

Act Three

Prologue

1973

Roy, Daniel and Robert.

Roy and Daniel are looking through a few sheets of paper.

Robert It's just a preliminary document. To give you some idea of the way it's going.

Roy We understand what it is.

Robert So you know where it's headed. I thought it would be good to get your . . . views.

At this stage.

Roy You think this is what will be in the final report.

Robert The way it's going yes.

Roy You can't imagine that they'll be any . . . surprises.

Daniel New factors.

Roy New factors yes, still to come.

Robert I can't see how there would be no.

Roy Right. Can't see how there would be.

Daniel Hmm.

Roy Because the thing is, these aren't really the results we were expecting.

They're not meaningful.

Meaningful.

Exactly.

What do they tell us?

Robert Quite a lot actually. If you do this sort of work it's clear that releasing huge quantities of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere at such a high altitude, when combined with similar emissions in other fields, will cause heat to be reflected rather than released, potentially causing rising temperatures and -

No.

Robert.

Hang on.

With respect.

All that you've just said, that tells you a lot.

It tells us very little.

We wondered if there was any way you could make them *meaningful* to us.

Robert

Roy

If there was a way the report could focus on something that we can understand. Because if there was. A clearer *focus*. This could be the start of a very fruitful relationship.

Yes but this is -

As we spoke about.

Robert  
Roy  
Robert

Right.

**Roy**

Perhaps it's a question of how you present it.  
Perhaps it's as simple as that?  
Because overall these mean very little.  
To us.  
As they stand.

I think that's our view.

Daniel?

**Daniel**

Absolutely.

**Roy**

That's our view.

Does that make sense?

**Robert****Daniel**

Perhaps you need some more resources.  
To see things clearly.  
Is that what we're talking about?  
Are we talking about resources?  
Or should we discuss the fee?

**Robert**

It's not about money . . .

**Daniel**

Of course.

**Daniel writes on a piece of paper:**  
*He passes it across. Robert reads it.*

I think you should keep going. There's six months before the final report. That's a long time. Anything could happen.

**Mad Bitch**

*The evening. Dark.*

*Freya is at the reception of a hospital. She meets Marina, a Polish cleaner, who is playing 'I Am Not A Robot' on a tummy radio.*

**Freya**

You have to help me.

**Marina**

Get off!

**Freya**

It's hurting. It's really – Ow!

*A Receptionist comes over.*

**Marina**

I'm just the cleaner, go / and talk to a doctor.

**Freya**

This is a hospital you have / to help me.

**Receptionist**

Alright . . .

**Marina**

She says it hurts.

**Receptionist**

I can see that.

*Marina looks Freya in the eyes.*

**Marina**

After the storm the sun always comes.

**Receptionist**

Thank you Marina, I'll deal with it.

*Marina picks up her mop and watches.*

Now what's your name?

**Freya**

I'm not telling you my name.

**Receptionist**

You can't be treated until we / have some information –

**Freya**

I'm pregnant. You have to treat me.

**Receptionist**

Let's just start with a / name, can you give me a

**Freya**

I pay my taxes I pay my taxes whole point is you treat me so treat me I don't want to talk to you, where's the doctor?

**Receptionist** You will see a doctor, I'm just trying to get some details. How / long have you been –

**Freya** I'm not telling you anything, I don't like you, I'm in pain. It's kicking so hard. Ow!

**Receptionist** How many months?

**Freya**

**Receptionist** How many months?

**Freya**

Let me in!  
Now

**Marina**

I think you should do as she says.

*As the receptionist takes Freya into the hospital, Marina watches, then walks away.*

*A baby is crying somewhere. The rhythmic sound of a heart beat.*

**Colin answers the door. Jasmine is standing there.**

**Jasmine** I'm wet as fuck.

**Colin** It's not a good time.

**Jasmine** Can I come in or what?

**Colin** What?

**Jasmine** Funny.

*She walks past him into the house.*

**Colin** She's not back till late.

**Jasmine** Never is these days. She's got a reception till nine, then a late meeting, checked with her secretary, went over, had an argument today, so I know.

**Colin** You went to her work?

**Jasmine** I'm not interested in her anyway that's not why I'm here.

*She looks at the house.*

I hated it when you moved. That was my house. I loved that place. But this is so . . . House and Garden. Yeah . . . none of my mates are around got exams or whatever so I thought you'll be on your own and you could probably do with a laugh so I brought a bottle of tequila. And a spliff or two, or three.

**Colin** I don't really smoke illegal drugs, it's sort of frowned on for –

**Jasmine** You should.

**Colin** For husbands of government ministers.

**Jasmine** You should, given everything that's happened to you.

**Colin** A drug habit? Right.

**Jasmine** You lost your job.

**Colin** I'll find something else.

**Jasmine** To take?

**Colin** A job.

**Jasmine** You probably wanted kids but she's past it now.

**Colin** Not really.

**Jasmine** No she is, well past it, trust me.

**Colin** I mean we don't want kids.

**Jasmine** The house must feel empty, with you here, on your own all day.

*She lights a cigarette.*

**Colin** You can't smoke inside, you know that.

Jasmine She isn't here.

