

*Flood, Part Two: Abundance*

*A Play*

*James Phillips*

*Draft Script 20/11/16*

*Representation*

*Michael McCoy*

*Independent Talent Group*

*76 Oxford Street, W1D 1BS, London*

## **Characters**

*Natasha*, the former Minister for Overseas and honorary Lady Mayor of the City by the Sea.

*Kathryn*, her daughter.

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

*Johanna*, an Iraqi Christian.

*The Captain*, a fisherman.

*Sam*, his son.

*Jack*, an officer of the migrant processing system.

**Location:** Hull, a City by the Sea.

## **Notes**

It should be elemental. "The Storm."

This first live play might be tweaked before its second series of performances in October, when it will run in double bill with the second live play.

Elements of the larger cast might, I suspect, be added into the play at this time.

In a couple of places I'd like to use fake testimony broadcast on television screens to advance the narrative and the sense of place.

### **"Flood"**

#### **Oxford Dictionary:**

##### **(Noun)**

**"1.3 literary:** *A river, stream, or sea*

**2** *An outpouring of tears*

**2.1** *An overwhelming quantity of things or people happening or appearing at the same time*

##### **(Verb)**

**3.** *Arrive in overwhelming amounts or quantities*

**3.1** *Overwhelm with large amounts or quantities"*

*"he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.*

*He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief"*

**Isaiah, 53**

*At clearance-*

*The TV screens in front of our audience come to life.*

*Members of the community of the City by the Sea interviewed.*

*Black backdrop, single camera, no interviewer visible or heard.*

Woman A -What was it like? The City by the Sea? It was my home.  
Wasn't rich. Not like it used to be, not Great like a hundred years ago.  
It was its own place. It was proud. We were proud of it.  
It was the end of the line, where the land stopped and the sea started-

Man A -I lived on the edge of the dock and the wilderness. Where my father lived  
and his father. My father was on the ships and so was I, until the money ran  
out. Some of the lads went back when the whaling started again, for the oil  
you remember? The sea, that was always where the money had come from-

Woman B -We knew it wasn't the greatest city in the world. It wasn't. But it was a city  
of the great world. Safe world. The logical world. Like Europe was, back then.  
The bit of the world where there were no more monsters under the bed-

*Prologue*

Gloriana (V/O) Close your eyes.

Listen.

*Voices of the City by the Sea, rising. Cell phone calls, radio shows, casual conversations, whisperings,  
shouting matches: the unacknowledged soul of the city melding together. A refrain we'll hear again  
and again and which can be fused with a musical refrain as we go on.*

Gloriana (V/O) Does he hear the world like this? Does he find pattern?

*Then one radio signal coming out of the great melee:*

Radio -This is the fishing trawler Bastion we have a casualty on-board request  
emergency services over... Repeat this is the Fishing Trawler Bastion  
approaching harbour we have a casualty on-board request emergency  
services over-

*-Out of the melee of sound we find a single clear voice-*

Captain (V/O)

She came to us one dawn. The girl. Far out  
one dawn alone beneath the wine dark sea.  
One dawn hauling in nets from deep water  
From seventy meters down in the dark

We pull up one net empty of all fish.  
In it one hundred life jackets  
Orange like those migrants leave on beaches.  
One hundred life jackets and a girl.  
Curled pale naked just bandages on hands  
A drowned girl. Tattooed. Dead but  
All her limbs arranged like a sculpture.  
Like someone high above had demanded order.  
Dead, no breath. My son the mate respectful  
Reaches to cover her. And she sits up. Alive.  
Grasping for warmth like something new born.

*i.i*

*The Captain, outside the Detention Centre.*

*Now Sam, his son, approaches.*

Sam            They want you.

Captain        Ok.

Sam            What will you tell them?

Captain        Little as possible.

*The Captain moves away from his son.*

Captain        *(Turning back)* Unload the boat-

*-Within the Detention Centre: A shaven headed teenage girl with a tattooed body in a holding cell, her hands over her ears, head back. We hear the sounds of the city again, as she hears them, louder and louder. The room filled with light, blazing light, then black out-*

*-Shock cut into another room in the Detention Centre.*

*The Captain stands at a window looking out towards the sea.*

*Jack, an officer in the Detention Centre stands across from him. -*

Jack            -She was dead?

Captain        Drowned.

Jack            -And then she wasn't?

Captain        Wasn't?-

Jack            -Dead.

Captain        She started to breath.

Jack            You gave her CPR?

Captain        No-

Jack -But she started to breath?

Captain Yes.

Jack So she hadn't been in the water long?

Captain (to us) He didn't seem a man likely to believe in much. So I lied.  
(to Jack) Not long.

Jack But she was naked.

*Beat*

Captain Yes.  
The clothes, they can be washed away. By the water.

Jack Can they?

Captain I'm told. When their boats sink.

Jack All the clothes?

Captain Perhaps.

Jack Apart from the jacket?

Captain The life jacket, yes. The ones the migrants wear.

Jack Just one jacket?

Captain No, many.

Jack Many jackets but just one girl?

Captain Yes.

Jack So the others drowned?

Captain Perhaps.

*Beat*

Jack There've been no boats this far north.

*Beat*

Jack Where's she from?

Captain The sea.

Jack Which country?

Captain Don't know.

*Beat*

Captain Where is she?

Jack You want to see her?

Captain It's not a prison?

Jack No

Captain They can't leave?

Jack No

Captain        it's not a prison-  
Jack            -It's not a prison.  
*Beat*  
Jack            You want to see the girl?  
Captain        (*nods*)  
Jack            (*examining him*) Because you saved her?  
Captain        (*shrugs*)  
Jack            (*considering him*) There is a doctor, now. But another day, perhaps.  
*The Captain stands, starts to leave. Jack watching him.*  
Jack            There've been no boats this far north.  
Captain        (*turning back*) Situations progress, don't they?

**i.ii**

*Gloriana- the girl with the shaven head and tattoos- sits huddled in the corner of her room in the Immigrant Detention Centre. Johanna enters, an Iraqi woman in her 20s.*

Johanna        New?  
Gloriana        (*Nods*)  
Johanna        We will share the room then.  
                  Where are you from?  
Gloriana        (*Shrugs*) Don't know.  
Johanna        Muslim?  
Gloriana        (*Shrugs, shakes head*)  
Johanna        You want to stay here? This country?  
Gloriana        (*shrugs, nods*)  
Johanna        In the detention centre where you come from is the most important thing.  
                  Outside the walls, no. In here, where you come from: it is the whole story. It  
                  is you.  
Gloriana        I have no story.  
Johanna        Why?  
Gloriana        I don't remember.  
Johanna        Nothing?  
Gloriana        (*unsure, illustrative with words*) The water. A fisherman. Lifted me.  
Johanna        A fisherman?  
Gloriana        Yes.  
*Johanna unsure what to believe.*

**i.iii**

*-Music-*

*Now the Captain walks away from the Detention Centre. He talks to us.*

Captain        Do you know it, the city by the sea?  
                  It's my home, always my home, even when I woke far out to sea on the rigs,  
                  even when I dreamed divers dreams, narcotic nitrogen dreams below the  
                  waves.  
                  You know the dying docks, where once the world was brought? You know  
                  the new shopping centres, offering always less than they promise? You know  
                  the Victorian centre, built when the world was ours and before the world  
                  forgot us. You know the place where the grey sky meets the grey sea. Where  
                  day by day the sea is taking back the land. You know the wilderness out  
                  where things were once made which now lies empty and where only the mad  
                  ones walk.

*During this the Captain walks from the Detention Centre, through whatever we make of the city, to  
the highest point of the place: the house on the hill.*

                  But the city when it is your city, it's more than this. It is us. Who we are now  
                  formed from who we were every then. The past: it's present, a place where  
                  you live haunted, each street a separate room in a memory palace, each step a  
                  motion through space but through time too until suddenly someday you can  
                  find yourself back where you began.

*Now the Captain stands looking up at the house on the hill. (When we have the larger cast he will be  
walking into the shadow of a group of Protestors who look up at the house, becoming concealed in a  
crowd.)*

Captain        This week, *she* has come home.

*Illuminated within the house we see Natasha.*

**i.iii**

*Now we see Kathryn, 22, who stands within the House on the Hill, apart from Natasha.*

*She talks to us.*

Kathryn        This week Natasha my mother has come home.  
                  Our parents: they failed, this much you know.  
                  The world given them, promised us, the world of  
                  Each generation rising, richer, easier, safe

More perfect, teeth whiter; each generation more  
Like people in an iPhone advert: all done.  
The world is dark and descending and afraid.

*Natasha calls down to Kathryn.*

Natasha (to her daughter) The Protestors are back.

Kathryn (to us) Do you know her?

My mother was Minister for Abroad,  
For intervention, for democracy  
Deposited down from twenty thousand feet,  
For foreign wars, violence done to force good.  
And then all that fell apart cause foreign wars  
Caused torture in foreign prison cells and babies  
got burnt by phosphorous, choked by dust.  
And blood spilt abroad splashed up into eyes  
At home and we could not see right or wrong.  
And she- my mother- she was disgraced. So:  
our parents failed. What price should they pay?

*Now Kathryn approaches Natasha.*

Kathryn Mother-

Come away from the window. They'll see you.

Natasha That's what they want isn't it, that frisson?

Kathryn What they want is to take you to the Hague. Or perhaps burn you. If they  
find a convenient stake along the way.

Natasha Is that what you want too?

Kathryn (silent)

Natasha (her little smile) Strange, to have found my way home.

*i.iv*

*The Captain, sitting near the House by the Hill. His eyes shut. The Captain starts to sing, for himself,  
as he remembers-*

Captain 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 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

*-Now lights up on a room in the Detention Centre. Gloriana stands, shrugs off her blanket, head to one side, listening. She smiles. Johanna, across the room from her.*

Johanna       What is it?

Gloriana       Can you hear?

Johanna       *(not understanding)* No.

Gloriana       It is beautiful.

