

DARKSIDE

Tom Stoppard

A play for radio incorporating

The Dark Side of the Moon

by

Pink Floyd

Lyrics by Roger Waters

2013

Darkside was commissioned by BBC Radio 2 by Jeff Smith and first broadcast on 26 August 2013, with the following cast:

Cast

Emily	Amaka Okafor
Boy	Iwan Rheon
Professor Baggott / Ethics Man	Rufus Sewell
Dr Antrobus / Witchfinder	Bill Nighy
Fat Man	Adrian Scarborough
Wise One	Peter Marinker
Banker	Robert Blythe
Politician / Commentator	Ben Crowe
Emily's Mother	Philippa Stanton

Produced and directed by James Robinson

Production Coordinators	Beverly Tagg, Simon Richardson
Studio Managers	Caleb Knightley, Keith Graham

The radio play opens with the beginning of *The Dark Side of the Moon*.

Scene 1: Outside (Railway Tracks)

From "Speak to Me": atmosphere, heartbeat, chatter and laughter, helicopter noise, screams.

Effects: Real screams, same as the album. Album playback is interrupted.

Voices (American comic style)

Look there! There's a train coming through!
The signal must have failed!
It's speeding toward where the bridge got washed away in the flood!
It's certain death for those people on that train!
It's going in the river!
Unless someone...

Ethics Man

Let me through! I'm a moral philosopher.

Voices

Why, it's Ethics Man!
Ethics Man!
What's he going to do?

Look, he switched the points!
Just in time!
Nice work, Ethics Man!
He diverted the train on to the other track.
You saved their lives, Ethics Man. You're my hero.

Ethics Man

I did what had to be done.

Young Voice

Wait, there's some kid standing on the other track.

Voices

You're right, and he hasn't seen the train coming.
Look out! Aaarrggghh!

Young Voice

The train went right over him. Didn't you see him there, Ethics Man?

Ethics Man

I saw him, son. Some day you'll understand.

The music resumes in the background.

Scene 2: Inside (Classroom)

Background: intro of "Breathe (In the Air)."

Professor Baggott

Hands up who thinks Ethics Man did the right thing.
Hands up who thinks Ethics Man did the wrong thing.
Hands up who didn't put their hand up.
Miss McCoy?

Emily

Who was on the train?

Professor Baggott

We don't know who was on the train. Ethics Man did what had to be done. Who wants to tell me Ethics Man's moral philosophy? Yes, Miss McCoy?

Emily

Who was the boy who got hit by the train?

Professor Baggott

There's no boy. It's a thought experiment. We imagine a problem. By switching the points and by sacrificing one person's life, we can save many lives. Is it a moral action? Ethics Man says "yes." Ethics Man is a utilitarian. He says an action is a moral action only if the *consequences* are good. He says the consequences are good if they increase the sum of human happiness. We define happiness as a state of well-being starting off with being alive instead of dead.

"Breathe (In the Air)"

Breathe, breathe in the air
Don't be afraid to care
Leave, but don't leave me
Look around, choose your own ground
For long you live and high you fly
Smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry
And all you touch and all you see
Is all your life will ever be

Run, rabbit, run
Dig that hole, forget the sun
When, at last, the work is done
Don't sit down, it's time to dig another one
For long you live and high you fly
But only if you ride the tide
Balanced on the biggest wave
You race towards an early grave

Music fades.

Scene 3: Outside

Effects: Emily and the Boy walk on stony ground.

“On the Run” plays in the background during the scene and ends with the explosion.

Emily

He did what had to be done, the dickhead. I'm sorry you're dead.

Boy

It's okay. It didn't hurt.

Emily

It was a no-brainer for Ethics Man, just you against the trainload of people. Wham!

Boy

Yeah, wham!

Emily

What does he know about consequences? You could have been the one who stops the glaciers melting, or had kids who won Olympic gold, if we're talking about happiness.

Boy

Yeah, I could've. They could've stopped the glaciers melting and whatever, probably.

Emily

And how about them on the train? Who's to say he didn't save a serial killer or a mad bomber on a date with destiny? Or just people who fuck you up normally — geography

teachers, ticket inspectors, boyfriends who shagged your best friend, people who write the small print, “See over for penalties,” people who go “I’m telling you for your own good” and “Can’t you read? We’re closed” — all of them saved to fuck you up another day. Thanks very much, Ethics Man. I hope you’re happy now.

