

**James Phillips**  
**Flood**



*By the same author*

Camelot: The Shining City  
McQueen: or Lee and Beauty  
City Stories  
The White Whale  
The Rubenstein Kiss  
Hidden in the Sand







**James Phillips**  
**Flood**

**Part I: From The Sea**

**Part II: Abundance**

**Part III: To The Sea**

**Part IV: New World**



Bloomsbury Methuen Drama  
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## Introduction

### July 2016, Calais

‘There’s a girl, pulled up in a fishing net from the North Sea, naked. In the net a hundred migrants’ life jackets. Her hands are bandaged. She’s tattooed, a letter on each finger. The net’s come from seventy metres down. She lives.’

I say this confidently. This much I know. And right now I’ve got nothing else.

I’m sitting in the front of a van with Alan Lane, driving towards the refugee camp at Calais: the famous camp that people call the Jungle. A few months from now the camp will be torn down, again. Half of it has already been demolished.

We’re here to cook food for volunteers serving the camp, deliver supplies, and for me to research a project that at this stage I’m barely tracing the edges of.

In the van, Alan nods. At this point there’s not much else he can do.

What do we know?

I’ve agreed a title: ‘Flood’.

It’s going to be one huge story in four parts: two full-length live plays, a short film and another thirty-minute play broadcast live on BBC 2. A big beast. It’s not clear anyone has ever done anything like this. Probably for good reasons.

It’s always like this, making stuff. Sky diving: but you invent the parachute after you’ve jumped out of the door, the ground getting big fast.

We spend a couple of days in Calais. Visit the volunteer base, go to the Jungle.

The Jungle is the wrong name for the place. Really it’s the Front Line Club: West meeting East, Global North meeting Global South; us and them. I suspect our global problems can be found distilled into a precise liquid in each of the world’s refugee camps. Everything you thought would be there is there: militarised French Police, day trip photographers looking for a buzz, naïve but magnificent volunteers. The camp split, voluntarily, into nationalities.

It's summer when we're there, so it's dry. When the rains come it'll turn Passchendaele pretty fast.

There's a makeshift church, where someone has painted a beautiful mural on some plywood. I photograph it. There's a white man in his sixties outside the church when I come out, chatting to Alan. He looks patient: I decide he must be a priest.

A few weeks back Britain has followed Farage and voted to leave the EU. I ask the perhaps priest why people want to come to a Britain that seems to detest them.

'They want to come to England because they have an idea of the place.'

### **February, 2017, on board 'The Chieftain'**

I'm on a fishing trawler in the North Sea and apart from me pretty much everyone is vomiting. It's hard not to feel responsible.

We're shooting Part One.

Part One is pretty much precisely what I'd told Alan when we were driving to Calais: we're on the North Sea to drag a girl out of the sea.

It's been so rough that we've been shooting what we can in harbour.

But an hour ago the Captain of our rented trawler, frustrated at the impossible manoeuvring in port, snaps.

Alan approaches me, 'Fuck it, we're going out.'

So out we go, into the North Sea. And out we stay: because of tides and weather once we're out it'll be six hours before we can get back in again.

There's a brief moment of excitement. And then the first wave hits, and the casualties start. We learn fast that there are two types of sea-sickness sufferer: the cyclical vomiteers (one vomit and back in the game for ten minutes) and the long-term debilitated. The second category are lost for the whole voyage. Our editor finds a remedy: staring at the horizon and staying stationary stops the sickness. But you can't move, can't step away. She's like this, spell-struck, looking at the place the land meets the sky, for six hours.

I've been working pretty hard on *Flood* since summer. Parts Two and Three are written.

Large sections of it are in verse. Before this I've always thought there are enough constraints without the metrical. But something in the form of my recent shows makes the step logical: full of direct address, questions thought out loud in a public space. So the step from prose soliloquy to iambic pentameter – with phrases deliberately repeating, consciously shared – as the saga goes on, isn't a huge one. And more than anything sometimes it's nice to find a way not to write like yourself, trick yourself into new patterns.

In my head I called it 'The Storm', all the time I was writing Parts Two and Three. And it felt like there was something wild in it, something free. Touching on the places many things join: the migration crisis, religion, senses of place, belonging. I suspect it will, like some of our other pieces, enrage certain people on both ends of our political spectrum. Anything you write comes together when things which seem not obviously linked reveal their connections: the good stuff is often in the joins. But when you're navigating border country there'll always be trouble.

'Have you got a lighter?' Nadia Emam has appeared from a cabin in the depths of the trawler, where the waves roll you worst. Nadia's playing the Girl from the Sea, who has a name now: Gloriana.

She lights her cigarette, 'How's it going?'

I look over Nadia's shoulder. There's eight people vomiting off the side of the boat. Fifty per cent casualty rate, height of the battle. Nadia's blissfully unaffected. At this moment I consider whether she may actually have been sent from God.

On the train home I think about migrant ships in the Mediterranean: people crammed in, seas getting heavy.

### **April 2017, Hull**

'The fucking thing has sunk.'

Alan Lane stands in front of me, dripping canal. He's wearing a dry suit and diving goggles. He's soaked. We're on site for Part Two.

‘Thought it was meant to sink?’ I offer.

‘It’s also meant to come back up again,’ he says.

Our designer David Farley and Alan have built me what I wanted: a floating, see-through city on the huge canal basin where we are doing our live shows. There’s a detention centre, a port and the House on the Hill. It’s huge. The House sinks at the end of the show. Now we’re testing our life-size toy. And sink the House does: but it goes down at an angle, fast, like it’s been torpedoed. And once it’s down, it stays down. Mired.

I should probably try to explain what I’m up to, beyond the adventuring of it all. From *The White Whale*, *Camelot: The Shining City* (two huge shows produced by Slung Low and directed by Alan) and onto *Flood*, I’ve been writing a new type of epic theatre. All three shows set in a similar world: a sort of future present. All shows deeply political but offering no easy answers. All shows high tech: we hear them through headphones as audience members, which allows both intimacy and distance all at once, long shot and close up in a single beat. All shows exploring big ideas but full of moments of spectacular: in *The White Whale* I asked for a boat that appeared from under water during the show and which then blew up like an oil rig at the end. In *Camelot* we started on the Crucible Main Stage and ended with a pitched battle between a cast of a hundred and fifty on the streets of central Sheffield.

Back on the canal, 36 hours pass during which the fucking thing remains sunk. It’s snared on something on the bottom of the canal basin. We pump it full of air, to lift it. Alan, in his dry suit, makes repeated and ferociously heroic attempts to free it from the water. Nothing works. I can scuba dive and we’re getting to the point where we’re going to hire air tanks and approach the problem like a wreck dive.

Finally, deep into the second day, a new combination of rope positions, extra muscle and more air work, and the House rises. It sits there, on the surface, looking entirely cheerful about the havoc it’s been wreaking.

