

# WHEN TOWER ANGELS FALL

by Elizabeth Plant

## EPISODE 01 – “ANGEL F\*\*KING ISLAND”

*(The sound of soft, lilting waves... gentle, distant rumbles of thunder. A melodic song barely permeates, like a breeze... like the most beautiful siren.*

*Then, a voice, whimsical and dreamlike.)*

EDEN *(whispered, mournful)* Daddy once said that angels only tread on unspoiled ground. Now they can only stand on water.

*(Beat.)*

*(soft, hopeful)* But the Tower Angel sings to me.

And our eyes meet....

And our eyes... meet... *(shaking breath - as if misplacing a step and stumbling)*

*(growing in intensity, panic, jubilation; a stammering whisper growing into a reverent cry, as if begging to be saved from a fate worse than death)* And our eyes meet - and our eyes meet - and our eyes meet - and our eyes meet - and all the sky is different now! And I see it - I see it - I see - I see - I - I - I - I - eye - eye - eyes - eyes - eyes - eyes - eyes - EYES - eyes that see me - really see me - me - just me - just Eden - Eden - Eden - my name is Eden - my name is Eden - Eden - I'm one of you - one of you - you - YOU! Say my name - say - SAY IT!! - call me - call me - call for Eden - call Eden - I'll follow - I'll follow - I'll - be quiet - I'll be quiet - always quiet! *(shaking breaths, exhausted from the cries)*

*(Thunder crashes, just once. Beat.)*

*(whispered, feverish)* Always quiet... Always - quiet, now!

Only light is quiet.

I'll go to the light. Go to the light... *(slow breath out, shuddering, joyful)*

*(Beat.)*

*(whispered, warm, at peace)* I am the light.

*(Beat.)*

(with relish) Beacon of Heaven.

(The sound of waves and thunder grow, crashing in tumult as music slowly rises. TITLE. Fade...

Suddenly, a fist slams against the wall to a cacophony of metallic rattling. Several feet shift restlessly. A volley of voices cut back and forth, a heated argument clearly in full swing; **everyone speaks quickly, fighting to get a word in edgeways.**)

FIONN (angry, shouting) But they had - her - boat!

OPHELIA (frightened gasp)

OSCAR (desperate, exhausted) For the last time, we found it!

FIONN (fast, accusatory) I never found nothin like that before—

OSCAR (desperate, stammering) It was on the shore, I swear it was just there! Little green boat, just caught up in some rocks—

FIONN (suspicious) Don't remember there being any rocks—

EZRA (angry) And when was the last time *you* was on shore?

FIONN (scoffing) Yeah, and how 'bout you?

OSCAR (panicked) Please, please, I'm really not lying—

HIKARU Fionn, just chill out a sec.

FIONN (flaring, voice raised) Pair o' strangers steal her boat and you wanna chill out?

OPHELIA (whimpers)

OSCAR (angry) We didn't steal anything—

FIONN *Bullshit*, it's not yours!

HIKARU (stressed) We don't know the whole story—

FIONN (shouting, furious) Them *being here* is the story!

OPHELIA (whimpers, more afraid, almost starting to hyperventilate)

OSCAR (desperate, agitated) Please, can we calm down – she gets anxious—

EZRA (firm, voice raised) Look, I'm in charge, alright? Lemme handle it.

FIONN (cold, dark) You're too soft to handle it.

EZRA *(cold, angry)* You what?

FIONN *(biting, cold)* If you was gonna handle it, you would'a done it. They been here long enough, already!

OSCAR Heart attack is how it feels.

OPHELIA *(quiet moaning – a few seconds, distressed, heavy breathing, etc.)*

DECEMBER *(scared)* Fionn—

FIONN *(accusatory, returning to Oscar)* That boat – there wasn't anyone in it?

POM *(muttered)* 'Course there wasn't anyone in it, or she'd be here too.

FIONN *(angry)* Wasn't talking to you, was I?!

OSCAR *(panicked)* Please – look at her.

EZRA Fionn, jus'—

FIONN *(shouting)* Or you!

OPHELIA *(whimpers again, tailing out into another moan)*

OSCAR *(stammering, scared)* Jesus, I – no – no, there wasn't anyone. Boat was just washed up, washed up on shore. I mean, lots'a things wash up on shore, right?

FIONN Not on that shore, they don't.

POM *(cold, muttered)* Nothing alive, anyway.

FIONN *(flaring)* Don't say that – don't you fucking say that!

POM *Clearly* a joke!

OSCAR *(strained)* Please!

HIKARU *(angry)* *Clearly* not the time!

EZRA *(raising voice, angry)* Okay – alright – you lot, calm the fuck down! Tha's not what we're talking 'bout right now!

POM May as well be, they have her boat.

HIKARU *(angry, stressed)* Stop making it worse!

OPHELIA *(moaning again, getting longer and more distressed, breathing heavier)*

OSCAR *(reassuring, strained)* Ophelia, it's – look, I'm gonna sort it, I swear!

POM *(defensive, angry)* I'm not doing anything!

DECEMBER Yeah, you are.

POM Am not!

EZRA *(shouting)* All o' you, shut it! I'm in charge, alright? Jus' lemme handle it.

