***Flood, Part Four: New World***

***A Play***

***James Phillips***

***Draft Script 30/5/17***

***Representation***

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*Independent Talent Group*

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***Characters***

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

***Natasha,*** *the former Minister for Overseas****,*** *now the leader of Renaissance Island.*

***Johanna,*** *an Iraqi Christian, now the leader of the Holy Island.*

***Sam****, a former fisherman, now the leader of Albion Island.*

***The Captain***, *a former fisherman*, *now resident of the Holy Island.*

***Sally****, A resident of Albion Island*

***Olivia****, A resident of Albion Island*

***Ingrid****, A resident of Albion Island*

***Various inhabitants of the Three Islands***

***Location:*** *Three makeshift islands becoming City States, and the empty sea.*

*“Even in our sleep, pain which cannot forget
falls drop by drop upon the heart until, in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom through the awful grace of God”*

***Robert Kennedy, slightly misremembering Aeschylus, in a speech announcing the assassination of Martin Luther King, 1968.***

***i.i***

*Three makeshift islands alone on the empty, wild sea. Perhaps the remnants of the very highest ground, or just platforms and metal lashed together. A home that is a life raft. On them the shattered survivors of the Wave. The islands’ littered with detritus, with fragments of the society that once went before.*

***i.ii***

*Projected: The Faces we recognise from Part Two. Same background.*

*Island Construction continues under this to buy more time and get a double visual-*

Man A What was it like? After the wave? Everything was gone. The land was sea. It was luck, where you ended up. If you ended up, or just ended-

Woman A We hung onto bits of wood, anything, looked for little boats, looked for help. Corpses floating on the water. I was on the water three days, alone, bit of wood, before a boat found me. I thought I was dead before they found me, thought this is hell-

Woman B -Worst days of all were the days straight after the wave. Most of the people who died they actually died in the days after. And most people did die. They drowned, starved. Died of thirst. Died of each other too: people killed to live, killed out of fear, it was savage-

Man A -you need to understand, England was gone. I don’t just mean the soil, the land, I mean the whole thing. Idea of it. We were left alone: had to start again, from what we knew, from what we were-

Woman A -Man and a woman in a boat, little rubber boat, found me. Torch light in the night. Three days. Thought it was God come for me. He was busy I thought, it took him that long to find me -

Woman B -we started again. Wasn’t really an island, was a platform bolted together, just above water line. Growing day by day. Didn’t know if there were others. We had to make up how we were going to live, what the law was, who was to blame, who was to lead. You start again, don’t you, you do what you have to–

Man A - And then, one day the rain stopped.

*Rain out on islands. Inhabitants coming out of any shelters, looking up to sky.*

Man A And we looked out on a new world. Sky dark and grey, like a nuclear winter. The sun just a remembered promise, an uncertain shadow, invisible above endless clouds. We lived, all the months that followed, somewhere between night and day, struggling to believe in dawn. And all of us, everyone, at the back of our minds had one question: What if the wave returns?

*And now we see the islanders begin to build structures on the islands, see them to try form order from chaos, see them make the beginnings of their new societies.*

*And as they build we build a song. Starting just with one or two, then growing and growing until by the end each survivor is singing. Three communities being built as three makeshift islands of shelter rise from the waves.*

Song After the Wave

 The world drowns where it doesn’t burn

We are what’s left

The world hates and doesn’t learn

We’re not what’s best

We stand alone, nowhere to turn

 We're not what's blessed

 And our broken hearts can onlyyearn

***i.iii***

*Now focus to Natasha, who stands alone on the edge of Renaissance Island, looking out to sea.*

*Natasha talks to us.*

Natasha Always and again it comes to the city.

To how we might live, together, or not.

Can we build back better than we had before?

Scowling once she said to me, my daughter

My darling one, she said: ‘You have failed us’.

Perhaps I did. All of you, my children.

You know what price I paid. The price was her.

My child bleeding out in my helpless arms,

My child trafficked away into night. All gone.

O Kathryn, O my child.

Grief’s not sorrow for what the lost one lost,

Their own life stolen away, their future past,

It’s more; it’s rage at what was taken from you.

She was mine, she was my world without end

My answer to this insoluble life.

Her killers: What price should they pay?

There is hate in me, second beat of my heart.

My mind knows what you know, knows that violence

Is a circle, a snake swallowing its tail,

But my heart it is savage for vengeance-

*Enter Man A*

Man A -They need you now.

Natasha I know. (*Man A stands apart.* *Natasha talks to us*)

Once again I lead.

My little one when little she loved the penguins

Watched them rapt on the BBC, called out-

“Mummy, mummy, they cuddle against the wind!”

We’re like that now, penguin huddled, arctic storm;

Stunned silent, solely seeking survival.

But when the wind relents, what rage will come?

There will be blame yes, but should there be blood?

*Natasha turns and walks towards the massing people of her island.*

Man A What are we to do?

Resident How are we to continue?

Natasha (*raising her voice*) We are to make things as they were before.

Song Why did it come the wave, the storm?

 Did it mean anything at all?

 Was it cause of how we are?

 How do we know who’s to blame?

Were we the reason for the fall?

 We must build back better

 No choice but to harden our hearts

 Who can take away our shame?

***i.iv***

*Now focus shifts to Johanna, alone at the edge of Holy Island.*

*She talks to us.*

Johanna What is the power of faith? What can it alter?

 Gloriana was sent to save the world

 This is what I believe.

 Yet the world is sunk and burning and afraid

 Gloriana was sent to save the world

 Yet she is disappeared, shrunk to rumour

 And now we who loved her are shipwrecked,

 Trafficked, cast adrift on the wild sea.

 She’s lost but I feel the meaning of her

 Here, in my hearts mind, where absolute truth lies.

 I see her now, face moving on the waters.

 If we lose you then we will lose ourselves.

*Gloriana’s face, huge on the water.*

 They will say you mean nothing, that your name

 Is failure, is fraud. Gloriana.

 The girl from the sea, sent to save us all.

 What if your purpose was shrouded, hidden?

 What if the truth was you were more than you?

 If the truth is what you did is less important

 Than what you meant? *Gloriana*.

*Enter Woman A, orange lifejacket from the wilderness. Others joining.*

Woman A Teacher, what we will do now?

Johanna We will pray.

Woman A For what?

Resident To who?

Johanna To her. Gloriana.

Woman A But she has disappeared,

Resident Abandoned us,

Woman A She did not stop the wave,

Resident She lied to us-

*Johanna turns back to them. Rapt.*

Johanna No! I have seen a vision of beauty

 Seen a great light flashing from the deep sea-

Resident Where is she?

Johanna She is within us, always.

*The crowds gathering around her, listening.*

Johanna Yes, I have seen a vision of great hope-

*-Time passing-*

***i.v***

*Now to Sam, alone on the shore of Albion Island. His hands over his eyes, now withdrawing them, looking out to sea. He talks to us.*

Sam Whenever I close my eyes I see the knife.

 My arm extended, bright blade reaching out,

 Her little face, beneath, somehow accepting;

 Those eyes a dark sky full of stars glittering

 Then in them reflected the wave above

 Pitiless, slab sided like a canyon

 Arcing over me: a mile high, mile across.

 I did not strike down, I did not end it then.

 That was the moment. But I was afraid.

 What is the cost of fear, of weakness?

*Now he calls over his shoulder.*

Sam All of you, bring him here to me and listen.

*Enter the residents of Albion Island.*

*Amongst the crowd Sally, Olivia and Ingrid.*

*In the centre of the group a man, afraid, pushed towards Sam. The crowd forming around them both. Sam confronts the man. A coiled, animal energy in Sam.*

Sam Do you deny that I lead here?

