEY MEET GALLIARD
AS HE IS HEADING BACK TO THE POLICE STATION.

SHAFIQA Thank you sir, thank you for saving our daughter.

MURAD Thank you sir.

GALLIARD It's alright, she is in...

MURAD I never approved of that man.

GALLIARD Don't worry, he won't hurt...

SHAFIQA Thank you.

GALLIARD Don't worry, he will never.

MURAD Where is he?

GALLIARD He's locked up. Your daughter's down the hall in that room.

SHAFIQA Do you have him? (GALLIARD NODS) Don't let him out!

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THEM. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON MURAD WHO HAS WALKED OVER TO THE DOORFRAME BY THE WOMEN'S SHELTER. SHAFIQA STANDS NEARBY IN DIM LIGHT.**

MURAD (IN SPOTLIGHT, TO THE IMAGINARY JUDGE) He deserved to die. I am sorry your honour but Sgt Galliard, he had saved her once. He probably was doing the same. What? I don't care if he did call him camel breath. He could call me a paki a thousand times -- if it would save my daughter...

FLASHBACK: COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT OUT AS LIGHTS COME UP ON CLARINDA'S OFFICE. MURAD STEPS OUT OF THE DOORFRAME AND WALKS OVER TO HER OFFICE. SHAFIQA JOINS IN. CLARINDA CONTINUES TO COUNSEL SHAZIA LIKE IN THE LAST SCENE.

SHAZIA Options?

CLARINDA None of us are ever prepared for a thing like this. (LOOKING AT FILE) Now, you're the bread winner in the family?

SHAZIA He just graduated.

SHAFIQA To his fist?

MURAD He sits home doing nothing while you pay the bills.

SHAFIQA ...While he moans about his carpet business.

SHAZIA Ma! ... (TO CLARINDA) His father sent him carpets from Iran. But he needs a loan to start a business. (SPILLING HER HIDDEN ANGER) But if his father tells him to sell carpets, he will sell carpets, whether he wants to or not. The carpets are lying on some dock right now. Fool of a son of a fool of a father. If his father says go jump in a well, he will bloody well go jump in a well. He is cooking up a business like a fool in an Iranian folk tale, ...pot hanging from the tree and candlelight on the ground.

MURAD And she's left to fix the screw-ups!!

CLARINDA Thank you, Shazia do you want your parents here?

SHAZIA Yeah, it's okay. (TO HER PARENTS, IN HINDI) Thodi der ke liye jaban pay tala laga sakte hain? Please!!

SHAFIQA Sorry, -- go on doctor.

CLARINDA So you refused to co-sign a loan for him?

SHAZIA He can't get a loan on his own until his immigration is complete. Only God knows how long will that take? And ...he has already... He has already added his father and mother on the list.

MURAD Mobsters!

SHAFIQA They want a visa in dowry!

MURAD Bloody criminals!

CLARINDA What list?

SHAZIA He went ahead and sponsored his parents even before his own visa is final. I'm broke, and he added two more dependents for me. I Just can't. I have my parents here already. I can't.

CLARINDA He didn't ask you first?

SHAZIA No! That's how he always pisses me off. I 'm sorry.

SHAFIQA No, don't worry, its o.k.

CLARINDA I understand.

SHAZIA I just can't handle any more. ..I have my parents here ...

MURAD Are we a burden?

SHAFIQA She's not saying that.

MURAD Are we a burden? (TO CLARINDA) Doctor, we are waiting till our son ... he lives in Vancouver...

SHAZIA Abbu, please, I am only saying...

MURAD That we are a burden.

SHAFIQA She is not saying that. And if you think you are, .. shut up and don't burden any more.

SHAZIA Ammi, abbu, chup ho jaiye na please.

MURAD Please doctor go on.

CLARINDA Well Shazia, I should tell you what your options are.

SHAFIQA Yes please.

CLARINDA We can order mediation, order him counselling and/or you can take him back...

SHAFIQA What?

MURAD What do you mean?

SHAFIQA These are options?

SHAZIA I am not sure.

CLARINDA You are not sure of what?

MURAD That we are a burden?

SHAZIA I am not sure if I want him back any more.

MURAD Oh!

CLARINDA Are you sure?

SHAZIA I am not sure if I am sure.

CLARINDA There is something else you can do.

SHAZIA What?

SHAFIQA Yes doctor, please...

CLARINDA You can withdraw his sponsorship.

MURAD You mean immigration sponsorship? Half way through?

CLARINDA Its a sure way of getting him out of your life.

SHAZIA Pardon me?

CLARINDA Deporting him.

MURAD Good riddance , I never liked that fellow.

SHAZIA Send him out of the country? That isn't right.

CLARINDA What's right? Get beat up and live like a lame duck? Look, many men, ... bring a bride from "home back home", beat her up and if she complains, blackmail her into sending her back..."back home". I see no reason why you can't do the same. I 'm not suggesting that's what you should do. I 'm telling you that is one thing you can do.

MURAD Yes, that's what she will do, doctor.

SHAFIQA That's right, thank you doctor.

MURAD Yes, that's a good option Doctor.

CLARINDA Thank you, but I 'm not a doctor.

SHAZIA When must I decide?

CLARINDA Shazia, my motto is zero tolerance. My concern is with you, not him.

SHAZIA But If I don't do this, do I have to live with him?

CLARINDA Do you think he will leave you alone? (SILENCE) ... I don't think so.

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON THEM AND COME UP ON THE POLICE STATION. THE UPSTAGE DOORFRAME IS LOWERED HORIZONTALLY TO ACT AS A TABLE WHERE PROUGAULT IS BUSY COMPLETING A FILE. MOOLCHAND ENTERS.

PROUGAULT Can I help you?

MOOLCHAND If you don't mind helping a coloured man?

PROUGAULT (VISIBLY BOTHERED BUT IN HUMOROUS TONE) Try me.

MOOLCHAND I want to see a man by the name of Shapoor Farhadi.

PROUGAULT The guy from Iran?

MOOLCHAND That's right, the guy from Iran.

PROUGAULT Your client assaulted his wife.

MOOLCHAND Come on, You are talking like a judge, as though my man is already proven guilty.

PROUGAULT What's your name?

MOOLCHAND Moolchand, Mr. Moolchand. Shapoor called me? What would you say is your name?

PROUGAULT Gilles Prougault.

MOOLCHAND The president of the Police Brotherhood?

PROUGAULT Yeah.

MOOLCHAND Lovely symbolism. Union, solidarity, brother... (STOPS, THINKS AND SAYS...) HOOD. hoods, I like that...

PROUGAULT What do you want?

MOOLCHAND What were we talking about? Shapoor, Mr. President, so what are you going to do with Shapoor?

PROUGAULT I don't know, arrest him, walk the guy around the block. Mediate. But you might have a problem, the arresting officer feels your client should be locked up.

MOOLCHAND A white officer?

PROUGAULT (WITH A DEEP BREATH) Would you like to see him now?

MOOLCHAND You didn't take that personally did you Mr. Prougault? But you have to agree with me that a large number of citizens are uncomfortable with the way white officers treat other people.

PROUGAULT Other people?

MOOLCHAND Non-whites? People from other countries, cultures, traditions and histories..

PROUGAULT Mister, ...

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON PROUGAULT. IN A RAPID TRANSITION, MOOLCHAND MOVES A STEP AWAY AS COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON HIM...

MOOLCHAND (IN SPOTLIGHT) I thought the white people always bring up their past. They are always telling you how their ancestors fought a war in a coloured country. (AS THOUGH HE IS REMINDED BY THE JUDGE) ... Yes your honour, Mr. Prougault seemed quite nervous when I introduced myself. Nervous? Yes like always hiding something from you? I cannot believe that I had to put my trust in men like him....

FLASHBACK: COURTROOM SPOTLIGHTS GO OUT, LIGHTS COME UP ON POLICE STATION. MOOLCHAND AND PROUGAULT TALKING IN THE POLICE STATION.

PROUGAULT You mean you're not his lawyer?

MOOLCHAND Will it help you if I said that I ...(SMILE, PAUSE) I am a member of the race tribunal.

PROUGAULT Alright, (CALLING) Shapoor Farhadi.

SHAPOOR ENTERS.

MOOLCHAND Shapoor!

SHAPOOR Mr. Moolchand, please help me.

MOOLCHAND I will. Excuse us. (HE TAKES SHAPOOR ASIDE) Sit down, What happened?

SHAPOOR I don't know...I uh...uh...

MOOLCHAND Where is she?

SHAPOOR I don't know.

MOOLCHAND Is there anything you do know?

SHAPOOR I don't know. The police came and I am here. The last time...

MOOLCHAND Shapoor, you have been here before?

SHAPOOR Yes. That time, we just talked to some woman and... Shazia and I just went home. Oh, Mr. Moolchand...

MOOLCHAND Why are you in jail now? Why should an East Indian wife behave in such a strange way?

SHAPOOR I slapped her.

MOOLCHAND You should not have.

SHAPOOR Oh God, I know, oh God.

MOOLCHAND What did she do?

SHAPOOR She said insulting things about my father.

MOOLCHAND Why?

SHAPOOR I don't know! ...I don't know.

MOOLCHAND I thought mothers and fathers sent their children to Canada to know everything. Shapoor, I'm sorry, I can't help you. (STARTS TO EXIT)

SHAPOOR (STANDS UP) Come on, you know my father has put me in a fix.

MOOLCHAND (LOOKING AT PROUGAULT) Its alright Mr. Prougault. [TO SHAPOOR] The carpets.

SHAPOOR They're already on the dock. 100,000 dollars worth of Persian carpets.

MOOLCHAND I told you to advise your father that we have rules in Canada.

SHAPOOR I tried, and My wife advised him too. But then I got back on the phone and he said, "Son, what kind of man have you become? Is your wife going to advise me or are you going to tell her to listen?" I tried Mr. Moolchand, I tried to tell her... and here I am. And if I...

MOOLCHAND ... And if you anger your father, he'll have a heart attack. Then, your mother will tell you-- "Son, do you want to disgrace your father by disobeying him so that he has his heart attack now instead of later."

SHAPOOR It's not a joke! He really does have a heart problem.

MOOLCHAND This is more interesting than Aladdin and his carpets. Shapoor alright -- Didn't you take care of what we talked about? Do you have a place to store them? A licence to sell them? Did you manage the loan?

SHAPOOR No, my wife won't...

MOOLCHAND What? Brilliance like that could only have come from a Concordia graduate.

MOOLCHAND Now I understand why your wife must have thrown a fit. You know what will happen? Your carpets are going to rot on the docks and then they'll be auctioned off.

SHAPOOR I wish I could just send them back. I need to talk to Shazia.

MOOLCHAND Not many people have an eccentric father who is willing to stuff a business with a 500% profit potential down his son's throat.

SHAPOOR Can you get me out of here?

MOOLCHAND I could have if you hadn't hit your wife.

SHAPOOR (ALMOST IN TEARS) Oh God, if my father finds out about this...

MOOLCHAND (PAUSE) Did the cop rough you up?

SHAPOOR What?

MOOLCHAND (WHISPERS) Did he make the crime you committed, the fault of your race or your culture? You know you being Iranian?

