

**T H E Y L L
G E T**

**Y O U N O W
Y O U R E**

G O N E

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Synopsis:

A man works to make a name for himself. Two women take time out to remember themselves. The guiding hand of an unseen system urges them ever onwards: better, further, faster, bolder. In the end is their beginning ¹.

List of Characters:

<i>Lydia</i>	Master Architect whose name is about to precede itself
<i>Damon</i>	An ambitious architect who wants to improve the lived experience
<i>Mediator 1</i>	The driving spirit urging Damon onwards
<i>Mediator 2</i>	The caring spirit urging caution
<i>Mediator 3</i>	The ephemeral spirit inspiring Damon
<i>Barbara</i>	High-rise resident
<i>Ellen</i>	High-rise resident

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Scene 1

Dark. White noise. There is a loud crashing noise. It suddenly stops as lights go up. The start of 'Disintegration Loops' by William Basinski is heard (0:00). There on the stage is a body. A man is lying prone with his face towards the audience and his left arm reaching out palm down. His eyes are open but it is initially unclear whether he is alive. The slightest movement from his fingers is discernible. His stare is that of fear. A fear of not just what has happened to him but what could yet happen to every person in the room. Lights down.

Lights up. Damon enters. He takes a seat behind a desk and stares out. A few moments later Lydia enters stage left. She strides by; stops and stares back without turning. Damon appears to work whilst Lydia looks at paper drawings. A pen rolls off Damon's desk and clatters onto the floor. Momentarily, he freezes. Lydia looks sternly at Damon. He reaches down to pick up the pen.

Lydia: I like to *think* outside the box. *(She looks back at the drawings.)* It is different from the last time I looked at it. *(pause)* Interesting... in an inappropriate way. *(pause)* In many ways really. Problematic *(pause)* I know...great design... less is...Van der Rohe ... less really... gravitationally. Constrained. Grounded even.

(Lydia looks up and walks down stage left. She continues to look up. Summons signal to Damon. Damon approaches and looks up.)

What do we see?

Damon: The inside of a building?

Lydia: When we choose *not* to be obtuse?

Damon: Walls racing to the skies to greet a ceiling of some complexity?

Lydia: How complex?

Damon: It's deceptively flat.

Lydia: A deceptively simple statement belying a depth of hitherto untapped rich complexity?

Damon: Yes.

Lydia: *(stamps foot)* Well don't. What we have is...a *citadel*. Like a jeweller fashioning precious metal hammered cross sections within a shaped landscape forging an urban morphology! This suggestible building invites us to sway with swagger. And you *(gestures)* have a balcony with views to gorge on! *(Pause)* The thing is...the form. It always is. *(Pause)* The monumental must contain something unapproachable that promotes both wonder and awe.

Damon: *(nods)* I agree. It's monumentally awful. *(She looks at him suspiciously)*

Lydia: Which brings me nicely to your latest plans for the Botanic Garden project. *(looks at drawings)* Never has obscurity been so transparent!

Damon: It's de-architecture. Levelising. Inequality falls away/

Lydia: Literarily. It wears it's inside out. It's bowellist.

Damon: It's subverting.

Lydia: It's a Beavis & Butthead joke. *(pause)* You expect people to trust this building? Let's put to one side those who may think the building condemned *(looks at drawing)* Not an unreasonable assumption. What do you see when you visit...eh... the Callanish standing stones?

Damon: What do I see? A ceremonial ground? Spiritual. Harnessing the elements for spiritual well-being/

Lydia: How do you know?

Damon: Well, I've read about it...seen documentaries about it/

Lydia: And they told you?

Damon: Well, not in so many words/

Lydia: Conjecture

Damon: Well/

Lydia: Conjecture

Damon: *(shrugs)* perhaps/

Lydia: Per-so. Nobody knows. Stonehenge, Easter Island statues, pyramids. Nobody knows. The function of the structures proved provisional. *(She looks at*

Damon's drawing) What you have designed turns that on its head so that the form is provisional. You've created a palace to... posterity. Do you think people will appreciate being *seen* emerging from a toilet block with a collapsing wall? Tumbling bricks? How many want to re-emerge into a world cracking jokes about blowing the walls out? One *can* take form following function too far! The architecture doesn't have to be shit too! *(pause)* I had an image of something which places thoughts...elsewhere. *(Dabs the air, propelling fingers from thumb. Pause. Looks at Damon)*. But this has changed? There were curves when I last looked. Nice undulating free-form curves!

Damon: You know why! If a flat surface is £1 and a curved surface is £2, a double-curved surface is £10. So...I...took out the double curves. But...it was...still over. So, I took out the curves...y'know

Lydia: Form follows finance. *(pause)* I trust you left the toilets? *(mumbles)* Might as well just plant a bush. *(looks at drawing)*. We want to believe we're... above it. Not to force eye-contact and sing "Tah-dah!" *(she looks at him)*. Quite some feat: so grounded, we have a collapsed wall. Here. *(she passes a pencil)* Take a line for a walk. Don't stop. Even when it gets bumpy. Even when it starts to *fall*. A seed of possibility may reveal itself.

Damon takes the pencil and drags the tip across a sheaf of paper. He puts the pencil down. It starts to roll, slowly gathering momentum until it falls from the table onto the floor.

Damon: Just letting it fall *(Lydia looks at him sternly)*.

He collects the pencil. As he does so, he stares at the empty seat Stage Left. He returns to his seat, takes his pencil and draws on paper. Lydia navigates a path such that she is behind him. Damon, aware of her presence, feels it weigh heavy in his hand. His pencil glides significantly slower but a perception of a line being drawn is implied. Slower. Slower. Slow. Lydia slowly extends her arm...and then nudges his elbow. Damon's hand skites in a direction not at all linear.

Lydia: Keep it. What do you see?

Damon: Bounded space

Lydia: Disbonded space. Conjunction and displacement...simultaneous multiplicity and discontinuity. Two half spaces perturbed by a prismatic presence. *(Beat)* You.

Damon: I see...I see...*(looks at Lydia)* complimentary geometric forms of circles, squares, rectangles and lines.

Lydia guides Damon's head using her hands to the architecture of the building in which they stand

Lydia: Where?

Damon: They're...embedded

Lydia: Uh-huh. In your head (*Taps on his head*). Should I be *flattered* by such imitation?

Damon: You calling me mediocre/

Lydia: Lazy.

Damon looks again into the architecture

Damon: Components of structure.

Lydia: Like a machine?

Damon: Possibly

Lydia: A machine for living?