Boy

Did he have a cape?

Emily

I don’t know. Most likely a pullover like your wife gives you for Christmas. I’m Emily, by the way.

Boy

Hi. Do you go to school?

Emily

I’m at college. Well, I’m doing a course. I mean, while I’m waiting to see what I want to do, I’m learning about philosophy. Heavy, or what? Like, what *is* the good? And moral actions, the just society, Plato, Rousseau, Immanuel Kant...

Boy

You’ve learned all of them?

Emily

No, that’s the website — “Great Thinkers.” What’s your name?

Boy

I didn’t have a name. I was the thought experiment, except I felt my heart beating. I had a heartbeat. I thought, hey, here we go. I heard something coming, whup-whup like helicopter blades, but knowledge was in me. I knew stuff. I got to be a person.

Emily

Then you got hit by a train.

Boy

Yeah, I wish I had longer, though. I'd have done a few things in my life, thought a few things too, knowing what I know now. I can teach you philosophy. In my opinion, Immanuel Kant would have let the train go in the river.

Emily

Wow, I'll tell Mr Baggott.

Boy

Being a person is respect because you're not a cat or a dog or a bunch of tulips. You're a human person and humanness is not like something there can be different amounts of. It's maxed out from the start. Total respect every time. Kill one, kill a trainload. You're dissing the transcendental, is all.

Emily

Hey, that's amazing. What's the transcendental?

Boy

It's the juggler on the radio.

Emily

The juggler on the radio?

Boy

There's a juggler on the radio. He sounds exactly the same as if there's no juggler. There's lots of people listening to the radio and some are saying, "I believe in the juggler," and some are saying, "There is no juggler," and there's a few philosopher-type people saying,

“How is a juggler you can't see, hear, smell, or touch different from no juggler?” But there's nothing any of these people can tell each other about the existence or the non-existence of the juggler.

Emily

So how do you *know* there's a juggler?

Boy

I heard him on the radio.

Emily

There's a juggler, then.

“On the Run” music continues with voices and laughing.

Emily

I hear voices no one can hear, talking and laughing about being mad, about dying, things like that. Dr Antrobus tried to shut them up with his Smarties and liquorice torpedoes. I'm rattling with them, but they're still there, the voices.

Boy

Who's Dr Antrobus?

Emily

He's Dr Antrobus, that's who, and now he's thinking to burn them with his laser gun, but he's got it pointed the wrong way, in my opinion.

Boy

Yeah, the sky is full of noises.

Emily

Can you hear them too?

Boy

Anybody can hear them. It's just tuning your mind to pick up the waveforms — words and sounds and thoughts are each other on different tuning. Diddly-dum, diddly-dum, takka-takka-takka. Come on, I have a bad feeling someone's looking for us.

Emily

Well, where are we going?

Boy

To seek out the Wise One.

Emily

The Wise One, who's that?

Boy

They say he knows the secret of life.

Emily

Okay, that sounds good. Is it far? I think I've got the wrong shoes on.

Sounds of aerial attack.

Boy

Get down, get down!

Emily

Oh, my God! What's happening? Hey look, what's that?

Mysterious Voice (American)

Is it a bird? Is it a plane? It's *Übermensch!*

Emily

A parachute, coming down here. He's going to land right by us. Come on. Let's go and see who it is.

Professor Baggott

Miss McCoy! There should be a quick release on this harness. There we are.

Emily

Mr Baggott?! What are you...?

Professor Baggott

Nothing to worry about.

Emily

But the plane, the explosion, the pilot! Who was on the plane?

Professor Baggott

There's no plane, no pilot. It's a thought experiment. I'm wondering what you're doing here.

Emily

That's just what I was wondering about you.

Boy

He's got the pullover.

Professor Baggott

Hello! I know you from somewhere. Don't tell me... runaway train!

Emily

Mr Baggott, are you Ethics Man?

Professor Baggott

I hope you can keep a secret.

Boy

This is a thought experiment.

Professor Baggott

Yes, we imagine a problem...

Emily

We know what a thought experiment is!

Professor Baggott

I *was* a utilitarian consequentialist but I've been forced to reexamine some deeply held convictions. We imagine, let us say, three passengers on a private aeroplane. The pilot has had a heart attack and has died at the controls. There is only one parachute. The passengers are a politician, a banker, and moral philosopher. Have you guessed? Of course you have. Ethics Man did what had to be done.