*And Gloriana sings, soft, in perfect unison with the Captain.*

Gloriana       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

*As Gloriana moves to complete the verse the Captain stops singing, lost in his reverie.*

*She smiles. She loves the song and the singing.*

Gloriana       Cause I am you, and you are me  
you are me

*Lights now on Natasha, still in the House on the Hill far right across the City. And she can hear Gloriana. And as Gloriana sings, soft smiling her first pleasure, Natasha starts to sing softly to herself.*

Gloriana/Natasha

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  
you are me

*i.v*

Gloriana (sings) We'll sail across that ocean, oh my love  
Just you and me, just you and me-

*Next day.*

*Gloriana in a room in the Detention Centre. Head to one side. Hands bandaged still. She is calm. She is singing, in unison as we crossfade, the same song as the Captain.*

*Now Jack at the door, watching her sing. She is not embarrassed, has not learnt to be. Her singing fades.*

Jack Don't know that song. What is it? It's in English.

Gloriana (half a nod)

Jack Yes?

Gloriana (half a nod)

Jack And you speak English?

Gloriana (silent)

Jack But you understood what I said?

*Gloriana raises her hand, half pointing at the air, like a tentative schoolgirl.*

Gloriana (whispers) Learning.

Jack Tell me about the Captain.

Gloriana Captain?

Jack Who brought you here.

Gloriana The Fisherman?

Jack Yes.

Gloriana He took me up to the light.

Jack -We know that people are being brought into the country, here, illegally. The further North the weaker our defences. Sealed into shipping containers, often. But there are other routes. Trawlers meeting traffickers out to sea: we have suspected this. If the Captain was involved in bringing you from another country it is a crime, his crime: it is a profit on misery. Which country are you from?

Gloriana (wants to be helpful) I don't know what a country is.

*Jack turns to us.*

Jack (to us) And so it began. Many days trying to solve a puzzle whose pieces were scattered, rules of the game ignored. Most of them, the migrants that come in boats, hidden in lorries, concealed in containers: they know the rules. They read them posted in Facebook groups: we change a policy it's across a continent in a click-

Jack (to her) Are you from Syria?

Iran?

Egypt?

(In Arabic then English) How did you enter Europe?

Gloriana I do not remember before.

Jack (to her) Amnesia- forgetting- is no defence. If you are fleeing war, perhaps. If you are fleeing persecution, perhaps. But pretending to forget does not mean you receive asylum-

Gloriana -I am telling you what I know.

*She turns away from him silent.*

*Jack talks to us.*

Jack You think I'm callous doing this job? You know there must be order. Half of you, your hearts bleed. The other half, they harden. Half of you, you see The poor, the fleeing masses as your children You say 'suffer all the little ones come to us'. The other half see their own sons and daughters dispossessed, English futures wrapped up and gifted away into foreign hands. And is there real natural justice in that? So, say I'm callous. But if there's no order One day you'll look down from your high windows Find the riot come tooth and claw to your street.

*i.vi*

*Gloriana sits with Johanna.*

*Johanna talks to us.*

Johanna (to us) At first they ignored her, all these others detained. Left her sitting in the corner of the room, looking out towards the sea. But in the first days there was a little girl joy in her, before her dreams began. Her smile it spelt the

word delight. The light, it glistened where she sat. I had been here many months, waiting for my yes or no. I wanted to teach her. She was thirsty for knowledge, like a soldier stumbled out of the desert-

Gloriana -You came here why?

Johanna I was not safe.

Gloriana Why?

Johanna Because of what I believed.

Gloriana Why this place?

Johanna Place?

Gloriana Country.

Johanna I had an idea of it.

Gloriana What?

Johanna That it was good. That it was fair. That it was safe.

Gloriana What is it like? Outside the walls.

Johanna *(moved)* It is very cold.

It is... there is so much. They have so much.

It is the best place in the world.

The people, I do not know what they are thinking. Their faces are written in a different language. They have lost faith in themselves. They do not remember what they are. But I believe in them even if they don't believe in themselves. I believe one day they will protect us-

Gloriana Us?

Johanna -the ones who are weaker.

Gloriana You lived outside the walls?

Johanna A year. I am illegal. I was caught.

Gloriana You want to stay?

Johanna Yes. I pray for this. Will you pray with me?

Gloriana I don't know. What is pray?

Johanna You have a religion? Yes? Everyone does.

Gloriana *(shrugs)*

Johanna Don't remember?

Gloriana *(shakes head)*

Johanna It is what connects people. Faith.

*Johanna stands, checks the room.*

Gloriana What?

Johanna        Want to see no-one is watching. It is dangerous. To pray.

Gloriana        Why?

Johanna        Because it is powerful.

*Johanna reaches beneath her clothes and brings out a small silver crucifix. Cradles it in her hands.*

Johanna        I will show you.

*She shows her. Johanna and Gloriana kneel. Lights changing.*

Johanna        (to us) Her smile it spelt the world delight. And so the residents begin to approach her. Eritreans, Syrians, Egyptians, Afghanis. This place in England, this centre: holds the whole world. They give her little gifts: these ones who had nothing but who had more than her, because they knew who they were.

*i.vii*

*-The next day-*

*Detention centre. The interview room. Jack across from Gloriana.*

Jack            The Captain. We believe he is involved in the trade in people. You first met him where?

Gloriana        The boat, I said-

Jack            -But this wasn't chance, was it, it was a rendezvous, it was arranged, he was expecting you.

Gloriana        (considers) Deep inside I think he was.

Jack            I don't know what that means.

*And the girl leans forward and holds her bandaged hands over his heart.*

Gloriana        In here.

Jack            No Jedi nonsense.

Gloriana        What is Jedi?

Jack            Star Wars. You know Star Wars? It's.. excellent. (laughs) Like.. they can move stuff with their mind.

Gloriana        (smiles, wonderful thought) With their mind?

Jack            -Doesn't matter-

Gloriana        (conspiratorial) -I know a secret about the Captain.

Jack            Tell me.

Gloriana        There's one (indicates a tiny thing) part of him that is still pure.

Jack            Pure?

Gloriana        (sits back content) This I know.

*Beat*

Jack Listen to me. The weakest always suffer: it will be you that suffers. You want to stay here then you must tell the truth.

Gloriana Everything I know I will tell you.

Jack Then tell me where are you from?

Gloriana *(silent)*

Jack *(to us)* Her face implacable. *(to her)* Ok. We need a break.

*Jack leaves.*

*Now Gloriana smiles to herself. And she looks up and out and straight at us. We hear the sounds of the city again. She stands. She moves the chair that he was sitting on to the centre of the room. She looks at it, then she looks at us, smiles. A magician with her audience. Her smile. She puts her hands on her temples. She concentrates on the chair. "Sounds of the City" increasing. Her effort, increasing. After a moment the chair does not move. She looks up to us, shrugs, impish: to say, 'what did you expect?'*

*-time passing?-*

*Johanna in a different part of the centre.*

Johanna She learnt the world not with her head but with her whole being. She learnt things so that once I had taught them I had somehow learnt them all over again, new-

*Now Gloriana joining her. In media res-*

Gloriana The cities without kindness were to be destroyed?

Johanna Cities of the Plain.

Gloriana And He says, He bargains with Abraham, He says find me fifty good men and I will save the city, yes?

Johanna But he could not.

Gloriana Not find fifty?

Johanna And he bargains again. Forty five. And he could not find forty five. And it goes on, fewer and fewer until they agree on the littlest number.

Gloriana What was the littlest number?

Johanna Ten. He will not destroy it for ten.

Gloriana He could not find ten?

Johanna No.

Gloriana *(leans back)* I do not believe it.

*Beat*

Johanna The day the black flags came to our town they painted a red letter on each Christian House. Like an N. "Nazarene." We were to pay a tax for our belief

or we would be killed. But it was a lie. We knew it was a lie. I ran. My friend, my neighbour, he stayed. Would not change. Would not tread on the face of Christ. They nailed him to a door.

Gloriana Where was this?

Johanna My home. The plains of Nineveh.

Gloriana We could still have found ten. The littlest number. We will still find them.

Johanna Perhaps. *(smiles)* The cities with no kindness, it is the Old Testament. Before Christ. Before he came to save the world.

Gloriana A good man to save the world.

What if God had been silent? Would he have known to be good? Would he have known himself? Would he have been brave enough?

*-time passing-*

*Jack outside now, talking to us as he is walking back into the room.*

Jack *(to us)* There was something about her. I'd go home each night and of all the hundreds in that centre, all those waiting for a yes or a no, it was only her face that travelled back with me, only she that swam the river of my dreams. I was told she woke in the night, screaming. *(to Gloriana)* What is it you dream about?

Gloriana The storm.

Jack Because of the television? *(to us)* The news was full of strange reports, unexplained storms in the east, a sudden relentless weather beating down on countries far away. *(to her)* Because of that? Or because of something you remember-

Gloriana It is coming, coming here-

Jack What is?

Gloriana The storm.

Jack *(smiles)* These things are thousands of miles away.

Gloriana No: they are in you.

Jack *(to us)* We watched her, we who must decide, watched to see if she was actually part of a group. To catch the moment when she dropped the act. It never came.

And then one day: the fire.

*Fire spreading through the detention centre.*

*In their room, Gloriana and Johanna.*

Gloriana Look. Smoke.

*Smoke is rising. Johanna moves to the door, looks.*

Johanna        The building is burning.

*Music. Sound of the fire, of screams building.*

Johanna        (*crying out*) Help! Help us! (*to us*) And the girl, she closes her eyes, as if she is making maps in her head, hearing out the space-

Gloriana       -No one is coming.

Johanna        Help us! Please!

Gloriana        Come with me.

*Gloriana takes Johanna's hand, leads her out into centre.*

*Now Jack as the detention centre burns.*

Jack            (*to us*) Don't know who did it. Us or them? Masked men wanting to burn out foreigners? The foreigners themselves? Some days self-harm, it is their best protest. Don't know-

*The fire huge now.*

*We see Gloriana moving through flames, Johanna coughing leaning on her.*

Johanna        (*to us*) And the dark is coming for me, I can't put one foot in front of the next, flames building and we come to a locked gate and we will die-

*A locked metal gate.*

Johanna        (*to Gloriana*) No no no

*Johanna sinks to the ground, overcome with smoke. Gloriana walks up to the locked gate, kicks at it, pushes. It doesn't yield. Now she rages at it, shakes the metal, animal roar. She stands back. Looks across to the other woman.*

Gloriana        Johanna. Johanna.

