



THE NOISE

a sci-detective thriller

rehearsal script September 2013

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SETTINGS

The island of Whitley

- a remote British Crown Dependency in the Southern Ocean, approx 500miles south west of Chile

The Theatre

CHARACTERS

CHARLIE: age 17, full time education

LAURA: early 20's, Charlie's sister,

PAUL: early 20's, Laura's ex boyfriend, farmer

FRANCES: early/mid 40's, Whitley's Chief of Police

HARRY: mid /late 30's, scientist

THE AGENT: late 30's/early 40's

THE ICEBERG: massive, arrived 2 days ago and is stuck in Whitley's harbour.

THE NOISE: an unexplained, naturally occurring, constantly changing noise that's existed for as long as anyone can remember. Source unknown.

TIME

October 2013. Early Spring.

NOTES

Actor/F = the Actor playing Frances

Actor/C = the Actor playing Charlie

A pause or unspoken thought is indicated thus ...

When a character talks over another the point of interruption is indicated thus /.



The Noise. Huge and unfamiliar and loud and complex and frightening and mysterious and alien. We see The Noise too – lights that are huge and unfamiliar and loud and complex and frightening and mysterious and alien.

Lights pick out the edges, the borders of an island.

Projected...

The island of Whitley

a remote British Crown Dependency (pop 600)

in the Southern Ocean, close to Antarctica.

We hear CHARLIE's voice...

There's the hum Noise. There too the grinding, the popping, the swerving, the bats, the snow, the violins and 1990s internet dial-up. I have a name for every noise.

Lights pull focus to CHARLIE. 17. She is performing a personal, private ritual (a dance) that is part of how she rises above The Noise, takes her senses away from it, pushes it away from her...

CHARLIE: Harry and I have identified 1059 different, distinct noises. Working on trying to find the constant at the heart of them. Hoping to find something encoded in there. Or some co-ordinates to where they come from. We call it The Noise. But it's The Noises. Isn't it? It's been noisy here for as long as anyone can remember. It's brutal. The hardest thing about it is the constant distraction. Harry and me we're going to find out where it comes from.

*...a **BIG** block of ice
beautifully lit
appearing out of darkness
getting "closer" until it fills the entire width of the playing space
Lights and music/sound dissolve and pull focus to... The Pub.*

It is a few days since The Iceberg arrived.

HARRY is mid conversation. He acknowledges LAURA as she enters The Pub. She takes out her earplugs and waves at him. She goes to another part of the bar.

HARRY: So what were you doing when it arrived then?



VOICE: Sleeping

PAUL: Lazy bastard

LAURA : Like every one else

PAUL: Not me

LAURA: Felt it through me bones I did. Thought it were the end of the world or something.

VOICE: Like someone had dropped a bomb on us.

LAURA: Aye, a bomb!

PAUL: Who'd bother bomb this shit hole?

VOICE: Y'never know. World is nuts.

PAUL: World is definitely fucking nuts.

LAURA: How did it get here?

HARRY: It's a mystery. For now. (*Looking at Laura*) A beautiful mystery.

PAUL: Fer fuck's sake. I'm getting another...

ALL: Cheers, Paul <laughter> Aye. Mine's a pint.

PAUL: Fuck off. I'm not getting a round.

VOICE: Harry, how many pints in that 'berg d'yer reckon?

HARRY: Interesting...

Nearest guess wins a pint. Who wants a go?

LAURA : Ten thousand.

VOICE : Bollocks. Twenty.

LAURA: Twenty?

VOICE: Thousand.



HARRY: How deep is the deepest part of the Harbour?

LAURA: 105 metres

HARRY: That's right.

VOICE/s: Ooooh!

PAUL: We all know that.

HARRY: And we all know that icebergs are 7/8th under the water.

PAUL: Blocks out the sun in 'ere from bottling up till last orders, right gloomy thanks to that lump.

LAURA : How we gonna get it shifted before Festival?

HARRY: 's not leaving before tomorrow so we'll have to ask it to join in.

Let's say, it's the height of the pub.

VOICE/s: Aye. Fair enough.

HARRY: Pub's fifteen metres.

VOICE: Told you. Twenty thousand pints. *(laughter)*

HARRY: I reckon, 60,000 cubic metres. Which, ignoring the different densities of ice and water for now, means about the same number of tons.

PAUL: Come on then Brainiac, tell us, how the fuck did it get shoved in here?

VOICE: Maybe it's a sign?!

HARRY: *(doing the sum in his head)* Shut up will ya

PAUL: Something bad's going to happen.

VOICE: You're a gloomy bugger, Paul.

HARRY: All it's a sign of is, to answer your original question, that there's – One thousand seven hundred and sixty pints in a cubic metre. So one hundred and five



million, six hundred thousand pints. Which is a bit more than the ten thousand originally estimated. That's what it's a sign of.

VOICE: And I thought / could put it away.

LAURA: But when's it going to go?

HARRY: No time soon I hope. When it scrapes on the sea floor it vibrates through the whole island. I can use that vibration to make brand-new maps of the inside of the island. For free. It's like a massive experimental tool just floated in on the tide.

PAUL: You're a massive experimental tool, mate.

HARRY: Could even help us find the source of the Noise if we have a clearer picture of what we're / standing on-

PAUL: /Ah, give over will ya. You come back here, all sensitive, all 'quiet'. You think you're better than us because you've been away?

HARRY: Course not. It's different. That's all I'm saying. It's different from when I was a kid. From when I left. It's nothing like how I remember it. It's worse.

What I've been trying / to tell you all-

VOICE: / Just time that. Older you get. Worse it is.

LAURA: Way things are. Always has been.

PAUL starts banging the rhythm of The Whitley Drinking Song on his table

HARRY: I'm sorry I see/ no proof

VOICE: /Have another. It helps.

Others have joined in with the banging

LAURA: No one hears The Noise too bad in here.

Voices laugh and join in with PAUL who's started singing The Whitley Drinking Song along with the rhythm

HARRY: That's true.



LAURA moves nearer to HARRY.

LAURA: Saw you staring at it the other day. Like a loon.

HARRY: You were watching me?

LAURA: I passed you. *(She mouths or signs)* You didn't even see me.

HARRY: Can't help it. I'm...

LAURA: Fascinated?

HARRY: *(Now he's talking about her)* Hypnotised.

PAUL, who has been watching them knocks back his drink as FRANCES enters. She takes off her hat and takes out her earplugs, which then hang from her neck, like spectacles on a cord. She is carrying a cardboard box, inside there is an orphaned baby penguin. She carries a handgun in a holster on her hip...

FRANCES: Susan. Pint please. And a bag of nuts.

HARRY: Don't give it peanuts. Puked up fish is what that baby penguin is designed to exist on, until it's big enough to jump in and find its own.

FRANCES: How many you had Harry?

HARRY: Second of night ossifer. I promise.

FRANCES: Chief. No ossifers here until Charlie completes her training, so don't forget who's in charge. And the peanuts are in fact for me. Got to keep my energy up if everything's going to be ready for the festival tomorrow. Iceberg or no iceberg we're going to Run The Fire and beat those drums so hard the Queen herself can hear them in her Palace.

Laura. You finished wrapping and tarring the stakes?

LAURA: At it all afternoon, Mum.

FRANCES: So no then? Didn't Charlie help?

LAURA: No. She's been staring at you know what all day. I saw her talking to it.

VOICE: Aye. She's there right now. Chatting away like a mother-fucker.



FRANCES: Who said that?

Silence

VOICE: I did.

FRANCES: There's no need is there?

VOICE: No. Sorry Frances.

FRANCES: That's alright.

Conversation picks up again...

No crime in it. Just no need. I've got bigger fish to fry anyhow. I'm in to tell you that the pub's shutting early tonight.

VOICE/s: Oh. No. What? Fuck off!

FRANCES: What did I tell you?!

VOICE: Sorry. Just slipped out that time. Couldn't help it.

FRANCES: I want you all in bed by 3, at the very latest. It's very dangerous running the fire with alcohol in your system. You all remember what happened last year?

VOICE/s: Aye.

FRANCES: Frankly you're lucky it was only your leg you lost.

VOICE: Thanks to you Frances.

PAUL: *<to the VOICE but really to FRANCES>* Stupid fucker.

FRANCES: So, we're all agreed aren't we?

VOICE/s: Aye.

FRANCES: I'm here to keep us all safe. To look after you lot, you and those penguins. I might not have much luck with the birds, but you lot are all surviving on my watch.

Voices: *(cheers!)* cheers for Frances! Hip hip



FRANCES: You're not getting round me like that you bunch of pisseheads!

PAUL: Fuckin Frances fuck!

FRANCES: *(working very hard to not lose her temper)* Someone get him out of ear shot.

HARRY: Paul. Mate. I think you've had enough.

PAUL: Fuck off. I'm not your mate.

VOICE: Quiet down, boy. Going the same way as your old man.

PAUL: I am nothing like my fucking Dad.

HARRY: C'mon, Paul. I'll give you a ride home.

PAUL: You don't live near me. No one lives near me.

VOICE: You being poetic there Paul boy?

PAUL: Fuck you.

HARRY: Leave him alone.

PAUL: Hey. Mr Perfect?

HARRY: Paul.

PAUL: I'm going to fucking have you.

PAUL swings a punch at HARRY, who swerves/ducks out of the way stumbling into LAURA who catches and steadies him. PAUL moves to follow up and take another swing at HARRY but FRANCES catches his arm, taking him to the floor with his arm behind his back and her knee in his chest.

FRANCES: Are you going to go home?

FRANCES releases him and he gets to his feet.

HARRY: You'll be alright in the morning.

PAUL: You better fucking watch yourself.

FRANCES: Out! *(Grabbing his arm)*



But PAUL pulls himself free of Frances' grip, runningstumbling out of the pub...

PAUL: I'm going to kill you, Harry. I fuckin mean it...

