

NUMBER 8 WILSON GARDENS

Charles Stott

Although this play is pure fiction and none of the characters are meant to represent anyone, living or dead, it is based on the following true occurrences.

Marc Dutroux.

1986

Dutroux and wife Michelle Martin were jailed for the kidnapping and rape of five young girls. He served three years of a thirteen year sentence.

1989

He convinced a psychiatrist to declare him disabled so that he could claim a state pension and get sleeping pills and sedatives. He built a dungeon in his cellar.

June 1995

Kidnapped two eight year old girls which he abused sexually while Martin videoed them.

August 1995

17 year old Ann Marchal and 19 year old Eefje Lambrechts were kidnapped. Both teens were killed within weeks.

December 1995

He was imprisoned for car theft. The two children in the dungeon starved to death. Martin fed the family dogs but not the children.

May 1996

A 12 year old and a 14 year old were kidnapped, but there was a witness who took his car license number. The police traced the car to Dutroux. He showed them where he'd buried the two girls as well as his onetime partner who, using the drugs to find out where the money was, he'd crushed his testicles, then put him in a black plastic bag and buried him alive.

Cleveland Ohio

In 2003 Amanda Berry, Gina DeJesus and Michele Knight were kidnapped and held for ten years by the brothers Castro. Ariel, Oril and Pedro. Berry managed to escape, when the house was empty, by kicking a panel out of the front door and running to a neighbour's house to raise the alarm. When the police entered the house they found the other girls along with a 6 year old, who Berry said was hers. At least five babies were born into that house, the women having multiple pregnancies

while imprisoned. One of the girls had at least three miscarriages due to being malnourished.

Cast:

Man: At 25 and at 54

Wife: At 22 and at 51

Paulette Hudson (Pauli): At 16 and at 45

Chantelle Olivier (Chant): At 15 and at 35

Beatrice Newcome (Bee): At 18 and at 32

Girl:

Marie:

Two thugs:

Carl:

Defence Barrister:

Judge:

Foreman of the jury:

Two Police Men/Women.

Workman (Work):

Paulette's Stepmother:

Stage is cut in half depth wise with a see through black muslin curtain hanging from stage left to right. A series of rooms are behind this and are only lit when they come into use.

From stage left to right: - The Room. The Kitchen. The Bathroom. A Bedroom.

The remainder of the action takes place in front of the curtain.

i.e. The Street. The Café. The entrance hall.

Number 8 Wilson Gardens

Act One

Scene One

Curtains open to empty stage. Paulette, at 16, enters stage right.

Pauli: Sod off you bitch.

Step: ***(Entering stage right.)*** Don't you talk to me like that you little tart?

Pauli: I'll talk to you how I want. You're not my mum.

(Standing centre stage facing each other and shouting.)

Step: If I was then I'd have done a better job than that bitch did.

Pauli: Don't you call my mum a bitch, you fat cow. Is that why all your kids won't have anything to do with you is it? Well is it?

Step: Don't you dare mention my kids you slut.

Pauli: I'll mention who the hell I want. Well! Want to tell me why your little darlings didn't come to the wedding? Do you? Because they can't stand the fat useless cow who brought them into the world that's why?

Step: Why you little bitch. ***(She lunges at Pauli and grabs her hair.)*** I'll teach you to be a lady if it kills me.

Pauli: ***(Struggling free.)*** Arrgh! You bitch! How would an ignorant bitch like you know how to be a lady. You're just a whore in a dress.

Step: Why you little cow come here and I'll show you. ***(She grabs Pauli by the hair and swings her round.)***

Pauli: ***(Turning and scratching Step's face with her finger nails.)*** You fucking bitch.

Step: ***(Lets go of Pauli and clutches her face.)*** Arrgh! You little cow.

(Pauli runs off stage right and we hear a door slam.)

Step: Come back here. You hear me? Get your fucking self back into this house at once....You hear me.....? Go on fuck off then, ***(To herself.)*** no one will take you in. ***(Shouting.)*** Get yourself back here now. ***(To herself.)*** God what have I done. He'll kill me when he finds out. If he finds out. I'll tell him she went off to stay with her mother. And next door's cat did this when I picked it up.

(Exit Step.)

Lights down then up

Scene Two

The street outside a railway station, Pauli walking looking at a newspaper and carrying a suitcase. Man approaches from behind her.

Man: Excuse me! You look sort of lost, is there anything I can do to help?

Pauli: No thanks, I think my bus stops just down here.

Man: You have somewhere to stay?

Pauli: Yeah!

Man: Do you have a job to go to?

Pauli: Not yet but I'll start looking in the morning.

Man: Look! Tell me to go away if you want but you look like an intelligent sort of girl. I'm looking for someone like you.

Pauli: What sort of a girl do you think I am?