Damon: ...or working

Lydia: Become a tomb-maker if you wish to flatter the dead. Corbusier indeed! If I wanted a machine...I'd get an engineer! (*Damon goes to speak*) Uh-uh...and you're no Van der Rohe. For you (*points at him*) less is just... you can sort this, huh? (*indicates Damon's plans. She goes to exit*) At short notice!

Lydia exits.

Representatives of Damon's serving faculties slowly emerge. Mediator 1 enters.

Mediator 1: (*to audience*) He is neither dyslexic nor left-handed – two conditions which afflict a number of gifted architects. (*pause*) 7th floor of Queen Elizabeth Square/

Mediator2 enters.

Mediator 2: It was the 14th floor actually (*moves down stage right*) because of the way it was laid out. Like a/

Mediator 3 comes on with tail of shirt flipped up behind his back.

Mediator 3: Ship in full sail on laundry day!

M2 slides between M3's legs to end in a sitting position & blows on shirt. They laugh.

Mediator 1: *(to audience)* His boss, Lydia Dupont...*(Hand in general direction of Lyda's exit)* Dupont? *(gestures with hands questioningly)* Dupont and on? Non? Soon enough, you won't need to ask. For her... pfff.... work is *all* consuming. A force of nature, she is...and if we mould ourselves *(signals to Damon)* favourably, if we go with the flow, if we swim with the sharks without being eaten alive, we can harness that energy. We can shape the future. Literally.

M3 exits.

Mediator 2: You may look to all the world that you are OK but you really are not OK! This pretence cannot continue. It is *not* OK! Let's go! Make an excuse: the doctor. No not the doctor. Too close to home. The dentist! No connotations and god knows with all the cakes around here/

Mediator 1: More stress. Is that what you want, Two? *(Turns. M2 looks at M1 taken aback)* We weren't thinking about you. At all.

Mediator 2: Well / was thinking about you, One.

Mediator 1: Shh. We're working. We've got some bricks to fix.

M3 enters.

Mediator 3: Have you seen the size of that cake? *Monumental!* It's a replica of this building? Have you seen it? Have you *actually* seen it? I tell you what...I'm up for a slice of that!

Mediator 1: We're busy. It'll just consume him/

Mediator 2: *(looks up)* It already has. *(pause)* Where is she?

Mediator 1: That way *(points stage left. M3 looks stage left)*

Mediator 3: She's off eating cake, isn't she? *(exits stage left)*

Mediator 1: *(to audience)* She met Mies van der Rohe when she was young/

Mediator 2: *(directed at M1)* He was old.

Mediator 1: Back then... she was nowhere/

Mediator 2: *(under breathe)* He was *everywhere*.

Mediator 1: Inspired.

Mediator 2: Tired.

Mediator 1: Knockout.

Mediator 2: Played out.

Mediator 1: Mies means money/

Mediator 2: Brass in. Brass out.

Mediator 1: Starting route to *There!* *(turns to Damon)* Proceed to the route!

Mediator 2: On the road to nowhere/

M1 rushes towards M2.

Mediator 1: Listen here... you sniffing little shit...YOU'RE the fucking roadblock!

Mediator 2: And you're a walking health-warning!

M1 and M2 symmetrically body-lock one another. M3 enters.

Mediator 3: Who mounts a cake in Perspex?! *(sees M1 & M2 struggle)*

M1 & M2 freeze: two figures in perpetual and equal opposition. Damon inspects their shape formation. He walks around as he inspects them. Their legs have left a gap in between where he slides and looks up at their shape. He studies them. M3 walks up to Damon's head, crouches and follows Damon's gaze.

Mediator 3: *(softly)* You should phone home.

Scene Ends

Scene 2

There is film footage of a tower block circa 1960s playing to Basinski's 'Disintegration Loops' (18:00). On stage is a set of stairs rising to platform. A mirror image of the stairs and platform are immediately in front of it. The scissors intersect: as one rises, the other falls. One woman enters. She looks at the film. There is a leaflet stand further downstage: one holder is stuffed with paper flyers featuring a 1960s tower. The other holder contains a solitary flyer of a building from an altogether different age. The music drops.

Barbara: We had a choice about which floor we wanted to live on. I wanted the first floor. I didn't want to go to the top! I didn't hang about. I just took the first set of keys. *(Walks towards stairs)* When I opened the flat door, I saw stairs! To where?!

She walks upstairs. Another woman enters. She looks at the film, approaches the opposite set of stairs.

Ellen: When I first moved in on the 17th floor, I was amazed there was so much room! Wow! Chuffed I was! *(She looks around)* On this floor, the bedrooms/

Barbara: *(points downstairs)* On *that* floor the kitchen and living room.

Ellen: *(walks upstairs)* On *this* floor the kitchen and living room.

Barbara, standing on her platform, watches Ellen

Barbara: You go downstairs to bed? *(Ellen smiles)* That's just weird!

Ellen: And the sitting room/

Barbara: You certainly couldn't lounge in the kitchen/

Ellen: One wall was given over to a large window to look over the city/

Barbara: A machine for food preparation they said/

Ellen: I couldn't go out on the balcony/

Barbara: A galley-kitchen. So handy.

(Barbara makes a sequence of imaginary movements: bends down collects 'frying pan'; puts it on 'cooker', turns on the spot 180° clockwise to open 'fridge door' to collect an 'egg'; turns 180° anti-clockwise to face out again; turns 180°

clockwise to open a 'drawer' to collect a 'spatula'; turns 180° anti-clockwise, cracks 'egg' with 'spatula' opening two halves of contents out into 'frying pan'. Laughs.)

Everything within easy reach!

Ellen: *(smiles)* "Come on...I'll hold onto you" my husband would say from the balcony his hand reaching out *(extends arms fully out before her)* "You're not going to fall or anything". "No! It's too high George!" *(withdraws hand immediately)*

Barbara: So handy. I love my kitchen!

Ellen: But once I started going out there, you couldn't stop me. The views!

Barbara: It's only meant for 2 people. "Get out of my kitchen!" my husband would say...he done the cooking.

Ellen: It felt so big/

Barbara: And your own bathroom...knowing that nobody else had been in there. You haven't got to share it.

Barbara: Two floors!

Barbara and Ellen walk towards the end of their respective platforms looking downstage. They feel the gravity as they look over the edge. Basinski's 'Disintegration Loops' (20:00) is heard

Ellen: I'd say to people I lived in a maisonette on the 17th floor.

Barbara: How could you live *on the 17th floor?*!

Ellen: You didn't realise how nice it was. It was really...

Barbara: Nice!

They both turn and look up at the tower on film. Basinski's 'Disintegration Loops' (19:00) plays out

Scene Ends.