A week later we try again.



I'm coming out of the office after working soliloquys with the cast. Alan's getting into his dry suit.

'What's happened?'

He puts on his goggles. 'Fucking thing's sunk again.'

It's clear we might need to think again about how we are going to achieve the end of Part Two.

## June 2017, Hull

'So I'd like three camera boats to get in close and circle the caravan,' was what he'd said.

We'd been sitting in a Hull Gelato shop with Ross MacGibbon, the TV director for Part Three. We're about to shoot for the BBC. It's largely set on a sinking caravan, in driving rain, at the height of the flood. The English have become refugees. In virtually every way it's a technical nightmare.

Now we're back in our flat, late at night, discussing.

Thing is, we only have two free boats. And the water is full of ropes on which we pull platforms, a fishing trawler, ropes which snare around boat propellers.

We decide we can offer Ross one boat, but put two cameras on it. It's going to need some balletic skill manoeuvring that boat, and luck. If you hit a rope and snare, then the show stops. And of course there are actors in the water for large sections of the show. We've all trained and we've all got powerboat licences, but this is a big ask.

All eyes slowly settle on David Farley.

Farley's our best boat driver. And he knows best where the underwater ropes are.

'It's me, is it?' he says.

'It's you, Farley.'

One of the unique things about the conception of *Flood* has been the variety of different forms I'm incorporating. Part One is a short film and conceived like film: sparse dialogue, visuals written in as primary narrative motor. Parts Two and Four are plays for live performance and consciously theatrical: full of direct address, written partly in verse. Part Three is deliberately a hybrid: a 'stage' play written purely

to be filmed; to be performed in ‘one take’ as a continuous show, containing verse soliloquy but also elements which will only work fully when finally seen on screen.

Two days pass. We’re shooting.

David is manoeuvring a boat in a tiny space, trying to avoid sections of his own set as they pass through, whilst being pelted by his own rain machine. Adding to the picture is the fact that during the long months of *Flood* Farley has grown an enormous beard. Bearded, soaked to the skin, beset by his own creations: David Farley has become the King Lear of theatre designers.

I’m not laughing, though. Eventually we decided that we do need a second boat. And at that point the eyes settled on me. So I’m watching David from my own boat stage right, bobbing gently near the tempest.


During the pre-show reset I’d got caught on a line that had been accidentally raised to the surface. I’m told somewhere there’s footage of me fighting to free the rope, my little boat rising forty-five degrees out of the water, a miniature *Titanic*. I don’t think this happens to David Hare. Eventually we do some battlefield surgery, cut and retie the rope, the clock ticking. It’s one of those nights.

But we get it done, cast and crew pushing themselves far beyond even the boundaries usually set for these huge shows. It’s after midnight by the time we’re off the water. Everyone’s shattered, giddy, slightly shocked: the aftermath somewhere between that of a Press Night and a fist fight.

And Part Four is written too. I’m going into a reading of it now.

I find a deeply touching sense of emotion in the room: so many people have worked for so many months on a story without knowing the end. And now they will. I hope, silently to myself, that I haven’t let them down. Good things only happen through the repeated work of a large group of people, each offering that extra unacknowledged hour day after day, week after week.

I’m often asked how you make things, where it all comes from. This year has been a fair reflection. One image – the



girl in the fishing net – has finally, grudgingly, yielded a whole world, and I feel it could be taken further, in multiple directions. For the first time the scale of Four Parts feels like a restriction. I can see off shoots, can see Part Five, Six, Seven.

Which means, of course, it's time to stop.

**James Phillips, July 2017**

# slung low

Founded in 2000, Slung Low is an award-winning theatre company specialising in making unlikely, ambitious and original adventures for audiences in unusual places such as on trains, in castles and shopping centres, with speed boats and on milk floats, in canal basins, through multi-storey car parks and across cities.

Recent work – on an epic scale using cityscapes as backdrops – includes *Mapping The City* (with iMove Yorkshire Cultural Olympiad in Hull), *Blood and Chocolate* (York Theatre Royal & Pilot Theatre), *The White Whale* (Leeds Inspired) and *Camelot: The Shining City* (Sheffield Theatres and Sheffield Peoples' Theatre). In 2016 Slung Low built a camp of artists who lived for a week in the grounds of the RSC, working with visiting public to create a ceremony that attempted to open the portal to the fairy world.

They have also produced two immersive adventures for children – *59 Minutes to Save Christmas* and (with Dep Arts Productions) *Emergency Story Penguin*.

Slung Low are supported by Leeds City Council and are part of Arts Council England's National Portfolio Organisations.

The company are based at The Holbeck Underground Ballroom (HUB) in Leeds – an open development space for artists and a place where Slung Low invite other companies to present their work that otherwise might not get to be seen in Leeds. All work presented at The HUB is Pay What You Decide. There is a dormitory for artists visiting the region and the equipment and vehicles of the company are lent to those who have need. It is a useful place that shares its resources with those artists who need them.

Artistic Director: Alan Lane

Producer: Joanna Resnick

Executive Producer: Laura Clark

Associate Director: Sally Proctor

HUB Programmer: Porl Cooper

[www.slunglow.org](http://www.slunglow.org)



## Hull UK City of Culture 2017

Hull 2017 is 365 days of great art and cultural events inspired by the city and told to the world. The ambition is to create a nationally significant event that celebrates the unique character of Hull, its people and heritage. It offers a programme that takes in every art form, from theatre and performance, to visual arts and literature, to music and film, which goes into every corner of the city, whilst showcasing it nationally.

Working with local as well as national and international artists and cultural institutions, Hull 2017 draws on the distinctive spirit of the city and the artists, writers, directors, musicians, revolutionaries and thinkers that have made such a significant contribution to the development of art and ideas.

Renowned for presenting work outside conventional theatre spaces, each with a powerful, moving story at its heart, Hull 2017 commissioned Leeds-based Slung Low to develop their most ambitious and ground-breaking project to date. *Flood* – a four-part epic, told online, live in Hull and on BBC TV – was developed. A truly unique, multi-platform, theatrical event, *Flood* is the story of what happens when the world is destroyed, and how those who survive try to make it new again.

*'A feat of logistics, Flood is likely to stand as one of the highlights of the year.'*  
The Guardian

Flood's epic adventures come to audiences in Hull and beyond with support from The Space, Arts Council England, BBC Arts and Spirit of 2012.