Man: I don't mean in that way, god forbid, you are far too young, but you can't be too careful down here you know, there are all sorts hanging round just waiting to take advantage of a girl on her own. No! I know where there's a job going. You'd be virtually your own boss, excellent wages, and your own office.

Pauli: Sounds good, but.....

Man: Why don't you come with me, I've just been to our solicitors, I'm on my way back to the office now, I could show you around, introduce you to the others, your co-workers, that's if you decide to join us.

Pauli: Well. I don't know.

Man: When's your bus due?

Pauli: I'm not sure, there's a timetable on the post over there, see.

Man: Look! Here in town you can get a bus to anywhere from anywhere so if you come with me and I show you round the office where you'll be working.....

Pauli: If I take the job

Man: Of course! If you take the job, then I'll take you to the nearest bus stop, I think that there's one at the end of the road, and see you safely on the bus to wherever you're staying, I can't say better than that now can I?

Pauli: Oh all right. I don't suppose it'll do any harm to look will it?

Man: That's the spirit. My car is just down here. Let me carry your suitcase for you.

Pauli: No you're all right I can manage.

Man: You look sort of young to be down here on your own, if you don't mind my asking how old are you? Where've you come from?

Pauli: Do you mean where do I live? Well my dad lives in Tamworth, mum lives in Coventry. I'm sixteen but I can take care of myself.

Man: I'll bet you can. Separated are they?

Pauli: Divorced! She got fed up with him coming home drunk and beating on her so she left.

Man: Then he started beating you up did he? Here we are, put your case in the boot.

Pauli: Thanks. Nice car.

Man: Thank you. So you've left everyone have you? What does your boyfriend have to say about you leaving?

Pauli: Never had a boyfriend to speak of.

Man: Have you ever used a computer?

Pauli: I was on the checkout at the supermarket.

Man: No problems, we have someone who can teach you the basics; you'll soon pick up the rest. How good are you at reading by the way?

Pauli: Quite good. I like a nice romance novel.

Man: Well I can't guarantee that but we do see a lot of books and you'll be in the first line sort of thing.

Pauli: Really! No dad never touched me but he got married a couple of months ago and she is just as bad as he is. She started hitting me so I scratched her face, broke a nail doing it too.

Man: Good for you. I can't stand people who take advantage of others.

Pauli: Well I ran didn't I? I stayed with my sister for a couple of days then set off to come down here early this morning.

Man: How early?

Pauli: I don't know I caught the first bus; it must have been about half past seven.

Man: Wow! You must be shattered. Does your mother know where you are?

Pauli: No! I'll ring her tonight from the guest house. I slept a bit on the coach but am looking forward to my bed tonight.

Man: I'll bet you are. Here we are.

Pauli: This looks like a house.

Man: It is! Well it was until they converted it into offices, I'll get your case then we'll go inside and I can introduce you to some of your co-workers, you're going to enjoy working here I can tell.

Pauli: We'll see.

Man: Here we are now you won't be needing this suitcase or handbag will you?

Pauli: Why is she in her undies? Why does it smell of perfume? I don't think I like it here. Give me my case and I'll go.

Man: Oh no my dear. You'll stay.

(Two thugs enter.)

Pauli: Give me my suitcase I don't want to stay. I'm getting out of here.

Man: Take her down stairs and strip her then throw her into the room.

Pauli: ***(Thugs grab her, she struggles.)*** Get off me you pigs! Get off me; I'll have the police onto you. Arrgh!

Man: ***(Grabbing her cheeks.)*** You mention the police again you little tart and I'll personally wring your neck and throw you in the river. Now get the slut out of here and don't feed her until she says yes to doing it. Go on!

(Thugs carry/drag her off kicking and shouting.)

Pauli: Let me go! Let me go you bastards! Let me go!

Man: And silence that bitch!

Lights down then up

Scene Three

Outside the 'Room' this is now lit showing Pauli in her underwear.

Man: Are you ready to give someone a good time?

Pauli: Go screw yourself!

Man: Pass me that bucket. (Thug passes him bucket.) Everyone in the house sends their love to you my dear, and to prove it they've all picked their favourite music which we are going to play twenty four hours a day until you agree to do as you as you are told. And to make your stay in this little room more comfortable here's a bucket of iced water to cool you off.

(He throw contents of bucket at Pauli.)

Pauli: Arrgh! You bastards! I'll kill you when I get out. I'll see you all hang for this.

Man: They've done away with the death penalty lovey. The next bucket will be full of shit. Now are you going to be a good little girl and do as you're told or do we continue your treatment?

Pauli: Fuck off bastard.

Man: Lock the door, switch the light off and make sure the next bucket is full of fermenting shit, I don't care if you have to take dog shit from the street just make sure the bucket's full. Got it? Nice thick mud from the back garden will do, she'll never know the difference.

Pauli: ***(In tears.)*** Why didn't you go to mum's you stupid cow.