Scene 3

The scene is as Scene 1 ends. M1 & M2 are still locked in opposition, Damon is lying underneath between their legs...and M3 is lying alongside Damon outwith the leg formation of M2 & M1. They stare upwards.

Mediator 3: What do you see?

Damon: *(illustrates with hand)* Two superimposed structures...two stacks on top of one another. Diagonals. Parallelograms. *(Damon jumps up and stands facing down stage)* They form a kind of honeycomb. This stack *(pointing to M1)* has perpendicular energy in this direction *(extends hand from M1's back outwards)*. And this stack *(pointing to M2)* has perpendicular energy in this direction *(extends hand from M2's back outwards. Starts to get excited)* But the energy which flows from each of them points *inwards!* Their fluidity results in permanence. *(gets really excited)* Each part static ...and as they add, they create a current till eventually the whole flows faster than the sum of their parts. Gestalt!

Damon rushes back to his desk...picks up a pencil and furiously draws

Mediator 3: My fault *(beat)* For asking. *(Looks at Damon, then outwards.)*
When are we going out?

Damon stops drawing.

Damon: Out?

Mediator 3: Yes. Out! Outside!

Damon: I've been outside. I walked here from my flat today? Sorry...do you mind? I'm in the middle of something.

Damon resumes drawing.

Mediator 3: I mean out from *here (goes to Damon's desk and feels it's unyielding surface)*. From its grasp. Its influence. Breathe the air, drink some roasted coffee by the river, taste the flavour of freshly prepared food on a bright summer's day, read the thoughts of another in paperback *(turns to face Damon)* be something other than *just* an architect.

Damon approaches M3 annoyed.

Damon: Just an architect?! You don't seem to understand. The coffee, the food, the book all emerge from buildings: the shop, the libraries, the pub. Confronting me all the time: 'This is how we used to build', 'This is how we should build', 'This is how we will build'! There is no respite for me! I am confronted with other people's ideas and thoughts every step of my way to work and every step back. You think you've read bad poetry?! It is as nothing as that which assaults my eyes and shortens my every breath. Imagine having to endlessly read William McGonagall...and then being asked to write Prospero's Books at the stroke of 9/

Mediator 3: 7.

Damon: What?

Mediator 3: Never arrive later than 7. Never depart before 9.

Silence

Damon: What is that you want me to do?

Mediator 3: See your friends. Your family. Anybody. Yourself! *(beat)* Phone home.

Damon looks at M3 in disbelief. M3 walks towards M2 and M1 and separates them. They unfreeze.

Mediator 1: Without vision, he is blind!

Mediator 2: Without health, he is dead!

Mediator 3: Without sound, he's in peace! *(gestures calm)* Please. *(Looks up towards the roof of the building)*

M1 walks to Damon's desk and sees his freshly drawn designs.

Mediator 1: Nice. Very nice!

Damon smiles and nods at M1

Mediator 3: Concrete. Same design but with concrete. A concrete wall collapsing. *(Looks at M2 who looks away)*

Scene ends

Scene 4

A film flickers into life whilst Basinski's 'Disintegration Loops' (30:00) plays. A pair of black shoes walks forward. The camera pans out to reveal a figure, the face blurred. The figure bends down towards the camera and vague facial features come into focus. Film cuts. Music stops.

Scene Ends.

Scene 5

Damon is sitting on the floor. M2 is near him. M3 is walking round in circles. M1 is downstage agitated.

Mediator 1: We can do it/

Mediator 2: We're exhausted! *(places hand on Damon's chest)* Heart's racing!

Damon: I'm fatigued.

Mediator 2: *(facing Damon)* Your breathing is irregular. Slowly inhale through your nose until your lungs are full. Hold. Exhale through your mouth. *(blows air into Damon's face)* Until your lungs are empty. *(pause)* How's your head? *(M2 places fingers at Damon's temple)*

M1 approaches M2 and shoves it to the ground.

Mediator 1: Get off him! Hypo-fucking-chondriac! He can't sit here doing yoga!

M2 runs at M1 who turns ready to grab its throat. M3 starts to react in an agitated way.

Mediator 3: The road from here to there is in need of repair...is paved with good intentions...is long and winding...is gold in hue...is littered with interregna...is a many splendoured thing...is rendered in yellow brick...goes round in circles to get to the point...is a vector displacement *(M3 sees Damon move towards his desk and comes to a standpoint. Smiles)* Is an exercise in closing the gap.

M1 and M2 turn to see Damon back at his desk. M1 turns back and stares at M3.

Mediator 2: *(looks at smiles at M3)* The road from Here to There has to be tread with care.

M1 moves behind Damon and looks at the design.

Mediator 1: *(smiles)* The wall's gone!

Damon: *(evidently tired)* The wall... had to... had to... go. Red bricks...too much....the vernacular...of the place.

M1 drags M3 to one side.

Mediator 3: What/

M1 and M3 freeze.

Mediator 2: *(passing something)* Here's your inhaler. *(Damon grabs it and inhales visibly relieved)* It's not important y'know. All this. Clichés have a nasty habit of coming true. If your health goes...

Damon: I've got to get on that team!

Mediator 2: And then what? You think it'll be any easier? The letter from Lydia, where is it? *(Damon opens a drawer and pulls out a sheet of paper)* "It is with pleasure, we invite you to take up the position of Senior Project Architect, with immediate effect" And what did you get in return?

Damon: Senior Project Architect.

Mediator 2: When did you apply for it?

Damon: It was a direct appointment.

Mediator 2: When did you apply for it?

Damon: Your point?

M2 exits. There is the sound of a large crack. Moments later M2 enters with a large slice of cake and paces it on Damon's desk

Mediator 2: With pleasure!

Damon: I don't want cake!

Mediator 2: D’you not ask for it? *(Damon shakes head)* Well, it’s here now, so you better have it!

Damon: *(looks down at cake)* Where’d you get that cake?

Mediator 2: What did the doctor say to us?

Damon: I should take it easy **Mediator 2:** You should take it easy

Mediator 2: Easy come. Easy go. Except I never see you go. Not in daylight hours.

Damon: *(explodes)* This doesn’t fix itself! It takes time. It takes thought. It takes inspiration and perspiration. It takes the light and replaces it with the dark. *(grabs pencil)* It takes the lead and converts it into geometrical shape. It’s a black box. Takes something in and puts something out. And if you’re lucky...if you’re diligent and conscientious, imaginative and coordinated it outputs something magical which makes your peers pause and look at you in different light. And that...that...that there...is the moment that your name *precedes* you. *(breathes. Now more calmly)* It doesn’t happen because you turn up at 9 and leave at 5. *(pause)* Where’d you get that cake?