OPHELIA *(heavy breathing, continuous and distressed)*

FIONN *(scoffs, disgusted, then sighs)*

*(Fionn draws back. Ezra approaches Oscar and Ophelia.)*

EZRA *(strained, distracted)* Was there anythin – and I mean, *anythin* – in the boat?

OSCAR *(nervous, distracted, trying to remember)* There was – there was some seaweed, and, uh – think a couple plastic bags? Dead seagull, foot in a can. One of the oars was gone but we found some driftwood we could use, and – and half a Bible—

FIONN *(concerned)* Half?

EZRA *(warning)* Fionn—

FIONN I wanna know!

OPHELIA *(nervous mumble)*

OSCAR *(nervous breath, swallowing hard)*

*(Beat.)*

*(nervous)* I-It was ruined. Just about. Think it fell in the water at some point. There was, um...

*(He retrieves a silver cross necklace from within a jacket pocket, holding it aloft with a tinkle.)*

This was inside it.

*(Ezra approaches him, takes it with a kind of reverence.)*

*(mumbled, embarrassed)* Didn't know if it was important or not. Just thought, somehow, it came from here.

*(Beat.)*

EZRA *(soft)* It's hers.

POM 'Course it's hers, it was in her stinking boat.

FIONN *(hushed, hoarse)* What is it?

EZRA Her cross.

FIONN *(agitated)* She never doesn't wear it—  
POM *(scoffing, dry)* Not anymore, she doesn't—  
FIONN *(suddenly furious)* STOP IT ALREADY!  
EZRA *(bellowing, utterly overpowering)* I SAID I'M IN FUCKING CHARGE, SHUT THE FUCK UP!  
OPHELIA *(frightened squeal, trying to steady her breathing, self-soothing noises)*

*(Fionn glares at Ezra but does not speak again.)*

*(Ezra tucks the necklace into a pocket. He takes a moment to collect himself.)*

EZRA *(angry huff, trying to regain composure)*

*(Beat.)*

Footprints?

OSCAR *(confused)* Footprints?

EZRA In the sand. Said yous came from the coast, not the pier.

OSCAR Oh. N-No. Pier was locked down after, uh... *(clears throat, back on track)* No, no footprints. None that I could see, but don't think I was really looking out for them, y'know?

EZRA *(soft, defeated)* Okay.

OSCAR *(frowning, apologetic)* But whoever – whoever you're talking about – your friend, if she did make it, it would've been days ago, right? Weeks, maybe, from how the boat looked. She's definitely not there anymore.

EZRA Okay.

FIONN *(hushed, barely restraining anger)* No, not okay! Really not okay, Ezra.

EZRA *(cold)* I get it, you're scared – think I'm not?

FIONN I'm not scared, I'm fucking livid!

EZRA *(riled, biting, fast)* Look, Eden's just gone, okay? Die mad about it.

*(This comment clearly shocks and riles the others, Fionn storming his way to Ezra and seizing the front of his coat.)*

HIKARU *(disgusted)* EZRA!

POM Low blow, man.

DECEMBER *(upset)* Don't, just don't...!

EZRA *(mocking, angry, voice raised)* Yeah? That soft enough for ya?!

OPHELIA *(distressed breaths and moans, growing in intensity)*

OSCAR *(reassuring, soft)* Fee, you're okay.

HIKARU Stop it!

FIONN *(hissing, cold)* Fuck you.

OSCAR *(firm)* Give me the pot, it's fine—

EZRA *(cold)* Like I'd fuck you.

*(Oscar retreats to Ophelia, who has begun hitting her forehead over and over with the palm of her hand.)*

OPHELIA *(rhythmic moans, responding to each beat of the head, clearly very distressed)*

FIONN You shut up—

HIKARU *(muttered, angry)* Wish you would.

OSCAR *(quick, firm)* Fee – Fee, I'm here – you don't need to hold it – breathe –

POM *(sarcastic)* Who's making it worse now?

HIKARU Hypocrite.

POM Jailbait.

OPHELIA *(shaking moans, trying to steady herself)*

SOL *(bellowing, finally having enough)* **HEY!**

*(Everyone looks at him. He is looking at Ophelia.)*

*(angry, trying to contain it)* Can't you see you're scaring her?

*(The others turn to look at Ophelia.)*

OSCAR *(reassuring)* Breathe, Fee... Breathe... It's okay... I've got the pot, it's safe. Just breathe...

OPHELIA *(shaking breaths, whimpering, hints of crying as she slowly calms...)*

*(A silence. Fionn backs away toward a wall.)*

EZRA *(uncomfortable)* Sorry, that was my fault.

FIONN What's new?

SOL *(cold, low)* I swear to God, Fionn...

EZRA *(agitated, stammering, trying to regain control)* Start again. Jus' – jus' start again. We been bare arguin' like an hour, so all o' yous jus' shut it. Ain't even know their goddamn names, and you accusin' 'em of God knows what, so we gonna – okay – right... Right. I'm Ezra.

*(He extends a hand to Oscar.)*

OPHELIA *(soft breath of fear)*

OSCAR Uh...

*(Beat.)*

EZRA *(soft, trying to sound joking)* Scared you too, eh?

