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Production of the Year, Best Original Script and Best Lighting

Dragonflies

Stephanie

Street

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—*The Straits Times*



EPIGRAM

Dragonflies

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Dragonflies

A Play by Stephanie Street



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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

First edition, February 2020.

For Shanta, Alan, Vishie, Midhin,
Julien, Asha and Sachin—my home

Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!

—Emma Lazarus

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Note that there are a number of languages used throughout the play. In the prologue and final scene, Hindi is used; Margaret speaks in Hokkien through Acts 1 and 2; the Immigration officials use Malay in 2.1; Leslie and Anna speak to each other in Mandarin in 2.2; and in the final scene, Hindi and Bengali are used. Transliterations are given in the text in bold, with the English denoted parenthetically after each line.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE

I was pregnant with my second child when I started writing this play. As someone who's never had a satisfactory answer to the question, "Where are you from?", I've always been preoccupied with the complexities inbuilt into the notion of "home": what is it, where is it, why is it? These questions acquire a particular, sharp urgency when thinking about making a home for your children.

My adult life has played out in the UK, and having been educated and working in England has shaped my view of society; my kids and my husband are Europeans and we yearn for our summers swimming in an Alpine lake; my father is British, and he and I adore ruminating over the cricket scores; my beloved mother and sister are in Singapore and my skin is happiest in its humid heat—the deepest parts of my soul stir to the sound of Hindi film music and the aroma of satay, prata and chicken rice. All these influences are equally important to and inextricably mixed in me. So I have immense fear that I might be living through a moment in time, like Leslie Chen in the play, in which I might be forced to make an irreversible choice as to where I get to call "my home".

We are at a significant moment in the history of our species. Divide and rule has been exercised on an epic scale in recent political history and we now live its legacy. All over the world we see governments, media, markets, working to disconnect us from our human instincts of empathy and collectivity.

As we head further into this new millennium, the touch paper that will really ignite things irreversibly is the clear and present ecological threat to our planet; the climate crisis is no longer a bogeyman to frighten children with. Future generations are being held hostage by the short-term profits of a few. As our ecosystem starts to bend and buckle in the heat of global warming, as lands become uninhabitable and we need to retreat to higher ground, we are only going to be forced to accept living closer together.

Or forced to kill one another. I hope with every fibre of my being that we do the former.

My research for this play led me to an extraordinary aid worker who has run the gamut of European refugee camps—she spoke to me about the displaced people she encounters and what drove her to leave her home in the UK to help with the humanitarian crisis in Europe. As I listened to her, I was reminded of our instinct to feel for and want to help one another. But we have recently been fed a rich diet of fear and suspicion, and the default human position now is to fight and not connect.

This is where theatre can do what no other art form can. In a theatre, we tell small stories sitting shoulder to shoulder with complete strangers in the dark; we watch a live and ephemeral event—it's a direct act of empathy. While we absolutely need our politicians to hear the science and rise to the steep challenges we face, theatre's small moments of human sharing also have a part to play.

Above all, a play should ask questions and not deliver answers; among the big questions to ask, the one I wanted to ask with *Dragonflies* borrows from Darwin: how do we, how *can* we, look after those we love and at the same time safeguard the future of our species?

My son is now three and he looks at me and the world with that simple contentment that only little children know, but my seven-year-old daughter is already full of questions about why someone might want to build a wall to separate countries, or want to stop all the immigrants coming in. And my heart breaks for the future that could lie ahead for them.

The British MP Jo Cox, who was murdered in her constituency in 2016 by a white extremist, said that there is more that unites us than divides us. That is the story that we need to keep telling our children and that is ultimately the story I have tried to tell here.

Stephanie Street
December 2019

 PRODUCERS' MESSAGE

“Why do we let people from shithole countries come here?” said US President Trump in January 2018, during a meeting to discuss immigrants arriving from places like Haiti, El Salvador and Africa.

The fact is that people from many countries that Trump would call “shitholes” have had to face a whole lot of shit—political turmoil, abject poverty and the most unforgiving of Mother Nature’s punishments. Yet they are braver, stronger, more dignified and have more human decency than Trump can fathom. They have a genuine pride and love for their “shithole” countries, beyond anything that Trump—or for that matter, many of us complaining about “first world” problems—could ever comprehend.

Dragonflies is set in a not-too-distant future, where our entire world has become a “shithole”: run and overrun by xenophobic, paranoid, protectionist demagogues; where immigrants integral to their host nations’ well-being are treated like third-class aliens; where millions are displaced from their homes because of racial and religious persecution, terrorism and civil war; and where countries able to offer sanctuary are instead burning bridges and building walls. A planet self-destructing in a global warming pressure cooker we created... Did we say “not-too-distant future”? Hell, it’s happening now.

