

TRAVELLING WITHOUT MOVING

45' Radio Drama

A True Story

Content note: Rape, mental health problems.

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PROLOGUE

VICTORIA: I'm sorry I've not been around much. Or in touch.

There's been a lot going on.

No, not with work.

The thing is... Whilst I was out there, something happened.

SCENE 1: INT. BODY

SOUND: BLOOD RUSHING THROUGH EARS.

SOUND: OVERLAID: A HEART BEAT PICKING UP
PACE.

SOUND: OVERLAID: LABOURED BREATHING, AS IF
IN THE RIGHT EAR. TOO CLOSE.

VICTORIA: No... No... No! No... No...

SCENE 2: INT. HOTEL ROOM

SOUND: INTERNATIONAL DIALING TONE

MUM: (DISTORT) Hello love.

VICTORIA: Mum. I don't want you to worry.

I...

Nothing makes sense.

I don't remember.

SOUND: A TIDAL WAVE CRASHES

SCENE 3: EXT. OCEAN

SOUND: OVERLAID: STORMY OCEAN WAVES.

SOUND: OVERLAID: THUNDER.

SOUND: OVERLAID: WIND.

SOUND: THE OCEAN CALMS.

SOUND: ALMOST INAUDIBLE WAVES LAPPING AT
AN OLD WOODEN ROWING BOAT.

MUSIC: (DISTORT) NAT KING COLE
"UNFORGETTABLE" 00:00- 00:35.

"Unforgettable, that's what you are

Unforgettable though near or far"

SOUND: SHE SITS UP IN THE BOAT, CAUSING IT TO
ROCK.

VICTORIA: This is not my life.

SOUND: SPLASHING WATER, INSIDE THE BOAT.

SOUND: THE BOAT FILLS WITH WATER.

SCENE 4: INT. HOTEL ROOM

SOUND: A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

VICTORIA: Did you bring the forceps?

FIRST AIDER: Yeah. Do you (want to)...?

VICTORIA: No. Can you?

FIRST AIDER: I...

VICTORIA: I've put a towel. On the bed.

Thanks.

SOUND: VICTORIA UNDRESSES AND LIES DOWN
ON THE BED.

SOUND: LATEX GLOVES SNAPPING.

SOUND: A SPECULUM OPENING.

FIRST AIDER: It's too... I can't see.

VICTORIA: Try.

Please, try.

FIRST AIDER: I'm sorry, if I'm (hurting you)-

VICTORIA: It's fine.

FIRST AIDER: I... I can't...
I think you need a real doctor.

VICTORIA: No. That's not...
They'll arrest me.

FIRST AIDER: Maybe not.
I had a friend, who had the same thing. Same situation, I mean.
They arrested her, but that was because she called the police.

VICTORIA: No. No way.

FIRST AIDER: I can't—

VICTORIA: Give them to me.

SOUND: VICTORIA JUMPS INTO THE WATER.

SOUND: VICTORIA DESCENDING INTO THE OCEAN
GIVES WAY TO A PLANE TAKING OFF.

SOUND: WATER RUSHING MIXED WITH A PLANE
ENGINE.

CAPTAIN: (DISTORT) We're about to start our descent into London Heathrow. The weather is—

SCENE 5: EXT. OCEAN

SOUND: VICTORIA BREAKS THE SURFACE AND GASPS FOR AIR, COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING.

SOUND: SHE TREADS WATER.

SOUND: VICTORIA STARTS TO SWIM.

SOUND: VICTORIA CRAWLS OUT ONTO LAND. IT'S MUDDY AND SHE SINKS INTO IT.

SOUND: SHE CRAWLS FORWARD ON HER STOMACH, PANTING AND GROANING WITH THE STRAIN.

SOUND: VICTORIA ROLLS ONTO HER BACK.

SOUND: HER BREATHING STARTS TO SLOW DOWN.

SOUND: IT STARTS TO RAIN.

SOUND: VICTORIA ROLLS OVER ONTO HER FRONT, GROANING AT THE EFFORT.

VOICE 1: (LOW) I'm so sorry this happened to you.

SOUND: SHE PULLS HERSELF UP TO HER KNEES.