Man No.

*Sam punches him in the stomach. The man folds over. Sam stepping back and looking to the crowd.*

Sam What are the laws here? What is our history?

*Sam hunting the faces for answer. Eyes settle on Ingrid.*

Ingrid Our history?

Sally (*trying to help the other girl*) He means the memory poems-

Ingrid (*panicking under Sam’s gaze*) I-

Olivia (*sotto voce*) You know-

Sally (*picking up*) “What was it like, life after the wave- “

Ingrid (*afraid and trying to remember takes the cue*) “What was it like, life after the wave”

Sally “We knew we must build a new world”

Ingrid *(still stumbling, echoing and struggling to keep up through the below*) “We knew we must build a new world”

Olivia (*joining*) “We knew we must harden our hearts.“

Sally “What was it like, life after the wave?”

Olivia “Like you woke up from a little sleep”

Sally “And your ma, she’s forgot she’s your ma”

Olivia “And she don’t even know your face-“

Sally “What was it like, life after the wave”

Sam (*over them as they continue*) What’s the law?

Sally “We know who brought the storm, the rain”

Olivia “We know it was the girl to blame”

Sally “And any who speak of her must die”

Ingrid *(certain now, louder) “*And any who speak of her must die.”

*Beat. The man has got to his feet.*

Sam This was found, hidden near where you sleep.

*Sam flourishes a piece of paper.*

Olivia What is it?

Ingrid What’s written there?

Sally -It’s a drawing of a fish, like children would draw-

Olivia -That’s her symbol-

Ingrid -Like those things written on her body, they say-

Man I did not do this

*Sam approaches the Man.*

Sam Who rules here?

Man You do

Sam Do you want to challenge me?

Man No

*Sam hits the Man again, and again. The man collapses.*

Sam This is yours, yes?

*The Man dragging himself to his feet again, silent.*

Sam Is it just you, or are there others?

Man I didn’t do this.

Sam It was found close to where you sleep.

*Sam hits him again, knocks him to his knees.*

Sam Do you want to challenge me?

*Man swaying, sobbing, on his knees.*

Man No.

Sam Are there others?

Man No.

Sam Tomorrow: the water.

Man No!

Sam (*to others in the crowd*) Take him away.

 You all know who rules here and why.

 Do you want it to return? Do you want the wave to come back?

*The Man is escorted away.*

*Sam and other residents leave. Sally, Olivia and Ingrid remaining by the sea shore.*

Sally Do you know that man?

Olivia He sleeps two shelters down from us-

Sally -From before I mean-

Olivia My cousin knew him I think. He drove a bus-

Sally -Your cousin?

Olivia -yes.

Sally Is he weak?

Olivia Weak?

Sally Can he be trusted-

Olivia -Why?

Sally Because one of you drew it, didn’t you? The Gloriana sign.

Olivia Why would we do that? Why would we risk our lives?-

Ingrid -Yes. Me.

Olivia (*shock*) Why would you-

Ingrid -because there must be something better than this.

Sally Why did you write it down?

Ingrid It’s not real unless it’s recorded.

Sally Does the bus man know it was you?

Ingrid I don’t think so.

Sally You don’t think so?

Ingrid I don’t know.

Olivia He’ll kill us all if he finds out.

Ingrid But if the Bus Man says nothing-

Sally -you’re sure, are you, that no-one saw you?

Ingrid No.

*Beat*

Ingrid What do we do?

Sally Stay apart. Find a way to leave this place.

Olivia And go where? The sea?

Ingrid They say there are other islands.

Olivia Go out on the sea and we’ll die slow-

Sally -What choice do we have? Separate now. Don’t be seen together.

*Olivia and Ingrid leave.*

*Sally turns to us.*

Sally How do you balance safety against hope?

 The one who leads, he has kept us all alive.

Built shelter bare handed, and he alone

Raises food from the unharvestable sea.

Each dawn departing with self-salvaged nets,

Each night returning nets crammed abundant.

My life, he saved it, does it belong to him?

And so, at first, our society works.

But there are rules. No citizen welcome

Except those born in what was once England;

And no mention of the girl from the sea:

The girl some say is the hope of the world.

And behind the walls there are screaming rooms,

And within our minds knives are heated white,

In case a thought becomes a spoken hope,

And he who leads becomes sharp he who hurts.

But if you give up hope then what is left?

I am only the world I dream possible,

And without my dreams there will be no me.

So for now our hopes must be deep divers,

Scuttling things surviving the ocean floor.

***ii.i***

*Gloriana on a tiny boat far out in the empty sea. Exhausted, filthy, sculpted to skin and bone.*

*No sounds of the City here: a new soundscape, drawn from the sea.*

Gloriana Day after day I dive beneath the waves

 Try to slip back to how it began but

 Where I come from remains a veiled land.

 What power I had seems gone. I listen:

*-Her hands over eyes-*

 Silence. And I am exiled from myself.

 No longer the sound of a thousand souls,

Human sighs now changed for the howl of whales,

 The shriek of gulls, honest ancient chorus.

 I am alone.

 Like a mystic platformed high in the desert.

 I am alone.

 I am taken far out to sea so I dream,

 Dream first of different lives I once heard;

 My hair could have been piled high scented clean

 My skin smoothed buttermilk and coconut;

 A little house, thousand miles from the sea

 Fields all green and safe stretching clear away

 And in that house my beloved O my heart

*Now Kathryn’s face projected on water*

 And in my dream days become weeks and weeks

 Months and then we are grey and old together

 Her arms around me a little O the earth

 And that life, that simple life it is so good

 And then that is dreamed and that is done, gone.

*Kathryn’s face gone*

 Then my dreams like water coalescing

form new faces and I know that I walk

 through memory, through the land of the dead

*Now Jack’s face on the water.*

 What do you want? What do you want from me?

 If I could have done more then tell me what!

 I do not want to return to the world.

 Here I live safe cocooned and you cannot

 Promise if I return the sun will rise.

 I will not be me for you. I will not!

 I will cut out of me that part you want-

*Gloriana takes the knife she found in Part Three. Deliberately she cuts the tattoos from her fingers, gouging out flesh. Blood drenched hands. Gulping breaths. Wraps a rag around them. She sinks back onto her platform.*

***ii.ii***

*Albion Island.*

*A Perspex container, like a huge fish tank, nearly full of water.*

*Sally and Ingrid and Olivia stand by the sea, conscious of being over heard.*

Sally You have water? Food?

Olivia We have some.

Sally When they are doing the killing, we go. They will be distracted then. Take three boats-

Ingrid Why three?

Sally We go separately.

Ingrid We go alone?

Sally It will be harder for them to hunt three.

Olivia Where do we go?

Sally (*shrugs*) I will go north. (*To Ingrid*) You east. (*To Olivia*) You west.

Olivia How do we know there are other islands out there?

Sally We hope. Now quiet, and be ready-

*Enter the residents of Albion Island.*

*The Bus Man being lead, hands tied. Sam amongst the crowd.*

*Sally talks to us.*

Sally They led him out, the condemned man. Hands held, stumbling. We did not have alcohol for him, to mix with fear. It was a sober fate. If you spread word of Gloriana, the girl who brought the water then we send you to the water. There is logic in that.

*The man held by the side of the tank now.*

Sally No last words allowed.

*The Bus Man is placed in the tank, the water at his shoulders.*

Sally Now water poured in.

*The tank is filled with water, rising above the Bus Man’s head.*

Sally Always they look surprised, as the water rises over their head. It can’t be surprise at the process: we all know what will be done. We have seen it before. Is it surprise that violence can come to us? That our moment has come before our story even makes sense to us?

