

Freya What?

Old Woman There's a gathering storm

He takes off her headscarf and she stands upright – a young couple from the 1940s.

Freya How do you know?

Old Woman Old people can predict the weather . . .

The man opens an umbrella and it starts to rain.

You see?

Freya She can fight. I've felt her kicking.

Old Woman Haven't you got anyone to take you home?

Freya No. He's . . .

Gone.

The Old Woman goes with her husband, just as a mother comes past with her pram. Freya goes off after her.

Jasmine enters Sarah's office with Tom.

Jasmine I've got a problem.

Sarah Where's Freya?

Jasmine Where she normally is, probably – at home, eating crisps.

Sarah Who's this?

Jasmine He's the problem.

Sarah Does he have a name?

Jasmine Tom.

Sarah takes them in for a second.

Sarah Okay. I'm going to look over my letters but I am listening.

Jasmine Last night, I was at a party.

Sarah Thought you were dancing last night.

Jasmine After that. It was a porn star party, we all dressed as porn stars you know

Sarah Not really.

Jasmine And I went back with Tom. We fucked and stuff, and he was taking pictures on his phone I thought for fun yeah?

Sarah Yep.

Jasmine And then today this morning when I'm a bit morning-ey, just woken up, he tells me that his family in Africa are being affected by climate change and that you aren't doing anything so his family are going to die. Apparently you're making this big statement about 'airport expansion'.

Sarah Next week, that's right.

Jasmine So he says why don't we go and see your sister and get a commitment.

Sarah And you said.

Jasmine There's no way I could change her mind she doesn't listen to a word I say.

Sarah Absolutely right.

Jasmine But then he said he's only gone with me, he's only done any of it, so that he could blackmail you. He's part of some group or whatever. He says if he doesn't get an assurance, he'll send the pictures to the paper.

Sarah What were they of?

Jasmine The pictures? Drinking, puking. Us in his room fucking.

Sarah Nothing illegal?

Jasmine Nothing in the pictures.

Sarah Does he speak?

Tom This is happening, right now, to people like me, to my family. And if you don't believe me ...

He gets papers out of his bag.

Letters, photographs, measurements. Rainfall, crop growth, all from my family in Eritrea. Now, I realise you probably don't even know where Eritrea is but –

Sarah Borders in the west, in the south, and in the southeast ...

Tom Yeah okay, yeah, exactly, and they're struggling to –

Sarah The population's an estimated five million? The capital is – I assume you're going to tell me about the current and tangible effects of climate change on the agriculture, on the villages, your family.

Tom You're aware of all that.

Sarah That's sort of my job.

Tom Then it's worse. You know what's going on and you still allow runways and flight paths. You don't listen, we've raised petitions, spoken to our MPs, all you say is you 'appreciate our view', you 'encourage the debate' – but nothing happens.

Sarah You don't know what we're going to announce.

Tom I can guess.

Sarah You can guess absolutely you can have a wild stab in the dark but you don't *know*.

I want you to understand a couple of things Tom. Firstly my sister's a student. She has sex. So what? You think the public are going to be interested? *I'm* not interested.

Secondly, in this country you elect your government, and then we consult and make decisions based on what is right for the people. We take into account different factors – environmental, economic, social. It's complicated because we have to consider everything. Transport means investment. Investment means greater employment. Greater employment means less poverty, which presumably you're in favour of? That's why you have people like me, to make a *judgement*. So what are you doing, Tom? Blackmail? Of a democratically elected member of parliament?

Tom *slams his papers on her desk.*

Tom It's a protest.

Sarah Good. There. You've protested. It's over. Now delete the photos, get out of my office, stop wasting my time.

Tom Are you going to read all this?

Sarah I'm certainly going to file it.

Tom You can't dismiss me.

Sarah This isn't the student union Tom. We're the fucking government. Go away.

Tom *turns to go. Jasmine turns as well.*

Not you.

Tom *stares at Sarah for a moment. Then you ,*

Jasmine I only came here for your sake.

Sarah You didn't want your ads in the Daily Mail.

Jasmine Wouldn't be the first time.

Sarah What?

Jasmine When I run out of toilet paper the Daily Mail's just what I need.

Sarah You have absolutely no idea how hard I'm working, do you? How many meetings I have, the paperwork –

Jasmine Yeah, Colin said you're always here.

Sarah It's public office Jasmine. It's the most important thing in my life, I can't –

Jasmine He'll leave you.

Sarah What?

Jasmine Colin. Surprised he hasn't already.

Sarah

Jasmine

Sarah You have no idea.

Jasmine I know what men want. And I bet you're not giving it to him. Fucking ice woman, frosty the snowbitch think you're all big and clever power tights and shoulder pads, fucking Thatcher look at you. I'd have been better off with Dad probably.

Sarah Be careful Jasmine.

Jasmine He can't have been worse than you.

Sarah You've never met him.

Jasmine You've never let me.

Sarah Let you? You're nineteen. He's a shit Jasmine, if you don't believe me, yes please give him a call instead. Or you could talk to some friends about all your problems – you never do that either do you? For some reason you never have friends to turn to. You ever wonder why you're always being fucked over like this?

Jasmine I'm not being –

Sarah Again and again I think you are, clearly you are, you ever thought why?

Jasmine You're jealous.

Sarah Jasmine, when you want to know, just ask. I've got a whole thing ready to go, I know exactly what your problem is.

Jasmine

Sarah You want to hear it?

Jasmine *is upset. Simon enters, interrupting.*

Simon One fat coffee.

Jasmine *goes. Simon gives the coffee to Sarah, as Sarah makes a phone call.*

Sarah Call John Carter. Tell him I got the letter, and I want to meet, this afternoon.

Simon You don't have time.

Sarah I'll make time.

Simon *goes. Freya is on Parliament Hill looking for mothers. She answers the call.*

Freya Do you know where Parliament Hill is?

Sarah I'm sorry?

Freya There's this big event, this afternoon. Why don't you come here?