

# **WHEN TOWER ANGELS FALL**

by Elizabeth Plant

## **EPISODE 05 – “THE POISON EYRIE”**

*(TWO YEARS AGO.)*

*An ominous, electrical buzz warps us into reality as a crystal decanter is opened with a ding. Guy d’Hardelot’s “Because” swells, slowly fading into the crackle of a record player nearby.*

*A woman prepares a cocktail, swirling with ice.)*

VICTORIA *(sips, swallows, clears throat and lets out a contented sigh)*

*(She taps her fingers patiently upon the wooden surface of a desk as the sound of struggling and several footsteps approaches. A door bursts open.)*

FIONN *(grunting, struggling hard)*

HASSAN *(grunting, struggling)*

LACKEY *(grunting, struggling)*

FIONN I can go myself – I can go myself, dammit!

HASSAN *(harsh)* Too late, little boy.

FIONN Don’t you dare—

CHEL Shut up!

VICTORIA *(sharp)* Quiet, now. *(Beat, then softer)* Down, boys.

*(The door slams shut as Fionn is thrown to the ground, sprawled upon his knees.)*

FIONN *(cry of pain, panting and hissing as he regains his breath and posture)*

*(The music halts with the press of a button.)*

*Victoria places her glass upon the desk, stands and walks around it toward Fionn.)*

VICTORIA About time you came out of hiding. Never was your style, was it?

FIONN Victoria, I can...

VICTORIA *Explain to me, again, Chel... (dripping sweetness)* What the fuck was it he did last month?

CHEL *(enjoying herself immensely)* Lied to you.

VICTORIA Lied to me?

CHEL Us. Everyone. But you. ‘Specially you, V.

FIONN *(weak, pleading)* V...

VICTORIA *(hissing, low and venomous)* **Shut** that hole in your face ‘fore I sew it up with your own fucking entrails, do you hear me?

FIONN *(terrified breathing)*

CHEL *(soft, self-satisfied giggling)*

LACKEY *(gruff laughter, dark and satisfied)*

*(Beat.)*

VICTORIA What else, my love?

FIONN *(unable to help himself, muttering in disbelief)* “Love...”

VICTORIA *(dry, commanding)* Hassan.

HASSAN *(grunt of effort, punching hard)*

FIONN *(suppressed grunt of pain, trying not to give the satisfaction)*

*(Fionn collapses onto his side.)*

VICTORIA *(cold, dry)* Sit him back up. He looks too much like a dead dog down there, but even *that* would be more obedient than the little *bitch* I see before me.

CHEL *(unable to contain her giggling, something mildly psychotic about it)*

FIONN *(bleary, mumbled, seeing stars)* Ahhh, wordplay... Very good...

HASSAN Again?

VICTORIA *(smooth)* No. I’d like him conscious, however much I want to see that face bleed.

HASSAN Yes, V.

*(He strips the belt from his waist.)*

FIONN *(patronising, loud)* Oh, gonna gag me, ya big freak? So creative, San, you’ve really outdone your—*(he’s cut off by the gag catching in his mouth)*

*(He fights back a moment, but then relents, rolling his eyes.)*

*(resigned sigh, the belt between his teeth)*

*(Beat. Victoria leans forward in her chair, squeaking the leather.)*

VICTORIA *(soft, smooth)* Y’know, once upon a time this woulda been summin I stayed up thinkin’ about. Might not’a been you wearin’ it, but a girl can dream.

*(She takes another swig of whiskey.)*

*(amused hum, then sips)*

*(Beat. She replaces the glass firmly, clanking against the tabletop.)*

*(dark)* ‘Course you knew that, didn’t you? Leaned so *hard* into lettin’ me think you’d trust – love me like I loved you. Always were too smart for ya own good, Fionn, but never thought you’d let it ever catch up with ya, did we? Hard to tell who’s the bigger idiot here...

FIONN *(breathing through the gag, at moments harder than others with the struggle of it)*

VICTORIA What else did he do, Chel?

CHEL *(gleeful, loving every second)* Killed Turner’s boys without permission. Took ya stores without permission. *Took the girl without permission.*

FIONN *(struggled sound of protest, angry and exasperated)*

VICTORIA *(furious, shouting)* Don’t shake your fucking head, she *saw* you!

*(She slams her fist on the table, rattling the glass and decanter, rising to her feet.)*

That girl you swore weren’t no trouble – called a kid, called us *crazy* for tryna check!

CHEL ‘E paid her. Gave his whole wallet.

FIONN *(strained groan, exhausted)*

CHEL *(goading, excited)* Pushed ‘er ‘gainst the wall for it – I *saw*, the filthy fuck!

VICTORIA That so?

CHEL *(malicious)* Twice.

LACKEY *(scoffs, almost disgusted)*

*(Beat. Victoria begins pacing.)*

VICTORIA *(fake casual)* If it’s all some misunderstandin’, Fionn, why’d you run? Take you twenny-five days ta be found – no money all that time? No food, whatever...? ‘Course you look thin – look like shit, but that’s not all, is it?

*(She pauses her pace, looks straight at him.)*

*(firm, cold)* Hassan. Make 'im look at me.

*(Hassan grabs Fionn by the hair, forcing his head upward.)*

FIONN *(grimace of pain, hissing and sharp)*

*(Victoria slowly moves closer, standing just before him.)*

*(shallow breathing)*

VICTORIA Now tha's a man all cold turkey. You been through the wars, *a chroí* – but you came out the other side, ain't ya? First time I ever seen those eyes so clear... *(lowering her voice, venomous)* You even been sober *once*, since I knew you?

*(Beat.)*

*(sighing, turning her head)* Twice, you said, Chel?

CHEL I did.

VICTORIA Well, then. Fetch me twice the dose.

FIONN *(nervous breath)*

VICTORIA *(soft, dark)* Ya know where the needles are...

CHEL *(dark laugh)*

*(She disappears toward a locked metal cabinet, and Fionn realises exactly what she means.)*

FIONN *(straining, terrified and angry)*

VICTORIA *(pouting, baby talking)* Ohhh, hush up, you...

*(She takes him by the chin, her face inches away.)*

*(whispered)* Don't fight. Body can't go without it, not if it took you this long to get right. Besides...

*(She withdraws a butterfly knife, its blade clicking into place.)*

It's my last gift to you. One of two.

*(She raises her voice to the others, cold and harsh.)*

Hold him!

LACKEY Yes, V.

