

HOT AIR

by Mark Beeson

BUZZARD

FRANK
ANGELA
CHLOE
ANTIGONE
ORIELLA
BEN

CELIA
DOMINIC
TRACEY
KATE

TINTIN
ERIC
DANA
BEATRICE
ANITA
PILOT
RAYMOND
JACQ

JEREMY
CARRIE

ESTHER
MELANIE
LUCY
BARNABY
ASHLEIGH
KIMBERLY
DEIDRA
TYLER

JEM
EMMA
SAFFRON
LEAH
SINEAD
CHARLOTTE
GEORGIE
CHARLIE

Scene: A Thermal

In Buzzard

BUZZARD: I am the buzzard; I soar in thermals of hot air.
Rising out of the valley into the sunlight's stare
Round and round I sweep with hardly a beat of wing
Buoyant on the updraughts, a lofty, graceful thing
Towering over the Moor, peering down from high
I quarter the ground beneath and call my lonely cry
Mew! Mew! Lonely? Once – but now instead
The metal birds of humans thunder overhead.
How fast things are changing! – I, set in my ways,
Will live as buzzards lived in far ancestral days,
Or try to – depending whether you choose to voice
Concern over the future – for me, I have no choice.

Out Buzzard

Scene: A Parish Hall

In Carrie

In Jeremy to the audience

CARRIE: I want to talk to you tonight about climate change. Like all of you I'm sure, I love Dartmoor, its hills and valleys, the oaks and the bluebells. Its monumental tors have a permanence which reassures me. Its whale-backed hills with their massive yet almost living forms suggest life at its strongest and least ephemeral. But this permanence and strength are under threat. Climate change is the enemy stalking the beauty that is Dartmoor. As human beings pour more carbon dioxide into the atmosphere, and the world continues to warm up, Dartmoor's peat bogs, the sponges on top of the northern and southern high plateaux, will begin to dry out. Its upland oak woodland will contract.

JEREMY: *(Heckling)* What about the beech trees?

CARRIE: What about the beech trees indeed. Well they may fare even worse than the oaks. Beech trees are very susceptible to drought.

JEREMY: I want to know what you think about beech trees. If our native oaks are going to struggle in a drier climate, shouldn't we be cutting down their competitor the beech trees as invasives? They aren't natural on Dartmoor, after all.

CARRIE: I'm not here to talk about beech trees today. *(Pause to recover train of thought)* We can cope with this, you think: a little drying out, a little less woodland. But the real threat comes from what will be happening to the rest of the world. If the polar ice caps melt and sea levels rise significantly, huge numbers of currently inhabited lowland areas will become uninhabitable. Cities all over the world, including London, will be drowned, and the people who live there will be displaced. In England, people will be on the march westward and northward. Dartmoor from tor to gorge will need to be turned into a city...

(Gasps of 'A city!' from the audience)

JEREMY: A city! What did I tell you – invasion. And I suppose the parks will be full of beech trees.

CARRIE: *(Trying to ignore the heckler)* Unless that is we take steps to mitigate climate change now. We should all be using low energy light bulbs throughout our houses.

JEREMY: Don't they have mercury in them?

CARRIE: We should all be using public transport more..

JEREMY: What public transport?

CARRIE: I realise that public transport on Dartmoor leaves a lot to be desired. But perhaps if we filled up the buses that do run they would timetable more of them.

JEREMY: Not if the bus companies are worried about being sued when beech tree limbs fall on them.

Heckler Jeremy is removed noisily

CARRIE: Sued.. uh... where was I?... insulation – that's important. And turning off household appliances at the wall..... and *(losing her train of thought, then*

grasping at what she really came to say) above all, if we want to save beautiful Dartmoor for our own and our children's future, we have to save the planet. In order to limit our greenhouse gas emissions significantly, and set an example for others, we have to cut down beech trees... (*Stumbling*) I mean on air travel. Local produce leaves a smaller carbon footprint than goods which have to be flown in from abroad. Above all we need to press for greater investment in renewable energy – photovoltaics, hydro, wave and, perhaps most relevant in the United Kingdom, wind. After all, we are the windiest place in Europe. Thank you.

Applause

Out Carrie

Scene: Outside a changing room in a shop

In Barnaby, Antigone, Melanie, Esther, Tracey who sit while Lucy goes off to try a selection of different cardigans

BARNABY: Now you've bumped into Melanie and Esther, I'll think leave you girls to it.

TRACEY: Are you going, Barnaby?

BARNABY: I'm heading off to the bookshop.

Tracey looks impressed

LUCY: How can you be so quick choosing your clothes?

BARNABY: I know what I want, that's all.

LUCY: Can you do me a favour, Barnie? Can you ask your mum if she's got any waitressing work for me over the summer hols?

BARNABY: Will do. See you around.

ANTIGONE: See you Barnaby.

ALL GIRLS: Bye Barnaby.

Out Barnaby

Out Lucy another way

TRACEY: Does he?

ANTIGONE: What did you mean by that, Tracey?

TRACEY: Nothing.

Tracey and Esther look at each other

MELANIE: So I hear your Dad's having a massive 50th.

ANTIGONE: Very bourgeois.

TRACEY: Sounds great to me.

ANTIGONE: Yes, well you're not his daughter.

In Lucy

LUCY: What do you think?

MELANIE: Yeah, Lucy.

LUCY: No, Melanie, I hate it.

Out Lucy

ESTHER: So who's going to be there exactly?

ANTIGONE: Oh the usual boring crowd of Mum and Dad's friends.

ESTHER: And?

ANTIGONE: And? What?

ESTHER: And who else? Actual people I mean. Not over thirties. Are we invited?

ANTIGONE: Chloe and Oriella are inviting their crowds.

MELANIE: And what about you, Antigone? Are you inviting anyone?

ANTIGONE: Well you I suppose, if you really want to be seen at a capitalist bash.

In Lucy

LUCY: What do you think?

ESTHER: Yeah.

LUCY: No, Esther, I don't think so.

Out Lucy

TRACEY: I wonder if Barnaby 'll be there.

ANTIGONE: I expect Chloe will invite him.

ESTHER: Do you think she fancies him?

TRACEY: Chloe?!

ANTIGONE: No. He's too young for her. She likes Dominic.

MELANIE: Farmer boy.

ANTIGONE: Not any more. He's working as a journalist in London now.

ESTHER: How did he manage that?

MELANIE: I bet he'll be down for the party. And Chloe.

In Lucy

LUCY: What about this one?

TRACEY: Yeah.

LUCY: You're right Tracey, I like this one.

ANTIGONE: Where was it made?

She looks at label for Lucy

ANTIGONE: They exploit the workers there you know.

LUCY: Never mind.

ANTIGONE: Don't tell me to never mind. I do mind. That's what makes me an artist.

MELANIE: Antigone, we're clothes shopping, not judging the Turner competition. You're nearly as bad as the people who go on about climate change all the time.

LUCY: By the way I think I just saw Carrie.

ESTHER: Who?

TRACEY: She's just moved to the area. Barnaby told me about her.

MELANIE: The one who gives talks on climate change. She looked as if she could do with a new outfit when I saw her.

LUCY: She was buying an anorak.

In Deidra, Tyler, Ashleigh, Kimberly

ESTHER: Look who it is!

ASHLEIGH: Hi girls, alright?

MELANIE: Oomcha! Oomcha!

KIMBERLY: Are you calling us townies?

MELANIE: Yeap.

DEIDRA: What are you lot then, the 4x4 brigade?

MELANIE: My parents don't drive a 4x4.

ESTHER: Mine neither.

LUCY: Not mine.

TYLER: Hers do (*Pointing at Antigone*).

ANTIGONE: Yeah, but I've disowned them.

ASHLEIGH: Melanie told us on the bus about this party they're having.

DEIDRA: Have you disowned that? Or will you be there?

ANTIGONE: I suppose I'll be there.

KIMBERLY: You're inviting us of course.

ANTIGONE: Excuse me but I don't think so.

KIMBERLY: Did anyone hear the word 'no' just then?

TYLER: Not me.

DEIDRA: Me neither.

KIMBERLY: We'll take that as a yes then.

ANTIGONE: No, you are not invited.

ASHLEIGH: Too late now. See you.

Out Deidra, Tyler, Ashleigh, Kimberly

MELANIE: *(Calling after them)* Oomcha! Oomcha!

LUCY: They scare me.

ESTHER: What will you do, Antigone?

ANTIGONE: I'll think of something.

Out all

Scene: An Office somewhere in London

In Jacq sorting papers

In Frank

FRANK: *(Sings)*

JACQ: You're in a very good mood this morning, Frank.

FRANK: Indeed, I am. Against all expectation, I have just persuaded one of the biggest companies in Europe – my own of course – to commit to obtaining half its energy from renewable sources within five years. You can't imagine what it's going to do for our image. And what's more it was my baby. I nursed it through its early stages.

JACQ: I thought it was developed by Henrik. I remember you warning me to deny all connection with the project if the board didn't like it, because it was really Henrik's.

FRANK: Did I put that in writing?

JACQ: No. You said it.

FRANK: Were you wearing a wire?

JACQ: No.

FRANK: Did you make a note of it?

JACQ: No. We were at a conference having coffee – in Tokyo I think, though it may have been Chicago.

FRANK: In that case, I never said it. I am Henrik's boss, and therefore I take responsibility for his success. That's how it works.

JACQ: I see. By the way, I've booked those flights for you and your wife to Fiji next month. Oh and there's a press conference arranged for four thirty. Presumably to announce the new initiative.

FRANK: What, but I'm supposed to be half way to Devon by then. Who arranged that?

JACQ: Publicity I imagine, doing their job at a moment's notice. They weren't to know you were having your fiftieth birthday party.

FRANK: Could you hold the fort for me, Jacq?

JACQ: If this is your baby, Frank, you ought to be there at the birth, oughtn't you?