SHAPOOR I hit her.

MOOLCHAND You have already said that. You hit your wife. It should not happen, but it did. Now, did the cop treat you the same way he would have treated, ...say a white person?

SHAPOOR I don't know, he said some...

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THEM. WE ARE BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON GALLIARD WHO IS NOW STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY CLARINDA'S OFFICE.**

GALLIARD (IN SPOTLIGHT) It was like it didn't matter. what he did -- but what I said. I am not a racist, I treat all wife beaters equally.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT OUT ON GALLIARD AND APPEARS ON CLARINDA WHO IS STANDING NEAR HER OFFICE.

CLARINDA (IN SPOTLIGHT) No! She didn't kill him. I'm sorry your Honour, When I first heard of accusations of Shazia killing her husband, I almost believed it. He never really seemed honest and if she did kill..

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON THE POLICE STATION WHERE MOOLCHAND HAS COME TO FREE SHAPOOR. CLARINDA WALKS OVER TO THE STATION FROM HER COURTROOM SPOT. MOOLCHAND HEADS TOWARDS CLARINDA...

MOOLCHAND I expected to see somebody black and blue.

CLARINDA Sorry just black.

MOOLCHAND No, no. what I meant was, I was expecting to see Shazia with you.

SHAPOOR Is she here?

CLARINDA She decided she can't face her tormentor under the circumstances. (STARTS TO EXIT)

MOOLCHAND Ms, Ms, (MOOLCHAND PULLS HER ASIDE) ... from what I hear, Shazia is not even bruised.

CLARINDA She doesn't have to be.

MOOLCHAND You're quite right. But,... But don't you think that's good reason why these children should forgive and forget the whole thing.

CLARINDA Is that what you wanted to tell her?

SHAPOOR No...

MOOLCHAND No Madame, I wanted to say he'll apologize to her in front of me and you.

SHAPOOR I am really sorry. I am. I admit it.

CLARINDA Is that it?

SHAPOOR But, but...

MOOLCHAND A good man sometimes makes a mistake and a good woman must forgive.

SHAPOOR Yes, tell her to forgive me.

CLARINDA Tell her?

MOOLCHAND Does this look like the face of a wife beater to you?

CLARINDA Is this his real face?

MOOLCHAND Madam ...

CLARINDA Clarinda Keith.

MOOLCHAND Ms Clarinda, I understand you. In fact I agree with you.

CLARINDA Don't patronize me.

MOOLCHAND I am not. I too have a problem with men like him, ... they give a bad name to us. I can't even believe he did it. You know, we joke about him because in his everyday life, he is so docile, so domesticated, ... he is pretty liberated for an Iranian, you know.

CLARINDA So liberated that he hit her because she wouldn't take out a loan for his carpet business.

MOOLCHAND They are a family!

CLARINDA She doesn't want to be his family any more.

MOOLCHAND What do you mean?

CLARINDA She's decided to end the marriage.

SHAPOOR She said this?

CLARINDA She's withdrawing his sponsorship.

SHAPOOR No. She said this? Please, no.

MOOLCHAND It's alright Shapoor, ... Ms Clarinda ...

CLARINDA She is absolutely firm about it.

MOOLCHAND Shapoor...

SHAPOOR Oh my God! My parents. My parents, what will happen to them?

CLARINDA They won't be Shazia's burden now.

MOOLCHAND Is there something I don't know.

MOOLCHAND LOOKS AT SHAPOOR WHO DROPS HIS HEAD.

CLARINDA He hides things from you too? He put in a application to bring in his father and mother to Canada without telling his wife.

MOOLCHAND In the family class? (TO SHAPOOR) Why did you do that?

SHAPOOR I can't say no to my father.

MOOLCHAND I thought I told you...

CLARINDA If you'll excuse me ... (SHE HEADS FOR THE EXIT)

SHAPOOR Yes. But.

MOOLCHAND Miss!..Miss!!! ... Please. ... So what if he wants his parents with him. What's the problem?

CLARINDA There's no problem. He'll have his parents with him--when he's back in Iran.

SHAPOOR No, why would...

MOOLCHAND Okay, okay. He went about it in a wrong way. Lets punish him, but not destroy his life...

CLARINDA It's not my decision. Shazia has made up her mind.

SHAPOOR She said this?

MOOLCHAND She has or did someone....

CLARINDA (TO SHAPOOR) That's why you shouldn't have hit her. Specially because you, your father and mother depend on her to come here. But you got her mad.

SHAPOOR She got me madder.

CLARINDA Then, you both are mad people.

CLARINDA LEAVES.

PROUGAULT Farhadi!

MOOLCHAND Shapoor.

SHAPOOR Shazia wouldn't say that.

MOOLCHAND You are a certifiable idiot. Why in the family class? With that kind of money, they are investors before they are your family.

SHAPOOR What?

MOOLCHAND They should be put in "investor class". You fool. If you had listened to me, by now your father would have been buying up real estate in Laval. Now you can't transfer them to a different class.

SHAPOOR Oh God, I am such an idiot, please, can't you do something?

PROUGAULT STEPS FORWARD.

PROUGAULT Farhadi, lets go.

SHAPOOR Mr. Moolchand.

MOOLCHAND Wait Mr. president, I'll take responsibility over him. What forms must be signed? Who do I see? This boy needs to go home and clear his mind.

PROUGAULT He will, as soon they can book a flight.

MOOLCHAND What? What are you saying?

PROUGAULT I've said enough, You 're not his lawyer, let's go.

MOOLCHAND Where are you taking him?

PROUGAULT He will be in detention until deported home.

SHAPOOR No!

MOOLCHAND Hold on, deported?

SHAPOOR No you can't do that!

PROUGAULT Those are the immigration rules.

SHAPOOR Please let me talk to Shazia.

MOOLCHAND One more ethnic out of Canada eh Mr. president? what is going on here?

SHAPOOR Where's Shazia?

MOOLCHAND (TURNS TO SHAPOOR) Shapoor, let me handle this.

SHAPOOR (LOUD) Shazia! Shazia! I am sorry Shazia...

SHAPOOR RUNS TOWARDS EXIT...

PROUGAULT Officer!

SHAPOOR ...Please forgive me Shazia.

AMID LOUD SHOUTING AND SCREAMING, GALLIARD ENTERS PUSHING AND SHOVING SHAPOOR BACK ON THE STAGE. SHAPOOR FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

GALLIARD Hey! Get back in the room.

MOOLCHAND Shapoor, Shapoor...

SHAPOOR (TO MOOLCHAND) I only wanted to tell her...

MOOLCHAND There, there, enough said...

SHAPOOR (ON THE FLOOR) Please sir, I beg you, I am sorry. I promise I will never...

MOOLCHAND Shapoor...

GALLIARD Too late, you should have...

PROUGAULT Galliard, shut up!

SHAPOOR Please, you sir, Oh please, (HE CRIES) I am sorry.

MOOLCHAND Very well officers. Look at him, you have succeeded in scaring him. He will not strike his wife again. I assure you. Please, Tell me what can we do?

LIGHTS CROSS FADE FROM THEM TO CLARINDA'S OFFICE WHERE CLARINDA IS TALKING TO THE FAMILY.

SHAZIA Am I being cruel to him?

SHAFIQA No, Shazia.

MURAD Don't be ridiculous.

CLARINDA You are being kind to yourself. I am very proud of you.

MURAD Proud of a husbandless woman?

SHAFIQA Murad!

CLARINDA She has done something that no battered woman has.

SHAZIA Clarinda, ... I'm not doing this.

CLARINDA This will send the message loud and clear. 'Cause Back home he will have to explain, why he was deported, ...he'll have to face the embarrassment. Everybody will learn the price for hitting a woman. Here or anywhere.

MURAD Well, good.

CLARINDA Okay! We still have few legal things to do.

SHAZIA I already signed the separation papers, didn't I?

CLARINDA No, we need to discuss your share of the carpets.

SHAZIA I don't want a cent from those

MURAD You need the money.

SHAZIA I don't want the carpets!

SHAFIQA Shazia.

SHAZIA No, Ma!

SHAFIQA This girl is stupid. All she wants is to end her unhappy marriage as if marriage was a happy thing.

MURAD As if she will become happy after ending her marriage.

SHAZIA Abbu please!

LIGHTS OUT ON THE FAMILY AS WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT TIME. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON PROUGAULT** WHO HAS WALKED OVER TO THE DOORFRAME BY THE FAMILY.

PROUGAULT (IN SPOTLIGHT) Yes, I didn't know why he did it. He was always doing things like that. I had warned Sgt. Galliard about his behaviour many times. I am sorry, Guy. I tried to warn you...

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON THE POLICE STATION. GALLIARD IS WORKING AT THE HORIZONTALLY LYING DOORFRAME TO ACT AS A TABLE. HE STAMPS A REPORT AND GIVES IT TO MOOLCHAND.

GALLIARD No, no, he's not here, you can pick him up downstairs.

MOOLCHAND That way? Thank you, you have been so kind. (SEES PROUGAULT) Oh! hello Mr. President!

PROUGAULT Has Farhadi been released?

GALLIARD (SURPRISED TO SEE PROUGAULT) Oh! Did you hear this race tribunal guy?

PROUGAULT Has Farhadi been released? Why did you just send Moolchand downstairs?

GALLIARD Where does a guy like that get 10,000 dollars bond money from?

PROUGAULT Sergeant...

GALLIARD Ethnic power.

SHAPOOR ENTERS THE SCENE.

SHAPOOR Where is Mr. Moolchand?

GALLIARD STEPS TOWARDS SHAPOOR.

PROUGAULT Guy, what are you doing?

GALLIARD (TO SHAPOOR) Listen, asshole, I can't keep you locked up, but if you go anywhere near her, I will ship you back to where you came from.

SHAPOOR Ah,... ah..

PROUGAULT That's enough Galliard. O.K. Farhadi, go...

SHAPOOR STARTS TO LEAVE, GALLIARD GRABS HIS ARM AND PULLS HIM BACK.

(UNDER HIS BREATH) ...Fuck.

GALLIARD Listen boy, if you want to live in our country? you live by our rules. You understand that? You don't beat your women in this country! Bond or no bond you touched her and I will send you to hell.

PROUGAULT (TO SHAPOOR) Your friend is waiting downstairs. Ask for lieut. Green. (SHAPOOR EXITS.) Sergeant, you are too rough. What's the matter with you? Have you never heard of the term "libel suit"?

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THEM. WE RETURN TO THE

PRESENT TIME. LIGHTS COME UP ON CLARINDA'S OFFICE. RIZVI FAMILY IS PRESENT.

MURAD No, I'd rather Shazia not be seen outside.

CLARINDA Don't worry, he can't touch her any more.

SHAFIQA No, no, it's because his friends will say, "there goes Rizvi's daughter who has brought shame to his family."

MURAD Oh, you quiet.

SHAZIA Abbu, ummi, I'll be okay. You can go back to Vancouver. Now, Naushad needs you more than I do. I'll be fine.

CLARINDA Oh, your parents are leaving?

SHAZIA Yes they were supposed to fly tomorrow to see my brother.

SHAFIQA Yeah he needs us to baby sit his brat so he can look after his video store. But we'll stay until..