*(He begins gesturing to each of the others in turn.)*

Uh, this is Sol.

SOL *(grunt of assent)*

EZRA Hikaru.

HIKARU Hi! Uh... hi.

EZRA Fionn...

*(A stony silence.)*

Uh... December—

DECEMBER Ember.

EZRA —and Pom.

POM *(dry, flat)* Enchanté, fuckers...

*(Beat.)*

OSCAR *(hoarse, restrained)* Oscar.

HIKARU And...?

OPHELIA *(nervous hum)*

OSCAR Ophelia.

HIKARU *(warm)* Ophelia.

OSCAR She's... shy.

*(Beat.)*

EZRA           And you wanna stay?

OSCAR         Well, we can't go back. Not to what's waiting.

POM            *(dry)* Real vote of confidence, there.

OSCAR         *(annoyed)* You must feel the same, otherwise you'd be gone.

*(Beat. Pom knows he is right but doesn't want to admit it.)*

*(softening, awkward)* Last safe place in the world, seems like. Folks back home calling it Angel Island.

FIONN         *(scoffing)* Angel fuckn Island!

*(He slumps into a chair, watching on with a heavy scowl.)*

EZRA            *(warning, weary)* Fionn—

OSCAR         You have no idea how hard it was to find you.

POM            *(suspicious)* And just how many know 'bout us?

OSCAR         Everyone knows.

DECEMBER     *(taken aback, nervous)* Everyone?

OSCAR         *(nervous, slightly reverent)* W-Well, when all of you vanished, it was on the news... in papers, missing posters on street corners. All this graffiti, hashtags trending overnight, and these crazy soap box theories about how you'd all just... just gone. Fifty people on the same day, right before they really took over. But, soon as it started, it all went quiet. Guess someone really wanted it hushed up. So even the fact you *disappeared* disappeared. Like some modern ghost story.

HIKARU         *(intrigued)* Ooh, I like that. Very nice.

FIONN         *(scoff)*

HIKARU         *(awkward)* Right. Yeah. Sorry...

OSCAR         But... we knew we had to find you. Had to get out too.

POM            *(cold, suspicious)* Well, if you found us, then who's to say—

OSCAR         We were clever. It's taken us these two years.

HIKARU         It's been two years...?

*(Beat.)*

OSCAR         *(soft)* Nobody could know we made it. They think we're dead.

(Beat. Fionn rises once more to his feet.)

FIONN (cold) Why should we let you stay?

EZRA (firm, low) We're not sending 'em back.

HIKARU Everyone thinks they're dead, they can't possibly leave—

FIONN (dark) Starting to think anything's possible.

DECEMBER Least hear 'em out.

POM (scoffing, cold) Oh, yeah, let's start taking survival advice from the foetus – great idea!

HIKARU (annoyed) She's old enough, she's allowed a say!

POM (amused, dry) Please – I got piercings older than her...

EZRA (irritable, weary) Right, if yer done havin' ya daily catfight—

POM (dry, fast) Just cuz you ain't know a pussy if it bit your dick off—

FIONN (agitated, fast, accusatory) Look! We don't know anything about them. Could be one o' them for all we know. Two years without a single boat try and find us, and suddenly two o' the cleanest kept heads I ever seen show up in hers? Nah, nah, I don't trust a lick of it, and you're *idiots* if you're gonna fall for some white knight act and his spazzing steed of a sister—

SOL (suddenly furious, seething with rage) No, you do **NOT**—

(He barrels across the room and slams Fionn against the wall, to everyone's shock.)

(hissing, growling) —say that **in front of me**. You do **not**, Dublin!

FIONN (choking, air knocked out of him) Drogheda!

EZRA (warning, voice raised) SOL!

(Beat.)

(firm) Put him down. He didn't mean it.

SOL (irritable grunt) Not like nobody else here needs vouchin' for right now.

(He steps away from Fionn, dropping him hard.)

FIONN (exhales, huffed and angry)

SOL (shaking slightly, staying firm) Fine, we know nothin' about them. Could be who Fionn says, or could be who **we** are. Won't know till you give 'em a chance.

EZRA (hoarse) Yeah. Y-Yeah, let 'em speak.

OSCAR        (*nervous breaths, shaking with anticipation of the plunge*)

(*All eyes turn again to him. He tries to straighten, stand tall, but his nervousness is evident even as he steels his face.*)

(*uncomfortable, trying to muster his sincerity*) I mean... you know what it's like off this thing. That's *why* you came here, ahead of anyone else.

(*Beat.*)

(*firm, resolute*) Everything everywhere is wrong.

(*finding his resolve, growing in conviction*) Handful of rich white men calling the shots for everyone who isn't rich and white and male. And it's always about money, about power, sex, while they shit on the planet and set it on fire with guns and police brutality. Food's running out – oil, water, jobs, *freedom!* Worse than they ever were before. Some of the last trees are dying, and bees are being replaced by fucking robots. The Four Horsemen are everywhere, and they got their fingers glued to the nuclear button.

(*dark, a little breathless*) Because revolution's comin'. People're restless, even more than before you vanished. *Furious.* And the higher ups are scared enough to draw any straws till it suits 'em.