[www.hull2017.co.uk](http://www.hull2017.co.uk)

### Hull 2017 Project Team

*CEO & Director*

*Producer*

*Head of Production*

*Head of Digital*

*Assistant Producer*

Martin Green

Lindsey Alvis

Gareth Hughes

David Watson

Martin Atkinson

*Assistant Producer  
Director of Communications,  
Stakeholder & Government  
Relations  
Senior Publicist*

*Marketing Coordinator  
Box Office & Visitor Experience  
Coordinators  
Audience Engagement Manager  
Volunteer Programme Manager*

Siana-Mae Heppell-Secker

Ben McKnight  
Hannah Clapham for  
The Cornershop  
Rachel Crow

Jessica Firbank & Jack Dunkerley  
James McGuire  
Harriet Johnson



# **Flood**

**Part I: From The Sea**

**Part II: Abundance**

**Part III: To The Sea**

**Part IV: New World**









# Flood

<b>Part I: From The Sea</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Part II: Abundance</b>	<b>13</b>
<b>Part III: To The Sea</b>	<b>95</b>
<b>Part IV: New World</b>	<b>125</b>





# **Flood, Part I: From The Sea**

**A Short Film**



## Cast

*In order of appearance*

The Captain  
Sam  
Gloriana

**Oliver Senton**  
**Marc Graham**  
**Nadia Emam**

## Creative Team

*Director*  
*Designer*  
*Composer*  
*Sound Designer*  
*Producer*  
*Executive Producer*  
*Film Production Company*

Alan Lane  
David Farley  
Heather Fenoughty  
Matt Angove  
Joanna Resnick  
Laura Clark  
Sodium

*For Sodium*

*Director for Screen*  
*Producer for Screen*  
*Cinematographer*  
*Script Supervisor*  
*1<sup>st</sup> AC*  
*BTS Photography*  
*Storyboard Artist*  
*Editor & Colourist*  
*Visual Effects*  
*Sound Mix & Design*

Rob Booker  
Phil Barber  
Matt Gentleman  
Lia Hayes  
Andrew Barr  
Sam Conner  
Andrew Lamb  
Lia Hayes  
Peter Gee  
Ray Hill

## The Space

*Commissioning Executive*  
*Head of Audience Development*  
*and Distribution*

Helen Spencer  
Owen Hopkin

*Flood, Part One: From The Sea* was commissioned by Hull UK City of Culture 2017 & The Space.

The short film was released online on 27 February 2017 and toured to supermarket car parks across Hull for a week in an Airstream caravan.

Filmed on the North Sea and in Holbeck, south Leeds.



## 1. EXT. DAWN. NORTH SEA

*The dark, empty sea, sun rising.*

*In the distance a storm, lightning coming down: a patch of darkness in an untroubled sky.*

## 2. INT. DAWN. FISHING TRAWLER BASTION

*The cluttered cabin of a North Sea Trawler. The **Captain** sits at the table, oblivious to the motion of the sea. He is surrounded by papers.*

*He is in his late 40s, tanned, dressed practically for the rigours of the cold sea. He is writing by hand, pen and ink.*

*POV **Captain**: the page in front of him, a letter barely begun, written in his precise handwriting. 'Natasha –' and then a blank page.*

*The **Captain** hears a noise at the door to the cabin, looks up.*

*POV **Captain**: **Sam**, the First Mate, stands at the door.*

*The **Captain** conceals his letter under pages of hand-scrawled figures and business calculations.*

**Sam** It's time.

## 3. EXT. DAWN. DECK OF FISHING TRAWLER BASTION

*Wide: The fishing trawler alone and isolated in the North Sea.*

*Now the **Captain** and **Sam** on the deck, surrounded by the machinery of the trawler. The **Captain** looks out to sea, sees the distant storm.*

**Captain** Coming for us?

**Sam** Leaving.

*A scarce shrug from the **Captain**.*

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*He leans over the side, looks down into the dark, shrouded waters.*

**Captain** Let's get on with it.

*Now we see the machinery moving, hauling in huge nets from the deep. Mechanical sounds.*

*The first nets arriving.*

*Gannets and gulls circling, landing on the water: a dark swarm, looking for fish.*

### 4. EXT. DAWN. DECK OF FISHING TRAWLER BASTION

*The net rising from the sea. Empty.*

*The **Captain** and **Sam** watching, on deck, unimpressed.*

**Captain** No harvest.

**Sam** What do we do?

**Captain** Try again.

**Captain** *turns away.*

**Sam** Lower the nets!

### 5. EXT. DAWN. FISHING TRAWLER BASTION

*Close Up: The trawler winch heaving and spluttering heavily as it tries to pull up the next net.*

**Sam** Jammed!

*The **Captain** approaching the mechanism, a tool in his hand.*

*Suddenly the winch starts to move quickly, pulling up the net with speed. The **Captain** steps back, surprised.*

**Sam** Net coming! –

*And the net comes fast out of the water.*



*The net is empty of fish. Instead a hundred migrants' orange life jackets fill it. The **Captain** moves towards it, shocked. He pulls at the net to release the bottom. The life jackets tumble out. Arranged within them, nestled in perfect symmetry, lies a naked girl, covered in tattoos. Her hands covered in dirty bandages. Dead but curled perfect like a statue. The **Captain** moves towards the heaped life jackets.*

**Captain** Find something to cover her.

*He reaches down to the dead girl. The cold skin at her throat. **Sam** approaching behind him with a blanket, respectful, eyes turned away.*

*And the girl sits up, blind eyes, vomiting out water, reaching for the **Captain**. A howl coming out of her. Alive.*

## 6. INT. DAWN. FISHING TRAWLER BASTION

*The girl sits wrapped in a blanket in the cabin. Unresponsive. Eyes unfocused. Across the cabin the **Captain** and **Sam** watch her.*

*Close Up: the tattoos on her legs, where they escape the blanket. Scales tattooed like a fish.*

*The **Captain** moves towards her. She hears him, twists in her chair.*

**Captain** She's blind.

Can hear us, can't see us.

*(to the girl, in English)* Where are you from?

*Nothing from the girl.*

**Captain** *(in Arabic)* Where are you from?

*Nothing. He takes her hands, makes soothing noises. With great delicacy he starts to unwind the bandages around her hands.*

**Captain** *(to the girl)* Let me change these dressings.

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*He unpeels the bandages. POV The **Captain**: A letter fresh tattooed and still bleeding is visible on each revealed finger. No seeming pattern to the arrangement of the letters from his viewpoint.*

**Captain** (to **Sam**) They're fresh, these ones.

*Frightened, the girl pulls her hands away from him, raises them to her face, covers her eyes. Now this new placement of her hands allow the letters to be read correctly.*

*Close Up: Her hands over her face: 'G.L.O.R.I.A.N.A.'*

**Captain** Gloriana.

*And now **Gloriana** moves her hands left and right, exposing her previously covered eyes. Her eyes that have suddenly found perfect focus, found sight, now finding his eyes.*

*He draws back, shocked. Standoff. And then **Gloriana** reaches for him, afraid, grasping for warmth like a child.*