He is struggling now, fighting against his restraints, although he knows there can be no way out.

I find myself stepping to the front of the crowd, and his eyes find mine. There is water on my face.

*The Bus Man drowning now.*

Sally Why did he choose me, for his last sight? Because of my tears?

*Ingrid and Olivia leaving now, heading towards the boats, unseen.*

Sally I felt the other girls leave, as we had decided, without looking felt their sudden unremarked absence. My eyes were just for him.

I could not run.

Because of a barely known man’s death would I find mine?

 I step closer, looking into those eyes, darkening.

 What did he see, as the light dazzled to stars and then to darkness?

 His eyes close now and I look across and I see Sam, and there are tears on his face.

*Sam watching the dying.*

Sally Did Sam weep for a man’s death? Did it taste sweet to him? How perfect that death was, water for water, crime and punishment?

*The Man dies.*

Sally Turning away Sam sees me, my tears fresh, mirroring his own.

 It is over now. My moment to flee passing with the drownded man.

*Focus: Ingrid and Olivia leaving on little boats and heading separate out onto the empty sea.*

*-time passing-*

***ii.iii***

*Olivia, on her boat, exhausted and starving, moving through night mist.*

Olivia I do not know how long I travelled, how many days and nights. My skin burnt by wind, stolen water long drunk, stolen food gone. I knew I would die, alone, out among the waves. It was alright, really it was alright. So many gone already-

*Now little boats in a perimeter line, each with one occupant.*

Olivia And then I saw little boats, like ghosts hanging in mist, strung out in a line. And in each boat a single figure stood. Sentries? Do I call out? Should I be afraid? I crouch down in my boat. But their eyes look inward, they did not seem to see me as I passed. And then one solitary boatman started a low moan, a cry of deep sorrow.

*These sounds of sorrow.*

Olivia This sound going on and on and then suddenly silent. And then from the next boat the same sound, a sadness passed down this long chain. And then that boat falling silent and the sorrow wailed out from the next boat and then the next.

*Now she passes through the perimeter line of little boats, and approaches Renaissance Island.*

Olivia I passed through the line, through these howling waters.

And in front of me an island rising from the empty sea-

*Man A is standing on the shore line. He calls out to Olivia.*

Man A Have you come to join us?

Olivia Where am I?

Man A Renaissance Island. You are welcome here.

Olivia I am?

 Your guards, they did not see me.

Man A They are not guards. They are not there, really. They are in the past.

Olivia The past?

Man A Our leader, it is her idea. When the grief for what we lost gets too great, we go out, one by one, into the boats. To the sea. We are not allowed to grieve within the city. Within the city we must look only forward. It is the law.

Olivia Who makes the law here?

Man A I will take you to her.

***ii.iv***

*Albion Island.*

*Sam sits, waiting, by the sea. Sharpening a make shift knife. Enter Sally, afraid.*

Sally You sent for me?

Sam Yeah.

*Beat*

Sam The girls, they were your friends.

Sally The ones that ran?

Sam Yes.

Sally I knew them. We all knew them-

Sam I thought they were your friends. Particularly.

Sally I’m a bit older.

Sam Knew them before the wave?

Sally Everyone I knew died.

*Beat*

Sam Will you sit?

Sally Yes.

*She sits.*

Sam Who were you before?

Sally Student.

Sam City by the Sea?

Sally Yeah.

Sam What you learn?

Sally Not much. (*smiles*) First year.

Sam Your friends-

Sally -they weren’t my friends-

Sam -the ones who ran. Why do they love her?

Sally Her?

Sam The girl.

Sally (*to us*) There was a shake in his hand, the hand that held the knife.

Sam Really. Why do they love her? You’re free to speak.

Sally (*awkward, afraid*) She means different things to different people.

Sam What does she mean to them?

Sally I don’t know-

Sam -They went out to die on the sea for her-

Sally -Hope. She means Hope. To them.

Sam (*hurt*) Why? They know she brought this, they know she brought the rain-

Sally (*Shrugs*) Yes.

Sam -Then why would they-

Sally (*to us*) I move forward and put my hand on his. The tremor and the knife still there.

 (*to Sam*) They’re gone now.

Sam They’ll die out there. I know the sea. They’ll die.

Sally (*to us*) And I leaned in to kiss him.

*She kisses him. He accepts the kiss for a moment and then steps away, shocked somehow.*

Sam Why’d you do that?

Sally (*to Sam*) You saved my life.

 (*to us*) And I saw how I might save it again, myself.

Sam What do you want?

Sally We’re still alive, aren’t we?

Sam They were your friends?

Sally You saved my life.

*She walks towards him, kisses him. And he responds, suddenly pulling savage at her clothes.*

Sam No one must know. I lead. No one must-

Sally -No one. No one can know-

*They kiss.*

Sally (*to us*) Later, deep into the dark night, I wake.

He is watching me. Corner of the room. Does he understand? Is this all just an interrogator’s game? Am I to be dragged, one morning soon, to the drowning water?

Silence. His eyes looking deep into mine.

And he *smiles*. And suddenly he is young. He smiles. I had never seen him smile before, and-

Sam -Are you cold? There is another blanket somewhere. I could get it-

Sally -No.

Sam Ok. Sleep. I will watch.

Sally For what?

 And he smiles again.

Sam A habit. Sleep.

Sally (*to us*) I watched a man fall in love with a me that was not me.

 I closed my eyes. I felt safe.

***ii.iv***

*Ingrid, in her little boat, alone on the sea.*

Ingrid I went east, as I had promised. Fast at first, demons behind me, my little fuel

 going. And then howling, tongue swollen, starved, mad. My little boat taking on water. Not long left now, for me.

And on the third day, an empty vessel.

*An empty boat, floating.*

Ingrid Hello!

 Nothing.

 Hello! Help me! Help me! I’m dying!

*She rams her boat gently into the empty vessel. She’s exhausted.*

Ingrid There’s a line stretching down from the empty boat into the sea. Fishing line? Anchor? I need this boat. I pull at the rope, look down into deep dark water. Doesn’t shift. Lean over, pull again, my strength failing. And suddenly a hand bursts through the surface and grabs my wrist.

*Ingrid pulls away from the water screaming.*

*Now focus to Holy Island.*

*The inhabitants of Holy Island gathered. Amongst them, Johanna.*

*They are singing, a tune we recognise.*

Inhabitants Born beneath the ocean of all love

Girl from the sea

There’s a new world, where she made us free

She came from that ocean, oh my love

For you and me, for you and me

Look up at the darkling sky above

What can you see

The stars they’ll speak to you in beauty

It’s her smiling face looking down my love

Girl from the sea, on you and me

 Take her hand and dive beneath the waves

What will you find

Deep inside the heart of her mystery

You’ll know through her we’ll be saved

O you and me, O you and me

Now she’s been taken far away

Girl from the sea

I’ll pray to her every single dawn

And she’ll know that she still holds my heart

Cause I am her, and she is me

she is me

*Whilst the song is going on our focus returns to the boats.*

*In it, at one end, sits Ingrid. At the other, now, the Captain. The Captain, guiding the boats back towards the Holy Island.*

Ingrid What were you doing?

Captain Diving.

Ingrid You were down so long.

Captain Yeah.

Ingrid How do you live?

Captain Practise.

Ingrid What’s down there?

Captain The City.

Ingrid (*looks overboard*) Beneath the sea?

Captain Yeah. Things we can use down there. I bring them up.

 *(gesturing to the boat)* Let her go.

