Please Enjoy the Following Sample

- This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.
- This sample is for **perusal only** and may not be used for performance purposes.
- You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.
- We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.



For more information about licensing or purchasing a play or musical, please visit our websites

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk

Made in Bangkok

by Anthony Minghella

A Samuel French Acting Edition



New York Hollywood London Toronto
SAMUELFRENCH.COM

Copyright © 1988, 1990 by Anthony Minghella

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that *MADE IN BANGKOK* is subject to a Licensing Fee. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional, amateur, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. In its present form the play is dedicated to the reading public only.

The amateur live stage performance rights to *MADE IN BANGKOK* are controlled exclusively by Samuel French, Inc., and licensing arrangements and performance licenses must be secured well in advance of presentation. PLEASE NOTE that amateur Licensing Fees are set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. When applying for a licensing quotation and a performance license please give us the number of performances intended, dates of production, your seating capacity and admission fee. Licensing Fees are payable one week before the opening performance of the play to Samuel French, Inc., at 45 W. 25th Street, New York, NY 10010.

Licensing Fee of the required amount must be paid whether the play is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

Stock licensing fees quoted upon application to Samuel French, Inc.

For all other rights than those stipulated above, apply to: Judy Daish Associates, Ltd., 2 St. Charles Place, London W10 6EG England.

Particular emphasis is laid on the question of amateur or professional readings, permission and terms for which must be secured in writing from Samuel French, Inc.

Copying from this book in whole or in part is strictly forbidden by law, and the right of performance is not transferable.

Whenever the play is produced the following notice must appear on all programs, printing and advertising for the play: "Produced by special arrangement with Samuel French, Inc."

Due authorship credit must be given on all programs, printing and advertising for the play.

ISBN 978-0-573-69161-4 Printed in U.S.A. #14973

No one shall commit or authorize any act or omission by which the copyright of, or the right to copyright, this play may be impaired.

No one shall make any changes in this play for the purpose of production.

Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are *strongly* advised in their own interests to apply to Samuel French, Inc., for written permission before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre.

No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

All producers of MADE IN BANGKOK *must* give credit to the Author of the Play in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production. The name of the Author *must* also appear on a separate line, on which no other name appears, immediately following the title, and *must* appear in size of type not less than fifty percent the size of the title type.

In addition, the following credits are required to be inserted in any production program of the Play in the USA and Canada:

> *Made In Bangkok* was commissioned and first presented by Michael Codron at the Aldwych Theatre, London, on 18th March 1986.
>
> It was first performed in America at the Mark Taper Forum, on March 13, 1988.

The lines from the *Insight Guide to Thailand* are reprinted by kind permission of Apa Productions (H.K.) Limited.

Made in Bangkok was first presented in London at the Aldwych Theatre on March 18, 1986 by Michael Codron. It had the following cast:

ADRIAN WEST ..... Benjamin Whitrow
GARY ALEXANDER ..... Christopher Fulford
STEPHEN BRITTER ..... Paul Shelley
FRANCES BRITTER ..... Felicity Kendal
EDWARD GOVER ..... Peter McEnery
NET ..... David Yip
COURIER/
MRS. LWIN ..... Diana Choy
THAI GIRL ..... Leanne Hong
THAI GIRL ..... Tia Lee
THAI GIRL/
AMPHA ..... Susan Tan
FACTORY OWNER/
MR. LWIN ..... Vincent Wong
ARMY OFFICER/
MASSAGE PARLOUR PROPRIETOR ..... Eddie Yeoh

Directed by: Michal Blakemore
Designed by: John Gunter
Lighting designed by: David Hersey
Costumes designed by: Diane Holmes

Made in Bangkok was first presented in America at the Mark Taper Forum on March 13, 1988 with the following cast (in order of appearance):

GARY ALEXANDER..... Steven Weber
EDWARD GOVER .....James R. Winker
ADRIAN WEST ..... James Cromwell
FRANCIS BRITTER..... Zoë Wanamaker
STEPHEN BRITTER.....John Vickery
ARMY OFFICER.....Michael Paul Chan
TOUR REP..... Doreen Remo
NET.....Nelson Mashita
WAITER .....Joey Miyashima
MR. LWIN ..... Alberto Isaac
MINNA.....Page Leong
MALEE.....Natalie Wise
HARRY .....Michael Paul Chan
SHEILA .....Annie Yee
WAITRESS ..... Doreen Remo
THAI DANCER.....Annie Yee
HOTEL GUESTS, MAIDS, PROSTITUTES,
MASSAGE PARLOUR GIRLS, TOURISTS,
PEOPLE OF BANGKOK .....Michael Paul Chan,
.....Alan Freeman, Nathan Haas, Albert Isaac,
.....Page Leong, Joey Miyashima, Doreen Remo,
.....Tracy Shaffer, Natalie Wise, Kay Yamamoto,
.....Annie Yee

