

The Implosion Resistance

written by

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A stage play

(C)

**NOTE** - Format: Stage play. Cont'd / Aside -

LIGHTS UP:

A DIMLY LIT SUBWAY:

*The rumble of an approaching tube train volumetrically increases.*

TFL ANNOUNCEMENT V.O

Due to an incident at Kings Cross  
all services on the Northern Line  
have now been suspended. The next  
train will terminate here.

*(repeats)*

Due to an incident at Kings Cross  
all services on the Northern Line  
have now been suspended. The next  
train will terminate here.

*A heavily built ACTIVIST appears. He wears a face covering  
and dark clothing and supports a rucksack.*

*He quickly plasters a poster to the wall. It shows a  
colourful print of an incandescent PLANET EARTH with a slogan  
plastered across that reads- **IMPLOSION RESISTANCE.***

*He turns to the audience.*

ACTIVIST

The impending implosion of our  
planet will annihilate our  
existence! The people responsible  
for this are stealing your right  
to demonstrate and speak out! We  
cannot let this corrupt corporate  
policy destroy our lives, or we  
will all pay the price for our  
pending extinction!

*(adamant pause)*

JOIN THE IMPLOSION RESISTANCE NOW  
AND HELP US TO DESTROY THIS  
CORPORATE POLICY BEFORE IT IS TOO  
LATE AND DESTROYS US ALL!

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

## A HOUSE IN MUSWELL HILL

BASEMENT.

**Setting.**

*A mini-gym where dance beats ring out through a speaker system.*

**Scene.**

*Petite keep-fit fanatic DAWN (37) builds up a hot sweat astride an exercise bike. She wears black lycra and a white headband.*

*The music is soon replaced by a NEWSFLASH. She stops and leans back to catch her breath.*

NEWSFLASH V.O

(female accent)

*Cobra are set to meet this evening as sixteen protesters, including four police officers were seriously injured, during violent clashes between Implosion Resistance activists, and the Anti-Rebellion Alliance, as they continue to cause disruption right across central London and the outskirts. All roads around Westminster and parts of the city have now been closed, and the police commissioner is urging the general public to avoid these areas if possible. A curfew has been set for ten o'clock tonight. Anyone venturing out after this time without a valid reason will be arrested and contained over night at their nearest police station.*

DAWN -

*What is going on?*

*DAWN shakes her head and tuts her disapproval, before she climbs off the bike and grabs a towel to wipe the sweat from her brow.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

BATHROOM.

*She enters and slips out of her Lycra sportswear, then turns on the shower and steps under the sprinkle of water.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

LOUNGE.

**Setting.**

Vertical blinds cover a square sash cord window, situated left of entrance and along the back wall. There is another door that leads off to the right.

A dining table situated off right. A sofa and armchair situated down centre. A TV hangs on the wall above a mantle and fireplace.

**Scene.**

Ginger, squab politician RANDAL CREMER (44) enters. His cycle helmet and high viz jacket muddied, as well as his hands. He immediately steps over towards the window and covertly peers through the vertical blinds.

Protracted silence as he does so.

Dawn dressed in a black catsuit and white headband appears right of stage. She quietly creeps up behind him and tickles his waistline. He jumps out of his skin and turns to her with a face like thunder.

RANDAL

Dawn! What the fuck are you doing? Christ! You made me jump, creeping up on me like that!

DAWN

(aback)

Oh. I thought you'd like it.

(pauses)

What's wrong? Who are you spying on?

RANDAL

Nobody in particular. I think I was followed. Anyway, what are you doing here? I thought you were staying at Jill's tonight.

She retreats.

DAWN

I changed my mind. I decided to come home instead.

RANDAL

Well, I can see that. But why?

DAWN

Jill wanted to join the demonstrations. They're protesting against your climate policy.

RANDAL

What's wrong with these people? Haven't they got anything better to do?

DAWN

Protests are not my bag.

He turns back to the window and continues to spy though the blinds.

RANDAL

(gestures)

Shh. There's someone lurking about near our car.

(suspicious pause)

What's he up to?

She notices he's covered in mud and tuts her annoyance.

DAWN

Why have you got mud on you?

RANDAL

(irritatedly)

I was bumped off the road by some lunatic in a car.

DAWN

(aghast)

Oh no! How many times is that going to happen? Take the tube, it's much safer than cycling. You know how dangerous these roads are.

RANDAL

And I've also received a death threat.

DAWN

Oh no! Who is it from this time?

RANDAL

Those bloody Implosion Resistance anarchists.

DAWN

(agape)

Well, have you reported it to the police this time?

RANDAL

No. Actually, they reported it to me, Dawn, otherwise how would I have known?

DAWN

Well, did they reveal their source?

RANDAL

They didn't, no.

DAWN

But why not? Didn't you ask them who tipped them off?

RANDAL

No. They never tell you who their sources are. It would go against police protocol.

She stands quietly as he continues to peer through the blinds.

RANDAL /

I mean... that's the whole problem, isn't it?

DAWN  
(dismayed)  
What is?

RANDAL  
They want to take us back to the  
stone ages where we all live like  
cavemen and grunt at each other  
when we want something.

DAWN  
(discombobulated)  
Who, the police?

RANDAL  
What? No! These medieval  
activists, who else?

DAWN  
Oh. Well, I've always wanted to  
do something like that myself.  
It's on my bucket list.

RANDAL  
(aback)  
That's not funny, Dawn. My life  
is in real danger. Please don't  
mock the afflicted.

DAWN  
Well, they do have a point. We  
are destroying the planet, aren't  
we? It is only a matter of time  
before the lot goes boom!

He ignores her remark as he continues to peer through the  
blinds.

RANDAL  
You know, if it wasn't for my  
quick reflexes, I would have been  
toast. I was in the bloody cycle  
lane for heaven's sake.

DAWN  
I believe you, Randal.  
(sighs)  
Well, did you get his  
registration?

RANDAL

No, I couldn't. It happened too quickly. He'd gone by the time I popped my head out of that manhole.

DAWN

A manhole this time, was it? Last time it was...

RANDAL

...Yes, yes, I know, Dawn, I don't need to be reminded where I came off last time.

DAWN

Well, did you see what make of car it was?

RANDAL

A red BMW, I think. I'm not totally sure.

She shakes her head and steps towards him with a sympathetic arm.

DAWN

(empathetically)

Are you hurt?

RANDAL

Mentally, or physically?

DAWN

Probably more mental, I'd say.

RANDAL

What?

DAWN

Well, are you sure? Have you checked everything?

RANDAL

I'm fine, apart from a few scratches here and there.

He retreats from the window, then slips off his helmet and high viz jacket. He hands them to her and she hangs them on the back of the door.