So. Why can't you get a job? Too old is it?

Colin In their terms, and I've never been one of the city boys really. Never done that stuff.

Jasmine What stuff?

Colin Cars, booze, coke.

Jasmine Strippers.

Colin Exactly. Strippers. God.

*A moment.*

And you're right, it's not been the easiest of months for her either, so she tends to take it out on... well...

Jasmine You.

Colin People.

Jasmine You. It's all got a bit bleak recently, hasn't it?

Colin Why are you here?

Jasmine I'm your fairy godmother.

*She offers him a cigarette.*

Colin I don't smoke.

Jasmine If you're gonna have a mid life crisis, better have a fucking good one. It won't kill you.

*He takes one. She lights it.*

*She pours two shots of tequila.*

Bad things are happening. Let's stick our heads in the sand.

*They drink. Jasmine's phone goes – she answers.*

Yep?

Freya Bad things are happening.

Jasmine I just said that.

Freya Happening to me.

Jasmine I just actually said that same thing. Don't you think that's weird?

Freya Where are you?

Jasmine Where's Steve? Can't he –

Freya On business.

Jasmine Now's not good.

Freya You're busy? Right.

Jasmine Nothing like that.

Freya Who is it?

Jasmine Doesn't matter.

Freya Please. *Please!*

Jasmine I'm just in the middle of something.

Freya This is one of those sister things. One of those moments that matter.

Jasmine I could do tomorrow?

Freya No! I need you now!

Jasmine Alright, but tomorrow would be better though? Better for me. So –

*Freya hangs up. Jasmine pours another tequila.*

Colin Who was that?

Jasmine No one. Another?

*She pours and they down another shot.*

*The sound of a fetus's heart beat. Freya looking at the ceiling. An image forming. Freya is scared.*

*Tim enters, a House Officer.*



**Tim** Hi. I'm Doctor Marcus.

**Freya points at the ceiling.**

**Freya** Look.

**Tim** What?

*He can't see anything – he checks her notes.*

**Sarah is in a restaurant with Carter.**

**Carter**

For me, a restaurant is never about who will be here, but who certainly won't. And there are a lot of people who certainly won't be here. The wine's excellent, the meat isn't local which in London is a good thing, the service is eight out of ten. The cheese. Well, the cheese is something to write home about. Dear mother I have just tasted the most delightful cambozolla -

*She gives him the sheets of paper.*

Oh.

Straight to business. Thank you.

**Sarah** Why don't you tell me what they are?

**Carter** Well. They are . . . results. Of some tests.

Photocopies of the originals I think. It's a preliminary report by Robert Crannock . . . your father yes?

**Sarah** Why did you send them?

**Carter** Me?

No I didn't send them. I don't know anything about them.

*The waiter comes over and pours some wine. Sarah drinks straight away.*

**Sarah**

Alright well, if you didn't send them you'll have to use your imagination. Why *might* someone . . .

**Carter** Why *might* someone have sent them?

**Sarah** Exactly, yes, let's *imagine*.

**Carter**

Well these are signed by your father, the results of a project he did for the largest airline in the UK, oh hang on that's my company isn't it? Yes I remember this, a project over twenty years to investigate whether emissions from aircraft would have any lasting impact on the environment. Now these papers seem to suggest that clearly, yes. Yes.

A huge impact.

In fact in this preliminary report, which is for internal use only, he's claiming the continuation of even the then current levels of carbon emissions would prove disastrous, for the world.

**Sarah** Right. That's what he thinks.

**Carter** But that wasn't his conclusion Sarah. Not at the time.

For twenty years, his public reports said the opposite. That burning fuel, and carbon emissions, would have little or *no effect*. It was very well publicised at the time. We made sure of that. It was one of the main factors in the expansion of the industry. So the question we . . . sorry. Not me. The question you have to ask yourself is why would he do that? For twenty years.

When he knew the truth. Why would he lie?

And what was the effect of holding back that crucial information? If we'd had that information then, imagine how many species, ecosystems, how many *lives* we could've saved. Of course, everyone makes mistakes, we don't mind it took him twenty years to work it out, but if it were revealed that he knew *all the time* . . . in green circles he's a god . . . if this came out, his reputation would collapse. Maybe even belief in the whole idea would begin to crumble.

And you're his daughter. Perhaps it would rub off on you.

I presume he was paid. I wonder how much?

*Sarah smiles.*

Sarah Yes.

Carter Yes?

Sarah You're right. The public should know. I'll give the report to the press in the morning.

Carter You will.

Absolutely. And thank you, because this is a lovely restaurant, the wine is delicious, and especially for this, because I think my father deserves whatever he gets.

Carter Really?

Sarah You should've done your research. I hate him.