## 7. INT. DAWN. FISHING TRAWLER BASTION/ GLORIANA'S DREAM

***Gloriana** lies huddled in the corner of the cabin. The **Captain** sits apart from her. He has been doodling on his pad. Next to the word 'Natasha -' now we see a childlike drawing of a mermaid.*

***Sam** enters the cabin. They both watch her.*

**Sam** The net was 70 metres down.

**Captain** Tell no one.

**Sam** She's sleeping.

*We see **Gloriana**, huddled under blankets, eyes closed.*

*Now we slip into her dreams -*

*- **Gloriana** floating in the deep sea, light distant, from above. Her eyes closed, like a baby before it is born, sound of distant noise distorted by water -*

– *Now we return to the cabin. Sam and Captain still watching her.*

**Sam** What do we do with her?

**Captain** Hand her in.

**Sam** Where do we say she came from?

**Captain** The sea.

– *Now we return to Gloriana's dream space, seventy metres down in the dark.*

*And her eyes open, panic, swimming desperately, a net closing in –*





# **Flood, Part II: Abundance**

## **A Play**





## **Cast**

*In order of appearance*

Gloriana  
The Captain  
Sam  
Jack  
Johanna  
Kathryn  
Natasha  
Man A  
Woman A  
Woman B  
Peter Levy  
Voice of RAF Pilot  
Voices of the City  
Captain of the Jessica

**Nadia Emam**  
**Oliver Senton**  
**Marc Graham**  
**Naveed Khan**  
**Rani Moorthy**  
**Sarah Louise Davies**  
**Lisa Howard**  
**Dave Pattison**  
**Louise Brown**  
**Polly Pattison**  
**As himself**  
**James Phillips**  
**The People of Hull**  
**David Farley**

## **Chorus**

Jane Aldridge  
Sean Alton  
Janet Anderson  
Nicky Austin  
Ruth Austin  
Leanne Ayre  
Carol Baldry  
David Beel  
David Bell  
Paul Benson  
Grace Burnett  
Louise Burnett  
Sharon Burton  
Tony Chappell  
Linda Clark  
Sue Clark  
Gary Crossman  
Clare Crowther

Les Curnow  
Gareth Davies  
Sarah Firth  
Nina Hanney  
Barrie Jackson  
Sue Jarrel  
Derek Kirk  
Sheila Leathley  
Shirl Lenton  
Chris Li  
Steven Little  
Katie McCreaddie  
Stella McKendry  
Debbie Mowforth  
Angela Needham  
Elly Pattison  
Adam Peckitt  
Pauline Phillips

Mhairi Rees  
Tony Robinson  
Sue Robson  
Steve Roper  
Jonathan Seymour  
Ian Sykes

Mick Tite  
Zoe Walker  
Peter Whiteley  
Louise Wildman  
Alison Williams

## **Creative Team**

*Director*  
*Designer*  
*Composer*  
*Sound Designer*  
*Movement Director*  
*Associate Directors*

*Design Assistant*  
*Chief LX*  
*Stage Managers*

*Boat Crew*  
*Sound Deputy*  
*Pyrotechnics*

*Set Construction*  
*Helicopter Pilot*  
*Chef*  
*Project Dramaturg*  
*Video Content*  
*Digital Producer*  
*Producer*  
*Executive Producers*

Alan Lane  
David Farley  
Heather Fenoughty  
Matt Angove  
Lucy Hind  
Ingrid Adler  
Peter Bradley  
Sally Proctor  
Heledd Rees  
Alex Johnston  
Calum Clark  
Olivia Dudley  
Hamish Ellis  
Andy Sulley  
Doug Nicholson of External  
Combustion  
SetFree Projects  
Wayne Hedges  
George Allison  
Kara McKechnie  
Sodium  
Brett Chapman  
Joanna Resnick  
Laura Clark  
Jim Munro



## **Sheffield Chamber Choir**

Directed by Robert Webb

Andrew Bailey

Rita Belli

Michelle Doran

Matt Doubleday

Alan Heath

David Milsom

Ruth Milsom

Louise Shield

Robert Spooner

Cat Taylor

Peter Taylor

Kate Thompson

Peter Thompson

Charlotte Winstanley

*Flood, Part Two: Abundance* was commissioned by Hull UK City of Culture 2017.

The play was first performed on 11 April 2017 in Victoria Dock, Hull.

## 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:** A City by the Sea.

## ‘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’*

**At clearance –**

*Projected huge, on water.*

*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 metres 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 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 breathe.

**Jack** You gave her CPR?

**Captain** No –

**Jack** – But she started to breathe?

**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.

22 Flood

**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 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, promising always more than they deliver? 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 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. He has walked 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.iv

*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.v**

*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.vi**

**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.vii**

**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 spelled 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 should be protected.

**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 preserves 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 spelled 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.viii**

– *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?'*

**Gloriana** Fail.

*Now 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, opening, hoods going up? 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 spelled –

(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. They 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 metres 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.*

*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, every one. The drowned.

European, every one.

Born Christian too, I suspect, every one.

**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, hoodie 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 every day 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 know –  
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 girl's 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 metres down.

**Jack** The net?

**Sam** We found her in. The girl.

**Jack** Alright.

**Sam** Seventy metres. 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 any more.

**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.v

*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.

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**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's 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** Yes.

**Natasha** Meet the girl.

**Captain** The girl?

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

– *They walk through the city* –

### iii.vi

*They have reached the House on the Hill.*

**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 volume of the collected catastrophes of Henry Kissinger –

**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.*

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**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. Just chance.

**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 offshore. 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 the politician again. 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 metres 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 you're 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, 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.

The little ships are here now.

*And Gloriana walks out of the House on the Hill.*

**Kathryn** A thousand tiny boats, a refugee's Dunkirk, approaching –

*Far off, in a different light we now see Johanna, 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**

*Projected huge, on water.*

*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*) 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 makeshift 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 son's face, close now. He puts his arms on his son's 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.*

*The Captain struggles slowly to his knees.*

**Captain** (to us) He doesn't see it. 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. 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 –

**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.*

**Johanna** You have come to join us?

**Sam** Yes.

**Johanna** There is a place for you.

**Sam** Is there?

**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!

Every night I have sat here, every night silence.

If I am unique am I responsible?

I am here for a reason, am I not?

Tell me how I can save them, save the world!

*She puts her hands over her eyes.*

*Sounds of the city.*

*But no answer.*

**Gloriana** Nothing.

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

**Gloriana** 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.

**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.

They stop poised on the threshold of a tent.