FRANK: Yes, you're right of course. What was I thinking of? Could you get my wife on the phone?

JACQ: When I've had my lunch.

Out Jacq

FRANK: Did I say something wrong?

Out Frank

Scene: Angela and Frank's house on the edge of Dartmoor

In Angela, with shopping

In Chloe

Chloe begins to inspect the shopping

CHLOE: You shouldn't buy these, you know, Mum...

ANGELA: Shouldn't buy what, Chloe?

CHLOE: Organic beans from Africa.

ANGELA: Why not? I thought you only ate organic?

CHLOE: But Mum, the air miles. Think of its carbon footprint.

ANGELA: Would you peel the potatoes for me? And after that the lettuce needs washing and shaking dry.

CHLOE: You're avoiding the issue, Mum.

ANGELA: I wonder if we've got enough baps – I might get you to nip into town for me later.

CHLOE: Why are you ducking out of the argument?

ANGELA: In case you hadn't noticed, I'm preparing for your father's fiftieth birthday party and have more important things to do than argue about beans.

CHLOE: There you are. That's why the world is heading for the apocalypse.

ANGELA: How come?

CHLOE: Because middle class people like you can't get their priorities right.

ANGELA: Oh yes?

CHLOE: Nothing is more important than the implications of importing organic beans from Africa.

ANGELA: *(Holding out potato peeler and pointing to a bag of potatoes)*
One potato peeler. Fifty potatoes. Do. Now.

In Oriella

ORIELLA: Are you two arguing again?

ANGELA: Just having a discussion.

ORIELLA: Sounded like arguing to me.

CHLOE: Mum has her priorities all wrong.

ANGELA: I do not.

ORIELLA: See, you're arguing. Mum, you know the play we're doing for Dad's party.

ANGELA: How's it going?

ORIELLA: Ben says he doesn't want to do it.

ANGELA: What? Why?

ORIELLA: He says the script's no good, he doesn't believe in climate change, he's going to be a Formula 1 driver when he's older, and he should be paid.

ANGELA: Well I'm sure he will be if he's a Formula 1 driver.

ORIELLA: No, for acting!

CHLOE: Typical Ben.

ORIELLA: Mum, will you try to talk him round? It's going to ruin everything. He's got the main part. And I've done so much research on the Internet for it.

ANGELA: Children! Haven't I got enough on my plate!?

CHLOE: *(Pinching a carrot)* Not as much as you did have!

ANGELA: Chloe!

ORIELLA: Please, Mum...

ANGELA: I'll try, Oriella. Let me just finish chopping these carrots.

CHLOE: Are they local?

ANGELA: They're from Australia, actually.

Chloe makes as if she's going to spit out the carrot she's eating

ORIELLA: Don't, you two.

ANGELA: I'm joking.

In Antigone in her night clothes

Ah, look who's deigned to put in an appearance. Sleepy head!

ANTIGONE: I've been up for ages - I've been working on my installation.

CHLOE: What – the unmade bed?

ANTIGONE: Very funny. I need some breakfast, Mum.

ANGELA: Well help yourself darling, you've got hands and feet.

Antigone goes off to find some cereal

CHLOE: So what's this one about?

ANTIGONE: It's about, like, big business.

Antigone wanders back with cereal bowl

ANGELA: You're not getting at your father again, are you Tiggy? It's his birthday.

ANTIGONE: I never said it was about his big business.

Pause

CHLOE: How many people are coming anyway?

ANGELA: Lots.

Out Antigone

- CHLOE: Dad's going to love his present, isn't he?
- ANGELA: Hope so....STOP! picking at the carrots, Chloe, and how many potatoes have you done?
- CHLOE: Alright.
- ANGELA: Here, finish the carrots while I go with Oriella and sort out Ben.

Out Angela with Oriella

Chloe lackadaisically starts to peel a carrot

- ANITIGONE: *(Calling from off)* Chloe, phone.

Out Chloe

Scene: A field of scrub and rocks with a children's camp in it

In Kate, Gerogie, Saffron, Charlotte, Ben

- KATE: Do you think they're ever coming? We've been waiting nearly an hour.
- GEORGIE: If Jem says he's going to attack us, he will. You don't want them to catch us when we're not fortified in the camp, do you?
- CHARLOTTE: No way.
- KATE: But Oriella needs us to rehearse the play.
- BEN: Yeah, well Oriella can wait.
- SAFFRON: No one knows their lines anyway.
- CHARLOTTE: Look! Someone's coming.

In Tintin

- TINTIN: You realise you're sitting in an ancient monument – the crop-marks of a prehistoric henge.
- KATE: Are we? Who are you?
- TINTIN: Professor Mills – but you can call me Tintin.
- SAFFRON: Where's Snowy then?
- TINTIN: Pardon.
- CHARLOTTE: Tintin has a dog called Snowy.
- TINTIN: Tintin Mills as in tin mills.

KATE: Oh. This is my Mum's land. Has she given you permission?

TINTIN: If you mean Mrs Cartwright, yes. I'm carrying out a survey before they site the wind turbines here.

GEORGIE: What?

KATE: Are they going to put wind turbines on our camp?

TINTIN: Your mother hasn't told you?

In Jem, Leah, Charlie and Emma, yelling a war cry

JEM: Do you surrender?

CHARLOTTE: No, of course we don't. No surrender.

KATE: You've been ages.

EMMA: Who's he?

SAFFRON: Some professor out of a comic.

TINTIN: Pleased to meet you – I'm carrying out a survey.

LEAH: We met someone else in the next field carrying out one of those.

CHARLIE: Looking down at the ground all the time.

TINTIN: What? Another archaeologist?

LEAH: She was looking at butterflies. She showed us the caterpillar of a High Brown fritillary. She said it was very rare. That's what kept us so long.

TINTIN: Sounds like an ecologist! You let them out on the pristine grassland and the next thing you know is they'll want the whole place overgrown with bracken and scrubbing up with trees. I'm off to track her down.

Out Tintin

KATE: I'm off to track Mum down. She can't let them build wind turbines on our secret place...

Out Kate

LEAH: We need to head for the river to rehearse Oriella's play, don't we, Ben?

BEN: Do we? She thinks she knows everything, but she doesn't.

CHARLIE: I agree. Let's stay here and fight.

SAFFRON: I thought you said you promised your mum.

BEN: I suppose I did.

SINEAD: What is a wind farm?

Out all

Scene: A tor

In Carrie, leaning into the wind, holding out her anorak as if to fly

CARRIE: Beautiful warm wind, wrap me in power. Freighted with scent of bog asphodel from dark hills, smell of sequestered carbon, you sweep out of the National Park to set, in the far-off distance somewhere, the long blades of turbines singing, and with a forgotten purity give the Earth hope. Oh...Oh....Oh...help!

She falls off rock

In Jeremy

JEREMY: Are you alright?

CARRIE: Yes...I think so.

JEREMY: What happened?

CARRIE: The wind stopped suddenly.

JEREMY: Wind has a habit of doing that.

CARRIE: I was leaning into it and when it stopped I overbalanced off the rock.

JEREMY: I heard you talking to someone. I thought you might have been pushed.

CARRIE: I was.... talking... to myself.

JEREMY: Aren't you the person who gave that talk on climate change the other night in the parish hall?

CARRIE: Yes, I am.

JEREMY: I see then, rehearsing for your next public speaking engagement.

CARRIE: How do you mean?

JEREMY: You might as well have been talking to yourself the other night in the parish hall for all the impact it will have had on people round here.

CARRIE: You look familiar.

JEREMY: Dartmoor's not always beautiful, you know.

CARRIE: How do you mean?

JEREMY: Dartmoor is what we invest it with. It's only humans that give it meaning. Dartmoor can be ugly.

CARRIE: What are you getting at?

JEREMY: A city environment and Dartmoor are equally meaningful - they just give us different things at different times. When you talk about saving Dartmoor, what sort of Dartmoor do you want to save? One that contributes to the world, or one that's a museum. Is beauty internal and deep, linked with integrity, or external and superficial, something cosmetic?

In Raymond

RAYMOND: You seen any sheep on the way up?

JEREMY: Can't say that I have.

CARRIE: Not that I noticed.

RAYMOND: Not that you noticed, eh. If you see a sheep, don't you notice it? Or are you too busy looking into the air that you're so fond of lecturing people about?

CARRIE: Sorry?

RAYMOND: I came along to that talk of yours on climate change. Nothing about farming in it, was there?

CARRIE: I suppose not.

RAYMOND: Yet what you see around you here was all made by farming.

JEREMY: I think she was just trying to raise the profile of a particular issue. We all know this is a farming area.

RAYMOND: You were the one who wanted more public transport weren't you - more buses clogging up the lanes when you want to get anywhere or move any animals. As for beech trees I'm all for them - they make a good shelter on high ground and the best firewood when they shed their limbs.

JEREMY: Look - I see some sheep down there, leaping over a wall. From here I can't be sure but isn't that a... beech tree that's fallen and dislodged some stones to leave a gap?

RAYMOND: That's why I can't find any up here. Some idiot who can't keep his boundaries properly maintained.

Out Raymond hastily

CARRIE: Thank you. You were the beech-tree heckler, weren't you?

JEREMY: Playing devil's advocate, perhaps. I like to make people think. So tell me, what sort of Dartmoor do you want to save?

CARRIE: I want to save a place of alder where the first star is soft as a flake of gold - pinkish - a tiny tongue which licks moistly through the brown mammal fur of evening; and bats' eyelids flicker where dusk's skyline's full of wild roses on whale-shaped hills with their sea-lice of rocks crusted along their humped backs.

Jeremy disappears during this

Out Jeremy

CARRIE: He's gone! Just when I was giving him my heart-felt view of Dartmoor. Didn't even tell me his name. How did I let myself in for that?

Out Carrie

Scene: Celia's farmhouse

In Dominic, in Celia

DOMINIC: How much are they offering you?