Ingrid Where are you taking me?

Captain New place-

*The boats approaching Holy Island now.*

Ingrid Who lives here?

Captain Survivors.

Ingrid Your family?

Captain I have no family.

***ii.v***

*The circle of residents of the Holy Island, the sit in two rows.*

*The row at the front engaging in debate, the row behind silent. Johanna stands, leader.*

Johanna Tell me: on which points are we agreed?

Resident Our governing council shall be ten, because she knew she would find ten good men.

Resident That the sea is holy because it gave us her.

Resident That she was flesh and blood, not just spirit.

Resident That all may be loved equally because she loved a woman.

Resident That she was sent to save the world.

Resident That although she failed, in her failure she succeeded.

*Captain and Ingrid entering.*

Ingrid What’s happening?

Captain They are deciding what we are to believe. What’s orthodox.

Ingrid About what?

Captain Gloriana.

Ingrid Why are the ones at the back silent?

Captain There is not enough paper, to write. They are here to remember. They are the most trusted. What you agree to remember, it is who you become.

Johanna And where are we divided?

*Beat*

Resident Is she a prophet or part of the Godhead?

Resident -Which Godhead-

Resident - Before the wave she said “we are connected, we are..” (*stumbles on the text*)

Johanna -What is the passage precisely? -

*Someone in the second rank speaks.*

Second Row *(machine like, human rhythm gone) -*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*-

Johanna -That is what she said.

Resident When she said that did she just mean Christians? Or other followers of the book?

Resident Does she belong just to the Christians?

Resident Do you need to convert to follow her?

*Ingrid sits now, listening. Enchanted.*

*The Captain turns, speaks to us.*

Captain When someone dies they become the people who follow them. They are a recollection, agreed upon. They are themselves, to someone else’s purpose.

And although it is never spoken this much is felt: Gloriana is dead. From far off we saw the helicopter spinning down, taken by the storm. Gloriana and the woman I love, Natasha, gone into the fire-

*Focus back to Johanna and the crowds.*

*Johanna notices Ingrid.*

Johanna You have come to join us?

Ingrid Yes.

Johanna From where?

Ingrid Across the sea-

Resident -that is a sacred journey-

Ingrid -There is another island.

Johanna Where?

Ingrid Many days West of here.

Resident What is it like?

Ingrid (*shrug*) It is a hard place. But there is food-

Johanna -Do they know the truth?

Ingrid What truth?

Johanna The Girl from the Sea.

Ingrid It is forbidden to speak of her.

Resident Forbidden?

Ingrid Yes.

Captain (*to us*) I watched Johanna in that moment, a door opening in her mind onto a new world.

Johanna There is only one law here: believe in her and you are one of us.

Ingrid (*simple*) I do.

Johanna Then you are welcome.

Captain (*to us*) Over long days questions of faith become decided fact, bone dry and instantly as powerful as the ancient-

Resident -Anyone of any faith may follow her-

Resident -We are linked, each to each, and to contradict this is heresy-

Resident -The wave will not return if we believe in her-

*Focus back to Captain.*

Captain (*to us*) I sit apart from these discussions but I have a special place here, privileged like a relic-

Ingrid (*approaching him*) -it was you!

Captain Me?

Ingrid Who brought her up from the sea.

Captain (*taciturn*) Yeah. That was me.

Ingrid The Fisher Man. (*moved*) Thank you.

*She reaches out, lays a hand on his shoulder, then turns away shy. The Captain uneasy.*

Captain *(to us)* And then, many weeks later-

Johanna -Walk with me?

*They move away from the others.*

Johanna How many boats can we spare?

Captain Spare? None.

Johanna We could build some? Driftwood?

Captain Perhaps. Why?

Johanna The Girl from the Sea, she came to me last night, in a dream.

Captain Did she?

Johanna We must send people out. We must spread the word of her.

Captain Why?

Johanna If the wave will not return because we believe in her, if all are welcome within the following of her, then is it not our duty to tell others?

Captain They’ll want to know, these others, will they?

Johanna Who would not want to be saved?

*They look out to sea, silent.*

***ii.vi***

*Now, projected huge again, those faces we remember.*

Man A -Me? Then? I was where the politician was- the woman, used to be Lady Mayor. The island was our world, didn’t know if much anything else was out there, anything else left-

Woman B -Albion. Albion Island. That was me. We followed one man, like a King, he kept us safe and we needed safety. He was the one who decided how we would start again-

Woman A -I lived on the Holy Island. The island where we followed the Girl, the one who was sent-

Woman B -Everything came through him, everything was allocated by him. He knew how to extract what was needed. Things grew quickly. If the leader is strong things grow quickly. It was fierce but it worked-

Man A -at first whatever she said, well that went. But then she wanted to bring people in who knew things. For their voice. I was a plumber, before. I knew water. I knew sewage. Important. If a man eats, well, that man he will shit. She put me on the first council and so I had a voice. First time in my life. Then she brought more people in-

Woman A -it was exciting, to listen to them, as they came up with our new religion. Didn’t understand the ins and outs, but it made sense of what had happened. You have to agree a memory if you’re going to build a city. And months later, the day the first missionaries were sent out. I was proud. Like we were sending out astronauts, full of hope, across impossible distances-

*And now focus back to Holy Island.*

*The residents of Holy Island stand on the shore. Johanna addressing the crowd-*

Johanna Go out onto the sacred sea and search for survivors! Go out and spread the word of her, go out and pass on the truth!

*Three Missionaries stepping into little boats and heading out to sea. The Residents of Holy Island singing from their makeshift hymn-*

Holy IslandersBorn beneath the ocean of all love

Girl from the sea

There’s a new world, where she made us free

She came from that ocean, oh my love

For you and me, for you and me

Look up at the darkling sky above

What can you see

The stars they’ll speak to you in beauty

It’s her smiling face looking down my love

Girl from the sea, on you and me

*-Time passing-*

***iii.i***

*Albion Island, one night, many weeks after.*

*Sam and Sally together. Just them.*

*Sam looks towards us.*

*He smiles to us, like a little boy.*

Sam She is the secret part of my heart, Sally. So secret I didn’t know it existed, before. Like there’s another chamber in here, unexplored. And I want to give in, to this new feeling.

*He looks across to Sally.*

Sam You alright?

Sally Yeah.

*He moves to her, kisses her.*

Sam I try to talk to her, at night. Afterwards. Tell her what we must do to survive, what it’s like to be in charge. Feel like I didn’t ever speak out loud before.

 (*happily* *conspiratorial with us*) She gives nothing away. Blank face some nights chatting but it’s good blank, know there’s something proper underneath-

Sally -Was it just the girl? I know we mustn’t speak of it, but was it? Why the weather came?

Sam We thought what we had was never ending. Thought history was like a film and we were at the happy ever after. We forget to protect it.

Sally So it was more than her?

Sam (*shrug*) Well, day she came, very next day, fucking rain started.

Sally What would you have done? If you had the chance? Killed her?

Sam If I had the chance?

Sally Yes.

Sam I would have killed her. Yeah, I would have.

*Beat*

Sally I wonder what she was like.

Sam Like?

Sally The Girl. Probably all dead, people who actually met her.

Sam Keep a secret.

Sally What?

Sam I met her.

Sally You did?

Sam My father, who was a bad man, he brought her up.

Sally The Fisher Man!

Sam Yeah. Came to us one dawn.

Sally What was she like?

Sam (*shrugs*) Taller than you. Foreign but you couldn’t place her. Her eyes I couldn’t see through them. Didn’t want to be one of us I think.

Sally Tattoos, like they say?