...into the night. Silence.

FRANCES finishes her pint, picks up her hat and as she leaves...

FRANCES: Bed by 3! All of you!

Outside, The Noise. FRANCES puts her earplugs in as lights and sound pull focus to CHARLIE who is talking to The Iceberg. checks

CHARLIE: I knew you were coming. I didn't know what you would look like. But I fucking knew *something* was in the post.

FRANCES puts her hat on, carefully pulling down the earflaps.

What do you want?

She listens for a moment.

You're beautiful.

She listens again.

FRANCES checks her weapon – loaded, safety...

I'm trying.

CHARLIE listens again.

FRANCES holsters her weapon... again

You make this place feel...

Lights fade on CHARLIE and sound pulls focus back entirely to

HARRY as he arrives next to FRANCES, carrying the box she has forgotten. Outside the characters speak louder, also partially lip read and maybe sign. HARRY passes the box with the baby penguin in...

HARRY: How many now?



FRANCES: This one's still alive.

HARRY: Orphaned penguins aren't built to survive.

FRANCES: Well they should be.

HARRY: If they were, they'd be born fully grown.

FRANCES: ...

HARRY: You alright?

FRANCES: Fine.

HARRY: Wouldn't you love to know?

FRANCES: What?

HARRY: What makes you the angriest fucker on the island?

FRANCES laughs. HARRY smiles.

FRANCES: Funny.

HARRY: Serious. I really think I've found something this time.

FRANCES: What?

HARRY: In an hour it will be low tide and the Iceberg'll be pressing on the island the most it does all day. The weight of all that ice, those millions of pints, will grind and pulse on the bedrock of the harbour and send vibrations through the rock of the whole island. I can measure the shape of those waves of sound and they will give me a map of the interior of the island that my budget would never stretch to. There has to be something makes The Noise, likely right at the middle. It has to come from somewhere.

FRANCES: It's the wind. The rocks and the wind and the... it's just a freak of nature.

HARRY: You don't believe that.

FRANCES: Yes I do.

HARRY: I won't be at the festival tomorrow.



FRANCES: Yes you will.

HARRY: I've got to go up there to the centre, to the old Radio Telescope and map the island for a whole cycle of low and high tides, while the 'berg is still as big as it is.

FRANCES: Are you fucking kidding me?

HARRY: Keep your plugs in. Every day I waste it gets smaller and the map will be less accurate.

FRANCES adjusts her hat.

FRANCES: I need you here.

HARRY: This is important Frances.

FRANCES: Not *more* important.

HARRY: To you.

FRANCES: I'm trying to keep a community together here with fucking sellotape and promises Harry. They're getting worse. Drinking more, fighting more. I've had to start carrying my gun again.

HARRY: Your job, not mine.

FRANCES: I need you to back me up. If you're not here, to take part then what does that say to everyone? That you think you're better than we are? That you'll be back to Britain when you've measured all your do-das and bleeps?

HARRY: Is that what they say?

FRANCES: No. But they will. If you're not here tomorrow.

HARRY: Is that a threat?

FRANCES: And what will Laura think?

HARRY: What do you mean?

FRANCES: Think I don't know who my oldest is crazy about?

HARRY: No. But you're saying it. Out loud.



FRANCES: You and her want to be all hush-hush. Your business. Fine. Romance. I understand. But Paul *will* be there. He'll make sure she draws all the wrong conclusions from your absence.

HARRY: Why did you come back? You escaped here, this. What happened in London?

FRANCES: This is what I want. I am a shield. Protection and defence.

HARRY: Protecting what, Frances?

FRANCES: If ever there was a kid I thought would never come back it was you.

HARRY: Nothing's forever.

FRANCES: Don't go.

HARRY: If I'm right about The Noise I'll have to go back to the London office, for a bit, to finish the research.

FRANCES: No. Don't go there. Tonight.

HARRY: ...

I'm sorry about the festival. I hope the penguin lives...

Harry leaves as lights, sound and music pull focus to...

...CHARLIE with The Iceberg

CHARLIE: You make this place feel... even more remote. Know what I mean?

You say: "You're so far from the rest of humanity here. From lights and cities and all the speed of the world, the squeeze and the pull and push of crowded streets and the music, and the kissing." You show me the most likely thing, the closest thing to reach out to me here is cold and emptiness. All the dots aren't waving people, they're just rocks, or penguins huddled against the cold that would kill me if it was ever on my naked skin.

You say, "You're a guest and I am a postcard from your nearest neighbour who doesn't care who you are, who will crush you."

You say, "Get out, because if you wait, even a few years, you won't be *able* to leave. I'll be gone. But you'll be locked in, because I'll be in your mind by then."



Tell me how. How can I leave? How can I stay?

HARRY: Going somewhere?

CHARLIE: Yes. Maybe.

HARRY: Where?

CHARLIE: It's amazing.

HARRY: It really is. But you're not going out there.

CHARLIE: Why not?

HARRY: It's dangerous. Really dangerous.

CHARLIE: It's fine.

HARRY: It's not stable.

CHARLIE: I want to listen to it thinking.

HARRY: Icebergs don't think.

CHARLIE laughs

CHARLIE: *Feels* like it's thinking though, doesn't it?

HARRY: No. You might as well say that a place (*he whistles*) or... (*he claps*) Unless you're getting worryingly anthropomorphic.

CHARLIE: I know what that means.

HARRY: I know you do. That's why I used that word.

CHARLIE: I don't think it's human.

HARRY: Only humans think.

CHARLIE: That's very arrogant.

HARRY: It's true!

CHARLIE: ...



HARRY: OK. Only humans have the *concept* of 'thinking'. Only we have a word for it.

CHARLIE: And thoughts can only be expressed in words?

HARRY: Yes, actually. Otherwise they're just... cognitive processes.

CHARLIE: (*exasperated*) Cognitive processes- Harry, for fu-
Everyone's been *touched* by it. It's changing us, our lives.
It's the thought. We are the brain.
I'm not stupid.

HARRY: As if, Charlie, but-

CHARLIE: What?

HARRY: Naïve.

CHARLIE: You just mean young. I have to go. I want / to-

HARRY: / Charlie. You're a person. You've got a body, flesh, blood, hair, electricity, a brain. *That*, is H2O. It's very simple. Very big. Very weird that it's here. Really beautiful. But really fucking simple.

CHARLIE: I want to lie on it all night and just be that bit further out there, in the wild.

HARRY: You're going to discover the world Charlie. You don't need to sneak out there in the middle of the night like some teenage suicide statistic waiting to happen.

CHARLIE: I'd be safe.

HARRY: No you wouldn't and you know it. I might look a lot older / than you-

CHARLIE: / You *are* a lot older than me.

HARRY: (*pushing on*) But I wasn't always this handsome and wise.
There is nothing beyond what you feel and think for you. *It* will go on without you, without us all.

CHARLIE: Perhaps that's what it's saying. What it's here to tell us. Me.



HARRY: It doesn't *know* it's here. It doesn't know *we're* here. It doesn't *care*. I do. I'm overwhelmed by what it's telling me about the island.

It's why I was looking for you. Because of (*indicates the Iceberg*) that, I think we might actually find it.

CHARLIE: The source? Of The Noise? How? Where? What?!

HARRY: We'd need to be set up and ready to record measurements at the next low tide.

CHARLIE: Great.

HARRY: Thank god I've got you. Most people round here are baffled by a toaster, never mind a portable seismometer.

CHARLIE: I'll have to tell mum.

HARRY: Why?

CHARLIE: Promised I'd help her with the festival preparations.

HARRY: You were just about to let her down by hanging out on a massive, highly volatile lump of ice all night.

CHARLIE: (*laughs*) Meet you in an hour. Your place?

HARRY: (*leaving*) Warmest clothes!

CHARLIE: (*shouting after him*) I'm not a kid!

HARRY: You can have some chocolate if you're good!

CHARLIE: Nobber!

(*to The Iceberg*) Tomorrow then. Better not have melted.

She begins to leave as lights and sound pull focus to include FRANCES holding a mug of tea. CHARLIE Stops. Looks back at The Iceberg. Whistles at it, like HARRY did. Claps. Then signs: "Don't leave without me" at it. She leaves as lights and sound pull focus entirely to...

...FRANCES in her office. She doesn't know what to do. Extreme Frustrationanger bubbles over for an instant. Gathers herself. She puts her mug down a bit too hard on her desk, spilling some of the tea. She sits at her desk, reaches out for the Rolodex, lifts out the cards in the



middle. There is one card underneath the deck, hidden in the bottom. She takes it out and looks at it.

FRANCES: So.

She puts the deck back in its place - pulls the phone towards her - picks up the handset...

She looks at the number again, puts the card next to the phone and begins to dial. The Noise rises. She slams the handset back on its cradle.

Goes to the wall and punches it repeatedly. This is what she does. To cope.

Lights pull focus to CHARLIE in the door of the office, holding a small, paper wrapped parcel. Stands looking at FRANCES, punching.

CHARLIE: <loudly> Noisy afternoon?

FRANCES stops punching. Adjusts her hat.

Better out.

CHARLIE goes to the desk...

I bought flapjacks. Susan made them today. Still warm.

CHARLIE puts the parcel on the desk, picks up the Rolodex card which is in the puddle of tea.

You've spilt...

CHARLIE looks at the card.

What's this?

FRANCES: Nothing.

FRANCES goes to CHARLIE holding out her hand for the card, which CHARLIE gives her.

Nothing for you to worry about, love.

FRANCES puts the card in a pocket, picks up a box of wooden stakes and 30x60(ish)cm cotton rags and puts them on the desk.

CHARLIE: How many?



FRANCES: About thirty.

As FRANCES and CHARLIE talk, they tear the cloth and wrap the ends of the stakes with strips of it.

CHARLIE: Saw Harry out-

FRANCES: Aye, we were just having a chat and all.