Lights down then back up

Scene Four

(Same as scene three.)

Man: Here we are again, god it stinks in here. Are you ready yet girly? Or do you want to wear this bucket of shit?

Pauli: No! I'll do it, I'll do it. ***(To herself.)*** What am I doing?

Man: I knew you'd come round eventually, they always do. Take it out and clean it off, but be careful between the legs. We can charge two hundred for a virgin, so we don't want to damage anything down there do we my little money machine. When you've cleaned her up give her a quick spray of perfume and take her to number six. I'll see if we can't find someone nice and big who'd like to break her in.

Pauli: I'll get my revenge on you, just wait and see.

(He takes a handful of hair and pulls.)

Man: Don't threaten me lovey, you are the one on borrowed time. I'll tell you this just the once. If you don't perform and give a good performance you'll find yourself in the river with a few bricks tied to your neck. Understand!

Pauli: Arrgh! You're hurting me.

Man: Do you!

Pauli: Yes! I understand. ***(Under her breath.)*** I'll get you if it's the last thing I do.

(He lets go and stands back.)

Man: You'd better. Now I'll have to have a shower and disinfect myself after getting so close to that.

(Exit Pauli.)

Scene Five

(Enter Wife. In front of curtain.)

Wife: Will she do it dear?

Man: Oh yes! The bitch will now. Who can we give her to?

Wife: Daddy taught you well, how about our favourite MP.

Man: Yes. He likes them young doesn't he?

Wife: How old is she anyway?

Man: Sixteen.

Wife: He prefers them younger but beggars can't be choosers can they? A virgin by any chance?

Man: I would say so. I couldn't really check could I?

Wife: No, I think about two hundred wouldn't you?

Man: That's what I was going to ask.

Wife: Now where shall we put her?

Man: I've told them to put her in room six.

Wife: That's June's room.

Man: Was dear. She was going downhill so I got rid of her; she'll be feeding the little fishes by now with a couple of house bricks round her neck.

Wife: Brilliant! So long as no one saw.

Man: No one saw, when they find her, if they find her it'll look like suicide. Yet another poor disillusioned girl who came to the big city to find her fortune only to find poverty and despair so she filled her pockets with stones and jumped off a bridge.

Wife: So sad really, but when they've outlived their usefulness. How old was the bitch anyway?

Man: Forty five, I think, your father found her and introduced her to the house and the pleasures of working from home.

Wife: You'd think that they'd keep themselves fit and athletic for their customers wouldn't you, but some of them just let themselves go and become fat and lazy.

Man: They, my darling, are the ones who we get rid of first.

Wife: I must say that it was a stroke of genius contacting that Arabian chap who said that he could sell any we didn't want to some place in Africa.

Man: I was talking to a man in the pub the other night; he said he might be able to get us some Asian girls if we want them. They wouldn't be able to speak English but I wouldn't have thought that would be a problem would you?

Wife: Asian! Illegal I take it?

Man: Totally illegal.

Wife: How much could we charge for an Asian virgin? They would all be virgins?

Man: I think that we'd have to take what we could get to start with but once established then I think that we could call the shots and get pure virgins.

Wife: We could charge three or four hundred for an Asian virgin, some of them are quite pretty aren't they?

Man: So I've heard, yes.

Wife: Are you going for a shower and getting changed, the smell of that girl is sticking to you, I'm starting to feel sick just standing here. I hope it doesn't put our MP off.

Man: Of course we'd have to branch out and open another house in a different part of town for these Asian girls.

Wife: Oh goody! Daddy would be proud of us if he could see what we're doing.

Man: Yes! How was the south of Spain when you last spoke to him?

Wife: Hot and sunny. That'll be us one day darling, retiring to Spain and leaving someone else to run the family business.

Man: Talking of family, we're running short of pills. We can't have any of the sluts getting pregnant can we?

Wife: I'll see to it darling. Oh and darling burn those clothes will you, I don't think that smell will come out.

Lights down then back up

Scene Six

(Same as scene five.)

Wife: How did our tame MP like his virgin this morning?

Man: I checked in the box and he left a tenner tip, so he must have enjoyed himself mustn't he?

Wife: I'd like to fill the house with young ones like her but.....

Man: It's not easy dear. Do you know what the silly bitch said when I emptied the tips box?

Wife: Got to be something stupid, they are a selfish lot.

Man: She complained that I was taking her money, her money! I told her that she didn't get any money, she had a roof over her head, a bed to sleep on and food on her plate, what more could she ask for.

Wife: You forgot the job for life dear.

Man: So I did, how remiss of me to forget that.

Wife: Ten pounds eh! Well it seems that she shows promise.

Man: Not only that, but he told Bruno on the front desk to make sure that she was given to him whenever he came.

Wife: She should be proud of herself, getting a regular with her first client.