I'm more than happy to disown him publicly. Any excuse.

So sorry, John – no more runways.

*She drinks from the wine.*

Carter I like the way you hold the glass. By the stem. It's impressive. You're wasted.

Sarah Not yet.

Carter In politics.

*Carter takes the papers off her.*

You'll forgive the attempt? This sort of thing normally works on politicians. They get scared. Because most politicians are geeks, as you know Sarah. That's why they're so ugly.

*The waiter arrives again.*

But you.

You're not ugly at all. You're . . . striking. Intelligent. So what are you doing?

What do you want?

What do I want?

To eat.

Oh.

Go for anything. Anything at all. I've done my best. Said my bit. It didn't work.

So, let's relax now, eat, drink.

Enjoy ourselves.

Let's talk like men do.

*Tim is with Freya.*

Tim You've had something to eat?

Freya Yes.

Tim What did you choose?

Freya I don't know. Chicken I think. Or turkey. Lamb. I couldn't taste anything. Ow!

Tim The doctor will be over soon, and we'll check you out.

Freya Aren't you a doctor?

Tim I'm still training.

Freya You've got a stethoscope.

Tim Present from my mum.

Freya I've got a really bad feeling that something's going to go wrong.

Tim Well as I say I'm still training but –

Freya I didn't mean you.

Tim I know, it was joke. A bad joke. Something wrong. You mean with the baby?

Freya I was out all day, I saw so many people and none of them cared.

Tim Don't worry.

Freya None of them noticed anything, you don't understand.

Tim Why not?

Freya You're too happy. You smile all the time.

Tim *smiles.*

Freya Like that, which is strange, seeing as you're surrounded by illness and suffering and death, and angry families, people complaining, screaming –

Tim – and cures, and treatments, births, and saving lives and people who can't believe they're going to survive, people who really love life, who can't believe their luck.

*They look at each other. She's met her match.*

Freya Good hands as well.

Tim Thanks.

Freya I bet you keep your girlfriend happy.

Tim Boyfriend actually.

Freya Boyfriend right, I bet you wouldn't leave him by himself if he was having a baby.

Tim Hard to say.

Freya Are you in love?

Tim Personal question.

Freya You are, that's why you're smiling all the time.

Tim You've got someone too.

Freya No. I haven't.

Tim What's his name? Come on . . .

Freya No there isn't anyone.

Tim Yes there is.

Freya No.

Tim Come on, what's his name?

Freya No. I'm not –

Tim Come on . . .

Freya I'm not smiling.

Tim Yes you are.

*She's caught out.*

Freya Alright. My husband. But he hasn't got a name. I don't know who he is.

Tim Shall we give him a call?  
 Freya Are you a good doctor?  
 Tim Are you a good patient?  
 Freya Good patients would tell you their names.  
 Tim I'm Tim.  
 Freya Hello Tim.  
 Tim Hello Freya.  
 Freya Oh. You know?  
 Tim We got your wallet out of your bag.  
 Freya I'm not very happy at the moment Tim. Brave face, but I'm really struggling. The baby knows. It's doing something strange in there. Don't call my husband. I don't want him to know.  
 Tim Why not?  
 Freya He smiles all the time too, like nothing's wrong.  
*She winces with pain.*  
 Steve *looks, very seriously, at Robert.*  
 Steve It's a nice house.  
 Robert Jealous.  
 Steve Not really.  
 Robert Small flat you've got. She finds it claustrophobic.  
 Steve Is that what she said?  
 Robert What do you think? Is she happy? With the house? Is she happy? With you?  
 These are the questions.

Steve Point is, you don't know.  
 What do you do Steve?  
 Steve I'm sure she mentioned it.  
 Robert Of course.  
 Steve Then why do you want me to tell you?  
 Robert I want you to be proud of it, Steve. I want you to declare it.  
 Steve I'm a writer.  
 Robert You're a writer. Good. Of?  
 Steve Books. Sort of trivia books.  
 Robert Sort of trivia books. That's right. What sort of trivia books?  
 Steve For the Christmas market mainly, they're like stocking fillers.  
 Robert And what do they like, fill the stocking with. What are they called?  
 Steve The latest one was 'Fifty Shit Things About Britain'.  
 Robert Fifty Shit Things About Britain. Wow.  
 Steve Wow. That's what you think? That Britain's shit.  
 Steve Yeah, nothing to be proud of really.  
 Robert Well I don't know, there's always your book.  
 Steve We're working on a sequel actually, for this year.  
 Robert Another Fifty Shit Things About Britain?  
 Steve Fifty Shitter Things About Britain.  
 They sell very well.

The first bought the flat.  
This one's for Emily.

Robert  
Emily?

Steve  
...

Robert  
Tell me some of your shit things.

Steve  
Look, this isn't the point, I'm not here to chat -

Robert  
Why not? Are you staying? Tonight?

Steve  
You said a hotel.

Robert  
There isn't one, and it's terrible anyway. Stay here.