Directed by: Robert Egan
Set Design by: John Arnone
Costume Design by Robert Blackman
Lighting Design by: Peter Maradudin
Original Music and Sound Design by Nathan Birnbuam

CHARACTERS

ADRIAN WEST, Owner of a chain of boutiques, 40's.
GARY ALEXANDER, His assistant, early 20's.
STEPHEN BRITTER, A junior executive of a multinational computer firm, early 30's.
FRANCES BRITTER, Stephen's wife, early 30's.
EDWARD GOVER, A dentist working for The World Health Organisation in Hong Kong, mid 30's.
THAI ARMY OFFICER
NET, a hotel worker.
COURIER
TWO MAIDS
WAITER
FACTORY OWNER
MINNA
MALEE
WAITRESS
HARRY, A massage parlour proprietor.
TWO MASSAGE PARLOUR GIRLS
SHEILA

SCENE: Bangkok, Thailand.

TIME: Now.

A Note on the Setting

Made in Bangkok is not strictly a naturalistic play and its demands on the stage militate strongly against too detailed a setting. The action commonly proceeds from public to private, most frequently from bedroom to hotel lobby, with the bed and the elevator playing an increasingly prominent part in the narrative. The play has been produced with a composite setting and with a proscenium arch, but all versions have had to discover a method of achieving the rapid transformation necessary to prevent the play fracturing into small scenes. Two ideas informed my own thinking about the setting: the sense that Bangkok is gradually sinking; and the way in which western style luxury squats on an older, more passive and surely more durable culture.

ACT I

Scene 1

SCENE: Don Muang airport, Bangkok, Thailand. 5 a.m. Baggage reclaming area. A carousel with a single suitcase revolving. Somewhere, perhaps, a flight number indicating this is the location for passenger baggage arriving on a Thai international flight from London, Heathrow.

AT RISE: A small group of travellers remain at the carousel. They are all part of the same tour, "Eastern Promise" Tours. They have evidently been waiting for some time. Each couple, and EDWARD, have luggage trolleys to the ready. Their hand luggage is labelled with "Eastern Promise" tags. FRANCES is reading avidly, sitting on her trolley, STEPHEN is temporarily absent.

GARY. This is a joke, isn't it? (*HE pulls off his shirt and drapes it over the trolley, then loudly and drawing attention to himself.*) Excuse me, but we are rather struggling over here on the luggage front.

EDWARD. I think you'll find – we're all with the same tour – that our bags are held up for some reason.

GARY. Give the man a medal.

EDWARD. No, I'm just pointing out ...

GARY. We had deduced that ourselves, that we are all standing by this conveyor belt because our luggage hasn't turned up.

ADRIAN. Shut up, Gary.

GARY. (*To Adrian.*) Apart from anything else, I've had a hard-on since Heathrow.

(*STEPHEN enters.*)

STEPHEN. Outside, apparently, it's 103 degrees. And raining.

FRANCES. What did they say?

STEPHEN. I don't know. Nothing. Everything's closed. The chap over there pointed back over here and I said we knew that.

FRANCES. We should ring the hotel.

STEPHEN. I haven't got coins.

FRANCES. Well surely the ...

STEPHEN. Yes, all right. I have been on a plane for practically a year.

FRANCES. I just thought ...

STEPHEN. Inevitably, as soon as I get through the baggage will arrive or the courier, the tour operator, the rep, whatever, and ... (*In a hugely irritated gesture HE pulls the suitcase off the carousel.*) I'm sorry but I can't just watch this thing lurch about. Is it anybody's?

GARY. (*Of EDWARD.*) Ask Mastermind.

EDWARD. (*To GARY who's smoking.*) It does say no smoking. It's bad enough as it is without the fug to contend with.

GARY. Oh, the fug!

EDWARD. (*Intimidated.*) I'm going to find out ... (*Picks up the suitcase.*) Is this anybody's? (*It's heavy. HE puts it down and exits weakly.*)

GARY. Wanker.

ADRIAN. Go away, Gary, will you.

(*GARY's attention is caught by some signs in Thai, a flowing secret script, all dashes and undulations.*)

GARY. Have you seen this writing, joke eh? Do you reckon it actually means anything?