CELIA: The money is immaterial.

DOMINIC: How much?

CELIA: It's a good deal, but it's not just the money.

DOMINIC: How much?

CELIA: £200,000 for the rights, and £1000 an acre rent a year. You couldn't earn that from farming the land.

DOMINIC: But you can from farming air! Obscene.

CELIA: I've been struggling all my working life to survive as a hill farmer – particularly since your father died. And my father worked this place all his life and his father before him. I would have thought you'd have more respect for the family than to call my attempt to save the farm obscene.

DOMINIC: You brought me up to respect the land at all costs. That's why I've become an environmental journalist.

CELIA: If you really felt that strongly about the land, you'd be here helping me on the farm. I've had an ear-full from Raymond this morning about how a proper farmer – by which I think he means a man – wouldn't sell-out to wind turbines. I'm not sure I feel like depending on him for help any longer.

DOMINIC: You were the one who encouraged me to go to university and find a life beyond farming. You were always adamant the farm couldn't support me.

CELIA: But now thanks to the turbines it can.

DOMINIC: It's not farming though, is it? It's not working with the land.

CELIA: I brought you up to think independently. You're entitled to your view.

DOMINIC: But I'm not.

CELIA: How do you mean?

DOMINIC: The view I grew up with is about to be destroyed.

- CELIA: You were always very happy for trees to interfere with that view. Whenever I wanted to chop down the hedge trees because they were pushing out the walls, who was the one who objected then?
- DOMINIC: That's different.
- CELIA: Why?
- DOMINIC: *(Acting like a tree and putting on a strange voice)*
I am the oak, I stood on a hedge and cast my shade
On the sheep underneath me before my end was made
To safeguard the wall. But sacrifice was vain.
This land is now destroyed for pure financial gain
By a copse of metal towers whose branches wave as high
As any tree on earth, and flagellate the sky.
- CELIA: You are being quite ridiculous – and childish with that nursery rhyme stuff Kate comes out with.
- DOMINIC: That's because I taught it to her.
- CELIA: I sometimes wonder if you will ever grow up. I am going out to see the cows.
- DOMINIC: *(Still a strange voice)* I am the ash, the cows who used to browse my leaves
Curl their tongues at the air now and think how woman deceives ..
- CELIA: I will see you later, when you're in a more sensible mood. By that time you might have re-discovered the green credentials you've berated me with for the last ten years, environmental journalist!
- DOMINIC: There's green and green.
- CELIA: Yes, and one of them's called envy.
- DOMINIC: Or is it naivety? Have you thought what the local reaction is going to be? How are you going to face that? Dad would be turning in his grave. He loved the old ways of doing things, when farming was a craft – it comes through everywhere in his writing.
- CELIA: And look what good it did us – mortgaged to the hilt, knocked this way and that by Bovine TB, then BSE, then Foot and Mouth, then Bovine TB all over again. He married me partly because my family were what he called real farmers, and he thought he could get closer to the earth that way. Closer to the grave more like. I've always wanted to escape the grind, always wanted better for you and Tracey and Kate.
- DOMINIC: But not like this Mum, surely. Not selling out.
- CELIA: How dare you! I've about had enough. First Raymond and now my own son. I am doing my bit for this war on climate change. And if your father was still alive he would have been doing his bit too, I've no doubt.
- DOMINIC: Since when have you been interested in doing your bit to mitigate climate change? This is very sudden.

CELIA: Interest in climate change generally is very sudden. Put your hand on your heart and tell me that, even as a journalist, you had any real interest – to the extent of changing your behaviour – before this last year.

DOMINIC: They'll never give you planning permission.

CELIA: Oh yes they will. Apparently word has come down from on high that wind farms are to be regarded as a matter of priority.

DOMINIC: You'll regret this when you see the furore it causes.

CELIA: (*Ignoring him*) When I've looked at the animals I've got to go and pick up Tracey from Esther's. Kate and her friends are around somewhere. Can you stay here while I'm out in case they come back? And don't forget we've got Frank's 50th birthday party this evening.

Out Celia

Dominic paces around

In Kate panting

KATE: Where's Mum?

DOMINIC: Gone to see the cows and then to pick up Tracey.

KATE: Have you heard about this wind farm?

DOMINIC: Yes.

KATE: She's going to let them put it on our secret place.

DOMINIC: I know.

KATE: We might as well be living in a city if she's going to do that.

DOMINIC: I agree.

KATE: Only without cinemas and swimming pools and ice rinks and shops.

DOMINIC: I completely agree.

KATE: Don't just agree, do something. You're my older brother.

DOMINIC: Like what?

KATE: Like make a pact with me that we're going to fight it. She can't do this to us. And Tracey too.

DOMINIC: Tracey's never been that bothered by anything out of doors.

KATE: It doesn't mean she wants a giant propeller trimming her split ends every time she goes to walk to the car or the school bus.

Kate makes to leave

DOMINIC: Where are you off to?

KATE: I'm going upstairs to write to our MP – or d'you think it would be better to try Childline?

DOMINIC: I should stick with the MP.

KATE: Do we have a pact?

DOMINIC: We have a pact. *(They slap hands)*

KATE: I am the oak, I stand on a hedge and cast my shade

DOM & KATE: On the bank and stream beneath where the camp of dreams is made.

They slap hands again

DOMINIC: I'll write an article.

Out Kate

Out Dominic

Scene: Angela and Frank's House

In Beatrice carrying a bag of sugar and Angela with a bowl and whisk.

BEATRICE: Isn't that your phone?

ANGELA: I expect it's for Chloe.

BEATRICE: Now are you sure that's all you'll need?

ANGELA: Thank you, just the sugar, I've got everything else. You always forget something on these occasions, don't you.

BEATRICE: What's a neighbour for if you can't depend on them for a cup of sugar. Mind you, I find that if I make my lists carefully enough I don't forget things when I'm shopping. So important these days not to have to make extra journeys through carelessness.

ANGELA: You're right of course.

BEATRICE: Well, Eric and I are both looking forward to the party. I must pop back and see if Eric's back to give me a hand with the cucumber frames. He went over to Celia's to talk about a problem with the water supply. Apparently the catchment cistern is leaking. And of course it's been so dry with all this global warming, we need to conserve every drop. See you later.

Out Beatrice

Angela sighs and starts to whisk

In Chloe with Anita

- ANITA: Hello Angela, I came in with Chloe to see if there's anything I can do to help.
- ANGELA: Thank you Anita, but no. I think it's all under control now.
- ANITA: In that case would it be alright if I set up my easel in your field again? I wanted to finish that exquisite view down the valley I was painting.
- ANGELA: Of course.
- ANITA: It really is the most divine vision of the countryside I've ever set eyes on. And there's a buzzard circling. I've brought my binoculars.
- CHLOE: *(Sounding bored)* Really.
- ANGELA: How interesting.
- Out Anita*
- CHLOE: She never intended to help, did she?
- ANGELA: Does it matter? At least she offered.
- CHLOE: Two-faced.
- ANGELA: It's called being diplomatic, which you could do with a bit more of, madam. Poor Anita, she's never really got over that youngest daughters – what's she called? -
- CHLOE: Anna.
- ANITA: That's right, Anna, going off with that Professor Monkhurst to study primates, and having some kind of breakdown as a result of the isolation.
- CHLOE: Yes, but didn't she save a forest or something.
- ANGELA: She's never been right since, though.
- CHLOE: Dominic told me she's working in Borneo now. That can't be bad.

Chloe dips her finger in the bowl

- ANGELA: Out, out! *(She swipes at Chloe's hand)* You're worse than the cats.
- CHLOE: *(Licking her finger)* Mum, I nearly forgot - that was Dad's secretary on the phone saying he's going to be later than he thought.
- ANGELA: No! He promised...
- CHLOE: An important press conference apparently. I'm worried he's going to miss his present.
- ANGELA: What?! What time did Jacq say he was going to be home?

CHLOE: She said that with the Friday traffic getting out of London, she didn't think it would be much before 8.30.

ANGELA: That is quite hopeless! What are we going to do? We'll have to cancel.

CHLOE: What, the party!.. We can't!

ANGELA: No, not the party, not after all those potatoes you've peeled.

CHLOE: Well, actually...

ANGELA: Cancel the present I meant. Postpone it to another day. Oh now someone's at the door. Can you get it for me, Chloe? And how many potatoes have you 'actually'.... Chloe?!!

Out Chloe running

Angela goes on whisking

CHLOE: *(Calling off)* It's Dana, Mum. I'm going to get some air.

In Dana, marching

DANA: Angela!

ANGELA: Hello Dana, this is a nice surprise.....

DANA: You know what Frank's company is doing, don't you?

ANGELA: No. Enlighten me.

DANA: So you're not aware of their 'half our energy from renewables' scheme?

ANGELA: I'm completely in the dark. But it sounds the sort of thing that might appeal to an ecologist.

DANA: Appeal? You must be joking. It's a disaster. Do you realise what the implications might be for the High Brown fritillary?

ANGELA: Good, I would have thought.

DANA: What! Twenty 95 metre high turbines whirring away above a prime breeding site.

ANGELA: Look, I'm lost here. What has all this got to do with Frank's company?

DANA: Frank's a director of Alcom, isn't he?

ANGELA: Yes.

DANA: Alcom are going to put a wind farm just over there, on Mrs Cartwright's land.

ANGELA: What!

DANA: Yes. What! And the area of scrub they've chosen is full of High Brown Fritillary caterpillars.

ANGELA: Well, I'm absolutely sure Frank has nothing to do with it. I can't imagine him authorising a wind-farm in his own back-yard.

In Tintin

TINTIN: Angela!

DANA: Tintin! What are you doing here?

TINTIN: I imagine the same as you. I found the door open so I just came in.