Sam Who said?

Sally Everyone, you know.

Sam Yeah. Covered. Name on her hands-

Sally (*sotto voce*) -Name on her hands-

Sam -and like fish skin, all up her legs.

Sally Was she beautiful?

Sam (*shrugs*) Don’t know.

Sally Was she.. magical? When you spoke to her-

Sam Was she- It’s fucking treason we’re talking- (*his anger coming*) She brought the rain! She brought the fucking wave! All this because of her-

Sally -Ok. Ok.

*Sally backing away from him, frightened.*

Sam Heh. Don’t be.. Don’t be afraid of me-

Sally Everyone is afraid of you.

Sam Not you. You hear me? Not you.

Sally Ok.

*Sam leaves.*

*Sally turns to us.*

Sally First weeks, first months, his touch was tender and his smile unforced, a little boy walking out onto a meadow. But then his mood darkened, his love becoming rough. Silences growing. He did not speak his heart. And then one night he did not come. Saw him the next day in the common place, he did not catch my eye. Did not come to me again the next night. So I rose and walked out onto island-

*Sally walking now*

Sally -crept slow and silent, spying through the dark. I heard voices at the very edge of our platformed world. And then a terrible scream-

*A scream from this new shelter.*

*Three people in another shelter/area marked off from her: Sam, a Resident of Albion Island and a captured missionary from the Holy Island. The missionary has been tortured.*

Resident Why did you come here?

Missionary To spread the word.

Resident What word?

Missionary Gloriana

Sam Who sent you?

Missionary The teacher.

Sam Who’s the Teacher?

Missionary Her name is Johanna.

Sam (*to himself*) The Iraqi. (*to the missionary*) Is she with you, the Girl?

Missionary (*bloodied smile*) She is with all of us, even you.

*Sam holds a burning torch against the skin of the missionary. The sound of screaming from the missionary.*

Sam Where is your island?

*Missionary scream*

*Again, the burning. Again the screaming.*

Sally (*to us*) The screaming went on through the night. Saw him by the water at dawn, strange energy in him-

*Sam approaching.*

Sally Sam-

Sam They say you were out of your shelter last night. After curfew.

Sally They?

Sam People talk to me.

Sally I was.

Sam Why?

Sally Looking for you. Where were you?

Sam Trying to keep us safe.

*He looks out to sea.*

***iii.ii***

*Gloriana lies, shattered, skin and bones, on her platform/boat far out on empty sea.*

*The sounds of whales, of the endless depths of the sea. Her dreamscape.*

*Now- through the sound world- sudden and returning come the sounds of the city, that noise that we remember from Part Two.*

*Gloriana shocked, sits up, now moaning within the noise, her bandaged hands over eyes.*

*The sounds of the city growing, the sound of whales replaced by screams like the screams of the tortured missionary.*

Gloriana -No, no, no-

*Gloriana stands. Takes her hands from her face.*

*And now vast again the face of Kathryn on the water.*

*She knows what she must do.*

***iii.iii***

*Holy Island/The Sea Near Holy Island.*

*The residents of Holy Island are meeting for their council.*

*Sound of their hymn being sung.*

*Focus on: The Captain and Ingrid are in a little boat, not far out. The Captain uncoiling rope.*

Captain We put a trail line out, aft. And then weight a guide line, straight down, to free dive from-

Ingrid -what am I looking for down there?-

Captain -you’re staying in the boat love.

Ingrid I want to!

Captain How deep have you gone?

Ingrid Diving?

Captain Yeah.

Ingrid In a pool, once.

Captain Swimming pool?

Ingrid Yeah.

Captain You stay in the boat.

*Sound of the hymn drifting towards them over the water.*

Ingrid It’s beautiful, the hymn. Johanna wrote it.

Captain Did she now?

Ingrid Yes, from things Gloriana sang in the Detention Centre –

Captain Oh.

Ingrid This is fun, learning new things.

Captain Right

Ingrid Can I tell you something terrible? Before the Wave, I was shit bored, all the time. Kept wanting something to happen.

Captain Well, it did. (*Pointing out to sea*) –What’s that?

*A boat is approaching Holy Island, at pace. Smoke coming from the boat.*
Captain They haven’t seen it.

 *(shouting towards the shore, where the singing has grown in volume)*

 Run! Run!

*They do not hear him.*

*The fire-ship crashes into Holy Island, explodes. Fire spreading among the ramshackle shelters. Residents of the Holy Island running in panic.*

*Coming after the fire ship armed men from Albion Island, in separate small boats or somehow concealed on the burning craft. There is fighting.*

Ingrid I know who they are.

Captain From your island?

Ingrid Yes. What do we do?

Captain Nothing.

*The men of Albion Island hunting through makeshift shelters of the Holy Island. Burning and pulling concealed people out. Then moments of resistance crushed quickly.*

Captain *(to us)* We watch, concealed in smoke, as the Holy Island is sacked. Survivors dragged out from hiding places. Shelters burnt. Supplies stolen. And then, the smoke parting, I saw *him*-

*Sam seen through the smoke of the burning island.*

Captain And there was a moment of strange, surging pride before the shame came, because he was magnificent and he was my son. Reduced to just muscle and will, like an ancient warrior, it was my son and he was alive-

Ingrid -that’s the leader-

Captain -leader?-

Ingrid -it is *his* island. Where I came from. We must go, we must run, they will kill me if they find me.

Captain Yes.

(*to us*) I waited one more heartbeat and turned the boat away.

*The Captain and Ingrid leave amid the smoke, unseen.*

***iii.iv***

*Holy Island.*

*Sam’s men with captured residents of the Holy Island. The Holy Islanders restrained, and arrayed in a line. One Holy Islander standing separate.*

Sam’s Man These have recanted. This one, no.

Sam You offered him his life?

Sam’s Man Yes.

Sam Ok.

*Now Johanna is dragged in.*

Sam’s Man This is their leader. Their teacher.

Sam I know who she is.

Sam (*to Johanna*) The girl, she’s here?

Johanna No.

Sam Where?

Johanna (*Silent)*

Sam She dead?

Johanna No one can kill her now.

Sam Why?

Johanna I have turned her into an idea.

Sam It was you that sent the missionaries?

Johanna Yes.

*Sam hits her once, hard, in the solar plexus. She doubles up, gasping. He kneels close to her, almost whispering, concealed from the others, just for her. Examines her.*

Sam (*simply*) Don't try to talk. You won't be able to for a while. Just listen.

 I need you to help me. To tell these people that you have lied. Tell these people she brought the wave, brought the rain. Save them. I need you to go back on yourself. Then it’s done, you and I. It’s done, easy. Just say it and it’s all gone. Just a few words, now, in public. I don’t want us to live like this anymore. I want to be free of this.

Johanna I will not give her up.

Sam She’s gone. She did not save you.

Johanna I will not yield.

Sam (*points to the other prisoner who would not recant*) This one here, look at him. Save him. If you do it, what I’ve asked, then he can do it too. You’ll allow it. That is what leadership means.

*Johanna, considering.*

Johanna No.

*Sam lets out a long slow breath.*

Sam Then it’s you doing this, not me.

*He turns away.*

Sam Drown him.

*The other prisoner is dragged moaning away.*

Sam (*to his followers*) The ones that agreed, they come with us. But watch them.

Sam’s Man The teacher?

Sam Nail her to the door. Burn the island. Kill the lie.

