

room too long and it grows into this rank horrible green pus. You throw it away when that happens don't you? You get a new one. Start again.

*Steve is in Victoria station, a man in a polar bear costume approaches him. He is holding a bucket of money.*

**Steve** I'm in a hurry.

**Polar Bear** I'm dying.

**Steve** Do you know where the tube is?

**Polar Bear** I know my whole habitat is disappearing down the tube, I know that.

**Steve** Right, excuse me.

**Polar Bear** Melting icebergs, whole eco-systems eradicated, maybe you could spare a few pounds?

**Steve** I don't have any change.

**Polar Bear** I'll do a dance.

**Steve** Can you get out of my way?

**Polar Bear** It's a good dance.

**Steve** Who are you?

*The Polar Bear reveals his face.*

**Polar Bear** It's Rag week. Greenpeace.

**Steve** Can you just / get out of the –

**Polar Bear** Cheer up, might never happen.

*Steve struggles with the bear, pushes past and off.*

*A Young Man, dirty and sweaty runs up to Freya grabs her arm.*

**Young Man** Please! Please.

**Freya** Oh. You . . . How was –

**Young Man** I'm sorry but my kid! My kid's in hospital, I've just found out, I need the bus fare to get down the road, I don't have any . . . change . . . I'm sorry, I'm really in a hurry, I'm really sorry. Shit. Shit.

**Freya** You asked me this yesterday.

**Young Man** What?

**Freya** About your kid. I gave you five pounds. You said exactly the same thing then.

**Young Man** Oh. Right, yeah yeah.

**Freya** You don't . . . have a kid, do you?

*The Young Man looks at her – of course he doesn't. He runs off – the Polar Bear leaves as well. A rumble.*

**Peter** Depressing, isn't it?

Come on.

*Freya looks at Peter.*

**Freya** Peter. What's going on?

**Peter** What?

**Freya** You don't make sense, following me.

**Peter** I register very high on the autism spectrum. It's the sort of thing I'd do.

**Freya** You're not even that convincing. Shouldn't your voice have broken by now?

**Peter** Yes, that's true, it should've broken by now.

**Freya** Right. So. Peter. What's going on?

**Peter** I think I have some kind of purpose. Maybe it's to do with the earthquake. Sometimes people imagine a figure who represents death, the bringer of bad news, a man who

will guide them from this life into the next. I could be Peter, at the gates of heaven.

**Freya** My version of death is a sullen fourteen-year-old boy with behavioural difficulties?

**Peter** He takes many forms.

**Freya** *walks away, upset.*

**Peter** Or I maybe I'm a herald.

**Freya** What am I supposed to do?

**Peter** Peter Rabbit. At the rabbit hole.

**Freya** I don't know why I'm here, or where I am, I don't want the baby –

**Peter** Miss –

**Freya** – but I can't get rid of it, my family hate me, not a single friend has called me all week.

**Peter** Miss –

**Freya** I'm a fuck up, a fuck up, on my own. A complete fucking MESS.

*She looks at her belly.*

I don't want you! Little fucking ...

*She punches it.*

**Peter** Miss! I can feel it.

**Freya** What?

**Peter** It's time.

**Freya** Peter, I've had enough!

**Peter** I'm a carrier signal.

**Freya** A what?

**Peter** Someone wants to talk to you and they're using me to get through.

This is the moment when ... The time has come. This is the moment.

**Freya** The moment?

**Peter** *starts to remove his hoodie and his glasses.*

**Peter** This is the moment when I ...

Who are you thinking of most?

The moment when I ...

Who do you think of all the time?

**Freya** I don't –

**Peter** Who are you thinking of right now?

**Freya** Emily.

**Peter** Emily, yes.

**Peter** *lets his hair down.*

*Now revealed is a sixteen-year-old girl.*

**Emily** Hello Mum.

*A long pause.*

*They look at each other.*

**Freya** *starts to cry. Horrified. She backs away.*

**Emily** Mum –

**Freya** I don't ... – Oh god ... you're all *grown up*. Oh god.

**Emily** *looks upset.*

**Freya** *pulls herself together and tries to smile.*

**Freya** Sorry.

Sorry.

Your hair.

It's a bit like mine.