Steve  
No.

Robert  
Why not? Scared?

Steve  
It doesn't feel right.

Robert  
What does that mean, 'doesn't feel right'?

Steve  
To stay under your roof.

Robert  
You don't know me.

Steve  
I know what you did to them.

Robert  
What I *did* to them. I didn't *do* anything. I said things. I told them the truth. *Did something* sounds like you're implying I hit them.

Steve  
No.

Robert  
Or fucked them something like that. You're not implying something like that are you?

Steve  
Of course not.

Robert  
Then watch your fucking language.

Robert  
Choose better words.

Stay. And we'll talk. We'll find the time. Later on. Yes?

Steve  
Okay.

Robert  
Good.

Now, tell me about these shit British things.

Carter and Sarah are outside the restaurant.

Carter  
So what now?

Sarah  
Now I should go home.

Carter  
You should, that's interesting yes I'm sure you *should* go home, I'm sure that's right.

Sarah  
My husband.

Carter  
Your husband exactly.

Sarah

Carter  
I'm enjoying our game.

Sarah  
Our game?

Carter  
I'd like another drink. I know a place. It's high. Taxi!

Carter hails a cab.

Sarah  
High?

Carter  
The views are a dream, better at night. What do you think? One more glass of wine?

Or something stronger?

It won't kill you.

The sound of a baby in the womb.

A middle-aged doctor, Sally, is standing with Freya. Tim is there as well.

Sally

We've run all the tests.  
It's perfectly healthy.

Freya

I've been smoking. And drinking. I fell over  
in the bath.

Sally

She's fine.

Freya

Other mothers aren't like this.

Sally

You'd be surprised.

Freya

She's just some thing growing. I never  
wanted it anyway.

Sally

Women often go through many feelings,  
especially at this stage, but when you give  
birth, you'll feel different.

Freya

Have you got children?

Sally

It's very common.

Freya

Maybe you should get rid of it. Her. Before  
it's too late. That's what I think now, I'm  
really think that you should do that. Ow!

*Freya winces.*

Sally

It's not possible.

Freya

You do it all the time.

Sally

Not in these circumstances. She's too  
advanced.

Freya

If I was a cave woman, I could do it myself.  
Punch myself in the stomach.

Or wait till it was born and hide it or bury  
it or something. Maybe I will anyway. I  
thought this was civilised. I thought I had a  
choice.

Sally

We are civilised. You do have a choice. But at  
this stage, so does your daughter. Is someone  
picking you up?

Freya

I'm on my own.

Sally

A taxi then.

Freya

No. There isn't anyone. I'm staying here.

Sally

That's not possible. Where do you live?

Tim

She won't tell us. And there was nothing in  
her wallet. We're trying to find out.

Sally

Well . . .

*She looks at his name badge.*

. . . Tim. You better get on with it.

*Sally goes.*

Freya

I need to stay here. I'm ill.

Tim

We don't have room.

Freya

Sign a piece of paper and it's done.

Tim

I can't unless you're in for a . . .

Do you want to see her?

Your daughter?

Freya

No.

Tim

If you see her, you can stay the night.

*Tim smiles.*

*Jasmine and Colin have wine and are quite stoned.*

Jasmine

I feel so fucking aimless Colin, I want to go,  
where I want, do what I like, spend money,  
I want to shout all the time. Cos it's bullshit,  
just everyone, isn't it? Pushing emails  
around, shall we meet? Shall we have a pre  
meet? How about Thursday? I'm busy  
Thursday, well how about we meet to work  
out when's good, let's pencil that in, fucking  
about on Facebook, events, messages,



profiles, pretending to have friends, and I don't mind but none of it's *achieving* anything, it's one big 'general meeting', just chatter, and when it all fucks up, which it will, just statistically, historically, when it all goes pear shaped, they'll be full of regrets. 'I should've slept with him, I should've gone there, done that while I had the chance.' And I never want regrets Colin so while I still can I'm gonna fuck some shit up.

**Colin** I've never done that.

**Jasmine** What?

**Colin** Fucking . . . shit . . . or . . .

**Jasmine** Oh Colin.

**Colin** I've found for the sake of dignity it's better to stay away from the . . . shit.

**Jasmine** Dignity?

**Colin** You probably don't know what that is.

**Jasmine** We have to sort you out.

**Colin** *lets out a long strange depressing sigh.*

**Freya's phone starts ringing.**

*Tim is there with the ultrasound machine, setting it up. Steve's outside, getting reception on his phone.*

**Freya** It'll stop in a minute. It's my husband.

**Tim** Are you going to get it then?

*She cuts it off.*

**Freya** All gone.

*We hear the O2 voice message, cutting out. As we hear Steve, we see Freya and Tim.*

**O2** I'm sorry but the person you're calling is not available. Please leave a message after the tone.

**Steve** Hello lovely. I tried you at home but you didn't answer perhaps you're singing again. Which is fine.

Depending on the song. There's not much reception here, I don't know if you can even hear this, but I'm really . . . I miss you, miss your face, your big eyes, your . . . Be great to speak properly. I'll try later. I love you. Bye.