*Johanna murmuring, broken.*

*Gloriana sinks back on her haunches. Then stands. Confronts the locked gate, ten feet back from it. Closes her eyes. Concentrates. The flames raging around her. An explosion. The gate opens.*

*She drags the woman through to the other side, away from the fire. Kneels by her, sees that she is breathing, eyes open.*

Gloriana        You're alive.

I must go now.

*Gloriana stands and disappears into the night.*

*Now the next day, Jack outside the gutted Detention Centre.*

Jack            (*to us*) We were lucky, not many died. But in the chaos many fled. After the fire engines and the news crews and the ambulances we found an absence among us, an empty chair by a window.



The girl from the sea was one of the disappeared.

*ii.i*

*Natasha at the window of the house on the hill, looking out.*

Natasha (to us) It becomes my evening hobby. Watching them. The ones come to register their protest. To see how deep into the dusk they remain. Those with the most endurance I admire. Although I don't yet know if their endurance is in proportion to their virtue.

They always stand- because of the law is it?- far enough away that their faces are like memories, smudged by distance. I cannot make out an individual face.

And then one night: the girl. The girl who stands apart, who stands still when all the others have left. Standing still when I go to bed. And the next night and the next. Each day no closer to joining the crowd, each day separate.

Tonight: there she is-

*We see Gloriana, alone outside the house.*

Alone, an urchin looking up at lights.

And now she holds out her hands, palms unobtrusively held upwards, her head leaning back and it starts. It starts, slowly O so slowly, to rain.

- Build in a moment across the city with other characters acknowledging the rain? umbrellas? A beginning?-

She doesn't move away, doesn't try to cover herself. And she was just the littlest thing, not dressed for rain and I was up and walking and out the door. First moment in years I had no fear, although we were warned always of assassins, I knew I would be safe-

*Natasha leaves the house, picks up a blanket on the way, and now stands in front of Gloriana.*

Natasha (to her) "Are you cold? You must be."

The girl nods. Says nothing. Her face, it's like I know her, like I dreamed her once and then woke up forgetful but here she is, complete.

(to her) "Who are you?"

*Gloriana holds up her hands, slips out of the loose bandages, presents them.*

Natasha On each finger of her hand was a letter fresh tattooed into her skin.

(to her) "I don't understand. Who did this?"

And she then lifts her hands, places them over her eyes, their position reversed. And the letters spelt-

(to her) "Gloriana. Is that your name?"

Gloriana (Shrugs)

Natasha "Why have you come?" And serious face she started to sing, soft, simple, for herself-

Gloriana (sings) 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-

Natasha -the song that I had sung that night, that only he and I knew-

*Gloriana's song fades away, gentle.*

Natasha "Do you have somewhere? To go?"

Gloriana No.

Natasha "Come inside."

### **ii.ii**

*Natasha and Gloriana in the house.*

Natasha She sat in the corner of the room, next to the window where you can see out to sea. And I knew who she was, my ghost-

Gloriana Thirsty.

*Natasha hands her a bottle of water and the girl drinks it, greedily.*

Natasha "Where have you come from?"

Gloriana There was a fire. I left.

Natasha The immigrant centre?

Gloriana Yes.

Natasha "Why did you come here? To me I mean. You know who I am?-"

Gloriana He loves you.

Natasha "Who?"

Gloriana The Fisher Man.

*Natasha moves away from her.*

Natasha How do you-

No one could know that.

I haven't seen him since I was.. someone else.

Who do you work for? The newspapers?

*(softening, believing)* Does he?

Gloriana I wanted to understand.

Natasha What?

Gloriana Love.

Natasha Love?

Gloriana I have been listening. It is what I liked to hear.

Natasha What he did say?

Gloriana He hasn't said it out loud, he-

Natasha -Wait.

*Natasha sees Kathryn approaching.*

Natasha *(to Gloriana)* My daughter is coming. Don't say any of this to her-

*Now Kathryn is at the door.*

Kathryn Who's this?

Natasha Her house burnt down.

Kathryn Ok.

Natasha She was outside. And it started to rain.

Kathryn Ok.

Natasha I asked her in.

*Gloriana draining the last part of the large water bottle, noisy. Holds the bottle up and smiles.*

Kathryn Ok.

Natasha *(to us)* And in this way Gloriana entered my household.

### ***ii.iii***

*The Docks.*

*Sam is moving boxes and equipment taken from the Trawler Bastion. The rain is still relatively light.*

*Jack approaches.*

Jack Your father here?

Sam No.

*Jack waits, Sam continues to move equipment.*

Jack She's missing. The girl. *(Sam ignores him)* The fire. At the centre. You read about it? *(Sam still moving boxes)* And she disappeared. Your girl-

Sam -Not my girl.

Jack Migrant girl I mean. The one you took on your boat.

Sam Know who you mean.

Jack Any idea where she's gone?

Sam Why would I?

Jack Your father brought her in.

Sam -and then you took her.

Jack *(shrugs)* Where's your father?

Sam At sea.

Jack Weather's not great.

Sam Think we only make money when the sun's shining?

Jack You look for other ways to make money?

Sam Like what?

Jack Bringing people into the country perhaps.

Sam *(stops)* We done here?

Jack Sure. *(stands)* Couldn't place her. The girl. She said she couldn't remember who she was.

Sam Lot of them say that, don't they?

Jack Lot of them?

Sam Ones on the boats.

Jack On the boats?

*Beat*

Jack No. All got stories. All want to tell them. How they get what they want. Just her: she's the only one who's an absence. She say anything to you?

*Beat*

Sam Nothing.

*Jack moves to leave.*

Sam Tattoos were pretty special. See 'em?

Jack *(shrugs)* Sure.

Sam Scales on her legs.

Jack Scales?

Sam Like fish skin.

Jack *(considers)* Tell your father I'm looking for him.

*Jack leaves.*

Sam *(to us)* You trust him? *(shouts)* Father! Father! *(to us)* He's hiding. I listened to the rain last night. Did you? The beat of that wild rain on my bleak house. My bleak house in my bleak street. Dying City.

How many lay last night and despaired  
Solitary, listening to the rain?  
I thought of my mother. Died. Tumor. Found  
Too late for our too slow hospital. Fail.  
He sat silent, corner of the room, no words  
For her when she was going. Double Fail.  
My father thinks he knows the world. He doesn't.  
He doesn't even know this country, his home.  
Drains are clogged with discontent. Dirty water  
Rising ready to flow out into the street.  
Since the Kingdom ceased to be united,  
None able to go down into the shit  
To root out the blockage with their own hands-

*The Captain, who has been concealed, enters.*

Sam            He's gone. The girl. She's disappeared.  
Captain        Disappeared?  
Sam            Escaped.  
Captain        (*Nods, non-committal*)  
Sam            They burnt them out. The Detention Centre. She ran.  
Captain        You blame her?  
Sam            That net was seventy meters down. How can she have lived?

***ii.iv***

*The House on the Hill.*

*Natasha moving through the house.*

Natasha       -First night she wakes screaming. I reach the door to the room: sudden  
silence. I lean in, hear a sound like choking, like an infant trying to form  
words. My hand on the door knob. Then nothing. Just her breathing. I'm in  
the corridor like when Kathryn was a baby and I was swaying praying "sleep  
little one please sleep".  
I don't go in. Does she hear me, in her dream? Is she comforted?  
Same pattern next night and the next. Caught on the threshold-  
But the days were a delight. I found myself doing things I'd never done when  
my children were small. I cooked for her. Really. Opened a recipe book. Sat  
next to her on a sofa to see what she was reading. And she read *everything*.

My heart had been an empty space. But suddenly it was abundant. It was full again. A child: it teaches you to see the world again, fresh, does it not?

*Natasha now downstairs, Kathryn coming in, taking off her rain coat. TV on in the background. Gloriana asleep on the couch.*

Natasha Ssssh-

Kathryn -Not sleeping through the night, your waif and stray?

Natasha You don't know what she's seen.

Kathryn Do you?

Natasha No.

Kathryn Who is she?

Natasha I don't know.

Kathryn Trying to redeem yourself?

Natasha What do you mean?

Kathryn Taking her in. Orphan Annie. Will we be telling the press or a priest? Is it your soul that troubles you, or history books-

Natasha -It's not that-

Kathryn -you'll be a peace envoy next-

Natasha Kathryn. *(looking at the tv)* What's that? Turn it up-

TV "Unprecedented scenes from Istanbul where last night a tsunami struck the ancient meeting place of east and west. At this moment we cannot confirm what remains of this great city once known as Byzantium"-

*Sounds of the city.*

*Gloriana is at the door.*

Gloriana It's begun, hasn't it?

Natasha What has?

TV (v/o) "-we are also receiving reports of colossal storms moving west from Asia Minor towards Eastern Europe-"

*-Sounds of the city-*

### **iii.i**

*The City.*

*Music building through all this scene-*

*First the House on the Hill, Natasha moving through the house-*

Natasha One night the screaming did not stop. I followed my usual pattern. To the threshold and waiting. Hand on the door. But tonight it doesn't end, ancient sorrow like the song of whales. On and on. And I push through the door-

*-Natasha enters the room-*

-and see her squirming on the bed, a creature tortured on a table. I move to her, lie on the bed, curl myself around her, the smell of her hair, soothe "little thing, little girl lost, baby child", words like swaddling clothes and the sadness it seems to quiet for a moment and I lie back and let the breath out. Relief. Silence. Close my eyes. Then drip drip drip, water strange persistent on my face. I look up and the room is crying, that's my first thought, the room is crying, and there is water flooding down from the ceiling-

*-water pouring down within the room??!-*

-not a pipe bursting, water somehow formed within the room, water weeping down on me from every surface and I think of a scripture lesson long ago when someone said is god silent cause he weeps for us and he has no words left only tears, O the water coming down and I knew it was somehow to do with her-

*Gloriana sits bolt upright.*

Gloriana The sea. Something terrible is happening.