SOUND: EXHAUSTED, AND WET, VICTORIA
CLAMBERS UNSTEADILY TO HER FEET.

VOICE 2: (LOW) We'll take care of you.

SOUND: VICTORIA TAKES A HEAVY, SLOW STEP
FORWARD.

SOUND: ANOTHER STEP, FEET SLAPPING AGAINST
WET GROUND.

SOUND: HER PACE PICKS UP FROM STAGGERING
TO WALKING.

VOICE 3: (LOW) Whatever you need, just ask.

SOUND: VICTORIA STARTS TO JOG.

SOUND: OVERLAID: SHE TRIES TO BREATHE
STEADILY THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH, HOLDING
BACK THE TEARS.

VOICE 1: (LOW) If you need us to pay for a therapist—

SOUND: THE RAIN POURS DOWN RELENTLESSLY.

SOUND: OVERLAID: VICTORIA IS RUNNING, AS
FAST AS SHE CAN MANAGE.

VOICE 2: You should report it.

VOICE 3: Think about the other girls without any support network.

VOICE 1: You're lucky. Some people end up dead.

SOUND: FEET SLAPPING FASTER THAN EVER ON
WET GROUND.

SOUND: OVERLAID: VICTORIA'S HEAVY, LABOURED
BREATHING.

SCENE 6: INT. HOSPITAL

SOUND: ELECTRONIC DOORS OPENING.

RECEPTIONIST: (DISTORT) Next.

VICTORIA: Hello.

I need a rape kit.

RECEPTIONIST: (DISTORT) Have you spoken to the Police?

VICTORIA: No.

RECEPTIONIST: (DISTORT) You need to talk to the Police. We can't touch you
until—

VICTORIA: I can't.

RECEPTIONIST: (DISTORT) I have to encourage you to report the crime—

VICTORIA: I can't... I was abroad.

RECEPTIONIST: (DISTORT) (BEAT) Right.

VICTORIA: I haven't slept in three days, and my arms really hurt...

RECEPTIONIST: (DISTORT) Take a seat.

SCENE 7: INT. MEDICAL CENTRE

VICTORIA: They told me to look at specialist centres. Turns out there's loads of them. Super organised. Just processing human crime scenes.

DOCTOR 1: I need to take a statement.
Start at the beginning.

I understand it's difficult.

Just tell me what you do remember.

Do you have the tampon?

Put this gown on.

SOUND: VICTORIA UNDRESSES.

Lie down here.

Ankles up.

Speculum.

SOUND: A SPECULUM OPENING.

Swab.

Evidence article A: Vaginal.

Swab.

Evidence article B: Fingernails

Put those in here.

SOUND: CLOTHES FALLING INTO A LARGE PLASTIC
BAG.

Evidence article C: Clothing.

Have you been using tampons since?

I'm going to need to take some photos.

SOUND: CONVEYER BELT MOVING.

SOUND: DIALING TONE.

DOCTOR 2:

How do you feel today?

Oh dear.

So this is just an initial assessment.

I won't ask about what happened.

Just fill in these forms. They're multiple choice.

SOUND: PAPERS BEING PASSED.

No need to rush.

SOUND: PEN SCRATCHING AT PAPER.

Thank you.

Mhmm. Mhmm.

Well.

It looks like you have Anxiety, Depression and possibly Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

PTSD is tricky. The policy is to not treat it for three months to see if it goes away of it's own accord...

So you'll have to wait.

I see that for "On a scale of one to five, how often have you been bothered by thoughts that you would be better off dead", you've put 4.

If you're having impulses, you should call someone.

Your Mum?

SOUND: CONVEYER BELT MOVING.

DOCTOR 3:

It says in your notes that you don't remember what took place.

We'll do vaginal, oral and anal swabs to be on the safe side.

For chlamydia, gonorrhoea, syphilis etc.

They'll take two weeks to come back. We'll let you know at your next appointment.

We'll phone you before that if we hear something is wrong.

I can vaccinate you today for Hepatitis B.

You said you've got a coil, so that's all fine.

It also says here that you were given PEP at A&E.

We can continue that.

We'll have your first bloods back in a week.

That'll give us a baseline of whether you had HIV to start out with.

The gestation period is anywhere between one and three months, so we'll keep testing until six.