ANGELA: Chloe – that girl was born in a barn...Hello Tintin. This is turning out to be a very...well...ology sort of morning. Any more on that leaf your students Amy and Marie found the other week? Will it lead them to a mill-site do you think?

TINTIN: I doubt it, knowing those two. They don't have the instinct for it, you know. I on the other hand could tell a wool-pond leaf apart from a mill leaf if I was looking down on them from outer space.

ANGELA: Really.

TINTIN: Preparing for the big night, I see.

ANGELA: Yes. I hope you're both coming. I want Frank to have all his friends around him.

DANA: I certainly am coming. I want to accost Frank on this Alcom renewables initiative that's threatening the High Brown.

TINTIN: The High Brown? That's the least of it. You realise, Angela, the area where Alcom are planning to plant those turbines is possibly the site of a prehistoric henge.

ANGELA: A henge? How wonderful.

TINTIN: Frank has got to use his influence with the company to get them to change their minds. I too shall certainly be coming tonight - there's going to be no escape for him.

DANA: What time does it start again?

ANGELA: What time does it start?... Look, I know he was. I mean he is, looking forward to seeing you, but.... I'd really like to ask a favour of you both...

In Eric

ERIC: Have you heard!?

ANGELA: Eric! How did you get here?

ERIC: The door was open, and the matter seemed too urgent to waste time ringing the doorbell.

ANGELA: So you left my front door open, Tintin?

TINTIN: You know me, I'm an archaeologist. Never change anything.

ERIC: Angela, I'm sorry to barge in like this...

ANGELA: Don't worry, it seems to be that kind of day.

ERIC : But have you heard?

ANGELA: What? Though I can guess.

ERIC: We'll have to get up a petition.

ANGELA: A petition?

ERIC: It's my view.

ANGELA: What's your view?

ERIC: And yours.

ANGELA: My view on what? What do we share the same view about?

ERIC: Our views...

ANGELA: To be honest Eric, I didn't think we had many in common. Not after the battle over planning permission for the youth cafe.

ERIC: Our views are going to be ruined.

ANGELA: Has this by any chance got something to do with a wind-farm?

ERIC: Celia Cartwright has sold the rights on twenty acres of her land to a wind farm scheme. Turbines the height of Yes Tor, right in our view. We need to get Frank on our side.

In Antigone

ANTIGONE: Mother, Father just called.

ANGELA: I know, Chloe told me, he's going to be....

ANTIGONE: He says you've got to watch the six o'clock news. Alcom have launched something about renewable energy, and he says it's all his initiative.

ANGELA: What?! Ah.

ERIC: So he is responsible then.

ANGELA: Well, we'll be down by the river at 6.00 o'clock, starting the party....

TINTIN: And he'll be facing the music from me.

ANGELA: Oh.... all except for Frank, that is. (*Suddenly coming to her*) His present – it's a hot air balloon ride. And...this is the important bit... I should have told you

earlier, but I needed to keep it a secret because Frank doesn't know himself yet...I wanted his dearest and most respected acquaintances to go up in the balloon with him.

DANA:

Do we qualify as that?

ANGELA:

Of course you do. Frank has always been keen on his butterflies. Do you remember that time you took him to see the Marsh Fritillary caterpillar webs in the field by the river? It meant so much to him.

DANA:

Really? I had to point out that he was stepping on most of them.

ANGELA:

And that walk you took him on, Tintin, up to see the tin mill site you were excavating. He's never forgotten that.

TINTIN:

I'm not surprised – I recall he fell in the wheel-pit and had to be carted off in the Air Ambulance.

ERIC:

Archaeologists have a nasty habit of leaving depressions in the terrain for unsuspecting walkers. Worse than badgers.

ANGELA:

And your guided walks Eric, He told me once that in another life he would have liked to have been a rambler.

ERIC:

I seem to remember him telling me over a whisky or two that his idea of a good walk was eighteen holes at Bovey Castle.

ANGELA:

The point is that you three with your passion for the different aspects of the Moor have made life so rich for him in those rare moments when he can get away from the hustle and bustle of the big city. And as a result he now regards you as part of his inner circle.

DANA:

I must say I'm flattered.

ERIC:

Yes,,, well... very good of him.

TINITIN:

He did seem interested in finding out if tin still exists on the Moor in commercial quantities....

ANGELA:

So if you want to accost him, you need to rendezvous with him at the hot air balloon launch.

DANA:

Where's that?

ANGELA:

It's over the hill at Beamworthy, at six o'clock.

ERIC:

I see, well I shall certainly be there.

DANA:

And me.

TINTIN:

We have to get this stopped.

ANGELA:

The balloon ride?

TINTIN:

No. The wind turbines.

Out Tintin followed by Eric and Dana

ANTIGONE: Nice one, Mother. You've just given me an idea.

ANGELA: Where are you off to? I've hardly seen you for days.

ANTIGONE: Just got to make a few phonecalls.

Out Antigone

Angela shakes her head and goes to put a little brandy in the cooking, and then decides to pour herself a stiff drink as well.

In Oriella

ORIELLA: Hey, you told me no one should ever drink before lunch time.

Angela pauses, glares at Oriella and tips the glass in the cooking without looking down

ORIELLA: Mum! That's quiche mixture, not a pudding. And you poured a whole glass in!

ANGELA: Alright, I'll put a red flag on it, in case anyone is really thinking of driving home after eating a slice of mushroom quiche.

ORIELLA: *(Looking at her mother askance)* Mum, what sort of mushrooms have you put in that?

ANGELA: In case you didn't realise, I'm trying to be funny darling.

ORIELLA: You're just being weird. You don't know anything about mushrooms.

ANGELA: And you do?

ORIELLA: I'm a teenager – of course I know about mushrooms.

Angela fixes Oriella with a searching look

ORIELLA: Know about, Mum. Nothing more.

In Chloe

ANGELA: Good. Now where was I? Yes. Aaaaarrrrrgh!

CHLOE: What's the matter?

ANGELA: Your father.

CHLOE: Dad? What's he done?

ANGELA: First of all he gets that secretary of his – Jacq - to phone to say he's not going to be here till after nine – so he'll be too late for his present.

ORIELLA: You mean he's going to miss the hot air balloon ride.

ANGELA: Yes he is. And now I'm told this wind-farm on Celia's land they're all up in arms about, and which I've been denying was anything to do with him, was actually his initiative. Can you believe it? He says it was all his idea. In short,

your father is comprehensively ruining his 50th birthday party as fast as I try to make it special for him.

CHLOE: Wind farms Dad's initiative? Wow, that's brilliant.....

ANGELA: Don't you start, Chloe. Why don't you nip off and get those baps for me?

CHLOE: What now? Alright.

Out Chloe

ANGELA: Are you going with her Oriella?

ORIELLA: Can't. Got to rehearse in fifteen minutes.

Out Oriella

Out Angela with bowls, after pouring herself a drink

Scene: A room

In Tracey and Esther

ESTHER: Oh my god. You can't send him that. Read it to me again.

TRACEY: Forgive this letter, which I write to make
Confession solely so that I can live:
All night long in anguish I lie awake,
Frightened to dream, in case what dreams might give
Would render life impossible by day.
I love you, and I need to know if you
Love in return, or scorn me: either way
When I discover, I can start anew.
For me you are the one, the only being
Who stands as adequate to affirm my existence;
I'm at your mercy - no escape now, fleeing
Back where discretion once could lend assistance.
Your love; or else your scorn - even that is better
Than dying of doubt, and so I send this letter.

ESTHER: You can't send him that, Tracey. It rhymes for heaven's sake.

TRACEY: It's a sonnet. Of course it rhymes.

ESTHER: He'll slaughter you with it. He'll show it to all his friends, and you'll be a laughing stock. What book does it come from?

TRACEY: I wrote it myself.

ESTHER: What? Even worse then.

TRACEY: Why? Why is that even worse? Is it a bad sonnet?

ESTHER: Probably - I wouldn't know. It's just that it... tells the truth.

TRACEY: What's wrong with telling him the truth? He's kind and he'll respect me for it, even if he can't return my feelings.

ESTHER: Tracey, when were you born? The 'truth' and love do not mix.

TRACEY: What do you mean?

ESTHER: The truth is for when your dad asks you if you've done your homework – and you know you'll get found out if you say yes. When it comes to your feelings, no one's ever going to find out what you feel, so you don't tell the truth.

TRACEY: If people say one thing and do another, where does that get us? I want to take people at their word. Will you give him the poem for me?

ESTHER: Are you sure?

TRACEY: Positive. But don't tell anyone else will you.

Tracey hands Esther the letter

Out Esther

Out Tracey

Scene: Near the river

In Oriella, Ben, Jem, Emma, Kate, Charlie

ORIELLA: Where is everyone?

JEM: Gerogie's gone to feed her snake. She'll be back soon.

CHARLIE: Oh yeah and Sinead's gone with her.

KATE: Charlotte's finishing her household chores.

EMMA: I saw Saffron outside the shop and she didn't seem to think there was a rehearsal.

ORIELLA: Leah?

EMMA: She texted me to say her hamster's giving birth.

JEM: More food for Gerogie's snake.

ORIELLA: This is hopeless. How are we ever going to get the play together, if people don't turn up on time for rehearsals? We're supposed to perform it tonight.

BEN: I still say the script's rubbish. Why does it have to be about climate change?

ORIELLA: It's a present for Dad, Ben. Climate change is something he's interested in now.

BEN: Right - with his BMW and all those conferences he flies off to?

And why does the play have to be about Africa? We're not Africans. We're in Devon.

ORIELLA: Because Africa is where the impact of global warming will be greatest.

BEN: I reckon it's sun spots anyway. That's what Mr Longman our maths teacher says. He told me it's got nothing to do with greenhouse gas, and the climate has always changed.

JEM: My dad says we shouldn't listen to Mr Longman.

BEN: I think the play's boring. It's not even funny.