*Snap LX-> Now across the city: The Docks.*

Sam This was the night of the shipwreck-

*Snap LX-> Now the burnt out Detention Centre.*

Jack -The weather it had been worsening through the week, vast winds blowing in from the east-

*Snap LX-> Now the Captain moving to stand near his son*

Captain -at first it was radio chatter-

*The sounds of the city now, as Gloriana moves down out of the House on the Hill and into the open and from the sounds of the city a radio signal becoming clear-*

Radio -This is Coastguard Clipper Drake we have unidentified traffic unresponsive a mile out, over-

*Gloriana outside the house. Sounds of the city.*

Gloriana -They're sinking. Can you hear them? The water's rising, at their ankles now-  
*Now Kathryn at the window of the house-*

Kathryn -She was tormented, the girl, an animal smelling danger on the wind-

*Now Natasha coming out of the house after Gloriana*

Natasha -What is it? What have you seen-  
Gloriana -You have to help them, you have to help them-  
Natasha Help who?  
Gloriana The boat.

*The Captain at the docks, binoculars, looking out to sea-*

Captain There!

Sam What?

Captain Heading towards the rocks. Can't avoid them now-

*Visible now: out to sea there is a big fishing trawler, sinking, blown and battered by the wind and waves.*

Gloriana *(to Natasha as she exits the house)* Fire.

Captain -O Jesus no, hold steady hold steady-

Sam -What is it?

Captain They're going to hit.

*The trawler crashes into rocks out to sea.*

Natasha A fire where?

*An explosion on the floundering ship, seen across the city.*

*Gloriana starts to run across the city, towards the docks and the sea.*

Natasha Where are you going?

Gloriana To them.

*Natasha follows her.*

Sam What can we do?

Captain We're the ones here. *(to Sam)* We can try.

*The Captain and Sam move towards a little boat.*

Jack It's been raining for a week now, without pause. Each day heavier. Tonight: hail hammering loud on houses, the people of the city turning up television sets to drown out the noise. So they did not hear when the drowning started. But we saw the sudden light out to sea, the first explosion from the boat and then-

*Another explosion.*

*Music building.*

*The Captain's boat heading out towards the shipwreck, bouncing across the waves.*

*Out to sea, the ship floundering on rocks.*

*Jack, Natasha, Kathryn, Gloriana on the shore. Jack separate, Kathryn separate, Natasha closer to Gloriana.*



Jack           The people of the City becoming aware now, aware that something terrible was happening here-

Natasha       -People reaching for binoculars, for cameras with long lenses, trying to see out across the waters, seeing for the first time the desperation of those living other lives-

Kathryn       -how are people people when they know their end is here? Do they reach out for the arms of strangers? Do they cry?-

Jack           -and this place, this country, this city by the sea: it is somewhere you read about disasters not somewhere you can see them with your own eyes-

Captain       -felt my heart slowing like the moment you know a fight can't be avoided, battlefield feeling, and our boat bounces over waves towards fire-

Jack           -we watched as waves did what waves do, tore down what men had made, what men dreamed-

Natasha       -I looked across to *her*, the girl, the only one not looking out to sea, the only one who stood with her eyes closed-

Gloriana      (*her tattooed hands over her eyes*) -I could see them could see them packed so close they could not move see them covered with piss with shit hollering out fear in the dark, alone, waiting for the long night and I thought no, not tonight-

Sam           -Migrants, hundreds, packed like animals to the slaughter-

Natasha       And the girl walked down to the sea shore, and she knelt. Waves vast in front of her, she knelt-

*Gloriana on her knees. Sounds of the city mingling with the swell of the music.*

*Now the little boat reaching the rocks, light of a helicopter above, weave helicopter chatter into soundscape-*

Sam           And we are here now, trying to come alongside, rocks and a shattered ship wind and waves beating us away-

Captain       -Trying to hold a small boat steady in a great tempest and my son moving to the prow of the boat, trying to reach out-

*The boat making attempts to get close and to save them.*

Sam           -and they were so close, the doomed ones, dead already even when they're screaming out life, just an arms-length away, I could see their faces smell the stench of them, so close like we were the same but *no* that arms-length was a thousand miles, it was the distance between having a future and becoming the past-

Captain -And again and again the waves pushed us away-

Sam -And again and again we went back to be pushed away-

Captain -but it was too far. We could make no bridge. They could not be reached.

*The little boat turns away.*

Natasha -And now she stood, the girl. Opened her eyes, stood and she ran at the water, at the waves, at the sea and it yielded. It yielded to her, it opened to her-

*The sea parts.*

*Gloriana running through the waves.*

Natasha And she ran through waves held high above her. Ten feet, twenty feet forward was it? And then a wall of water in front, impassable.

*Gloriana still surrounded by the waters.*

Natasha Ten feet into the tempest: is that how far faith can carry us?  
And the waves came crashing down and swept her back to shore.  
And I looked to my left, my right expecting to see crowds, people fish mouthed hooked by awe. But it had passed unremarked, the miracle.

*Natasha moves to the girl, now sodden at the sea shore.*

Natasha Of all those there only I had seen it.

*Kathryn at the sea shore now, approaching.*

Natasha Kathryn!

Kathryn What happened?

Natasha The waves.

Kathryn What did she do?

Natasha She wanted to save them. Take her. Take her back.

*Kathryn takes Gloriana.*

Natasha Go!

*Kathryn and Gloriana moving back towards the house.*

*Now Sam and the Captain at the sea shore, soaked, free from their boat.*

*Helicopter light passing overhead.*

Sam (to us) It was chaos on the shore, emergency services running for boats, bodies floating in now from the water, the people of the city out from houses sudden misery tourists in their own streets and then like a rope thrown perfect through the crowd I saw -

Captain -(to himself) her.

*At this moment father and son caught and held by the sight of two separate women, in separate directions.*

Sam (to the Captain) Dad, look, the girl-

*Sam has seen Gloriana leaving the scene on the shoulder of Kathryn.*

Captain -(to us) there she was. Overcoat oversized drowning her, older so much older but still it was her-

*The Captain has seen Natasha.*

Sam (to the Captain) Dad, the girl from the sea, I saw her. Dad!

*Captain doesn't take his eyes from Natasha.*

Sam (to the Captain) You see the girl?

Captain No. I-

Sam Come on! Let's find her.

Captain You go. I'll follow.

Sam (considers his father) Alright.

*Sam leaves.*

Captain (to us) I walk along the sea shore towards her. Her face lit by the fire from a sinking ship. Looking out to sea, lost. My hands are shaking, these hands, that have held the wheel steady in forty foot seas. 10 feet now, five, and I remember her nineteen years old standing on this sea shore and the taste of her still in my mouth, five feet, I reach out touch her, casual ignoring all the decades past, reaching for her like she'd just turned away at a party and I was ushering her attention gentle back to me-

*He touches her.*

Captain And it was now.

*She turns. Looks at him for a long time. Smiles.*

Natasha Matthew.

Captain Yes.

*Time passing beat a la Whale?*

*Dawn.*

*Now Jack walking down a line of body bags.*

Jack (to us) At dawn a surprise-

*Sam joining him.*

Sam Look at them.

Jack What?

Sam The migrants. Can't you see what's wrong?

Jack (to us) It took me a long time to see it, concealed in plain sight.  
Oh.  
They were white, everyone. The drowned.  
European, everyone.  
Born Christian too, I suspect, everyone.

Sam They weren't running from a war. They were running from the storm. It's  
come for us now.

Beat

Sam We should talk.

Jack About what?

Sam The girl.

**iii. ii**

*The next day.*

*Gloriana walking through the city, hoody up, talks to us, the rain coming down-*

Gloriana You want to know what I am? So do I.  
This much I know: I am a something  
Trying to become a someone. Like you are.  
Like you have been each everyday of your life.

*Wrapping the rain coat around her, looking up to the skies.*

Dark waters are rising in your souls.  
The ones from the sea: could not be saved.  
Is this to be allowed?  
The storm is coming, and it will find us,  
a plane through blue sky into a high tower.  
But there is love. I know, I have heard it.  
And if there is love there must be an answer.  
That's what you believe, in the West, is it?  
Right now you think the rain is done to you  
Right now you think the rain is separate  
But understand this: you too are liquid  
Which means you too may be implicated.  
Which means that you too may not be fixed;  
You too are liquid: which means you can change-

*Kathryn is running after her.*

Kathryn       Where are you going?

*Gloriana turning away.*

Gloriana       Want to find out.

Kathryn       What?

Gloriana       Who I am.

Kathryn       *(to us)* I had followed her through the city. She stops now, by the water,  
looking out towards the sea.

*(to the girl)* How will you?

*Gloriana looks out to sea, silent. Gloriana turns back to Kathryn.*

Gloriana       How do you find out who you are?

Kathryn       *(serious, honest)* I don't-

I haven't learnt how to do that.

Let's learn how.

Gloriana       You will help me?

*Kathryn holds out her hand.*

Kathryn       *(to us)* And so we began. Our little quest. To make a lost one found.

### ***iii.iii***

*Kathryn and Gloriana. The House on the Hill.*

*Kathryn talks to us.*

Kathryn       First internet searches. Every country from which migrants were pouring.  
Pictures, phrases from foreign languages, paintings, pop songs- you ever  
heard middle eastern pop music, woah,- or religious chants, anything that  
might spur a memory, anything that might tie her to a place.

Then libraries, largely because she loved the silence of our City's dwindling,  
empty library. Histories of amnesia, of the effects of trauma, of drowning:  
multiple possible plot lines for a mystery into which she could not place  
herself.

A long journey which revealed no holy land, no place of origin. Just the scale  
of a global crisis I had not grasped: 65 million people are displaced, 1 in every  
113 people currently living on this little O, the earth.

And this before the storm.

And then one day-

Kathryn       *(to Gloriana, across the room)* No memory before the boat?

Gloriana       No.

Kathryn        What do you like?

Gloriana        Like?

