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It All Went

A SIMPLE, UTILITARIAN ROOM, ONE WINDOW,  
BED, DESK, AND A DOOR UPSTAGE RIGHT.  
PLAIN, 20 YEARS OR SO INTO THE FUTURE.

HEAVY RAIN FALLS OUTSIDE.

THE DOOR IS UNLOCKED, SWINGS OPEN, THE  
LIGHT FROM THE CORRIDOR SILHOUETTES A  
MAN, EARLY 30S, DISHEVELLED, HOLDING  
HIS POSSESSIONS, ALL HE CAN CARRY, A  
SUITCASE, A BOX, A COUPLE OF BIN BAGS.

HE PAUSES, THEN MOVES INTO THE ROOM.  
THE HEAVY DOOR SHUTS BEHIND HIM.

ADAM - OLDER: shit.

HE FUMBLES AT THE LIGHT SWITCH. IN THE  
DIM LIGHT HE WALKS TO THE WINDOW, PULLS  
THE BLIND, LETS IN GREY DAYLIGHT.

HE STANDS. LOOKS AROUND. SITS ON THE  
BED. THEN BURSTS INTO TEARS. SOBS.  
AFTER A WHILE HE WIPES HIS EYES, LOOKS  
DOWN AT HIS LUGGAGE. PICKS UP THE BOX.

HE WALKS OVER TO THE DESK, SITS, AND  
BEGINS TO DRAW OUT VARIOUS ITEMS; A  
MUG, A COUPLE OF BATTERED BOOKS, A  
ROLLED UP PAIR OF SOCKS. HE PAUSES.

Fucking socks.

HE PUTS THEM BACK. SITS. THEN SUDDENLY  
SWIPES AT THE BOX.

SILENCE

A FAINT SOUND EMANATES FROM THE FLOOR.  
ADAM LOOKS UP.

A FEMALE VOICE: "WELCOME TO YOUR APPLE  
I-LIFE. RECORD DIARY ENTRIES, TAKE 8  
MEGA-PIXEL PHOTOGRAPHS, LISTEN TO  
MUSIC, EMAIL HOME FROM ANYWHERE WITH A  
GPS POSITION, THIS IS YOUR I-ADVENTURE.  
THIS IS YOUR I-LIFE"

ADAM BEGINS TO SEARCH, ON HANDS AND KNEES, EVENTUALLY DRAWING OUT WHAT LOOKS LIKE A CHUNKY I-POD, IT IS CONNECTED BY A WIRE TO A CRADLE WITH SPEAKERS, HE DRAGS IT UP, GOES TO TURN IT OFF, WHEN HE HEARS HIS OWN VOICE, YOUNGER.

ADAM-YOUNGER: *(an indistinct female voice is heard in the distance, Alex-younger laughs)* my girlfriend is the best girlfriend in the world *(more distant speech, Alex-younger laughs again)* I will not! This is such a cool present! *(serious voice)* entry number one, April 2011, I love Katie Spencer. *(there is a scuffle, muffled laughter and protestations)* all right all right I'll stop, where's the, what do I press? I love you babe - where's the- Oh, here it is. *(cuts out)*

"ENTRY TWO"

ADAM-YOUNGER: I can't believe I'm here, this is so exciting- I just saw a fucking elephant man, wait, erm, ok so this is the 15<sup>th</sup> April 2010. I turned 18 yesterday, and now I'm in fucking India! This, courtesy of Kate, the one and only love of my life, and hottest piece of ass in the whole of the- *(he laughs)* sorry babe. anyway, this is my record of my travels and-

ADAM PRESSES A BUTTON. THE PLAYBACK STOPS.

HE STARES AT IT.

HE PRESSES A DIFFERENT BUTTON, THEN 'PLAY'.

ADAM-YOUNGER: I'm on like, a raft today, going down the Ganges, trust me to arrive in the rainy season. It's *(muffled question away from mic)* *what day is it today man?* *(muffled response)* it's probably Thursday, definitely June, apparently this is the highest the river has ever been, and there's these rafts, everywhere, with whole families on, and like cows and stuff, people are moving, it's like thousands of them- with wood and stuff, corrugated iron roofs, they're moving their whole houses-

HE PRESSES SKIP

ADAM-YOUNGER: It just wont quit raining! It's September now. I can believe how long I've been here. I miss

everyone so much... especially Katie. It just- it really put things in perspective this stuff y'know? I mean obviously I can't wait- uni is gonna be awesome, but there's just- the people here. Everything's so mixed up between simple and not. That doesn't make sense. I'm just about to mail Kate, tell her how much I love her and-

SKIP

ADAM-YOUNGER: I just heard, on the news, I mean fuck! It takes a while, a while to get stuff, Hurricane Caroline I think it said, in America- it feels really weird, being here, like if I was back home I would heard it, would have heard about it, but it's so cut off here... it sounds messed up man, wiped out more than two states, that's gotta be massive, right? But, y'know at least it's not England, at least that kind of stuff doesn't happen to-

HE STOPS THE PLAYBACK. STARES AT IT.  
ABSENT-MINDEDLY PICKS UP THE BALLED  
SOCKS, FIDDLES.