HASSAN *(grunt of effort)*

FIONN        *(struggling, terrified)*

*(Victoria rips open his shirt and begins to carve into his chest, directly above his heart.)*

*(screams of pain, gritted and muffled against the gag)*

VICTORIA    *(steady, cold and focused as she works)* That's all it is, my darling – two lines and I'm 'ere forever. V for Vendetta... V for **viper** right over your empty little heart.

*(She flicks aside the knife, clattering away across the floor. Chel returns with two needles in her gleeful hands.)*

So now for the venom.

FIONN        *(chest heaving, pleading, almost crying groans)*

VICTORIA    *(soft, whispering)* Shhh shh shh shh... Cry and I'll make it hurt more.

CHEL         *(dark giggle)*

VICTORIA    And I'm not a monster. They're both sterile. Consider it a final kindness.

*(She stands and moves away, back to the desk where she retrieves the whiskey once again.)*

Actually, fine, have one more. San? Let him speak.

HASSAN     *(grunt of assent)*

*(He removes Fionn's gag.)*

FIONN        *(choking with relief, panting, shaking)* Please... I'm one of...

VICTORIA    *(amused hum)* My own? Exactly, Fionn – you know much as I that I take care of my own.

*(She replaces the glass.)*

*(cold, smooth)* My own are... many things, dearest. Wretched things, almost always, but good people, in their own way. Whatever they are, I built a nest and made sure every egg could fit, that I could help them hatch. I would've shared – I *wanted* to share. But you, two-faced as black and white, couldn't resist being the fucking magpie *because you could*.

FIONN        *(beginning to cry, helpless and alone)*

VICTORIA    *(cold, disgusted)* Because you *are* your own. *On your own*, like always...

FIONN        *(weak, tearful)* V... I... I could've loved you...! I tried...

VICTORIA    But you didn't.

*(Beat.)*

*(disgusted)* Your mistake.

*(She clicks her fingers, forwards Chel toward him.)*

CHEL *(dark, amused giggling)*

*(She draws closer to Fionn, tantalisingly wafting the needles in her hands.)*

Femoral or Axillary?

FIONN *(spitting)* Fuck you.

CHEL *(dark)* See, and I was almost gonna untie you at the docks... But NOW—

*(She stabs him with a needle.)*

FIONN *(searing hiss of pain)*

CHEL *(cold)* I don't think I will.

FIONN *(whispered, weak)* I'll actually kill you one day.

CHEL *(amused hum)* That one was for trying to.

FIONN *(strangled grunt, as the second needle sinks in, trying hard not to give in to it)*

CHEL And *THAT* was for thinking you ever could.

FIONN *(giving in to the drug, slurred and weak)* Mmmfuck... you all...

CHEL *(high-pitched, playful)* Boop.

*(She pushes him lightly, and he falls onto the floor, losing consciousness.)*

FIONN *(slurred groans, fading fast)*

CHEL *(suppressed giggling)*

HASSAN *(weary sigh)*

VICTORIA *(cold, weary)* Docks. Go. Do whatever you want – tie him to a boat, leave 'im in the cargo of that old oil freighter for all I care. Just don't let him die; he *has* to wake up... Don't fucking fail me.

*(TITLE.*

*Fade to the rig; Pom's room. Outside it rains, clattering against the metal walls.*

*Fionn lies awake beside her, both of them staring at the ceiling. It seems they have been for some time; Pom with residual tears in her eyes, and Fionn with an entirely blank expression. He doesn't seem to be there at all.*

*When Pom finally breaks the silence, her voice is rather hoarse and dry, and she seems more fragile than she ever has before...)*

POM           *(strained, awkward, hoarse)* Y'know, it's... been a while. Wakin' up next ta someone...

*(Beat.)*

FIONN       *(noncommittal, quiet)* Mm.

*(Silence.)*

POM           N-Not that... Yeah. Usually cold, right? *(Beat, she clears her throat)* 'Course, not like we ain't been awake fer... um...

FIONN       Hours.

POM           Yeah. That... *(Beat, she sniffles slightly)*

FIONN       You cryin'?

POM           *(defensive)* No! Fuck off...

FIONN       Don't need to lie.

POM           Said fuck off! I don't – I never cried.

FIONN       Oh, in your life?

POM           'Xactly...

FIONN       *(amused hum, though still noncommittal)*

POM           *(defensive)* Tha's another thing an' all! If we – we *doin' this*, least ya can do is look at me while—

FIONN       Least you can do is look at me, too.

POM           *(small taken aback sound, as if she doesn't know how to respond but makes to)*

FIONN       Or we both picturin' someone else?

POM           *(angry breath, half a sigh and half to stop herself arguing back)*

*(She sits up, the bed creaking noisily, and she swings her feet onto the floor.)*

*(petulant)* Don't look – am gettin' dressed.

FIONN        *(amused)* Look, don't look...

POM            *(embarrassed, angry)* Look, I get it, alright? *Nobody* on this rig fucking wants me.

*(She begins angrily retrieving and pulling on clothes.)*

FIONN        *(weary, sitting up)* Pomegranate...

POM            *(agitated sigh, short and pointed)*

*(Beat.)*

*(shaky, angry, trying not to cry)* You're doin' that face, that – that one makes ya think you care, like your eyes are all ears or some shit. Don't even gotta turn around, do I?

FIONN        *(strangely gentle)* You *know* I don't love you, anymore I know you don't love me.

*(She wheels about, throws a boot to the ground.)*

POM            *(angry, vulnerable)* What if I did, though?

FIONN        *(flat but firm)* Then you wearin' a dress either much too big or much too small, 'cause I seen how love fits and we *don't*, little girl.

POM            Stop callin' me that! I am a grown fucking woman now, alright?!

FIONN        I call it as I see it.

POM            Then you don't see shit.

*(Beat.)*

FIONN        Noted.

*(He stands, drops the sheets upon the bed.)*

Pass my clothes.

POM            *(taken aback)* W-Where you goin'?

FIONN        Does it matter?

POM            No, I'm – I'm not done arguin'!

FIONN        See? Child.

POM            Alright, fine – what d'you see?

FIONN        Get them myself, shall I?

*(He stoops, begins dragging on his clothes.)*



POM Fionn – what d’you see?

FIONN Kitchen’s waiting.

POM Stop it!

*(He pulls open the door, but Pom calls after him.)*

*(strangely distraught)* Look at me!

*(Fionn pauses, turns his head.)*

Please... Please look at me. Nobody ever looks at me...