**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 tent.

**Johanna** (to us) I sat guard that night.

**Sam** appearing 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** on a boat at sea, looking into the wilderness, rain coming down.*

**Natasha** The wilderness is vast. How can we find anyone?

**Captain** Turn off the light.

**Natasha** What?

**Captain** The torch.

*She turns off the torch.*

**Captain** Look for other lights.

*They scan the distant land.*

*Now Natasha slips, tumbles down into the boat. He moves to her.*

**Captain** Hurt?

**Natasha** Just my pride.

*She breathes in deeply. Looks up.*

**Natasha** Two old fools on a pleasure cruise.

*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 in the distance.*

**v.i**

*The encampment in the Wilderness.*

**Kathryn** *emerging from the tent.*

**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 tent.*

**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 daughter's 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.

*Individual voices rising now from the voices of the city.*

*As if she is plucking voices like violin strings.*

**Gloriana** Each voice a note in a song that is for ever.

*Music back, rising.*

**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 –

*Rain returns, hard, beating down.*

**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**

*Projected huge, on wall: 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 projected 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 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’ lifejacket.*

*The Wave approaching him. He standing without cover. 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 projections return (or even just voice over if the voices are now established) –*

**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.*

**RAF 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.

**Natasha** I can't leave her, I won't!

**Gloriana** She has left us.

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

**Gloriana** The wave's above, to live we dive below,

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

*Now projection 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.*

**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.*

**Flood, Part III: To the Sea**  
**A Play for Broadcast**





## **Cast**

*In order of appearance*

Sally  
Olivia  
Ingrid  
Jack  
Zeina  
Gloriana  
Sam  
The Captain  
Kathryn  
Man In Car

**Emma Bright**  
**Sally Ann Staunton**  
**Joanna Nicks**  
**Naveed Khan**  
**Yusra Warsama**  
**Nadia Emam**  
**Marc Graham**  
**Oliver Senton**  
**Sarah Louise Davies**  
**Tony Hind**

## **Survivors of the Flood**

Jill Berry  
Julie Blackie  
Heather Cooper  
Paul Dannatt  
Helena Gomes  
William Grunnil

Annie Holmes  
Sirgius McHunu  
Syeda Nudrat  
Allison Parker  
Kevin Priestly

## **Creative Team**

*Director*  
*Designer*  
*Composer*  
*Sound Designer*  
*Movement Director*  
*Fight Director*  
*Associate Directors*

*Design Assistant*  
*Assistant Composer*  
*Lighting Technician*  
*Stage Managers*

Alan Lane  
David Farley  
Heather Fenoughty  
Matt Angove  
Lucy Hind  
Liam Evans-Ford  
Peter Bradley  
Sally Proctor  
Heledd Rees  
Roma Yagnik  
Adam Foley  
Calum Clark  
Olivia Dudley

*Flymen*

*Rain Operator*

*Pyrotechnics*

*Set Construction*

*Chef*

*Project Dramaturg*

*Digital Producer*

*Associate Producer*

*Producer*

*Executive Producers*

Elliot Gray

Freddie Hall

Madeleine O'Reilly

Doug Nicholson of External  
Combustion

RT Scenic

George Allison

Kara McKechnie

Brett Chapman

Sarah Cotterill

Joanna Resnick

Mark Catley

Laura Clark

Jim Munro

### **For Archordia Strings**

*Cello*

*Violin/Viola*

*Singer*

Recorded by James Fosberry at Bigdog Studios, Sheffield

Lucy Revis

Paul O'Connor

Gina Walters

### **Television Broadcast**

*Outside Broadcast*

*Technical Producer*

*Unit Manager*

*Sound*

*Camera Supervisor*

*Cameras*

*Jib*

*Jib Assistant*

*Camera Assistants*

*Drone Operator*

*Vision Guarantee*

*Vision Engineer*

*RF Engineer*

James Poole TV & Televideo

James Poole

James Mitchell

Sound Alliance

Mike Callan

Lincoln Abraham, Jon Dibley,

Rob Sargent, Andre Seraille

Kevin French

Jack Davies

Alpha Barrie, Matthew

Lightstone, Alex Rodin

Chris Fenton

Adam Robbins

Lewis Reed

Andrew Woolhouse, David

Crownshaw

<i>Camera Guarantee</i>	Alex Queen
<i>Sound Guarantee</i>	Simon Scrivener
<i>VT Guarantee</i>	Stefan Necula
<i>Riggers</i>	Nick Poole, Matt Limb
<i>Generator</i>	Film & TV Services, Nick Kennelly
<i>Script Supervisor</i>	Anna Charlton
<i>Vision Mixer</i>	Carol Abbott
<i>Post Production</i>	Storm HD
<i>Offline Editor</i>	James Bicknell
<i>Online and Grade Editor</i>	Paul Ingvarsson
<i>Production Manager</i>	Piera Buckland
<i>Executive Producer For BBC</i>	Emma Cahusac
<i>Associate Producers For Arts</i>	
<i>Council England</i>	Neil Darlison, Cassandra Mathers
<i>Performance Live Strand</i>	
<i>Producers</i>	Battersea Arts Centre, Andrew Fettis
<i>Producer for Screen</i>	Janie Valentine
<i>Director for Screen</i>	Ross MacGibbon

With thanks to . . . Henry Swindell.

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The play was first broadcast on BBC Two in August 2017.

Filmed in June 2017 in Victoria Dock, Hull.

## Characters

**Three Girls**, survivors of the Wave.

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

**Zeina**, a survivor of the Wave.

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

**Kathryn**, a dead girl.

**Sam**, a survivor of the Wave.

**The Captain**, a survivor of the Wave.

*The crew and passengers of a fishing trawler.*

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

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

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

## **i.i**

*Sound of children singing.*

*Empty water. The Flooded Land become sea.*

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

*It is not raining.*

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

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

*Now we see three girls perched precariously on pieces of wood on the water, all connected, trying to stay level, trying not to fall in. The girl furthest out now holding the phone.*