ADRIAN. Oh, I doubt it.

GARY. Is it advertising women? This is the question. (*HE settles down with his walkman, which is playing loud rock music. HE jigs occasionally to its hidden beat.*)

FRANCES. (*Reading from her* "Insight Guide to Thailand.") I'm glad Katie recommended this. It is good. Quite vivid.

STEPHEN. (*Of the wait.*) This is a farce.

(*GARY sings noisily and tunelessly along with the song on his headphones.*)

STEPHEN. (*To ADRIAN.*) Are you going on to Hong Kong?

ADRIAN. Yes.

STEPHEN. Yes. And what, Eastern Promise Tours?

ADRIAN. Yes.

STEPHEN. Us, too. (*Of the wait.*) Not the best of starts.

ADRIAN. No.

STEPHEN. We'd understood the courier, the rep would be here.

ADRIAN. Right.

STEPHEN. It's typical.

ADRIAN. Why? Do you know Bangkok?

STEPHEN. No. I suppose I meant ...

FRANCES. This is good. It describes Thailand as an arm with Burma as its epaulette and Malaysia as its glove. Very military. (*SHE looks up.*)

STEPHEN. This is my wife, Frances.

ADRIAN. Hello.

STEPHEN. I'm Stephen.

GARY. (*Slipping his headphones and addressing ADRIAN.*) Talking to me?

ADRIAN. No.

FRANCES. Is Cambodia the same as Kampuchea? I'm embarrassed to ask.

STEPHEN. (*Doesn't know.*) What?

ADRIAN. Yes.

(*Then EDWARD returns followed by a Thai ARMY OFFICER.*)

OFFICER. (*To the assembled.*) I am sorry for this problem.

EDWARD. (*Confidently.*) Apparently the Royal Family is driving out of Bangkok this morning and the roads have been cleared, which explains the ...

STEPHEN. What about our luggage?

OFFICER. A slight delay (*Smiles.*)

ADRIAN. A long delay.

OFFICER. We are cursed in our country with the problem of drugs. We have to be most scrupulous.

STEPHEN. What, and you think we're bringing in drugs?

ADRIAN. I thought the problem was drugs going out.

OFFICER. As I say: There is no problem and your luggage will be with you in a few moments.

EDWARD. (*Pointedly, in GARY's direction.*) Clearly some of us look like drug pushers.

GARY. (*Slipping his headphones.*) What's going on? Coup, is it?

ADRIAN. Apparently some of us look like we're on drugs.

GARY. Oh yeah? Terrific. (*Back to walkman.*)

STEPHEN. (*Irritated, to the ARMY OFFICER.*) It's just we have actually been flying all night.

(*Two Thai GIRLS appear, very respectable and conservatively dressed. They have a baggage trolley. They aim for the stranded suitcase. It's very heavy. GARY springs to his feet.*)

GARY. (*Helping them.*) There you go. All right?

(*The GIRLS smile their thanks and make to leave.*)

GARY. (*To Them.*) Speak English? Eh? Thoughts of Chairman Mao? (*Then mischievously, at a safe distance.*) I suppose a fuck's out of the question?

(*The GIRLS steer the trolley away.*)

EDWARD. (*To the ARMY OFFICER, et al.*) We were wondering whose that was. The suitcase.

OFFICER. Very pretty girls, eh?

GARY. Brilliant.

OFFICER. Patpong I! Good!

STEPHEN. Patpong? So they say.

FRANCES. What's that?

OFFICER. (*To EDWARD.*) You like nice Thai girls?

EDWARD. What? Yes. I mean I like the Thai people. I speak some Thai actually.

OFFICER. Oh yes?

EDWARD. Mai pen rai. Obviously. And Kawpkun. Sabmidi Kawpkun.

OFFICER. (*Correcting pronunciation.*) Kawpkun. Very good.

EDWARD. I mean obviously I'm not fluent. My Cantonese is quite good. And I can manage a few words in Vietnamese. I'm not a linguist. I'm a dentist.

OFFICER. Ah.

EDWARD. Yes, as a matter of fact I work in the Vietnamese Refugee Camps in Hong Kong. Do you know who I mean? The Boat People?

OFFICER. For the Thai ... Vietnam ... (*Shrugs.*) We argue like brother and sister. Very close, very big arguments.

FRANCES. (*Now reading again.*) The South sounds amazing. And the North. Unspoiled.

EDWARD. That's right, because many of these people speak of having run the gauntlet of Thai pirates before reaching Hong Kong.