EMMA: It's not meant to be a comedy, is it.

BEN: And anyway, did you know that as global warming increases the Sahara desert will actually start to become wetter and greener? So Africa will actually be better off.

In Charlotte out of breath

ORIELLA: How do you know that Ben? Is that another of Mr Longbottom's tall stories?

BEN: Go and look on the Internet.

EMMA: We did a project on deserts.

CHARLOTTE: Oh yeah I remember that – they're sandy.

BEN: Can't we improvise something different?

CHARLIE: Yeah.

ORIELLA: Just cause you haven't learnt your lines yet, Ben.

BEN: That's it. I'm off.

Out Ben

ORIELLA: *(Calling after him)* Remember what Mum said! *(Pause)* That's it then. We can't do it.

Out Charlie

KATE: Yes we can. We just have to get him back.

Out Kate running, shouting 'Ben'

In Georgie, Saffron and Sinead

GEORGIE: Sorry we're late.

Out Oriella, Emma, Charlie running shouting 'Ben'

JEM: How's the snake, Georgie?

SINEAD: Where are they going?

JEM: Dunno. Wasn't listening.

GEORGIE: Maybe it's part of the warm-up.

JEM: Oh yeah, they were all talking about global warming.

SAFFRON: We'd better follow.

Out Gerogie, Saffron and Sinead running shouting 'Ben'

SINEAD: *(Calling from off)* Coming Jem?

Out Jem sauntering, mumbling 'Ben'

Scene: Another Room

In Esther, Melanie and Lucy

Esther is showing Melanie and Lucy Tracey's poem

ESTHER: She told me not to tell anyone, but I'm sure she wouldn't mind me telling you two. I'm only showing you because I'm worried about her.

MELANIE: What's this bit mean?:
For me, you are the one, the only being
Who stands as adequate to affirm my existence.

ESTHER: It's a wordy way of saying he's the only one for her. Where does she get it from?

LUCY: She's like that at school. Very literary. Her dad was a writer.

ESTHER: She may be literary but she won't stand a chance with Barnaby. He's only interested in books on climate change at the moment.

LUCY: Very boring.

MELANIE: Everyone's interested in climate change, so it must be boring. I really can't bear following the herd.

ESTHER: That's cool with me. Anyway she wants me to give that poem to Barnaby. I've told her he'll wipe the floor with her. But she doesn't believe me.

MELANIE: Give it to him at the party. Then we can watch it all unfold.

LUCY: Can't wait. Do you reckon Ashleigh and co will really gate-crash?

MELANIE: Something else to entertain us if they do.

Out Esther, Melanie and Lucy

Scene: at Beamworthy

In Ashleigh, Kimberly, Tyler and Deidra

KIMBERLY: Are you sure we've got this right?

ASHLEIGH: Antigone said on the phone - be at Beamworthy at six o'clock if we wanted to go up with her in the balloon.

TYLER: Better than a party or what.

DEIDRA: Once we're up in the air, who's for throwing her over the side?

Pause

I didn't actually mean that.

Out all

Scene: Outside between a marquee and the river – The Party I

In Angela and Beatrice

BEATRICE: What a lovely idea, Angela! – a 50th out in the open air with the river at our feet and the moor dominating the skyline.

ANGELA: Thank you, Beatrice.

BEATRICE: I hope Frank and Eric are enjoying their hot air balloon ride.

ANGELA: Oh yes, I'm sure they are –

BEATRICE: I must say Eric is very honoured to be regarded as one of Frank's inner circle.

ANGELA: Well...we are neighbours, after all.

BEATRICE: I suppose it saves electricity having it outside, but I am little concerned about the barbecues and the hot air balloon pouring greenhouse gases into the pure air of the National Park.

ANGELA: Really. I hadn't thought about it.

BEATRICE: Yes, Eric and I have given up having bonfires. We put all our raked leaves on the compost heap instead.

In Carrie

ANGELA: Ah Carrie, let me introduce you to Beatrice, my next door neighbour? Carrie leads the Climate Change Action Group in our area. Can I get you some wine, Carrie?

CARRIE: Do you have something soft?

Out Angela

BEATRICE: So what sort of action does your group take?

CARRIE: We campaign to raise awareness. I'm particularly interested in the impact climate change will have on Dartmoor.

BEATRICE: Our beautiful National Park – we have to preserve it intact for future generations.

Angela returns with a drink, which she hands to Carrie and then starts to depart

ANGELA: There's food when you're ready, over in the marquee.

Out Angela

CARRIE: Renewable energy has to be the answer, combined with measures to reduce energy consumption.

BEATRICE: You are so right, my dear. I know we're at a barbeque, but we must stop pouring all this smoke into the sky.

CARRIE: People don't realise that the future of Dartmoor depends on the future of the rest of the world. If this beautiful view is to go on inspiring future generations, then we need to set an example and invest in alternative power sources like wind.

BEATRICE: And, as you say, reduce energy consumption. Eric and I have fitted low energy light bulbs in every light socket.

CARRIE: Excellent. But....

BEATRICE: *(Interrupting)* We've even thought about getting rid of the 4x4. Unfortunately we do still occasionally get snow here in winter. I'm waiting for it to get a bit warmer and then... Hurray! ... the four by four will be no more.

CARRIE: *(Unable to help rolling her eyes)* Shall we go and find some food? Have you seen Frank?

BEATRICE: The birthday boy? He's with Eric in the hot air balloon. His present from Angela and the children.

CARRIE: How wonderful.

BEATRICE: Yes, but, you know, more gas into the sky, another glacier melting in Greenland, another polar bear drowning from exhaustion because it can't find an ice floe to rest on. Eric and I have given him two low energy light bulbs.

CARRIE: I seem to remember hearing somewhere recently that low energy lightbulbs have mercury in them, which is very poisonous to the environment...

Beatrice moves off with Carrie following as they talk

In Barnaby as they go. Carrie stops to speak a moment

Out Beatrice

BARNABY: Carrie!

CARRIE: Hi Barnaby, nice to see you at the meeting the other night.

BARNABY: Eco-warrior. You're my hero.

CARRIE: Thanks!

In Jeremy

JEREMY: Ah. The wind-hover! Carrie.

CARRIE: It's...you. What are you doing here? Do you know the Grenvilles?

JEREMY: I run a course that Angela attends.

CARRIE: Really, what's that in? Reactionary rudeness?

JEREMY: Let me take you to view the sea trout running in the river. I imagine a tandem fly might be just the thing tonight.

CARRIE: What? Are you a fisherman then? I might have guessed, you cruel man.

JEREMY: No, but I like to imagine I am. Coming? They're a great sight. Another thing climate change might put an end to. Come on.

Out Carrie with Jeremy

BARNABY: Can I come too? To protect you.

CARRIE: It's alright Barnaby, I can look after myself.

Barnaby looks crestfallen

In Esther with Melanie in the background

ESTHER: Hi Barnaby.

BARNABY: Esther?

ESTHER: Tracey asked me to give you this.

BARNABY: Thanks.

Takes the letter from Esther

Out Esther and Melanie

Out Barnaby, looking at the letter

Scene: The basket of a balloon I

In Tintin, Eric, Dana, Kimberly, Ashleigh, Deidra, Tyler and Pilot

ERIC: I must say it feels very odd to me
Up in this balloon without Frank.

PILOT: Maybe.

'Regardless of numbers, launch at six pm.'
Those were my instructions - just following them.

ASHLEIGH: Who are these people Kimberly?

KIMBERLY: No idea. I thought it was just going to be Antigone.

DANA: He must be stuck in traffic.

TINTIN: It's we who're stuck, I fear.
How can we put our case from up in the stratosphere?

DEIDRA: Is it the altitude or do they have a weird way of talking?

TYLER: I wonder what happened to Antigone.

DANA: I doubt they'll get permission – not with the High Brown.
A triple SI should see the scheme down.

TINTIN: It's a very big company – could a butterfly
Stand any chance of stopping them? Far better try
The national significance, nay international,
Of a henge-site on Dartmoor – if we're being rational.

ERIC: What about the people – are we of no account?
Surely within a National Park the view is paramount?

DEIDRA: Paramount?! What sort of word is that?

ASHLEIGH: Have you noticed how they're ignoring us? They're so wrapped up in their
argument they can't even acknowledge we exist.

TINTIN: The view? What's a view? Some transitory thing
As fleeting and as feckless as a frail butterfly's wing,
Changing with the cloud cover, dependent on the seasons.
You say a view's special – but can you give me reasons?

PILOT: You know I had that Tom Monkhurst chap in my balloon once. His students
had clubbed together to send him up. I remember him telling me about the
views from his high plateau in Africa. He hated them. Said wherever you've
got a good view you haven't got enough trees.

ERIC: Yes, I believe that was why the authorities in Africa put him in prison –
sensible fellows. He wanted to stop them using firewood.

DANA: In Africa he may have had a point, but here we don't want to shade out the
violets on which the High Brown's caterpillars feed. Look, look! you can see
the smoke of the barbeques in the filed by river. How many Marsh Fritillaries
are being roasted there I wonder? Can't we get you to land near them?

TYLER: They're talking about roasting marshmallows – it's making me hungry.

KIMBERLY: I reckon we've been stitched up by Antigone.

PILOT: My instructions were for a three-hour flight with a landing somewhere on the other side of the Moor. The wind's taking us in the wrong direction at the moment. Feel that gust. I need to take us higher.

ERIC: Did you know that blood boils at 76,000 feet?

DANA: Mine's already boiling.

TINTIN: Are they part of Frank's inner circle too, do you think?

DANA: Those four teenage girls – surely not.

ERIC: They could be his nieces or something.

DANA: I somehow don't think so. And I've got a feeling we aren't part of his inner circle either.

Out all gradually

Scene: The party 2

In Chloe and Dominic from opposite sides with drinks

CHLOE: I'm so glad to see you, Dom. This place is a cultural desert. Except for Carrie, and I don't really know her. I've got no one to talk to when you're not around. How's it going in London?