**Sally** (*whispers*) Pull me in.

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

**Sally** Slowly slowly –

## **i.ii**

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

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

*The phone: charging icon.*

*Three girls clustered around the phone. Sally holding it. Excited.*

**Olivia** Turn it on.

**Sally** turns it on.

*POV girls: Passcode screen.*

**Olivia** What's the code?

**Ingrid** – How are we meant to know the code –

**Olivia** Ssssh . . . We're not allowed in the battery room.

**Sally** *flips over the phone, looking for clues. The phone's wearing a happy multi-coloured case.*

**Sally** I know the code.

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

*The phone unlocks.*

**Ingrid** How did you know that?

**Sally** Same as me. Me before.

**Olivia** Got games?

**Sally** Let's see who she was first.

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

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

**Olivia** Keep going.

**Sally** No. Look.

**Olivia** What is it?

**Sally** The hands.

**Ingrid** What about them?

**Sally** The letters.

**Ingrid** Tattoos.

**Sally** They're her hands.

**Olivia** Who?

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

**Ingrid** Gloriana. It is forbidden. To speak of her.

**Olivia** I thought she was dead.

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

*Then the girls deciding.*

**Olivia** I want to know.

*Flicking through pictures.*

**Ingrid** Video. Play it.

**Sally** presses play.

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

**Olivia** When the wave came –

*Finger flicks to another video –*

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

**Sally** This is after.

**Olivia** Play it.

**Ingrid** Don't let anyone see.

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

### **i.iii**

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

*A voice screaming.*

**Jack** Help! Help me!

*We see **Jack**, in the water.*

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

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

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

**Zeina** Swim away from the pylon! Swim towards me!

**Jack** I can't. The current. Can't get away.

**Zeina** I'll try and come for you.

**Jack** Quickly, quickly –

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

**Zeina** Swim to me! Come on!

**Jack** *is tiring.*

**Jack** I can't. I can't –

**Voice** Wait.

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

**Gloriana.**

**Gloriana** Take this.

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

**Gloriana** Take it. Quickly!

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

*Sparks again, as the pylon sinks closer.*

**Gloriana** I'm going to pull you out.

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

**Jack** Quickly! Please! Quickly!

**Zeina** Swim, man, help her!



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

**Gloriana** *pulls again on the rope.*

**Jack** *emerges from the smoke, alive.*

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

**Zeina** *swimming to her now too.*

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

**Jack** *silent.*

**Zeina** Is he dead?

**Gloriana** No.

**Zeina** We won't survive out here.

**Gloriana** *silent, watching the girl.*

*They look out across the waves.*

**Zeina** It's over isn't it?

**Gloriana** What?

**Zeina** England.

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

**Jack** You.

**Gloriana** Yes.

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

**Zeina** What is it? What's happening?

**Jack** I don't know.

**Zeina** Shark?

**Gloriana** No shark.

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

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

**Gloriana** Come on.

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

**Zeina** Will it hold us?

**Gloriana** Balance it.

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

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

*They sit, tentative, shivering, exhausted.*

## ii.i

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

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

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

**Sam** What are you doing in here?

**Sally** Making the memory poem. Like you said. So we can pass on what happened.

**Sam** And?

*Looks across to the other girls.*

**Olivia** What was it like, life after the wave?

**Ingrid** Like you woke up from a little sleep.

**Sally** And your Ma, she's forgot she's your ma.

**Olivia** Don't know your face –'

*Beat.*

**Ingrid** 'What was it like, life after the wave?

**Olivia** We knew we must build a new world.

**Sally** We knew we must harden our hearts.

**Ingrid** Cause all was lost' –

**Sam** – Good. Good.

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

**Sally** Get the phone again.

*They reach for the concealed phone.*

## ii.ii

*The floating caravan.*

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

**Gloriana** The current's taking us further out.

**Jack** Are we lower? Are we sinking?

**Gloriana** Not yet.

**Jack** We're too heavy.

**Zeina** It'll float.

**Jack** For how long?

**Gloriana** Long enough.

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

*She looks back at Jack. From deep in his pockets he pulls out a tube of mints. Looks at them, looks at her. Offers her one.*

**Zeina** Thank you.

**Jack** (*gestures the phone*) What are you doing?

**Zeina** People should know what happened here.

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

**Zeina** Don't know.

**Jack** (*indicating Gloriana*) She might.

**Zeina** You know each other?

**Jack** Oh, you know who she is.

**Zeina** I don't.

**Jack** Look at her hands.

**Zeina** What do you mean?

**Jack** Look.

**Zeina** *hesitates then scrambles, unsteady, near to Gloriana.*

**Zeina** What does he mean?

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

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

**Zeina** The girl from the sea.

**Jack** Yeah.

**Zeina** You're real.

**Jack** You do know her.

**Zeina** *looks at Gloriana.*

**Zeina** I know what they said. The girl from the sea.  
She came to us one dawn, they say. Far out

One dawn alone beneath the wine dark sea.  
 Fishermen hauling up nets from deep water  
 From seventy metres down in the dark  
 They pulled up one net empty of all fish.  
 In it one hundred lifejackets  
 Orange like those migrants left on beaches.  
 Once. Like those we wear now, we survivors.  
 One hundred life jackets and a girl.  
 Curled pale naked just bandages on hands  
 A drowned girl. Her name tattooed.  
 And she sat up. Alive. It was you, was it?

*Beat.*

**Gloriana** Yes.

**Zeina** And then, straight after, the rain. Then the wave.  
 Was it because of you? All this? The rain?

**Gloriana** I don't know.

*The three have become drawn deep into their conversation, the outside world ignored.*

*Now a big bang on the side of the floating caravan.*

*The caravan lurches. Shock. The three occupants afraid.*

**Zeina** What is it?

*They scramble to see, scared. A body, floating in the water, which has crashed into the caravan and floated a little distance away. Uniform of a Coast Guard.*

**Gloriana** Life Saver. Drowned.

*The body moving closer.*

**Gloriana** Come on.

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

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

**Gloriana** He'll have stuff we need. Come on.

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

**Gloriana** There's a whistle around his neck.

**Gloriana** *slipping into the water pulls the whistle from the corpse, puts her hands into the pockets, finds a knife in the belt. She pulls it free.*

**Gloriana** Knife.

*Throws the knife back to the caravan, where **Jack** takes it. Now **Gloriana** pulls a Marine Flare from the body, tosses it up onto the caravan.*

**Zeina** What's that?

**Gloriana** Flare.

**Gloriana** *pulls herself back onto the caravan. It lurches as she gets back 'onboard', unsteady.*

**Jack** Cold.

**Gloriana** Put the jacket on. Extra layer.

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

**Zeina (to Jack)** You know her?

**Jack** Yeah.

**Zeina** How?

**Gloriana** The detention centre they took me to.

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

**Gloriana** He was in charge.

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

**Gloriana** Look!

**Zeina** What is it?

**Gloriana** Car.

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

**Zeina** It's sinking.

**Gloriana** Quiet. Listen.

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

**Zeina** There's someone in there.

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

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

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

**Jack** *turns away.*

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

**Zeina** They're drowning.

*The thumps quietening to silence now.*

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

**Gloriana** Going now.

*The car sinking from sight.*

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

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

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

**Zeina** Stop it, we'll sink! Stop!

*Silence, the sound of their breathing.*

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

**Zeina** We'll die here, won't we?

**iii.i**

*The room.*

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

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

**iii.ii**

*The floating caravan.*

*The rain sheeting down now.*

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

**Jack** It'll be the cold, not the water.

**Zeina** What?

**Jack** That kills us.

*Silence.*

**Zeina** Did you see any jumpers?

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

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

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

One minute, two. All done.