Music continues with the intro of "Time" with the ringing of the alarm clocks.

Scene 4: Inside (Classroom)

The intro to "Time" continues in the background with clocks and heartbeat.

Professor Baggott

Who would like to tell me Ethics Man's new philosophy? Is Miss McCoy not with us today? Ethics Man is a Nietzschean egoist. Friedrich Nietzsche, 1844 to 1900. Nietzsche looked around him and announced that God was dead. The question follows, if God is dead, who is making the rules? Nobody, Nietzsche said, or rather, *anybody*. The rules are made by whoever has the will to make them. He who has the will, gets the parachute. Slave or Superman is the only choice. There is no other morality. Nietzsche died mad. I will write his name on the board thus.

Hang on, that doesn't look right. I think I got the Z in the wrong... No, I know what it is. There should be a T in it. That's better! No, it still looks wrong. Where is the eraser? Who moved the eraser? My God, if I find out who... I'm sick and tired, sick and bloody tired — every time I need the eraser! I will not live like this...!

Scene 5: Outside (Mountain)

Effects: Emily and the Boy climb.

"Time" continues in the background and ends with the vocals.

Emily

Well, I'd never have guessed. Mr Baggott! Shazam! It's Ethics Man!

Boy

Keep up a bit or it will be getting dark.

Emily

Are we nearly there yet?

Boy

We have to get above the clouds.

Emily

Why does the Wise One live on top of a mountain? Is he a cartoon?

Boy

I think I saw a patch of sky.

Emily

Are you sure he's gonna tell me the secret of life?

Boy

He tells the secret of life to anyone who is prepared to make the journey. There he is.

Emily

Wow, old *and naked*. Is that wise?

Boy

This is my friend Emily. She has made the long journey to meet you.

Emily

Hi.

Wise One

Welcome. So you want to know the secret of life?

Emily

That's what I've come to hear.

Wise One

Come closer then. The secret of life is... "This is *not* a drill."

"Time"

Tickling away the moments that make up a dull day
Fritter and waste the hours in an offhand way
Kicking around on a piece of ground in your hometown
Waiting for someone or something to show you the way

Tired of lying in the sunshine, staying home to watch the rain
You are young and life is long, and there is time to kill today
And then one day you find ten years have got behind you
No one told you when to run, you missed the starting gun

Scene 6: Outside (Mountain)

Effects: Emily and the Boy descend the mountain. "Time" bridge in the background.

Emily

That was a little disappointing, I thought. It's a long way to come to be told the secret of life is what your mother's been shouting up the stairs at you, "Wake up, Emily, your life is going by."

Boy

What do you see when you see yourself doing what you want to do?

Emily

I see some kind of big venue full of people come to hear *me* talk. But they know the world is fucked if something isn't done. They know what has to be done. They don't understand

why nobody's really doing it. The system is locked somehow. They don't know why. And they're looking up at *me*. Can Emily McCoy save the world? I explain it to them as if I'm talking to children. When I'm done, I say, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention," and I walk off. They sit there stunned, but the next day, fucked-upness is on the turn — like floodwater starting to go down. Glaciers, rainforests, pollution, destruction, starvation...

Boy

What do you say to them?

Emily

That's the part I'm still working on.

Boy

We need to get off the mountain before night.

"Time" (continued)

And you run, and you run to catch up with the sun but it's sinking
Racing around to come up behind you again
The sun is the same in a relative way but you're older
Shorter of breath and one day closer to death

Every year is getting shorter, never seem to find the time
Plans that either come to naught or half a page of scribbled lines
Hanging on in quiet desperation is the English way
The time is gone, the song is over, thought I'd something more to say

Emily's Mother

Wake up, Emily! Your life is going by!

“Breathe (reprise)”

Home, home again
I like to be here when I can
And when I come home cold and tired
It’s good to warm my bones beside the fire

Far away across the field
The tolling of the iron bell
Calls the faithful to their knees
To hear the softly spoken magic spell

Scene 7: Outside (Stony Path)

Effects: wind. Emily and the Boy are on a stony path downhill.

Emily

I’m not ready. I’m studying for my big moment.

Boy

The sun’s almost gone. I can see small fires in the valley.