FRANCES. (*Reading.*) Bangkok, though, is sinking. Apparently.

OFFICER. What do you mean, Thai pirates?

EDWARD. Obviously not ordinary, and now they have to live like prisoners in these camps in HK, like rats ... the hygiene is ... ach! No, of course, most Thai people are terribly friendly.

OFFICER. We smile all the time.

EDWARD. Yes. Marvellous teeth.

OFFICER. So you come to Bangkok meet nice Thai girl?

EDWARD. Well ...

FRANCES. (*Reading.*) God! Stephen ... Listen to this ... "A less well-known shrine in Bangkok, but highly regarded by its followers, consists entirely of erect phalluses, from the small to the gargantuan, sculpted from wood, wax, stone, cement, with scrupulous fidelity to life." Talk about self-worship.

STEPHEN. I don't particularly want to talk about anything. I'd like our luggage to arrive and a car to the hotel and then a sleep.

FRANCES. We can't sleep now. It's morning.

STEPHEN. Nevertheless. (*The carousel suddenly lurches to a halt.*)

GARY. (*Sarcastic.*) Brilliant.

STEPHEN. Now what?

OFFICER. If you would excuse me. I will investigate. (*HE exits, talking sharply into a crackling walkie-talkie.*)

GARY. (*To EDWARD.*) Nice chat?

EDWARD. I hope you're not carrying drugs.

GARY. Don't worry, they're up my arse.

ADRIAN. It's not drugs ...

STEPHEN. That's right. Probably think we've got a bomb or something.

EDWARD. Could be my fault. I'm politically quite, you know: I get various journals.

GARY. Eh up, its Mikhail Gorborchev.

FRANCES. They wouldn't think of building a shrine of vaginas.

STEPHEN. It would be a bit odd, wouldn't it?

FRANCES. Why?

STEPHEN. There's no need to shout.

FRANCES. I'm not shouting. Why would vaginas be odd?

STEPHEN. What do they look like for God's sake? It's what they're not rather than what they are, isn't it?

FRANCES. Is it? Oh, I see.

STEPHEN. You might at least have the good grace to concede that the one is an accepted symbol and the other is not. There are not to my knowledge any leaning Holes of Pisa ... the Eiffel Hole ...

FRANCES. I think that was my point.

STEPHEN. Well then, Frances: you win.

(*NET and the female REPRESENTATIVE from Eastern Promise Tours arrive, NET works for the hotel. The EP REPRESENTATIVE wears a sash with the company logo.*)

EDWARD. Ah, finally.

REP. So sorry. Good morning. Welcome to Bangkok. No baggage yet? (*Quite cool and collected. SHE consults her clipboard.*) Mr., Mrs. Britter?

STEPHEN. That's right. No baggage yet.

REP. (*To them.*) Room 202. (*Then to ADRIAN and GARY.*) Mr. West. Mr. Alexander.

ADRIAN. Yes.

GARY. (*From inside the walkman.*) Ah, is this action on the action front?

REP. Room 203. (*Looks to EDWARD, mispronounces his surname.*) Mr. Gover?

EDWARD. (*Correcting her.*) Gover.

REP. Room 205 –

GARY. (*Interrupting.*) Excuse me, there are two of us. (*The REPRESENTATIVE shrugs.*) And we're not going out with each other.

REP. (*Consulting list.*) This was our booking detail. You must check at hotel.

ADRIAN. Don't worry. We'll sort it out.

GARY. (*Of sharing a room.*) Fuck that for a game of soldiers.

EDWARD. We're all rather aggravated about this luggage business.

REP. I will ask about the delay.

EDWARD. It's not as if we're a party or anything, so why we should all have to wait simply because we booked through the same company – (*EDWARD is interrupted by the renaissance of the baggage carousel.*)

STEPHEN. (*Arch.*) Hurray. (*The first luggage belongs to ADRIAN and GARY.*)

GARY. (*At the carousel.*) OK, let's go.

NET. No problem. (*Helping GARY load the trolley.*) Net help.

FRANCES. These are ours, Stephen.

STEPHEN. (*Weary.*) Yes OK.

REP. (*Of NET.*) This man will drive us to the hotel.

EDWARD. Where are mine? (*A case appears.*) Well, that's one ... but there's a large package, a ... now what's happened?

GARY. (*Ready.*) Where do we go?

NET. This way.

REP. Just wait for Mr. Gover.

GARY. Why? (*Mimicking.*) Just because we're in the same party? Come on.

EDWARD. (*Watches the carousel with increasing impatience.*) This really is ... (*Snorts.*) ... Ach! How can one bag just ...