(*passionate, an edge of desperation returning*) We can't fit in, not if we wanna die like real people. And we got out of it, we did – and we did what you did! We need you – we need this place because we're *people* and we deserve a chance at feeling like it. We lost too much already fighting on the upside-down!

(*Ophelia shifts beside him, and he puts his hands on her shoulders.*)

(*warming a little*) And Ophelia... she – she's great with wires and electricity and stuff, and I'm... Well, there's not very much I'm good at, but I'm willing to learn. Really. We wanna help. Wanna *prove* we're worth something. Change our lives. Change *everything*.

(*Beat.*)

POM        (*vetting suspicion*) How did you find us?

OSCAR      Like I said – good with wires.

POM        (*short, cold*) Not an answer.

OSCAR      Any wires. One of you must've sent co-ordinates, all the way before. Morse was pretty hard to decipher, but, hey... 'cording to Fee, tap the right frequency, trace it back to waves so old forget they were ever made. Uhh... Marconi Theory... right?

OPHELIA    (*nervous*) Mmhmm.

POM           *(scoffing)* Fuck's that supposed to mean?

HIKARU       What's it matter, it's pretty resourceful.

FIONN       *(suspicious)* That or they're not who they say they are.

POM           Exactly.

FIONN       *(hushed, frowning)* We get 'ere on a freighter size o' fuckn Jupiter, an' the storms nearly rip it to the bottom of the sea 'fore we make it, and you two jus' *show up* on one little lifeboat, not even a scratch?

OSCAR       *(defensive)* Well, how'd *she* manage it? Girl this boat belonged to – how'd she make it to shore first without it breaking, huh?

DECEMBER    Has a point—

EZRA        *(exasperated)* You's all lay off it now, right?

OSCAR        Storms aren't what they used to be.

FIONN        *(angry, hushed)* Storms are stronger than ever – we'd be the first to know!

OSCAR        *(getting angry for the first time, pace fast)* Well, then I don't know! I don't know how we made it, but we had to, alright? We had to, and we *did*, and we're here now, so don't you fucking *dare* send us away because you're too scared of change! Or are you actually just like them, after all?!

*(Beat.)*

FIONN        *(dry, amused)* Better.

*(He turns his attention to Ophelia.)*

                  Now, what's in the pot?

*(Beat.)*

OPHELIA     *(hesitant hum – a negative response, as if shaking her head 'no')*

FIONN        Hey, snowflake, I'm talking to you—

OPHELIA     *(frightened whimper)*

HIKARU      *(angry)* Leave her alone, she's *clearly* non-verbal!

FIONN        *(firm)* Don't need words to answer my question. Just show us, if it's nothing to hide.

HIKARU      *(incredulous, irritable)* Oh, come on - it's a plant pot, what do you *think's* gonna be in it?

FIONN        What plant needs all that rope to 'old the lid down?

OSCAR           *(cold, firm, with a quiet anger)* It's sacred to her, so nobody else touch it. She barely lets me.

FIONN           Nothing's sacred on 'Angel Island,' pretty boy. Nothing secret, neither—

EZRA           *(cold)* Look, they're stayin', alright – pipe down, you suspicious prick.

DECEMBER      *(sniggers)*

HIKARU        *(hissing)* Shush, it's not funny!

POM            *(frowning)* I - I dunno, Ezra, I still don't like it.

EZRA           Look like your decision?

POM            It's all our decision.

EZRA           Not today, it's not.

FIONN         *(muttered)* So much for fuckn democracy.

POM            *(annoyed)* Yeah, fuck this—

SOL            *(warning)* Guys.

HIKARU        *(weary)* Come on, we don't wanna fight anymore.

DECEMBER     Seriously?

HIKARU        I think they should stay.

POM            *(angry)* So we vote. We always vote!

EZRA           We don't need a vote.

DECEMBER     I mean, yeah, we – we do always vote, Ezra—

EZRA           *(furious, authoritative)* Said they're staying, didn't I?! You don't like it, go fuck off up to Wonderland!

HIKARU        *(angry, protective)* Shouldn't talk like that to a kid—

EZRA            *(quick, aggressive)* Tell me how to talk again, an' you'll wish I shut up! So, for the last time, I'm in charge – HEAR?!

POM            *(opens her mouth to speak, but makes a gasp when Fionn puts his hand on her arm... then, a disgruntled sigh)*

*(Beat.)*

EZRA           Welcome to the rig.

OSCAR         *(hesitant, as if unsure he heard correctly)* Thank you...

*(They shake hands. Suddenly a nearby radio begins to buzz with a loud, erratic static. Beat.)*

FIONN *(panicked, shouting)* EYES!

*(Pom, December, Sol, and Hikaru all hastily shield their eyes as if bracing themselves. Ezra quickly checks over them, but Oscar and Ophelia don't move, alarmed.)*

EZRA *(frightened gasp)*

HIKARU *(quick, protective)* Ember, down, now.

DECEMBER *(whimper)*

SOL Shit...

OSCAR What's happening?

FIONN *(shouting)* You two, cover your eyes!