CHARLIE: He didn't say.

FRANCES: He's a tricky one

FRANCES and CHARLIE wrap the stakes in silence for a few moments.

CHARLIE: Mum.

FRANCES: Yes?

CHARLIE: He says this is something really important, a real discovery.

FRANCES: He's got no business involving you in dangerous/ experiments-

CHARLIE: /Dangerous? Don't be ridiculous.

FRANCES: Watch your lip!

CHARLIE: I'm *not* a child!

FRANCES: You are. Always will be, to me. And technically you are still a minor – can't buy alcohol, cigarettes, / buy fireworks, work in the pub, get a tattoo, drive a bus or a lorry, fight, kill or die for your country, get a mortgage, buy fireworks, vote...

CHARLIE: / *can* go into the pub, drive a car and a motorcycle, join the army, open a bank account, bet and gamble, beg, get married, enter a civil partnership, leave the island.

FRANCES: Only if you want to.

CHARLIE: It's an option.

Everything's an option isn't it? It's like the Uncertainty Principle.

FRANCES: Not one of the better principles.



CHARLIE: Which states,-

FRANCES: There's a penguin in a box over there that I haven't yet brought myself to look at. You think I don't know about the Uncertainty Principle?

Charlie. Stop a minute.

Charlie, we're islanders. 'Plenty to say we shouldn't and not that much we should.' But I'm telling you now. I love you.

CHARLIE: OK.

FRANCES: Stay in town tonight.

CHARLIE: *(Totally reasonable)* Why mum?

FRANCES: You're brilliant, smart, funny and gutsy and I am so, so proud of you. Fucking fucking Harry.

CHARLIE: Calm. Calm. Calm.

FRANCES: Yes.

CHARLIE: I said I'd meet him in half an hour. We can get this all done before then. Easy.

FRANCES: You are not spending a night out with a man / on your own

CHARLIE: / Not a man! Harry!

FRANCES: You know that your sister/and

CHARLIE: /I know. She's so in love.

FRANCES: And you have responsibilities. We are the shield. Protect and defend. Fucking drunks and fire.

CHARLIE: That's you.

FRANCES: Mayday channel on VHF?

CHARLIE: Sixteen.

FRANCES: Frequency?



CHARLIE: 156.8 megahertz.

FRANCES: HF?

CHARLIE: 2812. Kilohertz.

FRANCES: And-

CHARLIE: And a Search And Rescue Transponder is 9 Gigahertz and usually automatic.

FRANCES: Where's Mrs Miller's insulin?

CHARLIE: In a box, in the cupboard under her stairs.

FRANCES: There are different kinds of important.

I'm not your *friend*, Charlie.

FRANCES feels her heart crack. Fracture.

Can't be.

CHARLIE: Please!

FRANCES: No. Don't ask me again.

CHARLIE: I can't wait to leave this shit hole.

FRANCES: ...

You don't mean that.

They finish wrapping the batch of stakes. FRANCES heads to the door with half of them under her arm.

FRANCES: The world is dangerous.

Come on. Let's get them in the jeep.

FRANCES exits with stakes. The sound of the jeep starting up.

CHARLIE dials HARRY'S number as lights focus down to her whilst also revealing HARRY in Harry's Place, packing up his kit. Her call goes straight to voicemail.



CHARLIE: Fucking shit signal!

Harry. I can't come. I can't leave her. I want to. Sorry. Really sorry. I'll text you.

She hangs up.

Shit.

CHARLIE texts HARRY. Lights pull focus entirely to HARRY as he finishes packing. His phone vibrates on his desk as CHARLIE's text message arrives. He reads it...

HARRY: Fucking Frances.

HARRY writes an email. We see the text he's writing, projected.

A. Listen to the attached! It's my hydrophone recording of the iceberg I wrote about scraping the harbour floor. Chief of Police here has not only refused to help but also stolen my assistant for the night so I'm going to triangulate readings at the centre of the island on my own. I'll be back at you with proper data mapping the island interior in 24 hours. Don't tell anyone til then but I think I'm really onto something. Know I can trust you.

H.

Harry plays the hydrophone recording of The Iceberg scraping the Harbour floor. Harry leaves, with his kit.

An empty room. Lights pull focus to now also include (separately) PAUL, shadowed, drinking, waiting. The sound of an email arriving. A pop up message on laptop, projected:

You have mail. "re: Listen to the attached!" priority URGENT

And HARRY's phone, that he has forgotten in his rush, vibrates on the desk. Lights and sound fade on Harry's Place as they pull focus to...

...LAURA, leaving The Pub. PAUL has been waiting for her.

PAUL: Laura. Wait.

LAURA: Fuck off Paul. Why do you never know when to stop?

PAUL: You're my girl.



LAURA: No I'm not.

PAUL: I love you.

LAURA: Got a funny way of showing it.

PAUL: What does that mean?

LAURA: I'm not going to end up like your mum.

PAUL: You'd still be with me if Harry hadn't come back.

LAURA: No Paul. I wouldn't.

Don't touch me! You know what happened to your dad.

PAUL: He disappeared.

LAURA: That's right, no body ever found. There are rules here

PAUL takes LAURA's arm.

PAUL: I'd never hurt you. He's poisoned you against me.

LAURA: You're hurting me now. Let go before I call for help and can't stop them sending you off after your old man.

PAUL: Bitch.

LAURA: Let me go.

PAUL: I'll show you.

PAUL lets go. Nightfall. Storm. Drumming. Noise. Lights pull focus to show HARRY setting up his kit at the Radio Telescope site – setting up the portable seismometer and beginning to "listen" for The Iceberg. Lights fade on HARRY. Half-lit, the actor playing Harry draws the outline of a body on the floor. He takes his clothes off... and leaves.

The Noise subsides and day breaks to reveal a beautiful, crisp and bright Spring morning...

Day 2 0800
The Harbour



FRANCES looks for her earplugs. She can't find them and so pulls the flaps of her hat tighter down over her ears...

Actor/F: Frances stands for a moment after the door of the jeep has slammed shut behind her. It's not too noisy to hear a simple sound. Source known. It settles her.

The sun has crested the headland to the north-east of the harbour. Eight a.m. - the start of a glorious day. Everything but the sunlight muted, though.

Faces in the knot of people on the edge of the harbour wall turn towards her.

She starts to walk down the slope towards the sea. Not hurrying. Knowing from the breaking, excited voice on the phone exactly what to expect. But still not ready for it. Ever would be.

Put the face on.

Calm. Calm. Calm as a millpond calm.

FRANCES is more in control of herself than she has been in her entire life on the island.

FRANCES: Morning.

Who found him?

VOICE: He's not moving.

FRANCES: Who found him?

VOICE: Bernard and the Dolphin crew.

FRANCES: How?

VOICE: Dawn tide. First light catch.

VOICE: You alright?

FRANCES: Yes.

VOICE: You look funny.

FRANCES: You shouldn't be here, Judy Williams. You're too young.



VOICE: Why isn't he moving?

FRANCES: Adam, take your sister to school.

VOICE: You look funny.

FRANCES: Funny?

VOICE: Like him.

VOICE: Shh. Judy. That's very rude. Harry was Frances' friend. She's sad. See.

FRANCES: You get along as well. You need to look after her. Get gone the both of you.

VOICE: Something's hit him.

VOICE: Or *someone*.

FRANCES: Was it actually Bernard who found him?

VOICE: Or he hit something going in.

VOICE: Or something hit *him*.

VOICE: *Someone*

FRANCES: We don't know anything yet. Stop your chatter.

VOICE: Skull caved.

VOICE: Death waits patient on the quayside.

VOICE: For us all my friend. For us all.

VOICE: Least he's quiet now.

VOICE: No noise where he is.

VOICE: True. True.

FRANCES: Shhh quiet. Please. I need to think.

Has anyone seen Laura?



VOICE: Why Laura?

FRANCES: Jane, don't play the innocent. Make yourself useful. Warm up the stove in the back of the pub. Make enough tea for everyone.

VOICE: Don't know why they tried to keep it so quiet. She's twenty-one.

VOICE: You know why.

VOICE: Paul.

VOICE: Paul.

VOICE: Where is he?

VOICE: Not seen since last night.

VOICE: Not seen since last night / when he-

FRANCES: / Has anyone seen her?

VOICE: I think she's up the shop

FRANCES: She heard?

VOICE: Don't know.

FRANCES: Miriam, get up to the shop and find her. See that she stays there.

Actor/F: Frances puts her gloves on. Frances walks towards the body. She inspects the body. Takes his head, rests it sideways in her palm.

He's looking out to sea.

Voices gasp and sigh at the sight of the head wound.

VOICE: You could put your fist in it if you wanted. The hole there. Not that you'd want.

FRANCES: Miriam, please. Do what I'm asking you.

VOICE: Someone killed Harry.

VOICE: Who would do it?



VOICES: *(whispering)* Paul Paul Paul Paul

FRANCES: We should all take a minute.

In fact.

Where is Bernard?

VOICE: Here.

FRANCES: Well? What happened?

VOICE: Was just about to take the crew out. Looked over starboard and there he was bumping the side.

VOICE: He never fell in here.

FRANCES: How do you know that?

VOICE: Look at his hands. Up to his mouth. Trying to stop the water. He was alive when he went in. Alive. This close to the harbour? He would have swam in.

FRANCES: Alive?

VOICE: No question.

VOICE: That iceberg's a bad omen.

VOICE: I knew it.

VOICE: Felt it.

VOICE: Been living on borrowed time.

VOICE: In its dark shadow.

FRANCES: I need a minute. I need you all to leave me be. Except you, Bernard.

VOICE: What you thinking?

FRANCES: You found him, Bernard. Wait by the jeep, would you? Sit in if you're cold. I won't be long.

Jane?



VOICES: Yes?

FRANCES: Sheet, please, from the pub. It'll do til I can get a bag and stretcher down here.