REP. Expect just coming.

EDWARD. (*Arch.*) Do you?

STEPHEN. Well ... there's clearly some sort of problem with your bag which is probably why we've had to ...

EDWARD. I don't see why you ...

STEPHEN. (*To ADRIAN.*) I mean, it must be.

FRANCES. It doesn't matter. We can wait. Stephen?

STEPHEN. We don't seem to have much ...

GARY. Why do we have to hang around waiting for Gorby? It's not a school outing.

ADRIAN. Then grow up. No actually just shut up.

EDWARD. Thank you. (*Along comes EDWARD's parcel ... bustling down the chute on to the carousel. It's a brown paper sack, like a potato sack, which has been taped and strung, but clearly opened. As it makes its entry, to EDWARD's relief and other weary grunts, it spills its contents all over the floor. Hundreds of toothbrushes.*) Sod it! Buggeration! Sod it!

GARY. (*Picking one up.*) Aye-Aye! He's smuggling in toothbrushes.

EDWARD. Yes, well I'm a dentist. (*Scrabbling to pick them up.*)

GARY. A likely story, Arthur.

EDWARD. This parcel has been deliberately ... sod it! (*As HE picks it up the remainder of the brushes scatter.*)

NET. (*Helping.*) No problem.

REP. Best thing, Net help you pack bag. I take other guests to minibus. This way please.

FRANCES. Well, I'm sure we can ...

STEPHEN. (*As HE exits.*) Fran ... Fran.

FRANCES. (*Sympathetically to EDWARD.*) Well, good luck. (*SHE leaves, leaving NET and EDWARD alone, retrieving toothbrushes.*)

EDWARD. Thanks for ...

NET. No problem.

EDWARD. I didn't, did you say your name?

NET. Net.

EDWARD. I'm Edward.

NET. (*Of the toothbrushes and the events.*) Army. Very suspicious. Very powerful.

EDWARD. Right.

NET. Mr. Edward dentist?

EDWARD. That's right.

NET. I have very bad mouth all night. (*Opens mouth.*) Big pain.

EDWARD. I can't look at your teeth at the minute.

NET. How much you want.

EDWARD. No, it's not, it's just ...

NET. No problem. Finish here. Net take Mr. Edward to hotel room. Come up later for teeth.

EDWARD. I don't ... really, I'm on ...

NET. Net understand. No problem. You Bangkok business or fun?

EDWARD. Uh ...

NET. Half-half?

EDWARD. Tourist.

NET. You have wife? Girlfriend?

EDWARD. No. Not at the minute.

NET. Net find Mr. Edward nice girl.

EDWARD. I don't think so.

NET. Boyfriend?

EDWARD. No.

NET. She-boy? Drug? Cokey Cokey?

EDWARD. No! Nothing. No girl. No boy. No drug.

NET. Funny. Everybody come to Bangkok say no girl, no boy. No nothing. Later they ask Net find something nice.

EDWARD. Right. I'll remember.

NET. Everybody say no at first. If Mr. Edward embarrassed I can have girl come to room. Very private. Talking 1,000 baht.

EDWARD. (*Saying no.*) Really.

NET. Eight hundred. Special price. Eight hundred. Yes or no?

EDWARD. No thank you. I don't want a girlfriend.

NET. (*Hot on colloquialism.*) There you go. (*As THEY complete the collection of toothbrushes.*)

EDWARD. Ta. Good. I'll have to just try and ... (*As HE struggles to repair the sack in some way.*) Bloody thing. (*A brush slips out again. EDWARD gives it to NET.*) Have it, go on.

NET. For me?

EDWARD. Well don't worry. I've got plenty. Hundreds.

NET. Thank you. Mr. Edward kind man.

EDWARD. No. Anyway they're for the refugees. In Hong Kong. I look after their teeth. So they're not for sale or anything. (*Wearily but thawing.*) Anyway, come on. Let me see. Open your mouth. (*NET obliges instantly. His mouth wide open.*) Which one is causing the problem? Here? (*NET groans in acknowledgement.*) Yes. Well can't say I'm surprised. Do you brush your teeth after you've eaten? Hm? You see, you've still got your wisdom tooth there haven't you? Up top? You haven't been getting

Hungry for More?

This is a Sample of the Script

Buy the **full script** and explore other titles

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench-london.co.uk



[Breaking Character]
An Online Resource for Theatre Makers

Follow Us On twitter

Find us on Facebook

Titles are subject to availability depending on your territory.