AFTER A WHILE HE LEANS FORWARD. PRESSES  
SKIP.

ADAM-YOUNGER: I stopped, I've been, erm, it's sometime in September now, I stopped to help out at this camp, on my way into the- it's higher up here, I got messages from Katie and mum, they're safe, mum wants me to come back. She was complaining about the weather again, saying there aren't any proper seasons anymore. People always say theat. Anyway, I can't leave, not yet. (Pause) This is- these people, they haven't got homes anymore, so much of the country is underwater right now, and they're asking for all the- any help they can get. I'm helping to build tents and digs fucking.. toilets. Picking up a bit of the language, but most people speak English, they beg you, beg you for food or money, they think if you're white or whatever, you can get them - we eat somewhere different. It feels... dishonest. But there's nothing else we can...I'm just so glad something like this could never happen to - (MUFFLED SOUND OFF) I've got to go.

IT STOPS.

ADAM STARES.

RAIN OUTSIDE.

HE BEGINS TO FIDDLE WITH THE IPOD, WE HEAR A SOUND "MEMORY ERASED".

HE STARES.

HE PRESSES A BUTTON

"OK! LET'S GET STARTED. TO RECORD YOUR FIRST I-DIARY ENTRY, PRESS OK"

ADAM LEANS FORWARD. THEN PRESSES 'OK'

A PAUSE

ADAM - OLDER: It's December. You're probably not going to forget.

(PAUSE)

Fuck.

You got everything you wanted- did the whole uni thing, forgot all about the gap year stuff- it does that to you- all that - money and exams and getting wasted. Worst. Stuck with Katie though. Married. Best thing you ever did. Got a job.

(PAUSE)

Don't know where the years went.

(PAUSE)

Don't even know where I am.

(PAUSE)

Fucking... this is what we, what we pay fucking-politicians for- to look at the big...

(PAUSE)

Shit.

I can't believe it.

I still can't believe it. Why didn't we see? I mean we did. We sat and we watched and, and forgot, just watched, India, Dubai, Tokyo, but not us, we had flood defences, tax the highest it'd ever been, people complaining, but others, most... why didn't anyone-?

This is the 3<sup>rd</sup> house I've been in. They're housing hundreds, thousands. Refugees. The first one was supposed to be, I mean, like temporary measures, but then another, and... I don't think they're moving people back. Can't contact anyone, don't know about hospitals or...

They lost a lot of London. The east. That's what they say now, 'lost'.

I saw some art yesterday. Like proper- all in boxes.

PAUSE, RAIN.

And it hasn't stopped raining. They've got monsoon over France.

They're not taking us back. They're working, working hard, but on the higher stuff, moved the houses of parliament to Birmingham.

And the rain doesn't stop.

I think the dog died.

SUDDENLY HE IS CRYING AGAIN.

The fucking dog!

Everything else didn't matter- job, money, fucking socks... I didn't even know what a flash flood looked like, in fucking, I mean, East Anglia, but it, it got us, and I held, I fucking held onto her so tight and I felt like my fucking arms were going to come right off but I held on, and held, and suddenly we were both- both, like hard enough to keep your head above water, in the current- and I kicked, and kicked, and held on. Got to this roof, held on, pulled us up. Sat, sat with her, in the rain, for days. We just sat. And, I mean, the smell, you don't think about that. Sewage floating. Rats swimming. It stunk.

Then there was this helicopter.

They didn't understand.

They- they wouldn't let me, they said 'leave her, leave her, she's gone' and I was like but this is, she, she's, and they tried to make me let go of

her, so I swung at one of them with my other arm  
and then, then it all went-

It all went.

RAIN, OUTSIDE.

SILENCE

THE IPOD: "WE HAVE DETECTED THAT YOU  
HAVE STOPPED TALKING, IS YOUR ENTRY  
FINISHED? PRESS OK FOR YES, BACK FOR  
NO"

NOTHING

"PRESS OK FOR YES, BACK FOR NO"

And now what?

And now what?

IPOD "THANK YOU FOR ENTRY NUMBER 1, IF  
YOU WANT TO LISTEN TO THIS AGAIN, OR  
RECORD ANOTHER ONE, SIMPLY GO BACK TO  
THE MAIN MENU, AND SELECT THE RELEVANT  
OPTION. THIS IS YOUR I-LIFE!"

LIGHTS FADE. LEAVING JUST THE SHADOW  
CAST BY THE BLINDS, AND THE SOUND OF  
RAIN AT THE WINDOW.

CURTAIN