Charlie. Where's Charlie?

Actor/F: And as if on cue, a figure up by where she's left the jeep. Coming closer.

Actor/C: The harbour bell woke me up. I'd overslept. Up late with mum finishing preparations for today. I suppose I was feeling odd, not really awake yet. But I was also trying to remember the other times the harbour bell had rung, *why* it had rung.

There was a terrible storm three years ago and it rang when the empty ship came back to the harbour, like a lost dog finding its way home without its owner.

It rang when the prince came to visit when I was nine.

It rang when the Iceberg appeared two days ago.

Actor/F: His hands are clenched to his mouth...

VOICE: Frances.

Actor/F: ...like he's trying to stop himself shouting a big, terrible secret

VOICE: Frances.

FRANCES: Shut up a minute.

VOICE: It's just. Paul. He's not been seen.

Actor/F: oh god

VOICE: Left the pub last night, steaming, shouting all sorts of-

Actor/F: trying to stop himself opening his mouth and let in all that water

VOICE: Paul said he wanted to / kill him.

Actor/F: / hit on the head. But that didn't kill him.



VOICE: Just like his dad Paul. Like father / like son

Actor/F: / Alive when he went in the water. He drowned.

VOICE: You'll bring him in?

FRANCES: Yes. Yes.

"Harry!"

Actor/F: Of course they couldn't keep Laura away. Of course they couldn't. Fucking idiots.

LAURA: Oh God. Oh God. Harry!

FRANCES: Laura, you shouldn't be here.

Actor/C: I've never seen a dead body before. That's what I think. When I see him.

I don't even think it's Harry at first. On the grey flagstones. His skin is white. His eyes are open. They're staring straight up and... I'm still far enough away to turn and run.

FRANCES: Laura. I need you to be calm.

LAURA: No!

FRANCES: Laura.

John, when the sheet arrives, cover him. Don't touch anything. Just stay with him. Can you manage *that*?

Actor/C: I don't know which of them I should go to.

So I stand. I look. I listen.

The Noise is low. Where's a noisy day when you really need one?

LAURA: He can't be.

FRANCES: Laura. He is dead.

LAURA: Who did this?



FRANCES: We don't know that anyone did this.

The Noise increases the frequency of its changing.

Actor/C: And it's back. Never far. Sausage sizzle. Dow Jones. Avalanche. Bloop. All the different crazy making noises.

LAURA: How did he get in the water then?

Actor/C: Flow with, don't resist.

FRANCES: Just because he was in the water doesn't / mean anyone-

Actor/C: / Oh shit.

LAURA: What,

Actor/C: This is getting big.

LAURA: He fell in? Fell into the water.

FRANCES: Laura.

Actor/C: Mum can't cope with this.

FRANCES: I want you to go home. Wait for me at home.

LAURA: How did he get in the water?

Actor/C: She needs me.

FRANCES: There's no way to know yet.

LAURA: What kind of fucking police are you?!

FRANCES: I need you to be calm.

CHARLIE: Mum! Do you/ need-

FRANCES: /I'm fine, Charlie.

LAURA: You know what'd make me calm? If you started using your fucking brain. Where's Paul?



FRANCES: I'll find him.

CHARLIE: Mum!

FRANCES: Charlie, I'm fine.

CHARLIE: OK

LAURA: I said, where's Paul? *Where's / Paul?!*

FRANCES: / I don't know.

LAURA: You *know* what he was saying

FRANCES: People say a lot of things-

LAURA: About killing people who turn up fucking dead?!

CHARLIE calms LAURA using her superpower. LAURA is no longer angry but filled with realisation and grief. She runs off.

FRANCES: Laura!

CHARLIE: I'll go-

FRANCES: No. Leave her.

Charlie. I need to make sure-

They are both looking at the body...

Actor/C: Eyes bulging. Lips blue like mussels.

FRANCES takes off her hat

CHARLIE: You want me to help?

FRANCES: I want you to do something for me. It's very important.

CHARLIE: What?

FRANCES: You've got keys for Harry's place haven't you?

CHARLIE: Yeah.



FRANCES: I need to find Paul. Go and get your keys. Meet me back here as soon as you can. Five minutes. Don't do anything else. Don't go anywhere else.

FRANCES smiles

CHARLIE: My keys are up at my den, at the telescope. It'll take an hour to get there and back. Maybe more.

FRANCES: ...

OK. No problem. Harry's place. I'll meet you there when I'm done here.

Charlie.

Wait outside. Don't go in, do not touch anything. And... be safe.

Lights pull focus to isolate CHARLIE as the intro of I Wanna Be Your Dog by The Stooges starts, loud. She takes a set of keys out of her pocket, looks at it and puts it back safely in her pocket. I Wanna Be Your Dog KICKS IN and Charlie dances, wildly, like no one is watching. She dances and thrashes out her grief as...

...lights and sound change again, revealing/adding PAUL – in Charlie's Den at the Radio Telescope site (I Wanna Be Your Dog moves from the auditorium PA to the speakers in Charlie's Den). PAUL is holding an album sleeve for The Stooges debut album and a nearly empty bottle of vodka from which he takes a swig. It's an effort but it is also what he needs. It makes him feel better. He goes through some more of her 'stuff' <objects/belongings that are clearly a 17 year old girl's> finding a hat, which he puts on. Does a little dance.

Sound fades from PAUL and The Den to 'outside' as CHARLIE stops dancing, exhausted – she has arrived at the Radio Telescope site. She is out of breath from running here, rests for a moment as lights fade on PAUL and The Den. She looks at her watch as lights fade up to reveal the portable seismometer. She goes to it as lights now also reveal PAUL (unseen by her) outside now and watching her from a distance, still holding the vodka bottle and wearing her hat. CHARLIE finds and removes the flash memory card from the device and puts it in a pocket. Lights profile something else on the ground a short distance away. CHARLIE goes to it and picks up a set of earplugs, holds and looks at them.

PAUL takes another swig from the bottle, draining the contents before tossing it towards her, smashing loudly.

CHARLIE: ...!

PAUL: What you doing up here?



CHARLIE: ...

PAUL: What did you take out of that... thing?

CHARLIE: You're drunk.

He is. Very. Not quite slurring drunk. Aggressive don't-give-a-fuck drunk.

PAUL: What the fuck do you care?

CHARLIE: That's my hat.

PAUL: Think it suits me.

CHARLIE: Where did you get it?

PAUL: In your "den".

CHARLIE: You're not allowed in there. That's my Dad's place. Where he stayed. You know that. It's mine.

PAUL: You're lucky you never knew your dad.

And it's not yours just cos you've stuck a few posters up in it.

What you find there?

CHARLIE: Nothing.

CHARLIE: Got your earplugs?

He looks on himself. He can't find them. CHARLIE stares at him.

PAUL: What? I'm sorry. You can have the stupid hat back.

I've got to get home. I've got to feed the-

Who am I kidding? Won't kill them will it? A day inside. Out of this bitter cold. Poor bleeding bastards.

What? What???! Why are you looking at me like that?

CHARLIE: Harry is dead.



PAUL: ...

CHARLIE: Harry is dead.

Does PAUL... smile?!

PAUL: Shit. No way.

CHARLIE: You think it's funny?

PAUL: No.

CHARLIE: You're happy he's dead?!

PAUL: He was a wanker.

CHARLIE: Everyone thinks you killed him.

PAUL: ...

CHARLIE: You *said* you were going to kill him.

PAUL: Bollocks!

CHARLIE: Last night.

PAUL: Fuck off.

CHARLIE: In the pub. Everyone heard you. They're looking for you. Right now.

PAUL: Really?

PAUL curls up for a moment in a ball. Head swimming, body aching

PAUL: You got anything else to drink in there?

CHARLIE: No.

PAUL: Don't lie to me.

CHARLIE: Did you say it?

PAUL: No.



I don't know.

CHARLIE: Did you kill him?

CHARLIE goes to him and performs her 'superpower' on him, like when she calms people who are Noise Blind...

PAUL: I don't know. I don't remember getting here.

That's nice.

CHARLIE stops...

I remember leaving the pub. Staring at the iceberg. Listening to it.

I'm covered in bruises. Did I kill him? Maybe I did. Shit.

CHARLIE: Maybe it was an accident.

PAUL: An accident?

Did I kill Harry?

CHARLIE: You thought about it?

PAUL: Yes.

CHARLIE: Much?

PAUL: I think about a lot of things.

CHARLIE: You've got to hand yourself in.

PAUL: No. Way.

CHARLIE: Mum won't let anything bad happen to you.

PAUL: I never really wanted to kill him.

CHARLIE: It was probably an accident.

PAUL: You've already decided I'm guilty. You say you hate this place, that you want to leave. But you're just like us. Just like every last sheep stinking one of us.



CHARLIE: No. That's not true. Mum isn't like that either. Talk to her.

PAUL: I've always liked you, Charlie

CHARLIE: ...

PAUL: We could just go. I can get us out of here Charlie.

Take my Dad's boat. My boat.

CHARLIE: Does it go?

PAUL: Get us to the mainland no problem.

CHARLIE: You'll need money, clothes, food... booze... there's whisky at Harry's place. I've got a key.

PAUL: ...

There's whisky there?

CHARLIE: Definitely.

PAUL: Do I scare you?

CHARLIE: No.

PAUL: Maybe I should.

CHARLIE: I want to help you. Let's go to Harry's place.

PAUL: Better not be lying about the whisky.

CHARLIE: I'm not.

PAUL: Lead the way

CHARLIE: After you.

PAUL: Heh. Bit scared then.

He heads off. CHARLIE checks her pocket for the knife. And follows him as lights and sound fade and pull focus to...



THE AGENT: We'll give you earplugs, they said.

Well even with the best earplugs the British Government has to offer, which I suspect have been taken from a dusty box in a cupboard at the back of the ballistics lab, you can still hear it. Even when you've been told what to expect, what it is, it's hard to tune out at first. Starts as soon as I haul myself up the iron rungs in the harbour wall. As soon as my feet hit the jetty.