*They drag Johanna away, raise her up, nail her through her palms to a door.*

*Leave her hanging there, still alive.*

*The island burning now, smoke rising high into the sky, as Sam’s men leave.*

***iii.v***

*Ingrid sits on the edge of the burnt out Holy Island. Thousand yard stare.*

*Now a hooded figure approaching from the other side of the island, through the smoke. It is Gloriana.*

Ingrid (*afraid*) Who is it? Who are you? I’m not with her, I promise you-

Gloriana -With who?

Ingrid The Girl from the Sea, I don’t believe in her, I would spit in her face-

Gloriana -what happened here?

Ingrid They killed everyone who believed.

Gloriana -Johanna, where is she?

Ingrid They left her, amongst the fire.

*Gloriana walks through the shattered island until she finds Johanna, nailed to the door, seeming dead.*

*The rest of the island still burning.*

*Gloriana pulls her hood back, reveals her face.*

Gloriana Help me! We need to bring her body down.

*Gloriana touches the nails in Johanna’s palms. And Johanna moans, eyes suddenly opening.*

Gloriana Get help! She’s alive.

 Help me here!

*Johanna sees that it is Gloriana. Johanna’s voice cracked, all energy almost spent. Barely a whisper.*

Johanna I knew I would see you again.

Gloriana What have you done here?

Johanna I have told the world what you mean.

Gloriana I don’t know what I mean.

Johanna I do.

Gloriana This is not what I wanted.

Johanna (*her whispers fading*) If you mean nothing the water means nothing, the wave means nothing, and how are we to continue? If you mean nothing then it is just an empty sky-

Gloriana -These people died for me. You made them die for me-

Johanna -You are what you are-

Gloriana -There is nothing left in me but tears, do you understand-

Johanna -You are what you are. Serve us now. Force the dawn-

*Johanna’s eyes close.*

Gloriana (*to us*) And she died, Johanna, the self-appointed apostle.

*Gloriana’s rage coming now, sounds of the city, magnifying. And it starts to rain. The water coming down in torrents, putting out the fires.*

*Enter Ingrid, with others.*

Gloriana Cover her.

*Gloriana walks away, towards the water.*

Gloriana (*to us*) I walk away. Pain sudden sharp throbbing through my hands. Kneel at the water, peel away the bandages. I know what I will see.

*The Tattoos returned, perfected on her hands.*

Gloriana “Gloriana.”

*She watches the water and then looks up at us, defiant.*

Gloriana What none of them know is the sky did not answer,

 They did.

 What none of them know is I did not stop the rain,

 They did.

 If I am a prophet raised from the deep,

Then let me tell you what a prophet is:

 An antennae reflecting you back to you.

 Anyone sent from God is only sent

As a message from the secret parts of us,

Handed from the hidden chambers of our hearts,

And as we are always ourselves so then

We are caught in a pattern repeating

Caught in histories rhyming retelling

Rolling open once more like ancient scrolls,

And like you and like them I am caught in flesh

Imperfect, unsure, scrabbling at heaven.

Pain and sorrow can make a mind a soul

but pain and sorrow can twist it crooked.

On the night sea the way home leads through hell

And so through hell we must go, full of hope

That someday somehow we step free of fire-

*Now the Captain approaching.*

Captain You lived.

Gloriana Yes.

Captain It was my son, did this.

Gloriana Yes.

*Gloriana considers.*

Gloriana How many are left here?

Captain Handful. The ones that fled in time-

Gloriana Then we will need more. Did any of the missionaries report back?

Ingrid Just one.

Gloriana There is another island?

Ingrid They say.

Captain Why? What will you do?

Gloriana (*her eyes facing forward*) What I was sent here to do.

***iv.ii***

*The wide sea, far out from land.*

*Two boats approaching each other from opposite directions.*

*In one boat Gloriana, the Captain. In the other Natasha and Man A. The boats circle each other, close: a parley.*

Natasha (*to* *Gloriana*) You’ve returned have you child? The one they sent seemed to think you’d ascended somewhere-

Gloriana -I have returned.

Natasha What do you want?

Gloriana What threatens mine will threaten yours, one day.

Natasha Agreed.

Gloriana I need you.

Natasha To do what?

Gloriana Intervene.

*Natasha’s dry laugh.*

Natasha I will discuss it.

Gloriana Discuss?

Natasha *I’m* not a God, Gloriana. There is a council. We will discuss it.

Gloriana Do it quickly.

Natasha Yes. Matthew!

Captain Yes.

Natasha You know what this will mean?

Captain (*avoiding her gaze*) What needs to be done needs to be done.

*The boats turn away from each other, accelerate away in opposite directions.*

***iv.iii***

*Sally, on Albion Island.*

Sally (*to us*) We saw the smoke rising, out across the empty sea, those of us left behind. Miles high, biggest thing man had made since the wave. I was afraid.

 Later that night they returned. He came to me.

*Enter Sam.*

Sally (*to us*) Stood silent in the shadows. Filth of violence on him.

Sam It’s finished.

Sally Finished?

Sam We’re free.

Sally What did you do?

Sam Ended it. The lie won’t come into the world through me.

Sally *(to us*) He approaches me, his face distant, serious.

Sam I learnt something out there. About you.

Sally About me?

Sam Yes.

Sally (*afraid*) What?

Sam I love you.

 It’s time to build again.

 I need to tell you something-

(*deep pain*) I could have stopped it. The wave. Before. I could have killed her, but I was weak-

*He breaks.*

Sally *(to us*) There was pain in him, fish hooked deep.

I did not reach for him though.

For too long North lay wherever he said it did.

And I had allowed this, I had allowed that lie to endure.

I had lied to live, lied because it was necessary, lied because I had no power.

But it was a lie all the same: and without the lie his rule would not have been possible.

I *saw* him there, that moment, slumped. He had won what little victory he had long ago decided would define him.

He took me that night, gentle, adoring; but his hands were not connected to his heart, the wiring twisted faulty.

I’ll tell you an awkward truth: I did love him a little. I was like him, more than a little. And I slept knowing this was it, me done, my life was now the lie. He had won.

The next day I woke and left him sleeping, walked through the clouded dawn, started my long day’s work.

I was not unhappy.

*Sally walking away from Sam’s prone body now.*

Sally I went down to lay out nets for the fishermen.

*Sally jumps down into a little boat, tethered on the edge of the island.*

*In the corner, concealed and unseen by Sally till this moment, sits Gloriana.*

Gloriana Hello Sally.

*Sally starts, shocked.*

Sally Who are you?

I’ll scream.

You been spying on me?

Did he send you-

Gloriana -Come closer child.

Sally Who are you?

Gloriana Closer.

Sally I’ll scream.

*Sally ventures a few steps towards Gloriana*

*Gloriana takes her hands from her pockets. Raises them slowly, in front of her face.*

Sally Fuck off. No. Fuck off.

*Gloriana lowers her hands.*

Sally You?

Gloriana Me.

*Sally starts to cry.*

Gloriana What is it?

Sally I’d given up.

I believed it for so long, even when they all said you were dead, even when I heard the screams at night, but I gave up.

You’re you?

Gloriana Yes.

Sally You will save us.

Gloriana (*accepting*) Yes.

Sally Why me?

Gloriana I need your help.

***iv.iii***

*Projected: Faces we recognise from Part Two. Same background.*

Woman B In the months after the wave our island, Albion Island, it grew so fast. He, the leader, was our legal system, he found our food, he was judge and jury and executioner. And it worked. But as the months passed into a year, that hard momentum ground to a halt. Is it because people were afraid? We did enough to stay alive, to stay out of trouble but more than that, you kept your head down-

Man A -At first it had been harder, on our island. Slow to make decisions. Slow to come together. Slow to progress. But then we began to grow, quickly. We became a place other survivors tried to get to.

