

# PROLOGUE

*Walking onto and across the front of the stage and then standing, talking to a screen that she is carrying, it appears that VÖR is in some kind of performance review. We do not hear the other side of the discussion.*

**VÖR:** I know, I know. We're bad. But I can't say anything, can I? I can't change anything. And you've seen them, they're useless. I mean, they're all good in their own way, don't get me wrong, but with that idiot in charge...?! It's not good. *(Listens)* No, not a chance - it's like watching a car crash in slow motion. Over and over again. *(Pause)* Maybe... could I take leave and have someone else come in while I'm away? Just for a bit? *(Listens, appears crestfallen)* All right, well, I've run out of ideas. Or they ran out on me. Years ago. What would you do? *(Listens)* No way! You can do that? They'll go... they won't like it. *(Listens)* Well, alright, I'm happy to give anything a go. But even if it works, I still want out. I need a change, a break. *(Listens)* All right... Deal! Now, where do I go to get one?

*There's a crashing sound and shortly after ERIS stumbles onto the stage, arms and neck bent at an awkward angle. She is some distance from VÖR, looks confused and is bleeding from the temple. She has blood on her shirt. VÖR talks to the screen.*

**VÖR:** Seriously? *(Pause)* There's nobody with experience? Not one? *(Listens)* I am not a beggar! Seriously! *(She ends the call)* All right, let's see what we've got.

**VÖR** walks over to **ERIS** who is standing looking a little lost and confused. **VÖR** straightens out the neck and arm and wipes the blood away. She checks **ERIS** out for a moment, then sighs.

**VÖR:** Come on then. Let's get you to your desk.

**VÖR** exits, shepherding **ERIS** gently.