

All That Is Solid Melts Into Air

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Notes

A / indicates when lines overlap.

The script is sheet music.

When the script needs to be fortissimo, lean into it.

When the script needs intimacy, find the pianissimo.

*And out of the bronze of the image of **The Sorrow** that **Endureth Forever** he fashioned an image of **The Pleasure that Abideth for a Moment**.*

– Oscar Wilde

One

SARAH is eight. She's in her bedroom, sitting on her bed, clutching a pillow with the lights off. There's a knock at the door. It's her mum, LAURA.

LAURA: Sarah, dinner.

No response.

Corn fritters. Your favourite.

No response.

LAURA peaks her head through the door, before entering, and shutting the door behind her.

You're not gonna come down?

SARAH: Mmm. *(no)*

LAURA: Want me to bring it up for you?

SARAH gives her nothing.

It's dark.

SARAH: I turned them off so it could be quiet.

LAURA: Is this what Dr Joyce recommended? Turning the lights off?

LAURA deflates, and then goes to leave.

SARAH: Mum, when you die are you gone forever?

LAURA: Oh... umm... Yes. Unfortunately, honey, once you die you can't come back. My mum talked about it like switching off a light. One minute you're on and then *click* you're off.

LAURA turns a little lamp on. Switching it on and off. She leaves it on so she can see her daughter. She sees her scared. Afraid.

But it doesn't happen to everyone so quickly. Most people live long and happy lives.

SARAH: Does dying hurt?

LAURA: Not normally no.

SARAH: When Annie died I think it hurt.

LAURA: I think so too. But death is a part of life. All things have a beginning, a middle and an end. Some animals live really long lives, sometimes two hundred years.

SARAH: Really?

LAURA: For real. Other animals live really short lives. Sometimes only a day. Remember a few years ago we went to that funeral?

SARAH: Yeah.

LAURA: Well that was because grandad had passed away. He was very old and he died. Not everyone gets to grow that old. Some people go before that. Some by accident, others...

SARAH: Like school.

Pause.

LAURA: That's different. That's really different.

SARAH: I miss my friends. Annie and Julian and Virginia.

LAURA: I miss them too.

SARAH: My friends say Matthew did it because he made a video online? That he had dreams about it, and so he made a promise to himself that he was going to do it.

LAURA: Maybe. I think he did make a video and put it online. But I think when Matthew came to school that day there was something wrong with him... inside. Like a glitch in a computer.

SARAH: So he didn't meant to do it?

LAURA: No... I think...

LAURA *really considers how to navigate these choppy waters.*

I think he was angry. Sometimes when we get mad and don't know how to express it it can affect us, right in our core. Make us go bad.

I have no idea why he did it. But what he did was cruel, and awful, and wrong.

Pause.

SARAH: I think my core's gone bad too. Like his. I have bad dreams sometimes.

LAURA: What happened to you isn't your fault. Remember? It was Matthew. It's because of him that Annie and Julian and Noah... That they—

SARAH: Not Noah. Noah's coming back.

LAURA: Honey, Noah... Noah passed away, remember?

SARAH: But Charlotte said her mum told her that Noah might be coming back. That his parents had captured him and taken him away.

LAURA: Captured?

SARAH: Yeah.

LAURA *sighs*.

So Noah could come back?

LAURA: Let's get you in to bed.

LAURA *begins tucking SARAH in to bed*.

Long ago, in a kingdom far away there was a magician who was in love with a warrior princess. One day the magician discovered that there was a little seed that sits inside each of us; right at the centre of everything that we are. That little seed is our core.

By using a special tool that he had recently discovered, the magician could create an exact copy of the seed, and store it for later. All you had to do was take a special journey, and like that... a copy is made. The magician decides to call it, The Capture.

Now, each person's core is different. For some people it's shaped like a peanut, for someone else it might emit a small hum. Like a bee.

SARAH: What do you think mine looks like?

