

SOPHIA: You little shit.

She slumps in her seat, first staring at her phone, then putting it down and staring ahead. Then there is a knock at her door. SOPHIA's surprised and doesn't answer at first. The knocking comes again and this time she goes to answer the door. TIW is there. He's clumsy and awkward in the real world.

TIW: My name is Tiw... er... I mean Blue...er... Blueberry and I am the lead investor in, er... Blueberry Ventures.

SOPHIA: Tiw Blueberry..?

TIW: We've heard about your, erm, unfortunate situation and, er, we err... need someone with your skills. We've made another company (*the next as if he has someone talking to him and he's talking back*)... yes yes yes, I know, shut up, just let me do this. We have a company that's been around for a long time that needs an experienced manager. That could do with your skills. We've, erm... been watching you - from a distance, of course - and we've been impressed by your ability to... to bring order to chaos.

SOPHIA: (*She's sceptical*) OK... Blue. This is turning into the weirdest day of my life. What's the company? Where is it?

TIW: What? Oh... (*to the side*) talk to me... yes I know I said shut up but... The company is in Sweden and is called...Bjorn.... (*to the other side*) Bjorn?!

SOPHIA: Sweden? Sorry, I'm not moving to Sweden.

TIW: You're going to need to distance yourself from this train wreck, go somewhere where you can start afresh and succeed. We need you to succeed. Quickly. I mean we need Bjorn to succeed and think you're the woman for the job. It's a big opportunity to, er, use your experience to shape the, umm, future.

SOPHIA: Sorry, no, this is just too weird. Thank you for the offer. I can't move to Sweden.

TIW: (*Suddenly seething angry*) No, you will not say no! The information will be sent to you, you will look at it and you will take the job!.

SOPHIA: Wow, OK. I think it's time for you to leave. I have a lot to deal with.

TIW: Take my card. Call me as soon as you've dealt with your things.

SOPHIA: I don't think so Mr... Blueberry. (*She shows him forcibly to the door*).

TIW: (*As she's closing the door*). Call me!

SOPHIA: What the actual fuck is going on?

She sits and thinks.

LIGHTS up on the other side.

The other side looks rough. OGHMA is in TIW's command seat.

TYCHE: Hair of the dog! You want more alcohol - it'll make you feel better.

ULLR: (*Quickly*) Do not drink alcohol. You never want to touch it again! (*Emphasised*) We are under attack - people are saying horrible things about you. You are horribly embarrassed and need to hide away. And call your parents... no, don't call your parents... yes call your parents!