*(Beat.)*

*(fighting tears)* They just – they pretend I’m not there, like I don’t... *matter.*  
Because I’m not... *(deep breath and exhale)* I don’t know how to make people love me.

FIONN *(soft sigh)*

*(He closes the door, turns around but doesn’t move closer.)*

Have you tried not being a cunt?

*(Beat.)*

POM What do you see when you look at me?

FIONN *(dry)* Right now, I see a half-naked someone trying not to cry for the eighth time since sunrise. Like the last seven times, she’s failing.

POM *(despairing, barely whispered)* Fionn.

FIONN *(inhales, as if pondering his answer)*

*(He takes a few steps forward.)*

POM *(uneasy breathing, nervous and sad)*

FIONN *(choosing his words carefully, but with conviction)* I see a girl – woman – who thinks love is the only way to feel safe, and sex is the only way to feel love. She seeks out the most *untouchable* person to play guardian, even when only an idiot would try the hunt. First daddy, string of many useless boys who treat her wrong, then the drug-lord who catches on as the perfect in-between.

POM *(sniffles, as if wiping her eyes)*

FIONN I see the girl I ruined my life for. And, ‘gainst all odds, I don’t regret it like anyone else would.

POM Don't... N-No, don't lie – I believed you till...

FIONN It brought me here. I'd be dead like all the rest if I hadn't.

POM You *hate* it here.

FIONN Was a time I didn't. (*mildly amused hum*) Also a time people didn't hate you.

POM (*mumbling*) Yeah, well – fuck 'em...

FIONN Tha's the spirit.

(*He lightly kisses the top of her head.*)

POM (*noncommittal hum, sad at the fact he kissed her without meaning it*)

(*A silence.*)

(*slightly awkward*) Have you... thought anymore about... about what I said?

(*Beat.*)

FIONN (*with a small sigh, weary*) Every day.

POM And?

(*Beat.*)

Don't you want it?

FIONN Still don't know.

POM Act like you do, all day.

(*Beat.*)

Keepin' it down, after Oz. Won't say anything till you want me to.

FIONN Right little lieutenant, aren't you?

POM Aye, aye, Captain.

(*Beat. She sinks back down onto the bed uncomfortably.*)

(*sad, almost distant*) Still... day doesn't go by we don't blame Ezra for summ'n. Big things aren't it anymore, it's the little things that get me. Stupid things. That leak in the roof. Faulty pipes. Fish already rotten when he catches 'em. Maybe tha's pollution to blame too, but he's an idiot if he thinks it's safe to bring in. I mean, what leader literally poisons his own people? 'Cept for that Kool-Aid nutter in the 70s, but 'least that guy did it on purpose...

(*Pom almost laughs to herself, but Fionn doesn't respond.*)

Y'know, there was this... dress I used to wear? Before. You woulda liked it. Nothin' like you ever seen me in, ha... *(Beat.)* Made me feel proper fancy, actually. Never took it off. Never could, 'cause the zipper was fuckn impossible. Went all the way up the back, hardly reach with these dumb baby arms.

*(She laughs again, easing into the memory that little bit more. She smiles.)*

And they weren't *all bad*, y'know. James was... *(sighs)* Like, he – he'd always zip me up or down, and I never, ever had to ask. He just knew, right? But the smallest thing... a zip. Never think what it could do. And it... it was never anything else that pushed me over. Was how he always knew what I needed. Took care of the little things so I never had to worry 'bout nothing bigger. Tha's how I knew I loved him...

*(She fidgets.)*

*(deep breath, sighs, clears her throat)* Think maybe people are just like that. I mean, you think I'd ever admit I was beaten one-to-one by a fuckn zip? Like, I know I just did to you, but that's totally outside the argument. *(She laughs awkwardly, as if trying to return normality)*

*(Beat. She stands, moves toward him again.)*

*(sniffing, trying to keep from getting upset again)* Point is, we're desperate, Fionn. I'm the only one sayin' it. You any idea how grateful they'd be for someone who takes the initiative? *Genuine* responsibility? Don't just call things accidents, like he did with Eden?

*(Fionn bristles.)*

FIONN *(uneasy breath in, slowly letting it out through his nose – uncomfortable, almost angry)*

POM *(a little dark)* We both know she was too smart for that. Notice how it used to be Ezra's thing to shout "eyes?" And who does it now?

*(Beat.)*

*(firm, with quiet urgency)* 'Cause, even after so many, he lost another one. You're making sure we never do again. You take care of your own. Ezra couldn't even take care of *her*. So take over – because you're right, I *need* to feel safe, and I just *don't* with him. I can help you. I want you.

*(Beat. She grips the front of his shirt.)*

Everyone will.

*(Beat. He pushes her away.)*

FIONN *(bitter, sarcastic)* "My own..."

POM           *(awkward)* You... know what I mean.

FIONN       *(noncommittal, bitter hum)*

*(Beat.)*

*(hushed)* What if I don't want it?

POM           You could have it all, could finally make a difference—

FIONN       *(firm)* I wouldn't have anything. No freedom, no—

POM           To do what?

FIONN       Make mistakes.

POM           What?

FIONN       *(cold)* Summin happens like Eden when I'm at the top, what then? Everyone turns on me *like that*. Blame me, say I was s'posed to make things better. Hate me for it. No. It's better this way. Rather let Ezra take it than give any more false hope. There's been too much o' that.

*(Beat.)*

*(softening, but still dark)* When you... spotted her boat coming back, I thought you were lying. Didn't dare to hope. Then I did. Then I *hated* you for how it felt, seeing it wasn't her.

POM           *(quiet)* D'you still hate me?

*(They look at one another a moment.)*

FIONN       Might not seem like it, but yer a good girl, Pom. And I don't wanna give you hope where there isn't any.

*(Beat.)*

I don't wanna be leader.

POM           *(bitter)* You just want Ezra as a scapegoat.

FIONN       You sound sorry for him.

*(Beat.)*

POM           *(soft)* It's what V did to you.

FIONN       *(dark, cold)* Don't talk about things you don't understand.

POM           *(raising her voice, angry)* Well, isn't that why she's carved in your fucking chest?

*(He turns, storming toward the door.)*

FIONN        *(angry breath, grunting as he pushes open the door)*

POM            *(louder, accusatory) Isn't it?!*

*(The door slams after him and he paces quickly down the corridor.)*

FIONN        *(angry grunt, then panting as he moves)*

*(His footsteps echo around him, but then the sound of radio static begins fluctuating from all around. He stops, listening hard.)*

*(small gasp of realisation, then raising his voice to a bellow) EYES!*

*(Voices echo from different rooms throughout the rig, corroborating the warning.)*

SOL            EYES SHUT!