Emily

I’m doing “Great Thinkers” but they’re not great at thinking the same thing. Did we start off good and couldn’t keep it up? Or start off bad and this is as far as we’ve got learning to be good?

Boy

I heard a bell dinging. There must be people.

Emily

Soldiers, look.

Boy

They've got guns.

Emily

Holy, moly. What happened here? The whole floor of the valley looks like a disaster came through.

Boy

Yeah, like a boneyard or something.

Emily

There's something moving over there, past the firelight.

Boy

Dogs, feeding on something dead. Dead cow, dogs, and crows.

Emily

There's someone coming.

Boy

I see him.

Emily

A Fat Man!

Fat Man

"Toto, I've a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore."

Emily

Oh, he's fat.

Fat Man

"It's the pictures that got small." Hello there! Do you care for the flickers?

Emily

The flickers?

Boy

Where is everybody?

Fat Man

There's a gathering. Didn't you hear the bell?

Boy

We just got here.

Fat Man

Overloaded life raft, or sacrificed for organ transplants?

Boy

Runaway train. I was the one on the other track.

Fat Man

Bad luck! A leaky hot air balloon did for me. Someone had to go over the side. Fattest first. Saved the lives of three thin balloonists. Bastards!

Emily

You mean everyone here was a thought experiment?

Fat Man

That's funny. There is a plane dusting crops where there ain't no crops.

Emily

There ain't no anything. Not a blade of grass.

Boy

Why is nothing growing?

Fat Man

It's a tragedy. The whole valley was common land. First-class grazing and plenty for everyone — share and share alike — with a stream running down the middle to dip a bucket in and enough water behind the dam to turn a wheel in the sluice. You could slip an extra cow or two into your herd with no one any the wiser, or take a little channel off the stream for your tomato patch. I wasn't the first, believe you me.

Emily

You mean, you cheated?

Fat Man

I had to. And look at it my way: either there's others cheating or there's nobody cheating. If there's others cheating, I'd be a fool to stick to what was agreed. For all I know, I'd be the only one, so it's best for me to cheat along. That's obvious. And if there's *nobody* cheating, my little bit of cheating makes no difference, so that's best for me too. *Whatever the others are doing, it's best for me to cheat.* The tragedy was that everyone else was thinking the same thing. So the common was bound to be overgrazed and the stream was bound to fail. Nothing could have stopped the common from being ruined for us all.

Emily

Yes, it could. You could have decided not to cheat, *whatever else the others were doing*.

Fat Man

It wouldn't have made any difference, me not cheating on my own.

Emily

You wouldn't *be* on your own if everyone was thinking the same. In the end you gained nothing by cheating, so you might as well have played fair.

Boy

Yes, you cracked it, Emily.

Fat Man

Emily? Aren't you nobody?

Emily

No, I'm not a bloody thought experiment. I'm Emily McCoy.

Fat Man

Emily McCoy? Everybody's waiting for *you*.

Emily

Me?

Fat Man

"You're going out a youngster but you've got to come back a star."

Scene 8: Inside (Stone Corridor)

Background: intro of "The Great Gig in the Sky," ending with the vocal part.

Effects: Emily and the Boy walk rapidly down a stone corridor.

Emily

I'm not ready.

Boy

This is not a drill. This is it.

Emily

I need time to think.

Boy

No, you came in like a bird through a window and out, it's done.

Emily

But I have to find the words.

Boy

Hold the thought like holding a breath 'til you can't hold it anymore. And then hold it more until you think you're going to die and let it go — a thought wave, sound waves of pure thought.

Voice from the song: "I am not frightened of dying, any time will do, but I don't mind."

Emily

And I'm getting voices.

Voices from the song: "Why should I be frightened of dying? There's no reason for it. You've got to go sometime."

Boy

Thought waves. You can do that. Take a breath. Hold it.

The music stops.

Fat Man

"Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine."

Boy

Go, girl!

Emily lets out the breath with the vocal part of "The Great Gig in the Sky." From time to time single voices overlap, as in a revival church, expressing approval and agreement: "Yes, yes", "That's right!", "That's the truth"...