DAWN

I bought a nice Neapolitan pizza.  
It's in the oven.

RANDAL

Just give me a minute. I'm a  
nervous wreck at the moment.

DAWN

Why don't I pour you a nice  
brandy?

RANDAL

I'm not ready for alcohol, Dawn.  
I've had a long day and I just  
want to sit down and relax.

He sits down in the armchair and takes off his bicycle clips.

DAWN

Why don't you have a nice shower,  
then? By the time you get out the  
pizza will be ready.

RANDAL

(intolerantly)

Yes, I said in a minute, Dawn.  
Anyway, don't you want to know  
what I've been doing all day?

DAWN

(flippantly)

Not yet. Bore me later.

RANDAL

So you're not interested in what  
I do for this country of ours?

DAWN

Not really. Politics is not my  
bag, as you know. That's why I  
don't do demonstrations.

She exits, door right.

He unclips his briefcase and takes out an A4 folder.

The sound of heavy boots run past the window.

He looks up in fearful anticipation, then gets to his feet  
and covertly spies through the blinds once more.

The lights begin to flicker. He looks up and sighs his frustration.

She re-enters and shakes her head at him in annoyance.

DAWN

What's going on with these lights?

RANDAL

I don't know. I'm a politician, not an electrician.

DAWN

I hope there's not going to be a power cut. The pizza's in the oven. If that goes off it won't be cooked.

RANDAL

(quietly)

Shh, a moment, Dawn. There's someone loitering outside our door.

DAWN

(annoyed)

Oh, come away from that window, Randal. You're starting to make me feel quite uncomfortable.

RANDAL

(whispers)

There's someone out there, Dawn, I'm telling you.

DAWN

(exasperatedly)

Well, ignore them, Randal. They can't hurt you from out there, can they?

RANDAL

That's difficult when your life's been compromised.

He slumps back down in the armchair. She stands over him.

DAWN

(casually)

I had the radio on while I was on the exercise bike. They said people had been injured during clashes in Westminster. Did you see anything?

RANDAL

(indifferently)

I see clashes everyday, Dawn. If it's not because of one thing, it's another. These people don't know how to live a simple life.

He gets to his feet.

DAWN

I really hope Jill's okay. I hope she hasn't been caught up in the furore.

He ignores her utterance.

RANDAL

(dispassionately)

Actually, I'll take that shower now.

DAWN

That's good.

RANDAL

Right then.

She shakes her head as he stomps off through door right of stage.

Telephone rings. She picks up the receiver.

DAWN

(quietly)

Jill, what's going on? Are you okay...? Oh no... Oh, just come away from there, Jill... Jill...? (worriedly) Jill...? Jill...!

(aside)

She's gone. Just like that. No goodbye. No nothing. Not even a yell, or a scream.

She shakes her head and quickly replaces the receiver, then exits door right.

Emergency sirens can be heard passing by.

He enters. His hair is damp, and he wears a clean white shirt and grey cardigan.

He slumps back down in the armchair, before he opens his briefcase and begins to sift through his papers.

More sirens.

She enters with a large pizza on a wooden board. She places it down on the dining table, before she waves him over.

DAWN

Randal, It's ready.

RANDAL

(unconcerned)

I'm coming.

DAWN

I picked it up from Waitrose on the way home.

He gets to his feet and grabs a bottle of red from the wine rack. He opens the wine and takes it with him to the table.

She cuts the pizza in to sections and lifts a slice on to his plate. They eat.

The sound of choppers overhead. Their concerned eyes shift towards the door.

DAWN /

Sounds like it's getting worse out there. D' you think we're safe here?

RANDAL

I do, Dawn.

DAWN

It sounds like a war zone.

RANDAL

You'd soon know the difference, believe me.

DAWN

Maybe they should bring back  
conscription. It's happening in  
Europe, so I heard on the news.

RANDAL

That would just take us back to  
the dark days, Dawn. (drinks)

Think ahead for once.

DAWN

I am thinking ahead. (drinks)

I read on my phone it's going to get as hot as fifty degrees  
soon.

RANDAL

(chuckles)

Rubbish!

DAWN

Why do you always have to  
denigrate everything I say?

RANDAL

I'm not denigrating you.

(chuckles)

Fifty degrees - Hilarious. We'll  
all have to install air-con at  
that rate.

DAWN

(fractured)

You always have to put me down.

RANDAL

Rubbish! I'm not putting you  
down.

DAWN

So why are bees and wasps down  
forty per cent, then? Answer me  
that.

RANDAL

Well, I don't know, do I? I'm a  
politician, not a bee keeper.

A dog barks when the sound of a dustbin is knocked over. They  
shift uncomfortably in their seats as they stare at the door  
in wonder.

DAWN  
(nervously)  
There's someone out there,  
Randal. Who is it?

RANDAL  
I don't know, do I?

The sound of a car screeching before it crashes!

He jerks and spills his wine over himself as they jump to their feet in horror.

RANDAL  
Shit!

DAWN  
(terrified)  
Randal!

RANDAL  
(angrily)  
Right, that's it!

The door handle begins to rattle as a forced entry ensues.

DAWN  
(trembling)  
Randal, there's somebody trying  
to get in!

RANDAL  
(panicked)  
Bloody hell!

He rushes towards the window and checks through the blinds.

DAWN  
(petrified)  
Randal, do something, quickly!

RANDAL  
Right! Go to the kitchen and  
bring me the biggest knife you  
can get your hands on. I'll call  
the police.

He marches around around like a headless chicken.

DAWN  
No way! I'm not doing that!

*She screams as an object hurtles through the window and hits him on the head.*

*He collapses as the room begins to fill with a thick blue smoke.*

*She quickly exits stage right.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

BEDROOM.

*The room is dimly lit. A sash cord window set in the back wall is opened. Situated along the right wall a double bed with wrought iron frame. A mirrored dresser left wall centre.*

*DAWN enters and is immediately set upon by two juvenile hooded INTRUDERS who film themselves with their iPhones as they guffaw. Each has his face covered with a scarf.*

DAWN

(frantically)

OUCH! LEAVE ME ALONE?! PLEASE!  
DON'T TOUCH ME!

INTRUDER#1

Shutcha mouth, bitch, or we'll  
cutcha and feed ya bits to my  
Italian XL Cane Corso.

DAWN

Please... don't hurt me, I beg  
you. I'll do whatever you want,  
please...

INTRUDER#1

Be quiet!

DAWN

OK. OK. But just don't hurt me,  
I'm begging you!

*She sobs uncontrollably when she's pushed upon the bed and tied to the wrought iron frame.*

*INTRUDER#1 then sets his iPhone to a hip hop music app and clicks play. She shakes her head in horror as they begin to mimic the MC while they taunt her by jumping up and down on the bed like it's a trampoline.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

Beat.