Kathryn        To eat, to wear, to do?

Gloriana        (*considers*) I like your mother's food.

Kathryn        (*unimpressed*) Never cooked for me.

Gloriana        I like your clothes. This scarf. I like this.

*Kathryn is wearing an "ethnic" scarf.*

Kathryn        My mother says I dress like a Palestinian. That I'm an ambulant political gesture.

Gloriana        (*doesn't get the joke*) Not at all. There was a Palestinian in the centre. He had no scarf.

Kathryn        Ok.

Gloriana        (*shrugs*) I like to listen.

Kathryn        Who told you your name?

*Gloriana holds up her hands, as before.*

Kathryn        That's how you know your name?

Gloriana        (*shrugs*)

Kathryn        You know who did this to you?

Gloriana        No.

Kathryn        We're going to buy you some gloves.

Gloriana        It is ugly?

Kathryn        (*smiles*) It's badass.

Gloriana        What is badass-

Kathryn        Tough.

*Gloriana stands, pull her t-shirt over her head, not self-conscious.*

Gloriana        I have these.

*Tattoos down her back, intricate. Kathryn looks, then turns her head away.*

Kathryn        You're beautiful.

*The girl smiles, is struck by this. She moves and sits close to Kathryn.*

Gloriana        Look. These are better.

Kathryn        Better?

Gloriana        Not tough.

*She offers Kathryn her back to examine. Kathryn, shyly turns back to her. Reaches out a hand, touches.*

Kathryn        These ones are faded, like they should be carved on a wall.

Gloriana Yes.

Kathryn What are these symbols, over and over-  
*Her fingers tracing the patterns on the girls back.*

Gloriana -can't you see-

Kathryn no

Gloriana *(turning to her, and mimicking a fish mouth)* fish.

Kathryn -fish! Like a child would draw.  
*Gloriana kisses her, the fish mouth transforming.*  
*Kathryn accepts the kiss for a second and then moves away.*

Kathryn No.

Gloriana No?

Kathryn I'm too old for you.

Gloriana How old are you?

Kathryn 22

Gloriana I am so old I have faded. *(points to her back, smiles)*

Kathryn I'm too fortunate, I will not take advantage of you.

Gloriana Too fortunate to kiss?

Kathryn It's not like that.

Gloriana Show me yours. Your marks. Lift up your sleeves.  
*Beat.*

Gloriana I know they're there.  
*Now Kathryn lifts her sleeves. Welts from where she has cut herself visible.*

Gloriana Did that to yourself? Cut yourself, hot knife? Yes.  
Come back to me. I want to learn by tasting. Come back to me.  
*And Kathryn crosses the room to her and Kathryn yields to her.*

Kathryn *(to us)* Later I watched her sleep. She did not cry out from her dreams that night.  
*(to the sleeping girl)* You're powerful and you don't know it. Because you're your own, completely. You're powerful because you're parentless: you can make yourself up.  
In the morning she woke and said-

Gloriana Is there a Church?

Kathryn A church?

Gloriana I want to go to a church. That's next.

*iii.iv*

*The Detention Centre.*

*Jack and Sam in a room.*

Sam           Why do you think it's happening?

Jack           What?

Sam           The storm.

Jack           I don't know. No-one knows. It's weather.

Sam           Were you at my school?

Jack           Your school? No. Didn't grow up here.

Sam           Thought not.

Jack           You've come here to talk about the weather?

Sam           The net was seventy meters down.

Jack           The net?

Sam           We found her in. The girl.

Jack           Alright.

Sam           Seventy meters. Two hundred feet, more. Gets dark down there. Freezing-

Jack           -why are you telling me this?

Sam           She couldn't have lived. Couldn't have done it.

Jack           She did.

Sam           Yeah.

Jack           People dive deep.

Sam           With safety ropes, with safety divers, with fucking rebreathers. Not a girl in the North Sea, naked-

Jack           -I don't believe that she came out of the sea. I believe you were trafficking her. And something went wrong. Maybe she tried to run. Swim. You put hands on her?

Sam           You think that you're an idiot.

*Beat*

Jack           So what do you want?

Sam           *(leans forward)* Something's wrong.

Jack           Ok.

Sam           And she's to blame.

Jack           The girl?

Sam           She's the why. She came here- next day, next fucking day, it all starts to fall apart. Next day the rain. There's something not right with the girl.



Jack            She's not here anymore.  
Sam            I know where she is.  
Jack            Where?  
Sam            Who she's with. The daughter of the politician. You know the one? Dresses  
                 like a refugee-

*iii.iv*

*The Sea Shore. The Captain stands looking out to sea.*

*Now Natasha, approaching, talking to us.*

Natasha        (to us) I knew he would be waiting. And where.  
                 Matthew!

*He turns to her.*

Natasha        Here.

Captain        Yes.

Natasha        You did not forget.

Captain        No.

Natasha        I tried to.

Captain        Forget me or-

Natasha        Both.

                 Failed.

*Beat*

Captain        Your life. The things you did.

Natasha        Angry?

Captain        I don't mean the war. I mean-

                 You went away and the world it was yours. You meant something.

Natasha        Some days, perhaps.

Captain        I would sit here. Every year. Same day.

Natasha        I have never been back here. Or never left, one of the two.

                 Sit with me?

*He nods. They sit on the sea shore.*

Natasha        And how was it, your life? Heard you were a diver.

Captain        Yes, once. Rigs. Deep. Around the world.

Natasha        You found someone?

Captain        Yes. I did, yes. She died. It was bad.

                 But she was not you.

God, it is good to say that. No, not good but *good*.

Natasha I'm not me anymore.

Captain No?

Natasha Perhaps now, with you.

*Beat*

Captain This rain.

You knew I would come for you?

Natasha A girl told me.

Captain Daughter?

Natasha No. I have a daughter though-

Captain -I read -

Natasha - but not her. You read that?

Captain In the newspaper. They blurred her face, like they do for famous people children. Looks like you, does she?

Natasha No. Well her face maybe, but she is.. not like me. She *doesn't* like me.

Captain Of course she does-

Natasha (*deep feeling*) -once she hurt herself. Because of me.

Captain Because of you, you can't know that-

Natasha -Oh I do. Year to the day, after the first invasion in the desert. Year to the day, she did it. Nearly lost her. No-one knows.

*The Captain reaches his hand the distance to her shoulder.*

Natasha My whole life started here, this piece of ground. Wrong. I buried one life here.

(*whisper*) She's here. Under here. Like a miracle in reverse.

Captain Yes.

Natasha Our child. O, our child.

*Natasha lies down on the earth, coveting it.*

*After a moment the Captain, Matthew, lies down next to her, embracing the woman and the earth.*

Natasha Come to the house, will you?

Captain When?

Natasha Tomorrow night.

Captain Yes.

Natasha Meet the girl.

Captain The girl?

Natasha She knew. She knew you had not forgotten. I think she is an angel, sent.

-Time passing-

*iii.v*

*The next night.*

*The House on the Hill. Natasha across the room. The Captain at the door.*

Natasha        You came.

Captain        It's the oldest house in the city. Beautiful.

Natasha        You know I'm the Lady Mayor? Of the City?

Captain        (*teasing*) Lady Mayor?

Natasha        Former politicians, they give us ceremonial things: so the loss of actual power doesn't cut too deep.

Captain        Comes with a house does it, the ceremony?

Natasha        Yes.

Captain        Not bad.

Natasha        She's not here.

Captain        Your daughter?

Natasha        The girl. It's odd. Feel I can't breathe when she's not around-

*Now Kathryn coming in the front door, smack into the Captain.*

Kathryn        Who are you? (*to her mother*) Inviting more people to live with us?

Natasha        He is my friend. From before.

Kathryn        Before?

Natasha        When we were young.

Kathryn        There was such a time, was there? (*to the Captain*) What was she like, 'before'?

Captain        Beautiful.

Kathryn        Ah, that sort of friend.

Natasha        -Kathryn-

Kathryn        (*to the Captain*) - don't worry, my father won't walk in. He's been absent since the Inquiries started and things all got a bit Richard Nixon-

Captain        -I'm not worried.

Natasha        Where is she?

Kathryn        She?

Natasha        You know.

Kathryn        My mother has located a new and improved daughter.

Natasha        Was she with you?

Kathryn        Coming. She wanted to stay longer in the church. She's very devout suddenly, particularly for someone with such extensive body art.  
(to us) -I had left her, my little one, hours before, in the white church, where once the whalers prayed, where the slavers sang. She was distant to me, suddenly, foreign and far away, in that bright white stone room-  
(to Natasha and the Captain) So were you school sweethearts? Was there like a foreign interventionist society and your eyes met over a passage of Paul Wolfowitz-

Gloriana       -They were in love. There was a child, born dead, a lost one. Buried by the sea, yes?

*Gloriana is at the door, her approach unnoticed. Music soft, building.*

Natasha        Yes.

Captain        This is the girl?

Natasha        Yes.

Captain        I know her.

Gloriana       He brought me up.

Kathryn        What do you mean?

Gloriana       He was the one. The fisherman. In the sea.

Kathryn        You? You found her?

Captain        Yes.

Kathryn        Was it you, carved into her hands?

Captain        No.

Kathryn        You know who she is though-

Captain        -No.

Gloriana       I know.

Kathryn        Who you are?

Gloriana       Why I'm here.

Natasha        Why?

Gloriana        To save the world. Look.

*Gloriana points out to sea.*

Kathryn        And we looked out, across the water. A thousand little boats on the sea, approaching. Tiny lights in the darkness, looking for answer. (to Gloriana)  
What is this?

*A thousand little boats on the sea, distant, light within them.*

Gloriana        The storm. It has reached France, Holland, Denmark. They are looking for a place of greater safety.

*Now a hammering on the door of the house.*

Kathryn        Who is it?

Gloriana        The son. His (*the Captain*)-

Natasha        -Your son-

Captain        -I don't know.

Gloriana        Let him in.

*Now Sam entering the room.*

Sam            (*to his father*) You found her?

Captain        No. Luck.