Emily

So woe to you! Oh, woe to you and me, and woe to all of us. But we can save the earth from turning to dust and bones, dust and bones, from fire and flood. Here's the thing, here is what I'm saying: the earth is the common. You can't save it for yourself, but you can save it for others and the others will save it for you. The other is us, and we are the other. We are of a kind. We are natural-born to kindness, which means to act as to our kind, as kin to kin, as kindred, which is to act kindly. What is the *good*? It's nothing but a contest of kindness. To be unkind is against nature and it makes us feel bad. To be selfish is against nature because it is against our kindness. We are as natural-born to unselfishness as a mother to her baby. Her milk is the milk of human kin and kindness. But when we live for trickery and gain, we turn against nature, and nature will turn against us. We will be lords of dust and bones.

The music fades.

Witchfinder

Are you with the witch, boy?

Boy

What?

Witchfinder

Are you with the witch?

Boy

What witch?

Emily

Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for your attention.

Witchfinder

That witch.

Boy

Who are you?

Witchfinder

I'm the Witchfinder.

Boy

The Witchfinder? She's not a witch. It was me who showed her.

Witchfinder

You bewitched her.

Emily

What happened?

Boy

They heard you!

Witchfinder

They were bewitched.

Emily

Dr Antrobus!

Boy

He says he's the Witchfinder.

Emily

Dr Antrobus, it's me, Emily.

Witchfinder

Don't be afraid. I'm here to help you.

Scene 9: Inside (Cell)

Professor Baggott

Shazam! So this is where you've got to. We've all been missing you, Miss McCoy.

Emily

Mr Baggott!

Professor Baggott

How do you like the cape?

Emily

You look silly.

Professor Baggott

Yes, I'm not convinced. I can't fly. I can flounce a little. But I've decided the Superman idea is unsustainable for anyone who's relatively sane. I feel my niche is somewhere between Kantian "Do as you would have everybody do" and Hobbesian "Do unto others before they do unto you."

Emily

I don't care about you. What have they done with my friend?

Professor Baggott

Held on suspicion of witchcraft.

Emily

He's a prisoner too?

Professor Baggott

It's classic. Two prisoners. They can't confer. They're thinking. If they give evidence against each other, their lives will be spared and they'll go to prison. If they keep silent, they'll get off on the main charge and get a shorter sentence. But if one keeps silent and the other turns state's evidence... Spot the dilemma!

Emily

Mr Baggott, you're supposed to be cleverer than me because you're the teacher, but your games and thought experiments are stupid. In proper life people aren't just out for themselves and there's always a million things you don't know. But your stick figures think they can work out the answers like doing Sudoku. And what I'm thinking is you can't *work out* "What is the good?"—you just *know* what is the good, *that's* what's *good* about it.

Professor Baggott

You're an intuitionist. If it caught on it would lead to widespread unemployment among moral philosophers. Are you coming back to finish the course?

Emily

I don't know. I don't understand what's come over Dr Antrobus.

Professor Baggott

Who are you?

Emily

Fat Man!

Fat Man

"This chick is toast."

Scene 10: Inside (Classroom)

A small crowd murmurs.

Witchfinder

Chamberlain, bring up the prisoners. Prisoner A and prisoner B. Which is which?

Boy

I'm the witch.

Witchfinder

And which are you?

Emily

It's me who's the witch, Doctor.

Witchfinder

No, it's me who's the Witchdoctor. *(laughs)* No laughter in the public benches!

Professor Baggott

There wasn't any laughter the public benches, Mr Witchfinder.

Witchfinder

As I justly observed. Wake up! By the way, aren't you Mr Baggott?

Professor Baggott

I am.

Witchfinder

Well, what have you got to say for yourself? Your student confesses to being a witch. One wonders where she gets it from.

Professor Baggott

It's a false confession, Mr Witchfinder.

Emily

I'm the witch. I've always been a witch, and nobody bewitched me.

Boy

She's not a witch. I'm the witch.

Professor Baggott

Prisoners A and B are making false confessions to sacrifice themselves, each for the other. I've never come across a case like this in the game of Prisoners' Dilemma. It's competitive altruism.

Witchfinder

Altruism?

Professor Baggott

Consideration of the other, selflessness, the good in operation.

Witchfinder

We know what altruism is, Mr Baggott, which is more than you appear to do. Altruism is a relic of 19th century moral thinking, now understood to be its opposite, that is, selfishness in disguise, genetically programmed for long-term benefits. In other words, there is no such thing as altruism. It makes a mockery of Prisoners' Dilemma studies and I intend to make an example of whoever's the witch here.

Emily

I am the witch.