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THEM. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON MOOLCHAND, STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY THE POLICE STATION.**

MOOLCHAND (IN SPOTLIGHT) When I found out Shapoor died, I was not sure. He seemed to love his wife a great deal. But she seemed bent on destroying him. It was not good enough to divorce him. She wanted him deported, ... gone, may be dead. I'm not saying she killed him. When he talked to me when I released him on bond....

FLASHBACK: AS THE LIGHTS CHANGE, WE SEE MOOLCHAND STEPPING OUT AS THOUGH HE WAS TALKING TO AN OFF-STAGE OFFICER.

MOOLCHAND (TO A OFF-STAGE OFFICER) Yes, tell him I'll be waiting outside.

MOOLCHAND COMES IN FRONT OF THE POLICE STATION. SHAPOOR COMES IN FROM THE POLICE STATION.

SHAPOOR Thank you very much for getting me out. Did you talk to Shazia?

MOOLCHAND It's not over yet.

SHAPOOR Did you tell her how sorry...

MOOLCHAND You want your parents here, we have got to open a retail store and sell carpets.

SHAPOOR Mr. Moolchand, how is she doing? I need to go home.

MOOLCHAND Shapoor, Shapoor...

SHAPOOR (MOOLCHAND HANDS HIM A PAPER) What's this?

MOOLCHAND Restraining order.

SHAPOOR What? (PAUSE) Fuck! (HE STARTS TO RUN) I have to go.

MOOLCHAND (GRABS HIM) You can't go. Listen, If you get closer than 100 yards to her my friend, they will deport you.

SHAPOOR Oh God, I look at my hands and I see my father's hands. I feel awful, I shouldn't have hit her.

MOOLCHAND Yes, Now do you want me to take care of the carpets?

SHAPOOR I just want to tell her, I didn't mean it. I understand now why she didn't want my parents, ..my father here. If she just gave me time I could have understood. I am not my father. Why? Why? I just kept hitting her hoping that she would see. I'm not my father.

MOOLCHAND Is he that bad?

SHAPOOR Sgt Galliard is right. Oh God, I need a policeman to protect my wife from me.

MOOLCHAND Did he threaten you? Shapoor did he? What else did he tell you?

SHAPOOR He is right. He's right...

MOOLCHAND He's right about what?

SHAPOOR May be I should be locked up.

MOOLCHAND Do you know what that fucking cop did to you? Do you think the officer really cares for your wife? Look, my neighbour, a white guy, got drunk and made pulp out of his wife before passing out. The cop tells her, "Call us when he wakes up." Why didn't the cop arrest him?

SHAPOOR (IN PERSIAN) Behmensha.

MOOLCHAND That cop had nothing to gain by arresting one of his own tribesman. It is only when they find someone "different" they get all dutiful. And then they get your wife to collaborate with them.

SHAPOOR If I could talk to her...

MOOLCHAND Go home, break the restraining order, see what they do.

SHAPOOR But Mr Moolchand, maybe she won't...

MOOLCHAND She is kicking you out of the country.

SHAPOOR She can't, you have a bond on me.

MOOLCHAND The bond can't protect you from being deported.

SHAPOOR What?

MOOLCHAND Where do you think the bond money came from anyway?. (PAUSE) Your carpets.

SHAPOOR All the carpets?

MOOLCHAND Yes.

SHAPOOR My father...

MOOLCHAND Just until this is all settled. That's why we need to open a store and sell those carpets, but to do that I have to keep you in the country? We have to find a way to stop them from making an example of you.

SHAPOOR What the fuck are you talking about?

MOOLCHAND Have you ever heard of anyone getting kicked out of the city, let alone the country for hitting their wife? They're using you to scare us.

SHAPOOR

Why are they doing this to me?

IN THE FOLLOWING LINES, MOOLCHAND SPEAKS WITH A CANADIAN ACCENT INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL EAST INDIAN.

MOOLCHAND

I don't know. Because you are a muslim. And they think you are all terrorists, out to get Salman Rushdie, blow up the Bay street, your people breed like crazy, ..might take over Canada. Don't you get it? Your community is a growing concern to them, ...taking over entire suburbs, shopping malls, I don't know. Your community is doing pretty good for a minority, but hey, then you utter the word minority, everybody thinks about blacks only.

SHAPOOR

Mr. Moolchand, what happened to your accent?

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON SHAPOOR. A RAPID TRANSITION TO COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARING ON MOOLCHAND.

MOOLCHAND

(IN SPOTLIGHT, REGAINING HIS ACCENT) Against the police, Immigration and the justice system. Shapoor's only fault is that he struck his wife. But that didn't even leave a mark on her body. But then he was also begging her for her mercy,... and yes, Shapoor was about to set up a business, may have created a couple of jobs. What does he get in punishment? Deportation! I say that the system didn't work. This boy did not die in vain and I plan to do something about it. They will see what this minority can do!

LIGHTS OUT ON MOOLCHAND. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON CLARINDA WHO IS STANDING AT A SPOT NEAR HER OFFICE..

CLARINDA

(IN THE SPOTLIGHT) No! No! No! He did not care about anyone your Honour, Shapoor or Shazia. He doesn't know what it's like to be hit. 'Cause he does all the hitting. If I were you, check where those carpets are now. Who is selling them?

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON CLARINDA'S OFFICE. SHE MOVES OUT OF THE COURTROOM SPOT TO HER OFFICE. LOOKS FOR SOME FILES AS MOOLCHAND WALKS IN..

MOOLCHAND No, no, please. First give me an opportunity to greet you.

CLARINDA Alright.

MOOLCHAND How are you?

CLARINDA How about you?

MOOLCHAND Clarinda, I need your help, I really do.

CLARINDA How?

MOOLCHAND It's about Shapoor...

CLARINDA I'm sorry Mr. Moolchand I ...

MOOLCHAND I know how you feel. Please listen, he's a good man with so much potential. I know right now that he can't control his rage, but he needs our help. He can't get help if he is thrown out. What I am saying is--us, the East Indians, the Africans,the Chinese...you know--people like you and me. If we are to survive, we must be united. Help each other.

CLARINDA Because we are coloureds?

MOOLCHAND Without Shazia, Shapoor has nobody here, no family no support, nothing. Right now he happens to be one of the many unfortunate men in this country because he happens to be the man of wrong colour and culture.

CLARINDA Nobody's culture equals torture. He hit her because he is a man and she is a woman. It's nothing to do with culture.

MOOLCHAND Please, listen to me--listen to me, ... help us. He is not a typical Canuck, opens a beer, watches hockey and scores punches at the wife for fun.

CLARINDA No, he doesn't play hockey.

MOOLCHAND He's one of us, see?

CLARINDA Isn't she also one of us?

MOOLCHAND That's why she shouldn't deport him.

CLARINDA And give him an opportunity to attack her again. And turn the crime

against her into her own fault, no!

MOOLCHAND (PULLS OUT A DECLARATION) O.K. This thing bears the signatures of some very important ethnic leaders, including a couple of ethnic MPs.

CLARINDA (GLANCING) Signatures for what?

MOOLCHAND Stop his deportation.

CLARINDA Where did you get all these?

MOOLCHAND I'm trying to help Shapoor.

CLARINDA I'm trying to protect Shazia.

MOOLCHAND Somebody should try to forgive him.

CLARINDA Somebody is trying to forget him.

MOOLCHAND Is that why she has gone public?

CLARINDA (SARCASTIC) God forbid, the victims go public and the world might hear them.

MOOLCHAND But what do we hear-victims? No. Miss Clarinda Keith's "zero tolerance" in the Gazette. Shapoor's father is a lunatic on the CBC. How about hearing him? No wonder she provokes the hell out of him.

CLARINDA Provoking ain't a crime, battering is. Got that?

MOOLCHAND Got it.

CLARINDA Excuse me, I'm busy. (SHE GETS UP)

MOOLCHAND You know, you're a very determined woman.. you'll need to be. (BRINGS OUT ANOTHER LETTER.) Some of us want an inquiry.

CLARINDA I know.

MOOLCHAND Look again. (GIVES HER THE LETTER), Inquiry into a larger problem, Inquiry into what sgt Galliard did?

CLARINDA What?

MOOLCHAND Galliard is a racist.

CLARINDA A woman was assaulted here.

MOOLCHAND He racially assaulted Shapoor.

CLARINDA You can't be serious. That's not the issue here.

MOOLCHAND Right here in Montreal, eight coloured men have been shot dead by the officers and you want to tell me the officers aren't racist.

CLARINDA Galliard isn't one of them.

MOOLCHAND Just the other day the officers looked very happy, because there was a black taxi-driver in custody. When the officers have that smile on their faces, and there is a black man in custody, do you know what's coming?

CLARINDA Don't teach me what racism is!

MOOLCHAND Just because you are a shade darker?

CLARINDA Get the hell out of my office.

MOOLCHAND Guy Galliard is a chronic racist.

CLARINDA He saved that woman's life.

MOOLCHAND I want him removed from his job.

CLARINDA What kind of man are you? Do you know what you're trying to do here? There is no other officer who runs the domestic unit as well as Galliard does. You take him to the inquiry and I'll be his expert witness. Now get out.

MOOLCHAND Bravo! Bravo. A black, turned activist, turned expert, turned witness to a racist cop! I hate to say it, but there is something wrong with a person who doesn't stand by her own community.

CLARINDA Shazia's my community.

MOOLCHAND Every time you open your mouth, whooop, a cliché spills out of it.

CLARINDA Out!

MOOLCHAND Let's both take a deep breath.

CLARINDA Out!

MOOLCHAND Don't you think the whites hate us enough already? Do you want to give them one more excuse to hate us?

CLARINDA Whites don't have time to hate us. They are too busy paying the bills and raising their families.

MOOLCHAND And you're too busy chasing a poor ethnic out of the country.

CLARINDA Cut the crap, Canada deports drug dealers, not a wife beater.

MOOLCHAND Then it's sad you are doing this country's dirty work. (FLASHING THE PAPER) Well it's my turn to talk to the press. People in the community must know where you stand?

CLARINDA Get out or I'll call the police.

MOOLCHAND The police? That confirms where you stand. I am going but I want you to think about something. There is a immigrant business in making. There is a troubled young man, there is his sick father. I just want you to remember this.

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON THEM. WE RETURN TO THE PRESENT TIME. MURAD CAN BE SEEN STANDING OUTSIDE THE FAMILY HOME, IN DIM LIGHTS. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON SHAFIQA WHO IS STANDING NEAR THE DOORFRAME BY HER HOUSE.**

SHAFIQA (IN SPOTLIGHT) No, no your Honour, My husband -- he was so possessed -- shame -- he said -- our lives were filled with shame. I don't know why he says these things. He is a gentle man your honour. He could not have done that. He could not have killed that poor boy, But your Honour, he was just so upset with our community.

FLASHBACK: AS THE SPOTLIGHTS GO OUT ON HER, SHE EXITS. LIGHTS COME UP ON THE HOUSE. MURAD ENTERS IN A BAD - IRRITATED MOOD. HE IS COMING FROM THE MOSQUE. PUTS DOWN HIS COAT.

MURAD (CALLING) Shafiq, ... Shafiq.