LOUNGE.

*A long eerie silence as RANDAL continues to lie on the floor unconscious and in the prone position.*

*The smoke begins to disburse and the tall, slim silhouette of OTTO (67), appears inaudibly in the open door frame. He wears a long coat and a Trilby hat.*

*He holds a handkerchief to his mouth as he steps inside, then kneels down and lightly slaps RANDAL to wake him.*

OTTO

Hey, are you okay, Mr Randal  
Cremer?

(waits)

If you can hear me, then wake up.

*RANDAL opens his eyes and looks up at him in dismay.*

*OTTO hands him a tissue from his coat pocket and gets to his feet.*

OTTO /

What happened here?

RANDAL

(disorientated)

Who are you? What are you doing  
in my house? How did you get in  
here? Who let you in?

OTTO

Nobody let me in. Your door was  
wide open.

RANDAL

Was it? How come?



OTTO

It was. Now can I get you a glass of water, or something to drink?

RANDAL

(muddled)

No, you cannot. Who let you in here?

OTTO

Like I said, your front door was wide open. I saw smoke billowing out. I thought there might be a fire. I needed to check to see if anybody was dead or alive.

RANDAL

Did you just throw that brick through my window?

OTTO

No, of course not. Why would I do that?

*RANDAL gets to his feet and feels the cut to his head.*

RANDAL

Blood. Who did this, then?

OTTO

You mean to say you don't know what happened?

RANDAL

The only thing I know is that a brick was thrown through my window, and that somebody is out to kill me.

(splutters)

And who the hell are you, anyway? Why are you even here?

OTTO

I think you need to take a breather, Mr Randal Cremer. I can see you have blood leaking from a cut to your head.

RANDAL

How'd you know my name?

OTTO

(bemused)

Oh c'mon now. You're the climate minister, aren't you? Everybody knows who you are. You've been on the television talking about the climate, haven't you?

*A protracted silence as RANDAL stares at him suspiciously.*

RANDAL

(recalculates)

Shit! My wife! Dawn! Where's Dawn? Oh no!

OTTO

(shakes head)

I have no...

RANDAL

(panicked)

...I need to find Dawn.

OTTO

Would you like me to help you find her?

RANDAL

No. I'll be straight back.

*He quickly exits through door right.*

*OTTO methodically walks towards the door and quietly closes it shut.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

BEDROOM.

*DAWN lies tied to the bed frame. She quietly sobs as he enters.*

RANDAL

(mortified)

Shit! Fuck! Dawn! What happened? Who did this to you?

*He quickly unties her.*

RANDAL /

Dawn, speak to me... who did this to you?

*She opens her eyes. Her mascara smudged. Her hair dishevelled. He holds her in his arms and comforts her.*

RANDAL /

What happened in here, Dawn?

*She bears a blank expression. Her usual sparkling eyes, dull and dispassionate.*

DAWN

There were two men in the room when I came in. They had masks on. They tied me to the bed and assaulted me.

(sobbing)

Have they gone now?

RANDAL

There's nobody here, except...

(pauses)

What did they do to you? Did they touch you anywhere?

*She pulls away.*

DAWN

...Where were you? Why didn't you help me?

RANDAL

(fractured)

Oh, Dawn, I am so sorry for that. I blacked out. The smoke and everything. I just completely blacked out.

DAWN

I can't stay here any more. We have to leave right away. They might come back and kill us. Oh Randal I'm so scared. I thought they were going to kill me.

RANDAL

I know. I know. You're right.

DAWN  
(angrily)  
I felt so humiliated.

RANDAL  
Oh, Dawn, I am so sorry. I'll  
call the police at once.

DAWN  
Randal, I'm so scared. We need to  
leave immediately.

RANDAL  
We'll get the bastards who did  
this to you, Dawn. They won't get  
away with it, I promise.

DAWN  
But what if they come back?

RANDAL  
Trust me, they won't... not now.  
You'll see. We'll find who did  
this and make sure they go down  
for a very long time. You'll just  
see if I'm wrong.

DAWN  
Go and call them, then.

RANDAL  
I'm going. I'm going.

DAWN  
I heard voices.

RANDAL  
Oh shit! A Samaritan. He's  
waiting for me

DAWN  
Samaritan?

RANDAL  
A good Samaritan, I think.

DAWN  
Are you sure?

RANDAL  
We'll see. I'll check to see if  
he's still here.

DAWN

Oh, please just be careful,  
Randal, and call the police. He  
could be one of those who  
attacked me.

RANDAL

I will. I will.

DAWN

Go on then. Do it.

RANDAL

I shall. I shall.

*He kisses her cheek and exits.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

LOUNGE.

*OTTO stands centre as RANDAL reenters with a glass of water  
in hand.*

OTTO

(concerned)

Did you find Dawn?

RANDAL

(suspiciously)

Yes. Yes. She was in the bedroom.

OTTO

Is she okay?

RANDAL

Why? What interest is it of  
yours?

OTTO

I'm just concerned for her,  
that's all.

RANDAL

(distressed)

I need to call the police,  
immediately.

OTTO  
 (casually)  
 Go ahead.

*He grabs the phone receiver and dials.*

RANDAL  
 (listens and snarls)  
 Bloody typical! The lines are  
 sodding too busy for them to pick  
 up!

OTTO  
 It's a circus, Mr Randal Cremer.  
 It's Armageddon out there.

RANDAL  
 I know. I heard.

*He spots his iPhone lying on the floor and picks it up. He attempts to make a call.*

RANDAL /  
 (on phone)  
 No sodding networks, either! God  
 forbid if we were seriously  
 attacked by an authoritarian  
 state. The whole country would  
 come to a complete standstill.

*He angrily discards the iPhone then studies Otto carefully.*

RANDAL /  
 (scratches head)  
 D'you know who it was that  
 attacked us?

OTTO  
 At a guess, I'd say Tik Tok  
 juveniles. If it'd been the  
 Implosion Resistance you would  
 have probably been dragged away  
 and beaten to death by now...  
 seriously injured at the very  
 least.  
 (sighs)  
 Here, read this.

*OTTO hands him a flyer from his coat pocket. RANDAL glances at it.*

RANDAL

(vexed)

What is this load of rubbish?

OTTO

(adamantly)

Read it and see for yourself.

*He studies the leaflet carefully.*

RANDAL

(shakes head)

This is just a propaganda pamphlet... printed by those Implosion Resistance morons. If they think I would ever subscribe to this infantile nonsense then they are seriously deluded.

*OTTO casually shrugs his shoulders and sighs.*

RANDAL /

Where'd you get this any way?

OTTO

Are you sure you really want to know?

