***Flood, Part Three: To the Sea***

***A Play for Broadcast***

***James Phillips***

***Draft Script 20/11/16***

***Representation***

*Michael McCoy*

*Independent Talent Group*

*76 Oxford Street, W1D 1BS, London*

***Characters***

***Three Girls****, survivors of the wave*

***Gloriana****, a girl found in the deeps of the sea*

***Zeina****, a survivor of the wave*

***Jack****, an officer of the former migrant detention system*

***Kathryn****, a dead girl*

***Sam****, a survivor of the wave*

***The Captain****, a survivor of the wave*

*The crew and passengers of a fishing trawler*

***Time****:* After the Flood*.*

***Location****:* The open sea and a single room on a makeshift island.

***NB***. This script is written for the televised broadcast of this play. As such it includes things which would not be included- and are not possible or relevant- if the play were to be presented solely as a piece of live theatre.

***i.i***

*Sound of children singing.*

*Empty water. The Flooded Land become sea.*

*Now a smartphone, floating in a waterproof cover.*

*It is not raining.*

*A child’s hand reaching towards it, stretched out far, trying to grab it.*

*Misses, tries again, misses, finally grabs it.*

*Reverse angle, low: three little girls perched precarious on pieces of wood on the water, all connected, trying to stay level, trying not to fall in. The girl furthest out now holding the phone.*

Girl 1 (*whispers*) Pull me in.

*With great delicacy they start to pull her in, back to their larger platform.*

*(NB. Although I want to attempt to play with realist camera angles and will at times indicate such, we are still doing theatre design here. So the space occupied by the girls throughout Part 3 is a simple platform in the water with some necessary detritus on it, and a door leading away from it.)*

Girl 1 Slowly slowly-

***i.ii***

*Child’s hand sorting through a filthy plastic box of wires, junk and paraphernalia. Takes a bodged iPhone charger with some new connectors.*

*Now connecting the iPhone charger to a car battery. Plugging in the phone. Practised hands.*

*The phone: charging icon.*

*Three little girls clustered around the phone. Girl 1 holding it. Excited.*

Girl 2 Turn it on.

*Girl 1 turns it on.*

*POV girls: Passcode screen.*

Girl 2 What’s the code?

Girl 3 -How are we meant to know the code-

Girl 2 Ssssh… We’re not allowed in the battery room.

*Girl 1 flips the over phone over, looking for clues. The phone’s wearing a happy multi-coloured case.*

Girl 1 I know the code.

*Girl 1 punches in 1,2,3,4.*

*The phone unlocks.*

Girl 3 How did you know that?

Girl 1 Same as me. Me before.

Girl 2 Got games?

Girl 1 Let’s see who she was first.

*Now flicking through phone apps. Finally: photos. We see photographs of a woman, Zeina, in happier times. Shopping, with a boyfriend, selfies etc, Girl 1 flicking through. Now she pauses on a picture.*

*Close up of dirty hands, with letters tattooed into the fingers.*

Girl 2 Keep going

Girl 1 No. Look.

Girl 2 What is it?

Girl 1 The hands

Girl 3 What about them?

Girl 1 The letters.

Girl 3 Tattoos.

Girl 1 They’re her hands.

Girl 2 Who?

Girl 1 *Her*. (*looking around her,* *nervous*) The girl. Look at the hands. G.l.o.r.i.a.n.a.

Girl 3 Gloriana. It is forbidden. To speak of her.

Girl 2 I thought she was dead.

*Beat. The freeze frame of those tattooed hands.*

*Then the girls deciding.*

Girl 2 I want to know.

*Flicking through pictures*

Girl 3 Video. Play it.

*Girl 1 presses play.*

*Now rough cut iPhone footage showing what we can of the Flood: not a little British local news affair but the real biblical deal.*

Girl 2 When the wave came-

*Finger flicks to another video-*

*The wide free flowing sea that used to be land. And in it, sticking up slanted, we see the very top of a pylon.*

Girl 1 This is after.

