

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

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

*She lights a cigarette.*

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

**Jasmine** She isn't here.

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

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

**Jasmine** What stuff?

**Colin** Cars, booze, coke.

**Jasmine** Strippers.

**Colin** Exactly. Strippers. God.

*A moment.*

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

**Jasmine** You.

**Colin** People.

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

**Colin** Why are you here?

**Jasmine** I'm your fairy godmother.

*She offers him a cigarette.*

**Colin** I don't smoke.

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

*He takes one. She lights it.*

*She pours two shots of tequila.*

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

*They drink.*

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

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

*She gives him the sheets of paper.*

Oh.

Straight to business. Thank you.

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

**Carter** Well. They are ... results. Of some tests. Photocopies of the originals I think. It's a preliminary report by Robert Crannock ... your father yes?

**Sarah** Why did you send them?

**Carter** Me?

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

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

**Sarah** Alright well, why *might* someone ...

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

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

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

A huge impact.

These emissions would prove disastrous, for the world.

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

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

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

When he knew the truth. Why would he lie?

Of course, everyone makes mistakes, we don't mind it took him twenty years to work it out, but if it were revealed that he knew *all the time* ... in green circles he's a god ... if this came out, his reputation would collapse.

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

I presume he was paid. I wonder how much?

**Sarah** *smiles*.

**Sarah** Yes.

**Carter** Yes?

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

**Carter** You will.

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

**Carter** Really?

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

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

So sorry, John – no more runways.

*She drinks from the wine.*

**Carter** I like the way you hold the glass. By the stem.

It's impressive. You're wasted.

**Sarah** Not yet.

**Carter** In politics, I meant.

**Carter** *takes the papers off her*

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

*The waiter arrives again.*

But you.

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

What do you want?

**Sarah** What do I want?

**Carter** To eat.

**Sarah** Oh.

**Carter** I've done my best. It didn't work.

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

Enjoy ourselves. Make a night of it.

Let's talk like men do.

*The sound of a baby in the womb.*

*A young doctor, Tim, is standing with Freya.*

**Tim** We've run all the tests. I'm pleased to say,  
it's perfectly healthy.

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

**Tim** She's fine.

**Freya** Other mothers aren't like this.

**Tim** Women often go through many feelings,  
but when you give birth –

**Freya** You should get rid of it. The baby. Before  
it's too late. Ow!

**Tim** It's not possible.

**Freya** You do it all the time.

**Tim** Not in these circumstances. She's too  
advanced.

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

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

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

**Freya** I'm on my own. There isn't anyone. I'm  
staying here. I need to stay here.

**Tim** We don't have room.

**Freya** Sign a piece of paper and it's done – what?

**Tim** What's really the matter?

**Freya** I keep on telling you, there's something  
wrong.

**Tim** Not with the baby?

**Freya** I was out all day, I saw so many people and  
none of them cared. Are you a good doctor?

**Tim** Are you a good patient?

**Freya** Good patients would tell you their names.

**Tim** I'm Tim.

**Freya** Hello.

**Tim** Hello Freya.

**Freya** Oh, you know.

**Tim** Found your wallet in your bag. Now all we  
need is an address.

**Freya** Good hands.

**Tim** Thanks.

**Freya** I bet you keep your girlfriend happy.

**Tim** Boyfriend actually.