Mediator 2: Packaging was a bitch. Don’t worry...in this place, cake is a condition.

M2 slouches down by wall. M1 & M3 unfreeze.

Mediator 1: So the next time you feel like indulging in a little stunt like that, I’m going to cut your fucking bollocks off...if I can find them. Understand? *(M3 nods)* Good! *(Starts to walk away)* ‘Never two without three’ goes the old proverb. *(stops & turns)* Think of it as ‘never you without me’! *(M1 walks towards Damon. M3 crouches. M1 looks out)*
We’re all systems go!

Lydia enters.

Lydia: We’ve got to raise our game. We’re not hitting our targets.

Mediator 1: *(approaching M2)* Leave at 5, it says!

Lydia: *(slaps down a folder)* More proposals for funding.

M2 taps the leg of the spare chair with his foot. Damon looks at it.

Damon: How the interviews for another architect going?

Lydia: We're getting a response.

Damon: So, it shouldn't be long/

Lydia: The more of these we get (*nodding at folder*) the more curves we can afford.

Damon looks at the proposal theme.

Damon: Lydia! I'm snowed under!

Lydia: It's not real. We just have to submit a proposal. That's all. If we win *Proposal of the Month*, the executive team will award us a bigger budget. Good design ideas. That's all they want. Just keep hitting our proposals target.

Damon: You want us to submit an unsuccessful proposal?

Lydia: It's not hard to miss a goal? I mean, what's our conversion rate at the moment? 10%?

Damon: So, we've to submit a serious submission in the hope that the submission will fail but not seriously? (*Lydia nods. Damon looks at the proposal theme*) A cinema...in the Midlands?

Lydia: This won't be designed. (*points upwards*) The executive are aware of the vagaries of funding bodies. So long as they see we're committed...more money for your curves.

Damon: This could backfire. You said that about the toilets...so I built in a collapsing wall thinking nobody will want to touch a design for toilets you can actually see through. And we actually go and win the commission!

Lydia: You overshot, Damon! We were only meant to win *Proposal of the Month*. Instead, you brought the wall down on the competition!

Damon: I only designed that to win extra budget for the fire station commission!

Lydia: Right now...those bastards are playing hardball with us. For the first time in a decade we're actually starting to convert commissions but right now they sense how hungry we are. Clients know they can get us for a knockdown price because the minute we throw something up, it acts as an advertising

logo...and attracts more commissions. *(looks at Damon's face)* Don't believe me? Guggenheim Museum/

Damon: Bilbao. *(Lydia motions for another)* Gehry.

Lydia: See? The Guggenheim put Bilbao on the map...it's an advertising campaign for Gehry. It puts his name in the minds of commissioners. Every city wants one!

Damon: Constantly demands you take its picture. Like Beyonce. Look at me! *(mimics camera with forefinger & thumb)* Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap! Snap!

Lydia: *(suspiciously)* Wrong because?

Damon: Every city wants one!

Lydia: Wrong because?

Damon: Every city becomes the same: a Starbucks, an H&M, a Guggenheim. That building struts all over the world/

Lydia: Making Frank Gehry a very rich architect!

Damon: So you want us to become Gehry Architects/

Lydia: No...just one day to be in their position. *(Pause)* But we're not in their position. Can't just pick and choose. And we don't have control over the tariffs. Clients know this. They're playing on it. But the next lot will be hungry for a slice of us... *they will cough up our asking price.* And *you* become a rich man. *(Beat)* It's how it works.

Damon: *(sighs)* In the meantime, I have an inaccessible fire-station, an inappropriate toilet and I could end up with a cinema. In the Midlands. It's too risky.

Lydia: I've listened to your reasoning...but I agree with me. Two against one. Clear majority. *(Lydia exits)*

Mediator 2: She agrees with *who?*!

Mediator 1: I agree with her.

Mediator 2: You're him!

Mediator 1: And Three agrees with me.

M3 has not been listening and is looking up towards the roof.

Mediator 3: The birds...are a let-down. They don't fly as we'd expect.

Damon looks up. M2 worried, looks at Damon. M1 motions towards the drawing on the desk and attempts to recapture Damon's attention

Scene Ends.

Scene 6

Ellen is sitting on the stairs and Barbara is sitting on the platform connected to same stairs. Basinski's 'Disintegration Loops' (43:00) plays out at low volume.

Barbara: Ha, the views! *(pause)* I'd never been in your flat.

Ellen: You were so far below. *(slightly anxious)* I don't remember your flat.

Barbara: They called them streets in the sky, dye remember?

Ellen: They weren't streets. Streets have two ways t'enter and leave. These only had one. Even if you were moving up *(points)*, you had to come down first!

Barbara: Aye, crescents in the sky. Two caretakers: St Peter and Big Bill.

Ellen: And those lifts.

Barbara: One of the benefits of living on the first floor/

Ellen: I met you in the lift!

Barbara: I didn't really like to use the stairs after 7pm. The lights were out half the time. Bit of a scunner that time the lift broke down though *(pause)*...you got out your newspaper for us to sit on, remember?

Ellen: *(smiles)* Aye...well 3 hours is a long time on the legs Barbara.

Barbara: And I could see you lived on the 17th floor (*points at an imaginary button*)

Ellen: Is that why you didn't say a word to me for the first half hour?

Barbara: I didn't know you!

Ellen: You judged me on how high up I was! And then when the engineer turned up, you told him you were on the 4th floor!

Barbara: I wasn't having him thinking I got stuck in a lift to the 1st floor!

Ellen: You ended up using the stairwell anyway!

Barbara: That was going down!

Music stops. Scene Ends.

Scene 7

Damon is drawing at his desk. The Mediators are scattered across the stage in various positions of rest.

Mediator 1: Y'see, if you're going to be a name in architecture...a starchitect...you must forward plan. Start with a slogan. No need to be original.

Mediator 3: Build on what's already there/

M2 lifts a pile of papers from Damon's desk.

Mediator 2: Less Is More! (*drops papers back on desk*)

M1 lifts the drawing with of the toilet block with the collapsing wall.

Mediator 1: Less is a bore!

Mediator 3: Less Is Only More Where More Is No Good!

Mediator 1: (*at M3*) The art is knowing when to stop.

Mediator 3: The Straight Line Belongs To Man, The Curve To God! *(M2 looks at M3)* Gaudi.

Mediator 2: Man is poor *(looks at Damon)*. God rich.

Mediator 3: I saw God. *(M2 shoots M1 a glance)*

Mediator 2: God is in the detail.

Mediator 3: He's in a Mace in Millport.

Mediator 1: Gaudi?