Girl 2 Play it.

Girl 3 Don’t let anyone see.

*The girls look back at the door. They decide. The girls watch the video.*

***i.iii***

*Now the crashing, grey sea. Rain, heavy.*

*A voice screaming.*

Jack Help! Help me!

*We see Jack, in the water.*

*He is trying to swim away from a sinking electricity pylon, of which only the very top point is visible.*

*As the pylon sinks electrical sparks shower into the sea.*

*A woman, holding onto a piece of wood, across the waves from Jack.*

Zeina Swim away from the pylon! Swim towards me!

Jack I can’t. The current. Can’t get away.

Zeina I’ll try and come for you.

Jack Quickly, quickly-

*Zeina tries to swim towards him. More sparks from the pylon. It’s clear the distance is too large to be bridged.*

Zeina Swim to me! Come on!

*Jack is tiring.*

Jack I can’t. I can’t-

Voice Wait.

*A figure balanced on a piece of wood, emerging from gloom. Gloriana.*

Gloriana Take this.

*She throws an orange lifejacket, like those ones the migrants wear, attached to a thin rope. It lands near Jack.*

Gloriana Take it. Quickly!

*Jack, exhausted, tries to grab the lifejacket. Misses, tries again, grabs it. Holds it now.*

*Sparks again, as the pylon sinks closer.*

Gloriana I’m going to pull you out.

*Gloriana jumps down into the water, uses the wooden platform to balance the rope and begins to pull him away from danger. The pylon lowering.*

Jack Quickly! Please! Quickly!

Zeina Swim man, help her!

*The pylon sinks into the water. Massive explosion of sparks, engulfing that section of water.*

*Gloriana pulls again on the rope.*

*Jack emerges from the smoke, alive.*

*Slowly she pulls him towards her. Jack spluttering, broken, taking in water.*

*Zeina swimming to her now too.*

*Finally, the three converge. Resting against the wooden detritus. Jack silent.*

Zeina Is he dead?

Gloriana No.

Zeina We won’t survive out here.

Gloriana *(silent, watching the girl*)

*They look out across the waves.*

Zeina Is it over?

Gloriana What?

Zeina England.

*Jack splutters to life, spits out sea water. He looks across at the women. His eyes focusing now on Gloriana.*

Jack You.

Gloriana Yes.

*Now suddenly bubbles coming from the water beneath them. Zeina panicking.*

Zeina What is it? What’s happening?

Jack I don’t know.

Zeina Shark?

Gloriana No shark.

*A bang from underwater, and now an object surfacing from beneath the waves.*

*A caravan, now bobbing uncertainly at the surface.*

Gloriana Come on.

*They swim to the caravan and struggle on board. Zeina helping Jack, Gloriana the last to lift herself on board.*

Zeina Will it hold us?

Gloriana Balance it.

*Now a frantic balancing act: a dumb show in which all three stand on the floating caravan and struggle to keep it both level and floating.*

*Eventually they find themselves standing apart but balanced, the caravan not sinking.*

*They sit, tentative, shivering, exhausted.*

***ii.i***

*The three girls watching the video on the phone.*

*Now footsteps in the corridor outside the door, the girls terrified, moving quickly, hiding the phone.*

*Door being pushed open. A shadow intruding. Sam.*

Sam What are you doing in here?

Girl 1 Making the memory poem. Like you said. So we can pass on what happened.

Sam And?

*Looks across to the other girls.*

Girl 2 “What was it like, life after the wave?

Girl 3 Like you woke up from a little sleep

Girl 1 And your Ma, she’s forgot she’s your ma

Girl 2 Don’t know your face-“

*Beat*

Girl 3 “What was it like, life after the wave?

Girl 2 We knew we must build a new world

Girl 1 We knew we must harden our hearts

Girl 3 Cause all was lost”-

Sam -Good. Good.