LAURA: I think your core smells like gingerbread.

SARAH: I love gingerbread.

LAURA: Me too. And unlike your body, your core can last forever.

One day, the magician's warrior princess gets called off to war, and so he asks her to use this artefact, and take this trip into the unknown. This journey, or so I've heard, is like a train ride through a dark, endless tunnel.

So now, because of The Capture, even if she dies in battle... The princess can come back. And even if she goes to war again, and even if she dies again, she can always come home. The warrior princess and the magician can be together. Forever. That's the power of the capture.

But Noah comes from a family with a lot of money, a lot more than most people. So maybe, if what you're saying is true, and Noah has been Captured, then he'll come back. But most of your friends won't.

SARAH: What if Matthew got captured too?

LAURA: Matthew can't be captured. Matthew killed himself before anyone could talk to him.

SARAH: But Noah could come back?

LAURA: If the stories are true.

SARAH: And what about Annie, and Virginia?

LAURA: They're gone, sweetie.

SARAH: Forever?

LAURA: Forever.

SARAH: Will I be gone forever?

LAURA: One day. Not for a long time, though. How old are you now?

SARAH: Eight.

LAURA: Well, most people live around ninety years. So you've got... how many years is that?

SARAH: A lot.

LAURA: Exactly. A whole lot of life left to live. But you're right. Everyone dies. That's the way life works.

LAURA *hugs her child tightly.*

That's the way life works.

Two

Years Later. The kitchen. Steak dinner. Child upstairs. Big fight.

SARAH: You are such cunts. Both of you. Cunts.

LAURA: Give it a rest.

PHILIP: Sarah!

SARAH: I should have seen this coming from a mile away. The *capture*. You think the goddamn capture is gonna save you?

LAURA: Oh god. Here we go / I told you, Philip. She'd never let this pass.

SARAH: This protective choke hold on me will *never end*. This is exactly / like the time you wouldn't let me watch *The Little Mermaid* because you thought Ursula was too scary.

PHILIP: Your mother meant well.

LAURA: You were *scared*. I wanted you to feel safe.

SARAH: I'm allowed to be scared of *The Little Mermaid*!

LAURA: You're acting like a selfish, spoiled, little bitch, right now. This was meant to be a night for us to celebrate your dad coming home from hospital. You spoil everything. Every time / I try and do something nice you shit all over it.

SARAH: Get out the cross, Dad, get ready to drag it through Jerusalem because Laura's gonna crucify herself. Two nails in the hands, one through the feet, and I'll hammer an extra nail through her cunt so she can really *bleed* for her passions.

PHILIP: Fuck off, Sarah! This isn't about you. This is about your mother and I following our doctor's advice—

SARAH: Fuck up, dad. You have no idea what she's getting you into here.

PHILIP: I made the decision independent—

SARAH: Oh, *I'm sure*. Same way you made the decision to have a heart attack at sixty-five. No wonder you're fattening yourself up on steak the day you get home from the hospital.

PHILIP: I got home from the hospital and wanted something comforting. Sue me. And while you're at it / Sue me for not wanting to be alone forever.

SARAH: I can see it now. Forty years from now it's a three hundred kilo version of my dad.

SARAH *picks up the steak and starts eating it with her hands.*

Shovelling steak into your mouth. You may not die but, fuck-me, even after the capture you'll give it a red hot go.

LAURA: Careful with the good china!

SARAH *picks up the steaks, one by one around the table, and begins hurling them at her dad.*

SARAH: C'mon dad. You're going through with this so you can have more steak, live a longer happier life. So why don't you?

PHILIP: You haven't matured at all in the last decade. You're the same bratty little teenager we had to put up with. We're not here for your opinion—

SARAH: Too bad, bitch.

SARAH *picks up a steak from the floor and attacks her dad with it, like a knife.*

This isn't some online listicle of sixteen celebrity pets who've been captured; this is my life we're talking about. If you're gonna go through this so that you can eat more steak then get to it. Eat up. Eat it. Eat it!