Mediator 3: God. Although Gaudi is a god.

Mediator 2: There is no Mace in Millport!

Mediator 3: Are you saying there's no god?

Mediator 2: Yes....No/

Mediator 3: You calling the Millportese godless?

Mediator 2: No...Ye...Who?!

Mediator 3: I'm not going to tell you!

Mediator 2: What?!

Mediator 1: *(at M2)* Lydia's slogan. *(at M3)* What was it?

Mediator 3: Modernity: An Incomplete Project That Deserved To Be Continued

M1 & M2 exchange screwed up faces of uncertainty. M3 is looking up at the roof.

Mediator 1: *(to M3)* And your thoughts are incomplete sentences... that deserves to be heard?

Mediator 3: They don't do it, do they? They just don't do it!

Mediator 2: Who?! What?

Mediator 3: The birds! They don't fly as we'd expect!

Mediator 1: Jesus Christ!

Damon: Let it finish!

Pause.

Mediator 3: When you watch a flock of gulls, they rise, glide, bank and fall but they...well, they fall short of our expectations.

Mediator 1: *(smiling)* Your weight of expectation is dragging them down.

Damon: Shh!

Mediator 3: *(smiles)* I blame the starlings. They showed the others up. *(M1 turns in frustration)* A murmuration is a sight to behold. *(M3 uses hand to mimic the shapes of flocked starlings in flight. The others become transfixed. M3 stops and looks up)* It's up there. A pattern of light and dark in our field of vision as the walls rush to join the roof. A complex pattern of/

Damon: Interleaved shapes throughout the structure.

Mediator 1: Interesting?

Damon: *(looks at M1)* Hmm... *(looks at M2 and M3)* Gather! *(The Mediators surround Damon)*. Go with this...

(He takes M1 and faces it SL², and takes M2 and faces it SR. He makes them lean into one another such that they form a cross at the point of their torsos whilst supporting the other with their arms. The shape left by their legs forms a triangle with the ground. M3 rushes up lies on the ground in the space formed by M1 & M2's legs. Damon goes behind them, crouches down and stares. He stands tall and stares. He rushes downstage and looks up at the roof. He rushes to the Mediator formation and looks at them from the other side: first crouching down, then standing tall)

Marginally opaque! A self assembly of resolved vector sum! *(He clicks his fingers and all the Mediators disperse. Damon rushes up to M3 and kisses it.)*

You're a genius! *(M3 looks genuinely thrilled.)*

Mediator 3: Sometimes escaping from the desk yields unexpected results.

² SL – Stage Left; SR – Stage Right.

Mediator 1: *(sulkily)* If it weren't for me, we wouldn't be here! You'll want to call that something...*(over shoulder)*...Parametricism.

M3 looks at M1 and nods with approval. M3, M1 and Damon look at M2.

Mediator 2: *(shrugs)* I don't know what it is...but it *sounds* impressive.

M1 and Damon exchange looks and laugh.

Scene Ends.

Scene 8

Damon is sitting at his desk, drawing. Lydia enters.

Damon: Lydia , have you/

Lydia: Not now, Damon!

Damon: I just want to know/

Lydia: Oh don't we all? Don't we all?! I want to know how you're getting on with our proposal submission. *(Damon looks at her)* Well? Have you something for me?

(Damon produces a drawing. Lydia walks over to his desk and takes a long look and screws up her face in a grudgingly approving way)

Pass me a pencil. *(Damon hands her a pencil. She starts to draw vertical lines)*

Damon: Pillars? In a cinema auditorium?!

Lydia: You don't want to win the fucking thing! So, we put in a fundamental flaw that will ensure it *cannot* win. *(Smiles. Looks at him)* What?

Damon: I don't see how including a fundamental flaw will help us win *Proposal of the Month*.

Lydia: Trust me. *(Through the corner of her eye she sees the new plans for the toilet block. Deftly she picks them up and walks down stage. Damon follows.)*

Damon: It's only a start... I just eh... I just replaced the brick with concrete.
(Looks at her) You can see that it still has eh/

Lydia: Now *that's* more like it/

Damon: ...the collapsing wall. You *like* it?

Lydia: I do. I'm taking this too. *(goes to exit)* Crack on!

Lydia exits. M2 enters.

Mediator 2: Less is more!

Scene Ends

Scene 9

Film footage of a Tower from the 1970s is showing. Basinski's 'Disintegration Loops' (50:00) plays.

Barbara: When was it the rapists arrived, Ellen?

Ellen: About 79.

Barbara: No. That was the junkies.

Ellen: Are you sure?

Barbara: The burglars were at it in 73/

Ellen: And the vandals struck in 76.

Barbara: They cut the maintenance in 77.

Beat.

Ellen: And after that even the graffitists stopped coming round. *(Pause).*
I remember the lift doors opening that day and there... a man slumped on the floor. The other lift was out so...I had to take it. I stood facing the doors and

kept looking down at my legs just to be sure there was no hand there...that shouldn't be there y'know. It must've been about the 5th floor I looked down and there was blood seeping around my shoe/

Barbara: I heard you/

Ellen: I couldn't get away! I pressed all the buttons...and I ran out/

Barbara: Onto my floor. I took you in to calm you down.

Ellen: I must've been there for hours and I don't remember a thing about your flat/

Barbara: Well...you were answering questions from the police. *(pause)* I took off your shoes.

Ellen: *(rolls eyes)* I remember your parquet flooring.

Barbara: They couldn't hear you, Ellen! Your foot. Clattering away like a pneumatic drill on my floor. *(pause)* Just because it's easy to sneer/

Ellen: Is no reason not to do it! *(smiles)* George used to say. *(pause)* Every time the light of the lift arrived through that wee rectangular window, my heart skipped a beat. I kept seeing that slumped body as the doors slid open. *(pause)* I had to go Barbara. I couldn't...I couldn't/

Barbara: I know.

Ellen: My nerves. I just never felt *safe* after... George passed. If it wasn't blood on the stairs/

Barbara: It was urine in the lift. *(Barbara puts a hand on Ellen's shoulder).*

Ellen: Sometimes worse. Perhaps it wasn't so bad on the first floor.

Barbara: Well, we could see them. See them arriving. See their faces. Hard to block out what's in ear-shot. 7pm. Self-imposed curfew.

Ellen: *(distraught)* It was heart-wrenching to leave, Barbara. I felt like I was...*abandoning* him. He showed me how to live in the sky. And I left him there as I made way back down to street level.

Barbara: *(softly)* He went with you. *(Ellen nods through tears)*

Scene ends.