SOUND: PILL PACKETS BEING PLACED ON A DESK.

You keep taking these. Truvada once a day, Raltegravir twice. As you know, they're pretty strong. Side effects.

We'll need to take bloods once a week to monitor your organ function whilst you're taking them.

SOUND: CONVEYER BELT MOVING.

ADVOCATE 1:

Does he know where you are?

Do you think he could find you?

It would be safest to shut down your social media.

Don't speak to any mutual contacts.

Including the company.

Do you live alone?

Are you registered to vote there?

We can provide extra locks for your front door.

Lots of people decide to move.

To move on, as well as for safety.

It's good to surround yourself with people.

But be cautious when going out.

Perhaps a personal alarm?

SOUND: CONVEYER BELT MOVING.

ADVOCATE 2:

I know it's tough to accept that there's nothing that can be done, but really, honestly, it wouldn't have been any different if it had happened here. These things just don't do well in court. Less than a 6% conviction rate. It's just very hard to prove.

SOUND: A TISSUE DRAWN OUT OF A BOX.

Would you like a tissue?

SOUND: CONVEYER BELT MOVING.

SCENE 8: INT. MUM'S HOUSE

SCENE 8: INT. CAVE

SOUND: CAVERNOUS SILENCE.

SOUND: OVERLAID: SPORADIC WATER DRIPS.

SOUND: VICTORIA BEGINS TO SOB.

VICTORIA: (SOBBING) Maybe it's all my fault...

ECHO: My fault.

My fault.

My fault.

VICTORIA: I can't do this

ECHO: I can't.

I can't.

My fault.

VICTORIA: I should have kept my self safe...

ECHO: I can't.
My fault.

Not safe.

VICTORIA: I was so stupid...

ECHO: Stupid girl.
Your fault.

Never safe.

VICTORIA: I should have known...
I let my guard down...

ECHO: Weak!
Stupid girl!

It's all your fault!

VICTORIA: Stop...
Stop... Make it stop!

ECHO: Stop! Won't stop! Weak! Stupid!

VICTORIA: Stop...
Please...

SOUND: A PHONE RINGING.

SOUND: THE ECHOES STOP ABRUPTLY.

SCENE 9: INT. BEDROOM.

VICTORIA: ...Hello?

VOLUNTEER: Is that Victoria?

VICTORIA: Yes... Who is this?

VOLUNTEER: I'm calling from London Rape Crisis. You've been referred to
us...
Is now a good time to talk?

VICTORIA: Sure.

VOLUNTEER: Okay. I'm sorry to ask... Am I right in saying that you have been
raped?

VICTORIA: Yes.

VOLUNTEER: I am so sorry that's happened to you.

VICTORIA: Right. Thanks.

VOLUNTEER: How are you feeling today?

VICTORIA: (EXHALES)
Not great.

VOLUNTEER: I'm sorry to hear that.
Is there something in particular that's troubling you?

VICTORIA: Well... It's everything really.

VOLUNTEER: I want to let you know that everything you say to me is confidential. I don't even have to make notes of this phone conversation if you don't want me to.

VICTORIA: Okay.

VOLUNTEER: So... What is it that's bothering you today?

VICTORIA: (EXHALES)

I keep thinking that... That if I hadn't taken the drink he'd given me, then none of this would have happened.

I don't remember anything else really, but I feel like there must have been something I could have done.

I'm normally so careful. I'm the one at the end of the night making sure that everyone else gets home okay...

VOLUNTEER: I know this might be hard to accept, but I want you to know that it is not your fault.
Nothing that happened is your fault.

VICTORIA: I know.
I mean, logically... I know that.
But it feels different.
It feels... I wish I had been able to protect myself.

VOLUNTEER: I can understand that. But it's very important that you understand it's not your fault.
People think consent is complicated. Did you say yes?

VICTORIA: No. I said no...

VOLUNTEER: Then there's no room for misunderstanding on his part.

VICTORIA: But... I was friendly at the party. Everyone was dancing. He might have gotten the wrong idea, different social norms...?

VOLUNTEER: You said no. Consent is saying yes.

(BEAT) I know that's blunt but that's all there is to it.

Moving forwards I think there might be things that we can do to help. We have a lot of different services... I could email you the details if you'd like?