RANDAL

Well of course I want to bloody well know! C'mon, where did you get it, for heaven's sake?

OTTO

Actually, I was driving along minding my own business when I witnessed a politician get knocked off his bike and thrown into a manhole on the Muswell Hill Road. Does this sound familiar to you?

RANDAL

Yes it does. You mean, you saw what happened?

OTTO

Yes, I did. That nut job who tried to bury you in that manhole earlier. I followed him to a residential area not far from here, but he'd vanished before I had a chance to see where he'd gone.

(pauses knowingly)

That leaflet was on the front seat of his car. In fact, there were quite a few boxes of them inside the boot as well.

RANDAL

(scowls in disgust)

Bastard! If I could get my hands on him, I'd throttle him.

(pauses)

Do you know what make of car it was, then.

OTTO

Yes. It was a red BMW.

RANDAL

And the driver?

OTTO

No. I never saw his face, unfortunately.

RANDAL

(disgruntled)

Shame.

OTTO

They have specific targets they focus their venom at. People who they blame for the impending implosion. People like you.

RANDAL

Me!

(wipes brow)

I'm not God. I haven't magic powers. I can't stop the planet from imploding, can I?



OTTO

No, but you're the minister for climate, so you are liable for what happens under your watch.

RANDAL

Like I said, I'm not God. I can't speak for the whole planet, can I?

(irked pause)

I mean, we only makes up a small fraction of the earth's crust.

(thoughtful pause)

We are doing more than most to eradicate greenhouse gasses. It's countries like China, India and the United States that need to do more. We simply cannot do it on our own, can we?

OTTO

Totally. But using your position to influence legislation and prop up fat cats has an adverse effect on our planet... not to mention people's pockets, Mr Randal Cremer.

RANDAL

I really don't know what the hell you're talking about. I don't have that kind of influence, I'm afraid. You need to consult the epoch makers, not people like me. I'm just doing the best I can to make everybody happy.

OTTO

Isn't it obvious what I'm talking about?

RANDAL

Not to me it isn't, no.

(pauses)

Anyway, I forgot to ask, did you happen to get the registration of that BMW by any chance?

OTTO

Yes, I did. I've got everything you need saved to my dashcam.

RANDAL

That'll be very useful. Thank you.

*A short silence as OTTO searches the room with his eyes.*

OTTO

Surely, you must be aware the implosion will be the final chapter of this civilization and others that attempt to follow?

RANDAL

(suspiciously)  
How'd you mean, others?

OTTO

There will be others with the introduction of AI, Mr Randal Cremer.

RANDAL

I'm well aware of that. Why wouldn't I be aware of something as serious as that?

OTTO

The Implosion Resistance blames corporate ministers for the planet's pending destruction.

RANDAL

So, are you here to finish me off on their behalf, then, or what?

OTTO

(chuckles)  
No, no. Actually, I was just going to put that leaflet through your letterbox to warn you of exactly this sort of thing... seeing I was en passe. And like I said to you, I noticed your front door wide open and smoke billowing out. Actually, I entered your property to offer you a helping hand.

RANDAL

(obdurately)

So why are you still here? I'm fine now. You should leave now. We're okay thank you very much.

OTTO

I still haven't convinced you of your dire situation. You are in imminent danger.

(pauses)

That includes your wife.

RANDAL

Well, you're a bit late. The damage has been done, hasn't it? But we survived that, thank you very much.

OTTO

But you can't know that for sure, can you?

(reflective pause)

You see, those thugs who entered your property were only Tik Tok exhibitionists. Juveniles who film themselves entering people's properties. They video their violent attacks just to gain clicks.

RANDAL

I think you mean kicks?

OTTO

No, I mean clicks. The more clicks they accumulate, the more social influence they gain... therefore they eventually get paid a neat salary by the administration to sell products such as bitcoin. Their popularity on social media increases and...

RANDAL

...they become TV celebrities, I know, I know. You really don't have to educate me on such matters.

OTTO

Fine. But I really wouldn't dream of it.

RANDAL -

(shakes head)

The fame game has set a low bar these days. You know, you can become famous for murdering somebody, after doing your time in the clink and making a new start.

OTTO

Young people subscribe to it, so it must be a good thing.

A short silence.

RANDAL

(scratches head)

Look, I don't mean to be rude or anything, but I think we're done here. I'm not sure if there's anything more to add to this conversation. My wife and I would just like to be left alone now. We've both suffered a traumatic experience. We need some space to think about what to do.

OTTO

OK. But I must warn you before I leave, you really should be more grateful when somebody offers you a helping hand. Do not shirk a good Samaritan when he comes knocking at your door.

RANDAL

(apologetically)

Oh, I am... and I have been. I just feel it's time for you to leave, that's all. I don't mean to appear rude, or ungrateful even. I am very grateful indeed. But I will need your details so you can send me the footage from your dash cam.

OTTO

Of course, I will send you the dash cam footage and offer my services as a witness, should this maniac driver be caught.

(pauses)

But I'm afraid the night isn't quite over for you, Mr Randal Cremer. You are not safe until the anarchy outside has subsided.

RANDAL

(irritatedly)

Look, it's over as far as I'm concerned.

OTTO

But it is not. It's all about the timing, Mr Randal Cremer. I will let you know when that is, if you let me stay with you until midnight.

*He paves the way as he shows him the door.*

RANDAL /

Now would you mind, please.

OTTO

This imminent threat to your life is real, Mr Randal Cremer. It's not a bluff. You are in deep peril. If I were you, I would take up my kind offer, at least until the clowns have left the circus and they have all gone home to their warm beds.

RANDAL

Flea pits, more like.

OTTO

Whatever.

RANDAL

How would you know what's good for me and my wife? Who sent you here?

OTTO

I have been instructed to stay with you until the rioting is over.

RANDAL

Instructed by whom?

OTTO

OK. Listen to me - I am the only person prepared to help you get through this night without further harm. I'm sorry, but I got caught up in traffic earlier and failed to protect you from that lunatic driver in the BMW. I apologise sincerely for that. I also failed in my duty to protect you against that smoke bomb that came crashing through your window, and those Tik Tok's who took advantage when they broke into your house and assaulted your wife. I won't make that mistake again. So please bear with me. Do not send me away.

RANDAL

I see. So it is the Implosion Resistance that are out to get me, right?

OTTO

Yes, that is correct. They arbor a very dark secret. A dark secret indeed.

RANDAL

And what would that be, may I ask?

OTTO

A list, that they refer to as the annihilators of our planet. They lay sole blame upon the people on that list, and their aim is to strike them down, sooner, rather than later.

RANDAL

And I'm on that list, right?

OTTO

I'm afraid so.

RANDAL

So you must be the source, right?