SHAFIQA (OFF STAGE) In the kitchen.

MURAD Come out.

SHAFIQA You worried what goes on in your wife's kitchen?

SHAFIQA ENTERS,

MURAD Accidents and I eat them. Do you know what are they saying in the meeting? Mr. Moolchand...

SHAFIQA Don't make it harder for her.

MURAD Why can't she behave the way daughters behave back home?

MURAD Shazia! Shazia!

SHAFIQA She is with Clarinda.

MURAD The black woman.

SHAFIQA Yes, to register something.

MURAD Is Clarinda married?

SHAFIQA No, she is happy.

MURAD How can a woman who makes her living breaking families, be happy? I'll not allow her in this house.

SHAFIQA That's enough, take off your shoes-- come and eat.

MURAD You know, nobody talked to me at the mosque. They all think that failure of the daughter is due to failure of the father. Shazia has no shame in being husbandless, but I do.

SHAFIQA I didn't know you wanted a husband.

MURAD Its not a joke. I have to take Shazia to the Imam.
SHAFIQA No Mullah is going to decide my daughter's fate.

MURAD You don't live in the real world, do you? What will happen to her? What man will marry her?

SHAFIQA One who won't hit her, now come and eat.

MURAD (SHOWING HER A NEWS PAPER) No wait, look what they say about her. Look! Do you have any idea who marries a divorced woman? A convict, a handicap or an old widower with ten children. Is that what you want for her? Shafiq begum, nobody wants a divorced woman, she is all used up, .. nothing left, not even her dignity.

SHAFIQA (WITH DEEP HURT) Used up? It's our daughter you're talking about. Shame on you. I am ashamed of you.

MURAD Remember when it happened between my sister and her husband? Didn't my father go to the mullah?

SHAFIQA (RIDICULING) And that stupid Mullah said, (MOCKING) "lock her, starve her, give her a chance to behave before you can smack her.

MURAD You say what you please, but the next day, he bought her an expensive saree and she was fine.

SHAFIQA No wonder she had so many expensive sarees.

MURAD That's not the point!

SHAFIQA My daughter will not go to any Mullah.

MURAD Alright then, let's move out of the city, where there is no Mullah and no Clarinda.

SHAFIQA And no Moolchand!

MURAD Do you know what Moolchand said at the meeting? "We don't need the RCMP to kick out an ethnic. We need a Canadian wife to do that.

SHAFIQA When you go to the next meeting, tell that mullah and Moolchand, if they say a word about my daughter, I will chase them out of the country now come and eat!

AS LIGHTS GO OUT ON THE FAMILY, WE COME TO THE

PRESENT TIME. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON GALLIARD WHO IS STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY CLARINDA'S OFFICE.

GALLIARD (IN SPOT LIGHT) I remember when my dad got mad, my mom got beat up. He kicked the door, ripped the phone, threw food and pulled big handfuls of her hair. My dad was 6 feet, 300 pounds. When he got started, my brother ran to pull the curtains and I hid behind the door with my hands to my ears and my eyes closed. My mother died and everybody believed it was in her sleep. (PAUSE) So when I see someone beat his woman, part of me says, send him to hell. Is that racist, judge?

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON PROUGAULT WHO IS STANDING DOWNSTAGE CENTRE. THE DOORFRAME HAS BEEN LOWERED HORIZONTALLY TO ACT AS A PLATFORM/TABLE. GALLIARD WALKS OVER TO HIM.

PROUGAULT He's charged you with racial misconduct.

GALLIARD Bullshit.

PROUGAULT GIVES HIM A LETTER.

PROUGAULT I have tried to warn you, Guy.

GALLIARD (BLOWS A "PHEW", READS) "*Cultural Insensitivity or Racism: "Police still white"*". So?

PROUGAULT Every word that scares the hell out of a white cop, is here. ... used excessive force and racial slurs....

GALLIARD Come on officer, do you know one cop who doesn't use foul language?

PROUGAULT Not foul language, Sergeant, racial language.

GALLIARD The other day I called a Scotsman a skirt-wearing dyke and he called me a "French toad."

PROUGAULT (LOOKING THE PAPER) You called him an Iranian.

GALLIARD So?

PROUGAULT You denied him his "Canadian identity".

GALLIARD And if I called him Canadian, wouldn't I be denying him his "ethnic roots". I don't chase words, I chase criminals.

PROUGAULT You're famous! Sarge, haven't you seen the paper today? You're on the front page, you're on the front page of every newspaper. And on chief's desk. When you go home tonight, tell your wife and son, "*I'm racist.*" An Iranian made you famous, Guy.

GALLIARD I'd like to break that Currichand's neck.

PROUGAULT Shut up Sergeant. I don't need your garbage mouth doing any more damage. Every ethnic leader and bleeding heart white is calling! Fuck, I don't need another inquiry, not with the union election coming up.

GALLIARD What inquiry?

PROUGAULT The chief has ordered an inquiry.

GALLIARD He thinks I am a racist?

PROUGAULT He got a call from Bouchard's office. Damage control after Parizeau's ethnic remark.

GALLIARD Bouchard?

PROUGAULT You're the first victim Guy. "...We lost the referendum because of the ethnics". The man lost the battle of his life because he didn't have ethnics on his side. Surly Mr.Bouchard has to woo ethnics. How do you expect the chief not to call an inquiry?

GALLIARD Bullshit!

PROUGAULT He ain't got the race card up his sleeves."Will that be cash or credit? Put it on my race card baby." You can charge "justice" to the race card. Used to be blacks. Now, it's every fucking shade of people. Racism has turned into a contagious disease.

GALLIARD An inquiry, because of this Iranian bastard, Jesus...

PROUGAULT (FLASHING A DOCUMENT) Moolchand doesn't know when to stop. Now he's saying, "we should have ethnics serving ethnic criminals."

GALLIARD Really!! When a ethnic smacks his wife, we must find a cop of matching colour and race. May be it'd better if I just killed the guy instead of calling him an Iranian.

PROUGAULT Sergeant, shut up.

GALLIARD I ain't a racist. Clarinda knows that and she's black. Her and I have worked together plenty of times.

PROUGAULT Guy, Clarinda is fixated on gender--she wants more ladies in the force because ladies serve ladies better.

GALLIARD That's great. I will teach my boy--you want something -- Just blame someone. Women blame men, blacks blame whites, homos blame heteros (LAUGHS) But that's fine because I'll do my job.

PROUGAULT Sarge you are being removed from the domestic unit until the inquiry clears you.

GALLIARD What the fuck?

PROUGAULT I warned you.

GALLIARD That ain't fair.

PROUGAULT I'm sorry.

GALLIARD Ten years of service, hundreds of citations...

PROUGAULT I have no choice. Moolchand got his wish.

AS LIGHTS GO OUT ON THEM, GALLIARD WALKS BACK TO THE DOORFRAME. WE COME BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON GALLIARD.

GALLIARD (IN THE SPOTLIGHT) I was trained to run the domestic unit. That's my job! And I had to sit around some desk while he ran around. And what if he hit her again? No-one would care.

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON GALLIARD. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON MURAD WHO IS ON THE

OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE, STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY HIS HOUSE.

MURAD (IN THE SPOTLIGHT) Your honour, if you would have seen Shazia, before she married this ... this man, ... We had such hopes for her. Our little chatter box. We called her that. 'Cause she talked and talked until her jaws began to hurt of talking and she would fall asleep. We were always...

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON THE HOUSE. WE SEE SHAZIA SLEEPING IN HER BED. MURAD STEPS OUT OF THE DOORFRAME AND ENTERS HIS HOUSE.

SHAFIQA Shh. Don't scream. (LOOKS AT SHAZIA) Poor girl, came back from the doctor and hasn't said a word.

MURAD (KISSES SHAZIA'S FOREHEAD) Shafiq begum, I never imagined that I would ever smell beer in my daughter's breath. Baap rey baap.

LIGHTS OUT ON THE FAMILY.

Note: From here to page 45, lights will shift from one actor to the other in quick succession as they talk to create a semblance that things are happening simultaneously.

LIGHT COME UP ON MOOLCHAND WHO IS DELIVERING A SPEECH...

MOOLCHAND Yes I want coloureds on the force, but not by preferential treatment. I say that if you have 10 dollars, you must get the same value for your ten dollars whether you are white or black. Do the non-whites have the same opportunity as their white brothers, to earn those ten dollars? That is not me talking, No. That is the Auditor General of Canada, ... and yes, he is not a whining Mr. Moolchand, he is a white man who has the courage to say the truth.

LIGHT SHIFT FROM MOOLCHAND TO SHAZIA WHO HAS WOKEN UP, UNNOTICED. MURAD PULLS OUT A LETTER.

SHAFIQA What's that?

MURAD (WHISPERS) Major sahib is still shopping for a bride abroad for his son.

SHAFIQA What will you do when Major sahib finds out that your daughter is all

"used up"?

MURAD He is our best bet.

SHAZIA GETS UP.

SHAZIA Are you betting on me?

MURAD No, no beti, I'm not betting on you, but you need a husband.

SHAZIA I don't need a husband, I have a husband.

MURAD If I talked to my father like that, aray baap rey baap.

SHAZIA Aray baap rey what? Why must you find a husband for me? Because I am a misfit, I drink sometimes? I want divorce and a muslim woman is not allowed to. Is that your baap rey what? Abbu, why must I defend myself?

SHAZIA BREAKS INTO TEARS, EXITS.

MURAD Shazia...

SHAFIQA Beti...

LIGHT SHIFT FROM THE FAMILY TO MOOLCHAND, WHO CONTINUES WITH HIS SPEECH...

MOOLCHAND ... I think violence towards women is appalling. From the culture I come from, women are treated with respect.

LIGHT SHIFT FROM MOOLCHAND TO THE FAMILY ...

SHAFIQA Are you happy now?

MURAD Would you be happy if your daughter scolded you?

SHAFIQA Murad we have to help her.

MURAD I just wanted to find her a new husband so she won't have to... to live in the fear of the old one.

SHAFIQA Really?

MURAD Yes really? What do you think?

SHAZIA ENTERS

SHAZIA Abbu, Ummi, You don't have to stay for me. Just go to vancouver now.

SHAZIA EXITS. LIGHT SHIFTS FROM THE FAMILY TO GALLIARD WHO IS STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY CLARINDA'S OFFICE.

GALLIARD I'm not guilty! I swore to tell the truth and...

LIGHT SHIFT FROM GALLIARD TO THE FAMILY...

MURAD Does she really want us to leave?

SHAFIQA Of course not. She is just upset with you. Come, Let's go for a walk. Let her clear her mind. Then I'll talk to her. (CALLING) Beti, lock the door, we will be back soon.

SHAZIA (OFF-STAGE) Okay.

MURAD AND SHAFIQA EXIT AS THE LIGHT SHIFT FROM THE FAMILY TO MOOLCHAND... MEANWHILE SHAPOOR WALKS OVER TO THE HOUSE. HE STANDS OUTSIDE IN DIM LIGHT.

MOOLCHAND That's why I want coloureds in the force, to work side by side with the white cops. So that the white cop will see that the coloured cop next to him is just as human as anybody else. The best way to win your enemy is to love your enemy.