They didn't mention the iceberg in the harbour though. Still. Makes it easier to feel surprise and not feign it. There's an iceberg in the harbour. A massive iceberg in the harbour. What does insert-my-new-name-here think of that?

Christ. Well, here we are. Here we go.

Never underestimate that which seems familiar, and that which seems the most familiar, underestimate the least of all. Something like that. If you can even underestimate something the least. Or less. One thing for sure, though-

I really have got better fucking things to do at this stage in my career.

The yacht? She's sixty four feet. Bernice. Me? Benjamin Smith. Ben. You know? Like the nineteenth-century explorer? I suppose I've always identified with him. You haven't heard of him? Don't worry. Nobody ever has. Discovered a lot of the high Arctic islands. Other end of the world from here of course.

I had a plastics firm. Sold up two years ago. Wife died. Thought I'd buy a boat. I guess you could call me a wanderer.

Jesus, even I hate this guy.

I am going to come down on you like a ton of bricks for not getting in touch, you fucking real-life-Fargo fucker. But most of all I am going to make you regret making me be this guy.

And Christ, this fucking constant noise isn't helping.

Sound and lights fade and pull focus to...

CHARLIE + PAUL arriving at HARRY's Place - they've been walking up hill and PAUL is feeling really ill. He starts to heave and is actually sick.

CHARLIE: Sit down. I'll get you some water.



PAUL: Whisky.

PAUL sits, broken.

CHARLIE: OK.

Wait here.

PAUL finds his ear plugs and puts them in and CHARLIE goes into Harry's Place...

CHARLIE: Inside it's dark. The shutters all closed. A glow from the desk, where they would work together, looking at the sounds of the ocean. The lamp that he must have left on as he left, excited to make his measurements. His lighter, for the rollies he used to smoke until Laura made him give up.

CHARLIE picks up the mug and runs her finger around its rim <sound?>. Remembers she doesn't have much time. She puts the mug back on the desk, sees HARRY's phone, looks back at the door and pockets it. Then... quickly sits at the desk and taps the spacebar twice on the open laptop – the glow from the screen on her face echoed by a projection of what she's looking at on stage somewhere...

"Password", his avatar smiles at her.

Charlie hadn't realised how much Harry trusted and relied on her. Suddenly, she sees the hole in his head, the blood, his eyes, that silent scream and clawed hands and knows... knows she's going to find who did that to him... no matter what it takes.

CHARLIE types in the password "muldeR&scully" and hits enter. A photograph of a beaming Charlie stood in front of the iceberg in the harbour, using the perspective of distance to pretend she's holding it up. The screensaver he'd recently changed.

She inserts the flash card to the laptop and opens the data file. As she does so, the projected image changes from a naturalistic representation of what is on the laptop screen to a clear animation of sound waves travelling through the island from The Iceberg to reveal a hole at the centre of the island.

You were right. But what's in there Harry?

She clicks again and the animation repeats but this time the sound of the "Berg" file that we heard Harry play earlier fills the room. It is loud and she tries to stop it, looking to the door.

shut up shut up



Closes the file and the projected image changes back to the naturalistic screen image. No Paul.

She returns to "Recent items" then goes to the email application. One unread message...

"A? Who's "A"?"

She opens the message:

Great to hear from you again H. This is very exciting! And of course I'll sit on this. I can run some tests from this end and we can compare data tomorrow. Don't do this on your own. You need someone to assist. Just sit tight till tomorrow. Don't do anything or even go near the site or you'll affect my readings. OK?

And yes, the yokel police sound typically unhelpful. Have you told anyone else where you're going?

Let me know that you've received this and until you hear back from me again, sit tight!

A

While she is reading PAUL enters Harry's Place...

PAUL: Thought you were getting me a drink?

CHARLIE deletes the message and closes the laptop lid, removing the flash card and standing ...

PAUL: What you doing?

CHARLIE: Nothing.

PAUL: Don't look like nothing.

There's no whisky here. You lied to me.

CHARLIE: I thought there / was

PAUL: / Liar.

He moves towards her.

CHARLIE: Paul?



PAUL: You've all made your minds up. Fuck even / think I did it. I *am* wrong, in the head.

CHARLIE: Calm Paul calm / calm...

PAUL: / You are well out of your depth. Little girl.

CHARLIE: You should give yourself up.

PAUL: You know what they'll do. "There are rules here"!

CHARLIE: Mam won't let them. I can help. I believe you.

Lights reveal LAURA

LAURA: What the fuck are youse doing here?

PAUL: Nothing.

LAURA: (*to CHARLIE*) What are you doing with him? Charlie, tell me you had nothing to do with this.

CHARLIE: Stay calm, Laura, of course not. Paul's going to give himself up. (*To PAUL*) Aren't you? (*to LAURA*) Mum's coming here anytime now.

PAUL: She's what? You were never going to help me.

LAURA: Help him? He killed Harry!

CHARLIE: No. / I don't believe-

PAUL: / I didn't even know he was dead til Charlie / told me-

LAURA: / You're so drunk...

PAUL: I wouldn't. Couldn't.

LAURA: You told everyone you were going to kill him / you nasty, evil fuck

CHARLIE: / (*quiet*) Laura. Please. Calm

PAUL: / ... you and him... rubbing it in my *face*-

LAURA: We kept it quiet / for *your* sake.



PAUL: / Kept it quiet! Here! *Everyone* knew Laura. You made sure everyone was laughing at me.

LAURA: So what did you do, attack him in the *dark* like a fucking coward

PAUL: I don't know. I don't remember. I can't remember anything about last night.

FRANCES: WHAT THE *FUCK* ARE ALL OF YOU DOING HERE?

FRANCES at the entrance to Harry's Place

Charlie. I told you to wait for me outside.

What have you touched?

LAURA: The door. That's all.

CHARLIE: / Nothing. I didn't touch anything either.

PAUL: Miss fucking Marple and her Emo sidekick

FRANCES: Paul. You're coming with me.

PAUL: And get fucking lynched?

FRANCES: We need to talk. Just talk. I need to know where you were last night.

PAUL: With your mum.

LAURA: See. He doesn't care. He's a fucking psycho.

FRANCES: Paul. I can't talk to you here. You're coming with me.

PAUL: What you going to do, make me?!

FRANCES unholsters the gun she's wearing, making it "unsafe" ...

CHARLIE: Mum!

FRANCES: You're not safe, Paul. You're drunk and it's noisy.

PAUL: Where are your earplugs, Frances?



FRANCES: You know I can.

LAURA: Do it.

FRANCES: Enough, child.

(To PAUL) You're not your father, Paul. But we need to talk. You're right, they'll turn noise-blind soon enough. Due process is required. But quick.

PAUL: Where were you last night, Frances?

PAUL turns his back to FRANCES.

FRANCES: Hands.

PAUL puts his hands above behind his back and FRANCES handcuffs him.

PAUL: *(to CHARLIE)* Told you she'd be leading the lynching.

FRANCES: No lynching on my watch. Just going to get you somewhere safe and then we'll talk.

(To CHARLIE) I blame you for this. No one should have come in here.

(To LAURA) Get home, Laura. Take your sister with you. We'll sort this out between ourselves later.

Out, now!

Laura. Look after your little sister.

(to PAUL) Move.

FRANCES leaves with PAUL. Lights and sound change to outdoors again. LAURA holds CHARLIE roughly by the arm.

LAURA: Were you going through Harry's stuff?

CHARLIE: No.

LAURA: Turn out your pockets.

CHARLIE: Laura. I know you're upset.



LAURA: Do it.

CHARLIE takes out HARRY's phone...

You took his phone?

CHARLIE: You know we were working together. Investigating.

LAURA: Yes. I know. Is that it?

CHARLIE hands over the Mars bar.

LAURA: What are you up to?

CHARLIE: Nothing.

LAURA: You can fool mum. Not me.

CHARLIE: Paul never did it Laura.

LAURA: You don't know him like I do.

CHARLIE: You're upset. Not thinking calm. But I am. I'm going to find out what's going on, what really happened.

LAURA: Scooby fucking doo.

CHARLIE: I'm going to the Radio Telescope.

LAURA: No. You're coming home with me.

CHARLIE: Laura. For one second can you shut up and just be my sister? Because deep-deep down, underneath your 'I'm so cool as fuck-ness' you are actually my SISTER and YOU LOVE ME.

LAURA: Ok. Charlie Calm Calm Jones. Chill.

CHARLIE: Laura. Please. You have to trust me. I've found something.

LAURA: *(interested)* What?

CHARLIE: Harry found.

LAURA: What?



CHARLIE: Do you promise not to tell? Anyone. Not even mum.

LAURA: (*spits*) Specially not mum.

CHARLIE: Harry found it, Laura. It's up there, underneath the radio telescope. In the island itself. Right underneath my den. All this time. The source of The Noise. I just know it's why Harry's dead.

LAURA: (*laughs and CHARLIE is crushed*) Oh. Little Charlie. Jesus. 'The source of The Noise'. There is no 'source'. That's the whole point. This stupid fucking rock we live on. We should have been shipped out long ago, but this far down the line it's sent us so mad we think this is... normal. Even he came back. And then he goes trying to find an explanation for something that just... *is*, and he ends up in the fucking sea. I hate him.

CHARLIE: You don't think Paul/

LAURA: (*Lets it go*) No.

You know who I really blame.

CHARLIE: Who?

LAURA: You.

CHARLIE: *I didn't do anything.*

LAURA: He thought you were brilliant Charlie. He was always going on about how smart you are. 'Best interpreter of sound I've ever seen'. Blah blah

If you'd been there to help maybe he wouldn't have fallen or slipped or whatever actually happened.

CHARLIE: I'm sorry. Laura. I couldn't. I tried. But mum.