Multiple Overlapping Voices

I'm the witch! I'm the witch! I'm the witch!

Witchfinder

Silence! What was all that, Mr Baggott?

Professor Baggott

Plagiarism, Mr Witchfinder.

Witchfinder

Well, I'm not having it. She howled, she sobbed, she ululated, she uttered not one word of sense, yet the witnesses caught in her enchantment heard her preaching words as plain as I speak to you now. The land is blighted, and it is witchery plain!

Multiple Voices

She say about kin and kind...

She say we were natural-born to be kindly...

As a mother to a child...

As a brother to a sister...

Kindness, we call it, because we are of a kind in nature...

Witchfinder

Silence! Witchery, I said, and the Boy is in it up to his neck.

Banker

Not just witchery, Mr Witchfinder, but falsehood, sentimental twaddle. In a state of *nature* we are at war, each against all. Nature doesn't teach hippy-dippy, do-

goody-goodery. We'd still be living in caves without proper roads where you can put your foot down. Nature teaches self-interest. A just society with, for example, cuff links, depends on the enlightened self-interest of, for example, bankers.

Witchfinder

And you are?

Banker

A banker.

Witchfinder

Was it *you* on that plane?

Banker

It was, thanks to that swine, Baggott.

Witchfinder

Baggott again!

Politician

He thought me up too, Mr Witchfinder.

Witchfinder

Are you the pilot?

Politician

No, I'm the politician. The pilot was already dead and had no moral position as regards the parachute.

Witchfinder

And where do you stand on burning the witch?

Politician

Ah well, how does one establish she's a witch?

Witchfinder

By strapping her to a board and dunking her in a pond 'til she admits it — the tried and trusted way of witchfinders through the ages.

Politician

Let me say first of all, when I say “witch” I don't mean to sound in any way *witchist*. Inclusiveness is sacred to me. Weirdos welcome within the law, is how I see it.

The music restarts with the beginning of “Money.”

Witchfinder

Are you for burning the witch?

Politician

On the other hand, constraints are the essence of a just society — constraints, inclusiveness, and accountancy. I mean, accountability.

Banker

And accountancy.

Politician

And when I say “constraints,” I mean liberties.

Banker

And plenty of them. Hear, hear!

Witchfinder

Do you two work together?

Banker

No.

Politician

Not at all. We hardly know each other.

Banker

We've only met socially.

Politician

We never talk about anything which might be a conflict of interest.

Banker

Never. We have none.

“Money” continues to the first vocal part.

“Money”

Money

Get away

You get a good job with more pay and you're okay

Money

It's a gas

Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash

New car, caviar, four star, daydream
Think I'll buy me a football team

Money
Get back
I'm all right, Jack, keep your hands off of my stack
Money
It's a hit
Don't give me that do goody good bullshit

I'm in the high-fidelity first-class travelling set
And I think I need a Lear jet

The bridge of "Money" continues in the background.

Scene 11: Outside

Commentator

If you've just joined us, there is a change to the advertised programme. The Radio Juggler will now follow our live coverage of the witch burning. And, I think, yes, the two witches are being brought out now. I can see some movements just inside the doorway and the crowd have seen them too. The Boy is now visible, held fast by armed soldiers, and behind him, Emily McCoy.

Boy

It looks like the end, Emily. You shouldn't have tried to save me, but thank you for trying.

Emily

You shouldn't have either, but thank you too.

Boy

It was no big thing. I'd already been hit by a train.

Commentator

And here they come, hurried along to the place of execution where the laser gun is powered up for the modern witch burning. And the spectators don't like it. They're being held back, some in tears on their knees. And there's something unexpected happening over there. A crowd of about a hundred people, some women and children among them, carrying suitcases and bundles, have appeared from nowhere, surging around the prisoners. This is unbelievable! It looks like a rescue attempt.

Gunfire chords. Shouts and confusion.

Boy

Run, Emily! Run. This way. Run for the tree line.

Emily and the Boy run. Rifle shots.

Emily

What happened? Who were those people?

Boy

They were on the train.

Emily

What?

Boy

The train which didn't go in the river. They saved us.

Emily

Oh, wow. Ethics!

Boy

Come on, the soldiers are coming after us. We have to get into the trees or we don't stand a chance.

Emily

I've lost a shoe. Wait.

Boy

Don't stop.