*He leaves. They wait, eyes flicking to each other, deciding.*

Girl 1 Let’s watch more.

*They reach for the concealed phone.*

***ii.ii***

*The floating caravan.*

*Gloriana, Zeina and Jack sitting at different corners of the floating caravan. Jack looking down at the edge.*

Jack Are we lower? Are we sinking?

Gloriana Not yet.

Jack We’re too heavy.

Zeina It’ll float.

Jack For how long?

Gloriana Long enough.

*Zeina has her phone out and is recording video of the sea.*

Jack What are you doing?

Zeina People should know what happened here.

Jack What people? What happened here happened everywhere. You think there’s a light in the sky coming to help us? Think there’s a white ship approaching?

Zeina Don’t know.

Jack (*indicating Gloriana*) She might.

Zeina You know each other?

Jack Oh, you know who she is.

Zeina I don’t.

Jack Look at her hands.

Zeina What do you mean?

Jack Look.

*Zeina hesitates then scrambles unsteady near to Gloriana.*

Zeina What does he mean?

*Gloriana resistant for a long moment, then exposes her hands. First by her sides, and as Zeina still has her camera phone running we see letters tattooed into them. And then Gloriana yields, raises her hands to her face. The letters spelling out a name: Gloriana.*

*The same freeze frame the girls saw in the first scene: her hands, tattooed.*

Zeina The girl from the sea.

Jack Yeah

Zeina You’re real.

Jack You do know her.

*Zeina looks at Gloriana.*

Zeina I know what they said. The girl from the sea.

She came to us one dawn, they say. Far out

One dawn alone beneath the wine dark sea.

Fishermen hauling up nets from deep water

From seventy meters down in the dark

They pulled up one net empty of all fish.

In it one hundred life jackets

Orange like those migrants left on beaches.

Once. Like those we wear now, we survivors.

One hundred life jackets and a girl.

Curled pale naked just bandages on hands

A drownded girl. Her name tattooed.

And she sat up. Alive. It was you, was it?

*Beat*

Gloriana Yes.

Zeina And then, straight after, the rain. Then the wave.

Was it because of you? All this? The rain?

Gloriana I don’t know.

*The caravan lurches.*

Zeina What is it?

Gloriana The current, taking us further out.

Zeina Look!

*A body, floating in the water, near the caravan.*

Gloriana Drownded.

*The body moving closer.*

Gloriana Come on.

*She stands, edges towards the limits of the caravan.*

Jack He’s dead, what are you going to do, bury him?

Gloriana He might have stuff we need. Come on.

*They form a human chain to balance the caravan and reach out, Jack reluctantly joining in. Eventually Gloriana, at the extreme end of the chain, grasps the body.*

Gloriana There’s a whistle around his neck.

*Gloriana slipping into the water pulls the whistle from the corpse, puts her hands into the pockets, finds a knife in the belt. She pulls it free. Throws the knife back to the caravan, where Jack takes it.*

*She swims back, pulls herself back onto the caravan. It lurches as she gets back ‘onboard’, unsteady.*

Jack Cold.

Gloriana Put the jacket on. Extra layer.

*Jack hesitates and then puts on the orange lifejacket, reluctant.*

Zeina *(to Jack)* You know her?

Jack Yeah.

Zeina How?

Gloriana The detention centre they took me too.

Zeina (*to Jack*) You were an illegal?

Gloriana He was in charge.

*Camera lingers on the shivering man in his new orange lifejacket.*

Gloriana Look!

Zeina What is it?

Gloriana Car.

*A car, submerged within the water is floating towards the caravan.*

Zeina It’s sinking.

Gloriana Quiet. Listen.

*Silence. Now they hear a repeated thud coming from the car.*

Zeina There’s someone in there.