*He looks at his phone. It cut out ages ago.*

**Sarah and Carter** *in a bar - more relaxed now. Cocktails and a night time view over London.*

**Sarah** I have a fundamental belief in the role of government. I'm very clear about that.

**Carter** Sarah, it's wonderful your clarity.

**Sarah** And we're very different you and me.

**Carter** Different in many ways, I'm not denying that, I'm simply saying that with your skills, contacts, your background, you don't know how much you're worth.

**Sarah** I'm not interested in money.

**Carter** A thousand a day, possibly more.

**Sarah** It's not what motivates me.

**Carter** I know I know, okay, but the improved quality of life that's something else. I spend my evenings with my children. Do you spend your evenings with your children?

**Sarah** I don't have any children.

**Carter** You don't have any children alright, do you see much of your husband?

Sarah Enough.

Carter Enough?

*He smiles – you see?*

Sarah We're going through a . . . thing at the moment it's not . . . oh.

Carter This is what I mean.

Sarah Fuck. What am I doing? I'm telling you about my *marriage* why am I telling you about that? Jesus. Shut up Sarah.

Carter We're just talking.

*Sarah drinks her mojito.*

Sarah But alright so quality of life, that's not a factor either, because there are important things you care about. I understand. Targets, limits, carbon trading, an international agreement. How's all that going by the way? There's a lot of momentum to get something done.

Carter Momentum.

Sarah Yes. . . I know I know alright.

*Sarah grabs a waiter.*

Can I get another one of these?

Waiter / Of course.

*He goes.*

Carter Come on Sarah, you like things to *happen*. You know really that the solution will lie in utilising the market. Technology and innovation.

Sarah Carbon ingesting algae you mean?

Carter Carbon –

Sarah An orbiting umbrella.

Carter Sarah, you're being / naughty.

Sarah No no, my favourite – turning the moon into a huge solar panel.

Carter That's kind of how innovation *works*. It's *new*? If people will pay, the world will change, fast. The internet existed for ten years, no one had it, but as soon as it could do adverts it went in every home.

Sarah The environment is longer term, less quantifiable, without government incentivising industry there won't / be any commercial activity.

Carter Sarah, *Sarah*! You could be doing so much more than incentivising. This is what I'm saying. There aren't many people around like you. If you were in business you could solve environmental issues right now, you could save lives and build economies and you could do it quickly. And then after work you'd go home to your big house, your happy husband, and do what you like. Concerts, painting, cooking.

I used to like cooking.

What's your husband's name?

Sarah Colin.

Carter Colin? Right. Colin?

*They both smile.*

Right.

Sarah He's an amazing man.

Carter I'm sure he is.

**Sarah** But when I come in these days he just looks at me.

**Carter** Because you're killing yourself with this lame duck fucking government when you're capable of so much more. He knows it. I know it.

**Sarah** Well . . .

We'll have to wait and see.

**Carter** Wait for what?

**Sarah** The next election, see where we are.

**Carter** That could be five years.

**Sarah** Slowly slowly –

**Carter** Why wait?

**Sarah** You mean . . .

**Carter** Come to us in the new year.

**Sarah** I thought we were talking theoretically.

**Carter** No.

**Sarah** You want me to work for you.

**Carter** Well actually Sarah, if you came across, I would be working for you.

*She looks at him.*

Proper salary, resources, investment, expense account, whatever you want. Leading the field. Clean up the industry, from the inside. You tell us what to do.

**Sarah** This is an offer?

**Carter** A great big offer. You get what you want.

**Sarah** Yes.

**Carter** And so do we.

*They look at each other.*

**Sarah** You're a clever boy.

*She drinks. This is the deal.*

**Carter** The things you could do Sarah. So much bigger than planes and runways.

*The waiter brings a new cocktail – puts it in front of Sarah. She smiles and drinks it.*

**Robert, Steve and Mrs Andrews** are having dinner.

**Robert** You haven't read my books have you?

**Steve** I had a look today, while I was waiting.

**Robert** You had a look?

**Steve** A skim, yes.

**Robert** They aren't difficult, even Mrs Andrews managed them.

**Steve** Your books aren't why I'm here.

**Robert** Mrs Andrews, let me explain. Steve is worried about his wife. Now I haven't spoken to any of my daughters for twenty years. They don't like me, they're doing their own things – My eldest is the environment secretary. My youngest is at university. And Freya. What she does I don't know. She's pregnant, does that count?

**Steve** She's a Teaching Assistant.

**Robert** Yes, she helps deaf children or something, but quite strangely one evening, Steve got home and found his wife had gone. Where? Well he eventually discovered that she had got on a train and come up to Scotland, to talk to her dad. And yes. We spoke. You gave her fruit cake.