OTTO

(casually)

That's correct.

(short pause)

Now, is this beginning to make sense?

RANDAL

Are you able to share any names with me?

OTTO

Absolutely not. I can't.

RANDAL

But I don't understand. Why not?

OTTO

Because, that's not important as far as you're concerned.

RANDAL

To me it is.

(worried pause)

Anyway, why me? Why not somebody else?

OTTO

Oh, there are others, Mr Randal Cremer. But you are the first on that list of annihilator's.

(pauses)

They're quite deluded. They think they can save the planet and get their message across by murdering politicians and corporatists.

RANDAL

Well, for their information I'm in discussions with leading energy companies across the world, regarding nuclear energy, which I might add will be a far cheaper source of energy than fossil fuels.

OTTO

Then why are you not meeting the targets you set out upon your election victory?

RANDAL

I support the banning of fossil fuels and a cleaner energy bill. Nuclear energy produces zero carbon emissions. It doesn't produce other noxious greenhouse gases through its operation. The life cycle emissions of nuclear energy are significantly lower than in fossil based fuels. Look it up if you don't believe me.

OTTO

I'm not the person you should be attempting to convince. It's the Implosion Resistance that has an axe to grind, not me. Do not shoot the messenger, Mr Randal Cremer.

RANDAL

(irksomely)

Look, who are you exactly? Who do you work for?

OTTO

All you need to know is that my name is Otto. I'm the civil servant who walked past your window and noticed it smashed, before I saw a group of young hoodies racing away from your house. They left your door wide open. Not for the first time tonight, I was highly concerned for your safety.

RANDAL

So why didn't you ring the police on my behalf?

OTTO

Oh, I tried that, many times, but I had the same problem as you - they weren't picking up.



RANDAL

So which department do you work for?

OTTO

I work for the department of national security and intelligence.

RANDAL

(fervently)

I knew it! I bloody well knew it! I knew it from the moment I opened my eyes that you were the source. I could just tell by the way you handled yourself when I came out of that mini coma.

OTTO

Congratulations, and well done. Hopefully we can now trust each other and get through the night without any more misunderstandings.

RANDAL

Show me proof and I'll believe you.

*OTTO takes out his wallet and shows him ID.*

OTTO

Are we good?

RANDAL

Yes.

OTTO

OK.

RANDAL

You know. there's nothing wrong with wanting to see this country thrive in a global market. These implosion activists are trying to ruin our country. They want to bankrupt us. We have always been a world leader in science and technologies, and we will not let them interfere with that progression.

(empathetic pause)

Of course, we want to save our planet. It goes without saying, but blockading roads and stopping public transport from getting people from A to B will achieve very little, if nothing.

Implosion resistance has already lost the hearts and minds of the thousands of men and women on the street, hence - the anarchy we're seeing out there tonight. People have simply had enough. They are tired of this apathy. They just want to get up in the morning and go to work like everybody else. If you take that basic right from them, they will not just curl up and die. They will respond in droves.

*OTTO ignores Randal's rant, instead walks towards the window to inspect the damage.*

OTTO

You know, you should fix this window, before those Tik Tok merchants see it as an opportunity to return and cause you and your wife more harm.

RANDAL

I'm going to. I was just getting around to it, before you decided to tell me who you really were.

OTTO

It's going to be be an extremely difficult night if you fail to listen to what I tell you.

*RANDAL marches around like a headless chicken as he ruminates.*

RANDAL

So which side of the fence are you on, then? Are you for or against?

OTTO

I'm not Devil's advocate, Mr Randal Cremer. I'm just here to deliver a message, to warn you of your dire situation, and if possible stay with you until that threat has diminished.

RANDAL

(reflectively)

You know, I saw my life flash past me for the second time this evening. I can't believe I'm not lying dead in a ditch somewhere.

(pauses)

I thought you were here to finish me off. So I apologise for that.

OTTO

I just have to warn you that you need to stay alert tonight.

RANDAL

Why only tonight?

OTTO

Because it's the night that Implosion Resistance has predicted to be the beginning of the end for our planet.

RANDAL

OK. Message received loud and clear, then.

*RANDAL opens the door wide. OTTO stands bemused.*

OTTO

What are you doing now?

RANDAL /

Well, now that you've accomplished your goals, would you mind leaving? I'll be fine from here onwards.

OTTO

(aback)

You know, you're taking a huge risk standing there with the door wide open like that. There might well be somebody out there with a sniper rifle pointing straight at your skull.

*RANDAL panics and quickly slams the door shut.*

RANDAL

(fearfully)

Oh, for heaven's sake! What am I doing?

OTTO

(acquiescently)

OK. Fine. But remember, Mr Randal Cremer there are dark forces at work tonight. The riots between the resistance and the rebellion bear all the hallmarks of a highly supported catastrophe, orchestrated by outside interference. You are going to be assassinated tonight, regardless of whether I'm here or not.

RANDAL

Outside forces? Who?

OTTO

Yes, quite.

RANDAL

Please tell me, who?

OTTO

Oh, wake up and smell the coffee, Mr Randal Cremer. Our country is on the cusp of unabated anarchy and you stand here like a baby about to wet his nappy.

RANDAL

But I'm confused. I took a knock on the head, remember? I'm still bleeding.

*He feels his head wounds and shows OTTO his blood stained hand.*

*OTTO looks over his shoulder and spots a broken CCTV camera beneath the dining table.*

OTTO

(points)

What's that?

*RANDAL bends down and picks up the CCTV camera.*

RANDAL

So this is the bugger that struck me on the head and knocked me so unconscious, I can't think straight.

OTTO

You know, I filmed the resistance using ones just like those to attack the riot police with earlier.

RANDAL

So it was them that threw this through my window, then.

OTTO

Most certainly.

(pauses)

It was a warning they're coming for you.

RANDAL

But I thought you said it was Tik Tok merchants who attacked us.

OTTO

Not this. That is something only the resistance would have the guile to do. Tik Tok juveniles are opportunists. They would have entered your property shortly after that was thrown.

RANDAL

Well, I won't be driven out of my own home by anybody. I'm staying put. I have great faith in our police force, so I will wait for the phone lines to become less busy before I ring them again.

(scratches head)

In fact, I'll do that right now.

*He stomps towards the landline phone, then picks up the receiver and taps out the number.*

OTTO

(intrigued)

Anything?

RANDAL

(exasperatedly)

No. Not picking up.

OTTO

They're not going to back down.

RANDAL

(intolerantly)

I know. I know.

OTTO

Your a main player in their eyes.

RANDAL

OK. OK. I've heard enough.

*DAWN timidly enters through door right.*

*OTTO acknowledges her and politely removes his hat.*

*RANDAL shrugs his shoulders in annoyance at her appearance.*

RANDAL /

Dawn, why don't you go back to bed? Our friend here was just leaving.