*Gloriana slips from the caravan into the water, swims to the car. Pounds on the boot, unable to open it. Zeina swims out a few feet from the caravan, stops, afraid. Jack remains on the caravan.*

Gloriana I need something to break the glass. Jack! The knife. Jack!

Jack We can only float with three. You know that.

*Jack turns away.*

*Gloriana pounds harder on the boot of the car. An answering thump from within, weakening now.*

Zeina They’re drowning.

*The thumps quietening to silence now.*

*Gloriana gives up, rests her head against the car, listens.*

Gloriana Going now.

*The car sinking from sight.*

*Gloriana swims back to the caravan, lets the car go.*

*She attacks Jack, beats the shit out of him, is a heartbeat from tearing out his throat with her teeth.*

*The caravan lurches, starts to sink with their motion.*

Zeina Stop it, we’ll sink! Stop!

*Silence, the sound of their breathing.*

*Gloriana grabs the knife from Jack and retreats, an angry lioness.*

Zeina We’ll die here, won’t we.

***iii.i***

*The room.*

*The three girls lie on the floor, sharing the single screen of the phone, watching rapt.*

*As if they were kids before the cataclysm, watching videos online.*

***iii.ii***

*The floating caravan.*

*The rain sheeting down now.*

*Gloriana, Jack and Zeina huddled together: frozen, hungry, exhausted.*

Jack It’ll be the cold, not the water.

Zeina What?

Jack That kills us.

*Silence*

Zeina Did any of you see any jumpers?

Not jumpers, that’s wrong. Divers. Drowners.

But I mean like that day when the planes went into the towers and those people they were caught *above* the fire. No escape, no help coming, just deciding when to go. Jumpers.

I saw a couple, man and woman, not long after the wave, when everything had become sea. On a little bit of wood. Water rising. And you could see them, see the decision. And they stepped off. Into deep water. And held each other down. They held hands you see, when they jumped, so they could hold each other down. Did she change her mind, did he hold her? That’s what I wondered but no I think they were together-

One minute, two. All done.

They’d decided: no more of this. No more.

Like the jumpers, when the planes came out of the blue sky.

Jack I’m not jumping.

Zeina You sure of that?

Jack It doesn’t mean anything if it ends like this. Doesn’t mean anything.

Zeina What?

Jack Everything that came before. The world. That it was ordered.

Zeina And you think it did?

Jack Yes. (*passionate*) Yes, it did.

*Gloriana stands. She’s heard something before she’s seen it. Head to one side, eyes closed, an animal scenting danger. Zeina follows her gaze.*

Zeina What?

Gloriana (*she opens her eyes*) Look.

Jack A boat.

*A fishing trawler appearing out of the gloom.*

Jack It’s one of the trawlers. That took people from the wreckage of the city.

Zeina Took people?

Jack For money. For whatever they could trade. To find a new place.

*Jack puts the whistle to his lips, blows.*

*The trawler coming close to them, oblivious. The camera panning up, over the sides of the boat. Now we see within. The trawler crammed full of people, piled on top of each other, each wearing an orange life jacket. Shattered, stinking people, minds lost. Silent, sealed within their own separate worlds.*

*As Jack and Zeina move to the side of the caravan closest to the approaching boat Gloriana steps away.*

*Looks across to us (can we get close enough to have a wide in here close?) and talks straight down the lens. And then at the end of the speech cutting to Jack as he tries to board the boat-*

GlorianaThey wore each others piss and tears, life jackets

Orange like those migrants left on beaches

Once, when chaos was far away and there was order

And England was England, and exile elsewhere.

Now they live two headed, one faced forward one back;

Backwards face smiling a narcotic smile

Dreaming vivid through the palace of their past.

The forward face, that sees now not then: blank.

They’re silent, shocked, ‘cause this should not be them.

These now homeless minds, that don’t know themselves:

Cause who we are seems link’d to where we are.

Silence, until Jack comes scrabbling up the side

And one turns, says-

Migrant “There’s no room on the boat.”