 There was a Council, we were all implicated. I was still part of it then, the days after we saw the smoke rising from the burnt island. And she came to us, our first leader and she said we needed to decide who we were-

*Now Natasha on Renaissance Island, live, speaking as if to a great crowd but speaking to us.*

Natasha -We were always responsible. When we intervened. When we didn’t. We always pay a price. When we step forward, when we don’t-

Man A -She wanted us to agree to join the girl and fight. She knew we could not be ordered-

Natasha -What we allow defines us. What we tolerate, that is the world we will pass on-

Man A -And she spoke well.

***iv.iv***

*Albion Island.*

*Sally, alone by the sea. Enter Sam, with men. He is happy.*

Sally Sam!

Sam (*genuine pleasure*) Hello.

Sally Can we talk? Alone?

Sam (*to the men)* Roy!

*They leave.*

Sam We don’t need to be secret anymore.

Sally It’s not that.

Sam What is it?

Sally She’s alive.

Sam Who?

Sally You have to promise not to hurt me.

Sam What?

Sally Promise me.

Sam I’d never do that.

Sally She’s alive.

 Gloriana.

 (*to us*) -it was like a spear reaching into the deepest part of him-

Sam -How do you know?

Sally She came to me.

Sam Here?

Sally Yes.

Sam She came here?

Sally Yes.

Sam You saw her?

Sally She came to me.

Sam Why?

*Sam advancing on her now, his anger coming now.*

Sally You said you wouldn’t hurt me.

Sam Why?

Sally -The girls, that ran. They are with her now. She thinks I am with them-

*Sam reaching for her.*

Sam -Have you betrayed us?

Sally -No!

Sam What did she want with you?

Sally My help. To destroy you. What you have built.

Sam -You fucking bitch are you with her?-

Sally -I’m not-

Sam -Why didn’t you scream out, why didn’t you call for us-

Sally -She has power, I was afraid, you of all people know that-

Sam -she was here and you said nothing?-

Sally -I wanted her to trust me.

Sam Why?

Sally Because now I know where she’ll be and when. And so do you.

*Beat*

Sam Why did you do that?

Sally For you. For all of us. You’re right: this must end.

Sam Where?

Sally A mile east. Two nights from now.

***iv.vi***

*Gloriana alone on a boat, a mile east, two nights later.*

Gloriana Even a prophet looks up at the sky,

 Selects a single star from that great ocean

 And says this one, this one I shall live by.

*Sam approaching on a raft, with Sally.*

*With him every boat the Albion island possesses, full of every warrior they have available.*

*Gloriana turns to them as they near.*

Sam It’s her.

Sally Yes.

Sam *(shouting to his navy)* Don’t let her escape.

*The boats move to surround Gloriana.*

Gloriana You have been searching for me.

Sam Yes.

*Their boats touching now.*

Sally They close enough to touch. They do not move.

*All of Sam’s men watching. Gloriana and Sam*

Gloriana (*to us but looking at him*) He gazed at me, like Kathryn did, as if through each pore of skin he’d see each cell and in each cell see concealed at last the mystery, to be torn out-

Sam (*to us but looking at her*) –Not much older than a girl, dirty, hair pulled back, she’s nothing, and then the shock of those eyes as deep and dark as the sea-

 (*to Gloriana, indicating Sally*) She gave you up, you know that?

Gloriana Here I am.

Sam What do you want?

Gloriana Kindness alone, I wanted that to be enough. But it’s not, is it?

Sam Not now.

Gloriana I think I know what you want. I’m your sacrifice. You want me naked, nailed to a tree and then all forgiven.

Sam I want this to end.

Gloriana I thought about it, alone on the night sea, that I should die for the world.

But no: I will fight for it.

*Gloriana lights a marine flare, raises it over her head.* *The hunters shrinking from the blinding light. A signal.*

Sam Put it down!

*Gloriana throws the flare into the sea. Now visible lights from other boats heading towards them.*

Sam’s Man What are these lights!

*Every boat from Renaissance Island and the survivors of the Holy Island is approaching Sam’s Flotilla.*

Sally Sam. It’s a trap. Give up now.

Sam You, you did this?

Sally Yes.

*Sam howls out pain. Then moves to Sally, hits her, hard, sends her spinning to the bottom of the boat.*

Sam (*shouting to his men*) Fight, stand and fight!

*The two navies come together, and a vicious battle begins. Sam’s little fleet outnumbered and outflanked. A battle which descends to the most brutal, basic, primitive hand to hand combat.*

*Music-*

Natasha And then the chaos of battle began-

Ingrid -Boats crashing together, men, women screaming out rage and murder-

Olivia -No tactics just the fierce urgency of kill or be killed-

Captain -The dead left in the bottom of boats, left floating away-

Natasha -I had sent so many to war before but I had never seen it-

Sam -And we were surrounded, out-numbered, out thought-

Captain -It can only have been a few hours, just a few-

Ingrid -But it seemed somehow we had always been there-

Olivia -Seemed that winter came, that I saw snow falling-

Captain -And still we fought, and winter went and then the spring-

Natasha -And on the endless struggle under a sky with no sun-

Sally -And I looked across and saw the Girl, her boat now far apart, her eyes closed-

*Gloriana apart, sounds of the city.*

Natasha -And we looked down and the waters were receding-

Sally -The land coming back to us-

Captain -The boats held fast now in rising mud-

Natasha -As if we had been fighting the whole of history-

Sally -And had not noticed that the world was changing-

Natasha -And then the Girl stepped forward into the fight-

*Gloriana entering the fray.*

Sally -And she cut through her enemies, remorseless as the wave-

Natasha -Silent as she fought, silent as men fell beneath her, as the battle was won-

Sally -At first she cried, cried as she killed, until her anger came-

Natasha -And she was sinew translated into savagery, blood soaked, blood raged, screaming out death-

*Gloriana raging as she cuts down her enemies.*

Captain -Until we were left, grounded, choked in mud and filth-

Sam -Until it was just me and him-

*-A pitched battle fought in mud now, Sam facing his father, the survivors boxing Sam in-*

Captain Yield! Give up! My son-

*Sam will not surrender.*

*He runs at his father, who dodges his first blow, and is then caught by the younger man’s superior strength and speed. Finally the Captain is beaten to the ground. Sam lifting an iron bar above his head to strike down at his father.*

Sally No!

*Sally places herself between the son and the stricken father.*

Sally No.

*Sam raises the iron bar again, ready to strike Sally. And stops. Starts to cry. Drops the iron bar.*

*Natasha’s men take Sam. He is a prisoner.*

*Gloriana, shattered, blood soaked.*

Gloriana And the Flood, it was done.

*What is left of the little warships returning now, to Renaissance Island.*

*Gloriana’s boat in the lead of this procession. And building slowly, from the crew of one boat until all the people in all the boats are crying it out, a simple one word chant, growing.*

All Gloriana! Gloriana! Gloriana!

*The Girl from the Sea, watching this transfiguration, silent.*

***v.i***

*Renaissance Island. Natasha stands by the shore. The Captain approaches them, humble.*

Captain It’s alright here, this island, you’ve done well.

Natasha It will be.

Captain I need to talk to you.

Natasha Yes.

*The Captain unsure how to begin.*

Captain There's a girl. On the Holy island. She fell in love. She’s 18. She looks like you did that age. Would find my eyes watching her, jealous. Because once I'd had that moment: once she'd been you, once we'd been them and then we made decisions and now we're fallen, now we're us. And I couldn't look at her. Cause of the anger, growing. But one day soon something just flipped. And I sought her out and there was joy, there was, there was joy because I felt connected. Felt plugged in to all of us. Wanted to sit close to her and say “I was you once”. Smile. But she'd not have understood, how love changes, how it lasts-

Natasha -Matthew, I did love you, once. But now we can never talk of love-

Captain (*he kneels*, *with great dignity*) I have come to beg for the life of my son. Even if he doesn’t deserve it. Even if he doesn’t want it.