EZRA          'NOTHER FLARE COMIN'!

HIKARU       EYES, EVERYONE!

OSCAR        OPHELIA, EYES!

*(The deep and steady thrum of turbines and machinery rises, slow and ominous. Then... joined by many deep, slow breaths from a crowd of blank eyed people that surround a tall structure in a vast dark room. Almost at its peak, a dimly pulsating light, crackling with waves of energy, every white eye drawn to it.*

*This is the Nest.*

*Emmens sits, legs dangling, on a metallic walkway that bisects the room, looking down through bleary eyes.)*

VOICES        *(slow breathing – lifeless, seemingly in awe of the light they're all drawn to...)*

*(A heavy hydraulic door opens with a hush of compressed air, and a pair of footsteps approach Emmens slowly.)*

KSENIA        Thought I might find you in here.

*(Beat. She lowers herself to sit beside him.)*

*Then again, aren't we all moths to a flame? (exhales, almost a sigh as she settles)  
Where else do broken souls go but back to their Nest?*

(Beat.)

Rough night, Amos?

AMOS (mumbling) No more than yours.

KSENIA (amused) Can't've had more than one drink, and look at you. And I thought you had a strong stomach.

(Beat.)

Retrieval say they're on the name, should only be a couple hours – and she was kind enough to give us more than she even realised. Only so many Black men named Sol in the city who built things, let alone towers. We'll have his whole life story soon enough...

AMOS (mumbled, taken aback) What?

KSENIA Mm?

AMOS H... How d'you know he was...?

KSENIA Eurosia. (Beat, clears her throat) Patron saint of storms. "He's not of the captain. Quite the opposite," or so Eden said.

AMOS I still... don't—

KSENIA (with a slight sigh) Kids these days, never read anything... Eurosia was a child, arranged to marry some prince, but was captured by a captain of the Moors who decided he'd like her for himself. Begged the heavens to be spared, to strike lightning down on him, but they only listened after the girl's every limb had been severed. Just another sanctified for her suffering... (mildly amused) Nothing else, we know Eden was a Catholic.

AMOS No wonder you needed a drink...

KSENIA (amused hum) Care for more?

(She withdraws a hip flask and swishes it briefly. Emmens takes it and swigs.)

AMOS (exhaling, taken aback by the strong drink and frowning) How d'you, like, know all this? Wouldn't have thought you were the type.

KSENIA Type for what?

(She takes the flask and swigs.)

AMOS Well... faith. Religion. Feeling anything at all...

KSENIA (laughing, taken aback) I absolutely feel!

AMOS (amused) I don't believe you.

KSENIA        *(amused)* I don't need you to.

AMOS            Go on.

KSENIA        Go on, what?

AMOS            Prove to me you can feel.

KSENIA        *(sarcastic)* Would you like me to jump from here? Might crush a couple down there, but I'm sure even I could feel it after two and a half storeys.

AMOS            *(as if raising his eyebrows, a little firm)* Molt.

KSENIA        Ksenia.

*(Beat.)*

*(with a small sigh)* If you're going to insist on feelings, you may as well know whose you're dealing with.

AMOS            Is that... Russian?

KSENIA        Hardly remember. Hard to know anything that came before this place.

AMOS            I know what you mean...

*(Beat.)*

*(hushed)* When was the last time you saw the sky? A-And I mean not just the holograms of windows, or the... I mean the real sky.

KSENIA        *(thoughtful, soft)* Hmm...

*(She places the flask down beside her.)*

*A long pause, in which only the breathing of the immobile people below can be heard, rising up through the air like clouds.)*

*(soft, slightly distant)* I don't know. I really don't. But I... was your age, a bit younger, perhaps, when it last seemed like it mattered. I was studying for the cloth, if you believe it. My father was a priest, it just... made sense, even when it didn't. Until it *really* didn't. World seemed to end, and the pain kept going – there was no refuge, no safe 'beyond,' no *Eden*.

*(Beat.)*

*(growing colder, ominous, but with an uncanny sincerity)* Ten... thirteen years ago, one of the first ever riots tore my old church near through to the ground. I was even part of it. And I just sat in the rubble after, a long, long time... watching the sky turn dark through the stained glass till all the cracks gave way and there wasn't a window at all. Sometimes, here, I almost expect it to happen too. But Stormlight's too perfect for that. When we call the

storm, we control it. *I couldn't* control the sky that night. So black... empty. Not even a single star. And I knew God was dead. At least... that there was a new one coming. One day.

*(She looks up, and Emmens follows her gaze.)*

What do you see up there, Amos?

AMOS I see...

*(Beat.)*

*(hushed, mouth dry)* The Light. I don't know.

KSENIA *(hushed, reverent)* Dormant, yes. The siren just before the call. The bush before the burn, stripped into the angel's nest...

*(Beat.)*

*(slightly awed, ominous)* When the Angels helped King Solomon build the Temple, it wasn't by either's choice. According to legend, it was 'miraculously constructed,' the great stones rising and settling in their places all of themselves. As if they were the very storm their walls protected from.

AMOS *(amused but a little concerned)* You're not... saying *this place* is like that?

KSENIA This? *(laughs)* No. No, everything – even that light, that *machine* – was made by man. It's men who create gods. Always has been...

*(Beat.)*

If I'm right, I'd say our 'Sol' was one of its prophets...

AMOS *(soft)* And all of them down there?

*(Beat.)*

KSENIA *(cold)* Kindling.

AMOS *(barely audible, slightly afraid)* Oh...

KSENIA *(dry, dark)* We've burned what we can out of them, now they remain to keep the Nest warm. Keep that star, that god, that... *whatever* it is burning too.

*(Beat.)*

AMOS *(soft, frowning)* It's memory. Isn't it?

KSENIA The Light?

AMOS The machine.



KSENIA        (*grim*) I've told you before, I don't know. It's waves, sound, it's – it's *light*. If humans made it, yes, it could well be memory. Explains why it causes so much pain.

(*Beat.*)

(*low*) Your turn.

AMOS         To drink? N-No, thanks—

KSENIA        (*firm*) To tell.

(*Beat. Amos looks at her, off guard.*)

(*a little cold, calculating*) You're a ferrety little one, nervous and unsure, but something switches off most times we enter that room. There's an emptiness there, and then a rage. Any time you look Eden in the eye, seems like. A fury you can't get to her... (*Beat.*) Or is it sadness? *Pity?*

AMOS         (*cold, evasive*) What is it you're asking? Or telling?