LAURA: You can't blame Mum for this one Charlie. You're not a kid anymore.

LAURA turns, leaving.

CHARLIE: Wait.

LAURA: What?



CHARLIE takes out the earplugs.

CHARLIE: Give these to mum. She needs them. You know how she gets with The Noise.

LAURA takes them.

Lights and sound pull focus to... the office at the Police Station.

1000

THE AGENT sits in a chair in front of FRANCES's desk, waiting. PAUL comes in from outside, followed by FRANCES. PAUL stops when he sees THE AGENT, FRANCES almost bumps into him. THE AGENT stands.

PAUL: Oh look. You've got a visitor. Watch out mate. I'm a murderer. Coming through, Dead man walking.

AGENT: Hi.

So sorry. I let myself in.

FRANCES: Can I help you?

PAUL: You want to watch her, mate.

AGENT: Came in on a yacht. My yacht, actually. Couple of hours ago. Do you need any-

FRANCES: No. Thank you.

Protocol is to radio when you're expected before you sail so we know to look for you. If you don't show up.

AGENT: Yes, sorry about that. Bit of an impulse trip. Didn't really know I was coming myself. I'm like that. I know it can be a pain. Means nobody ever expects you. I'm sorry if I'm putting you to any trouble. Just wanted to register myself as here. I understand that's how it's done. With the authorities. Which I understand are pretty much-

You.

Ms Jones.

FRANCES: Chief.



AGENT: ...?

FRANCES: *Chief* Jones.

AGENT: Of course. Chief.
Smith. Ben Smith.

FRANCES: We weren't expecting you, Mr Smith.

THE AGENT holds his hand out to PAUL.

AGENT: Ben Smith.

PAUL looks at the AGENT but does nothing else. His hands are still cuffed behind his back.

FRANCES: Paul.

PAUL: Yes? Chief.

FRANCES: I'm putting you in the holding cell for now, while I deal with Mr Smith.

PAUL: Go on then. Lock me up. Fucking puppet.

FRANCES: You're not helping yourself with that attitude.

PAUL: My attitude doesn't really matter does it, if your and fucking everyone else's mind's made up already?

FRANCES: Excuse me for a minute please, Mr Smith, while I deal with this-
Situation.

AGENT: Of course. Do you need-

FRANCES: It's fine.

AGENT: I'll wait.

FRANCES guides PAUL towards the holding cell...

(To PAUL) Really no need to be so rude.

PAUL: What the fuck's it got to do with you?



AGENT: Don't you need to take his shoelaces?

FRANCES: Don't tell me my job, Mr Smith.

PAUL: What are you waiting for then? Get it over with now you've made your mind up.

The door shuts behind them.

...

FRANCES returns, closes the door behind her. She goes to her desk, switches on her computer, takes out a ledger from the drawer.

FRANCES: We still use the old harbour ledger, Mr Smith. Bit traditional like that, here.

Take a seat.

THE AGENT sits. FRANCES sits behind her desk, opens the ledger.

Name of your vessel?

AGENT: Of course.

It's the good ship What-The-Fuck-Am-I-Doing-On-This-Fucking-Island-And-What-The-Fuck-Have-You-Allowed-To-Happen-Here-You-Fucking-Amateur?

FRANCES: ...

I beg your pardon, Mr Smith?

AGENT: Fucking drop it. And don't call me Mr Smith again. Mr Smith, frankly, is a wanker, and as soon as I've sorted your shit out, I'm going to drown him.

FRANCES shuts the ledger.

FRANCES: What should I call you, then?

AGENT: Whatever you like.

So.

FRANCES: So.



I'm afraid you might have had a wasted journey. Not much to see here this time of year. Breeding season's almost over.

AGENT: You know what I was doing two days ago?

FRANCES: I have no idea.

AGENT: I was sitting in the South American regional office. One of the perks, you see, of working for our little organisation. Get to get out of London, occasionally. See how your colleagues spend their generous remuneration packages. Eat some of the local food. Develop a feel for the place. In fact I'd just been invited on a little sightseeing trip this weekend by someone in the office who I'm pretty sure had unprofessional motives.

You know. Sex motives.

And then the phone rings. To tell me the phone hasn't rung. If you see what I mean.

So I have to get on a black helicopter with a bunch of guys who smell like they've been sleeping rough in cow shit for a fortnight, put on a shit wetsuit, and an even shittier personality, and get dropped onto a fucking leaky yacht in a freezing fucking ocean and try to remember how not to fucking drown for long enough to get it into your ruggedly picturesque harbour past an iceberg nobody thought to tell me was there.

It's bad enough I had to be dragged away from what was shaping up to be an erotic odyssey the like of which I'd never experienced, but there's a relentless hum in this place that seems to get into my very soul, and is making me extremely annoyed. And now I'm sitting here listening to your lame attempts at what I can only assume to be yokel fucking comedy.

FRANCES: I'm really sorry you've had a wasted journey.

AGENT: Why didn't you call?

FRANCES: I came to the conclusion-

AGENT: That's our job, not yours. Why didn't you call?

FRANCES: There was nothing / to-



AGENT: / Someone you were specifically asked to monitor started to talk about something you were specifically asked to tell us about, should that specific person start talking about it-

FRANCES: Harry's got a range of / interests-

AGENT: / Had, a range of interests.

FRANCES: Well, yes-

AGENT: Because he's *fucking dead*.

FRANCES: I know he's fucking dead.

AGENT: Oh well at least that's something. At least you've noticed something.

FRANCES: He was my friend.

AGENT: Which is lovely, really, but absolutely immaterial.

When was the last time you saw him?

FRANCES: I don't think the death was suspicious, by / the way.

AGENT: / Well that's a relief. When was the last time you saw / him?

FRANCES: / Head trauma from a fall rather than an instrument, then drowning. Most probably unconscious when he hit the / water

AGENT: /When was the last / time

FRANCES: / And what he was talking about when I last saw him. It wasn't relevant. To our agreement.

And yes, he's dead.

So sorry about your weekend. I really am. But I've got a dead islander. A dead *friend*. And you've had a wasted journey.

AGENT: When was the last time you saw him?

FRANCES: Yesterday afternoon.

AGENT: When yesterday afternoon?



FRANCES: About 7.

AGENT: And you talked?

FRANCES: Yes. But I told you. It wasn't relevant to / our-

AGENT: / You're not qualified to make that decision, are you?

What did you talk about?

FRANCES: The usual. His work.

AGENT: But nothing that made you think-

'Well, that's certainly atypical, and probably fits within the framework of things I should probably inform the National Security apparatus about, as per my long term agreement on reporting such conversations, relating to the security of this fucking island'?

For example?

FRANCES: He didn't say anything like that.

AGENT: And now the person you've had that conversation with is fucking dead. There's a lesson there, isn't there? About doing your fucking job before it gets done for you.

FRANCES: I don't know what makes you think we had that conversation. We didn't have that conversation.

AGENT: Then why is there a fucking email, intercepted yesterday, leaving his email account about an hour after you say you spoke to him - an email that I have seen - a fucking email that he sent, that I have fucking seen, that says he specifically asked you to help him confirm some findings about the one spot under this island that you've been tasked with being particularly sensitive to people, particularly any resident government scientists, talking about over the last twenty years?

I've come across some shit coppers in my time, Frances, and some shit fucking liars, but never a single person who so effortlessly embodies the defining qualities of both.

A man's been killed.



FRANCES: Actually it seems to have been an accident.

AGENT: Oh you *know* that, do you?

FRANCES: All the indications are that it's just that. An accident.

AGENT: I'll tell you what the indications are.

The fucking indications are that you, Marge fucking Gunderson, are going to sit here in this office and feed your fucking pet suspect in the back.

FRANCES: He's not a suspect. He's here for his own protection.

AGENT: Zero. Is the amount of fucks I give about your legal opinion right now.

You are going to sit here and do nothing-

Nothing.

And I am going to go out there to the site, and carry on trying to un-fuck, or de-fuck, or reverse-fuck or whatever the correct term is, the huge fucking mess you have created by deciding not to call us when all this started.

FRANCES: I was only / trying-

AGENT: / Any idea what I should expect to find up there?

FRANCES: No.

AGENT: If he breached any of the security?

FRANCES: I wouldn't know, would I? Never trusted with access to the place I'm protecting.

AGENT: You're from here, aren't you? I mean, born here? You really love this place, don't you?

FRANCES: Yes.

AGENT: It's the remoteness, isn't it? The-

What would you call it?



Wildness.

FRANCES: That's part of it.

AGENT: That's what we're trying to protect here. Frances. Because if you don't do your job, and tell us when anyone, outside or inside your lovely little community here starts asking questions, then it's kind of difficult for us to keep the oil reserve down there under wraps. And if it's not under wraps, it's no longer an energy safeguard of last resort. We might as well get on with exploiting it.

You understand? You follow?

THE AGENT gets up to leave.

You've just taken a step closer to making it look like a municipal waste incineration plant, tucked neatly into the crook of an eight-lane orbital motorway.

Think on that.

THE AGENT turns at the door.

This shit he was spouting in the email. The now dead guy? The theory about what might be under there?

FRANCES: What about it?

AGENT: Think he could have told anyone else?

FRANCES: No.

AGENT: You sure?

FRANCES: Yes.

AGENT: That doesn't fill me with confidence.

Lights reveal LAURA, at the door to the Police Station

Stay here. Prep your fall guy and we'll... deal with him when I get back.

LAURA: Mum?

THE AGENT turns to her.



AGENT: Hello.

LAURA: Who are you?

FRANCES: Mr Smith is just leaving.

AGENT: Ben. Just arrived. Anthropologist, studying your penguins.

LAURA: Picked a day for it.

AGENT: So it seems. Terrible business.

FRANCES: Best make the most of the daylight, Mr Smith.

