

Scene Five

November, 1990. Night / early hours of the morning.

David, here now the youngest we'll see him. He stands in the middle of the deserted office, holding a box of his things. No computers, no mobile phones. Everything around him belongs to the former occupant.

Elizabeth comes in – or tries to, the door won't open.

Elizabeth (off) David?

David Round the back.

Elizabeth (off) What are you doing, let me in.

David The door's stuck, I came in through the / back instead –

Elizabeth (off) The door won't open, / why have you locked the door?

David Yes I know, you – go down the side of the Chinese / next door, and –

Elizabeth (off) Oh stop messing about, David, please –

David (louder, losing it) Listen! You have to Go down the Side of the Chinese, and Round through the Back!

Elizabeth (off) Oh, for the love of – . . .

David (waits) Elizabeth?

Elizabeth (already going) Ye-es! I'm going, Jesus . . .

David looks around. Puts his box down.

A phone starts ringing somewhere, muffled. David looks around for it, trying to locate the sound going underneath a desk.

Elizabeth (entering from the back) Urh, don't ever make me do that again, smells horrendous back there. The bins are spilling over into . . .

She can't see him.

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. . . David?

David (*hidden*) I'm trying to find the –

Elizabeth *screams, grabbing a rosette as a weapon.*

David Ah! What? What is it?

Elizabeth Bloody hell! I nearly went for you then.

David (*at the rosette*) What were you going to do, 'campaign me' to death?

Elizabeth Don't push it, it's a been a long night, alright?

David You make it sound like . . . yes, it has; a long and victorious and happy one. Yes? No? A Member of Parliament? Isn't that what we dreamed about.

Elizabeth Doesn't look like one of my dreams . . .

David Don't know what I'm meant to do with all Whittaker's old stuff. Like a time warp. Maybe it won't look so bad in the –

Elizabeth What, cold light of day? It is the cold light of day, as good as. You don't really have to stay here, do you, isn't there anywhere –

David The local party have a lease, it's –

Elizabeth Get them to find somewhere else. Honestly, this –

David Bridges, love. We're meant to be building them, not burning them. Anyway, it's on the high street.

Elizabeth That's not a high street. Kensington is a high street. The Champs Élysées is a high street.

David I'm not sure the Champs Élysées *is* a high- . . . you know, you couldn't tell from your tone of voice that you're 'pleased' for me. For us. *We won, Liz.*

Elizabeth Oh David, a tub of cottage cheese would have won if it was the Labour candidate; this is 'the north'.

David The 'north midlands'.

Elizabeth (*looking around*) I guess it's only when you're actually here, looking at it. The drawing pins on the noticeboard, the sad carpet tiles. Just reality sinking in, I suppose. (*Looks at her watch.*) I was about to say I might go back to the house but then I remembered how depressing the bloody house is.

David It'll be fine, we just . . . we just have to *be* here. Be part of the community, we're not tourists here any more.

Elizabeth Of course not, last tourists to visit here were the bloody Normans.

She kicks some boxes about, sits.

How can they have put you up here, I thought you were a rising – what's it.

David They've 'put me here' because this is a safe seat. This is what safe looks like, I'm afraid. Those are the streets, the colour of the bricks, the types of pubs and cafés, the drawing pins on the noticeboards and the tiles on the floor. This is safe.

Elizabeth They also look like North London, and Manchester and even Leeds, I'd have taken fucking Leeds – we should have waited, there was no rush.

David No, there was no rush for *you*, you're sorted, there was for me.

Elizabeth *sighs.*

David Oh please, Elizabeth, don't –

Elizabeth What?

David – *sigh.* All / the time.

Elizabeth I didn't sigh. That was just – all the hope leaving my body.

Sorry, I know what I sound like, I know this is a good thing, I won't be this grumpy after a sleep and a bath, I promise. I promise. Well done.

She goes to him and they kiss.

David Now we know we're staying here, we can get somewhere – nicer. Do you know what £40,000 gets you up here? A palace. To grow up in, together. Could even start thinking about, maybe, / starting a – . . .

Elizabeth OK look, I . . . look, just, let me get this out now.

A phone rings from somewhere hidden again.

David Ssh, shit, where's that coming from, that could be –

Elizabeth David, leave it.

David Can you see it, am I going mad? How can I not find this phone?

Some shouting from around back, in Chinese.

Elizabeth David, someone's shouting outside. It sounds Chinese, from next door. I left the gate open, he might come in.

David He's allowed to come in. He's a constituent. Anyone is allowed to come in. Hello?!

Someone tries to come in through the front door.

Elizabeth Oh Jesus, we're surrounded.

David (*to the front door*) Hello? Sorry, you have to go round the back.

Elizabeth David?

David (*at the door, still*) We're having some issues with the, um –

Elizabeth (*quickly*) David, let me just say this quickly, I don't think I can do this, working here with you, I'm sorry.