SARAH *corners PHILIP and begins pushing the steak up against his mouth. PHILIP's eyes grow wide. He grabs his left arm, his chest... he collapses into the corner. Shallow breath.*

A beat.

Dad? Are you okay?

PHILIP: Laura.

LAURA: Oh fuck.

PHILIP *pulls SARAH in close.*

PHILIP: Sarah, wait wait wait... Feel this?

SARAH: Feel what?

PHILIP: This fear?

SARAH: Yeah...

PHILIP *takes a moment.*

PHILIP: This is why we need the capture!

PHILIP *gets up, totally fine.*

SARAH: Oh fuck off!

LAURA: Good god, Philip. You really are thick, aren't you?

PHILIP: You're too young, you've never lost a parent.

SARAH: Don't give me this "too young" bullshit. I think I know what death feels like.

PHILIP: I really don't know why you're so angry about this.

SARAH: It's infinity, Dad, so I'm infinitely angry!

LAURA: Okay, Sarah, you need to calm down. / You should be thanking us for all that we've given you, not throwing it back into our faces.

SARAH: Don't tell me to calm down.

LAURA: We're gonna be there for everything. First day of school, graduation, wedding.

SARAH: It'll never end though!

LAURA: That's the point!

SARAH: An endless barrage of messages about Christmas dinner six months in advance, or wanting constant updates about Edward. It's like fuck me. Makes me want to shove a fucking knife through my skull.

SARAH *mimes slamming her head into a fork.*

LAURA: Careful with the plates.

SARAH: And your fucking good china! Jesus Christ, Laura, nobody cares!

SARAH *picks up one of the plates and holds it in the air.*

They're plates!

From behind, PHILIP grabs SARAH, dropping the plate, and shoves her into the pantry. SARAH is kicking and screaming.

LAURA: The good fucking China, Philip! Fuck! What the fuck are you doing?

PHILIP: I'm enacting a time out.

PHILIP *drags SARAH to pantry and shoves her in. He ties the pantry doors shut with the tea-towel. SARAH begins banging on the pantry door.*

SARAH: Let me the fuck out of here!

PHILIP: I'll let you out when you calm down.

SARAH: Let me out, you've really fucked it now, dad. This is abuse, this is fucking child abuse.

LAURA: Philip, this has got to be the dumbest thing you've ever done. She has Claustrophobia!

PHILIP: You're acting like a rabid dog, Sarah. You just need a time out.

SARAH: Let me out!

PHILIP: No! Calm down and then I'll think about letting you out!

SARAH: Never!

SARAH begins throwing herself against the door of the pantry.

LAURA: Jesus christ, Philip, open the door.

SARAH: Let. Me. OUT!

PHILIP: No!

LAURA: She has claustrophobia!

PHILIP: She'll be *fine*.

SARAH stops throwing herself against the door.

See? She's fine. Just needs a moment to calm down.

A beat. LAURA places her ear against the door.

LAURA: Congrats, Phil, she's having a panic attack.

LAURA acts quickly, untying the knotted tea towel, and tentatively opening the door: SARAH is inside, shallow breaths, on all fours, holding an apron between her two hands.

Are you okay, honey?

SARAH charges at PHILIP knocking him to the ground, wrapping the apron around his throat.

SARAH: Don't you ever fucking do that again! Abuse! Child Abuse! You fucking piece of shit!

LAURA: Get off him!

SARAH: No! Fuck him! Fuck him to death!

From upstairs we hear EDWARD, he's three. PHILIP is choking.

EDWARD: (O/S) Mum.... Mum!

SARAH: Christ.

LAURA: Do you want me to check on him?

SARAH: Don't touch my fucking child.

LAURA: Okay. Okay.

SARAH gets off of her dad. She takes a breath.

SARAH: I don't want this. Any of this.

SARAH exits upstairs. LAURA slumps down. PHILIP sits up.