But *Dragonflies* also fires a flare into the dark, reminding us that when all seems lost, we owe it to ourselves and to our children to cling on to this elusive thing called Hope, reclaim our fragile humanity, reach out to someone else who is also lost and, together, fight like hell to find our way home. As Stephen Hawking once said: “If you’re in a black hole, don’t give up. There’s a way out.”

When Pandemonium commissioned playwright Stephanie Street to create a piece of theatre for us to stage, we knew that we wanted to tell a story that had an immediacy, an urgency and a potency that would resonate

with everyone in a way that was at once disturbing, provocative and real. We wanted to address themes that affect us all, but which most of us would rather not even think about. In a world that is rapidly self-destructing and becoming increasingly divided, we wanted to create a piece of work that would make people face up to some hard truths, question ourselves and one another, and hopefully inspire us all to make a bit of a change for the better. And also be an awesome theatrical experience.

While *Dragonflies* grapples with some overwhelming global issues, at its heart it is a story about family and our shared human experience, and reminds us all of how precious life is, and how fragile our shithole of a world is.

At the end of the day, it is a shithole worth fighting to save.

Adrian & Tracie Pang

Artistic Directors

Pandemonium Theatre Company

 PRODUCTION NOTES

Dragonflies was commissioned by the 2017 Singapore International Festival of Arts and first staged at Victoria Theatre by Pangdemonium from 24 – 26 Aug 2017. It was then updated (including the creation of the character of DMITRI) and restaged at Victoria Theatre from 18 May – 3 Jun 2018. The play was nominated for eight The Straits Times Life! Theatre Awards 2018, and won for Production of the Year, Best Original Script and Best Lighting. The original cast and crew was as follows:

LESLIE CHEN	Adrian Pang
SARITA	} Tan Keng Hua
ANNABEL CHEN	
SANDRA	Victoria Mintey
SALEEM	} Shrey Barghava
ASIF	
MAXINE	Selma Alkaff
MARGARET CHEN	Fanny Kee
CLIVE	Daniel Jenkins
BOBBY	} Thomas Pang
SOON BENG	
PETER	
RAMREICHAN	
MYLENE	} Frances Lee
AGNES	
DIRECTOR	Tracie Pang
DESIGNER	Kwok Wai Yin
LIGHTING DESIGNER	James Tan
SOUND DESIGNER	Jing Ng
STAGE DESIGNER	Sunitha Nayar

 CHARACTERS

LESLIE CHEN	Originally from Singapore, although he has lived in the UK for 30 years. In his early 50s.
SARITA	A volunteer midwife from North East India. Mid 50s.
SANDRA	The vision of Leslie's late wife.
SALEEM KHAN	Branch manager at Nationwide in Poole. Late 20s.
CLIVE CUNNINGHAM	Leslie's best friend. A high street solicitor. Early 50s.
MAXINE WILSON	Leslie's step-daughter and daughter to his late wife, Sandra. 17 years old.
MARGARET CHEN	Leslie's mother, Singaporean Chinese. Early 70s.
MYLENE	A young unemployed woman from Dorset. Late 20s.
BOBBY GOMEZ	An NHS nurse. Mid 20s
LIM SOON BENG	Immigration officer, Singaporean. Late 30s.
ANNABEL CHEN	Leslie's sister, lives in Singapore. Mid 50s.
AGNES	Annabel's live-in helper. From the Philippines. Early 30s.
PETER WONG	Singaporean MRT worker. Early 30s.
ASIF AHMED	From Bangladesh, working on construction site. Late 20s.
DMITRI	A Russian expatriate. Mid 50s.
RAMREICHAN	A plantation owner from NE India displaced by floods. Late 30s.

Prologue

A refugee settlement in Kolkata, sometime in the near future. Bare sunlight. Leslie, in shorts and a T-shirt, sits on a crate outside a small tent. He fiddles with a ring on a necklace around his neck.

The deep low groans of a woman in the final stage of labour come from inside the tent.

