

*The ceiling of the stage and the house of the theatre should be set up with a 3D Projection. For the first scene, the ceiling is set up like the ceiling of a train station. In this instance, the train station is the new ceiling at Kings Cross Station, interweaving and latticed.*

*A normal day. 9am. Walking to work, from a busy train station. With his headphones in his ears, he is taking a call, THE MAN is engaged in an animated conversation with a friend. There's broken up general station noise and loud bongs and echoed announcements from the station PA. Workmen are on scaffolding putting up a hoarding. People walk by and intertwine as he meanders his way through the station. It is September/October time.*

## **The Event**

THE MAN: Hello?

*Answer machine.*

Hi love, it's me. Just got back. Got a couple of meets then I'll be home later. Look, I think it would be good to chat about the other night, get it all sorted, yeah? Look, Tom's calling me back, I've got to go. Bye.

*Switches call. Holds head for moment as he has a wave of a headache. The train station 'pulses'. Commuters judder and stop/start as if there was a glitch.*

Yeah, sorry about that mate. Tunnels and shit. Oh yeah, so the guy was getting really aggressive, like, saying he'll "have to charge me the full fare" which is something like £300 and I just kept rifling through my bag telling him, "Don't worry, mate, it's in here". Then he has a right go at me "We need to get a move on". Yeah, he was a bit of wanker. Of course I found it, but the more he asked and asked, the more I got annoyed. And I've had this never ending headache and this sanctimonious shit was not helping.

Oh I don't know, it feels like a hangover but I only had a beer, it's not like I was out on the piss or anything. I was actually doing my job.

Ha. Shut up.

You're on the booze already? Well I suppose it is *(begins to count on his fingers but can't think)* 9am over there. Sorry, 6pm. Yeah 6pm.

*Stops and feels head. A flash across the ceiling and sides of the train station. Oooh, yep, there it is. Give me a sec. he rolls his head around and back and forth and then goes to get some paracetamol from his bag.*

Give me all the drugs in the world, yeah, morphine, that'd be good, give me all the morph....para....cetamols. Whatever. It's a throbbing.

*As he talks, he's trying to press the paracetamol from the packet but he can't seem to master this task.*

25 years and you would have thought we would have gone beyond these basic anachronistic double entendres. Hahahaha. Yes, well I did study the English, my dear boy. You should know, you did it as well, mate. Well, half of it. Yeah, well not all of us had the foresight to walk out, go travelling, and set up a multi-million dollar business on the other side of the world. You do still sell dildos don't you? *A young woman walks by. The man whispers* Sorry.

No? What is it you sell then? *Nods as he listens to the long list of sex toys.* Wow. OK, so what I think we've established is that you don't just sell dildos. This is a whole new world, my friend, a whole new world.

Don't you dare. If I get a hint of a package in the post, 12 inches or otherwise.... Hahaha. I mean, Chesk would definitely leave me then! Ha! Ow.

Yeah, same old, same old. We had another argument and I had to fuck off to Leeds. I don't know mate. She's not answering her phone. Standard. Yeah, same old shit, different day. Don't worry, it will sort itself out. It always does. Ash? Yeah, the usual. Pillock. Ha! Anyway, how's things with...yeah, Neil, how is he?

What? Neil. No I didn't. Don't be daft. Nah, I've known Ne...Ne...*(feels pain in head again)*. I set you up for God's sake! Why would I forget.....what?

*The headache progresses, he begins to miss a few words as he goes on. His walking becomes unusual, breathing laboured though he doesn't notice it and he begins to talk further with Tom on the phone. The station begins to warp in its appearance to match what is happening to THE MAN.*

THE MAN: Yeah I'm f-f-fine, why? I'm just, oh God Tom. Tom...I....I can't see.....

*Things start to move in slow motion. A few words get tangled up with each other. He slurs and starts to wretch. Vomit. Everything is blurred. People move in normal speed and slow motion around him. Everything's a mess. He's a mess. He falls to the floor and drops the phone. A huddle of commuters slowly gather. During this interchange, various rush hour commuters dodge their way around. The phone is laden on the floor on the outskirts of the huddle, we can hear the outline of Tom shouting "Are you ok? Are you there, mate?" As the huddle widens, the phone is picked up and stolen by a thief who switches it off. The thief approaches a train station employee.*