KSENIA        You're telling.

AMOS         About what?

KSENIA        (*cold*) Korelova. The riot. What you did.

(*A very tense silence.*)

AMOS         (*cold*) I don't remember.

KSENIA        I know you do.

AMOS         I *don't*.

KSENIA        Yes.

AMOS         No.

KSENIA        Yes.

AMOS         (*defensive, fast*) You read the report – you know I don't remember!

KSENIA        Yes, but you've been *told*, and you're trying to forget it.

AMOS         Wouldn't you?

KSENIA        (*cold, commanding*) No. So **remember**.

AMOS         (*cold, firm and fast*) I do! I remember I was there, I remember I was fighting – I remember the tension, and the tumult, I remember dust and crushing, and all this weight on me, guns and sirens and I remember this great flash, a bomb – or – or – or stun grenade, and I remember blood around me and on me and I

was the blood, I remember – *I remember almost everything, but I don't remember doing what everyone said I did!*

KSENIA And what was that?

AMOS You fucking know.

KSENIA And you – are – telling.

AMOS (*flaring, jaw and fists clenched*) I'm telling you I didn't do it!

KSENIA (*fast and cold, calculating*) You stabbed a boy eighteen times in the neck and chest, ripping everything from navel to gullet, using the knife to commandeer a vehicle and mow down seven casualties, including a mother and child that crushed their skulls like flour, and rammed into the canal where you gave your lucky self a week's worth of coma and subsequent amnesia, so you painlessly slept through and forgot the whole sordid thing...

AMOS (*interjecting throughout*) No – n-no – stop it – it's not true – I *didn't* – Molt – stop talking! Please! I'm telling you –

KSENIA (*cold, smirking*) Now that's a very, very strong stomach indeed.

AMOS (*bellowing*) STOP IT!

(*His voice echoes through the cavernous space. A synthetic voice echoes back, pulsating tones listening out for another anomalous volume spike in the otherwise quiet Nest.*)

S.L. Noise sensor activated.

(*Beat.*)

AMOS (*agitated, voice falling away*) It's not true – I would never! No matter what I believed, I would... never...

KSENIA (*utterly unfazed*) Men create gods and they destroy them. Which were you trying to do that day?

AMOS (*shaking, fighting tears*) It wasn't... I didn't know – my *mind* wasn't...

(*Beat.*)

KSENIA (*innocent*) Drink?

(*He slaps the flask from her hand, and it drops several storeys down to clatter upon the bottom floor, where none of the surrounding people even notice.*)

AMOS (*horrified*) Why are you doing this?

KSENIA (*flat, dry*) To prove you can feel. I can't, so one of us has to. It's how it goes.

AMOS Then... e-everything you said about being a *priest*—

KSENIA Was true. I just don't feel anything about it.

AMOS *(confused breathing, agitated and frowning)*

KSENIA *(clears throat)* So, for the sake of the experiment... Let's say you didn't do all those things. There's something you *do* remember that still haunts you. Something you've been dying to tell for two long years... Or am I wrong?

AMOS *(shaky, hushed)* Are you ever?

*(Beat.)*

*(hoarse, whispered)* A girl. Just... a girl, *screaming*. Over everything, I... *(chokes up)* Wailing. This absolute *wailing*, and a name. Just the most pathetic, *painful* thing I've... ever...

KSENIA *(soft, warning)* Not exactly what I was after, Emmens.

AMOS *(shuddering breath out, barely audible)*

*(Beat. A thought seems to strike her.)*

KSENIA *(choosing her words carefully)* Would you recognise it?

AMOS Anywhere...

KSENIA So whenever Eden screams—

AMOS It's not her. I-It's just not.

KSENIA I see.

AMOS But I... almost feel like... *knew* it. Even then. But I don't remember.

KSENIA *(dry)* So you keep saying.

*(Beat.)*

*(smooth, almost conversational)* You know, Korelova was the day those runaways were said to disappear. Perfect cover-up, a district-wide riot. Who would notice, amongst all that death?

AMOS *(still hoarse, cold)* And you think Eden was there?

KSENIA Anything's possible. Perhaps even our Sol, perhaps all of them.

*(Beat.)*

You lead next session, Emmens. Have a heart to heart. See if *she* remembers what you really did.

AMOS *(cold)* Yes, ma'am...

KSENIA        Now, if you'll excuse me, *a little birdie* dropped my favourite flask out the Nest.

*(She rises and begins walking away, leaving Emmens rather shell-shocked in place.)*

See to it you're not that stupid again.

*(Beat.)*

AMOS            *(raising voice, betrayed, shaking a little)* I thought we were partners.

KSENIA        *(cold, smooth)* And I thought God was an old man with a dress and sash. Doesn't change *our place* in the world, kid. Just determines how easy we are to control...

*(Her footsteps echo away, fading into those beating down a much smaller metallic corridor.)*

POM            *(nervous breathing, as if psyching herself up)*

*(She pushes through a door, then catches herself.)*

I wanted to—ah, fuck, wait, no – sorry, sorry—

OPHELIA       *(surprised gasp)*

SOL            Christ...

*(Pom turns back, shuts the door behind her again. Should've knocked...)*

POM            *(resigned sigh, psyching again)*

*(She knocks.)*

*(clearing throat, awkward)* Ophelia? Can... God – can I come in? *(Beat.)* Please?

SOL            *(mumbled, confused)* Hell is she doin' here?

POM            Please? Look, this is... really awkward if not.

SOL            D'you... want her to?

OPHELIA       M... M... Yes. *(raising her voice)* Come in.

*(Pom slowly pushes the door open, and it squeaks agonisingly on its hinges. She enters the room sheepishly, frowning somewhat at Ophelia.)*

POM            So you... *do* talk now?

SOL            (*dry*) Hello to you, too.

POM            Sol. Right. 'Course you're in here...

SOL            Friends hang out. Same's you an' Fionn, kid.

POM            (*sarcastic*) Ha, yeah, about that... (*clears throat*)

(*Beat.*)

                  Well, this is fun. Was kinda hopin' I wouldn't have an audience, but, sure...

SOL            I can leave.

POM            N-No, it's fine. Bit weird if ya do, I just wanted to...

OPHELIA      Is... that?

(*She stands from where she'd been sat on the bed, steps closer.*)

                  (*slightly sad*) So y...you did have it.

POM            (*as if causing her pain*) I'm – sorry. Ophelia, I... am sorry.