-
- 1 LESLIE It's...like some kind of sorcery, isn't it? The miracle of new life. Makes me think how you must've been, when she was...How much I wish I'd been there.
- He peers in the direction of the tent.*
- 5 LESLIE I don't know why I'm... I mean, she's strong... as twenty oxes... Oxen? You know that. I know that. But, I'll be honest...it scares...the living fucking daylights... Seeing her like that. It's—
- 10 *A huge groan.*
- LESLIE Jesus Christ...
- He calls into the tent.*
- LESLIE **Shub theek hai na?** (Is everything okay?)
- Sarita comes out quickly, gives him a big thumbs up.*
- 15 SARITA **Theek hai. Sab theek hai.** (Very good. Very good.)
- LESLIE Good. Good!
- Sarita goes back in.*
- LESLIE I wish you were here...
- 20 *He kisses the ring and tucks it away under his shirt.*
- LESLIE It's time.
-

Act 1

Deluge

SCENE 1

*Holy Trinity Church, West Lulworth, Dorset, England.
Leslie, awkward in a dark suit, stands behind a lectern.*

1 LESLIE I'm... *(clears his throat)* I'm very touched...and I
know Max is too...that so many of you have
come from so far...through this...frankly, shitty
weather... *(turning to an unseen priest watching*
5 *from the altar)* Sorry, Father. This awful weather...
to be here and remember... *(a long, fragile beat)*
our Sandra.

Of course it would have been totally
different...if this had happened...the other way
10 round...if that was me... *(looks to the unseen coffin)*
She'd have laid on vats of coffee and biscuits,
and...and, you know, wellies and those huge
golfing umbrellas for you all to get in from the
car park, instead of... *(he stands out from the lectern*
15 *to reveal shoes and the bottom of his trousers sodden*
with wet mud)

Most of you know she was my Anthropology
tutor... *(smiles)* I know, right? Here I am in my
muddy pants and you're thinking, "HOW?!"
20 Which is what I have thought...every day for
the last fifteen years. She used to say that it's our
capacity for generosity...towards each other that's
allowed us to become the dominant species on
the planet.

25 And the things she gave me... *(a long beat,*
he struggles to keep his composure) The gift of

1 a daughter. To have allowed me to be a part of
your life, Max... And the most inspiring
conversations I have ever had. She taught me
what I know about the world. Literally. *(beat)*

5 My dear mum said at our wedding...all
those years ago, it wouldn't be easy for us.
Coming from opposite ends of the planet,
being a blended family... You were right, Ma,
it hasn't. Been easy...

10 I looked out at the rain shitting down this
morning and I thought...of course. Our
ecosystem knows it: this is... *(there isn't a word
enough)* I have lost my reason for living.

15 Something else you said, Ma... We like a
proverb, and this one went something like,
"An ancient red thread connects those who are
destined. It may stretch or tangle but it will
never break." Right now, all I can see all
around me are knots and tangles...

SCENE 2

*A private room at Nationwide Building Society in
Poole. Leslie sits alone, a small binder in front of
him, closed. He looks like a small, lost child.*

Saleem enters with a bundle of papers. Leslie sits up.

1 SALEEM Great. So... Here is...the death certificate. And
your marriage certificate.

He hands them over.

LESLIE Do you need a copy of this as well?

5 SALEEM What is it?

LESLIE Her will.

SALEEM Not at the minute. So...we should have all your
details on file. *(he starts drilling into his keyboard,
staring into the screen as he talks)* I say, should...

10 Our systems have been on a go-slow since all
this rain. You'd think that's the point of...
technology, right?

*He finally looks to Leslie, who's just looking at the
papers in his hand. A moment.*

15 LESLIE Right.

SALEEM To not have to, you know, stop everything
because of...“weather”. Ridiculous. *(back to his
computer)* Did you drive?

LESLIE Yeah.

20 SALEEM Complete nightmare this morning. Tree on the
road or something, that's what they were
saying?

LESLIE I think so.

SALEEM Of course I didn't see any trees, but...

1 Anything for an excuse, right? Too much rain,
not enough rain, wrong kind of rain...
A beat. Saleem turns back to the computer.
A moment. Then:

5 SALEEM Ah great. Here we go... *(reading through the
information)* So...can you please confirm the
address for me?

LESLIE Rose Cottage, High Cliff, West Lulworth,
BH20 7JQ.

10 SALEEM Great. And your date of birth?

LESLIE 7th May 1969.

SALEEM Great, great. And finally, just...look into here.
Leslie looks into a tiny camera, which flashes red.

SALEEM *(beat, and then at the screen)* Right...okay...
15 Sorry, did you have your passport with you?

LESLIE Yeah.
He hands it over. Saleem flicks through it.

SALEEM Great... Singapore... Okay... What's that like?

LESLIE Clean. Organised. Good for food, not so great
for...anarchists.

20 SALEEM Okay... And no chewing gum, right?

LESLIE Something like that.

SALEEM Great. So do you mind just talking me through
how you managed to purchase the property?