AGENT: Yes. *(picking the keys for FRANCES' jeep off the desk)* And thanks for the loan of your jeep, much appreciated.

FRANCES: ...

AGENT: Nice to meet you *(holding his hand out)* ...?

LAURA doesn't answer or offer her hand. Her fists are clenched.

Charming place. Never been welcomed more warmly.

I'll stop by again later with the results of my study, Ms Jones.

Leaving...

FRANCES: *Chief* Jones.

AGENT: Of course. You're in charge here...

And he's gone...

LAURA: Who was that?

FRANCES: I told you to go home and wait. Where's Charlie?

LAURA: Charlie's fine. Charlie's always fine. Where's Paul?

FRANCES: Safe. For now.



LAURA: I know it wasn't him. Couldn't be him. All talk.

FRANCES: I agree. A terrible accident.

LAURA: No. It wasn't an accident. Harry's too careful, too clever, he would never have just... fallen. You know what's happening here.

FRANCES: ...

I really don't.

LAURA: It's The Noise. It's getting worse, has been for years and everyone pretends or chooses to ignore the fact or has just forgotten what it used to be like but Harry knew. He studied it, recorded it, paid attention to it, asked questions about it he didn't just accept and adapt. He fought back. He wanted to beat it.

FRANCES: Laura, you're upset.

LAURA: We ignored him! Made fun of him. We killed him.

FRANCES: No we didn't. You didn't.

LAURA *(she is crying)* It's hurting us. Why is it hurting us?

FRANCES goes to her daughter and holds her, comforts her.

FRANCES: I'm sorry, my love. I'm so sorry.

FRANCES holds LAURA away from her, gently.

We'll get through this. Over this.

She takes her daughter's hand and... something is in it...

Where did you get these?

In her hand, LAURA has her mother's earplugs.

LAURA: Charlie gave them to me. Said you weren't safe without them.

FRANCES: Where did she find them?

LAURA: I don't know! It's not always about bloody Charlie! I'm your daughter too!



FRANCES: Laura. This is important. Where is Charlie.

LAURA: I don't know!

FRANCES: TELL ME WHERE SHE IS

LAURA: At her stupid den! Looking for clues like a kid playing cops and robbers.

FRANCES: Go to the pub.

LAURA: No.

FRANCES: Laura. You have to trust me. Go to the pub, be with the others. Go there and do not leave until I come back.

LAURA: Why? Where are you going?

FRANCES: *(going to get her keys but they aren't there)* No! Shit SHIT.

Go. Now! Please, Laura. I love you and you have to trust me.

LAURA: OK OK. Mum, stay calm.

FRANCES: *(checking her gun is fully loaded)* I am calm. *(pulling on her hat)* I'll see you at the pub, Now go!

Light and sound pull focus quickly to...

...CHARLIE in her Den at the Radio Telescope site. She is sitting cross legged wearing headphones plugged into her [notebook](#) – she inserts the flash card she took from the seismometer, studying the data again.

While she does this, lights reveal THE AGENT - outside. He finds the portable seismometer, looks for the flash card, doesn't find it, then heads to and climbs up to Charlie's Den. Entering, he stops. Surprised to find anyone else here...

AGENT: ...

(loudly) Hello.

HELLO.

CHARLIE: What the!...



Who are you?!

AGENT: *(taking out his earplugs)* Ben.

CHARLIE: 'Ben' who?

AGENT: Ben Smith. New here. Arrived this morning. Studying your penguins.

CHARLIE: *(closing her notebook)* What do you want?

AGENT: I'm sorry. The Chief of Police, Frances, I believe her name is, yes. That's it. Frances asked me to come up here and look for you.

CHARLIE: How did she know I'm here?

AGENT: Like I say, only just arrived and find myself in the middle of a bloody crisis and it was all hands on deck.

CHARLIE: Right. But she doesn't know I'm here.

AGENT: No. She doesn't.

CHARLIE: ...

AGENT: What were you looking at?

CHARLIE: None of your business.

She takes the flash card out of its USB slot.

AGENT: Was he a very good friend?

CHARLIE: Who?

AGENT: Harry was it? The man who died?

CHARLIE: Why do you want to know?

AGENT: I don't. I'm just. Trying to reassure you. I'm safe.

CHARLIE: But you're not. Are you?

AGENT: *(referring to the flash card)* What's on that?



CHARLIE: If you're looking for me. What's my name?

AGENT: I'll swap you an answer for an answer.

CHARLIE: I'm going home.

AGENT: I really am sorry. But I'm afraid you aren't.

What do the readings say? What have they told you?

CHARLIE: Nothing.

AGENT: Wrong.

Just be still. Watch. You're going to love this.

The AGENT moves to the centre of the Den and [takes out a device and activates it](#). The Noise stops. And then the floor of The Den opens up to reveal the entrance to The Chamber. As the entrance is revealed...

CHARLIE: How did you do that?

AGENT: Clever isn't it? Problem with most security systems is technology develops and someone, sometime will work out how to break it. This one is unique. Simple physics – inverse wave functions. Uses a constant element we've hard coded into The Noise to cancel itself out. Creates a small pocket of silence, just here. And only when there's true silence, it opens.

He deactivates the device and The Noise reappears.

's alright. I didn't understand first time they explained it to me. Sonic bloody screwdriver. LOL.

The AGENT gestures to CHARLIE to step into the entrance.

Go on then, since you're so curious. You first.

CHARLIE: I'm not going in there.

The AGENT takes out his gun.

AGENT: *(pointing gun at her)* In.

CHARLIE: It's dark.



The AGENT gives her a torch. She turns it on as she climbs down into the hidden chamber. He follows her, leaving the entrance open. They won't be long.

Sound and light pull focus to... a very large cave bathed in an otherworldly, inside-of-an-alien-space-ship glow. And quiet – insulated from The Noise. A metal table in the centre, partially surrounded by a single curved shelving unit. The unit is six shelves high, almost full. Annotated strong boxes, labelled and dated, sit sequentially on the shelves. There is a chair halfway down the table. At one end of the table are two record players, some speakers, and a set of headphones. The AGENT operates a switch. Lights come on over the table and shelves. The edges of the cave are lost in the darkness and it's impossible to tell where they are.

CHARLIE: What is this?

AGENT: Not what you expected?

CHARLIE: The readings Harry took. They just said-

CHARLIE tails off.

AGENT: Pity he didn't get the confirmation he wanted. And in a different way, pity you did.

CHARLIE: You killed him.

AGENT: This is going to be better for everyone if you don't panic.

CHARLIE: Whatever this is, you killed him for it.

AGENT: Sit down if you want.

CHARLIE doesn't move.

Or to put it another way, sit down.

CHARLIE goes to the chair and sits. She reaches out for the record player.

Look. I don't want to be all 'kids these days' but you know what one of those is, don't you?

CHARLIE: There's one in our house.

AGENT: Ah. Some things survive better in remote places. Analogue audio for one thing.



CHARLIE: We've got broadband too you patronising twat.

AGENT: Forgive me.

CHARLIE: You said people were worried about me, yeah?

AGENT: I did.

CHARLIE: I'd better go then, eh?

AGENT: I lied.

CHARLIE: Still. I'd better head, hadn't I?

AGENT: No.

CHARLIE gets up and heads for the exit. The AGENT points the gun.

AGENT: Sit down!

CHARLIE stops just short of him. Pause. She reaches out.

CHARLIE: It's OK.

AGENT: SIT THE FUCK DOWN.

CHARLIE: Calm. Calm.

The AGENT keeps the gun pointed at CHARLIE. She reaches for his hand.

It's just The Noise. You've not been here that long. Probably, it's been building up. You're going a bit noise-blind. We can sort it out.

Calm. Calm.

The AGENT reaches out with his free hand to take CHARLIE's hand. She smiles. Then he begins to squeeze the pressure point between her thumb and forefinger. CHARLIE is in agony. The AGENT doesn't let go.

CHARLIE: Stop. Please stop it.

AGENT: I see what you're trying to do. Christ, it's impressive. It's brave. It really is.

What's your name?



CHARLIE says nothing. The AGENT increases the pressure.

Please?

CHARLIE: Charlie.

The AGENT lets go and pushes CHARLIE back as he does so.

AGENT: I'm really sorry Charlie. The shouting. It's a technique. Like the pressure points in the hand. To make you do what I want you to. But I am impressed, Charlie. I meant that.

I wonder.

CHARLIE: What?

AGENT: You probably don't want to die, do you?

CHARLIE: No.

AGENT: You could get out of here. Out of *here* and off this island. If you left with me, now, I could let you live. I would prefer to do that. Do you understand?

CHARLIE: I don't understand anything.

Why is this here? If I come with you what will happen to everyone here, the island?

AGENT: I'm going to do some walking around now. Some of it, I'll be behind you. So I need you to believe, if you do anything untoward I *will* shoot you. You believe that, yeah?

CHARLIE: I believe you.

AGENT: With all your heart?

CHARLIE: What the fuck?

AGENT: I'll take that as a yes.

The AGENT walks behind CHARLIE to the shelving unit where he selects a record.



The AGENT goes to the record players and switches them on. He carefully puts the record on one of the turntables and sets it going. He puts the needle on it. There is white noise.

CHARLIE: Is it broken?

AGENT: I think it sounds quite lovely. Not finished yet though.

The AGENT goes back to the shelves and opens a much smaller strong box at one end. It contains a single record, gold. He takes it out.

AGENT: They developed this technology in the forties. Can you imagine that? Used to use it to encode telephone calls, information. Top secret stuff. In the war.

The AGENT takes the gold record to the other turntable and puts it down. He sets the turntable going.

Two people talking on a scrambled line. Without decoding it, the signal sounded just like what we're hearing now. Chaotic. But it's not chaos. Each end of the telephone line, they had a record. The same record. And when they played it at the same time, it would filter out the added parts of the signal.

The AGENT lowers the needle slowly onto the gold record.