*Sam is holding his phone. He sends a text. Across the city, Jack's phone lights up. He starts moving.*

Captain        Why are you here?

Sam            Her.

Captain        What have you done?

Sam            What have I done? What have you done? You brought her here, to this country. You brought them all here-

Natasha        Brought who?

Sam            Do you know this man?

Natasha        Yes. I do.

Sam            We meet them off shore. Mile offshore, more, we meet them. Our boat meets a bigger boat. And they come alongside and we take 'em. Eighty, ninety, hundred a time. Don't know where from: their skin it says Africa, Middle East. Thousand pound, two thousand a soul. We trade in souls, don't we, father? We trade in souls. And then into port, before dawn, and two hundred grand's worth of souls disappearing into the city streets, unknown, unremarked.

We did this to England.

But one day, just fishing, proper day proper work, one day: there she is. Naked and inked and coming up in a net. Drowned but alive.

(*indicating Gloriana*) This one. This one brought the weather. This one brought the storm.

What have *I* done? What have we done?

*Beat*

Natasha        (*ice*) Let me be a politician now. True, this?

*Beat*

Captain Yes. Forgive me.

Natasha *(to Sam)* The storm. What does it have to do with her?

*Gloriana has moved to the window.*

Gloriana The boats, they're getting closer.

Sam *(to Natasha, to the others)* She is not like us. Is she? Don't lie. Is she? You know don't you, what have you seen-

Natasha -Why not?

Sam Seventy meters down we found her.

Captain Doesn't mean anything-

Sam -You joking?

Captain It's cold down there. Can stop the heart. Body knows that, slows you like your dead but you can live, cold lets you live, once I was working deep, diving, welding, there was an explosion the tube that kept warm water in my suit blew out, fifteen minutes till the rescue diver but I was so cold, so I lived-

Kathryn *(to the girl)* Is that true? The cold? Is that how it was?

*Another hammering on the door.*

Gloriana No.

*Jack enters with immigration officers in tow.*

Sam I found her.

Natasha Who are you?

Jack I work for the city.

Natasha Why are you in my house-

Jack You know this girl?

Natasha Yes.

Jack So do I-

Natasha You will not take her. You will not-

Jack -to shelter her it is a crime-

Natasha -do you know who you are talking to-

Gloriana -Wait all of you.

*And they freeze. Sounds of the city.*

Kathryn -Later I would think of that moment. It wasn't that I couldn't move. It was that someone had suggested it was wrong, that it was *inappropriate*. Not suggested to my brain, but to my nerves, to something animal inside. Like a

sudden, brief, stilling poison. And we stood still, all of us, and she just walked out, free, my love, out into the night-

Gloriana      It is time for me to go.

                  You're not how you're meant to be.

                  The little ships are here now.

*And Gloriana walks out of the house on the hill.*

Kathryn      A thousand tiny boats, a refugees Dunkirk, approaching-

*Far off, in a different light we now see Johanna, out in the Wilderness.*

Johanna      And we were waiting for her, far out in the Wilderness, where they say the mad ones walk.

*Gloriana walking towards Johanna and the Wilderness.*

*iv.i*

*Now the TVs screens in front of our audience come to life.*

*Again members of the community interviewed. Black backdrop, single camera, no interviewer visible or heard.*

Man A      We were overwhelmed. A thousand ships. And everything, it was happening at once, you won't understand this but when everything starts to happen at once, when everything starts to just go the things that might be possible... Can't be done.

Woman A    You think we didn't try at first? You think we didn't try?

                  Every one of those thousands, those tens of thousands, the European ones... We took them in. Filled the University gymnasium with them. The School halls. Shopping centre.

                  The theatre: that was the first mortuary I think-

Woman B    Wasn't enough.

                  They were desperate, can't blame them but can't let it go either. They were hungry, there wasn't enough, started stealing I heard.

                  French, Germans, Belgians: in the end what did they have to do with us?

Man A      And then the first cataclysm. The rains, they had been getting worse, day by day. And one day the banks of the rivers burst. The waters spreading. Bridges swamped, roads impassable. And we were cut off. The city by the sea was an island. We led back to ourselves.

Woman B    We took them in. Before we sent them out. You should remember that. Write that down.

*iv.ii*

*One week later.*

*Sounds of the city into sound of helicopters above.*

*Snap in media res, the House on the Hill. Natasha and Jack in the room. A phone ringing incessantly.*

Natasha        -You will not do this.

Jack            I won't?

Natasha        You will not send these people out.

Jack            And what power do you think you possess to stop us?

Natasha        I have placed a call. To London.

Jack            This city will collapse if we do not do this.

Natasha        You send them out it's already all gone.

Jack            You people. Your phrases, your idea of yourself: do you understand we're not a country anymore, we're an archipelago, cut off?

*Enter Kathryn, holding the phone.*

Kathryn        It's London.

*Natasha takes the phone, moves away from them.*

*Jack looks out the window.*

Jack            The wall's going up.

*Walls being built around the City by The Sea.*

Kathryn        What will happen?

Jack            Food will come to us, inside the walls, from helicopters. We'll ration it. What we do not need we will send out to them in the wilderness.

Kathryn        There won't be enough.

Jack            For a while there will.

Kathryn        And then?

Jack            Either we starve or they do.

Kathryn        It's over, isn't it?

Jack            What?

Kathryn        England.

*Natasha re-joins them.*

Kathryn        What did they say?

Natasha        The barrier on the Thames. Gone. Water like a wall they say. We've lost control of the South Coast.

Kathryn        Who's in charge?



Natasha Crisis management is devolved back to local authorities.

Kathryn What does that mean?

Natasha *(simple)* The centre did not hold. Government is collapsing.  
*(holds out the phone to Jack)* They want to talk to you.

Kathryn *(indicates Jack)* He's in charge? The ones like him?

Natasha Yes.

Kathryn The barbarians are inside the gates then.  
Mother, what will you do?

*Natasha's hand still held out, the phone in it.*

Kathryn You'll stop him, won't you?

*Natasha's hand still extended. She lowers her head.*

*Jack steps forward, takes the phone from Natasha's hands.*  
*He leaves the room.*

Kathryn You'll leave us to them? Leave her to them? That's your bravery, your tough choices?

Natasha I don't know what I can do.

Kathryn It was this part of you that started the wars, this part of you never blinked when they drowned people on the water-boards, this part of you gave away our goodness because you stood by-

Natasha -Sometimes goodness exists because we will allow terrible things. We believed we could remake the world, make it free-

Kathryn Was it your goodness that put the bombers out over the desert?

Natasha *(simple)* Yes.  
It is not easy.  
You children do not get to judge. You don't get to judge hands made dirty keeping yours clean. You are weak, all of you children weak-

Kathryn - You did not make that good world though, did you?

*Kathryn moves to the window.*

Kathryn She's out there.

Natasha Yes.

*Kathryn moves to the door.*

Natasha Where are you going?

Kathryn To find her.

*Kathryn leaves.*

Natasha Kathryn! Kathryn!

*Natasha hesitates, then dials a number on the phone.*

*Now a visual moment, the refugees being moved out of the central part of the City by the Sea, a great torrent of people on the march.*

*Hymn "The Day Thou Gavest Lord Is Ended". Kathryn joining the throng.*

Hymn           The day thou gavest, Lord, is ended,  
                  the darkness falls at thy behest;  
                  to thee our morning hymns ascended,  
                  thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

As o'er each continent and island  
the dawn leads on another day,  
the voice of prayer is never silent,  
nor dies the strain of praise away.

*The make-shift walls going up.*

The sun that bids us rest is waking  
our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
and hour by hour fresh lips are making  
thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,  
like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
thy kingdom stands, and grows for ever,  
till all thy creatures own thy sway.

*And now the wilderness is walled off.*

*Now lights on the Captain.*

*He stands at the wall, looking out over the wilderness, the exodus.*

Captain        What is the wilderness? Literally  
                  it's the place we no longer make things,  
                  The place of connection where factories  
                  Once stood, through which the whole world once flooded,  
                  Abundant. Now husked, hollowed out,  
                  Shattered buildings open to the skies.  
                  Decades now home only to the dispossessed.  
                  But now it is full again, all the people  
                  From a thousand little boats, all of Europe

Drenched huddled in a thousand little tents.  
Abundance come sudden to a darkling plain.

*iv.iii*

*The office of the burnt out detention centre? Jack on the phone*

Jack            Yes. Yes. The supply drop will be secured. We have weapons, yes-  
*Puts his hand over the phone and talks to us-*

Jack            -There's a people's militia on the wall. If we hadn't allowed it, they'd have  
done it anyway. The people. The situation is developing hourly. There are  
days when order, when the world, needs men on the walls with guns. You  
know that. Know it deep down. You ready to serve?

*Sam is at the door.*

Jack            You want me?

Sam            (*Nods*)

Jack            Where's your father?

Sam            Don't know. Really.

Jack            You should be in prison the both of you.

Sam            Got time for that?

*Beat*

Jack            What do you want?

Sam            Men.

Jack            Why?

Sam            We need to get the girl.

Jack            Get her?

Sam            Kill her.

*Beat*

Jack            Why?

Sam            You know why.

Jack            We kill her this ends?

Or you just want to do it?

Sam            You want me to go out there and say what I know-

Jack            -what you know?-

Sam            -what we saw, where she comes from, that she's the reason?

Want me to shout that in the street, think you'll hold the city once they know  
that?

Jack -You don't know that's true-  
Sam -They'll be like wolves heading out of those gates with knives and bats-  
Jack -no-one will believe you-  
Sam -here, now, today they'll believe anything. Anything gives them hope, anything gives them back control.  
Jack Hope's what you want is it?  
Sam Control's what you want.  
You'll help me?  
Jack *(defeated)* How many men?

*iv. iv*

*The Wall*

*Night.*

*Sam is leaving the City Walls. Enter the Captain, who has been concealed by night.*

Captain Wait! Wait!

*Sam pauses. The Captain approaches, passes out of the Gates.*

Captain My son.

You're going out? Out there?

To find her.

You'll bring her back, will you?

*Examines his sons face, close now. He puts his arms on his son shoulders.*

Captain You must not hurt her Sam.