**Mrs Andrews** Aye.

**Robert**

Very appropriate in retrospect, because after she got home, she wouldn't tell her husband what we spoke about. He knew where she'd been, but Freya refused to talk. She wouldn't even say why she went in the first place. I presume she's become unhappy. Confused. She hardly leaves the flat anymore, she cries at night.

**Steve**

**Robert**

Right, so then even more strangely, Steve decides to fake a business trip and come and talk to me himself. Not realising of course that if he needs to do that then there's much bigger issues at stake.

**Steve**

Like what?

**Robert**

Like not what I said to her.

**Steve**

Okay.

**Robert**

But why she won't talk to you. Why you're sneaking up here without telling her.

**Steve**

I need to know what's happening.

**Robert**

I'm in two minds as to what to say, Mrs Andrews. Steve's come all this way. But do I betray the trust of my daughter, and get involved or do I shut up, for once?

*They look at each other.*

The problem is Steve, that it is, in fact, all about my books. If you want an answer, you'll have to understand some science. You'll have to listen. And it won't be humorous. It's very interesting, but there aren't any laughs. Can you deal with that?

**Steve**

Go on.

**Robert**

Try not to tune out. Everything in the planet is co-dependant. It exists in ever changing, ever evolving balance much like a gigantic organism itself. Did you get that far with the books?

**Steve**

Yes / I did.

**Robert**

Species live and die and evolve and the planet evolves too through cycles of hot and cold and responding to the demands of life, and life responds to the demands of the planet. But the problem is...

*He looks at Mrs Andrews.*

**Mrs Andrews**

Global warming.

**Robert**

You see, there's a keen brain under all that— Global warming, yes. You know how that works. Of course you do. You've seen Blue Peter. And people draw their graphs, they show the rise in temperature, they show a small but steady rise, they say it can be limited, you know by how much?

**Steve**

A couple of degrees?

**Robert**

Two degrees yes, as long as we recycle, do you recycle Steve?

**Steve**

Yes.

**Robert**

And insulate our homes, I expect you've done that too.

**Steve**

Looked into it—

**Robert**

Of course you have I'm sure you've got a bag for life, you travel by train and all that makes you feel better I know but it's a complete waste of time because the global climate has never been interested in two degree anything. If we look at geological records of

historical climate change, the onset of the last ice age for instance, we see there is no steady climb, no year-by-year increase. There is in fact a relatively stable climate system, and then something happens, the system is stretched and in a moment, it collapses and changes, in hundreds not thousands of years. You understand?

Steve

Robert

Let's imagine this house is a planet. What regulates the climate?

Steve

The thermostat?

Robert

Mrs Andrews. When the house is too hot she opens windows, when it's too cold she switches on the heating. She brings in new material to eat or drink, to write on, to read, and she removes the waste when I'm done. She cleans the air and the ground and she regulates my life, don't you? We are symbiotic, she would not exist without me. I couldn't live without her.

Steve

Right.

Robert

But she's very unhappy at the moment Steve. Because when the population is doubled like this, her systems are stretched. The house gets hotter, quicker, food and drink are consumed at twice the rate, the floor is twice as dirty. She's under pressure, but is there a steady increase in her anger? Can you detect a slow rise in her temperament? No. She's steady, she's holding it together. But there will come a day, if you stay too long Steve, when the system's been stretched too far, and she'll

snap. Suddenly she'll take away your sofa, she'll hide the food, leave the heating on, steal your phone and spit in your drink, she'll do everything in her power to remove the problem. To remove you. And she'll succeed Steve, you'll be gone, because she's stronger than any of us.

We were part of system, a relationship, and we abused it. The world will be fine in the end, and it knows what it wants. It wants to get rid of us.

Mrs Andrews

The end of humanity.

Steve looks at them.

Steve

Can we get back to Freya?

Robert

You don't believe me?

Steve

I don't see how it's relevant.

Robert

The end of humanity not relevant?

Steve

To what we're talking about, no.

Robert

Mrs Andrews. He doesn't believe me.

You think I'm a strange old man.

A pause.

Robert stands up, goes to Steve, grabs him.

Robert

Up.

Steve

What?

Robert

We're going.

Steve

Where?

Robert

The end of humanity. We're going to see it.

Jasmine and Colin are smoking a spliff.

**Jasmine** I'm not wearing underwear.  
I never do.

**Colin** Uncomfortable.

**Jasmine** It makes life that bit more exciting. You should try it.

**Colin** I don't think it's the same with men.

**Colin** sighs, dejected.

*Nothing for a moment.*

**Jasmine** looks at him.

*He's completely depressed.*

**Jasmine** Colin!

What's gonna change?

*She pokes him.*

Come on!!!

What's happening!?

*She pokes him.*

*Pokes him again.*

*Keeps on poking him.*

*Poke poke.*

*He looks at her:*

*Then he stands up.*

What?

What?

Have I pissed you off now?

*Goes to the CD player. Picks a CD. Puts it on.*

What are you doing?