LIGHT SHIFT FROM MOOLCHAND TO THE FAMILY, WHERE SHAZIA IS ALONE. SHE HEARS A KNOCK.

SHAZIA Who is it? Didn't you take the key, ma?

SHE OPENS THE DOOR AND FINDS SHAPOOR AT HER DOOR. SHAZIA STEPS BACK

SHAPOOR Don't. Please. Don't call the police. Please.

SHAZIA You shouldn't be here.

SHAPOOR I just want to talk.

SHAZIA What?

SHAPOOR (PAUSE) Hi...

SHAZIA Hi...

SHAPOOR I thought may be you moved.

SHAZIA Well I didn't.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THE FAMILY HOME TO THE WOMEN'S SHELTER. CLARINDA AND GALLIARD TALKING...

GALLIARD Well at first I just told him not to move.

CLARINDA Did he?

GALLIARD Well no, but it was all very fast. I mean I didn't know how badly she was hurt.

CLARINDA Did Shapoor try to run?

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THE SHELTER TO THE FAMILY.

SHAPOOR I called, but you've taken an unlisted number.

SHAZIA You better go now. My parents will be...

SHAPOOR Please Shazia, don't hate me. I have nobody to turn to. My family... they're in danger. (PAUSE) I would not risk coming here if it wasn't serious. (PAUSE) Please... I'm begging. Just listen to me and I'll go. (STEPS TOWARDS SHAZIA, SHE MOVES BACK) I won't move. (SHE STOPS) (PAUSE) Please don't be afraid of me.

SHAPOOR TAKES A STEP TOWARDS HER.

SHAZIA Don't move. Please.

SHAPOOR Shazia, How are you?

SHAZIA What do you want?

SHAPOOR Shazia.

SHAZIA Shapoor.

SHAPOOR My mother and father...Please, let me finish. They 're in danger, they had to flee from Iran.

SHAZIA Where to? Mirabel without a visa?

SHAPOOR They escaped to India. They are in a jail, in Bombay.

SHAZIA What kind of business is your father doing?

SHAPOOR The Iranian government put him on the list to be tried.

LIGHT SHIFT FROM THE FAMILY TO PROUGAULT WHO IS SITTING ON A STOOL AT AN ANGLE FROM THE AUDIENCES, AT THE FRONT OF THE STAGE...

PROUGAULT I understand where this Moolchand is coming from. (PAUSE) Once I went to Toronto... on a private visit. I took the bus, the driver was an Indian. Not Indian Indian, East Indian? In Toronto a lot of them are driving buses. He told me that I was a dime short but I was sure that I had put the right fare. So I dropped another dime. And throughout the ride, that's all that I thought about, ...a coloured guy telling me I was a dime short.

LIGHT SHIFT FROM PROUGAULT TO THE FAMILY.

SHAZIA Because you, fool of a son, you put them in the family class.

SHAPOOR He is locked in a jail full of criminals. Shazia, you know my father is very ill. This shock may kill him.

SHAZIA What do you want? Money?

SHAPOOR No, the only way I can bring them to safety is if... if you, ...if I 'm not deported.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THE FAMILY TO MOOLCHAND WHO CONTINUES WITH HIS SPEECH.

MOOLCHAND Lets not forget, Shapoor did something wrong, a horrible act that

unfortunately so many men do. I don't condone him. But I wish we lived in a society where we learn to understand why the problem exists, heal it, hate the wrong, not the wrongdoer. That is why I will not allow

LIGHT SHIFT FROM MOOLCHAND TO SHAZIA AND SHAPOOR AGAIN.

SHAZIA I can't ...

SHAPOOR I am begging you to just delay the divorce .. so that ...

SHAZIA Delay? You do want a divorce?

SHAPOOR Only until you...

SHAZIA What am I? A bargaining chip to negotiate your father's escape?

SHAPOOR No, I love you.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THE FAMILY HOME TO CLARINDA'S OFFICE.

GALLIARD A i i r a n ...Yeah I said that because I knew that he would listen, you know get his attention.

CLARINDA Why, what was he doing?

GALLIARD He was very, ... you know, ... moving around... quick, jerky... agitated -- kind of .. you know?

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM CLARINDA'S OFFICE TO SHAZIA AND SHAPOOR AT HOME.

SHAZIA Why is that policeman under *inquiry*? Who made them investigate Clarinda's ethics -- I can't even see her again, until this inquiry is over.

SHAPOOR I know, I know, I don't know what to do about Moolchand, he's out of control.

SHAZIA I'm a bar-hopping slut who has no respect for family values.

SHAPOOR No, I'll tell him to stop. I promise.

SHAZIA When? When I am dragged into court?

SHAPOOR I promise I will break all ties with Moolchand, alright?

SHAZIA Provided I delay the divorce until your father arrives safely in Canada.

SHAPOOR Yes, no, Please.

SHAZIA Get out.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM SHAZIA AND SHAPOOR TO CLARINDA'S OFFICE AGAIN.

CLARINDA That's all you said? Guy, this inquiry's not a joke. It's important you remember everything a little clearer.

GALLIARD I didn't stop to memorize everything I did. Every situation is different. When you walk in there, ... it's not easy you know, you never know if he is waiting behind some door, has a gun... you know?

LIGHTS SHIFT BACK TO SHAZIA AND SHAPOOR

SHAZIA No. (SHAPOOR STANDS STILL) Leave or I call... the police.

SHAPOOR Don't, I was wrong, I didn't know any better.

SHAZIA And you never will! Leave.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THEM TO PROUGAULT...

PROUGAULT I mean, this guy remembers his fucking history. Two centuries under the English. Now he thinks it is his turn to get back. A kind of show of power.

GALLIARD (TURNING IN PROUGAULT'S DIRECTION) Getting back at the English, eh?

PROUGAULT Do I look English to you?

GALLIARD You act very French.

PROUGAULT (PAUSE) Yeah...

LIGHTS SHIFT TO THE HOME. IN A SUDDEN OUTBURST OF ANGER, SHAPOOR RUSHES AND GRABS SHAZIA.

SHAZIA Let me go! You'll be sorry if you don't ...

SHAPOOR I am sorry, I said I am sorry, ... But you won't listen I am sorry ... Listen to me, ... I am sorry, ... my whole God damned life is sorry...

SHAZIA You're hurting me!

SHAPOOR THROWS HER DOWN ON THE BED. SHAZIA SCREAMS AS THE LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THEM TO MOOLCHAND...

MOOLCHAND Some of my best friends are white. Just the other day a white woman told me she would have married me instead of her fourth husband.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM MOOLCHAND TO THE FAMILY AGAIN.

SHAPOOR No. You be sorry too. Call the newspaper, what's the number? (PICKS UP THE PHONE) Call them, tell them,.... (HE PICKS UP THE PHONE BOOK, STARTS TO RIP PAGES, LOOKING FOR A NUMBER, REPEATS HIS WORDS) I am sorry... say sorry....

SHAZIA Go away!

SHAPOOR Not before telling everyone.

HE RIPS PAGES FROM THE TELEPHONE BOOK. CRUSHES THE PAGES IN HIS FIST AND REPEATEDLY THROWS THEM AT SHAZIA. SHAZIA COVERING HER HEAD, FALLS DOWN ON THE FLOOR. SHAPOOR STANDS OVER HER AND STUFFS TORN PAGES IN HER MOUTH IN UNCONTROLLABLE RAGE....

.... You are going to call the newspaper and tell them. I want the world to know that my father is dying and you don't give a fuck. (HE DIALS) Say you are sorry, ... you'll -- Hello, yes, ... who writes the front page? What, what, ... NO! .. Wait ... (HE HOLDS THE PHONE TO SHAZIA) Say sorry, ... sorry... sorry....

... THEN SHAPOOR STOPS, ... STEPS BACK. SHAZIA LIFTS HER BODY FROM THE FLOOR, AND FALLS BACK. WE HEAR HER CRIES. SHAPOOR DROPS THE PHONE AND

STARTS TO CRY IN SHAME. LIGHTS SHIFT FROM THEM TO MOOLCHAND, WHO CONTINUES WITH HIS SPEECH...

MOOLCHAND My friends, let the truth be spoken: A police force which sees a criminal in a person of colour, is incapable of treating us as human beings.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM MOOLCHAND TO SHAZIA'S HOUSE AGAIN. SHAFIQA & MURAD RETURN. SEE SHAZIA...

SHAFIQA Oh, my God...

MURAD Hi, Allah...

LIGHTS SHIFTS FROM THE FAMILY TO PROUGAULT.

PROUGAULT And then, when I was getting off the bus, I saw my dime on the floor. I held it up to him. "Here it is," But he didn't even look. I waved "take care man." He says, "You too."

GALLIARD (TURNING IN PROUGAULT'S DIRECTION, RIDICULING) He said, "you too," eh?

PROUGAULT So I understand what Moolchand wants to be and what he is. He is not black, he is not white. He's a mongrel.

LIGHTS SHIFT FROM PROUGAULT TO THE FAMILY. SHAFIQA TAKES SHAZIA AWAY. SHAPOOR WALKS ACROSS THE STAGE MIMING AS IF HE WAS BEING TAKEN AWAY, HANDCUFFED. LIGHTS FADE OUT ON THE FAMILY.

GENERAL LIGHTS COME UP ON PROUGAULT WHO IS TALKING TO CLARINDA. MEANWHILE MURAD IS SEEN PICKING UP TORN PAGES FROM THE FLOOR OF HIS HOUSE IN DIM LIGHTS.

PROUGAULT Every cop was tried.

CLARINDA When was the last cop punished?

PROUGAULT Have you heard the term "benefit of the doubt"?

CLARINDA What doubt? Killing's a crime even if it is done by a cop. That's why

Moolchand has become your headache. He is not Galliard's problem, the brotherhood is. Do yourself a favour, if you get reelected, clean up the brotherhood.

PROUGAULT You know what's funny? Ethnics don't act mistreated unless they are caught breaking the law.

GALLIARD (OFF STAGE) Fuck!

CLARINDA What?

PROUGAULT What happened?

GALLIARD ENTERS

GALLIARD Restraining order, eh? That Iranian attacked his wife again.

CLARINDA Oh my God, Shazia...

GALLIARD (TO CLARINDA) Queen Elizabeth hospital.

CLARINDA Thank you, ... Oh god.

CLARINDA RUSHES OFF.

PROUGAULT (CALLING) Should I send one of my men to arrest him or look for a Iranian cop?

GALLIARD They just picked him up. He's down the hall...

GALLIARD STARTS TO GO IN THAT DIRECTION.

PROUGAULT Galliard! Get back to your desk. The two of you have done enough damage around here already.

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON THEM. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON MURAD WHO IS STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY HIS HOUSE...**

MURAD (IN SPOTLIGHT) Has your daughter ever been beaten to the last thread of her life? (PAUSE) I'm sorry, Yes I am sorry your honour, ... It's just when you hold your little daughter in your arms and you realize she needs you, ... my help. I ...

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT FADES OUT ON MURAD. LIGHTS COME UP ON THE DETENTION CELL. SHAPOOR IS SITTING ON A STOOL, DEVASTATED, DISTRAUGHT AND INCOHERENT. MOOLCHAND ENTERS THROUGH THE DOOR FRAME. MEANWHILE PROUGAULT STANDS OUTSIDE THE CELL.