OSCAR *(panicked)* What—

FIONN *Cover your eyes! Now!*

OSCAR I don't—

EZRA Just – *DO IT!*

*(Fionn covers his eyes, and Ezra follows.)*

*The static of the radio has now gone haywire, and a kind of high wave frequency swells from it, peaking and throbbing till almost deafening.*

*Oscar and Ophelia exchange frightened looks, then cover their eyes and drop to their knees. The radio rattles upon its surface, falling and breaking with a loud clatter.*

*An enormous, blinding white light blossoms across the space, seeming to engulf everything and everyone. It fades after a while, but the static lingers a little longer. Eventually, it fades back into silence.*

*Perhaps everything is normal again.*

*Ezra lowers his hands.)*

OPHELIA *(nervous breathing)*

OSCAR *(nervous breathing)*

EZRA Clear.

*(All but Oscar and Ophelia look up.)*

POM *(agitated)* Fuck's sake...

FIONN        (*agitated*) How many's that this week, huh?

POM            (*dry, annoyed*) Hundred and seventy?

HIKARU       (*grumbling*) You're so dramatic.

POM            (*scoffs*)

FIONN        (*suspicious*) Either way, they're getting more frequent... I don't like it.

DECEMBER    Name something you do, mate...

SOL            (*quick, agitated*) Shit - radio...

(*He retrieves the broken radio, its pieces scraping against the floor as he does so.*)

Broke another one, Ezra.

HIKARU       (*nervous*) But that's one of the only spares!

EZRA          (*hasty*) It's alright, we'll sort it! We'll... (*agitated sigh*)

(*He walks to Oscar and pats a hand on his shoulder.*)

(*softer, reassuring*) We're good, Oscar. Come on. You can open yer eyes now.

(*Oscar looks up.*)

OSCAR        (*shaking*) The hell's going on?

(*Beat.*)

SOL            Take 'em to the roof.

OSCAR        (*nervous*) To the...? We've not – did we do that? We didn't trigger some—

HIKARU       (*hasty, reassuring*) No – no, you didn't do – well, it's... Ezra, y-you're... in charge. You explain.

(*Beat.*)

EZRA          (*soft*) Come with me.

*(Dawn. The roof of the rig. A pair of enormous radio towers can just barely be seen dominating the horizon, near completely drowned in mist and rain. Thunder rumbles in the distance.)*

*Ezra throws open a hatch, leading the twins up and out to the edge of a heavy metal railing. Oscar and Ophelia cannot help but baulk at the view.)*

OSCAR        *(soft, reverent)* They're huge...

EZRA         *(strained)* Tell me 'bout it.

*(Beat.)*

OSCAR        *(nervous)* How big? What d'you reckon?

EZRA         I dunno. Four... five hundred?

OSCAR        Feet?

EZRA         Metres.

OSCAR        *(whispered)* Christ...

OPHELIA     *(awed exhale)*

EZRA         Scary, right?

OSCAR        *(dry, soft)* Little bit...

*(Oscar puts a hand on the railing by Ezra's.)*

*(deep, steadying breath)*

*(Beat.)*

*(soft)* Like... spiderwebs.

EZRA         *(soft, frowning)* What?

OSCAR        Against the mist. Don't you think?

EZRA         Guess I could see that.

OSCAR        *(soft, distant)* Sort of beautiful, though... In a way...

*(A rumble of thunder.)*

Has anyone been up there?

EZRA         Lots.

OSCAR        And?

EZRA           *(dark)* Used to be fifty of us. You do the maths.

OSCAR         *(whispered, nervous)* So that's...

OPHELIA       *(shivers)*

OSCAR         Never thought I'd be scared of something a radio tower.

EZRA           Worse things to be scared of.

*(Beat.)*

OSCAR         Like that... what was it, a light?

EZRA           *(grim)* The Beacon. I mean, we call it the Beacon.

OSCAR         But what is it?

EZRA           Ask a lotta questions, don't you?

OSCAR         Is that out of line here too?

EZRA           *(dryly amused)* Nah, not with me. Fionn, maybe, but he's a right cunt.

OSCAR         *(half-joke, trying to lighten the mood)* Be sure to watch myself, then.

EZRA           *(with an edge of softness)* Not with me.

OSCAR         *(slightly reassured)* Not with you.

*(Beat. Ezra could almost have smiled, but then it's gone. He begins pacing nervously.)*

EZRA           *(awkward, rushing a little)* Jus' so you know, I'm... Like, I'm sorry – how I came 'cross down there, it's not – I mean, it's hard. I don't like to fight. Be great if we'd all get along, but lot's 'appened. Bad blood, bad words. Anythin' sets us off, seems like.

OSCAR         *(sincere)* I can understand that. But you saved us. Thank you, Ezra. I really mean it.

EZRA           Thing with questions is, nobody knows enough to answer 'em. Dunno anything 'bout the Beacon, or the towers. Jus' know it's bad, and when it's comin'.

OSCAR         How?

EZRA           *(slightly agitated)* Summin fucky goin' on with those signals. Keep radios on, all day, all night. Static drives ya crazy, but soon as they start glitchin', know there's gonna be another flare. Know you better shut your eyes fast-like... Lost a lotta good people 'fore we figured that out.

OSCAR         *(nervous)* So does it – does it kill you? If you look right at it?