PHILIP: Christ.

LAURA: My good china, too.

Breathing room.

SARAH comes downstairs.

Is everything okay?

SARAH: He's fine. He can't sleep because of... he has this eye thing. I gave him my phone to distract him.

I'm sorry. About before. What you do is your choice. You've clearly made up your minds. But just know that I don't approve.

LAURA: Sarah—

SARAH: No, Laura. I've made my decision. I don't want this. Not for me. You two are free to do whatever you want. But I want no part in it. It's wrong. I'm not going to be captured. Ever.

LAURA: Oh. Okay. Fine.

SARAH: Thank you.

Pause

I'm going to go. We have a doctor's appointment tomorrow.

SARAH *goes to leave.*

LAURA: For his eyes?

SARAH: Yeah. It's a whole thing. Conjunctivitis, or something.

LAURA: You never really got sick as a child. You always had such a strong immune system.

SARAH: Cool.

LAURA: I always worried about you getting sick. You know, Eddie might not be blessed with your immune system.

SARAH: I guess we'll cross that bridge when we get to it.

LAURA: Maybe you should consider... for Eddie... Just in case.

PHILIP: Laura.

SARAH: Sorry, what?

LAURA: Did you even consider it? The Capture. It's fine for you not to do it. Your choice. But this is my Grandson.

SARAH: Fuck me.

LAURA: It's a fair question, Sarah. This technology is finally becoming a financial possibility for people like us, and I don't want Eddie to be left behind.

SARAH: Read the fucking room, Laura! How much of a thicko are you?!

LAURA: Things are bad out there, bad bad. It's about your safety and the safety of your child.

SARAH: Exactly, it's the safety of MY child! I will not let you wrap your tendrils around my son.

EDWARD: *(O/S)* Mum?

SARAH: Jesus... Yes, honey! I'll be up in a minute!

LAURA: Mothering isn't easy. Single mothering is harder.

PHILIP: Maybe if you'd kept things together with—

SARAH: Shut the fuck up, dad!

LAURA: It's more dangerous than ever out there, Sarah. Street gangs, floods, corruption. You need to do right by your son. To own up. If you're not gonna put yourself and Edward through The Capture you need to be willing to take responsibility for it.

EDWARD: *(O/S)* Mum? My eyes hurt.

SARAH: I'll be up in a second!

LAURA: A good mother—

SARAH: What do you know about being a good mother? You abandoned me at birth.

LAURA *begins advancing on SARAH.*

LAURA: I didn't abandon you at birth, Sarah! I had an epidural during the delivery and when the needle was removed I had a headache so unbelievably painful that I handed you to a nurse. And since then I have worked tirelessly to keep you safe.

LAURA *really begins moving in. SARAH grabs a steak, a fork, anything, and throws them at LAURA.*

Safe from a world of menace and terror. A good mother protects her child.

SARAH: The world is fine, it's you that's fucked up.

LAURA: The world? You have no idea about the world. About how bad it can be.

SARAH: Fuck off! I know about the world!

LAURA: You weren't there! You weren't outside when the cops were raiding the building. Or watching as each new detail was given to the media before us. Each new piece of information, dribbling out of that building was like a fucking syringe.

SARAH: Cry me a river. You were outside? I was inside watching my classmates bleed out onto the floor.

LAURA: You were *so* young. You don't understand what it's like to come that close to losing the thing you love most in the world. Coming that close, *that* close.

A beat.

I'm clearly wasting my time with you.

LAURA *turns and heads towards EDWARD's room. SARAH blocks LAURA's passage.*

SARAH: Stay away from my son!

LAURA *grabs one of the forks thrown earlier and brandishes it threateningly, moving towards EDWARD's room, towards SARAH.*

LAURA: I will not allow you to let my grandson to die under my watch.

SARAH: You're fucked up.

LAURA: I'm doing whats right.

SARAH: No you're not.