Gloriana The rain falling,

Migrant “There’s no room on the boat.”

*Jack angry, trying to force his way over the side of the boat.*

*He turns back to Gloriana and Zeina.*

Jack Come on! We can live.

*Zeina moves towards him, tentative. Looks back to Gloriana.*

Gloriana *(shake of her head)*

*Jack has clambered onto the side of the trawler, now more in than out.*

Migrant There’s no room for you all.

*Jack looks back down at Zeina and Gloriana. Decides. Turns back to the boat people.*

Jack Take one. Take me. Forget them.

Zeina No!

*Jack steps forward onto the boat.*

Jack What do you mean?

There’s always room for one.

I have money, here. It’s in a pouch, waterproof.

(*he scrabbles beneath clothes*)

I can’t find it. I can’t-

Please.

This is the hardest test of my life.

I was powerful before. I had a serious job and people they listened to me-

Migrant There’s no room for one.

*But Jack is beyond reason now. He pushes forward, struggling to get on board the boat.*

*Now a migrant stands, pushes him back. Jack pushes forward again. The migrant hits him, hard. Jack falls back, stands again, and pushes forward, determined.*

Zeina (*to Gloriana*) Help him.

*Gloriana moves towards the boat.*

*Jack stands again, and now the migrants rise up as one against him. One by one the passengers of the boat shaken to consciousness and united in violence against Jack. They rain blows down on him, beating him to the ground, keep hitting him even as he lies prone. A beating becoming a lynching.*

*Gloriana reaches the edge of the caravan, where it meets the boat now. Looks up into the melee. People pelting Jack with blows, all the rage of their terrible situation unleashed.*

*And in the crowd Gloriana sees the Captain, and he sees her.*

*They two still points in the moving scene.*

*The Captain raises his hand, silent recognition. He does not move to stop the fight.*

*Final blows are now being rained down on the motionless body of Jack.*

Zeina *(to Gloriana)* Can’t you stop this?

Gloriana *(another tiny shake of her head)*

Zeina They’ll kill him.

Gloriana Yes.

*Eventually Jack’s body is pushed over the side into the water.*

*The boat continues its journey.*

*The two women watch it disappear into mist.*

*-Time passing-*

***iv.i***

*The floating caravan.*

*Gloriana and Zeina huddled in the centre of the roof.*

Zeina Water’s rising.

Gloriana Yes.

*Zeina sits up, looks out.*

Zeina Nothing.

Gloriana The current, it’s taken us out to sea. Deep water now.

Zeina No-one’s coming are they?

Zeina Are you afraid?

Gloriana No.

*Beat*

Zeina My parents, I saw them die. But they were together.

*Beat*

Zeina Was there someone, that you loved?

Gloriana Yes.

Zeina Gone?

Gloriana Yes.

Zeina Who was it?

Gloriana She was.. Fierce. And lost. She made me laugh. I did not know her long enough.

*Zeina reaches out her hand to Gloriana. The tattooed fingers now concealed by another’s hands. Now she pulls her close. Gloriana yields. Two women curled together on a dwindling platform.*

Zeina Water’s rising.

Gloriana Don’t move. Gentle.

*Beat*

Gloriana I remember the sounds of the sea. The whales, they sing across oceans. I would dream of them, sometimes, I think.

*Gloriana curls herself on the rooftop. Exhausted.*

Zeina Never thought I’d be one of the characters in a film who don’t know why what happens happens.

The planes, they came out of the blue sky.

*Zeina looks across to Gloriana, who has finally succumbed to a sort of sleep.*

*The water rising on the caravan.*

*Zeina sits up. She decides.*

*She takes off her orange life jacket. Lays it gentle on top of the sinking caravan.*

*Now she takes her phone from her zipped pocket.*

*Turns on the video recorder, speaks softly to it.*

Zeina My name was Zeina Allan. My father was Richard. My mother was Amal. They were taken by the wave. I was a citizen of England. I did not think I would be a jumper. I want you to know that I tried. I tried my hardest for as long as I could.