DAWN

(resentfully)

No, I don't want to.

RANDAL

He only popped in to check on us. I've told him we're fine now.

*OTTO reaches out to her with an empathetic outstretched hand.*

OTTO

Hello, Dawn. It's nice to meet you.

DAWN

Nice to meet you too, Mr Otto. And thank you for being so caring.

She shakes his hand with a fractured smile.

OTTO

How are you coping?

With a furrowed brow she shakes her head dispassionately.

DAWN

Did my husband tell you what happened?

OTTO

To you. or him?

DAWN

To me.

OTTO

Actually, no he did not.

RANDAL

I haven't got around to that, Dawn

DAWN

Oh.

(coyly)

Can I get you something to drink, Mr Otto?

OTTO

A cup of tea would suffice the palate, since you're offering, Dawn.

DAWN

Sure. Milk and sugar?

OTTO

Please. Thank you.

*She exits through door right.*

RANDAL  
(reluctantly sighs)  
Make yourself comfortable, then,  
Otto.

*He places the camera down on the table, before he searches the sofa for broken glass.*

OTTO  
I'm very grateful to you both.

RANDAL  
No shards.

OTTO  
Is it safe?

RANDAL  
Yes. Take a seat.

OTTO  
Would you mind if I take off my  
hat and coat?

RANDAL  
No. Go ahead.

*He takes off his hat and coat to reveal a head of short grey hair and a black suit and white shirt.*

*RANDAL takes them and hangs them on the rack behind the door.*

RANDAL /  
I better fix the window.

OTTO  
Would you like a hand?

RANDAL  
No, It's fine.

*RANDAL exits door right.*

*OTTO casually picks up the CCTV camera and begins to study it.*

*Sirens.*

*Long silence.*



*RANDAL reenters with a sheet of hardboard, a hammer, and some sticky tape and nails.*

*He works at fixing the window as OTTO studies the camera.*

*DAWN returns with a tray, housing a pot of tea.*

DAWN

Here we are.

OTTO

Thank you kindly, Dawn.

*RANDAL checks over his shoulder as he fixes the window.*

RANDAL

Thanks, Dawn.

*She sits down on the sofa next to OTTO.*

DAWN

So what is going on out there, Mr Otto?

OTTO

Violent demonstrations, Dawn.

DAWN

Who's causing it?

OTTO -

The fighting I witnessed earlier involved the Implosion Resistance and the Anti- Rebellion Alliance.

DAWN

That's what I heard on the radio.

OTTO

They're quite an intolerant bunch, deeply set on bringing this country to its knees. Unfortunately, tonight they have been met with a volatile response from the anti-rebellion.

DAWN

Who are they? I've never heard of them.

OTTO

A violent group of individuals  
committed to taking back our  
streets.

DAWN

Oh.

OTTO

Your husband sponsors them  
through corporate donations.

DAWN

(gasps)

Is this true, Randal?

RANDAL

No, Dawn. It's just another  
spurious attempt to unseat me...  
whipped up by a frenzied woke  
media and its proxies.

OTTO -

(shrugs)

Whatever.

*She looks at the CCTV camera in his hand.*

DAWN

What's that you're holding, Mr  
Otto?

OTTO

A surveillance camera. Here, take  
a look.

*He hands her the camera.*

RANDAL

(interjects)

It was tied to that bloody smoke  
bomb that caused all the damage.

DAWN

(to Otto)

There was someone in the bedroom  
when I got there.

OTTO

(concerned)

Did he hurt you?

DAWN

Yes, they did.

OTTO

(aback)

They?

DAWN

Them.

*RANDAL turns his head with an aghast look on his face. She stares back at him with disdain.*

OTTO

What did they do to you, Dawn, if you don't mind my impertinence?

DAWN

They tied me to the bed and filmed themselves as they assaulted me, Mr Otto.

OTTO

(mortified)

Goodness gracious, Dawn, you poor, poor woman. How could they do such a nasty thing?

(sighs)

Did you get a look at their faces?

DAWN

They wore face coverings. It was too dark. And they were laughing as they did it.

RANDAL

(interjects)

It's a Devil's playground to these people, Dawn.

OTTO

This is too horrible for words. I am so sorry, Dawn. You must report this as soon as you can.

RANDAL

Oh, we will, soon as this is over.

DAWN

What's wrong with the phones?

RANDAL

They're busy dealing with the riots, Dawn. I've tried to call them several times.

DAWN

My mobile says no networks, either.

OTTO

(to Dawn)

Twice, he attempted.

DAWN

I don't understand.

OTTO

It's just a circus show, Dawn. The Government has lost control of a country it never really had control over in the first place. The lunatics from both sides of the argument are going at it hammer and tongs.

DAWN

(mournfully)

...Well, I'm just glad they've gone.

OTTO

Don't worry, Dawn, they won't get away with it. I will personally see to it that these delinquents are brought to justice.

RANDAL

And how'd you plan to do that, may I ask?

OTTO

They film themselves in the act, then upload their videos to the dark web. They will be caught, believe me. We have a department solely committed to catching these sort of people.

DAWN

You are so knowledgeable, Mr Otto. I heard you talking to my husband from the bedroom.

RANDAL

Actually, Dawn, if it hadn't been for Otto, who knows what would've happened to us... what with the door wide open, and the pair of us lying here like sitting ducks at a fairground. We could've been fodder for any fly-by-night fancying a quick rummage around the place.

DAWN

(angrily)

That's exactly what did happen, Randal. Or are you having a mental seizure?

RANDAL

(pitifully)

Alright! Alright, Dawn! I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking clearly. Please forgive me.

*OTTO eyes the camera she still holds on to.*

OTTO

See that camera you're holding, Dawn?

DAWN

Yes.

OTTO

It's the nine-hundred series. It has the capacity to house four-hundred and twenty lines. I reckon it came out of one of the subways at a guess.

DAWN

Oh really? I wasn't really thinking about that to be honest.

OTTO

Well if you use the underground like I do sometimes, you'll spot them along the platform and around by the escalators.

*She puts the camera down and pours tea.*

*The sound of heavy boots run past the window.*

MALE VOICE O.S  
 CORPORATE FASCIST CUNTS LIVE  
 HERE!

*They look up aghast with their cup and saucers in hand.  
 RANDAL immediately reacts.*

RANDAL  
 (angrily)  
 Oh fuck off and die!

*Mortified, DAWN stands up and confronts him.*

DAWN  
 Randal, why the hell did you say  
 that?! Haven't you got any self  
 respect?! Mr Otto doesn't want to  
 hear you foul mouthing to a  
 complete stranger!