DOMINIC: Yeah, it's good. Lots of things to see, people to meet.

CHLOE: Maybe I'll go to Uni there.

DOMINIC: But it's always great to get away to the peace and quiet of Dartmoor. Warm, isn't it?

CHLOE: Global warming for you. I'm going for a swim in the river later. Will you come with me?

DOMINIC: Oh... yes, I'd love to.

Out Chloe and Dominic talking

In Celia and Raymond with drinks

RAYMOND: Celia, I wanted to apologise for what I said to you when I first heard about the wind turbines. If I'd had the offer they made to you, I'd have done exactly what you've done – all power to you. Literally I suppose. You can't turn down that sort of money when you're in hill-farming.

CELIA: That's very generous of you, Raymond. Are you coming to get some food?

RAYMOND: Now I had a little business proposition I wanted to run past you.....

Out Raymond with Celia

In Antigone and Anita with drinks

ANITA: How's the artist then, Antigone?

ANTIGONE: Okay, when I get a moment and I'm not being pestered by Mum to tidy up.

ANITA: What are you working on at the moment?

ANTIGONE: Something conceptual. Anti-capitalist.

ANITA: Ever tried landscape?

ANTIGONE: No. I can't get my head round the difference between one view and another? You paint one view and you've sort of painted all of them, haven't you?

ANITA: Gracious no. I remember a man who used to measure landscape quality with a gadget he'd invented. He called it a landscapometer – whenever he pointed it at something beautiful it was quiet, and whenever he pointed it at something ugly it started up like a Geiger counter. He's dead now.

ANTIGONE: Was that because he went too close to too many ugly things...?

Out Anita and Antigone

In Tracey

In Barnaby

TRACEY: Oh.... Barnaby.

BARNABY: Hi Tracey.

TRACEY: How.... are you, Barnaby?

BARNABY: I'm fine thanks. I read the poem.

TRACEY: Oh.

Pause

BARNABY: Was it from a book?

TRACEY: No... yes.

BARNABY: Is that what you feel though?

TRACEY: Uh...no...I just liked the poem. I thought you might like it too... typed out... in Arial.

BARNABY: I see. Arial's... a nice font.

TRACEY: But it's fine if you don't like it. I'm not sure I like it anymore.

BARNABY: Right. Arial does get a bit overused.

TRACEY: Well I suppose...

BARNABY: What do you...

TRACEY: Sorry...

BARNABY: You go first...

TRACEY: No you... please.

BARNABY: What do you think of global warming?

TRACEY: Global Warming, yeah, they're cool.

Pause

BARNABY: I'm talking about climate change.

TRACEY: Oh sorry... I thought you meant the band. Yeah, global warming's great...

BARNABY: Great?!

TRACEY: Though...actually I'm not that interested in it. I mean there are other things...

BARNABY: It's what I'm into at the moment.

Out Barnaby

In Esther

ESTHER: I saw you talking. What did he say?

TRACEY: Esther, I want to kill myself.

ESTHER: See, what did I tell you – never reveal the truth about your feelings.

TRACEY: No, you've got it wrong. I'm a coward. I couldn't bring myself to tell him the truth. I went back on everything. *(Sobs)*

ESTHER: Quickly, come with me. We can't let him see you like this.

Out Esther shepherding Tracey

In Frank

FRANK: *(On his mobile)* Wasn't it great?! I think we've really wowed the media and the corporate world with this one. Now listen, I'm going to get our legal department going on the planning permissions on Monday, but I need you to forward them specifics on the sites you've earmarked. Can you do that for me over the weekend? What do you mean you're taking the weekend off? At a time like this? I need you, Henrik. *(Pause)* What did you say? *(Pause)* I certainly haven't been taking credit for your ideas. As your boss I have had to take responsibility for the initiative through thick and thin. *(Pause)* Look. I'm sorry if I didn't mention your name at the press conference... No, of course I'm not double-crossing you... Yes, she's with me, but you knew that...

In Angela

ANGELA: Frank, you've arrived at last! Happy Birthday!

FRANK: I have to go now. But don't let me down, will you? (*Turns to Angela*) Sorry darling,

ANGELA: Who was that?

FRANK: That was Henrik. Isn't it wonderful news? I think the weekend papers are going to love it....

ANGELA: That's nice. Now come and join the party – it's in full swing.

FRANK: Alcom almost single-handedly carrying the banner for Kyoto in the UK!...

ANGELA: Shouldn't you try to forget about work for this one evening? It's your 50th birthday party. Relax. There are lots of your friends here waiting to talk to you.

FRANK: I imagine they must have heard about my renewables initiative.

ANGELA: I don't think so.

FRANK: What! You mean you haven't told them?!

ANGELA: Come and get some food before it all disappears. I've been cooking for days and I want you to taste some of it.

In Raymond

FRANK: Raymond, how are you? How's the farm?

RAYMOND: Hello Frank. Farming's not so good. Every government's worse than the last one, and Europe's worst of all. They tell me Celia...

ANGELA: No, don't....

RAYMOND: Don't what?

ANGELA: Sorry to interrupt Raymond, but I have to take Frank off to the food before it's all gone.

In Beatrice

BEATRICE: Frank! Happy birthday!

FRANK: Thank you Beatrice.

BEATRICE: How was the balloon trip? And what have you done with Eric? I'm feeling quite lost without him.

FRANK: Balloon trip?

ANGELA: He can tell you about that when he's got some food inside him. I thought I saw Eric walking down near the river, by the way.

Angela drags Frank away

BEATRICE: Well, that's very odd.

RAYMOND: *(Calling after)* I shall see you later then Frank.

BEATRICE: Raymond, about those sheep of yours that keep breaking into our garden.

RAYMOND: It's not my fence they're breaking through. They're coming in off the common.

BEATRICE: I know it's a hard time for farmers...

RAYMOND: I was just going to say to Frank – but he wouldn't stop to listen – seems the only thing worth farming these days is the wind.

BEATRICE: How do you mean?

RAYMOND: You heard what they've offered Celia to put a wind-farm on her land?

BEATRICE: A wind-farm! On Celia's land! Where is Eric when I need him?

Out Beatrice

Out Raymond another way

Scene: The basket of the balloon 2

Dana, Tintin, Eric, Pilot, Ashleigh, Kimberly, Tyler and Deidra

DANA: This is getting ridiculous. We need to be down there putting our case to Frank, and here we are hanging stupidly in the sky, removed from the earth that we care so passionately about by a bag of hot air and a pilot who won't listen to us.

PILOT: Instructions are instructions. She who pays the piper calls the tune.

ERIC: You know I think Tintin might be suffering from altitude sickness. He's gone very quiet and pale. I think we need to go lower.

PILOT: Nonsense. I'm looking for the wind to take us where my instructions ordered me.

ERIC: And that wind is higher?

PILOT: Yes.

ERIC: I must say I find it very odd that you were given such precise instructions for what is merely a leisure trip. How safe are these balloons?

PILOT: Safe as houses, mate. You do get the odd accident. They catch fire in mid-air or something like that.

ERIC: I really think we should go lower.

ASHLEIGH: Let's go higher. It gives me a buzz. Is that an eagle over there?

DANA: It's a buzzard.

ASHLEIGH: Is that why it's called a buzzard, because going high gives it a buzz?

DANA: I don't think so!

TYLER: If only there was alcohol.

DEIDRA: Or music.

KIMBERLY: Might as well make the best of it. When are we ever going to afford another balloon trip.

TYLER: Excuse me, is there anything to drink?

PILOT: No alcohol allowed on board.

DANA: I've got some water if you'd like some.

TYLER: Water? Oh... thanks.

DANA: I'm Dana. You are?

TYLER: Tyler, and this is Kimberly, Ashleigh and Deidra. Isn't it amazing?

DANA: You could call it that. So are you particular friends of Frank?

ASHLEIGH: Who's Frank?

DANA: We came on this balloon trip because we thought Frank was part of it.

KIMBERLY: We're only here because Antigone told us she'd be in the balloon.

DANA: Frank is Antigone's father. Looks like we're all victims of the same party trick.

TYLER: What trick is that?

DANA: The three of us have been sent up in this balloon to keep us away from confronting Frank about the damage his initiative is doing to the environment.

KIMBERLY: Is that the same as climate change?

DANA: How do you mean?

KIMBERLY: Is Antigone's dad's initiative causing climate change?

DANA: Well...uh...no...not in so many words.

TYLER: Or global warming?

DANA: It's complicated.

ERIC: Dana, Tintin's breathing sounds laboured to me.

DANA: Are you alright, Tintin?

Dana crouches down beside him

TINTIN: (Mumbling) Here comes the power! Here comes the power! White wings!

DANA: I think he's beginning to hallucinate.

In Buzzard

Out Eric, Dana, Pilot, Tyler, Kimberly, Ashleigh

BUZZARD: Fly with me, Tintin, and I will show you sites
Of ancient congregation – henges and their rites.
Together we shall make an aerial survey team -
You with your expertise and my sharp eye-beam
Seeing beyond the crop-marks until the past yields
A vision of our future within its shady fields.

TINTIN: Buzzard, wait for me. I come to fly with you.
Show me the sacred henge and what its people do.

Tintin flies with Buzzard

TINTIN: Crop marks galore every way we swivel -
The wind in my face though has made me start to snivel.

BUZZARD: Here, pluck a feather and wipe your nose with that.
How do you cope with Dartmoor then?

TINTIN: I wear a scarf and hat.
Is that a smelting mill, that great roaring dome?

BUZZARD: No. That's the balloon which seemed to be your home.

TINTIN: A buzzard's way of travel gives quite a panorama.
Who's that shaking his fist at us?

BUZZARD: An angry farmer
I ate his prize hen's chicks.