*She puts the phone inside the waterproof holder we recognise from the beginning of the story. She leans out over the water, and places the phone on the surface. She pushes it away out onto the sea, a modern message in a bottle.*

*Now she looks back at Gloriana.*

Zeina Good luck.

*She turns back to the water. She steps off the caravan. The cold water shocking, causing her to gasp.*

*Whilst she still has strength she swims away from the caravan, a tiny head on the wide sea, gone now.*

***iv.ii***

*Now with the girls crouched around the phone.*

Girl 3 What happened? What did she do?

Girl 1 She gave up. She gave into the sea.

*Now back to Gloriana, who wakes. Looks around the sinking caravan, sees that it is empty, understands.*

Gloriana No. No. No!

*Her rage and despair coming. Punching the metal roof of the caravan, screaming out her anger. Animal.*

*The caravan lurching with her motions, the water higher again, the vehicle more precarious.*

Girl 2 She left Gloriana alone.

*Gloriana looking out onto the vast sea. Closes her eyes. Deciding. Music building-*

Girl 3 No-one survives alone, out there.

Girl 2 The sea, it goes into you, makes you mad.

Girl 1 Gloriana. *She* would not give in. She would not step off-

*And now Gloriana steps off the caravan, onto the sea.*

*And walks on water.*

*She walks out into darkness. Gloriana walking out onto the sea, now reaching a square of dark water, lit by fire.*

Girl 1 Where could she go?

Girl 3 Where would we go, if we could?

Girl 2 (*simples*) We would go home.

Girl 3 Where? There is no home, now-

*Gloriana pauses.*

*In the centre space, torches around her.*

*She sees Kathryn, beautiful dress flowing.*

Kathryn Here

Gloriana This is home?

Kathryn Yes.

Gloriana Where is it?

Kathryn Where doesn’t matter. You think home is a place. It’s not. It is-

Gloriana (*understanding*) -a once, it is a one time, a moment, when there was peace-

Kathryn it is you, it is me

*Kathryn smiles.*

*Now they dance in the fire drawn square. Gloriana caked in dirt, Kathryn perfect.*

*We hear the love theme -*

Song Look across the ocean of our love

What do you see

A new world one where we will be free

We’ll sail across that ocean, oh my love

Just you and me, just you and me

Look up at the darkling sky above

What can you see

The stars they’ll speak to you in beauty

There’s a smiling face looking down O my love

On you and me, on you and me

Take my hand and dive beneath the waves

What will we see

Deep inside the heart of our mystery

And you know together we’ll be saved

O you and me, O you and me

And if we’re ever forced oceans apart

Where might you be

I’ll skim a stone across the wild sea

And you'll know that you still hold my heart

Cause I am you, and you are me

*The dance ending.*

Gloriana -and you are me-

Kathryn You’re tired to the bone aren’t you?

Gloriana Yes.

(*crumbling like a little girl*) I couldn’t save you

You were the one I was meant to save

Kathryn No

Gloriana That was the whole point of me

Kathryn Doesn’t look like it.

Gloriana Where are we? Is this where the dead go?

Kathryn Just night, on the sea.

Gloriana I can’t go on

Kathryn You will

Gloriana I can’t go on

Kathryn (*grabs her vicious*) You will, you fucking will-

Gloriana (*pushing herself away*) Why?

Kathryn For me. For all the lost ones. Just because the world did not support what you believed it doesn’t mean what you believed is wrong.

Gloriana How will I?

Kathryn Look at me

Look at me

Win.

Gloriana Everything is lost.

Kathryn Not yet.

*Kathryn turns away and walks out onto the dark sea, away.*

Kathryn I’ll always be here. This will always be here.