Scene 10

Damon is alone at his desk. Stage lighting indicates darkness at the edges. He is designing. He becomes aware of the silence. He looks left, then right, then he looks out. He hears footsteps approach...and then recede.

Damon: Lydia?

He rises and looks around. He looks up and then at the chair. He looks at his watch and sighs. M2 slips on stage right and sits on the floor

Damon: *(shakes head)* Fuck you.

M3 enters stage right and sits down next to M2.

Mediator 3: He's talking to you... *(M2 looks at M3)*... What else has he got? Oh, I know... he's nothing without his health....nothing without a suit...nothing without the effort...nothing without the guilt...nothing...nothing...nothing to give...nothing to say...nothing to go home for...nothing...he's got nothing to declare...nothing to spare...nothing of value...and nothing of note...nothing came of nothing...and nothing ever will/ *(M2 shoves M3 violently)*

What was I saying?

Mediator 2: Nothing. *(Pause)* Nobody's waiting at home.

Mediator 3: I want...I want him... I want him to call home...if...if somebody did pick up the phone... then he'd have something to go home for.

Damon looks up and out. M2 & M3 look out. Damon returns to his work. M1 enters.

Mediator 1: *(to audience)* He gets relief here. There's hours of frustration, but it's like trying to solve a maths equation: you never know if the next line is going to resolve itself – could be a dead end; a wrong turning that'll take you hours, *days* out of your way...*(looks at Damon)*...but every now and then there's *momentum (Damon's actions become fluid, faster)*, a slipstream to somewhere...pieces start to fall into place. A surfer's sense that all there is is *now* and/

Mediator 3: *(at M1)*...if you live in the moment, the moment will live on in you!

Mediator 1: *(at M2)* Time is money/

Mediator 2: Money we'll never see (*M1 approaches M2 menacingly*)

Damon pushes his seat back in intense satisfaction. M1 changes direction towards Damon.

Damon: YES!

M1 grabs Damon. They embrace each other. They hi-five. They look at the design and admire each component part of it. M1 repeatedly breaks away and does loops of relief, returning to Damon much like a dog. M2 & M3 look at this display of victory and speak in lowered voices.

Mediator 3: Do you ever wonder which one of us will prevail?

Mediator 2: It *has* to be me.

Mediator 3: How's that going? (*Pause*) It feels sometimes like I'm sandwiched between the Dalai Lama and The Daily Mail/

Mediator 2: (*Astonished*) Yours is a head where thoughts have room to roam. You've no head at all!

Mediator 3: And you've a restless conscience. (*Indicating M1*) Don't be so direct. Go with the flow. Dovetail. Then bank.

M2 looks at M3.

Mediator 2: You make it sound as though we've all just met

Mediator 3: Would you make the difference if we had?

M3 rises and hugs M1 and Damon. M2 watches. The camaraderie continues. M2 does not observe at first – its view blocked by M1 & M3...then it sees that Damon is in trouble...that M3 & M1 are holding him up and that they're exclamations of joy have turned to shouts of desperation.

Mediator 1: Two! For fuck's sake, help us here!

M2 rushes to them.

Mediator 2: What happened?

Mediator 1: Don't know!

Mediator 2: Support him! *(M1 & M3 hold Damon up, who is seemingly floppy)*
Damon...it's going to be OK, you hear? We've got you. All of us. Take him.
(M2 grabs Damon's phone and calls for an ambulance.)

Ambulance. Suspected heart-attack. Light-headedness. Short of breath. Racing heart beat. Damon Swan. The City Architects. *(M2 hangs up. Reaches into Damon's bag and grabs a bottle of aspirin. He takes one out)* Crunch on this.

Damon's condition seems to stabilise. M1, M2 and M3 hold Damon. They look at one another. The Mediators take him off. The stage is empty...just a desk, a misplaced chair, and an unused chair. Light change...an intense resonant sound is heard... Damon enters. He's a bit slower but nonetheless proceeds to his desk with purpose. He takes off his jacket. M2 enters.

Mediator 2: Jesus....CHRIST!

Damon: I've got to get this done/

Mediator 2: It's 11pm!

Damon: Whilst I still have my muse/

M1 enters.

Mediator 1: What little he has of it! *(Looks witheringly at M2)*. Heart-attack. Heart-attack!

Mediator 2: His symptoms correlated with that of a/ *(M1 Steps closer to M2)*

Mediator 1: Knock-knock. Knock-knock.

Mediator 2: You saw him! *(M1 steps yet closer to M2)*

Mediator 1: Knock-knock. Knock-knock.

Mediator 2: You're fine with him checking himself out? *(M1 steps closer to M2)*

Mediator 1: KNOCK-KNOCK. KNOCK-KNOCK!

M3 enters.

Mediator 3: Who's there?

Mediator 1: *(into M2's face)* HEART PALPITATIONS! *(M3 Laughs)*

Mediator 2: It's no laughing matter!

Mediator 3: Stress never is.

Mediator 1: And do you know what's more stressful than an office?

Mediator 3: A hospital?

Mediator 1: A FUCKING HOSPITAL!

Damon: I'm fine! I just need to finish this elevation.

Mediator 1: *(to M2)* What dye want? A warning on all doors 'cause sooner or later they'll lead us outside into harmful sunlight? *(Snorts. To Damon)* You're doing good. *(looks threateningly at M2)*

M2 retreats Stage Right and sits on floor. M3 walks to M2 and whispers.

Mediator 3: If ever it crossed your mind to take my advice, now's as good a time as any. Imagine... we've just met. We've been here the whole time. *(M2 looks to retort. M3 facially signals not to)*. You're a bird... flying on the breeze...riding the air currents. *Feel* the thermals.

M3 walks away. M2 looks at M1 guiding Damon as they talk in low voices

Damon: Curvature is implied by these straight lines here.

Mediator 1: Seen from a different angle, it takes on a majestic presence. And of course, they don't cost as much as the curves.

Damon: Half the cost!

Mediator 1: Flat surface £1/

Damon: Single curve £2/

Mediator 1: Double, ten. You're on the team, mate! Def-o!

M2 looks up at the roof and rises.

Mediator 2: Damon, do you want a t...coffee?

Mediator 1: *(facetiously)* Coffee? At this hour? Won't it keep us all up?

Damon: A long black.

M2 exits. A few moments later Lydia enters. She seems breezy.

Lydia: A full day today, Damon? S'what I like to see!

Damon/Lydia: I'm glad you're still here

Pause. Lydia indicates Damon to go first.

