

We are looking at two flat roofs, one Stage Right and one Left. The roofs belong to two garages attached to two detached bungalows. The actors will access the flat roofs through two windows which overlook each roof. This can be depicted very simply or entirely by the actors' actions while at the same time, being revealed to the audience through the dialogue.

It's early morning in December. A Spot comes up on the flat roof Right. DELLA, fully dressed, climbs through the window and onto the flat roof. She calls back.

DELLA: It's stopped raining. Come on. *(She moves forward.)* Rory, are you following me?

RORY, fully dressed, appears inside the window Right

RORY: Della, get back inside. That garage roof isn't strong enough to hold us.

DELLA: Of course it is. It's not like we're going to hold a rave up here. Get out.

RORY: I'm alright. I'll stay where I am.

DELLA: Talk sense. The water's knee-deep in there and it's filthy. Just do what I did. Stand on a chair, put your foot on the window ledge and step outside.

RORY: No.

DELLA: Rory, you have to get out here. How else are we going to be spotted when they send over a rescue helicopter?

RORY: You're out there. Just wave something when you see it coming.

DELLA: I haven't got anything. Bring me something bright and shiny.

RORY disappears briefly and reappears waving a length of tinsel.

RORY: Will this do?

DELLA: Tinsel!

RORY: It's floated off the tree.

DELLA: How are they going to see that?

RORY: It's bright isn't it, and it's the only thing that's not sopping wet. *(He shakes it and holds it out.)* Here.

DELLA: Bring it yourself. If I'm going to perch up here like a parrot, then so are you. Now come on.

Reluctant, Rory starts to emerge.

Rory: You know I'm scared of heights.

Della: What heights? From this flat roof it's less than a metre drop to the floodwater.

Rory crawls forward, eyes closed.

Delia: Oh, open your eyes you great baby.

Rory opens his eyes and looks around, and surprisingly, he is impressed.

Rory: Wow! It's awesome. It's just like being on an island in the middle of the sea. *(He stands and walks to the front of the roof, looking all around.)* Look at it. Everywhere's under water.

Della: Except for the houses on the hill. They've still got their Christmas lights on.

Rory: We could have bought one of those for three grand less than this bungalow, but no, Della had to live right down by the riverside.

Della: In eight years there's never been a sign of flooding, so why now?

Rory: Global warming I suppose.

(They both drift into a calm acceptance.)

Della: Still, it's very pretty isn't it? See how the rising sun glints off the water, like a million diamonds. It's quite hypnotic.

Rory: It is, isn't it?... Just wait till we try to claim on the insurance though, and this place will be worth nothing now. Nobody will buy on a flood plain.

Della: I'm sorry Rory, but somehow I can't bring myself to care.

Rory: Funny you should say that, babes. Even though tragedy is staring us in the face, I don't feel at all stressed.

Della: Nor me. In fact I feel quite numb.

Rory: We're in shock, that's what it is. Going to sleep in your warm dry home and waking up to find it's turned into a swimming pool, who wouldn't be in shock? *(He puts an arm around her.)*

Della: It's Christmas Eve, your parents are coming to stay tomorrow, I just saw the turkey float along the hall, everything we own is ruined, and we're stranded on the garage roof without an I- Phone between us, yet here we stand, numbly admiring the view.

Rory: So, let's enjoy it while we can. I expect the numbness will soon wear off if we're forced to stay up here for much longer.

Della: Still, it's not cold, is it?

Rory: No, it's really warm for the time of year. (*He hugs her.*) It's nice that you're talking to me again, babes.

Della: Why? When wasn't I talking?

Rory: Last night. Well you *were* talking, but more *at* me rather than *to* me.

Della: Did we fall out?

Rory: I'll say we did. Come on, don't pretend you can't remember.

Della: But I can't.

Rory: Are you having me on?

Della: No, honestly, I don't remember a thing. Why did we fall out?

Rory gets evasive and his calm acceptance begins to dissolve.

Rory: Do you know, I don't really remember either. It was something and nothing. We'd both had a fair bit to drink.

Della: Was I angry?

Rory: Just a bit.

Della: Now you've mentioned it, I think I do remember feeling angry... hold on... it was a bit more than a bit wasn't it? I was livid. Why was I livid?

Rory: It was nothing much. You didn't like the way I'd decorated the tree or something.

Della: You're joking. Why would I be livid about that?

Rory: Because you were drunk, and not huggy kissy drunk but nasty fighty very unreasonably drunk.

Della: But I only had two or three glasses of wine... didn't I?

Rory: More like four or five and after those you were swigging vodka.

Della: Vodka! I don't drink vodka.

Rory: That's what I said when you started swigging it but you still managed to drain the bottle.

Della: What? Why didn't you stop me?

Rory: I tried, but you weren't in the mood for listening. Oh babes, you must have the hangover from hell.

Della: I don't actually.

Rory: Not even a headache?

Della: Well, maybe just a tiny one.

Rory: That's amazing.

She has a sudden recollection and shouts, startling Rory.

Della: *Thunder!* There was thunder, rolling thunder, and rain, constant drumming rain, on and on and on.

Rory: That's right... and that's all you remember, is it?

Della: Yes...no... *blood!*... There was a thin stream of blood trickling across the floor. It was getting closer and closer to my face. Did you see it?

Rory: I saw it alright. It was my blood.

Della: Oh Rory, did you have an accident? What happened?

Rory: You cracked me over the head with the vodka bottle.

Della: As if! Don't be stupid.

Rory: It's true. Look at the wound. *(He pushes his head at her.)*

Della examines his head, first the side he indicates, then the other.

Della: There's nothing there.