LAURA: Give me my grandson!

SARAH: Fuck off, Laura.

LAURA: Mum. My name is mum to you. Stop calling me Laura. I'm your mum. Just call me mum!

PHILIP: Laura, enough!

PHILIP, *still on the floor, grabs LAURA by the leg, trying to stop her, but instead tripping her. She falls to the ground, the fork stabbing her through the eye. LAURA lets out a guttural howl of pain, she screams and cries. Blood.*

SARAH: Mum!

LAURA: Get it out!

PHILIP: Oh fuck! Fuck! Ahhh!!! Get me a towel! We need to apply pressure. Call triple zero!

LAURA *has no language for her pain. Just howls and cries.*

SARAH *stands stock still watching. PHILIP looks sick.*

PHILIP: Call the emergency! I'm gonna pull it out, okay, honey? This is gonna hurt. 3... 2...

PHILIP *pulls the fork out of the eye. More blood. More screams.*

PHILIP: Just breathe. CALL THE FUCKING EMERGENCY, SARAH!!!

SARAH *just watches. LAURA passes out on the ground.*

Jesus fuck, Sarah!

PHILIP *grabs his phone and dials triple zero. He's down on LAURA's level again, with a tea towel up against her eye. SARAH walks over.*

We need an ambulance – wake up honey – My wife has stabbed herself in the eye with a fork–

SARAH *grabs the phone out of PHILIP's shaking hand. She drops the phone to the ground and crushes the screen with her foot.*

Take your fucking foot off the phone.

PHILIP *tries to move her foot but SARAH is steadfast.*

You little bitch... *(breaths)* Listen. I need to call a fucking ambulance. Can you please, *please*, just maintain pressure? Stay. Here.

PHILIP *grabs SARAH's hands and places them on the blood soaked tea towel, before racing upstairs to EDWARD's room to grab SARAH's phone.*

A moment of peace. From upstairs we can hear PHILIP calling the emergency services. He comes bounding back downstairs.

I've been told to wait out front for the ambos. You're doing good, Sarah.

PHILIP *exits.*

SARAH: Mum. Mum, wake up.

LAURA *wakes.*

LAURA: ...Just make it stop...

SARAH: No.

LAURA: Tell your father I want to be captured. I don't want this to be the end. To end my life fighting with my daughter. I want to see my grandson–

SARAH: You're not going to see Eddy anymore.

LAURA: Please. I don't want to go. Not yet.

SARAH: You're not going to die, mum. But you won't see him anymore. Not my boy.

LAURA: But he's... he's my grandson.

SARAH *picks up the fork.*

EDWARD *quietly enters at the top of the stairs.*

You'll succumb.

To the capture. Eventually.

Mark. My. Words.

You and Edward will be captured.

SARAH: Shut up shut up! / Shut up!

LAURA: Some days, Sarah... I wonder whether Matthew made a mistake by not taking you out with the rest of your classmates.

SARAH moves the tea-towel away, takes the fork, and slowly inserts it back into LAURA's eye. SARAH slowly twists the fork. LAURA moans and cries. SARAH pulls the fork back out.

EDWARD is silently descending the staircase.

SARAH, taking her time, positions herself behind LAURA on the ground. It's almost a loving embrace. SARAH takes the fork and positions it on LAURA's other eyelid. SARAH applies a little bit of pressure... so close to puncture.

LAURA: Please

SARAH: I can't handle you forever.

LAURA: Sarah.

SARAH: No. I need to / do this.

LAURA: Edward.

SARAH: Mum.

LAURA: Look.

SARAH looks up. EDWARD is standing at the base of the stairs, watching. SARAH doesn't move, nobody does. It's as if everyone is holding their breath.

SARAH: Close your eyes.

Three

SARAH is ninety one. She's in her bedroom. Many, many years in the future. She's sitting on her bed, staring off into space, clutching a pillow. There's a knock at the door. It's her son, EDWARD. While EDWARD looks to be in his twenties, SARAH shows her age.