So it would negate the chaos. And the voices would be.

The needle is on the record.

Clear.

A well spoken, 40's British VOICE comes from the speakers.

VOICE: Monopoly manufacturers Waddington's confirm they will mark the secret escape kits with a red dot in the free parking square. 20,000 P.O.W escape kits are ready. Service posting them via Red Cross immediately.

Contents included: authentic German currency hidden amongst the Monopoly money, a tiny compass embedded into the dog counter, a metal file sandwiched inside the board itself, and silk maps of the prison and its locality sealed inside the hotel pieces.

The AGENT lifts the needle on the record. The gold one plays white noise again.

CHARLIE: Is that true?



AGENT: The thing about this place, Charlie, is it's uncrackable. The only place this information exists is here. It can't be hacked. It can't be removed by any other means than physical. And it's so closely guarded. Its existence. The information can be retrieved, if needed. But it's a bit like Whitley in a way. Not connected to the rest of the world.

CHARLIE: There was never a telescope. It was never meant to work.

AGENT: A cover. To keep things safe.

CHARLIE: This is what makes The Noise?!

AGENT: No.

CHARLIE: Then what?

AGENT: Government lost interest in the records project – too expensive, can't retrieve the information easily enough. And we developed more effective ways to distract people from... uncomfortable truths when they were inevitably leaked. We're very good at making things unintelligible these days – distracting you from the real story. Or at least from more difficult stories.

CHARLIE: So this doesn't make the noise?

AGENT: No.

This does. Ready?

He reveals the machine.

CHARLIE: What-?

AGENT: Underwhelming, isn't it? Ground zero. We're right at the centre of it, but it's just... information – code, zeroes and ones randomly generated and transformed into “uncorrelated sound” - noise. Never the same, nothing repeated, nothing that will ever become familiar, always asking for your attention and broadcast through those dishes, the ears of that great white elephant to the entire island.

A constantly changing mash of sounds sent out across your island as an experiment in control.

CHARLIE: Control of what?



AGENT: You. Your people. The first settlers during the war weren't *only* recruited to protect the area from German occupation. Whitley's always been a long term experiment.

CHARLIE: What have you been doing to us?

AGENT: Seeing how much noise you can take, how much you can tune out, how much that effort means you don't even notice how *hard* life is here.

CHARLIE: But it *hurts* us. It's getting worse. It doesn't work like you want it to.

AGENT: It is taking longer than we hoped to resolve that. Increasingly that reaction to a constant threat you can't see or approach in any way makes you feel really bad, angry, depressed. It's an unfortunate side effect.

CHARLIE: It's the effect. We not rats. You can't dissect us.

AGENT: Well we could if we wanted. Bit barbaric though, isn't it?

...

CHARLIE: This is our home.

AGENT: It's for the greater good.

You're smart. You know this now. But you don't have to die. There is another option for you. You could leave with me now. Quietly, with no goodbyes. Go back home. We'll train you. Give you a top notch, free, University education, a career of your choice and a new life – serving your grateful nation.

CHARLIE: My 'nation'?!

AGENT: What language do you speak?

CHARLIE: When the world finds out-

AGENT: Look Charlie, this is the hard fact. If a tree falls in a forest and there's no one to hear it, does anyone... care? No.

CHARLIE: This isn't protecting anyone. It's just killing us.

AGENT: Did you understand when I said you would have to die if you didn't come with me?

CHARLIE: ...

Did you kill Harry?



AGENT: No.

CHARLIE: Who did?

AGENT: <shrugs> Who do you think?

CHARLIE: *(Lying)* I don't know.

AGENT: Knew you were smart. Yes. Probably. She's one of us. Well, was. Fucked everything up, frankly.

AGENT: So. Are you leaving with me or

CHARLIE: No.

AGENT: Am I to take it that's your final answer?

Charlie stares at him. The AGENT takes the record he played back to the shelves, leaving the gold record running. He puts it back in its box.

AGENT: Want to hear another record? This one's brilliant.

CHARLIE: I think I've heard enough.

AGENT: I'll put it on. Close your eyes Charlie.

CHARLIE: Why?

The AGENT takes out his gun.

AGENT: It'll help you concentrate. Close your eyes.

CHARLIE: I don't want to close my eyes.

He raises his gun towards CHARLIE.

AGENT: Your choice.

CHARLIE and THE AGENT spotlit.

CHARLIE: Please don't.

Gunshot. CHARLIE screams, THE AGENT's head explodes and he collapses in a heap. Lights reveal FRANCES by the entrance to The Chamber holding her raised, smoking gun which is pointed in the direction of where THE AGENT was standing. Blood pools around him.



FRANCES: Are you alright?

Charlie. Charlie.

CHARLIE stands rooted to the spot.

CHARLIE: What's that?

FRANCES: What?

CHARLIE: Music

FRANCES: There's nothing Charlie.

CHARLIE: I love this song.

FRANCES: It's alright Charlie. You're safe now.

CHARLIE: Keep away.

FRANCES: I'm here to look after you my love.

I'll always look after you.

CHARLIE: Who are you?

FRANCES: So quiet in here. *(she takes off her hat)* No Noise at all. I can hear you. Properly hear you just breathing, for the first time in your life, so close/warm.

CHARLIE: Who are you?

FRANCES: And my heart beating. I can hear myself...beating

CHARLIE: You just shot a man.

FRANCES: A bad man that was going to kill you.

CHARLIE: Put the gun down.

FRANCES puts the gun on the table.

FRANCES: I'm your mother.

CHARLIE: Have you shot people before?



FRANCES: No.

CHARLIE: But you've killed before.

FRANCES: He was a very dangerous man. I couldn't take a chance. He's a better shot than me.

CHARLIE: You were so determined to stop us listening, measuring, because you knew that it would show us this.

FRANCES: I didn't know it was this. They told me it was oil. A secret oil reserve. I was keeping the island safe.

CHARLIE: But that's *not* what it is. It's where they made The Noise, we were an / experiment-

FRANCES: / I know that now, I heard everything.

CHARLIE: ...

Harry was your friend, *my* friend, Laura's-

Why?

FRANCES: ...

It was an accident. I didn't plan to.

CHARLIE: I don't believe you.

FRANCES: Please, you have to. This is the truth. I didn't tell them (*indicates the Agent*) to protect Harry. I came up here to tell him to leave it alone. I told him it was oil and he laughed at me, said it was impossible, that I was delusional. He didn't understand, *couldn't* understand that I was trained, trained to protect this. I thought that if it was discovered our home would be destroyed. Our lives.

CHARLIE: And what? Did it get a bit noisy Frances?

FRANCES: ... (*a very uncomfortable truth*)

Yes.



CHARLIE: If you had trusted me, if you had talked to me, taken me with you, this wouldn't have happened.

FRANCES: I was doing my best.

CHARLIE: (*Angry*) Your best wasn't good enough!

FRANCES: We have to destroy it.

CHARLIE: Why? They'll only build it again. You have to confess. Tell the world from the witness box what they've been doing to us.

FRANCES: I can't.

CHARLIE: There's no other way. No more lies.

FRANCES: With him dead no one knows you know.

CHARLIE: / know.

You are so scared, so naïve. This is never going to stop unless we stop it. You stop it.

FRANCES: There will be more of him here soon, a few hours.

CHARLIE: Then we've hours to make this right.

CHARLIE goes to the computer that is responsible for generating The Noise. Unplugs it. Takes FRANCES gun from the table and fires two rounds into the Noise Generator.

CHARLIE: No more Noise. Simple as that. Imagine everyone right now. How long will it take them to notice? What will they *feel*? I wish I could see them. I wish Harry could.

I'm going to tell everyone.

FRANCES: They won't believe you.

CHARLIE: They'll have to believe me because there is no more Noise, I've made it stop.

CHARLIE has taken out her phone and is taking pictures of The Chamber, The Agents body...

FRANCES: Charlie. Whoever knows they will kill. They will kill you.



CHARLIE: Harry is not going to die for nothing.

FRANCES goes to embrace her daughter but CHARLIE stops her...

CHARLIE: Don't.

FRANCES: ...

CHARLIE: I'm taking this out there. You can leave too, run. Or you can stay and make this right. Take responsibility. But you have to stop lying. We have to tell the truth of what's happened here, whatever the cost.

FRANCES: I won't ever see you or Laura again.

CHARLIE: You don't know that. I'm not a kid. Neither are you.

CHARLIE goes to the ladder and starts to climb it. Stops.

Well?

FRANCES: You're right, Charlie. Laura was right. I should have asked more questions. I should have asked so many more questions.

You're a good girl, Charlie. An extra ordinary woman.

CHARLIE: I'll see you, Mam.

CHARLIE leaves through The Hatch.

Lights fade to FRANCES.

FRANCES: Be safe, Charlie.

FRANCES takes out her gun, checks the chamber for rounds, closes the chamber and cocks the hammer. She sits in The Chamber.

FRANCES: So quiet here.

Lights fade down on FRANCES as the Whitely Drums play and lights fade up on CHARLIE in her den performing her, private, personal ritual – drums rise to a huge crescendo... and then fade to silence with lights having pulled focus to CHARLIE and The Iceberg.

CHARLIE speaks to the Iceberg as it floats away, singing its song...



CHARLIE: You're leaving then. Without saying goodbye?

Me too. I'm going, to tell my story. To everyone and anyone who'll listen. I know I'm not alone and when 'they' try to tell a different story, a story that isn't true, or make us quiet, take us away, when they come into our homes at night, threaten our families we'll keep telling our story, telling it louder, make it heard above the noise of their lies. They can't silence all of us.

Harry'd take the piss for me even thinking, but I can't help it. You did this. You thought this. Somehow you knew if you came you'd make something happen.

A natural cacophony of dawn chorus, wind, sun on sea.

I'll miss you Whitley. But I've work to do. A new life to live...

Lights and sounds fade...

Ends.