*The Arcade Fire – 'Rebellion (Lies)'. It plays.*

What's this?

**Colin** Arcade Fire.

**Jasmine** Okay, yeah I remember them.

**Colin** is standing moving a bit.

**Colin** Freya gave it to me one Christmas.

Used to play it in the car.

**Colin** starts to dance to it, very awkwardly. He knows the words, but is not used to moving his body.

**Jasmine** Oh.

My.

God.

**Colin** You like it?

**Jasmine** Er... I...

**Jasmine** is amazed.

**Colin** dances.

Yeah.

**Colin** sings along, loudly now.

*'Sleeping is giving in,  
no matter what the time is.*

*Sleeping is giving in,  
so lift those heavy eyelids.*

*People say that you'll die  
faster than without water.*

*But we know it's just a lie,  
scare your son, scare your daughter.'*

*As he goes he grows in confidence, he starts to let go. There is a kind of beauty to it.*



*Jasmine is laughing and smoking.*

*Carter peeps for the drinks at the bar.*

**Carter** You look different Sarah.

**Sarah** What?

**Carter** You look younger.

*She smiles.*

**Colin** dances with things in the room. Bashes around. Starts to go crazy. No ironic moves. He means it.

*He pulls Jasmine up. Dances with her, sings to her. She can't believe it.*

*'People say that your dreams  
are the only things that save ya.  
Come on baby in our dreams,  
we can live on misbehaviour.'*

*Every time you close your eyes  
Lies, lies!*

*Every time you close your eyes  
Lies, lies!*

*Every Time you close your eyes  
Lies, lies!*

*Every time you close your eyes  
Lies, lies!*

*Every time you close your eyes.*

**You're mental!**

*Every time you close your eyes.*

*Every time you close your eyes.*

*He lets himself go completely.*

**Freya and Tim.** *The music playing underneath.*

**Freya**

*She's not kicking anymore.*

*She seems happy. I think she likes you.*

*She smiles.*

*Maybe she could be a doctor; do something good.*

*He smiles.*

**Tim** Back in a minute.

*He goes out.*

**Carter and Sarah** are outside in the rain under an umbrella.

**Colin**

*People try and hide the night.*

*Underneath the covers.*

*People try and hide the lie.*

*Underneath the covers.*

*Come and hug your lovers*

*Underneath the covers.*

*Come and hug your lovers*

*Underneath the covers.*

*Hide it from your brothers.*

*Underneath the covers.*

*Come and hug your lovers*

*Underneath the covers.*

**Carter** There's a fifty. For the cab.

**Sarah** It won't be that much.

**Carter** Buy something for your husband.

**Sarah** smiles, gets in a cab and drives off through the city.  
**Colin** continues to dance and mime along with the words.

**Colin**

*'People say that you'll die  
faster than without water,  
but we know it's just a lie,  
scare your son, scare your daughters;*

*Jasmine is going as mad as he is. They dance close*

*Scare your son, scare your daughter.*

*Scare your son, scare your daughter.'*

*She kisses him suddenly.*

*He stops her. Stands back.*

*They look at each other as the music continues to play.*

*Jasmine sis. Releighs the siff.*

*Colin listens to the music a bit, then fades it down and switches it off. We hear the sound of the storm outside.*

*Robert is walking with Steve up to a tree.*

**Robert** There's a nest in this tree. Redwings, beautiful patterning. They were the reason I moved here. I found the birds, bought the house nearby.

**Steve** I'm asking about / Freya.

**Robert** The birds were endangered and climate change was the cause apparently. So I thought, they will be my barometer. Like the ravens in the tower, when they leave, it's over. They said rising temperatures were driving them elsewhere. What do you think?

**Steve** Doesn't feel warm right now.

**Robert** Well exactly, how could you know it was the air temperature? It could be the food, the hedgerows, disruption from wind farms.

**Steve** Mr Grannock -

**Robert** So if you want to understand it, you have to look at the entire system, the mountains, the animals, the air, the sea, it's infinitely complicated Steve, but that's what I do, I sit in that shed and I see the whole world.

**Steve** Just you and your shed.

**Robert** Every model suggests things are worse than anyone imagines.

**Steve** And you're the only one who's noticed.

**Robert** People say they want the truth - facts, and figures, but actually they want to be told it can be avoided, with minimum effort. When Neville Chamberlain came back from Hitler. He said he had a peace treaty, said he could trust this obviously evil man. Why did he believe it? Why did *we* believe it? Because we had to, or we'd be facing untold horrors. Always Steve, faith will come before truth. That's who we are.

But I've put the ground with the sky and the air, the best I can, and I've seen something terrible.