RANDAL  
 (turns away)  
 Well! He was most probably the  
 culprit who threw that bloody  
 camera through our window, Dawn.

DAWN  
 For goodness sake! If you're  
 going to behave just like them,  
 then there's no point boarding up  
 the window, is there?

RANDAL  
 OK. OK. I apologise.

OTTO  
 Well, I doubt if you'll be able  
 to find yourselves a glazier in  
 the next few days. I've seen more  
 broken glass tonight than I saw  
 during the poll tax riots.

DAWN  
 Is it really that bad out there,  
 Mr Otto?

OTTO

I'm afraid so, Dawn. And far worse than that. The problem is that the workforce have completely lost sympathy with the demonstrators, and therefore their tolerance is at an all time low. They've taken to the streets and become physically involved by taking the law into their own hands. It's a bit like watching the poll tax riots back in the day, except the demonstrators are attacking each other if that makes any sense. I can't make sense of it all myself.

RANDAL

(interjects)

The police should kettle 'em. It worked well enough during the May Day Riots. Or better still, get the water cannons out and flush them into the Thames.

DAWN

Randal, please stop it! You're making Mr Otto feel awkward.

OTTO

I'm fine, Dawn. But this isn't the nineteen-eighties any more. The demonstrators are far too sophisticated for that kind of police retaliation. These are people that actually care about our planet. I must say their grievance is somewhat justified. We are destroying our right to inhabit this wonderful, fruitful planet.

DAWN

That's Randal's answer to everything - Just bring out the demestos and flush everything down the toilet. Or better still, sweep it under the carpet.

OTTO

Political mantras often fail, Dawn.

RANDAL

(facetiously)

Oh, thanks for your support,  
Otto. I thought you weren't  
Devil's advocate.

OTTO

(flippantly)

I'm not taking sides, Mr Randal  
Cremer. I'm simply explaining to  
your wife how it is.

RANDAL -

God forbid.

*The sound of choppers overhead and sirens.*

RANDAL

Here we go again.

OTTO

The riot police have completely  
lost control of the situation,  
and...

RANDAL

...Oh I wouldn't say that.

DAWN

(irksomely)

Let him speak, Randal.

OTTO

Well, from what I've witnessed  
tonight it's impossible for the  
riot police to distinguish  
themselves from the Anti-  
Rebellion Alliance. I even  
spotted some of them charging at  
one another in total  
discombobulation. The whole  
episode was a complete and utter  
farce as far as I was concerned,  
as an onlooker.

DAWN

How come it's gotten to be like  
that, Mr Otto?



OTTO

Well, Dawn, the anti-rebellion are dressed and equipped exactly the same as the riot police. They have even managed to infiltrate their battle lines. I spotted one confused riot officer tasered by another riot officer. Obviously, his dreadlocks gave him away as being a rioter. I have it all on my smart phone. I'll email you the comedic carnage later if you want to see it for yourself.

RANDAL

Yes, please do that... Though it all sounds completely surreal to me.

OTTO

Absolutely, it does, I know. It was like watching a scene from a Chaplin movie.

RANDAL

(chuckles)

Ha! Keystone cops. I get it.

OTTO

Unfortunately, it's very serious. No laughing matter. The anti-rebellion are very well managed, as you know. I don't think the Implosion Resistance quite know what's hit them. And neither do the riot police.

RANDAL

You see, when the quiet man roars, all hell breaks out and apathy goes out of the window, Dawn.

DAWN

(questionably)

Randal, what are you talking about? This isn't anything to do with the quiet man.

*RANDAL finishes boarding up the window and slumps down in the armchair.*

RANDAL

Well I've got nothing to do with it, I swear.

More sirens.

DAWN

(to Otto)

Those sirens are really penetrating, aren't they?

RANDAL

(interjects)

Why don't they just bloody well turn them off. Bloody fools. They're just letting the criminals know their on there way. The first whiff of that sound and I'd be gone.

DAWN

Why can't they just put them on silent, or something?

OTTO

(poetically)

Ah, a beautiful song in Greek mythology, Dawn. However, according to Odysseus, King of Iliad, it is their silence that is more deadly than their sound.

DAWN

Oh really, Mr Otto? I never knew that. I never studied Greek Mythology at uni.

RANDAL

Kafka wrote about the sirens - Ulysses tied himself to the mast and put cotton wool in his ears to quell their deadly song if I can remember rightly.

DAWN

No, you're mistaken, Randal. It was Odysseus.

RANDAL

Roman mythology is the Latinized version of Greek mythology, Dawn. Kafka wrote a Latinized version of the same narrative. Check it out for yourself on Google.

DAWN

(obdurately)

Oh. Well I prefer the Greek version.

OTTO

In fact, the real enemy is fear. And even cameras like this one here are only responsible for four percent of actual convictions when relied upon in our judiciary. It's a very expensive business to justify surveillance operations. It's all just a part of the greatest conspiracy to cause fear in societies.

(drink pause)

I'd remove them altogether if it were up to me. They never had surveillance cameras when I was growing up, and we all felt quite safe in our beds at night.

(thoughtful pause)

But then, I suppose with or without surveillance, street crime is very much part and parcel of urban life. For example, take those Tik Tok celebrities who go out with the sole purpose of committing a violation. They're oblivious to surveillance. Basically, they welcome it. Just dot-com your local council to find out the true crime figures for your neighbourhood.

DAWN

I'll do that, then, Mr Otto. Thank you for letting us know.

RANDAL

(sighs)

We need conscription. That'll stop these Tik Tok wannabes, or whatever you want to call them... in their tracks. I'll guarantee when they see the whites in the eyeballs of the enemy, they'll shit themselves.

*DAWN shakes her head at him in disgust.*

OTTO

Life can be so very cruel, Mr Randal Cremer. It just depends on which side of the fence you were born, sometimes.

RANDAL

I can't see what difference that makes to someone who goes out wanting to commit a crime.

DAWN

(interjects)

There's a crime every second of every day. I read that somewhere.

*OTTO finishes his tea, then checks his watch.*

OTTO

Well, times up. I think I've overstayed my welcome and your kind hospitality, so I will leave you both to get on with whatever it is you have to do.

*He gets to his feet and steps towards the entrance door.*

DAWN

Are you sure you won't stay for supper, Mr Otto? I was about to put on some chicken wings. Hot and spicy.

OTTO

(chuckles)

No, thank you kindly, Dawn,  
otherwise my wife will be  
wondering where the hell I've  
gotten to. She'll think I've been  
accosted and held hostage  
somewhere if I leave it any  
later.

RANDAL

But what about the death threats?  
Surely, you're not just going to  
leave us here to die, are you?

OTTO

I think you'll be safe for now.  
The time of your murder has  
elapsed by my reckoning, Mr  
Randal Cremer.