SHAPOOR Mr. Moolchand...

MOOLCHAND Iranian shithead. Complete shithead. Why don't you take on someone your own size? Idiot. What will I tell everybody now? That I'm protecting a proven wife-beater?

SHAPOOR Forgive me please.

MOOLCHAND Shut up. We were getting somewhere. We were finally going to have some coloured cops on the force. You were going to give the most important testimony. You blew it. I had Galliard cornered, I could have proven him a racist.

SHAPOOR You won't have to prove anything any more. I'm withdrawing the charges against Galliard.

MOOLCHAND What?

MOOLCHAND HITS SHAPOOR WITH THE NEWSPAPER, SEVERAL TIMES. SHAPOOR COVERS AND GOES DOWN ON THE FLOOR.

MOOLCHAND Ghadda! That is a slap in my face...a big bloody slap.

SHAPOOR Please I won't ask anything more. Just get me out of here. I won't go near her, I won't .

MOOLCHAND I can't. Not this time.

SHAPOOR I don't want any more courts, any more Galliards...

MOOLCHAND The moment you withdraw the charges, they will throw you out of the country.

SHAPOOR I want to be thrown out of the country. Do it for me

MOOLCHAND SLAPS SHAPOOR.

MOOLCHAND (PAUSE) I am sorry. How do you think you can get your mother and father out of Tihar jail in India? You want them alive, you have to stay in Canada.

SHAPOOR (TEARFUL) I can't fight with my wife any more. I just can't.

MOOLCHAND Alright, alright.

SHAPOOR I want to leave this country, please.

MOOLCHAND Quiet! Let me think.

SHAPOOR I can't live like this any more.

MOOLCHAND Calm down, ... please.

SHAPOOR (WHISPERS) Please, help me. ... Please get me out of here. I promise I will not come back. Sell all those carpets if you...

PROUGAULT (OFF STAGE) Time is up.

MOOLCHAND Shh... Shut up -- shut up. Don't speak with any one until I come back.

SHAPOOR, LIKE A HELPLESS CHILD, GRABS
MOOLCHAND WITH BOTH HIS ARMS ...

SHAPOOR (HUGGING MOOLCHAND'S KNEES) Don't go, ... No, ... Please.

MOOLCHAND I will be back soon .

MOOLCHAND STANDS HIM UP, HUGS HIM, AND
WHISPERS SOMETHING SECRETLY IN HIS EARS.
PROUGAULT, WHO WAS STANDING OUTSIDE, IN DIM
LIGHTS, STEPS UNDER THE DOORFRAME.

PROUGAULT Time up mister.

MOOLCHAND Come on stand up. Yes, Thank you, thank you sir.

MOOLCHAND EXITS. PROUGAULT, RESTING AGAINST THE DOORFRAME, WHISTLES TO DRAW SHAPOOR'S ATTENTION.

PROUGAULT (TO SHAPOOR) If 100 thousand French Canadian landed in India, what do you think would happen? ...They'd screw up the country?

SHAPOOR I don't know.

PROUGAULT Here we have 100 thousand Moolchands in Quebec. And what do you think they are doing?

SHAPOOR I 'm sorry sir, I don't know!

PROUGAULT I think you do. Get up.

SHAPOOR EXTENDS HIS ARMS TO BE HANDCUFFED

No, I'm not putting any handcuffs on you. No, (POINTING) ... that door.

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON SHAPOOR AND PROUGAULT. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHTS ALTERNATE IN QUICK SUCCESSION ON CLARINDA AND MOOLCHAND.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT ON CLARINDA..

CLARINDA (IN SPOTLIGHT) It hurts, it wasn't fair.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT ON MOOLCHAND.

MOOLCHAND (IN SPOTLIGHT) When the inquiry was postponed, I was afraid another racist cop would not be punished.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT ON CLARINDA.

CLARINDA (IN SPOTLIGHT) It didn't seem to hurt Mr. Prougault's union campaign or Moolchand's quest for more coloureds on the force.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT ON MOOLCHAND.

MOOLCHAND (IN SPOTLIGHT) With Shapoor's disappearance, I had to dig up many more witnesses against Galliard.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT ON CLARINDA.

CLARINDA (IN SPOTLIGHT) The police knew it, the judges knew it, but, they let him slip away. Why bother? She's just a woman.

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT OUT ON BOTH OF THEM.
GENERAL LIGHTS COME UP. THEY CROSS EACH OTHER'S PATH AS THEY WALK OUT OF THEIR RESPECTIVE COURTROOM SPOTS.

MOOLCHAND Miss Clarinda, we will see each other in two weeks?

CLARINDA I don't have time for this bullshit, Why didn't Shapoor turn-up today for the inquiry?

MOOLCHAND I don't know.

CLARINDA What? You stalling for time?

MOOLCHAND O.K., If you really want to know, I just found out, he fled the country.

CLARINDA WHAT ???

MOOLCHAND I went to put a bail on him, (PULLS OUT THE BAIL) ...but Prougault told me that Shapoor was freed on a stricter restraining order.

CLARINDA Prougault? How come you didn't mention it in there?

MOOLCHAND I just got the call from Heathrow Airport London. The boy called to say that he was en-route to India.

CLARINDA Does he know, if he flees the country with a criminal charge, he'll never be allowed back.

MOOLCHAND That is why I did not believe him on the phone.

CLARINDA Where are you hiding him.

MOOLCHAND Why should I hide him?

CLARINDA Because you're afraid to lose and you didn't want him to face the judge today.

MOOLCHAND Miss Keith, please learn to trust someone.

CLARINDA Trust? Did he trust you with his carpets?

MOOLCHAND Look I want this inquiry over just as much as you, -- so we can finally settle this issue...

CLARINDA There's a young woman lying in the hospital.

MOOLCHAND Then you should be happy, her attacker, isn't around. I'm almost happy he left. How do you think it makes me look defending a wife beater? You wanted him deported, he's gone.

CLARINDA You're a wretched piece of scum.

MOOLCHAND There is no need for name calling. Good bye. Oh Ms Clarinda, there's one thing. Now that he's out of the country and can't harm the girl, could you convince her to drop the charge against the boy so I can get my bond money!

CLARINDA As if nothing ever happened?

MOOLCHAND The inquiry was just postponed, that will happen.

CLARINDA (BITTERLY SARCASTIC) Without the man who was "assaulted." Without your star witness?

CLARINDA EXITS, MOOLCHAND RUSHES AFTER HER..

MOOLCHAND (SHOUTS) He is gone away, not the racism.

LIGHTS COME UP ON THE FAMILY. SHAZIA IS SEATED BETWEEN HER PARENTS. EVERYBODY IS IN SOMBRE MOOD.

MURAD Oh my God, Oh my God, please help me.

SHAFIQA Why didn't you tell me?

SHAZIA I didn't know.

SHAFIQA You're four months pregnant and you didn't know?

MURAD Four months?

SHAFIQA What planet do you live on?

SHAZIA At first the doctor thought it was stress. I didn't know.

MURAD Stress!

SHAFIQA You'll know the meaning of stress when you are a mother.

SHAZIA (FACING HER MOTHER) I'm going to keep the baby.

MURAD GETS UP ANGRILY...

MURAD Now she wants to be a good Muslim?

SHAFIQA Are you insane girl?

SHAZIA I want the baby.

MURAD What will people say?

SHAZIA I don't care.

MURAD Who will marry you now?

SHAZIA Abbu, please!!

MURAD Don't please me, ...please. No decent man will marry you.

SHAZIA I'm still married.

MURAD And I'll take care of that.

MURAD WALKS AWAY. LIGHTS BEGIN TO DIM ON
SHAZIA AS SHE TALKS...

SHAZIA How? How? How with him, ... so far away. God knows where, ... I can't believe he would do this. Just leave. So spineless... No care for me. Just , ... just, , ... nothing. This is all I have.

MURAD WALKS BACK TO SHAZIA, HOLDS HER...
MURAD No, .. what have I said? Ah little chatterbox. My little...

SHAZIA CRIES IN HER FATHER'S ARMS.

SHAFIQA Murad, you go in the other room.

MURAD LEAVES.

SHAZIA Ma, I want the baby.

SHAFIQA What if the baby grows up to be like his father?

SHAZIA I can't know that.

SHAFIQA I am afraid Shazia. With this baby, you are inviting the man back into your life.

SHAZIA I don't want him, I want the baby.

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THE FAMILY. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON PROUGAULT...**

PROUGAULT (IN SPOTLIGHT) I mean it all seemed very suspicious how Farhadi disappeared right before the inquiry. We checked everywhere. We thought Mr. Moolchand was hiding him. We checked the airlines, and found he left the country. But it didn't matter, we had an inquiry didn't we? (LISTENS) What? Yes I was responsible. ..No, No we couldn't keep him in the station any longer. What purpose would it have served?

FLASHBACK: SPOTLIGHT OUT ON PROUGAULT. LIGHTS COME UP CENTRE-STAGE. PROUGAULT STEPS IN. GALLIARD, WHO HAS JUST COME OUT OF THE INQUIRY, JOINS HIM. HE IS AGGRAVATED.

GALLIARD That was a fucking circus, not an inquiry.

PROUGAULT Sarge, listen to me.

GALLIARD God damn... makes me sick. I want to get the hell out of here.

PROUGAULT Wait, wait a minute sarge.

GALLIARD Don't call me that. I'm not a goddamned Sergeant any more. They wouldn't even let me talk.

PROUGAULT Inquiries are arbitration, not judgements.

GALLIARD What am I going to do now? It's not fair.

PROUGAULT I think you have something to celebrate. The inquiry cost you your job, but granted you 90% of your salary. You can sit home, ...or buy a condo in Mexico.

GALLIARD I don't deserve this.

PROUGAULT Sarge no body would believe that you are guilty. The man who knew most wasn't around. ... Vanished.

CLARINDA WATCHES THEM FROM A DISTANCE. SHE
WAITS FOR PROUGAULT TO LEAVE...

Sarge, let the dust settle, and I promise the brotherhood will give you your job. Sarge I have got to go to take care of some business. I will call you.

PROUGAULT EXITS.

CLARINDA Galliard, I am really sorry.

GALLIARD Yeah, thanks.

CLARINDA But look it's not over yet.

GALLIARD It is.

CLARINDA Galliard, there are hundreds of women, who will testify that you are a very good cop.

GALLIARD Good enough to let go. You know what I have done for them already -- No body works as ah shit ... forget it.

CLARINDA Wait, ...,no wait...Guy...

GALLIARD Thanks Clarinda, for trying, but I am just a white man.

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THEM. THEY LEAVE AS SHAFIQA,
MURAD AND SHAZIA COME OUT OF THE INQUIRY.

MURAD Huh, justice?

SHAZIA Its over.

MURAD What justice? Making profit out of racism? I wonder Whose carpets he is selling?

SHAZIA Just forget it, let's go.

MURAD Haramzada...

SHAZIA Just stop!

MURAD Do you think a slime ball like him will fight for racial justice without personal benefit?

SHAZIA I don't want the bloody carpets.