*Anger rising in Sam. He hits his father hard in the stomach, in the face. The Captain collapses. Sam kicks his father on the ground, repeatedly, spits on him.*

Sam You don't understand, do you? I have seen them. You have shown me them. Packed into a ship so close in the dark they can't see their neighbour but can hear their screams their prayers, stand there swaying coated in someone else's vomit. They're in my dreams. If we don't do something about them, about this, then do you know what will happen? It will be us in their place. It will be us in the dark.

*Sam walks out into the wilderness. (Men with him through this?)*

*The Captain struggles slowly to his knees.*

Captain *(to us)* He doesn't believe. Chance of miracle from something new, something introduced. The grit that might yield a pearl from the oyster. He sees an entry wound, sees a splinter suppurating into a sore.

*iv.v*

*The Docks.*

*The Captain sitting by the sea. Natasha enters.*

Natasha      Your face.

Captain      Yes.

Natasha      Who did this?

Captain      Does it matter?

*Beat*

Natasha      I need you.

Captain      For what?

Natasha      My daughter has gone out into the dark.

I have let her down. In my life. She thinks.

She might be right.

I don't want to fail. Fail her.

Captain      You'll go out?

Natasha      Yes

Captain      You think things can be saved?

Natasha      Will you help me?

Captain      Why me?

Natasha      You cannot say 'no'. You are the last left who cannot say 'no'.

*The Captain considers. The Captain stands.*

Captain      Come on.

Natasha      How can we get past the wall?

Captain      We don't need to. The sea.

*He moves towards the little boats in the harbour.*

*iv.vi*

*The wilderness.*

*Sounds of the city.*

*Johanna talks to us. An encampment/shattered building in the Wilderness.*

*Gloriana approaching as if in flashback, then moving through time in the scene. When we have the community cast, people coming out of shells of buildings, to witness.*

Johanna      She came to us one night. The girl. Far out

One darkling night onto the empty plain

She came to us. We who had been waiting,  
Waiting for this. Did she know it? Did she  
See the little fish tattooed graffiti  
Onto empty buildings, tribute to her?

*And Gloriana is with her.*

We were confident. We knew she would save us.

*Johanna embraces her.*

Johanna She sat amongst us, that first night

Gloriana Who are these people?

Johanna Everyone. They have come from everywhere. The boats, those ones from the  
centre, ones from the fire-

Gloriana They were waiting for me?

Johanna Yes

Gloriana How did they know?

Johanna I told them.

Gloriana Told them what?

Johanna How you saved me. How you opened the gate, took us out of fire-

Gloriana I took you-

Johanna -the gate was open and others followed-

Gloriana -I did not know that.

Johanna Others followed. And I told them you would come to us.

*Beat*

Johanna Do you know how it is to be done?

How we are to stop the storm?

Gloriana I am trying to learn.

Johanna *(to us)* We call ourselves "The Flood". The ones out in the wilderness waiting.  
These sons and daughters of the storm. At first only I am close to her, but  
soon courage collects like coins in their pockets and they approach her, some  
shy watchful for miracles, others full of ideas-

*Involve Community Cast in this? Visual moment? Now back to-*

Gloriana - some of them want violence. They want to take back the city.

Johanna -and what do you say?

Gloriana What would it solve?

Johanna They will do what you ask.

Gloriana Who do you think I am?

Johanna Sent from God.

Gloriana That's what you told them?

Johanna Yes.

*Gloriana moves away from her.*

Johanna (to us) Each day she disappears into the wilderness. Her absences growing longer.

I tell "The Flood" what little she knows of herself, what I know of her. These stories become currency, traded around the camp, embellished by every exchange. Altered. So that when they describe her it's a whole heartbeat until I recognise that girl that first came naked to the shore.

Each day new ones arriving-

*Now Sam, a hood pulled up around his face joins her. With men?*

Johanna You have come to join us?

Sam Yes.

Johanna There is a place for you.

Sam There are men with me.

Johanna There's a building with a sheet for a roof. Out across the plain. We will bring food when we have it.

Sam Where is she?

Johanna (smiles) Out in the storm. But she will be here again.

Sam Good.

*Sam leaves.*

*Gloriana now out in the wilderness, under the rain and the storm.*

*Sounds of the city/sounds of the storm.*

Gloriana I am lost

Baffled

It rains

we don't know why.

It rains we don't know who we are

What is the storm?

A thing of physics, a thing of the heart.

The world's not dying it's killing itself.

(looks up at the sky) You know us don't you? You understand us.

You know why I was put here, wonderfully made.

The rain is glass upon which reflected

We see our character. So speak to me!  
Tell me how I can save them, save the world.  
I am here for a reason, am I not?

*Now she starts to sing soft, supplicant to the skies.*

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 my love  
On you and me, on you and me-

*Now Kathryn walks out of the darkness.*

*Gloriana sees her.*

*Kathryn moves to her, kisses her, hands rough in her hair.*

*After a moment Kathryn steps back and slaps her, hard.*

*They look at each other.*

Kathryn        You left me behind.

Gloriana        Yes.

Kathryn        There's shelter?

*Gloriana holds out her hand.*

*They walk back to the shattered building/encampment.*

*Johanna outside the shell of a building in the wilderness.*

Johanna        (to us) One night she did not return alone.

*Kathryn coming back through the wilderness hand in hand with Gloriana.*

Johanna        Who is this?

Gloriana        She is mine.

*The stop poised on the threshold of the building/tent whatever we come up with.*

Gloriana        (to Kathryn) Come in with me.

*Kathryn enters.*

Gloriana        (smiles, to Johanna) Don't let anyone disturb me.

*Gloriana smiles again and enters the building/tent whatever we come up with.*

Johanna        (to us) I sat guard that night.

*Sam appearing (with men?) from the darkness.*

Sam             She is here?

Johanna        Inside.

*Sam edgy.*

Johanna        She is not alone.



*Sam loiters.*

Sam           Where you from?

Johanna       Iraq.

Sam           *(a barely perceptible shift)* You follow her?

Johanna       Yes.

Sam           Why?

Johanna       She saved my life.

*Sam listening.*

Sam           She's in there with a man?

Johanna       Perhaps.

*(to us)* Yes, I sat guard that entire night. Listened.

Her breath changing, rising above the rain, reaching for communion.

He was rapt, then shocked, then gone out into the night.

*Sam leaves.*

Johanna       *(to us)* Was I shocked? Yes.

Shocked like we should be sometimes: to a different sense of what is real.

She was flesh, was blood and bone; embodied: caught.

#### *iv.vii*

*Now the Captain and Natasha in the wilderness, rain coming down, lost. Torches in hand. Exhausted.*

Natasha       We've walked miles. How can we find anyone in this?

Captain       Turn off the light.

Natasha       What?

Captain       The torch.

*She turns off the torch.*

Captain       Look for other lights.

*They scan the night sky.*

Natasha       Let's try this way.

*She moves away, slips, tumbles down into the mud.*

*He moves to her. They sit, coated in mud and filth.*

Captain       Hurt?

Natasha       Just need my breath.

*She breathes in deeply. Looks up.*

Natasha       Two old fools in a field.

*She starts to laugh.*

*And then so does he. He leans his head back, rain pouring down.*

Captain        Water on my face.

Worked in the Gulf of Mexico. We'd free dive, for fun I mean, days off. No tanks, just a mask and you. Can train yourself to go deeper, hold your breath for a lifetime. Your head down, straight, past forty feet and then gravity flips and the ocean sucks you in. Deeper. So deep you can't possibly live but you do, because your body it remembers a million years ago when you came out of the sea. It understands that deep place; slows your heart, flattens your lungs. And there's so much nitrogen in your blood, 150, 200, 250 feet you forget your own name, hallucinate, forget you're beneath the sea: you swim into dreams. Some days I'd do it again and again, past when it was safe. I'd do it again and again because it was you I saw. You were my dream, in the deep sea.

I know I am ruined. I know that.

I just wanted to say that to you, out loud.

*She reaches out her hand to him. Silent moment.*

Natasha        Look. Lights.

*The lights of the encampment/tent in the distance.*

*v.i*

*The encampment in the Wilderness.*

*Kathryn emerging from the building/tent whatever we come up with.*

*Johanna waiting for her.*

Johanna        You love her?

Kathryn        Yes.

Johanna        So do I. You came out for her? Are you here to take her from us?

Kathryn        No.

Johanna        She is responsible to all of us. Do you understand?

Kathryn        She's just the littlest thing. Remember that.

*Gloriana emerges from the building/tent whatever we come up with.*

Gloriana        The fisherman is here.

*Enter Natasha and the Captain, exhausted.*

Natasha        My darling-

*Natasha moves to Kathryn, Kathryn moving away.*

Kathryn        Why are you here?  
*She takes her daughters hands.*

Natasha        For you.

Kathryn        You shouldn't have come.

Natasha        What's on your arm?  
*There is writing in sharpie pen on her arm.*

Kathryn        My name.

Natasha        Why?

Johanna        If we die. People will know who we were. We all have it. Like in war.

Natasha        Who is this?

Kathryn        She follows the girl.

Johanna        *(to Natasha)* I know you, the powerful one. I have seen you on the television screen. Look. This is my name.  
*Johanna raises her hands to her face. The letters of her name inked onto her fingers, practical homage to Gloriana.*

Natasha        *(reads)* "Johanna."  
*Natasha turns back to Kathryn.*

Natasha        Come with me.  
                    We have an hour.

Kathryn        Why?

Natasha        There's a helicopter coming. From the south.

Kathryn        For you?

Natasha        For us.

Kathryn        You'd walk away?

Natasha        I can't save them.

Kathryn        She can.

Natasha        Can you? Truly?

Johanna        She can.

Natasha        *(unsteady)* Do you feel that?  
*The ground is shaking.*

Kathryn        What?

Natasha        The ground. It's moving.  
                    We have to leave this place.

Kathryn        I won't leave her

Johanna        She will save us

Natasha (To Gloriana) Do you know what to do child? Can you help us?