Damon: This is the final plans for the Fire Station. I've eliminated the non-functional. Everything that remains is an immediate part of the structure. To work around the frugal budget, some creativity was required. I had to go for the cantilevered approach to the canopy...I didn't think having a stack of poles just where the fire engines emerge was a great idea. They were only put there so we didn't actually win the commission...but we *did*. So...the malleable concrete is part curvilinear, part angular, part distorted rectangles. It morphs, stretches and suppresses to impart energy, direction and speed. *(pause)* This spatial form has the ability to organise perception. Parametricism. *(M1 beams)* And... it comes in *exactly* on budget.

Lydia looks at him then exits. M1 looks in direction of her exit. M2 enters.

Mediator 2: What's wrong with her? She almost knocked me over!

Silence. A few moments later, Lydia enters. She is carrying two items. She marches right up to Damon's desk.

Lydia: Welcome. You're on the team.

Pause. All still.

Damon: Really?!

Mediator 1: *(thrusts fist)* Back of the net!

Lydia: I need someone on the team able to conceptualise...can marshal time to a deadline and is unafraid to monetise form. It's you!

Damon & M2: It is?

Mediator 1: It *is*!

Mediator 3: Isn't it?!

Mediator 2: *(to Damon)* Congratulations. *(M1 snorts. M2 looks at M1)* You prevailed.

M1 holds M2's eyes.

Damon: Thank you.

M1 is strutting about... owning the space. M3 is smiling looking up towards the roof, rubbing its head. M2 is smiling, not meaning a Watt of it.

Lydia: It is a prestigious position and it *will* be the making of you. We're going to make a *great* team. We haven't won the bid yet for National Britain Building...but I have to tell you, we're in such a strong position....and we *will* win it/

Damon: How can you know?

Lydia: Trust me. I have connections. I've seen the competition. And none of them have you

Damon: Me?

Mediator 1: ME!

Lydia: The Midlands cinema proposal? It won! *(bangs down a file on Damon's desk)*

Mediator 3: Could sell coals to Newcastle/

Damon: They liked the pillars?

Mediator 1: Dust to demolishers

Mediator 1: Especially the pillars!

Lydia: Councillors see themselves in those pillars! *(laughs)*

Mediator 3: Morals to a crusade/

Mediator 1: Columns to the Greeks/

Damon: Well they won't see the film!

Mediator 3: Ornament to Victorians

Mediator 1: Vernacular to locals

Lydia: A design for life.

Mediator 3: Dreams to Freud

Lydia: Swallowed cuts and *enhanced* your design

Mediator 1: Trains to Beeching

Damon: Necessity the mother of invention

Lydia: And contribution merits reward

(She passes a letter. He opens it)

Damon: Principal Project Architect!

Lydia: Second to me

Damon: And...salary? Still waiting for it to reflect my current position

Lydia: Don't worry about that – the title is your reward. Wear it with pride. The extra money, cherry on a cake. No less a cake without it. A cake is a cake!

(Goes to exit)

By the way, do you know what happened to the display cake?

Damon: The...erm...erm...

Lydia: The cake in the lobby? Perspex's been smashed and a huge slice of cake taken.

Damon: Cake is cake to some people

Mediator3: Machines to modernists

Mediator 1: Pastiche to postmodernists

Mediator 1: *(to M3 and M2)* We need a slogan!

Mediator 3: Consumerism to capitalists

Mediator 1: Speed to a demon

Mediator 2: A safe to a coffin

Mediator 1: Fashion to a freak

Mediator 3: Crazy to the Guiggenheim

Mediator 2: He could sell Here to There

Mediator 1: ...but not work to you.

Mediator 2: Three, what you just say?

Mediator 3: Crazy to the Guiggenheim

Mediator 2: No/

Mediator 3: Machines to Modernists

Mediator 2: *(smiles)* Your slogan: 'Flowforming Function'.

Lydia: Yes. You can tell a lot about people and how they behave around cake *(goes to exit)*

Congratulations *(exits)*

Mediator 1: Flowforming function ...I like it!

Mediator 3: Just got to sell the slogan to Lydia...

Damon: Like selling Perspex-laced cake to a baker

Silence.

Mediator 2: Congratulations, Damon. *(M1 & M3 looks at M2)*

Mediator 3: You're scaling the heights *(smiles)*

Mediator 1: I knew it would pay off. I always believed in you!

Damon: You did. Tenacity.

Mediator 1: Tenacity.

Mediator 2: And talent/

Damon: Well/

Mediator 2: No. Credit where it's due.

Mediator 1: Thank you Two.

Damon: Nobody ever tells you this job never lets you go. Buildings stalk you as you go to work and return home. You wonder why that piece of shit was ever commissioned? I have to listen to luddites talking shit *every day*. And on the rare occasions they latch on to something, something valid, they lack historical and political awareness on how it came to be/

Mediator 3: No...no...no...this is a time to celebrate your success! Look up! *(all look up)*. Place your thoughts up there. In the air. Elevate them. Come! *(M3 looks up and moves in an anti-clockwise direction. It taps M1)*

Keep turning left! *(M1 follows M3)* We're going up!

(M1 taps Damon. They start by meticulously following M3)

You still down there, Two? *(Damon taps M2 who follows.)*

Different planes! We're on different planes!

They keep turning left. The trajectory each takes indicates the shape of the building as the walls rush towards the roof. Each preceding cyclic trajectory is different from the succeeding trajectory. The Mediators never bump into one-another. Round and round, outwards this time, inwards the next. Always turning left... looking up... spinning as they elevate. They shout to be heard over the 'breaking' music – Basinski's 'Disintegrating Loops (57:00).

Damon: So many times looking up and only now I see the building for the first time!

Mediator 3: Look into the walls! D'you see 'em?

Mediator 2: See what?

Mediator 3: The influences! Stare into the walls! Let the shapes form your tongue!

Mediator 1: Horizontality/

Mediator 3: Yes!

Mediator 2: Verticality/

Mediator 3: Yes!

Damon: Anthropomorphic.

Mediator 3: Oh...so anthropo! Ando...Klotz...Calatrava!

Mediator 1: Girders/

Mediator 2: Cavernous/

Damon: Strict/

Mediator 3: *Machine!* Garcia-Abril...Mendes Da Rocha...Chipperfield!

Mediator 2: Bent concrete/

Mediator 1: Heaviness/

Mediator 2: Ovoid/

Mediator 3: *Devious!* Garza Sada...Engel...Endo! We're going higher! Can you feel the thermals, Two? *(M2 laughs. They circle and spin ever leftwards)*

Mediator 3: How does it feel,
Damon?

Damon: Extraordinary! *(M3 laughs)*

Mediator 3: This is where you belong!
Look...Spence!

Damon: Gehry!

Damon: Gillespie, Kidd & Coia!