*(sings soft)* And if we’re ever forced oceans apart

Where might you be

I’ll skim a stone across the wild sea

And you'll know that you still hold my heart

Cause I am you, and you are me

*Kathryn is gone.*

*Gloriana alone on the wide dark sea.*

***v.i***

*Now the girls re-watching Zeina’s last message. Sound via the phone-*

“Zeina I was a citizen of England. I want you to know that I tried. I tried my hardest for as long as I could…”

*And now the shadow approaching the door again.*

Girl 1 He’s coming he’s coming he’s coming

Girl 2 Stop it.

*They press pause. Afraid. They hide the phone.*

*Shadow pausing outside the door. Sam.*

*Girls looking to each other: come on, do something.*

Girl 3 “What was it like, life after the wave

Girl 2 We knew we must build a new world

Girl 1 We must be strong, must forget pity

Girl 3 And force will win all-“

*The shadow leaves.*

Girl 2 We can’t keep the phone. If he finds it he’ll drown us, like he did the other ones.

Girl 3 What do we do?

*Girl 1 takes the phone.*

*She turns on the video, and speaks into it.*

Girl 1 My name is Sally. I survived the wave. I’ve not given up. Watch the videos on this phone. You’ll understand why. *She* lives.

*Now Girl 1 places the phone back into its protective cover. The girls stretch themselves out onto the water, reverse of the image from the first scene of this play. They send the mobile phone out onto the waters.*

Girl 1 Pull me in.

*Girl 1 steps back onto the platform-*

Girl 3 You believe Gloriana is still out there?

*They look out to sea.*

Girl 2 How could she have survived?

Girl 1 -She did.

Girl 3 Why?

Girl 1 Because it is necessary.

*v.ii*

*Now we find Gloriana again, lying on top of the caravan once more.*

*The water higher again, approaching her prone body, closing in. Filthy, bloodstained Ophelia. The caravan ready to sink. Exhausted like a dream.*

*She looks out across the sea.*

*Whale spouts, close to the caravan.*

*Whale song in the sound.*

*She smiles, weakly. Her head slipping back.*

*More spouts.*

*In the makeshift room the girls sit in a circle. Concentrating.*

*Then Girl 1 begins, an improvised poem.*

*The girls all trying to pick it up and make it up as they go on, the lines being repeated underneath, a type of call and response, the making of a new improvised history.*

Girl 1 “She’ll come to us one dawn. The girl

Girl 2 Her name carved deep in her hands

Girl 3 The girl from the sea, Gloriana-

Girl 1 And what must be will be”

*Now on the caravan Gloriana lifts her head a final time.*

*Music building-*

*Gloriana forcing herself from her shattered sleep, the water over her ankles now.*

*Eyes hollowed out, the ends of her endurance. Lifting herself to her feet.*

Girl 3 “She’ll come to us one dawn. The girl.

Girl 2 She’ll come and she’ll know what to do

Girl 1 The sea will teach her our way home

Girl 3 And what must be will be-“

*Gloriana looking out over the vast empty sea. Standing, swaying. Listening.*

*Now she stands utterly still.*

*There’s a light in the sky, approaching.*

*She smiles.*

*She dives through the sky light window into the body of the caravan, disappearing. She bursts back holding a small propane bottle and an old fashioned long handle oven starter and a kitchen knife. She cuts through the plastic tubing on the end of the bottle.*

*She opens up the propane and sets fire to it. A small explosion. Gloriana knocked back, nearly falling into the water. But there is fire now: flame coming from the bottle. She raises it above her head.*

*The light in the sky seemingly disappeared. The caravan sinking beneath the waves. The propane flare still blowing.*

*Gloriana closes her eyes.*

Girl 2 “She’ll come to us one dawn. The girl

Girl 1 Safe, free, wise from her night journey

Girl 3 The girl who saves, the promised one

Girl 2 And what must be will be”-

*The beam of light returning. Settling on Gloriana. The light on her blinding. She looks up into it. Opens her eyes.*

*Blackout.*