Natasha It is not my decision.

Captain It is. Forgive me, but it is.

Natasha I cannot.

Captain It’s because he took your girl-

Natasha -Don’t-

Captain -Say it, if it’s true, say it, it’s because he took your Kathryn-

Natasha -Do not say her name!-

Captain -He killed her. He killed your girl-

Natasha *(her grief coming)* Stop it!

*He reaches for her.*

Captain -If you can’t speak it, it will never heal-

Natasha -It is the city. It is what the city needs, not me-

Captain -I’d not be big enough to save him, but you are better than me, you were always better than me-

Natasha I cannot do it.

Captain We come to this, do we? You and I?

***v.ii***

*Renaissance Island.*

*Natasha and Gloriana face each other, alone.*

Natasha When I was disgraced, after the wars in the desert, they said power had corrupted. Ruined the best of us.

It hadn’t. It did what power always does: it revealed.

 And the world was what the world always seems to be: dark and descending and afraid.

 So, I ask, what will you do now?

Gloriana I haven’t decided.

Natasha You are a threat now, not to me, but to us. You know that?

Gloriana Perhaps.

Natasha God can’t walk among us for long. It will make us mad.

Gloriana I am not a God.

Natasha You, little thing, who mean something to everyone and nothing to yourself. I don’t need you any longer. You are an anachronism. Even if the rain begins again, even if the wave returns, we are ready.

 I think you were the baby. But now you are a soul, grown.

*She kisses the girl. Steps back, her eyes heavy with tears.*

*She watches her leave, turns away.*

***v.iii***

*Sam, confined on Renaissance Island. The Captain enters.*

Captain Son.

 How are you?

 Treating you well?

Sam (*shrugs*) Yeah.

Captain I need to talk to you.

Sam About what?

Captain I went to her.

Sam Who?

Captain Natasha.

Sam Why?

Captain Your life, Sam, your life.

 (*breaking*) I couldn’t make her do it.

It’s my fault, it’s all my fault, I didn’t speak well enough, I didn’t know the right thing to say-

There wasn’t, there wasn’t ever anything bad in you, you were this little lad never stop asking questions, me and your mother running out of answers-

Sam -Don’t talk about her-

Captain -No, I-

Sam -Don’t ever talk about my mother -

Captain -I loved her, I loved you-

Sam But here we are.

She said no, Natasha?

Captain She said no.

Sam (*a long breath out*)

Captain O my son.

Sam There was someone… I liked, loved.

Captain -Someone you loved-

Sam -Don’t want to be seen like that. Remembered like that, being taken out there. I need you to do something for me.

Captain What?

Sam Your belt.

Captain That’s what you want?

Sam Yeah.

*The Captain takes off his belt, hesitates and then hands it to Sam.*

Sam No Dad. You don’t understand. There’s nothing here’ll hold my weight.

Captain What do you mean?

Sam You have to do it.

Captain (*understands*) No.

Sam You’ll have to be silent, or they’ll come running.

Captain I can’t. I can’t. I can’t.

Sam This is how I forgive you.

Captain I love you.

Sam Do it.

*The Captain takes the belt and wraps it around his son’s neck. He throttles him: a visceral, horrifying act. And when Sam is dead the Captain rocks back on his heels and howls out his grief. Natasha’s followers run in, see the body.*

***v.iv***

*Renaissance Island.*

*Sally sits behind a phone, camera, some sort of recording device jury-rigged. The device that has recorded all our interviews that have been projected huge on water through the whole story.*

*Gloriana opposite her.*

Sally Will you really talk to us? For the camera?

Gloriana I have a thing to say to you first.

Sally What?

Gloriana You’re going to be alright.

Sally Am I?

 They’ve killed him. I knew they would, when I said I’d help you. You can do right and wrong, all at once.

Can we start at the beginning?

Gloriana I want to tell you a story.

Sally About where you came from?

Gloriana No. It’s about you.

Sally Me?

Gloriana You. One day, not long really but many years in the future, one day you will be grey and old and wise and you will have lead, you will have built the world back better. And there will be a city again and you will have seen it rise. One day then, all those years from now a young girl will come to you eager, and her beauty will shine like the word hope and she will have sought you out because she knows you were here *now*. And she will ask, she will say, ”Tell me about Gloriana, tell me about the girl from the sea.”

And you will put your head to one side and say, ”Gloriana? There was no such person as Gloriana.” And you will smile and send her away unfulfilled but she will be ready for the world.

 The story you see, it’s not about me. It’s about you.

 (*precise*) There was no such person as Gloriana.

*Gloriana stands, moves to the girl, kisses her on the forehead.*

Gloriana It is time for me to go.

*Gloriana leaves.*

*Sally stands, deeply moved.*

*After a moment Man A enters.*

Man A Where’s she going?

Sally I don’t know.

Man A You said you wanted to record things?

Sally Yes.

Man A Who will you play this to?

Sally Ones who come after.

Man A But there’s no internet no tv no-

Sally -There will be.

Man A How?

Sally We’ll work it out. Did once.

Man A What’s your question?

Sally (*considers*) What was it like? Before?

Man A “What was it like? The City by the Sea? It was my home”-

*And we are back where we started.*

***vi.i***

*Gloriana walks through Renaissance Island. Stops outside the place where Sam was kept captive, and where now the Captain is held.*

*Two Residents guarding.*

Gloriana (*turns to the guard*) The Fisher Man. He is to come with me.

Resident He is on suicide watch.

Gloriana I know. Give him to me.

Resident On whose authority?

Gloriana Mine.

*The Resident considers for a second.*

Resident Your will, Great One.

Gloriana (*to the Captain*) Come with me.

*They walk down towards the sea.*

*A little boat is waiting.*

Gloriana Go to it.

Captain Why do you think I want to continue?

 Natasha, she knew what my son would ask me to do.

Gloriana Perhaps.

Captain Then why?

*She places her hands over his eyes. He struggles and then yields.*

Gloriana Close your eyes. Listen.

 Is this how he hears the world? Does he find pattern?

*Sounds of the City.*

Gloriana Beautiful, isn’t it?

Go.

*The Captain walks down to the boat.*

*Gloriana concentrates, places her hands over her eyes. Sounds of the City. And music, building.*

*And slowly the sun rises.*

*It is the most beautiful thing in the world.*

*She looks up at it, this early dawn. She smiles. She walks down into the boat.*

Gloriana (*to the Captain*) I have one last thing to do. Come on. Take us out to where we were before.

*The boat sets off, towards the rising sun. Music.*

*Natasha, on Renaissance Island, stands alone. She watches them go and then turns away.*

Captain I left with her one dawn, the girl. One dawn

 Sailing far out towards the rising sun.

What new world lay ahead we did not know,

Eyes facing front, vanishing world behind.

 Here she is, a great one transmutated

 From the wretched; and I see that true change,

 -which is magic- can only live sparely,

 can only touch us now and then, a stone

 Skimming across the surface of the sea,

 Each glancing contact rippling out new hope.

She looking at the water covetously

 As if it all might end where it began

 Slip down seventy meters in the dark.

 Then she looks up and smiles: I sense new faith,

 As if deep within she had seen some order.

 Out we went alone on the wine dark sea.

*A little boat disappearing into the light.*