Emily

It's muddy here.

Boy

I know, but we must...

Emily

I can't run anymore. You go.

Boy

I'm not leaving you. I'm so sorry, Emily. It was all my fault.

Emily

Look! The ground is wet and there's blades of grass.

Boy

You're right.

Emily

The ground is just squelching up. And look, there's more grass poking through here, and here, all over the place.

Boy

Yeah, the valley is turning green.

Emily

Look back there, the soldiers have seen it too. They've stopped shooting.

Sounds of cheers.

Boy

Listen! What are the people shouting?

Crowd Shouting

It's a miracle!
The curse is lifted!
Praised be the Lord!
Praised be his servant, Emily McCoy!

Boy

You did it, Emily. Just like you said. Everything's on the turn.

Politician

This is a photo opportunity. Who wants a soundbite?

Banker

One word, gentlemen — infrastructure.

Politician

Green shoots, the green shoots of economic recovery.

Banker

One hundred million at two-and-a-half over ten — do I hear one hundred and five mill?
Over there. One hundred and five over ten at two-and-a-half. It's with you, sir.

Politician

It's a success for the green belt and we are going to build on it.

Emily

Stop! Stop them, Fat Man. They'll spoil everything.

Fat Man

"Forget it, Jake. It's Chinatown."

The second vocal part of "Money" continues.

"Money" (continued)

Money

It's a crime

Share it fairly, but don't take a slice of my pie

Money

So they say

Is the root of all evil today

But if you ask for a rise

It's no surprise that they're giving none away

Away, away, away

Away, away, away

The queue repeat of "Away" overlaps.

Scene 12: Quiet Interior

Dr Antrobus

Emily? Emily? Emily, can you hear me?

Emily

Dr Antrobus?

Dr Antrobus

Well done. Everything went well.

Emily

Voices...

Dr Antrobus

You don't have to worry about them any more.

Emily

The voices...

Dr Antrobus

All gone.

Emily

Where's my friend?

Dr Antrobus

You have a rest now.

Emily

Where's my friend?

Dr Antrobus

I'll come back to see you. Sleep now.

The voices continue alongside the organ, which continues with "Us and Them."

Scene 13: Outside

Intro of "Us and Them" playing in the background (organ). The dialogue begins on the guitar chord.

Effects: Intermittent traffic noise in the distance.

Fat Man

Hey, Emily McCoy. How's the witchery business?

Emily

Hey, Fat Man.

Fat Man

What do you think of the old place now?

Emily

I didn't recognise it. Only the bell tower.

Fat Man

The gardens are pretty, and the waterfall and all. You should have seen the valley in its glory days, like a picture book painted in by God — grassland further than you could see, more cattle than you could count, before we ruined it.

Emily

I always meant to ask you, Fat Man: how did you stay fat when the common was all dust?

Fat Man

I was the thought experiment. When you are thought up fat, that's what you are. I love the wig, by the way.

Emily

Yeah, I got my head shaved.

A bell rings.

Emily

That's the bell for visitors to leave. I've got to go in now.

Fat Man

"Hasta la vista, baby."

The first vocal part of "Us and Them."

"Us and Them"

Us and them
And after all
We're only ordinary men

Me and you
God only knows it's not what
We would choose to do

"Haven't you heard it's a battle of words?"
The poster bearer cried

“Listen, son,” said the man with the gun
“There’s room for you inside”

“Us and Them” bridge playing in the background, along with some voices.

Emily

I can hear the glaciers melting. Can you hear? Where are you, Boy? Where are you?

Voice from the music track: “I mean, good manners don’t cost nuffink, do they? Eh?”

Emily

Kindness didn’t save the world. We’re still working on that. But if kindness is only selfishness in disguise like the Witchfinder said, the question “What is the good?” wouldn’t be about anything except what’s best for *you*. And what’s moral about that?

Boy

Yeah, you got it, Emily.

Emily

Hey.

Boy

Hi.

Emily

Where did you go?

Boy

Nowhere. You lost me, is all, in the voices.

Emily

Don't go away again. Even if you didn't, don't ever.

Boy

I won't ever. I'll be there with you.

The second vocal part of "Us and Them."

"Us and Them" (continued)

Down and out
It can't be helped
But there's a lot of it about

With, without
And who'll deny
It's what the fighting's all about

Out of the way it's a busy day
I've got things on my mind
For want of the price of tea and a slice
The old man died

Scene 14: Bright Interior

"Any Colour You Like" in the background.