Damon: *Utzon!*

Mediator 3: You see now? *(M3 & Damon laugh)* How high can you go,
Damon?

Damon: Higher!

Mediator 3: You're feeling the
updraft, Damon!

They circle and spin ever leftwards. The music keeps breaking.

Mediator 3: What do you see?

Damon: *(sings)* Goldfinger!

Damon: Foster!

Damon: Piano & Rogers!

Mediator 2: Austere!

Mediator 1: Hutchie C!

Mediator 2: Guggenheim!

Mediator 1: St Peter's Seminary!

Mediator 2: Sydney Opera House!

Mediator 1: Monumentality!

Mediator2: Gherkins and Armadillos!

Mediator 1: Shards!

Mediator 3: We're spiralling/

Mediator 2: Curvilinear!

Damon: Hadid! Lloyd Wright! Higher!

Mediator 1: Infinite!

Damon: Greek Thompson! Higher!

Mediator 3: The air's thinner/

They circle and spin. At this altitude, the music is almost completely broken...the air is thin.

Mediator 2: *(less happy)* A factory/

Damon: Gropius!

Mediator 1: Sleek/

Damon: Van... der Rohe!

Mediator 1: Castles in the... air/

Damon: Mackintosh!

Mediator 2: Brutalism.

Mediator 3: *The Master!*

Damon: *Corbusier!*

Mediator 1: Everything OK, Three?

Mediator 3: *(Confused)* There's somebody else up here...

Damon: Who?

Mediator 3: Makes no sense...

Damon: Better than Corbusier?!

(M3 spins and circles and signals for the others to descend)

Mediator 3: Get back! Get back
down!

*(All keep turning anticlockwise...
bumping into one another)*

Mediator 2: The thermals won't let
us!

Damon slowly sees what M3 sees. Still circling, he struggles to breathe but his inhaler is at his desk. He is caught in a vortex of vaulting ambition with no immediate way down. One by one the Mediators land on the ground with a thud and exit. There is a loud heavy thud as Damon falls to the ground...the screen flickers into life and the projected figure in Scene 4 is holding something up towards the screen. A newspaper front page comes into focus with headline 'CARBUNCLE OF THE YEAR' FOR CITY ARCHITECTS and subheadings A Real Horror and Calamity

There on the stage is a body. Damon is lying prone with his face towards the audience and his left arm reaching out palm down. His eyes are open but it is clear he is not alive.

Lydia enters. She is carrying a letter

Lydia: Damon, good news about your sal/

She stops in her tracks as she spots Damon's body. She bends down to check for a pulse at the neck. She retracts her hand and goes to sit at Damon's desk. She looks at him. Eventually she looks at the desk with paper and pens. She picks up a pencil and almost absent-mindedly starts to draw loosely with one hand. She looks at Damon and moves her hand in what looks like the action of long strokes on paper. After some time she stops. She takes out her mobile and makes a call. She puts the phone to her ear. Pause.

Lydia: Ambulance *(she looks up and out)*

Scene Ends.

Scene 11

Barbara is standing on her platform staring at a large moving image of a tower. (Basinski's 'Disintegrating Loops' plays (1:02:00)). Ellen is down at the leaflet stands where she collects a leaflet from each holder. She stares at them.

Barbara: Things did get better. When the council sold our tower to the housing association, it was like night and day. A pound, they sold it for/

Ellen: *(turning)* A pound?! I think I've got a pound somewhere...

Ellen makes her way back to Barbara who is descending the platform

Barbara: First, we had the security door put on. Then new lifts. They painted all the hallways and did up the outside – all white. You could see that block for miles. It was like a beacon! *(Looks at image)* They planted *pear trees* outside! Can you believe that? *(Pause)* You shouldn't have left.

Ellen: It left me Barbara.

Pause.

Barbara: You were right to leave *(turn away from screen)*.

Ellen: *(looking at the image before her)* It's empty now. Look.

Barbara: I'd rather not *(walking away)*. I never went to see its demolition and I don't want to watch footage of its demolition. *(Turns to Ellen still on her platform)* These were our homes Ellen...now it's entertainment. *(Turns and goes to exit)* I can't bear it.

Ellen: Wait!

Ellen catches up with Barbara

Barbara: *(Stops)* They put the rent up. People were forced from their homes. They couldn't afford it. Rent became so expensive; I couldn't afford to leave the flat. Paying towards my own prison cell, I was. Comfortable cell....but a prison nonetheless. So, I left. *(turns to glance at screen)* Two years on, look at it. *(Turns away from screen)*

Ellen: The windows are out/

Barbara: *(Walks to exit)* I don't want a running commentary! If I had known they were going to show this, I wouldn't have let you talk me in to coming today!

Ellen: I left George up there *(Barbara stops)*

Barbara: I know. *(pause)* Our lives are locked up in that tower, Ellen. A time capsule. *(A loud crashing noise)* Which has just been blown up.

Ellen walks over to Barbara and they hug. They try to console one another.

Ellen: The happiest days of my life. Had no idea at the time. Thank you.

Barbara: I thought I'd died and gone to heaven.

Ellen: What I thought would happen to me out on that balcony!

The screen flickers. And a woman appears. Lydia Dupont smiles as she is interviewed

Lydia: This new art gallery will be like no other building. Sitting on the site of failed high-rise housing. Like the crashing wave it symbolises, it will regenerate the area.

Barbara: Failed? They drove us out! Who is she?! *(Ellen looks at her brochure)*

Lydia: That's right...we've taken the energy of the collapsed tower and culturally harnessed it

Ellen: The architect. Lydia Dupont

Lydia: The question is *always* about the people: who was once here; who will be here next. There was a culture here and *that* will be recorded in the art which will adorn at least one of the walls... as per council plans.

(Barbara looks at Ellen. Ellen shrugs her shoulders. They both look back at the screen)

Lydia: *(laughs)* No! There's no human element in it. It's very much a crashing wave. In its end lies its beginning. *(Beat)* One has to take inspiration where...one finds it.

Lydia: Well, I don't want to reduce my work to a mere slogan but if I had to, I think... *'Flowforming Function'* rather captures it.

Barbara: I've heard Enough. *(turns towards exit. Ellen follows)*

Camera recedes, Lydia's smile seems momentarily unsettled.

The screen projects bright white light which fills the room. Barbara and Ellen stop, turn and stare transfixed at the screen. An image of the new Art Gallery, to be sited where Barbara & Ellen's tower once stood, is shown. The lights go down front stage leaving only the back stage lit. Barbara and Ellen, shadows in front of a shiny titanium building... shaped as Damon's lifeless body.

Lights down.

Scene Ends.