TINTIN: I think he's got a gun.
Higher, higher quickly!

BUZZARD: I'll blind him in the sun.

TINTIN: Down there, is that a mill-site complex with its leats?

BUZZARD: No, that's a Devon town and all its dug-up streets.
I think you might need glasses.

TINTIN: Great cassiterite and killas!

BUZZARD: You've spotted tin somewhere?

TINTIN: Twenty henge pillars,

Capped with gold, with the sun glancing great blades of light
Off them in the radiant morning. And people – all sorts - smiling bright
Thanking them for the energy, thanking them for the power.

BUZZARD: This is your dreamtime, and your myth-making hour.

TINTIN: Buzzard, put me down. Let me walk the trails
That thread among these giants like glistening tracks of snails
Polished with myriad feet.

Buzzard drops Tintin to a landing, where he falls over

Ouch! Talk of a bumpy landing!

BUZZARD: I seem to have no trouble, myself, in staying standing.

Tintin picks himself up

TINTIN: Now I walk among them, the columns seem like new -
The most modern thing a tribe of old could do.
And look! a buzzard queen stands on the totem pole –
Is that why you brought me here? Was that your buzzard goal?

BUZZARD: Images of animals have always given sanity
To human civilisation's hotchpotch of inanity.

TINTIN: There I disagree, For example: take the Dartmoor hare,
As mad as they come in March... Are the priests anywhere?

In Ashleigh, Kimberly, Tyler and Deidra drifting into Tintin's consciousness

Or priestesses should I say.

ASHLEIGH: We are the ghosts of power.

Tintin falls down in front of them

Out Buzzard

In Dana, Eric and Pilot drifting into Tintin's consciousness

TINTIN: Dana, is that you? Eric? I had a vision, a buzzard...

DANA: It's alright Tintin. You're suffering from altitude sickness. You went off for a
little bit.

Dana helps him onto his feet

DANA: But you're back with us now.

ERIC: It's time we did something. Let's get this pilot.

They all move towards the Pilot who backs off in terror

Out all

Scene: The Party 3

In Frank and Angela

In Jacq

FRANK: Jacq, the food is absolutely delicious. Go and help yourself.

JACQ: When I'm ready. Hello Angela.

ANGELA: Hello Jacq.

Out Jacq

ANGELA: *(Sharply to Frank)* What is she doing here?

FRANK: I've brought her down to help with making arrangements for the initiative. I'm afraid it's going to be a bit of a working weekend.

ANGELA: Is something going on between you two?

FRANK: Jacq and Henrik are an item, Angela.

ANGELA: So is he happy about his girlfriend going away to Devon for the weekend with his boss?

FRANK: He trusts me completely. This is about work. You know how important this initiative is to me.

ANGELA: I wish I could trust you to come home one weekend without bringing your work with you – literally. Where's she staying?

FRANK: I thought the spare room...

ANGELA: The spare room has one of Chloe's friends. You'll have to arrange B & B. And can you make it clear to Jacq that on no account is she to mention the initiative at this party.

In Chloe

CHLOE: Dad! You're here!

FRANK: *(Hugging her)* Chloe.

CHLOE: Dad, you're the man! Your new initiative about alternative energy sounds brilliant.

Angela sighs

FRANK: Thank you Chloe, my love. I'm glad somebody round here appreciates what I've achieved – unlike your mother. We start working on planning permission for 12 wind farm sites on Monday.

CHLOE: Wow!

ANGELA: Of course I appreciate what you've achieved.

CHLOE: I want to tell everyone.

ANGELA: I'm not sure that's such a good idea.

FRANK: Why not?

ANGELA: Oh....because...

In Anita

CHLOE: Anita, have you heard about Dad's new renewable energy initiative?

ANITA: No, tell me.

ANGELA: I've told Frank he's not allowed to talk about work at his birthday party. Chloe, you're leading him astray.

CHLOE: Twelve wind....Ow Mum, you kicked me!

ANGELA: Sorry darling, how clumsy of me. It's these new shoes. Come over here to the light and I'll look at the bruise. Frank, can you fetch me the witch-hazel from the first aid box inside the marquee?

Out Frank

Anita, help yourself to another drink.

Out Anita

ANGELA: Listen, Chloe. What did I ask you to do? I haven't been working for six months on the organisation of this party to have it ruined by thoughtless inconsiderate people arguing about climate change. I do not want anyone to know that he is responsible for a plan for a wind farm in this area – not tonight. You understand me.

CHLOE: Can't I even tell Dominic?

ANGELA: No, I said nobody.

In Oriella

ORIELLA: Mum, can we do the play now Dad's here?

CHLOE: Oh, we've got to watch that, have we?

ANGELA: Don't be so mean. Yes of course, Oriella. Are your cast ready?

ORIELLA: As ready as they'll ever be. We've had to change the script a lot because of Ben.

ANGELA: I can hardly see a mark.

CHLOE: It was vicious, Mum. *(To Oriella)* She kicked me.

ANGELA: Only by mistake.

CHLOE: Yeah.

ANGELA: *(Calling out)* Could I have your attention please? Everyone! Please! We are about to have the first performance of a play written by Oriella and friends, specially for Frank's birthday. Would you join me in giving them a big hand.

Applause

In Oriella

ORIELLA: Far into the future, but not very far, the world heats up and the polar ice-caps melt.

Kate, Gerogie, Saffron, Charlotte, Charly, Sinead, Jem, Emma act out the heating up of the world as dumb show

Africa begins to get wetter, and the Sahara becomes a fertile region, green with trees. But this means that the mineral dusts of the desert are no longer whipped up by the arms of the wind and flung out to sea, where they feed the plankton.

Some become trees. Gerogie, as the wind, whips up the others as dust, but the trees hold on to them.

With fewer plankton, the oceans take less carbon dioxide from the Earth's atmosphere. The world heats up even more. Sea levels rise. Dartmoor becomes an island and a desert. It is now a third world country. People who fled there from London when the sea levels rose, have gone to live in the Sahara. - if they have been allowed in that is, by African immigration control.

Kate, Gerogie, Saffron, Charlotte, Charlie, Sinead, Jem, Emma wail on the ground

Millions of English people sit on the borders of the rich Saharan countries in refugee camps, hoping against hope that they can find a way in and claim asylum.

Kate, Gerogie, Saffron, Charlotte, Charlie. Sinead, Jem, Emma reach out despairingly

Meanwhile on Dartmoor, Jacintha is orphaned and hungry. Even though the sun beats down on the dusts of the dried out peat by day, the winter nights are colder than of old. There are few trees left in the valleys now, but Jacintha needs wood for fuel to keep herself and her brother warm and to cook their food with. Her brother Callum is sick.

Leah as Jacintha and Saffron as Callum

CALLUM: Jacintha, I'm so cold.

JACINTHA: Callum, I have to leave you for a while to look for wood for the fire.

Callum curls up and sleeps

ORIELLA: Jacintha goes into the valley of the trees where her uncle, who knew all the species, has marked the ash trees with a cross for her. He has marked them in this way so she would know the ones to cut down that could be burned

immediately. Ash burns when it is still green, he has told her, before he was carried off by the plague. Jacintha steals along the path by the dried up river bed of the Dart, taking her axe with her.

Dumb show of Jacintha stealing through Kate, Gerogie, Charlotte, Daniel, Jem, Emma as trees, stroking them lovingly and regretfully. She traces out the cross on Charlotte, and begins to cut her down.

In Ben as Melkriol

MELKRIOL: Stop! What are you doing? Why are you cutting down a beautiful tree when there are so few left on the plains? A tree that helps to keep the water in the soil for longer, a tree that removes carbon dioxide from the air, a tree that provides shade in the heat of the sun and soughs in the breeze as a wind-break.

JACINTHA: I need firewood for heating and for cooking. My brother is sick – without heat and food he may die.

MELKRIOL: If you cut the trees down, the world will grow sicker.

JACINTHA: But more slowly than my brother will grow sicker. How can I abandon my brother for the sake of some idea about the future of the world? Who are you anyway?

MELKRIOL: I am a foreign aid worker from the Sahara, though my grandparents came originally from Dartmoor, where my grandfather was a Formula 1 driver....

Oriella glares at Ben

ORIELLA: *(Interrupting quickly)* They were lucky enough to be granted asylum by the African authorities when they fled from the chaos of England.

JACINTHA: I could plant more trees, if that was allowed.

MELKRIOL: They will grow up too slowly within the wood to provide replacements.

JACINTHA: I could plant them outside the wood.

MELKRIOL: That might threaten the desert on which Dartmoor's tourist trade depends. Or the few fields where maize is grown. Personally, I would like to see more trees, but I can't risk offending the authorities here or I'll be given forty eight hours to pack my bags and leave. Then I will no longer be able to help people like you...

JACINTHA: So let me get this straight...

Antigone comes into the acting area

ANTIGONE: Are you actually suggesting that it is the authorities in the third world who are responsible for oppression rather than capitalist big business?

ORIELLA: Ah..... *(Gets her sister in a half nelson. Whispering)*. What are you doing on the stage? *(Out loud, grinning sardonically)* Just at that moment a tourist from the developed world happened to be in the wood indulgently having photographs taken of herself in tree-like poses. *(Arranges her arm as a branch)*

ANTIGONE: Oriella, I am an artist. I know far better than you do how my arm should be placed as a branch.

Awkward pause

Oriella gestures wildly to Leah to continue

JACINTHA: So let me get this straight. You won't let me cut down a tree in this wood to keep my brother warm because there aren't enough trees, but you won't let me plant more, because it might spoil the tourist trade, or eat up land used to produce food.

MELKRIOL: I am afraid so.

JACINTHA: If you really want to help me, why don't you persuade the authorities to give this wood to the village? Then the farmers and the people who sell to the tourists and all of us who need wood could work out together where

In Tintin, Eric and Dana at a run, followed by Ashleigh, Kimberly, Tyler and Deidra, Tintin is very unsteady on his feet

ERIC: Stop!