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

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

**Jack** I'm not jumping.

**Zeina** You sure of that?

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

**Zeina** What?

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

**Zeina** And you think it did?

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

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

**Zeina** What?

**Gloriana** (*she opens her eyes*) There.

**Jack** A boat.

*A fishing trawler appearing out of the gloom.*

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

**Zeina** Took people?

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

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

*The trawler coming close to them, oblivious. The trawler crammed full of people, piled on top of each other, each wearing an orange life jacket. Shattered, stinking people, minds lost. Silent, sealed within their own separate worlds.*

**Jack and Zeina** move to the side of the caravan closest to the approaching boat, background.

**Gloriana** steps into the foreground, corner of the caravan, speaks directly to us.

And at the end of the speech we move to **Jack** as he tries to board the boat –

**Gloriana** They wore each others piss and tears, life jackets  
Orange like those the migrants left on beaches  
Once, when chaos was far away and there was order  
And England was England, and exile elsewhere.  
Now they live two-headed, one faced forward one back;  
Backwards face wearing a narcotic smile  
Dreaming vivid through the palace of their past.  
The forward face, that sees now not then: blank.  
They're silent, shocked, cause this should not be them.  
These now homeless minds, that don't know themselves:  
Cause who we are seems link'd to where we are.  
Silence, until Jack comes scabbling up the side  
And one turns, says –

**Migrant** There's no room on the boat.

**Gloriana** The rain falling.

**Migrant** There's no room on the boat.

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

He turns back to **Gloriana** and **Zeina**.

**Jack** Come on! We can live.

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

**Gloriana** shakes her head.

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

**Migrant** There's no room for you all.

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

**Jack** Take one. Take me. Forget them.

**Zeina** No!

**Jack** steps forward onto the boat.

**Migrant** There's no room for one.

**Jack** What do you mean?

There's always room for one.

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

*He scrabbles beneath clothes.*

I can't find it. I can't –

Please.

I am English too.

This is the hardest test of my life.

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

**Migrant** There's no room for one.

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

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

**Zeina** (to **Gloriana**) Help him.

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

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

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

They are two still points in the moving scene.

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

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

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

The knife in **Gloriana's** hands, the marine flare.

**Gloriana** (decides) No.

**Zeina** They'll kill him.

**Gloriana** Yes.

She turns away.

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

The boat continues its journey.

The two women watch it disappear into mist.

– Time passing –

#### iv.i

The floating caravan.

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

**Zeina** Water's rising.

**Gloriana** Yes.

**Zeina** sits up, looks out.

**Zeina** Nothing.

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

**Zeina** No one's coming are they?

Are you afraid?

**Gloriana** No.

*Beat.*

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

*Beat.*

**Zeina** Was there someone, that you loved?

**Gloriana** Yes.

**Zeina** Gone?

**Gloriana** Yes.

**Zeina** Who was it?

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

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

**Zeina** Water's rising.

**Gloriana** Don't move. Gentle.

*Beat.*

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

**Gloriana** *curls herself on the rooftop. Exhausted.*

**Zeina** The planes, they came out of the blue sky. And the people in the buildings, they never knew why the world ended.

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

*The water rising on the caravan.*

**Zeina** sits up. She decides.

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

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

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

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

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

*Now she looks back at **Gloriana**.*

**Zeina** Good luck.

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

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

#### iv.ii

*Now with the girls crouched around the phone.*

**Ingrid** What happened? What did she do?

**Sally** She gave up. She gave in to the sea.

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

**Gloriana** No. No. No!

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

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

**Olivia** She left Gloriana alone.

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

**Ingrid** No one survives alone, out there.

**Olivia** The sea, it goes into you, makes you mad.

**Sally** Gloriana. *She would not give in. She would not step off –*

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

*And walks on water.*

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

**Sally** Where could she go?

**Ingrid** Where would we go, if we could?

**Olivia** (*simple*) We would go home.

**Ingrid** Where? There is no home, now –

**Gloriana** *pauses.*

*In the centre space, torches around her.*

*She sees **Kathryn**, beautiful dress flowing.*

**Kathryn** Here.

**Gloriana** This is home?

**Kathryn** Yes.

**Gloriana** Where is it?

**Kathryn** Where doesn't matter. You think home is a place.  
It's not. It is –

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

**Kathryn** it is you, it is me.

**Kathryn** *smiles.*

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

*We hear the love theme –*

**Song** Look across the ocean of our love

What do you see

A new world one where we will be free

We'll sail across that ocean, oh my love

Just you and me, just you and me

Look up at the darkling sky above

What can you see

The stars they'll speak to you in beauty

There's a smiling face looking down O my love

On you and me, on you and me

Take my hand and dive beneath the waves

What will we see

Deep inside the heart of our mystery

And you know together we'll be saved

O you and me, O you and me

*The dance ending.*

**Gloriana** – O you and me –

**Kathryn** You're tired to the bone aren't you?

**Gloriana** Yes.

*(Crumbling like a little girl.)* I couldn't save you.

I think you were the one I was meant to save.

**Kathryn** No.



**Gloriana** That was the whole point of me

**Kathryn** Doesn't look like it.

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

**Kathryn** Just night, on the sea.

**Gloriana** I can't go on.

**Kathryn** You will.

**Gloriana** I can't go on.

**Kathryn** (*grabs her viciously*) You will, you fucking will –

**Gloriana** (*pushing herself away*) Why?

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

**Gloriana** How will I?

**Kathryn** Look at me

Look at me

Win.

**Gloriana** Everything is lost.

**Kathryn** Not yet.

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

**Kathryn** I'll always be here. This will always be here.

(*Sings soft.*) And if we're ever forced oceans apart

Where might you be

I'll skim a stone across the wild sea

And you'll know that you still hold my heart

Cause I am you, and you are me

**Kathryn** *is gone.*

**Gloriana** *alone on the wide dark sea.*

**v.i**

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

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

*And now the shadow approaching the door again.*

**Sally** He's coming he's coming he's coming.

**Olivia** Stop it.

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

*Shadow pausing outside the door. Sam.*

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

**Ingrid** 'What was it like, life after the wave

**Olivia** We knew we must build a new world

**Sally** We must be strong, must forget pity

**Ingrid** And force will win all –'

*The shadow leaves.*

**Olivia** We can't keep the phone. If he finds it he'll drown us, like he did the other ones.

**Ingrid** What do we do?

**Sally** *takes the phone.*

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

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

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

**Sally** Pull me in.

**Sally** *steps back onto the platform –*

**Ingrid** You believe Gloriana is still out there?

*They look out to sea.*

**Olivia** How could she have survived?

**Sally** – She did.

**Ingrid** Why?

**Sally** Because it is necessary.

## v.ii

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

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

*She looks out across the sea.*

*Whale spouts, close to the caravan.*

*Whale song in the sound.*

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

*More spouts.*

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

*Then **Sally** begins, an improvised poem.*

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

**Sally** ‘She’ll come to us one dawn. The girl

**Olivia** Her name carved deep in her hands

**Ingrid** The girl from the sea, Gloriana –

**Sally** And what must be will be.'

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

*Music building –*

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

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

**Ingrid** 'She'll come to us one dawn. The girl.

**Olivia** She'll come and she'll know what to do

**Sally** The sea will teach her our way home

**Ingrid** And what must be will be –'

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

*Now she stands utterly still.*

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

*She smiles.*

*She pulls the flare from her tattered coat. Lights it.*

*The light in the sky seemingly disappeared. The caravan sinking completely beneath the waves.*