SHAFIQA I say we sue him. Those carpets belong to her, not Moolchand.

SHAZIA EXITS

MURAD/SHAFIQA Shazia, wait, Shazia, ... Shazia...

MEANWHILE, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE,
MOOLCHAND ENTERS ANSWERING QUESTIONS BY OFF-
STAGE REPORTERS.

MOOLCHAND Please, one at a time...

CLARINDA STEPS FORWARD, CONFRONTS HIM.

CLARINDA You were under oath!

MOOLCHAND I don't have time now, call me...

CLARINDA Some of us aren't lucky enough to give testimony on behalf of vanished people.

MOOLCHAND What's your point?

CLARINDA You lied.

MOOLCHAND You've got no right to doubt what I said . What did you say in there?

CLARINDA Do you care about anybody?

MOOLCHAND Wake up woman. Look what has been accomplished. I think you should be celebrating.

CLARINDA What do you want me to celebrate? A couple of fucking ethnics on the force? A good cop lost his job. How can I celebrate when no one will take battering seriously!

MOOLCHAND You had your chance.

CLARINDA I never had a chance, you make sure of that.

MOOLCHAND You can always appeal.

CLARINDA When will Shapoor come out of hiding?

MOOLCHAND Miss Keith, why don't you hire a detective? And--oh, yes-make sure he is smarter than James Bond.

AS LIGHTS GO OUT, CLARINDA AND MOOLCHAND LEAVE IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS. WE ARE BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON SHAZIA WHO IS UNDER THE DOORFRAME LOCATED UPSTAGE...

SHAZIA (IN THE SPOTLIGHT) What? Shapoor called me. Two weeks before sir. No, No! It was the first time I ever went there. Yes. Yes. Sergeant Galliard was there when I got there. No. What? No! I didn't kill him, I loved...

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON THE HOUSE. MURAD SITS FACING THE AUDIENCES, WHILE SHAFIQA STANDS, LOOKING AT THE DOOR.

SHAFIQA/MURAD (CALLING ANGRILY) Shazia, Shazia!

SHAZIA WALKS OVER FROM HER COURTROOM SPOT TO THE HOUSE. MURAD SHOWS A LETTER IN HIS HAND.

MURAD Why didn't you tell us?
SHAZIA (NERVOUS) What, ... You opened my letter?

MURAD Why Shazia?

SHAZIA Why what?

MURAD Don't annoy me.

SHAFIQA You are writing love letters?

MURAD While everybody thought Moolchand had your lover locked in his basement.

SHAZIA He's the father of my child.

SHAFIQA Father? Huh. He is a gunda. A criminal.

MURAD Where did you find him?

SHAZIA (PAUSES) He asked me to let him come to see his child when its born and I said yes.

SHAFIQA You're right, She acts like a spoiled maiden in tales.

SHAZIA Ma, I have made up my mind.

SHAFIQA You have lost your mind.

MURAD And you are pig-headed.

SHAZIA I can't do this! Yes, I wrote the letter, 'cause... Because... I can't bring This baby up alone. How will I support him?

MURAD You will get those carpets.

SHAZIA Not now, We can't. Moolchand has them and Shapoor is afraid Moolchand might do something. If we want...

SHAFIQA We?

SHAZIA Maybe we could...

SHAFIQA We?

SHAZIA Don't get mad at me, ma.

SHAFIQA I am not mad, you are.

SHAZIA You don't understand...

MURAD No, you don't.

SHAZIA I... I miss him.

MURAD Your beast?

SHAZIA Don't say that.

MURAD Yes, your beast. Two hands, two fists, two legs, remember the beast? Last time he left you alive, next time he will bury you. Those charges still stand don't they? I'll call the police. Where is he?

SHAZIA I dropped the charges.

MURAD What?

SHAFIQA Oh, God!

SHAZIA Look, I know how it sounds, but don't you see? I need him.

MURAD I would rather be in hell .

SHAFIQA I have had enough of you girl. If you let that beast come here, and I'll kill you. You hear me? I will kill you.

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THE FAMILY. WE ARE BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON CLARINDA WHO IS UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY HER OFFICE...

CLARINDA (IN SPOTLIGHT) It really hurt. When I first found out that he had come back, into the city and Shazia had dropped the charges -- I just cried. I had to give up. How can you help someone who does not want to be helped? But I did tell her they should get those carpets from Moolchand. May be that's what he was trying to do before he got killed.

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP. WE SEE SHAPOOR STANDING ON THE DOOR AND MURAD STANDS FACING HIM. SHAZIA AND SHAFIQA STAND NEARBY. THERE IS A LONG PAUSE BEFORE ANYONE SPEAKS.

SHAFIQA Murad, let the beast in.

MURAD MOVES AWAY, SHAPOOR STEPS IN..

SHAPOOR Hello.

SHAFIQA (TO SHAPOOR) You touch her, and I will kill you. (TO SHAZIA) Shazia, your fool is back.

SHAPOOR (SMILES) You look good. Sorry, I thought I knew what I was going to say. (LOOKING AT HER STOMACH) I thought you'd be bigger... (EMBARRASSED) That was a stupid thing to say. What's new? ... You must be so used to my stupid things.

SHAZIA You are not staying here.

SHAPOOR No...of course not. You had written that to me.

SHAZIA Then why are you here now? I said after the baby is born. You're lucky my parents haven't killed you.

SHAPOOR Shazia, I came for one thing...

SHAZIA I have heard it before.

SHAPOOR I understand it now. I do. I can't take anything I did away but...

SHAZIA Your father saw you like this, he'd have a heart attack.

SHAPOOR Shazia... my father...

SHAZIA Is he proud of his son's wife? A machine that pops out babies while the son sells carpets?

SHAPOOR That is not true.

SHAZIA Carpet and a wife, ...they both get walked over.

SHAPOOR Shazia, please listen to me.
SHAZIA No, You listen to me. I'll let you see your son but I still have a restraining order and it won't matter what colour the officer is . But don't fool yourself--you will not control this baby like your father controls you.

SHAPOOR He died. (LONG SILENCE) I lost him, ...I lost you.

MURAD Moolchand is selling your carpets, you fool.

SHAPOOR I know, I'm taking care of the carpets. Shazia, look, (HE PULLS OUT SOME DOCUMENT) I've started therapy. My counsellor says I'm not a wife beater.

MURAD Oh! How come she's a battered wife?

SHAPOOR I am learning to control my temper. I am doing everything I can to correct myself. You know, I even meditate. Can you forgive me? I need to know if you can -- if there is hope, any hope.... that you could forgive...

SHAZIA I haven't forgotten anything.

SHAPOOR Please...give me a chance. ..one last time. Not now, at this minute. But may be in time...

SHAZIA Shapoor, I'm very scared.

SHAPOOR May be you'll need me. I'll be the baby sitter. I'll do things other Iranian men don't do. I'll cook, I'll clean...

MURAD ...And call cops racist.

SHAPOOR That was Moolchand, I'm sorry about that. I called that officer, Galliard. I'm seeing him tomorrow to see if there is anything I can do.

SHAZIA I am afraid.

SHAPOOR I know. Me too. Here is my number at the "Y". I won't call you again until you want me to. When you are ready. I will wait.

HE PULLS OUT HIS ADDRESS CARD, MURAD TAKES IT.

SHAZIA Shapoor... Come tomorrow.

SHAPOOR No, You think about it. Good bye Shazia.

SHAPOOR EXITS.

SHAZIA Ummi...

SHAFIQA DOES NOT ANSWER. SHAZIA EXITS. SHAFIQA TAKES THE ADDRESS CARD FROM MURAD. LIGHTS NARROW ON HER AS SHE DIALS THE POLICE STATION.

SHAFIQA (ON THE PHONE) Hello, officer Prougault please. ... Hello sir. Begum Shafiqā Rizvi here. Shazia's mother. Good. The carpet seller is back in town. ... I thought he was her ex, but he is trying hard to become her present. ... Help me sir, I know she said she made a mistake. But there must be something you can do. Yes, yes, he was just here, he left a number....

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON THE FAMILY AS WE RETURN BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON MURAD WHO HAS WALKED OVER TO THE DOORFRAME ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE.**

MURAD (IN SPOT LIGHT) That's all she did. Just gave the police his number. No that was the last time we saw him. Yes the last time I saw him. Yes. Yes...

COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT SHIFTS FROM MURAD TO MOOLCHAND...

MOOLCHAND (IN THE SPOTLIGHT) Well someone must have them then, I swear I don't. No he had those papers, I threw them on the bed. Yes. In that YMCA room. And he was very much alive.

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON YMCA ROOM WHERE SHAPOOR WAS STAYING. BY CHANGING THE BED COVERS, THE FAMILY BED IS NOW BEING REPRESENTED AS THE YMCA ROOM. MOOLCHAND ENTERS WITH A FILE FULL OF PAPERS...

MOOLCHAND This is it. All I ever will have to do with you again... (HOLDS THE PAPERS) They are in your wife's name.

SHAPOOR You lied.

MOOLCHAND What?

SHAPOOR You lied in the inquiry. I never said those things. I wanted to drop ...

MOOLCHAND I don't care what you think. Here, .. you wanted your carpets, here are the papers. Sorry they do not come back 100%. I had expenses in trying to save your sorryful head. Now good bye and please never call me again.

MOOLCHAND THROWS PAPERS ON THE BED, STARTS TO GO TO THE DOOR..

SHAPOOR Why did you lie?

MOOLCHAND You want to undo everything I did?

SHAPOOR I wanted to drop those charges against Galliard. Why did...

MOOLCHAND You fucking wife beater, you broke the restraining order, you beat the hell out of her. You ask me why?

SHAPOOR I told you to drop those...

MOOLCHAND We finally have some coloured cops on the force to help people like you. Do you want to know what I said in the inquiry? What they did not want to hear! Should I have waited for you to come back? I didn't need you any more, I had better witnesses against that cop. You don't get it, do you? What would have happened if I lost the inquiry? Revenge from the cops! More racism! People would have laughed at us. No ethnic would have dared talk about racial justice in this city. Drop the charges... Fuck you!

MOOLCHAND LEAVES. SHAPOOR RUNS TO THE DOOR..

SHAPOOR Pedah sahg! You used me. What I did to my wife was wrong. I was wrong. But you manipulated me. You turned my crime against my wife into a crime against the colour of our bloody skin. You abused us. You wanted to win, .. it didn't matter about anybody else, did it? Well, you won you bastard. You're a big shot today. What about me? How do I get back my wife?

LIGHTS FADE OUT ON SHAPOOR. WE ARE BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. **COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS**

ON MOOLCHAND WHO IS NOW STANDING UNDER THE DOORFRAME NEAR CLARINDA'S OFFICE.

MOOLCHAND (IN SPOT LIGHT) Then I left. I swear he was holding them. What would I gain? The carpets were in his wife's name. I mean why would I care what happened to him. He had lost his life the moment he hit that woman.

SPOTLIGHT OUT ON MOOLCHAND. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON SHAZIA WHO IS NOW NEAR CLARINDA'S OFFICE.

SHAZIA (IN SPOTLIGHT) I keep thinking if only I got there, even 10 minutes earlier. I know he ... he did things to me. But he didn't deserve to die. If only I got there before sgt Galliard...