EZRA No.

(Beat.)

(grim) Not yet, anyways.

OSCAR (startled) Not yet?

EZRA (strained, grim) I mean, it started small – like, headaches and stuff – then one day it just gets... stronger. People throwin' up, passin' out, forget where they are. Who they are. And start to think maybe it's not just some weird lightnin', y'know? Think maybe summin's controllin' it, or someone. People'd climb up there, never come back. Then the real shit starts comin' with it.

(Ezra retrieves and stares down at the silver cross, eyes dark.)

(soft, mournful, distant... almost haunted) Said she saw God's eyes in the water. Tried to jump, couldn't swim. Pulled her back inside, myself, but think she went insane 'fore the end.

OSCAR (soft) D'you mean Eden?

(Ezra does not answer, merely shoves the necklace back in his pocket.)

That was her name, right? Your friend?

(Ezra nods.)

(frowning, a little breathless) She must've known, so why did she look?

EZRA (hasty, agitated) It was an accident. O-Or unlucky. Musta been, anyway – she's the one who figured it out, so no way she woulda – I mean, not on purpose – she wouldn't! She wouldn't...

OSCAR (interrupting, reassuring) I'm sorry. Maybe that was one question too much.

EZRA (dark) No. No, you should know what 'appens. Like Fionn says, can't really have secrets no more. Not 'ere.

OSCAR (soft) Not like we could before this place.

EZRA (grim) Yeah. Yeah...

(Beat.)

(warming a little, trying to reassure) Way I see it, though, flower pot never hurt nobody. I'll make sure you have somewhere safe to keep it. Alright, Fee?

OPHELIA (grateful hum, which peters into a small giggle)

OSCAR (taken aback) You never let anyone call you that so fast.

OPHELIA (soft laugh)

EZRA *(slightly jovial, fake-flirty)* What can I say? I'm good with the ladies.

OPHELIA *(giggle)*

OSCAR *(awkward laugh)*

EZRA *(amused)* Yeah, no, that's a fuckn lie...

*(Beat. Ezra raises a heavy metal hatch in the floor.)*

*(clearing his throat, matter-of-fact)* Should probably, uhh, get back inside. Shouldn't be up top too long. Dunno what's watchin', right?

OSCAR Of course. After you.

*(Ezra disappears, letting the hatch close after him.)*

*Oscar and Ophelia linger a moment to look once more at the towers.*

*She wraps an arm around him and he pulls her close.)*

*(soft, dark, distant)* Like the Mona Lisa, how they watch... Can't look away. Can't escape it.

*(Beat.*

*Another rumble of thunder.)*

OPHELIA *(shivers)*

OSCAR *(distant)* Maybe Eden did.

*(Night. The kitchen – Fionn's stomping ground.*

*Fionn and Pom are perhaps the only ones awake throughout the rig; Fionn minding a pot of stew, Pom playing the knife game between her outstretched fingers. Rain continues to patter against the walls, and the thunder is closer now.)*

POM *(muttered, annoyed)* I don't like it.

FIONN *(slightly amused)* So you've said.

POM *(annoyed)* I know, but I really don't like it.

FIONN Oh, don't you, now?

POM (muttered) Don't patronise me, I've got the knife, fucko.

FIONN (dry laugh) Take your own finger off 'fore you do mine, little girl.

POM (distracted, venting for the sake of it) And it – it's not like that storm out there ain't some dramatic irony bullshit, or nothing!

FIONN That's... not what dramatic irony is.

POM (muttered) Yeah, well, whatever – you know what I mean.

FIONN (wry) Foreshadowing?

POM Fuck is that? I – no, the fact that I – don't – like it!

FIONN (scoffs) You don't like anything.

POM Not true.

FIONN (not paying attention) Pass the salt. Or d'you wanna come cry over the pan for me?

POM (irritable sigh)

(Pom drops the knife with a clatter on the countertop. She retrieves the salt then slumps back down at her stool.)

(bitter) Why does he do that, though? Give in to everything? It's fine how it is, right? We don't need anyone else. Not like they're gonna save the world out here, not like they want to! Not like they'll be happy here. No-one could be happy here.

FIONN (amused) That why you're carvin' holes in my counter? Wee serotonin release every time you miss stabbin' yourself for no reason?

POM (muttered) Summin like that. I dunno, boyfriend used to do it – fast as fuck till he took Lox's pinkie nail off. That was nasty... What you get for cheap acrylic though.

(Beat. Pom picks up the knife and resumes, faster than ever.)

FIONN (delicate) And just whose face you picturin' in the woodwork? His? You're still not over that?

(Pom does not respond.)

(low) Guess that's why you're so cold...

POM (irritable) I'm cold cuz there's no heating.

FIONN I meant to me.

POM (confused) I'm not cold to you.

FIONN *(muttered, wry)* How times change...

POM You're the only one I like!

FIONN *(annoyed)* Then why'd you—

POM *(amused, incredulous)* Oh, so somethin's comin' out now!

FIONN *(muttered, annoyed)* Because you put me down in front of him – front of all of 'em.

POM *(teasing, enjoying herself)* I just like seeing you angry. Getting all defensive, all hot and bothered—

FIONN *(irritable)* Think it's funny?