**Gloriana** *closes her eyes.*

**Olivia** 'She'll come to us one dawn. The girl

**Sally** Safe, free, wise from her night journey

**Ingrid** The girl who saves, the promised one

**Olivia** And what must be will be' –

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

*Blackout.*

**Flood, Part IV: New World**  
**A Play**

## **Cast**

*In order of appearance*

Natasha

Johanna

Sam

Ingrid

Sally

Olivia

Gloriana

The Captain

Man A

Woman A

Woman B

Bus Driver

**Lisa Howard**

**Rani Moorthy**

**Marc Graham**

**Joanna Nicks**

**Emma Bright**

**Sally Ann Staunton**

**Nadia Emam**

**Oliver Senton**

**Dave Pattison**

**Louise Brown**

**Polly Pattison**

**Ash Schultz**

## **Inhabitants of the Three Islands**

Caroline Blair

Ean Blair

Hannah Brace

Lesley Brown

Vicki Brownlee

Katherine Carter

Joanna Dunn

Janice Edmonds

Martyna Harasimiuk

Abbey Headland

John Hinson

Ced Illidge

Andrew Kenny

Dave Miller

Nigel D. Morpeth

Yvonne Oliver

Julie Robinson

Ash Schultz

Roy S Settle

## **Creative Team**

*Director*

*Designer*

*Composer*

*Sound Designer*

*Lighting Designer*

*Movement Director*

*Fight Director*

Alan Lane

David Farley

Heather Fenoughty

Matt Angove

Katharine Williams

Lucy Hind

Liam Evans-Ford

*Associate Directors*

*Design Assistant*

*Chief LX*

*Stage Managers*

*Boat Crew*

*Pyrotechnics*

*Set Construction*

*Chef*

*Project Dramaturg*

*Digital Producer*

*Associate Producer*

*Producer*

*Executive Producers*

Ingrid Adler

Peter Bradley

Sally Proctor

Heledd Rees

Alex Johnston

Calum Clark

Olivia Dudley

Elliot Gray

Freddie Hall

Marek Streit

Hamish Ellis

Doug Nicholson of External

Combustion

RT Scenic

George Allison

Kara McKechnie

Brett Chapman

Sarah Cotterill

Joanna Resnick

Laura Clark

Jim Munro

*Flood, Part Four: New World* was commissioned by Hull UK City of Culture 2017.

The play will be first performed on 26 September 2017 in Victoria Dock, Hull.

Part Four is being published before rehearsals commence, so certain alterations may occur prior to performance.

## 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.*

*And now we see the islanders begin to build structures on the islands, see them to try to 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.*

## 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?

– *Time passing* –

### **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 keep separate. We are  
 to make things as they were before.

– *Time passing* –

**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 heart's 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 life jacket 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 knew who brought the storm, the rain’

**Olivia** ‘We knew 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?

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**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,  
 Secret and held safe far from the surface.

## 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 overheard.

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**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 tied, 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 more 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.

He is struggling now, fighting against his restraints. His moment had come before his story even made sense to him.

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? Or was it the sweet violence of the scene, a tyrant weeping at his perfect art, blood red symmetry of crime and punishment?

*The **Bus 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 drowned 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 the sun, 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.*

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 were not there, really. They were 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 makeshift 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 lean 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, sink to the floor.*

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

He is watching me. Corner of the room. 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.v

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

**Ingrid** I went east, as I had promised. Always east, towards the rising sun.

Fast at first, demons behind me, until the little fuel was gone. And then paddling, 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.

**Ingrid** Where are you taking me?

**Captain** Look –

*The boats approaching Holy Island now.*

**Ingrid** Who lives here?

**Captain** Survivors.

**Ingrid** Your family?

**Captain** I have no family.

## ii.vi

*The circle of residents of the Holy Island, they 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.vii

*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 Islanders** 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

– *Time passing* –

**iii.i**

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

**Sam and Sally together.** *Just them.*

**Sam** *looks towards us.*

**Sam** Didn't know much about love, before. My father he was disappointed. We know why now – one he really loved was the politician. One that got away. Not my mother, choking her life away, unremarked.

(*shrugs*) I'm not moaning, just how it was.

But I mean . . . *Love.*

*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 neverending. Thought history was like a film and we were at the happy ending. We forget to protect it.

**Sally** So it was more than her?

**Sam** *(shrugs)* 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*) About your height. 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 in a shelter 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** *hits the Missionary hard.*

**Sam** Where is your island?

**Missionary** I won't tell you that.

**Sam** Burn him.

**Resident** *holds a burning torch against the skin of the Missionary.* *The sound of screaming from the Missionary.*

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**Sam** Where is your island?

**Missionary** No!

**Sam** Again.

*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.*

**Captain** You recognise that boat?

**Ingrid** No.

*Smoke coming from the boat.*

**Captain** (*understanding*) No.

**Ingrid** What is it?

**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 out concealed people. 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** *stays 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 away moaning.*

**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** Help me! 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.*

**Ingrid** It is you.

**Gloriana** Take her down. Bury her, in the sea. Do it.

**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.i**

*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.ii**

**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.

But still he was starving, ravenous, and he thought it was for love he hungered. No, it was for magic, for sorcery's sharp point: the hope that comes with transformation.

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*) Go on.

*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?

**Sam** A boat, a mile east. Two nights from now.

**iv.v**

**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 in a boat, 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're 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 are approaching Sam's Flotilla.*

**Sally** Sam. It's a trap. Give up now.

**Sam** You, you did this?

**Sally** Yes.

**Sam** *howls out in 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, outnumbered, outthought –

**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 at 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 now.

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

*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 her –

**Captain** – I loved her, I loved you –

**Sam** But here we are.

She said no, Natasha?

**Captain** She said no.

**Sam** *takes 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 led, 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.

184 Flood

**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?

**Gloriana** I have one last thing to do.

**Captain** I mean, 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**)** 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.  
Where we are we should not be and yet  
Where we are, we are, and on we must go,  
What new world lay ahead we did not know,  
Eyes facing front, vanishing world behind.  
Here she is, a great one transmuted  
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 metres 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.*

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Nasr Emam

John Dean

Crew for Calais

Daphne Alexander

and The School of Night

**Nb.**

Part One of *Flood* can be watched online at [flood.hull2017.co.uk](http://flood.hull2017.co.uk)

Part Three of *Flood* is available to watch on BBC iPlayer for 30 days following transmission.

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