

## One

*Dusk.*

*The Tent.*

*DEE is visibly anxious. She checks her phone and keeps an eye out. A sack appears out of nowhere. She opens up the sack to reveal a tent. She begins setting it up. It does not need to be big, it could be symbolic, it could be miniature. It needs to be practical and easy to assemble. Once it's assembled, she takes off her trainers, and undoes her school tie. She lays down on the grass and runs her hands and feet through it and looks up at the sky.*

*DEE flashes her torch inside her tent, making shapes and keeping a lookout. Outside we hear MOTHER, though we never see her.*

MOTHER. She won't come out.

Doesn't matter how hard you try, she won't come out.

I've asked her friends, I've spoken to the school, they all say the same thing.

She's in shock.

Give her time.

Let her be.

But, I'm worried, I'm worried I'm gonna lose my little girl, I'm worried she'll never speak again, like I've lost my grip, like she's...

*We become aware of the CHORUS darting throughout the space.*

...floating far far away from me, and I'll never hold her again, or be able to tell her it's okay, I'm here.

CHORUS. Like she'll never trust that I can protect her from the pain she's feeling now. I just wanna wrap her in my arms and take it all away. But they say –

She's in shock.

Give her time.

Let her be.

Will you... will you just go and speak to her...

Please?

Could you just try and get her to say something?

Please?

I need her to come out from there, just for a little while.

Just so I know she's with us, ya know?

Here with us.

You understand?

Right?

## Two

*Dusk.*

*We are inside DEE's mind. It is always Dusk in her mind and the sky is always red. (It might be that you represent this with light or it might be that you represent this with cloth. It might be that you choose not to represent this at all. Any of these choices are fine.)*

JAY appears.

JAY (*whispers*). Psst! Psst!

Come on!

DEE. Jay?

JAY. Yes! Hurry up!

DEE. What are you doing?

JAY. Breaking you out! You've turned into a right bore!

DEE. I don't understand where you've been.

JAY. I can't tell you.

DEE. Why?

JAY. Because 'Y' has two arms and a leg!

DEE. What?!

JAY. You look like crap!

DEE. I don't!

JAY. There's no life behind your eyes.

DEE. It's been difficult.

JAY. Get over yourself!

DEE. I shouldn't even be talking to you.

JAY. Fine! Bye!

DEE. Where are you going?

JAY. I've got a race in like thirty seconds.

DEE. What?

JAY. Hurry up!

*JAY bolts outside and takes her position at the starting line.*

DEE. Wait!

*DEE reluctantly peeps out of the tent and notices the CROWD.*

*In this scene we watch JAY racing. The CHORUS become the CROWD. Some cheer her on, some don't. The CHORUS find individual characters in how they stand, how they cheer.*

CHORUS. On your mark.

*JAY takes her position.*

Get set!

GO!!

*The CROWD cheers.*

*JAY races back and forth, she is winning the race and she knows it.*

*The CROWD love her.*

*And she loves the CROWD.*

Did you know there are like seven billion people on Earth?

Well, seven-point-five.

There are seven-point-five billion people on planet Earth.

As far as we know.

*JAY starts to run out of breath.*

That's... nuts!

I mean.

What does that even look like?

Like how can your brain even see that?

*JAY starts to slow down.*

*The CROWD cheer her on and JAY gains momentum again.*

Like how can your brain even comprehend that?

Or even, hold that information...

What would we even do with that information?

If we could really understand it?

Contain it... hold it or... comprehend it...

Would we... try to connect more?

Become realigned...

Because, it's huge.

The idea that there are seven-point-five, or there are seven billion four hundred ninety-nine million nine hundred ninety-nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine others... walking around, holding what I'm holding, trying not to fall down... and with all this, can you ever really know someone?

Know what makes them feel immense joy and excruciating pain?

Can you actually ever really successfully help someone?

Be there for someone, when you're holding all of this...

It's like...

You wanna say all these things like...

You plan to say all these things that hold meaning...

But your tongue gets caught on a...

What exactly?

Something... sharp!

Something like...

I guess...

What's the best way to say...

A hook!!

Yeah! It's like...

Suspended from the roof of ya mouth...

*JAY's struggling again, she's running out of air, she's slowing down.*

Sounds uncomfortable.

And that's what I mean... I think.