POM *(dry)* Think it's sexy, actually. And you know I think you should be in charge.

FIONN *(huffs, rolling his eyes)*

*(He irritably turns back to the stove.)*

*(muttered)* Think all you want, it's not gonna happen—

POM *(firm, persuasive, with an edge of desperation)* You're older than Ezra. Smarter. Better. You'd let us vote on stuff, even if you didn't like it – you know you would. Old lot may have wanted him in charge, but that was then. Shit happens, times change. Old lot vanish...

*(with more fervour, really believing it)* But you'd actually make us feel like you had authority sometimes. You're wasted in the kitchen. You'd make it like we actually knew what we were doing. Like we were going somewhere, really going somewhere! Like we didn't lose anyone for nothing!

*(She begins to fidget again with the knife.)*

*(sly yet conversational, dropping her tone and speaking softly, growing steadily darker)* Hikaru probably thinks the same, y'know? Ember's thick as, but she'd come 'round if she understood. 'Sides, she does everything Ru tells her to. Most o' the time. Sol doesn't talk to me, but what's new there? Not stupid, though – he can put two and two together. Just gotta give him the two's, then wait till the jigsaw's done.

FIONN They all wanted the twins to stay.

*(Pom rises from her stool and approaches Fionn.)*

POM *(shrugging, subtly manipulative, with a hint of flirtation)* They want lots of things, everyone does. And we've all wanted the wrong thing, 'least once. But you jus' know that what they really want, way deep down, is someone to tell 'em what to do. I know I do. Not like how it was before, fuck no, but...

*(She pats her way up his arm, pulls herself a little closer to him.)*

*(hushed, low and flirty, firm)* Someone who's really capable of takin' control. Tell 'em when to lie down, roll over, sit tight an' be good. Gives 'em the freedom of being powerless without meaning they're defenceless, 'cause they're already being defended by the man in charge. The real man in charge...

*(Beat. She is now very close indeed.)*

*(soft)* Think about it, yeah?

FIONN *(clears throat awkwardly)*

*(He turns away, retrieves a spoonful of stew. He holds it out for her.)*

Blow.

POM *(flirtatious)* That an invitation?

FIONN *(amused)* Down, girl.

POM *(amused)* See, he's getting it...

*(She blows, takes a bite. Beat.)*

*(taken aback)* Oh. Oh, maybe you aren't wasted in here. Fuck, that's good!

FIONN *(small laugh, fading out quickly as he frowns)*

*(Beat.)*

*(low)* What about Oscar?

POM *(unconcerned)* What about him?

FIONN Smart, isn't he? Speaks well.

POM So?

FIONN *(low, frowning)* He owes Ezra, right? Already convinced 'em with words once, he can do it again.

POM *(soft, slightly flirty)* I can be convincing too...

*(Beat.)*

FIONN *(strained, low)* Is that what that look is? Am I your little test run?

POM *(amused)* Do I pass...?

*(Beat.)*

FIONN *(hushed)* Been a long time since I saw those eyes on you.

POM *(dry)* Long time since you were actually looking.

FIONN You know why that is, little girl.

POM *(slightly irritable, vulnerability slipping through)* Things are... *(trembling breath)* It won't come back, Fionn.

*(Beat.)*

FIONN Exactly why I won't do this.

POM *(strained)* You said that before all this and you know it isn't true –

*(He suddenly takes her shoulders, pushes her firmly against the counter.)*

FIONN *(defensive, firm)* Pom, I was high as a fucking kite, and you were—

POM *(hushed, determined)* Lower than a goddamn grave, but – put it together, we're still just normal people at a normal height... We do what we have to to survive, but this could finally be more than that. For all of us, if you just... take the stand you couldn't back then.

*(She steps closer, almost chest to chest.)*

Save us, Fionn. I'll keep Oscar under control... You control me.

*(Silence, punctuated only by another roll of thunder.)*

*Tentatively, Pom leans up on her tiptoes and kisses him. He does nothing to reciprocate, merely lets it happen.)*

POM *(soft breath out)*

FIONN *(soft breath out, reluctant)*

*(Beat.)*

*(resigned, muttered)* Just give it a week or so. Scare him off otherwise.

POM *(soft, wry)* Guess I'll start counting down, then...

*(The sounds of waves... electricity... beating wings, a chattering magpie... discordant notes on a violin... Eden's echoing, distorted voice slowly rising until at last it comes into focus.)*

*She stands behind a wall of glass, static energy thrumming in the air. On the other side, Ksenia and Amos, their eyes shielded by heavy black headgear.)*

EDEN           *(soft, dream-like)* I'll go to the light. Go to the light... I am the light. Beacon of Heaven.

*(Silence.*

*The sound of a chair scraping, a pair of heeled shoes clacking on hard floor.)*

KSENIA       *(dry, cold)* You're the light, huh?

*(Beat.)*

EDEN           *(self-assured)* The angel chose me.

AMOS          *(weary sigh)*

*(Ksenia agitatedly begins pacing.)*

KSENIA       *(angry, barely containing it)* Jesus, fuck! She's insane!