SARAH: I had a fall the other day.

EDWARD: Are you okay?

SARAH: A small skin tear. It's fine. I'm fine.

EDWARD: Why didn't I get a call.

SARAH: You're so busy.

EDWARD: As long as you're okay, mum.

You know, it's funny.

SARAH: What is?

EDWARD: Actually. No. You wouldn't get it.

SARAH: Tell me.

EDWARD: I...I got hit by a bus today. I must have stopped paying attention for a moment when I crossed the street... Yeah. It was a bus that did it.

SARAH: And you're okay?

EDWARD: I'm fine. Woke up to an alert at home.

SARAH: Do you remember what it felt like?

EDWARD *thinks*.

EDWARD: It was like switching off a light. One minute you're on, and then... you're off. And then I woke up and came here.

SARAH: You're right. I don't get it.

EDWARD: I was talking with Grandma and she really wants to see you for Christmas this year. Six months out and she's already texting me about it.

SARAH: That's Laura.

Pause.

EDWARD: I feel like it's been ages since we've chatted.

SARAH: It doesn't feel that way to me. Each year is shorter than the last. I'm practically running towards the finish line.

EDWARD: I think that's why she's keen to see you.

SARAH gives EDWARD an envelope.

Why do you have in involve me with this?

SARAH: A family member needs to have a copy. Just in case.

EDWARD: In case what?

SARAH: The doctors resuscitate me.

EDWARD: If grandma finds out I'm—

SARAH: It's *my* DNR. She's got nothing to do with it.

EDWARD: But now I'm accountable.

SARAH: Exactly. Accountable to me. And I signed it because I meant it.

EDWARD: Have you really thought this through? It's one thing to sign a piece of paper. But you don't know what it's like. Your first time is always scary.

SARAH: I know when it happens it won't be fun, or exciting. But that doesn't make it bad. And it's not like my life now is all fun summers and cherry cola. My body is breaking down, Edward. I can feel it. And each day is the same as the last. Each night I have the same dreams.

EDWARD: In the school?

SARAH: And the kitchen. They're so vivid. Unrelenting. Doctor Joyce told my nurses to put the sound of rain on before bed. Nothing works. They never end, these dreams.

EDWARD: Some nights I don't sleep at all.

SARAH: When I want to sleep I just countdown from a hundred. Works every time.

EDWARD: Someone at my school reunion said the same thing.

SARAH: You still go to those?

EDWARD: It's something to fill the time. They've stopped numbering them.

SARAH: I don't go anymore. I feel too out of place. Last time I was by the cocktail bar with my friend and this little girl comes up to me. And she is the cutest little thing, she's six years old, and and we're talking about what cartoons she likes, and her favourite dresses... and after a while I ask her where her parents are, and she says they're not here. And my stomach turns, the walls begin closing in on me. Just the thought of losing a child. And then she runs away. Starts talking with others. Before I can run

after her Noah comes up to me and he calms me down, makes me breathe, and... It's Amberly. The little girl was Amberly. Our school prefect. At some point she had been transferred back into a six year old.

She waits for a response from EDWARD.

EDWARD: So?

SARAH: Our school prefect is a six year old now.

EDWARD: People change. I bet she's a lot happier.

SARAH: She looks like a child, but she is not a child.

EDWARD: That's life now mum. You've seen how things change. Someone I know recently became a baby. They decided they wanted to start again. They had been captured at birth so they just... Bing. Reset.

SARAH: It's wrong.

EDWARD: Grandma says I was a cute baby.

SARAH: You were a very cute baby.

EDWARD: So wouldn't you like another chance to hold me like that again?

SARAH: No.

Pause.

EDWARD: Did they do any sort of memorial for the attack?

SARAH: Minute's silence. For some of us it was the last people we knew who we lost forever.

EDWARD: Does it hurt?

SARAH: What?