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP TO THE YMCA ROOM AGAIN. SHAPOOR IS ON THE PHONE. AS HE PUTS DOWN THE PHONE, PROUGAULT ENTERS. SHAPOOR SURPRISED...

SHAPOOR Oh, ah.. Hi, sir, is there something wrong?

PROUGAULT You seemed surprised.

SHAPOOR Yes, I was expecting Galliard, I just called him. I just wanted to tell him...

PROUGAULT Why do you need to talk with him? Haven't you destroyed his life enough already.

SHAPOOR No, no, Moolchand said those things, see that's why I need to talk -

PROUGAULT Quiet, I thought we had an understanding?

SHAPOOR I know we did, I know. I just wanted to apologize to him. I thought it wouldn't matter if I came back now.

PROUGAULT Don't you think that might be little dangerous?

SHAPOOR What? Why?

PROUGAULT What are you going to do? Clear his name?

SHAPOOR Well, no. But if I could...

PROUGAULT You want to reopen the inquiry?

SHAPOOR No,I just want to say sorry to him.

PROUGAULT I smell a plot.

SHAPOOR What? You have no reason.

PROUGAULT What's the last thing you said to me. You forgot that? You want me to remind you?

LIGHTS GO OUT ON THEM. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON GALLIARD WHO IS STANDING UNDER THE UPSTAGE DOORFRAME..

GALLIARD (IN SPOTLIGHT) (VERY NERVOUS) When? The second time he was arrested? What? It was -- I don't know ah, ... When Shapoor ... It was just before he took the plane back to India. What? I.. uh, I don't... Alright... Alright! (PAUSE) Prougault had him in this room, I just happened in. I overheard them... It wasn't my idea. I was actually...

FLASHBACK: LIGHTS COME UP ON THE DETENTION CELL. THE AUDIENCES SHOULD SEE SHAPOOR AND MOOLCHAND AS THEY WERE SEEN IN THE DETENTION CELL WHEN SHAPOOR WAS BROUGHT IN AFTER BREAKING THE RESTRAINING ORDER AND ATTACKING SHAZIA. FOLLOWING PART OF THAT SCENE IS REPEATED EXACTLY LIKE BEFORE...

SHAPOOR (WHISPERS) Please help me, ... Please get me out of here. I promise I will not come back. Sell all those damn carpets if you...

PROUGAULT (OFF-STAGE) Times up.

MOOLCHAND Shh... Don't speak with anyone until I come back.

SHAPOOR Don't go, ... No

SHAPOOR (HUGGING MOOLCHAND'S KNEES) Don't go, ... No, ... Please.

MOOLCHAND I will be back soon,

PROUGAULT Time's up mister.

MOOLCHAND Come on stand up. (IN PROUGAULT'S DIRECTION) Yes, Thankyou sir, thank you.

MOOLCHAND HUGS SHAPOOR, WHISPERS SOMETHING SECRETLY IN HIS EAR LIKE BEFORE AND EXITS. PROUGAULT ENTERS.

PROUGAULT (TO SHAPOOR) If 100 thousand French Canadians landed in India, what do you think would happen?

PROUGAULT They'd screw up the country?

SHAPOOR I don't know.

PROUGAULT Here we have 100 thousand Moolchands in Quebec. And what do you think they're doing?

SHAPOOR I am sorry sir, I don't know!

PROUGAULT I think you do. get up.

SHAPOOR EXTENDS HIS ARMS TO BE HANDCUFFED.

I'm not putting any handcuffs on you. No, not there ... that door.

REPEAT OF THE SCENE ENDS.

NOW WE SEE THE REMAINDER OF THE SCENE AS THE FLASHBACK CONTINUES. WE SEE PROUGAULT BRINGING SHAPOOR INTO ANOTHER INTERROGATION ROOM, SEATS HIM DOWN ON A STOOL. HE PUTS HIS FOOT ON THE STOOL SHAPOOR IS SITTING AND LEANS OVER TO SHAPOOR...

PROUGAULT So I heard you planning a little escape? Yeah, the walls are paper thin. I can't believe you were talking about leaving without an apology.

SHAPOOR I wasn't planning.

PROUGAULT No, no. Don't say anything ... remember what your friend said? You know... I'm hurt.

SHAPOOR Sir, listen...

PROUGAULT No Please don't say anything now. It's too late for apologies. I just can't believe an Iranian, ... I said that right, didn't I? An Iranian, and an Indian, are holding us ransom.

SHAPOOR Please sir, I'm not ...

MEANWHILE, GALLIARD HAS WALKED UP TO THE DOOR. HE STANDS THERE WITHOUT BEING NOTICED BY PROUGAULT AND SHAPOOR. HE LISTENS IN ON WHAT PROUGAULT IS TELLING SHAPOOR.

PROUGAULT Shh... He said don't talk. You beat your wife didn't you? (SHAPOOR NODS) Is that fair? You assaulted a woman and I have to treat you better than the Prime Minister? Bad example eh? And now ... this inquiry ... what do you think will happen if I don't get re-elected? This inquiry is causing me concern. Or may be it doesn't matter. May be we should elect an Iranian as the president of the Brotherhood. You guys can't even run your own fucking country right, ... Damn I am mad. I got all these problems. Why? Why? I know, I know. (DIRECTLY AT SHAPOOR) You drop all your racial charges against us.

SHAPOOR I tried. I will, but Mr. Moolchand, he ... oh please , my father is in jail in India, he's dying, .. Please sir, let me go there. I will never come back here, promise.

PROUGAULT Moolchand wouldn't have much of an inquiry without you, would he?

SHAPOOR No sir, .. I beg you. Just let me out. I just need some money. I can take the next plane...

PROUGAULT Whoo... hold the camel, we have rules here. What'd you think -- I just open the door and out you go?

PROUGAULT TURNS AROUND. NOTICES THAT GALLIARD WAS LISTENING TO HIM.

Oh hello Guy, -- doing a little eavesdropping? ..Hey, maybe you can escort our friend here to the airport.

GALLIARD What?

PROUGAULT We've got to get him out of the country before the inquiry.

GALLIARD Sir he can't go, there's no bond.

PROUGAULT You want your fucking job back?

GALLIARD But It's not legal.

PROUGAULT We'll let him out on a stricter restraining order.

SHAPOOR You let me go, I will keep my mouth shut. I promise. Nobody will know anything. Even Mr. Moolchand, won't know what...

GALLIARD This isn't right.

PROUGAULT We'll make it right.

GALLIARD I don't know about this.

SHAPOOR I promise.

PROUGAULT This might save both our asses.

GALLIARD Sir, ... you can't.

SHAPOOR Sir, Thank you sir, thank you....

PROUGAULT Shut up, you can both count yourselves lucky. Now Galliard take him to the airport, I'll book the flight.

LIGHTS FADE-OUT ON THEM. PROUGAULT LEAVES STAGE AS WE COME BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME. COURTROOM SPOTLIGHTS APPEARS ON GALLIARD WHO IS NOW MOVED UNDER THE CENTRE STAGE DOORFRAME...

GALLIARD (IN SPOT LIGHT) That's what he said, -- " I'll book the flight". No. I didn't know. I did it because I wanted my job back. He was the one that was afraid Shapoor would talk.

PROUGAULT (IN DARK) That's a lie. You're a God damn liar. Whose name was on the purchase of the tickets.

GALLIARD (IN SPOTLIGHT) Yeah, I put it on my Visa. He was supposed to pay me back. He said...

PROUGAULT (IN DARK) I am not on trail here. You are. You're the one.

MEANWHILE MOOLCHAND, DRESSED IN TUXEDO AND BOW TIE, STANDS UNDER THE DOORFRAME BY CLARINDA'S OFFICE. AS LIGHTS BRIGHTEN, HE DELIVERS A SPEECH TO AN IMAGINARY CROWD.

MOOLCHAND Thank you for the honour of the Indo-Canadian of the year. Thank you. Honourable guest, friends, and dear community leaders, Canada is the best country in the world and it couldn't be the best without us making it best...

LIGHTS CROSS FADE FROM MOOLCHAND TO YMCA ROOM WHERE PROUGAULT WAS TALKING TO SHAPOOR...

PROUGAULT I think I'm going to have to put you back on the plane again.

SHAPOOR You can't.

PROUGAULT Can't I?

SHAPOOR Please officer, I will keep my mouth shut about what happened. I promise. I won't tell anyone anything.

PROUGAULT Why should I believe you? Didn't you already break your promise by coming back?

SHAPOOR Look, I don't want any trouble with the police.

PROUGAULT MOVES TOWARDS SHAPOOR WHO STEPS BACK.

SHAPOOR Here, take my carpets, Please I will not say anything to anyone. Please!

LIGHTS CROSS FADE FROM YMCA ROOM BACK TO MOOLCHAND WHO CONTINUES HIS SPEECH.

MOOLCHAND ...Some years ago, I was already a Canadian citizen, had a degree from McGill and one from New Delhi and an immigrant's discipline. But I was bumped out of a job. Why? "...Mr. Moolchand belongs to a behind-the-desk job--at the census bureau, for example, where many of his countrymen are doing wonderful work...

AS MOOLCHAND CONTINUES HIS SPEECH, DIM LIGHTS FADE IN ON YMCA ROOM. WE SEE SHAPOOR LYING ON THE BED AS IN THE OPENING SCENE. PROUGAULT LOOKS AROUND AND EXITS THE ROOM. GALLIARD ENTERS LIKE HE HAD COME TO THE YMCA ROOM LIKE IN THE OPENING SCENE, ... AS MOOLCHAND CONTINUES WITH HIS SPEECH, THE AUDIENCE SEE THE OPENING SCENE BEING REPEATED IN FRONT OF THEIR EYES IN DIM LIGHT AND LOW VOLUME. MEANWHILE MOOLCHAND CONTINUES HIS DELIVERY...

MOOLCHAND

... He is not a suitable candidate for the classroom." I guess it was my Bombaywallah accent and my lack of humour. Do you think I lack humour? The reason was, They will let you get only so far ahead and then they will cut you down. And we still need more coloured police on the force. Let's not forget, the man shouldn't have hit his wife, and I didn't know the answer to his problem! But that didn't give a police officer the right to bully him, racially. It is as simple as that. I still don't feel safe in their company. If my car stops at a red light and I see a cop car, I want him to notice that I have broken *no* law because I know the cops are in the habit of prejudging us as law violators. Anthony Griffin. was prejudged as a shoplifter. Albert Jonson prejudged as a murderer. Marcelles Françoise, .. as a drug dealer. Barnabe as a lunatic. And the list goes on. The result is always the same--we lose our citizenship or we lose our lives, ... always in "self-defence" , ...'n always a case of "mistaken identity." But I promise you that with your support, no Shapoor will have to leave the country, and no Farhadi will lose his life! That is why we want a strong voice for racial justice.

GRADUALLY LIGHTS GO OUT ON THE YMCA. THEN THE LIGHT CIRCLE ON MOOLCHAND AND SLOWLY BEGIN TO NARROW ON HIM UNTIL ENTIRE STAGE GOES IN COMPLETE DARKNESS.