*RANDAL and DAWN get to their feet and join OTTO by the door.*

RANDAL

(relieved)

Phew! Well, thanks for stopping  
by then, much appreciated. I must  
admit, I've been fully  
enlightened by your wisdom, and  
will certainly think about  
everything you've said to us  
tonight. It's been a real  
pleasure.

OTTO

It's been a pleasure for me too.  
Mr Randal Cremer. And keep safe.  
Don't open the door to anyone,  
unless you know exactly who's  
standing behind it.

*He slips on his hat and coat.*

OTTO /

Actually, would you mind just  
switching on the TV before you  
go. I'd like to catch up with  
everything that's happening  
before I break the curfew and run  
the risk of being arrested.

RANDAL

Sure.

*He switches on the TV with a news bulletin in progress.*

*They watch with interest as a three-way violent battle ensues between the riot police, implosion resistance protesters, and anti-rebellion.*

DAWN

(agape)

Oh my good God!

(pauses)

This is exactly what they said was happening earlier on the radio. I never imagined it would be so brutal. I hope Jill's home safely.

OTTO

What we are witnessing, Dawn is anarchy on the streets of London.

DAWN

Terrible, isn't it?

OTTO

Yes, it is, I'm afraid.

*RANDAL turns up the volume as the camera switches to a newsreader.*

## NEWSREADER V.O

*Police forces from around the country are engaging in running battles with organised rioters. Both the London Mayor and Police Commissioner have reiterated their warning to the general public not to leave their homes tonight while the army take up strategic positions in the worst affected areas. A curfew remains in place, and anyone venturing out before six a.m will be taken off the street and charged with causing a disturbance.*

*(short pause)*

*And some news just coming in to us from Scotland Yard, says that Lord Overton has been murdered, after the was pushed in front of a train at Kings Cross Station earlier this evening. Lord Overton was the founder of Implosion Resistance and a strong ally of President Putin.*

*OTTO'S mugshot appears on the screen. He turns his head guiltily. RANDAL and DAWN watch with a mortified expression.*

## NEWSREADER V.O -

*Police want to speak to this man, who was seen on the platform at Kings Cross Station, shortly before the time of Lord Overton's death.*

## DAWN

*(fearfully)*

*Mr. Otto, that's you, isn't it?*

## OTTO

*Yes, I'm afraid it is, Dawn. But there must be some mistake. I haven't committed any wrongdoing.*

## RANDAL

*(knowing frown)*

*It looks pretty obvious from where I'm standing that you might have.*

OTTO

(remorsefully)

No, you wouldn't understand.

RANDAL

I think we fully understand. Now, if don't mind, thank you very much.

*RANDAL opens the door for him to leave. The newsreader continues to read the news.*

*OTTO stares at the screen.*

OTTO

Wait! Just one second.

NEWSREADER V.O

The police want to trace the owner of a red BMW seen in the Muswell Hill area at around eight-o'clock this evening. If you know of this vehicle's whereabouts, or have any information, please contact Scotland Yard immediately, and under no circumstances should you approach this vehicle, or its driver as he is thought to be extremely dangerous. There will be a direct phone number to Scotland Yard at the bottom of your screen, following this bulletin.

*RANDAL stands in dismay as DAWN takes his arm.*

RANDAL

(soberly)

That's it! That's the car! The one that knocked me down that bloody manhole!

OTTO

It was, indeed.

DAWN

Randal, what's going on now?



OTTO

I'm sorry, But I can't let you stay here tonight. You'll have to stay at my house. I'm no longer certain you will be safe here tonight.

DAWN

(gratefully)

Oh, are you sure, Mr Otto? We don't want to be a burden to you and your wife.

OTTO

Yes, of course, Dawn. We have plenty of room. My wife will enjoy the company.

RANDAL

That's very noble of you, Otto, much appreciated.

OTTO

Collect an overnight bag. And do it quickly. We need to get out of here quick smart.

DAWN

(hurriedly)

We'll do it right away.

RANDAL

(to Otto)

Just give us a minute. We'll be right back.

*They quickly exit door right.*

*OTTO stands guard by the open door, before a gloved hand comes from behind and slashes his throat. He collapses, before he is dragged through the open door.*

*A short silence before the tall, slim, ASSAILANT appears inside the doorway with knife in hand. He wears OTTO'S hat and coat.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

BEDROOM.

*DAWN places a sports bag upon the bed, then begins to pack underwear and garments from the chest of drawers. RANDAL quickly packs a travel case.*

DAWN  
(casually)  
Otto's a kind man, isn't he?

RANDAL  
Yes he is. He's the source that the police never mentioned to me.

DAWN  
Do you believe what he told us?

RANDAL  
Concerning Lord Overton, you mean?

DAWN  
Yes. For all we know he might be dangerous. We all heard what the newsreader said... and his mugshot.

RANDAL  
Listen, Dawn, if he pushed Lord Overton in front of a train, serves him right. I really couldn't give a monkey's anus. He's the cause of all this anarchy. He was a traitor and a sympathiser of the Russian hard liners. Who knows what he's been feeding them with.

DAWN  
(flippantly)  
You're all heart, Randal, aren't you?

RANDAL  
(impatiently)  
Yes! Now just hurry. We need to get out of here.

DAWN  
I'm going as fast as I can. Can you bring the toothbrushes and toothpaste from the bathroom? I don't want morning breath at breakfast.

RANDAL  
 (tuts)  
 For heaven's sake.

*He exits.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

BATHROOM.

*RANDAL enters and grabs the toothbrushes from the sink unit, before he stares in the mirror at his own washed out reflection.*

*The ASSAILANT appears behind him as he leans over the sink unit and splashes his face with water.*

*When he looks up, the ASSAILANT quickly grabs him around the neck, then twists and yanks his head to one side.*

*CRACK!*

*RANDAL drops to the floor with a broken neck. The ASSAILANT hastily disappears.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

BEDROOM.

*DAWN zips up the bags, then quickly exits the room.*

LIGHTS DOWN:

LIGHTS UP.

LOUNGE.

*The ASSAILANT stands with his back towards the room when DAWN enters. She drags the bags behind her.*

DAWN  
 (dismayed)  
 Right. We're ready.  
 (tuts)  
 Where's Randal?

*She walks towards door right and calls out.*

DAWN /

Come on Randal, we're waiting for you.

(to Assailant)

He must still be in the bathroom. Shall we put these bags in the car? He should be out in a moment, I guess.

*She exits the house. The Assailant turns and grins mischievously with his knife dripping blood.*

*A protracted silence.*

*A sudden flash of light, quickly followed by a cataclysmic BOOM!!*

*The room fills with blue smoke.*

CURTAIN