AMOS          *(nervous, reassuring)* No, she's... uh, fragile, is all. Cracks are all over, we – we just gotta find the right one.

KSENIA       *(flaring, voice and anger raised)* She's been in there two weeks and tell me a single crack we've found that doesn't lead to more fucking angels!

*(Beat.)*

*(cold, agitated)* We should issue another before she forgets again. Call ahead while the storm's still up.

AMOS          *(taken aback, nervous)* Christ, Molt, she's had three today – it's like frying bugs as it is.

KSENIA       *(cold, biting)* Don't call me that – I sound like a hairless dog. It's Moltenore or nothing.

AMOS          *(quickly stifling an involuntary laugh)*

*(Beat.)*

KSENIA       *(dry, authoritative)* I know the joke, and you'll end up that side of the glass if you say it. Trust me, Emmens, I am *more* than aware.

EDEN           *(humming Claire de Lune by Claude Debussy)*

KSENIA       *(weary, exasperated sigh)* Well, if you're *not* going to zap little miss moth again, let's just... Oh, fuck it. Turn off the recording.

*(She removes a heavy headset and rubs at her temples, as Amos switches off a recording device.)*

*(muttered)* God, these helmets give me such a headache...

*(She pulls a keyboard toward her and begins irritably typing. Eden continues to hum, lost in her own world.)*

*Amos slowly approaches the glass wall between them and puts a hand to it.)*

*(firm)* Hands off. You know we don't touch the barrier.

AMOS *(hesitant)* She can't hurt me from in there, can she?

KSENIA *(dry, cold)* No, but the glass is a bitch to clean, so back it up, fresher, or I'll make you do it.

AMOS I don't mind.

*(Beat.)*

*(soft)* I always liked this song.

KSENIA *(scoffs)* Reckon it makes better listening than two and a half fucking hours screaming about eyes. Again. And again...

AMOS *(awkward, sincere)* Well... don't you think there's something kind of... *(sighs, unable to think of a word)* The way she says it - she really believes it all. She believes it so much...

*(Beat. Ksenia looks up from her typing.)*

KSENIA Wouldn't have thought you'd be so into it. Being your first.

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

*(dry)* She's my eighteenth. Since your dumb face seems so interested, if your mouth isn't brave enough to ask.

AMOS *(trying to sound conversational, failing)* Didn't think you were so patient.

KSENIA *(cold)* No. But my stomach is. That's just about the only reason for assignment up here.

*(Beat.)*

*(dry)* Amherst tells me you're pretty formidable in that regard. Can't say I see it just yet, but... much as I hate surprises, I wouldn't be opposed to your proving me wrong. God knows your voice is less annoying than my previous partner's.

*(Beat.)*

AMOS *(hesitant)* I was... in the riots. All the way in them. 'Splains a lot, I suppose...

KSENIA Which side?

*(Amos does not immediately respond. Ksenia frowns.)*

*Eden stops her humming, face going oddly blank. The two turn to look at her as she convulses, restraints about her wrists rattling hard.)*

EDEN           *(rattling gasp in, then a slow, eerie breath out)*

*(She goes still, stood staring emptily up at the ceiling.)*

KSENIA       *(exhausted, cold)* Well, that's her out of commission for tonight. Brilliant...

AMOS           Do we leave her here again?

KSENIA       No. Let her back in with the others. Those eyes are looking a little dull...

*(She presses a number of buttons, and a set of pneumatic doors slide open with a hiss.)*

AMOS           *(hesitant)* Well, she is... *blind*, Moltenore.

KSENIA       *(cold laugh)*

*(Amos frowns at her slightly.)*

*(dark yet conversational; she's hardened to the topic and it no longer affects her)*  
She's only your first, but you'll learn. She's been away too long. See... they lose everything if they lose their shine. It really is like moths to a flame, but we make damn sure they're not allowed to catch fire or fly away. Because that's no use to us at all, now is it?

*(Beat.)*

AMOS           *(strained, hiding his discomfort)* I understand.

KSENIA       Good. Now hurry on to the Nest. I've...

*(Beat. Suddenly, Ksenia turns to a pile of papers and begins riffling through them.)*

*(as if realising something)* I've got to pass on our findings.

AMOS           *(confused)* We didn't... make any findings.

KSENIA       Her name.

*(She stops, typing quickly. A positive alert sounds from the device.)*

Eden.

*(Beat.)*

AMOS           Oh.

KSENIA       *(muttered, fast, as if thinking aloud)* I know I've heard it before, and when I did it felt like a secret, Emmens. So I'm going to push her until I find out why that was. She's significant, somehow.

*(Beat. Ksenia utters a humourless laugh.)*

We play this right, then your first can also be your last. I just hope you really do have the stomach for it.

\*\*\*

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

*with the voice talents of*

Alan Heriberto Tena Fuentes as Oscar

Aife as Ophelia

Alex Cain as Ezra

Joey Surlis as Fionn

Maddi Albrechts as Pom

Kezza Chi as Hikaru

Anthony O'Neil Kelly Jr. as Sol

Kat Whitaker as December

Lauren Tucker as Eden

Chelsea Krause as Moltenore

David Purkey as Emmens

Written and Directed by Elizabeth Plant

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

and art by Gelatoria