DANA: Everyone stop! We need to speak to Frank.

ANGELA: What are you doing here?

ERIC: You thought you'd got us out of the way, didn't you?

DANA: A cunning plan, Angela, sending us up in a hot air balloon, hung out to dry and left to fiddle with our fingers at the mercy of the wind while the sound of partying drifted up to us in tantalising snatches.

ERIC: But not quite cunning enough.

DANA: We took the pilot prisoner – with the help of these teenagers - and crash-landed in a nearby field.

MELANIE: *(From the shadows)* My god, it's Ashleigh's lot.

ESTHER: *(From the shadows)* They got to go up in the balloon by the looks of things.

TRACEY: Some people have all the luck.

LUCY: *(From the shadows)* How did they wangle that?

ANTIGONE: *(From the shadows)* I tricked them into it to keep them away from the party.

DEIDRA: Thank you very much Antigone.

ASHLEIGH: Sorry the rest of you missed out on the trip.

KIMBERLY: Yeah, it must have been rather boring down here on the ground by comparison.

TYLER: Amazing ride.

ANGELA: What have you done with the pilot?

DANA: We left him drinking champagne with his rescue crew.

TINTIN: We need to speak to Frank.

ERIC: About the three hundred foot turbines Alcom are planning to plant on Celia Cartwright's farm.

A murmur of horror goes up

ERIC: You have to help us Frank, you have to stop whoever in your company has come up with this mad initiative, right in your own view.

DANA: You have to save the breeding ground of the High Brown fritillary.

TINTIN: A henge, a community site, with roots in the forest, columns from which the tribe derived its power...

DANA: Do you think you could do with some oxygen, Tintin?

Booing and shouts of 'Down with Alcom'

Frank steps out of the shadows

FRANK: What on earth are you all talking about? A wind-farm in my view? There's some mistake.

Celia steps out of the shadows

CELIA: None. Alcom have come to me with a proposal for twenty turbines, and I have accepted it.

FRANK: What?!! You mean on that ridge? *(He points)* Right there!!!!?

CELIA: Yes.

Dominic steps out of the shadows

DOMINIC: Whose initiative was this, Frank?

Pause

Chloe steps out of the shadows

CHLOE: It was my dad's and I'm proud of him.

DANA: Yours, Frank?!!

FRANK: Now hold on a minute, Chloe.

CHLOE: Dominic, you support the scheme don't you. You can write an article about Dad's courage in leading big business towards a greener future. And your Mum's pioneering attitude.

DOMINIC: Well... *(Looks at Chloe)*

CELIA: *(Enjoying the moment)* Well Dominic?

DOMINIC: *(Thinking about his swim in the river with Chloe)*
Well I suppose I could...

KATE: Dominic - two-faced or what? You told me you would never agree to the destruction of our childhood playground, and you would fight Mum to the bitter end over it.

CELIA: Biting the hand that feeds them.

Pause

DOMINIC: I'm not sure. I... don't think I have enough information yet. I'm sorry, Chloe.

CHLOE: Where's Carrie? I know she'll support it – the wind-power champion...

Carrie steps out of the shadows

CARRIE: Three hundred foot turbines, twenty of them, in the most beautiful landscape I know. I'm not sure I can support that. Wind-farms yes... but here?

Barnaby steps out of the shadows

BARNABY: I just lost a hero. What about climate change?

CARRIE: Help me someone.

Jeremy steps out of the shadows

JEREMY: Did I hear you ask for help?

CARRIE: Not from you.

JEREMY: I thought so. Think people.

CHLOE: I can't forgive you, Dominic, for not supporting me.

DOMINIC: If you had to choose between your sister and a friend, which would you choose?

CHLOE: A friend?? Is that all you think of me as? It wasn't like that when we were swimming in the river.

DOMINIC: Look, please let me explain.

CHLOE: I don't want to hear. And I would have supported my own mother too.

ANGELA: *(Sarcastically)* Really?!

CARRIE: What did you mean by 'think people'?

JEREMY: Exactly what I said.

ANGELA: I wonder if it's time to draw the party to a close. Frank's very tired after a long day....

Tracey, Esther, Melanie and Lucy move forwards

ESTHER: But we haven't had the dancing yet.

ASHLEIGH: This isn't much of a party. It's more of a boring argument.

TRACEY: So you don't care about climate change and the future?

ASHLEIGH: I'll tell you something, if you were as poor as my mum is, you couldn't afford to think about trees or climate change or anything except the money for next week's food. I'm going.

TYLER: Stay, Ash, it'll be a laugh.

DEIDRA: Yeah Ash, come on.

KIMBERLY: Yeah, why not.

ASHLEIGH: Yeah why not.

MELANIE: How can you reach this time of evening at a party and not have had a dance?!

LUCY: They're joking.

In Beatrice

BEATRICE: Hardly the time for dancing, is it? Eric, there you are. I've been searching the river for you thinking you might have been drowned. Have you heard about this wind farm?

BARNABY: *(To Tracey, whispering)* If there is any dancing, would you dance with me?

TRACEY: *(Whispering)* Would I...

Tracey faints and falls on the ground, where she lies prone till Barnaby helps her up

TINTIN: *(As if remembering something)* Wooden pillars, capped with gold, with the sun glancing great blades of light off them in the radiant morning.

ORIELLA: *(To Ben)* Tintin looks like a man who's eaten a slice of Mum's mushroom quiche.

BEN: Is he any madder than he was before?

CHLOE: *(Overhearing)* How can you be so trivial at a time like this, Oriella? And what was all that sentimental tosh about it being okay to cut down trees in the third world?

ORIELLA: That's typical, coming from someone who would like to stop trade with Africa and starve its people.

CHLOE: Don't misrepresent me.

ORIELLA: What was all that arguing with Mum about local produce then?

ANTIGONE: You two at it again.

Chant begins to go up, led by Eric: 'Stop the turbines! Stop the turbines! Stop the turbines.'

CHLOE: Tiggy, we've got to help Dad.

ANTIGONE: Big business gets its deserts.

CHLOE: Bury your head in the sand why don't you.

ANTIGONE: Very funny. The guy who said 'think people' – I liked that. Wind farms could be installations.

RAYMOND: This isn't my cup of tea.

ANITA: Well, yes, it would be hard to call them landscapes.

BEATRICE: Whatever induced you to go off in a hot air balloon just as the party was starting?

ERIC: Whatever induced you to go searching for me in the river?

ORIELLA: Mum, Dad, we still haven't finished the play....

JEREMY: In the light of the play and its admirable emphasis on people, I have a suggestion.

TINTIN: What about the buzzard?

ERIC: What about the buzzard?! He said 'people'. In my view...

JEREMY: It was something Tintin said... about the henge – a community site from which the tribe derived its power. Suppose... you all owned the wind-farm.

DANA: It doesn't matter who owns it to the butterflies who'll suffer extinction there.

FRANK: The huge investment required has got to come from big business, and they need their return on that investment if it's going to be worth their while.

CELIA: And what about my income? I need a proper return to survive.

BEATRICE: But we don't want a wind farm at all - not where we can see it.

Chant continues, led by Eric: 'Stop the turbines! Stop the turbines! Stop the turbines!'

ANGELA: Frank, do something.

FRANK: What?

ANGELA: I don't know anything. Before the evening is completely ruined.

FRANK: Listen everyone. Listen, please! I have to confess that this was never my idea. It was the brain-child of my second in command, Henrik.

Jacq moves forward

JACQ: So should I change the contents of our press release to reflect that fact?

CHLOE: *(Imploringly)* Dad!

Pause

FRANK: Wait...but.....it was my... initiative....I take responsibility for it. I believe wind farms are important to our future. I had no idea that my initiative would result in a wind farm being built here, but now that has happened, to be frank with you I don't see how I can go back on it.

Lights go down. All dissolve

Lights come up on Dominic.

A Public Meeting: (written by Carly Mays)

DOMINIC: *[Summing Up]* Welcome everyone to this public meeting. I'm very pleased to see such a good turnout, and thank you all for coming at such short notice. As you will no doubt be aware, unless there is strong objection to the planning permission, we will soon see the development of a wind farm high on the moor at Celia Cartwright's farm, Lark Rise. It is important that I mention now that I am Celia's son, and the farm is my childhood home. However, I am here tonight in my capacity as a journalist. I am as yet undecided on this issue, and I am interested to find out more about the public view on this development. I will also be writing an in-depth article for the national papers. I would like your views, the views of the general public, to be represented. Climate change is a hot topic right now, and this kind of dilemma is exactly the sort of thing we will be facing increasingly over the years. It cannot be ignored by the media. Soon no-one will be able to ignore it. Of course, some doubt the existence of climate change, offering a number of different explanations for the rise in global temperatures, sea levels and other phenomena. Meanwhile, the facts remain, that temperatures are rising, and many believe CO₂ to be responsible and humanity to blame. I'm interested tonight to find out what you think. Is a renewable energy initiative such as the one at Lark Rise Farm the only way forward? Is it an abomination? Do you love or hate the thought of the blades of turbines turning high on the horizon of Dartmoor? Some, such as Tintin Mills, believe these could be a beautiful addition to the historical traces of industry littering the moor. Others, such as Carrie, believe they do not belong in such a beautiful, unspoilt landscape. Jeremy here, and Chloe, feel the problem of climate change to be so urgent, that we cannot be selective about where we place these vehicles of change. And yet, Eric, or Raymond might contest that if we are going to save the world, the world must be one worth saving.

What do you feel? Please feel free to share with me your view, and in turn, this panel of interested local people, are prepared to answer any additional questions you might have. I also have information about the plan itself that you might find helpful. At the end of our discussion, I would like us to take a vote on whether the wind turbines should, or should not be built on Lark Rise Farm.