**Steve** Freya's read your books, she knows what you think, so why did she come all the way up here?

**Robert** They all know what I think. The planet can sustain about one billion people. There's currently six billion.

**Steve** So?

**Robert** As I told them.

**Steve** What?

**Robert** If you want to be green, hold your breath.

**Steve** Right.

**Robert** Best way to reduce the carbon footprint?

**Steve** Yeah

**Robert** No foot. And the planet knows this so in the next hundred years it will balance the

books. Five billion people wiped from the face of the earth in a single lifetime. Mass migration away from the equator, world wars, starvation, shooting on sight.

So Freya -

**Robert** Freya came to ask my advice about children.

**Steve** And what did you say?

**Robert**

**Steve** What did you say?

**Robert** I told her that her child will regret she was ever born.

Hate her mother for forcing her into a terrible world.

I told her to do whatever it takes.  
I told her to kill it.

**Steve** looks at him. *Horried.*

**Tim** is operating the ultrasound on Freya.

*We see a very blurred image. Of something. Faint sound of the womb.*

**Tim** There. Can you see?

**Freya** No.

**Tim** Look.

**Freya** I can't see anything.

**Steve and Robert.**

**Steve** You told her to kill it.

**Robert** Yes.

**Steve** Emily.

**Robert** It's a foetus.

**Steve** We're calling her Emily. And you're absolutely right I've no idea what's going to happen, I'm just Mr fucking joke book,

but she's there, and growing, and she's my child too, not just Freya's, she's much more important than your theories . . . your fucking birds.

**Robert** It's not just theory / it's

**Steve** You had no right. No right to say that to her.

**Robert** It's the truth.

**Steve** You listen! To me.

**Robert** The birds? You want to know about / the birds?

**Steve** For once, you listen. You had no right to say that to her. Do you understand?

**Robert** Steve!

**Steve** No -

**Robert** The birds had gone before I even moved in.

**Steve** moves away, to avoid hitting him.

**Robert** It's Weimar time, it's Cabaret, across the world, You feel it, we all do. We know there's nothing to be done, so we're dancing and drinking as fast as we can. The enemy is on its way, but it doesn't have guns and gas this time, it has wind and rain, storms and earthquakes.

Just shut up. / Shut up.

**Robert** This isn't theory this is death, this is loss and pain. Freya's not the first to suffer, and she won't be the last.

**Steve** She's beautiful and clever, but she's not strong, she came up here for help. She wanted her dad to make her feel better.

**Robert** Then she came to the wrong person.

Steve

What did she do?  
What did she do when you told her?

Robert

The world as it is, a disgrace.  
The world as it will be, unbearable.

Steve

I have to get back. I couldn't get through to her at home. She's gone somewhere.

Robert

You can't get back now, it's / far too late.

Steve

She might be killing my baby, so –

*Steve leaves.*

Robert

She had to know the truth.  
It's better it never lived.

*Tim is still trying with the ultrasound.*

Freya

You aren't what you seem.

Tim

I'm sorry?

Freya

I saw you. Through the glass. Talking to the nurse. Ow! It's started again.

Tim

I just need to find the . . .

Freya

I teach deaf children at school. Part of my job.

Tim

Really?

Freya

Means I lip read.

Tim

Oh.

Freya

Mad bitch.  
Waste of time.

Then you both laughed.

Tim

It was a joke.

Freya

No. It's what you think. And it doesn't matter except I thought you were the good thing, you were the last glimmer.

And then you went out.

Aghh!

She hates you now.

*On the screen is a very clear image of a foetus.*

Tim

I've had a long day. I'm sorry.  
But look.

There she is.

Things'll seem better.

She'll make a difference, won't she?  
When she's here.

Freya

Yes.

She will.

She will make a difference.

*The foetus is on the screen. Kicking.*

*It's mouth moves and we hear a small voice.*

Foetus

Mummy?

Freya

It spoke.

Tim

What?

Freya

It moved its mouth.

Tim

It's just –

Freya

No. I lip read. It's speaking.

Foetus

Mummy?

Mummy?

Help.

Help me.

*Sound of the womb getting louder and louder.*

*Sounds like an earthquake.*

Mummy?

108 Earthquakes in London

*Shaking.*

*The foetus turns its head to face us and screams.*

*Blackout.*

**End of Act Three.**

**Interval.**

*Act Four*

1991

*Robert is watching television in the dark, drunk.*

*A door opens onto a hall where bags are packed.*

*Sarah comes in.*

**Sarah**

I've packed enough for a week, for all of us, but we'll have to come back for the rest at some point, if you're serious about all this. There's too much, there's all the baby things, the nappies, the sheets, the toys, the bottle, I mean I can't fit the cot in my car; we'll have to get a van or something, I don't know, if you're serious.

I don't know if you are serious but if you mean what you said, I'm going right now.

With you it was different.

What?

**Robert**

Everyone had said if you have a child you'll change, you'll know what to do, everything will fall into place, and so I went into the hospital on the day you were born and there was your mum sat in the bed, and she gave you to me, to hold, and I looked at you, and I waited.

For that moment when I would feel like a father.

The moment everyone spoke about, when I would love you, completely, above anything else. But it wasn't happening.