25 LESLIE Is that...? Sorry, I thought you had the
documentation. The mortgage was in my wife's
name and the deposit came from me. It's all set
out in her will. The transfer. Of ownership.
*He hands over a document from his binder. Saleem
scans through it briefly and then picks up the phone.*

30

1 SALEEM Sorry, just bear with me one second. *(into the phone)*
Hi, Deborah... Sure...2078643RQ12F. And the
customer is 90880907... *(taps a few keys)* So...it's a
transfer of leasehold interest, but... Mm-hmmm,
5 exactly... *(he looks briefly to Leslie, concerned, then covers
it with a smile)* Sure. Okay. Thanks, Deborah. Bye.
He hangs up and takes a small breath.

SALEEM Okay, so the issue we're looking at here is
your...right. To be sole owner.

10 LESLIE Right...?

SALEEM Specifically as a foreign-born...person.

LESLIE Okay...

SALEEM Were you aware the laws have changed? With
regards to foreigners owning property.

15 LESLIE But my wife's British. I have indefinite leave
to remain.

SALEEM Sure. Of course. But your late wife... After the
2020 Great Britain Land Ownership Act—and
I'm no expert, I have to say, but my colleague's
just confirmed—it's now the case that non-
British citizens are no longer entitled to own
property. In the UK.

LESLIE Right, okay, but we're...married and, and it's
set out in her will.

25 SALEEM Of course.

LESLIE That's precisely why we drew up a will.

SALEEM Of course. But unfortunately that is the
standing...in the law.
A beat. The rain drills down outside.

30 LESLIE So, you're saying the will...doesn't apply?

1 SALEEM I'm sorry, I can't comment on that, but I can say that the Land Authority won't allow the leasehold to be transferred into your name.

LESLIE So what do we do?

5 SALEEM There's not a great deal I can do, I'm afraid. It is ultimately an issue of the law—

LESLIE Right.

SALEEM (*cont'd*) as stipulated by the Land Authority. I mean, there's talk of it everywhere, isn't there? Housing crisis... I really am sorry.

10 LESLIE So what happens to my house?

SALEEM Well, I can only really speak for the outstanding debt and we'd need you to settle the mortgage. I'm assuming your late wife had insurance.

15 LESLIE Yeah.

SALEEM So once the executor of your late wife's will... Mr...Clive Edward Cunningham? Once he's managed the outstanding debt... As I say, I'm no expert but—

20 LESLIE I'm asking your opinion. Does the property pass to our daughter?

SALEEM (*looking through the will*) Miss...M. Wilson? Your...step-daughter?

LESLIE She's legally my daughter. We went through the whole legal process years... Twelve, twelve years ago.

25 SALEEM How old is she?

LESLIE Seventeen, and that's what my wife set out in her will. That it would come to me while I'm alive, then pass on to Maxine.

30

1 SALEEM Unfortunately while your step-daughter is still a minor—

LESLIE Our daughter won't be a minor in a year.

SALEEM Your daughter, my apologies. But unfortunately, now the death has been registered, we will need to inform the Land Authority of the change in ownership status.

5 LESLIE So I can't own my own house. And neither can my daughter?

10 SALEEM That is correct.

LESLIE Fucking hell.

SALEEM I'm...very sorry.

LESLIE So you keep saying.

SALEEM Would you like a glass of water?

15 *A beat. More rain.*

LESLIE I could become British. Is that the solution?

SALEEM I'm not really qualified to say but...

LESLIE No. No, of course not. You are qualified to take my house away, though. And to say you're sorry, even though I seriously doubt that you are. Actually sorry. But no, you can't convey an opinion...beyond what your computer says. Or Deborah.

20 SALEEM I can appreciate this must be a difficult time for you, Mr Chen.

LESLIE Can you?

SALEEM I'm trying to help.

LESLIE Are you? Are you really?

SALEEM Okay, you want my opinion, then, no. You can't become British. They're kicking people out,