Professor Baggott

Miss McCoy, I just popped in to see how you're getting on.

Emily

Mr Baggott, hello.

Professor Baggott

Well, you look...

Emily

Bald?

Professor Baggott

In the pink. You're much missed. The flowers are from the class.

Emily

Thank you. Have the chair. The door has to stay open. It's all rules here.

Professor Baggott

It won't be for long, I'm sure. We all hope you'll be coming back to the course.

Emily

What is the good, eh?

Professor Baggott

Absolutely. What is the good?

Emily

So how's progress?

Professor Baggott

Oh, we don't make progress. Footnotes to Aristotle, it's been said — the good life, justice and fairness.

Emily

Mr Baggott, for weeks before they brought me here, I couldn't get out of bed for crying and thinking, "What is the good? *What is the good?*" 'til I'm going, "What is the good of asking, what is the good, when the bad is doing just great without anyone asking, what is it?" Injustice and unfairness are running free like they own the earth, and the way it's looking, the earth won't be worth owning.

Professor Baggott

Shhh...

Emily

Do you believe in the juggler?

Professor Baggott

Do I believe in the juggler? Miss McCoy, Emily, it's all right.

Emily

In the beginning, before there was something, there was nothing. But in the nothingness was everything to come, squeezed into a point, which burst and was the universe.

Do you believe this? Where is the juggler?

And the universe was nothing but stuff in empty space, atoms pinballing into molecules, into stars, and everything was lifeless. And that was everything there was and ever could be, anywhere.

Except for this, this one *speck* in the whole universe where molecules of liquid and gas and Lego were stirred into accidental life by solar rays or electric storms maybe, into bacteria, plankton, jellyfish, into guppies using their fins to crawl ashore on the sea wrack, into lizards, into a tiny shrew like Mrs Tiggy-Winkle whose blood was warm, and onward, upward, on the four legs, on two legs... Here we come, grunting, learning fire and cooking and ballroom dancing, and that's it. That's all of it.

Do you believe this?

And when you hear the bell follow the signs to the main gate.

The music continues with the intro and vocals from "Brain Damage."

"Brain Damage"

The lunatic is on the grass
The lunatic is on the grass
Remembering games and daisy chains and laughs
Got to keep the loonies on the path

The lunatic is in the hall
The lunatics are in my hall
The paper holds their folded faces to the floor
And every day the paper boy brings more

And if the dam breaks open many years too soon
And if there is no room upon the hill
And if your head explodes with dark forebodings too
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon

Emily

Where are you, Boy?

Boy

Hey.

Emily

Hey. Don't go away again.

“Brain Damage” (continued)

The lunatic is in my head
The lunatic is in my head
You raise the blade, you make the change
You re-arrange me 'til I'm sane
You lock the door
And throw away the key
There's someone in my head but it's not me

And if the cloud bursts, thunder in your ear
You shout and no one seems to hear
And if the band you're in starts playing different tunes
I'll see you on the dark side of the moon

Emily

The ice is melting. Your drink is getting warm. A wall of water is heading for your patio.
From space you can see the coal furnaces glowing.

*Voice from the music track: “I can't think of anything to say except... I think it's marvellous”
(laughter)*

Emily

We consume everything. We're dying of consumption. Hardwoods are toppling for
dashboards. The last rhino has given up his horn for a cancer cure that doesn't
work. The last swordfish is gasping beneath a floating island of plastic as big as
France. The weather forecast is a state secret.

The music continues with the intro and vocal part of “Eclipse.”

“Eclipse”

All that you touch
And all that you see
All that you taste
All you feel

And all that you love
And all that you hate
All you distrust
All you save

And all that you give
And all that you deal
And all that you buy
Beg, borrow or steal

And all you create
And all you destroy
And all that you do
And all that you say

And all that you eat
And everyone you meet (everyone you meet)
And all that you slight
And everyone you fight

And all that is now
And all that is gone
And all that's to come
And everything under the sun is in tune
But the sun is eclipsed by the moon

The heartbeat plays from the album.

Voice from the album: "There is no dark side of the moon, really. Matter of fact, it's all dark."

Emily

Do you believe in the juggler? When you hear the bell, it's time to go in.

Fading heartbeat. Silence.

End.