SOL            What is it?

OPHELIA      My pot. M... My mother's pot.

POM            (*hushed, with dawning realisation*) Ohhh... okay... Uh, please, I don't wanna – it's real heavy, so, please take it.

OPHELIA      Thank you...

POM            And don't – don't do that. I never shoulda—

SOL            But you did.

POM            (*uncomfortable*) Mm.

OPHELIA      (*reassuring*) It's back. It's... fine.

SOL            (*cold, firm*) Why'd you take it? Any idea what she was like, lookin' fer it?

POM            (*defensive, awkward*) I don't know! Said this all before, an' I'm sorry, but I don't know why I – Look, I was... *mad* at Oscar, an' I – no, I didn't wanna *hurt* 'im, but I never trusted nothin' in my life, so I – like, I wanted to know what it was and I – no, I didn't open it!

OPHELIA      (*nervous breath*)

(*Pom raises her hands reassuringly as Ophelia looks worriedly at the mess of knots atop the pot.*)

POM           *(awkward, trying to lighten the tone)* Far's I know, s'all just tar in there. Knots're like barbed wire on that thing...

SOL           *(dry)* Yeah, she's good at that.

OPHELIA      *(amused, but firm)* Sshh...

*(Beat.)*

POM           *(sighs, guilty)* I shoulda given it back. Should. Fionn wanted ta... hold onto it, so I jus' did what he said. S'all I ever do, but—

OPHELIA      Fionn?

SOL           *(frowning)* Said he didn't know anythin' when we asked.

POM           *(dismissive)* Yeah, well, so did I – still knew *one of us* was lying, let's be real...

OPHELIA      No. I d...on't think that a-about you.

*(Beat. This seems to genuinely disarm Pom.)*

POM           Um. Cool. So...

SOL           So why you givin' it back?

POM           *(clears throat once, awkward and still processing what Ophelia said)*

*(Beat.)*

It's a... self-served lesson in not being a cunt.

SOL           Jesus...

OPHELIA      *(giggling – begins small, as if truly taken aback, but then finding it genuinely hilarious and laughing for real)*

POM           *(confused, embarrassed)* I – I was being serious.

SOL           *(reassuring)* It's not you.

OPHELIA      *(giggling fading away, ending with a contented sigh out)*

*(She walks to the table and places down the pot, wiping off a little dust from it.)*

Dusty...

POM           Y-Yeah. Sorry.

OPHELIA      *(smiling)* Kept it safe.

*(She turns, still smiling, to look at Pom.)*

I c... I c...an...

POM *(soft, slightly relieved)* Tell.

OPHELIA *(soft hum of assent)*

POM I tried.

SOL Thank you.

POM A-Again, don't. *(Beat.)* I'm just gonna...

*(She makes to leave, but Ophelia speaks.)*

OPHELIA *(calling after her)* F... F-Fionn was – here. Here, too.

POM *(confused, low)* What? When?

OPHELIA M...Morning. After B...

POM Breakfast?

OPHELIA Beacon...

POM *(softer, more confused)* What?

OPHELIA Oscar'd gone with... w... wi... Ez... but I... *(deep breath in, as if forcing herself to speak)* Gone with Ezra, b-but I wan...ted sleep. More sleep. T-Tried, but Fionn... *(breaths heavily out, almost lightheaded)*

SOL Fee, you know.

*(He pats an encouraging hand on her shoulder.)*

S'okay.

*(Beat.)*

You didn't tell me he was...?

OPHELIA *(shaking her head)* Mmm...

*(She looks up at Pom.)*

D... Didn't see me. Looking – looking for... Don't know. Small... S... Silver.

POM *(quiet breath out, as if in deep thought)*

SOL Silver?

OPHELIA Kept saying. Silver. L... Like a wish...

POM *(dull, realising)* Or a prayer.

OPHELIA     Like...?

POM            (*cold, soft*) That bloody necklace. Eden's silver cross.

SOL            When you two...? [*landed*]

POM            (*bitter*) Ezra kept it, didn't he? Makes sense, he'd go lookin' through Oz's stuff these days too...

OPHELIA     But... why—

POM            (*snapping, agitated*) Nevermind why! You got your stupid pot back now, what more d'you want?

SOL            Hey!

POM            (*cold, angry*) Whatever. Did my good deed, didn't I?

SOL            So don't spoil it.

POM            S'not me doin' it, s'everyone else, like always! Y'know, *this* is why I look out for me – cuz none o' you fucks will.

OPHELIA     Pom...

POM            (*scoffs*) So ya can go back to being 'friends,' now, and enjoy 'cause I sure ain't got any!

(*She slams the door behind her, careening away down the corridor.*)

SOL            (*calling, firm*) Pom. Pom!

POM            (*angry, shaky breaths, trying not to cry*)

(*She pulls on a random door to open it, but it's locked.*)

                  (*grunt of effort*) Ugh, fuck're you locked for, asshole?!

(*She tries the next door, throwing herself through and slamming, locking the door behind her.*)

                  (*angry breaths, now actually crying but ignoring it*)

(*She sinks down against the door, pulling an old lighter from her pocket with shaking hands. She turns it over and over, clicking it on and off, fiddling to comfort herself. It's not working.*)

                  (*despairing*) God, I need a fucking smoke... Useless piece of—UGH!

(*She throws the lighter away in frustration, and it clatters noisily. She instantly regrets it, worried it's broken, and crawls hastily over to it.*)

                  (*muttered, anxious*) Shit – fuck – no no no – you idiot, no!

(*She begins flicking it desperately to get a flame.*)



No, no, no... Please – come on, you can't – not now – *I need you!* James, please...

*(The light flickers back to life.)*

*(shaking sigh of relief, then... falling apart completely)* I'm so sorry... I'm sorry... I'm so – sorry... Just don't leave me again...

(TWO YEARS AGO.)

*James and Pom's apartment, a rundown, cobbled together affair. Pom sits on a mattress on the floor, trying to light a cigarette with a box of old matches, though they keep breaking or snuffing out.*

*James, meanwhile, paces the room, packing items into one of two large backpacks.)*

JAMES *(muttering to self, scatter-brained)* Uhh... jeans, one... two... Got the – the... jacket, right – knife, coat, band... ah, bandage, yeah! Mmmwhere's the...

POM *(muttered, annoyed)* Fuck's sake...

JAMES Ya do know we need those matches, right?

POM *(flat, restrained)* Need a smoke, too.

JAMES *(sighs)* Here.