EDWARD: Inside. Does it hurt inside when you lose someone? At your core.

SARAH: Yeah. It hurts. A lot.

EDWARD: What do I do when it happens?

SARAH: When I die?

EDWARD: Yeah.

SARAH: There's a lot to do. A lot of business. If you're the one that finds me you'll have to ask one of the nurses to come and pronounce me dead, and then you'll need to call a mortuary. They'll then transport my body from here to a place where it can be kept safe. Unless you want an autopsy. In which case I'll need to be transported to a pathologists. You'll need to call my friends and family and let them know what's happened. It's not enough to message them. I want it to be a call. You'll have to water my plants too, and keep an eye on the house.

You'll have to get death certificates, find a funeral director. Everything you need to know is in my will, which you'll also need to get access to through my lawyer. He'll take you through everything. Step by step. But know that I want a funeral, where there are white lilies and for someone to play the piano. And I want you to do a Eulogy.

EDWARD: This all seems a bit much.

SARAH: But this is it, Edward. This is when you say goodbye. You'll need to care for me the way you do now.

EDWARD: Where do we bury you?

SARAH: I want to be cremated. My ashes scattered to the wind. And I want an obituary.

Unfamiliar to EDWARD.

A public acknowledgement of my death. And while I know that one day you'll look back on me as this tiny insignificant mayfly. Right now, today, I feel like I have truly *lived*. What you write has to reflect that. And I want that in the eulogy too. When you speak at the funeral—

EDWARD: I don't want to speak at the—

SARAH: You have to. You're my son.

Pause.

EDWARD: It's not too late. To go through with it. I can book an appointment.

SARAH: Read the room, Eddie.

Even if I wanted The Capture what would be the point? If I was to do it now I'd find myself trapped in this body. Forever a crone. Forever in need of care. Forever... forever. I don't want that. That's what the DNR is for.

EDWARD: I should destroy this. Go home and throw it in the fire. Make an appointment on your behalf for you to be captured. Maybe you're too old to know what's good for you.

SARAH: No. I need to end my life on a full stop. I look at you now and I can see it in your eyes. You walked in younger than the last time I saw you.

EDWARD: I'm the same though. I'm still your Edward.

SARAH: I didn't even get to see you grow up. Not properly. You got to thirty five and just... reset

EDWARD: You say it like it's a bad thing.

SARAH: It is a bad thing.

EDWARD: You're the only one I know who sees it that way.

Pause.

SARAH: They say that Matthew saw things. Things nobody else could see. That the night before the attack he had this dream. Maybe he was trying to do us all a favour. His was an attempt to rescue us all from the oncoming cataclysm. He saw the storm on the horizon and decided to give them, my friends – Annie and... and Julian and Virginia – to give them safe passage. To get out while the going was good. Maybe his attack was an attempt at mercy.

EDWARD: Mercy from what?

SARAH: From the capture.

EDWARD: But they died.

SARAH: That's the way life works.

EDWARD: I'm going to go now, mum.

SARAH: So soon?

EDWARD: Yeah. So soon.

Pause.

SARAH: I'm scared.

EDWARD: Then at least let me get rid of the DNR.

SARAH: No. I'm scared but... it's okay. I'm going to be okay. Promise me you won't let them resuscitate me. That once I'm heading towards the tunnel of light you won't let them drag me back.

EDWARD: But I don't want you to go.

SARAH: I have to.

EDWARD: But–

SARAH: Just don't think about it. I've still got a whole lot of life left to live.

Ding! EDWARD *received an alert on his device.*

EDWARD: It's getting late. I love you, mum.

SARAH: Love you, Eddy.

EDWARD *leaves.*

Suddenly, a small buzz from a lighting fixture above. SARAH looks up. The bulb blows.

Darkness.

She moves to light switch and tests it.

Click on, click off.

Nothing happens.

Click on, click off.

SARAH is alone.

Click on.

Click off.

The End.