**INT. A DECADENT, MINIMALISTIC APARTMENT. 7PM, LONDON. 2030**

**Characters:**

**Jillian – A woman in her late 20s. 2 months pregnant. An artist that hasn’t worked for a while, she had a renewed sense of purpose at the start of the ‘new normal’, but she has now fallen into an anxious funk from which she can’t escape. From a more working-class background, struggling to find purpose in her new life of luxury.**

**Charlie – A man in his mid 30s. Raised by an important political family, given a role at Securitan (the main security contractor since the pandemic started 10 years ago). Apprehensive about bringing a baby into the world, but confident through financial security.**

(The scene begins with a door being opened. As it is, we hear the hustle and bustle of a London street at 7pm. Cars and people moving to and fro, it disappears as the door slams shut. Charlie comes in and drops his bag and keys)

**CHARLIE:**

*(Calling out)* J I’m home!

[PAUSE]

Where are you honey? You won’t believe what I have to tell you, Jeremy said exactly what I said he would. Exactly! I told you he would, didn’t I tell you? ‘That’s your jurisdiction’ he said at the start of the week. Well, that information request came back and what did it say? It said although it could be handled by me, if I am unable to compile those documents it gets past on to the civilian assistance team. What I’d been saying all al-

*(Charlie trails off as he enters the living room, finding Jillian just waking up)*

*(Quieter this time)* Oh goodness! Sorry honey, did I wake you up? I was just telling you about Jeremy.

**JILLIAN:**

*(Half awake)* About who?

[PAUSE]

**CHARLIE:**

Never mind.

**JILLIAN:**

Sorry darling, you know when the day just gets away from you a little bit? I’ve been in and out of sleep since I woke up. How was it today?

*(Charlie sits down one the sofa and exhales loudly, evidently tired from a busy day)*

**CHARLIE:**

It, it was okay…

*(We hear the TV being turned on. Inaudible news reports play as we hear Charlie fill up a wine glass slowly)*

I had a nice lunch, filed the last of the civilian disobedience reports for the 1st quarter…

*(He takes a sip of wine and audibly relaxes a little more)*

**JILLIAN:**

*(Austere)* Were they outside again? Outside the offices?

[PAUSE]

**CHARLIE:**

Jillian… it’s only a few dozen peo-

**JILLIAN:**

*(Interrupting)* Charlie, I’m just asking. I’m just interested to know…

**CHARLIE:**

Yes. Yes, they were outside of the offices. My poor assistant had to squeeze past a few of them as she didn’t have her pass to get in the back entrance. Their… um. It’s mostly men. But there were women and children at the back of the crowd. Waiting for any sign of hope. I watched them while I had my lunch. Watched them out of the top window.

**JILLIAN:**

*(Exasperated)* When is it going to end Charlie? When is the virus going to… going to just go away?

**CHARLIE:**

It doesn’t really work like that J. You know that. These things take years and years to defend against. And then you have to roll out inoculations to the masses. Get people to understand that they can’t see their… parents and things.

**JILLIAN:**

*(Agitated)* None of that matters Charlie, does it? Don’t you feel like you could help those people? And don’t you feel like what you are doing at work actually isn’t helping them at all?!

*(There is an abrupt awkward silence. An advert for private healthcare plays on the TV)*

**CHARLIE:**

*(Charlie walks toward Jillian gesticulating a point with his finger pointing downward to the ground; holding his stance )* You know.... Those people didn’t follow the rules. They deserve to be punished and infected with the virus. I am only following what the authorities have implemented... *(law abiding Charlie)*

[PAUSE]

**JILLIAN:**

People are suffering outside and all you care about is your stupid job!

**CHARLIE:**

My job, my career is on the line Jillian... we ourselves are struggling to pay the rent in this building. We aren’t on good terms with the landlord as it is. He said that half of his clients have bailed out of his apartment rental business.. he was thinking of increasing the prices of the apartment. If we do leave now, we’re going to have to pay a whole lot in terms of expenses, and we’ll have nowhere to live. We’re this close to having a financial crisis ourselves and all you care about is helping OTHERS?!

**JILLIAN:**

*(Defeatist)* You’re unbelievable Charlie…

*(Jillian tears up as she says this. There is a pause. Charlie shuffles over to her on the sofa. He puts his hand on her belly and they share a kiss.)*

**JILLIAN:**

Please Charlie, for me?

**CHARLIE:**

*(Sighing)* Fine… I’ll see what I can do.

[PAUSE]

I’ll talk to the street team for the district.

**JILLIAN:**

*(Emotional but happy)* Thank you, thank you so much.

*(They kiss again. We hear Jillian sigh again and get up off the sofa, walk to the kitchen and turn the kettle on. It gradually begins to boil and we hear the clang of pots and pans. We hear Charlie change the channel to light hearted music)*

**JILLIAN:**

Would you like me to make you something?

**CHARLIE:**

I’d love to make me something baby. But don’t feel that you have to, we can always have something delivered.

**JILLIAN:**

*(Tired, still a bit agitated)* No, no. We spent so much on shopping last week, and we’ve still got so much left.

*(She looks at Charlie and smiles)*

I’ll make something.

**CHARLIE:**

Don’t worry baby. We always have each other. No matter what happens out there, we’re safe here.

**FADE**

SOUND EFFECTS NEEDED:

* CLOSING/OPENING OF A FRONT DOOR
* CARS OUTSIDE, FAINT SOUNDS OF PUBLIC LIFE
* JINGLE OF KEYS
* SOUND OF A BRIEFCASE BEING PUT DOWN
* SITTING DOWN ON SOFA
* TURNING TV ON (NEWS CHANNEL)
* POURING & SIPPING WINE
* HEALTHCARE ADVERT
* CLANGING OF POTS AND PATS
* KETTLE BOILING
* LIGHT HEARTED MUSIC