30

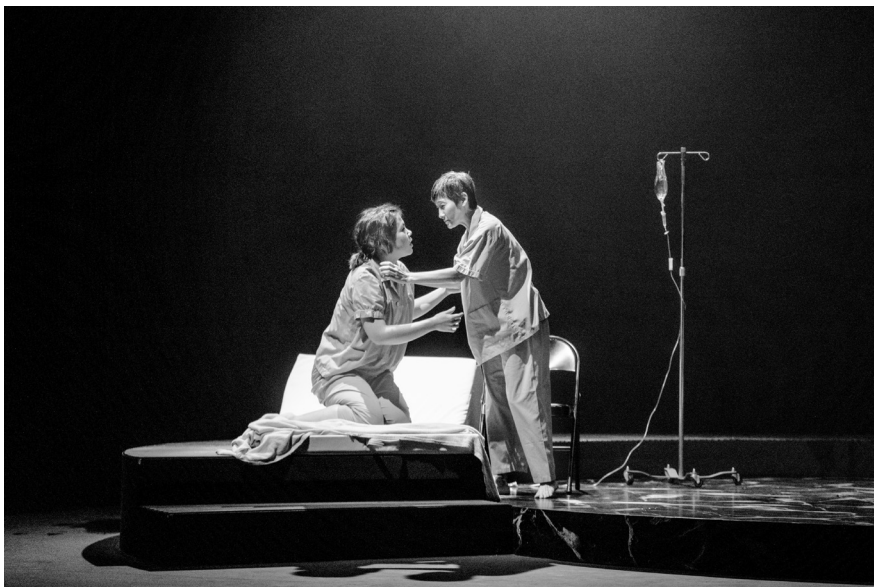
CHARACTER	CHARACTER

CHARACTER	CHARACTER

NOTES

AN HISTORIC PRODUCTION





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ABOUT THE PLAYWRIGHT

Stephanie Street is an actor, writer and director born and raised in Singapore. She read English Literature at Jesus College, Cambridge before training to be an actor on the Nick Hytner scholarship at LAMDA. Her eighteen-year career as an actor has spanned the UK’s major theatres and TV channels. Theatre credits include James Graham’s *Quiz* in the West End, and *Behind the Beautiful Forevers* and *Nightwatchman* for the National Theatre, the latter earning her a Whatsonstage nomination for Best Solo Performance.

Stephanie is currently the Resident Playwright at Pangdemonium Theatre Company and a columnist for *The Stage*, the world’s oldest theatre publication. She is on the Board of Chichester Festival Theatre and co-founded and chairs The Act for Change Project, a campaign for representative diversity in the UK performing arts. Her other plays (produced in the UK) include *Sisters* (Sheffield Crucible), *Wuthering Heights* (Ambassadors Theatre) and *The Reluctant Fundamentalist* (Finborough, Yard Theatre and Summerhall; nominated for the Carol Tambor Best of Edinburgh Award).

ABOUT THE PUBLISHER

EPIGRAM BOOKS (epigrambooks.sg) is an independent publisher based in Singapore, established in 2011. We firmly believe in consistently producing new writing of exceeding quality; this commitment can be found in our novels, poetry collections, playscripts and short story collections by notable writers such as Cyril Wong, Boey Kim Cheng, Tan Tarn How, O Thiam Chin, Jean Tay and Mohamed Latiff Mohamed, as well as new voices such as Amanda Lee Koe (winner of the 2014 Singapore Literature Prize for Fiction), Nuraliah Norasid, Jeremy Tiang, Balli Kaur Jaswal and Daryl Qilin Yam. The *Best New Singaporean Short Stories* biennial anthology series was started in 2013 to gather the best Singaporean short fiction being produced today, and the annual Epigram Books Fiction Prize was established in 2015 to promote contemporary novels and reward excellence in Singaporean literature.

We are also dedicated to children's literature, with bestselling and award-winning middle grade series such as *Sherlock Sam*, *The Diary of Amos Lee*, and *Danger Dan*. Our picture books include the *Bo Bo and Cha Cha and Sam*, *Sebbie and Di-Di-Di* series, as well as Hedwig Anuar Award winner *Where's Grandma?*, Royal Commonwealth Society Essay Competition winner *The Rock and the Bird*, and former President SR Nathan's *The Crane and the Crab*.

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“A dynamic and fresh look on current affairs that aims to enrich, surprise and stimulate its audience. But overall, the message of *Dragonflies* is simple: build bridges, not walls.”—*Pride Kindness*

The year is 2021 and climate change is wreaking havoc across the globe. Donald Trump has been re-elected US President for a second term. Brexit is in full effect and causing chaos all over Europe. In the wake of escalating wars in the Middle East, famine in West Africa, and relentless terrorist attacks by radical extremists, the UK—and many nations around the world—has enforced a ban on all immigration.

With the coastline around him and life as he knows it crumbling to dust, Leslie Chen is forced to abandon his home in England and move his family back to his birthplace, Singapore. Confronting a country that is a world apart from the one he knew as a child, he is now made to question the meaning of home. As the crises and conflicts escalate, one thing is certain, come hell or high water, and possibly both, he must protect his family.

Dragonflies is the story of a family fighting for survival in a hostile world, looking for somewhere to call home, and something that might look like hope.

PLAYS

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