*(He tosses a lighter onto the mattress.)*

Still got some juice – just don't lose this one too, yeah? S'my favourite.

POM *(non-committal)* Mm.

*(She lights her cigarette.)*

*(inhales, takes several times)*

JAMES *(restrained)* Could ask if I need help.

POM *(hushed, sombre)* I jus' get in the way. Only make things worse...

JAMES Who told ya that?

POM S'fine.

*(Beat.)*

Don't forget ya socks.

JAMES        Shit, yeah...

POM            *(smiling despite herself)* Idiot.

*(James rummages around and retrieves them, shoving them in the bag. He pauses.)*

JAMES        Really nothin' you wanna bring?

POM            *(inhaling sharply, breathing out on the word)* Nope.

JAMES        Not like we can come back.

POM            *(blank)* 'Xactly. Leave it all behind. Let it fuckin' burn...

JAMES        *(teasing)* So unsentimental...

*(She jerks her middle finger at him.)*

*(amused)* Yeah, you can put that finger away – I'm not packin' *that*.

*(He takes a few steps to retrieve something else, but pauses. He picks up an old picture frame, turning slowly to her.)*

*(uncertain)* I'm... gonna bring this though... actually. Think you're just...

POM            *(drags on the cigarette)*

JAMES        Look, you been real distant. Somethin' I've done, I'm sorry. But he's ya dad, so—

POM            *(cold)* So leave 'im.

JAMES        Pom—

POM            *(cold, raising her voice)* **Put** the picture down, I'm not bringing 'im!

JAMES        He didn't mean ta—

POM            *(cold, oddly flat and fast)* Do not look at me and say 'e didn't mean ta die, James, 'cause what the fuck else could've happened there? What?

JAMES        *(inhales, as if to speak, but can't find the words)*

*(He moves over and joins her on the mattress, places the picture frame on the floor.)*

POM            *(sniffles, wiping her eyes)*

JAMES        Can I get in on that?

POM            *(small huffing sigh, almost resigned)*

*(She passes him the cigarette, and he puts it in his mouth as he turns his head about the room.)*

JAMES *(takes a drag, exhaling slowly; reassuring, but still nervous)* I'm scared too, alright? I mean... don't even know if we're gonna be *in it*, but I never – well, obviously – but I never done anythin' like this... Never really think 'bout explosions or whatever, up close. Always seem kinda distant. Like they never part o' your own plan.

*(Beat.)*

*(uncertain)* You don't... want to go to it, do you?

*(Beat.)*

Should go straight to the docks like the others. Bottom o' the freighter, heads down, yeah?

POM *(faint, blank)* Yeah.

JAMES *(a little weak)* Yeah.

*(Beat.)*

*(clears throat slightly, trying to ease the tension)* Y'know, this's the last time we'll ever see... any o' this. This whole place just... empty. Don't even feel real, does it?

POM *(non-committal hum)*

JAMES *(soft, amused)* We been here so long an' we never got a frame for the fuckn mattress. Coulda carved initials in it like kids do, eh?

*(Beat. Pom does not respond.)*

An' that's where you fell an' put ya hand through the wall – 'member? First time we kissed right after, and you was bleedin' on my face cause you hadn't patched it yet. Man... things these walls have seen... *(small laugh)* An' heard.

*(He looks at her, grinning. His smile fades somewhat when he sees her face hasn't moved.)*

POM *(non-committal hum, weaker now)*

JAMES *(quiet, sincere)* I really love you, y'know.

*(Beat.)*

POM *(empty, barely audible)* Can I have my cig back?

JAMES *(a little annoyed, insecure but trying to reassure)* No, I mean it. Nobody else this whole fuckn world I'd leave it for – and I am! We *are*! Couple'a hours, we are *outta here* on a boat, and tha's all that matters, right? *(Beat.)* So ya think you can maybe say it back now?

POM            You know I do.

JAMES            Do I? ‘Cause you *can* kiss me, you know – like you ain’t for over a month—  
(*He rises to his feet, agitated, and begins to pace.*)

POM            James.

JAMES            Or – or ask me about my day, which is usually real shitty out there, Pom!

POM            *James.*

JAMES            Not that you’d know, ‘cause you never leave the fuckn apartment anymore—  
(*She also stands.*)

POM            (*angry, upset, loud*) I never said it before, alright?! I don’t – I – I don’t know how, but yous just keep *pressurin’* me!

JAMES            We been together two years, how is that not enough...?

POM            (*disbelieving, breathy*) ‘Cuz it’s just not!

JAMES            You really doin’ this now, Pom? When we are *literally* about to ruin *any* kinda life we could have in this place – are we *really*?

POM            (*genuinely apologetic, but angry in her insecurity*) I’m not ‘doing’ anything, because I *do* love you, I just – I *can’t*—

JAMES            Say it? Well, you did! Just fucking then, so what’s the problem?!

POM            I don’t feel safe!

(*Beat.*)

                    (*agitated breaths*)

JAMES            (*quiet, taken aback*) What?

POM            (*agitated, trying to keep it under control*) I don’t... f – feel safe, James.

JAMES            (*confused*) With... me? What, you think I’m gonna hurt you?

POM            No, it’s—

JAMES            Pom, I’m not like that.  
(*He edges toward her, grips her shoulders.*)

POM            Anywhere. With – *anyone*, I just... I – I just... And people are... *coming*...

JAMES            (*soft, gentle*) Tha’s why we’re leaving. So we can *be* safe. Not just feel it...

POM (sniffs)

(Beat.)

JAMES (soft) Come 'ere.

(He cups her face in his hands and kisses her, just once.)

Beat.)

(blank) Your eyes didn't change.

POM What...?

JAMES Your eyes always change after I kiss you. (sighing, bitter) Y'know, you always ruin a good thing.

POM (firing up, agitated) People are coming to get me, don't you understand? They're gonna kill me – I already killed somebody else, and you think *kissing me* is going to—

JAMES What the fuck?

POM I mean, I don't know if he's actually *dead*, but I – he said I did, and – fuck...!

JAMES What're you - *who* are you talking about?

POM F-Fionn, he – ah, *Jesus Christ!* Just – look!

(She scrabbles for a loose floorboard, wrenching it up and retrieving Fionn's wallet from a gap beneath it.)

JAMES (agitated) Who's Fionn? What the hell is all this money?

POM (shaking) He – he gave it to me, told me to get away, to—

JAMES What, *with him?*

POM Is that all you can think about?! No, he was trying to save me – *he* was protecting me, and it fucked up *everything!*

JAMES (disdainful, angry) From what? The 'people' coming to get you?

