

*The Mothers look her up and down. Smile in a fake way.*

**Mothers** Not being funny but –

**Freya** Okay.

**Mothers** Yeah.

**Freya** My baby's kicking.

**Mothers** How sweet!

**Freya** Not in a good way.

**Mothers** Ahhhh.

**Freya** Do you worry about the future?

**Mothers** Not really.

**Freya** What might happen?

**Mothers** No.

**Freya** What might happen to your children?

**Mothers** Henry's very bright, he's already reading.  
He'll go into hedge funds  
Or a surgeon.  
Something like that.

**Freya** How was the birth?

**Mothers** Natural.

**Freya** How do you manage with it all?

**Mothers** Easily.

**Freya** None of you got down about it?  
None of you felt your child was a ...

**Mothers** A?

**Freya** A mistake?

**Mothers** No. God. No.

**Freya** And what about people who are poorer  
than you?

**Mothers** We do what we can.

**Freya** Yes but –

**Mothers** Charity work. Every Thursday. Primrose  
Hill. We carbon offset holidays.  
You know.

**Freya** But that's not enough, and if it's not enough,  
then what's the point.  
Aaaahhh!

*She clutches her belly again. They look at her for a moment, more serious now, almost threatening. They stand, wielding their children, almost like weapons.*

**Freya** (*over singing*) Call me an ambulance.

Please.

*Please!*

*The singing continues.*

*Then they slowly encircle her.  
She is scared but has nowhere to go.*

*The women throw the babies up in the air.  
They explode into black powder, like soot or dust, that covers  
everyone, and is blown about by the wind.*

*The music continues as the women disappear, Freya falls to the floor,  
and the lights fade.*

**End of Act Two.**