*Sounds of the city, deafening.*

Gloriana (silent, shocked, shaking) I don't know.

*Gloriana runs away from them out into the wilderness.*

*Focus following her.*

Gloriana Listen!

*Gloriana held within the sounds of the city.*

Gloriana I have listened but I haven't heard  
I have witnessed but I have not seen  
Somewhere within the maelstrom there must be-  
Somewhere within the hate there must be-

*Kathryn following her, Gloriana seeing her now.*

Gloriana Your face.

(she smiles) And I see it.

Epiphany.

*The others joining now, Natasha, the Captain, Johanna-*

*Gloriana looks up at the sky.*

Gloriana I understand.

(simply) Stop.

*The rain stops, dead.*

*Music out.*

*A thousand lights like slender individual pillars coming from the ground, unique, a widening circle around her, stretching out across the city, across the world.*

Gloriana -It is your face, you who I love, and her face she who loves you, and his face seeing her seeing you seeing me and it is a chain stretching ten thousand years and it is everywhere and endless-

*She reaches out, mimes as if plucking one of the lights like a string.*

Gloriana Each voice a single strand in a single sentence in a vast conversation

*V/O One voice from the voices of the city and then another and then, TVs coming to life? As if she is plucking a voice like a violin string.*

Man A X

Woman A X

Woman B X

Gloriana Each voice a note in a song that is forever

*Music back, rising, melding in the song from the wasteland as a pre-record.*

Gloriana -and it is connected we are connected each to each like every cell in every body, melded like each drop of water in the great sea-  
We are *us*.  
And that moment is Alleluia.

*Johanna has reached her.*

Johanna You have stopped it-

Gloriana (*soft*) No

Johanna -You have stopped the rain.

Gloriana No one can stop the rain.

But we do not need to yield to it.

(*raising her voice vast to the whole plain*) This fragile moment. Do not forget it.

Johanna You have saved us.

Gloriana Just for one long breath.

*Sam is coming through the crowds of people, the Captain sees him first.*

Captain No.

Natasha What?

Captain My son-

Natasha What will he do?

Captain The girl.

Johanna (*to us*) And he was twenty feet from her now, ten, and she turns to him, her face wise and distant as a statue and she spreads out her arms soft, yielding-

Gloriana Don't hurt him.

Kathryn Why?

Gloriana He's here to save his world.

Natasha -Knife, he has a knife! -

Johanna -(*to us*) Five feet, three-

*And the Captain launches himself at his son, crashes into him, sends him to the ground. Sam pushes him away, one punch, another, hits him with the butt of the knife, sends him staggering away. Turns to Gloriana. Kathryn rushing in to protect her now.*

Gloriana Kathryn, no-

*Sam swinging the knife now, Kathryn stepping away.*

*Sam turning back to Gloriana. Approaching her, stalking prey. Now he raises the knife, sacrificial. Poised to strike. She does not shrink. And he stops. The knife dropping from his hands.*

Sam Look.

*Sam gestures over her shoulder, out to sea.*

*They turn to the sea.*

Sam            A wave approaching-

Johanna       -A mile high -

Natasha       -A dozen miles across-

Johanna       -And Gloriana, exhausted, sank to her knees.

*Rain back on, hard. Sam runs away.*

*Kathryn is tottering now, moving unsteady. She puts her hand to her stomach. Raises it.*

Kathryn       Blood. (*looking for Natasha*) Mother? Mother-

*Natasha runs to her, catches her as she falls.*

Gloriana       The boat. We need to go to the boat.

## *v.ii*

*Now the TV screens in front of our audience come to life.*

*Again members of the community interviewed. Black backdrop, single camera, no interviewer visible or heard.*

*Underneath the sounds of the city, so for the first time we are going beyond simple documentary style with these TV inserts, they are become part of the dreamscape itself.*

Woman A       We felt the ground shaking right across the city. I knew it was over then, knew something was coming for us now.

Man A           I saw the wave first, bedroom window, my wife trying to sleep. My daughter was away across the city, but the phones were down

Woman B       The wave smashed through my windows and suddenly we were underwater. This isn't how I die I kept saying that. This isn't how I die.

Woman A       People were shouting "Clear Out!" "Clear Out!" Shouting in the street. But to where? Where could we have gone? We were the end of the line.

Man A           I would have liked that last phone call. My daughter. Terrible death is it, to drown? Terrible death.

Woman B       There was a man, alone, just down by the water. He saw the wave. Knew it was coming for him. But he didn't move. Just turned to face it. Passive. Silent.

*-Cross fade this into main arena-*

*LX fast up on: In a different area of the City by the Sea, away from the House on the Hill, we see Jack. He walks out into the open. He is carrying an Orange Migrants Life Jacket.*

*The Wave approaching him. He standing without cover.*

*With great precision he puts on the Orange Migrants Life Jacket.*

*He turns to face the wave.*

**v.iii**

*Music building.*

*Gloriana, Kathryn and Natasha leaving the little boat, having reached an appropriate place in the City by The Sea. The Captain and Johanna still within the boat.*

Gloriana      Take the boat. Head up the coast. (to Johanna) Go with him! You must leave me now.

*Natasha pausing.*

Natasha      Matthew. Stay alive. I love you.

Captain      Yes.

Gloriana      Go!

*Gloriana carrying Kathryn.*

*Natasha following them. Natasha pauses, looks back out to sea. The wave vast now.*

Natasha      It's coming! Matthew, go! Go! Go!

*The Captain puts the throttle to full, the boat bombing away up the coast.*

*The wave coming for them until they are lost to sight.*

Gloriana      Come on! The highest point, that's where the helicopter will come. Follow me.

*Gloriana carries Kathryn up towards the House on the Hill. Natasha following, stumbling through the flood water.*

*The Great Wave approaching. Gloriana with Kathryn and Natasha stumbling into the House on the Hill and then up up up as high as they can go.*

*As they move the TV's (or even just voice over if the voices are now established) on again-*

Woman A      I saw so many taken, thousands taken by the Wave, their clothes ripped off

Man A      torn naked by the savage power of the sea

Woman B      panic terror of letting go, of that first breath of water not air

Woman A      people saying singing crying out

Man A      every holy sentence they knew

Woman B      but the wave would not listen the wave did not care

*Gloriana and Natasha have reached the top of the House on the Hill by now. The wind howling.*

*Gloriana listening.*

Natasha      Can you hear it?

*Listening, listening, listening. Gloriana. Eyes closed.*

*Gloriana points, her head still down, marionette.*

Gloriana      There.

*A helicopter searchlight, approaching.*

RAF Pilot -This is Raven Two Zero One Seven we have principal in sight-

*Natasha cradles Kathryn in her arms.*

Natasha She's not breathing.

*Natasha places her hands on Kathryn's stomach. Lifts them.*

Natasha All this blood. Oh my child. She's not breathing.

Gloriana Hold her. She knows it is her mother. Knows

It is you. *(looks out over the city)* The lights are going out now.

*Across the City each of the thousand lights Gloriana has lit going out fast, one by one.*

*The waves crashes across the city now, destroying everything.*

*The land becoming sea.*

*Natasha looks up at the sky. The wind howling.*

Natasha They are here.

RAF Pilot -This is Raven Two Zero One Seven we are attempting extraction standby-

*The helicopter close now, its searchlight settling on them.*

Gloriana It is too close now.

Natasha What do you mean?

Gloriana The storm has them.

*The wind too vicious. The helicopter searchlight out of control now, the helicopter trying to hold altitude and then spinning away.*

RA Pilot -This is Raven Two Zero One Seven, cannot hold this, Mayday Mayday

Mayday, going down hard Mayday Mayday Mayday-

*The helicopter veers away from them.*

*Massive explosion as it crashes.*

*Natasha cradling her daughter.*

Natasha My daughter. O! O! O! What have you done?

I might have saved her. Listen, does she breathe?

*(listens for breath)*

If she lives everything's alright.

Gloriana She is gone.

Natasha You have allowed this? I thought you were

The baby. I thought you were an angel.

*Natasha sinks back on her heels, in shock.*

*Gloriana looks down onto the dead girl.*

Gloriana The world is dark and descending and afraid.



I cannot hold the light. It is too much.

*Gloriana standing, looking out to sea.*

Gloriana (to Natasha) Listen to me. We're going to go down.

Go down to the deep place where there is peace.

*The wave above them now. Gloriana grabs Natasha, holds her tight.*

Gloriana One breath in, deep, breath in, and now we go.

*Gloriana steps of the roof of the house falling into the water, Natasha firm in her grasp.*

*The wave hits Jack.*

*The wave hits the House on the Hill, the highest point of the city and it is engulfed.*

*Now the TV screens again: Gloriana and Natasha under the water, Gloriana holding the older woman to her as the wave passes above them.*

*Mirror image of Gloriana from the Prologue, beneath the waves.*

*And now the two women bursting to the surface again in real time, live on stage.*

*The great wave has passed.*

*The House on the Hill has disappeared.*

*Natasha barely conscious.*

*Gloriana grabs a passing piece of wooden debris, levers the older woman onto it.*

*Natasha floating now on the wood, borne away from Gloriana by the current.*

Gloriana Go now.

*Natasha lost from sight.*

*The City by the Sea is vanished, replaced by the maelstrom. The storm raging.*

*Long moment of static on the TV screens.*

*v.iv*

*Sounds of the city, fading.*

*Now Gloriana, standing alone on a piece of wood on the empty, burning sea.*

Gloriana The world drowns where it doesn't burn, what to do?

I'll not give up and neither should you,

The world hates and it doesn't learn, what to do?

I'll not give up and neither should you.

Nothing now divides rich and poor,

And all you loved seems taken away;

Faith stirs solely within the empty soul'd,

Hope lies naked prone on a torture table,

Your dreams all drowned, compassions choked,

Seems like all is passed away, all is gone,  
Alone on an empty sea, no land in view,  
The world needs to be made again, made anew:  
O yes, you're right to ask: what can we do?  
I'll not give up. My question is will you?

*Gloriana turns away from us and looks out to the water.*

*She starts to paddle, a tiny figure on the wide sea.*

*Blackout.*