(Pom rises to her feet, heavily agitated.)

POM Someone was tryna *torture* me, James, do not start calling me crazy.

JAMES And why the hell is this the first time you tell me?!

POM (panicked) Because there's nothing you can do! They *know* I was with the guy who died, and the other lot *know* I was with Fionn, and they're both definitely gonna try and – (she begins hyperventilating)

JAMES Look, I will do whatever it takes—

POM *Christ, James, we're fucking kids – what can we do?!*

JAMES You mean what can I do? (*Beat.*) You don't think... I can protect you.

POM (*weak, hopeless*) Nobody has ever... [*protected me*]

JAMES You don't think I'm good enough.

POM James... N-No, that's not—

JAMES What, because I got no money – because I don't *kill* for you, is that it?

POM You don't understand.

JAMES Well, then make me! *Make me understand!*

POM (*agitated, crying breaths*)

(*Beat.*)

JAMES (*cold*) Y'know what? Fine. *Fine.*

(*He grabs his backpack and begins shoving things into it angrily, finally zipping it closed.*)

(*muttered, agitated and pointed*) Nobody makes ya feel safe, you can just learn to take care of yaself!

POM (*desperate*) James—

JAMES (*picking up and slinging the bag on, grunting with the movement*) I will see you at the boat. You can bring your other boyfriend if he needs his wallet back.

POM (*angry*) Oh, grow up!

JAMES (*thought striking him, cold and slightly taunting*) And, hey, fuck it – let's go by Korelova. Last chance for a riot, so let's commit, yeah? (*scoffs*) There's a word you might not know...

POM (*cold, bitter, muttered*) Fuck you!

(*He leaves, slamming the door behind him.*)

(*impassioned, shouting, fading into sobs*) **Fuck you!** Fuck you – fuck you – fuck you – fuck – you...!

(*She paces hurriedly, directionless.*)

(*hyperventilating, crying and trying to regain composure*)

(*Her foot catches and breaks something glass on the floor; her father's picture.*)

*(gasp of surprise, then huff of anger and revulsion)*

*(She kicks it away across the floor.)*

*(furious, shaking) This is all your fault, you fucking asshole! You're my fucking dad! You're supposed to save me, that's all you're meant to do, and you left – you fucking left me...!*

*(She breaks down completely, her voice shattering like the glass. She stands in the middle of the room, head bowed and simply crying. A long time seems to pass...)*

*(deep, shaking breaths, desperate to console herself)*

*(Outside, a light tapping at the glass. The sound of a tiny bird tweeting.)*

*(gasp of shock – she hasn't heard a bird in what feels like forever... then, a couple calmer, still heavy breaths)*

*(Beat. She steels herself, looks at her half packed bag.)*

*(muttered, firm) Fuck this.*

*(She seizes the bag and begins packing, throwing in everything she can reach. She slings it on her back and makes for the door.)*

*(shaking, under her breath) I'm coming. I'm coming... (grunt of effort as she shoulders the bag)*

*(She opens the door, takes one last look at room.)*

*I hope you do burn...*

*(The door slams, and she begins her way across the city... the sound of stairwells, roads, traffic, parks, trains all fading into an amalgam of noise in her mind.)*

*(running pants, starting nervous and afraid but growing stronger, more determined)*

*(The sound of a distant explosion and scream makes everything fall silent.*

*Pom falters, and for a moment there is nothing.)*

*(terrified breaths, slow and deep, like she cannot breathe)*

*(She begins again to run, heart pounding the only thing she can hear. Then begins to rise the sounds of absolute chaos; a riot raging ahead.*

*Pom continues racing on, shouts on every side. She turns a corner to a full street of rampant carnage. She spots a familiar blur and freezes in her tracks.)*

*(weak, hopeless) No... no!*

**JAMES** *(shouting, desperate) Come on – we gotta get to the docks, you can make it!*

POM (shouting) James!

JAMES (terrified) Pom?! POM!

POM (desperate) I'm coming!

(She starts forward, but he begins racing for her.)

JAMES (terrified, shouting) No, stay back – go around – you gotta go around, there's gonna be another—AARGH!

(An explosion obliterates the street. James is blasted backward, slamming into a pile of rubble. He doesn't move to get back up.

Ears ringing, muffled with screams and falling ash, Pom clammers to her feet.)

POM (disoriented) God... Ow... J-James, I'm... coming... James... James...

(She staggers forward, but others are approaching her, tugging at her arms.)

RIG 1 Pom, we gotta move!

RIG 2 Police are coming! They got tanks!

POM (agitated, slightly slurred) Get off – don't touch me – James!

RIG 2 (angry, resentful) I'm tryna save you, let's go!

POM James, I'm coming...!

RIG 2 Fuck this, you take her – I'm getting outta here!

RIG 1 He's not gonna make it!

POM James!

(She pushes bits of debris from him, the sound of sirens swelling ever nearer.)

J-James...? I'm here – I'm...

RIG 3 (urgent) What're you doing – move it!

RIG 1 I can't move her!

RIG 3 (terrified) Freighter's gonna leave – we were too early, they got spooked!

POM (realising he's not moving) James! James! I'm here, don't – don't leave me!  
DON'T YOU FUCKING LEAVE ME!

RIG 1 Get her arms.

POM (crying, shouting) No! No, get off me – James!



RIG 3            You wanna die here too?!

RIG 1            Lift, for god's sake!

POM             *(screaming, inconsolable)* Gi, no – no, I won't leave him! Let me **go!**

RIG 3            *(straining to lift her)* I'm sorry!

POM             JAMES! JAAAAAAAAAAMES! **JAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMES!!!**

WHEN TOWER ANGELS FALL // a Nettle Hunt Production © 2023

*with the voice talents of*

Joey Surlis as Fionn

Maddi Albrechts as Pom

Chelsea Krause as Moltenore

David Purkey as Emmens

Aife as Ophelia

Anthony O'Neil Kelly Jr. as Sol

Nicole Tuttle as Victoria

Rina Divata as Chel

Gerald Hill as Hassan

David John-Bores as James

and additional performances by Alex Cain, Kezza Chi, Alan Heriberto Tena Fuentes,  
Robert Jackson, Brock Mills, Tal Minear, and Liam Delane

Written and Directed by Elizabeth Plant

Music Composed by David Fesliyan, Kevin Teasley & Synth of Insomnia

and art by Gelatoria