VICTORIA: Yeah. Great.

VOLUNTEER: I've also got a note on your file that says that you might be struggling with your mental health at the moment?

VICTORIA: Yeah. Well. They said that.

VOLUNTEER: The most important thing for people at risk of developing PTSD is to try and live your life as normal. Just carry on with your everyday routines, see how you get on.

VICTORIA: That's... That's just not possible.

VOLUNTEER: I know that it's very difficult but you have to try. We give everyone three months after the incident to see how they get on, and then we can refer you for therapy.

VICTORIA: Three months?

VOLUNTEER: Yes, to see how you get on.
In the meantime, you can always call our helpline. It's open
24/7.

VICTORIA: Right.

SCENE 10: INT. KITCHEN.

VICTORIA: My senses became dull, my interactions with the world just a series of bleak practicalities. I was living outside my body. My flesh turned heavy, mechanical, difficult to puppeteer. Swapped out whilst I wasn't looking for an oversized, slightly faulty robot.

SOUND: A FAINT, REGULAR BEEPING. CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT.

SOUND: A KETTLE BOILING.

SOUND: METALLIC ELBOW JOINT SQUEALS.

SOUND: A MUG HITS A KITCHEN SURFACE: TOO
HARD. CLUMSY.

SOUND: METALLIC ELBOW JOINT SQUEALS.

SOUND: A DRAWER OPENS SHARPLY. TEASPOONS
RATTLE.

SOUND: THE KETTLE BOILS, CLICKS OFF.

VICTORIA: I can do this.
Just a cup of tea.

SOUND: METALLIC FINGERS STRETCHING.

Hands. Co-operate.

Just a bit dizzy today.

Nothing to worry about.

SOUND: METALLIC FINGERS GRIP THE KETTLE
HANDLE.

Nice and easy...

Lift...

And pour...

SOUND: WATER FILLS THE MUG, THEN SPILLS ON
TO THE SIDE AND OVER THE FLOOR.

Shit!

SOUND: KETTLE HITS THE WORK SURFACE
AWKWARDLY.

Body, we have to work this out.

(BEAT) Let's take a walk.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

One.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

Two.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

Three.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

Four.

(EXHALES)

And repeat.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

One...

Arms?

SOUND: METALLIC LEAVERS BEING PULLED, AS IF

OPERATING HER ARMS.

Nope.

So, following my feet, as always.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

Two.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

Three.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS CARPET.

Four.

SCENE 11: INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE.

THERAPIST 1: I'm going to do a type of therapy with you called EMDR. It's particularly good for addressing traumatic memories.

VICTORIA: Right.

THERAPIST 1: So what we're going to do is talk through some memories, both happy and sad, whilst you hold these.

VICTORIA: They look like vibrating eggs.

THERAPIST 1: What?

VICTORIA: Nothing. They're just... funny looking.

THERAPIST 1: They're very important.
I'm going to set them at different frequencies, one for happy
and one for sad.

VICTORIA: Right.

THERAPIST 1: You just hold them in your hands.

VICTORIA: Okay.

THERAPIST 1: So. Let's talk about something happy.

VICTORIA: Like what?

THERAPIST 1: Why don't you tell me about a place where you feel safe?

VICTORIA: (BEAT) I don't feel safe.

THERAPIST 1: What about from before?

VICTORIA: No-where feels safe now.

THERAPIST 1: Okay.

What I want you to do is imagine some bears.

VICTORIA: Bears?

THERAPIST 1: Grizzly bears.

These bears are looking after you. They're protecting you.

VICTORIA: Right.

THERAPIST 1: Close your eyes. Picture them.

VICTORIA: Okay...

THERAPIST 1: Can you see them?

VICTORIA: Yeah...

THERAPIST 1: Can you feel their strength?

VICTORIA: Sure.

THERAPIST 1: Good. Good work.

Now I want you to think about the worst moment of what happened to you.

VICTORIA: What?

THERAPIST 1: I know you don't remember much, but whatever the worst part is. Something he said, something he did... \

VICTORIA: I... I...

THERAPIST 1: Just close your eyes and picture it.

VICTORIA: No... I...

THERAPIST 1: Tell me what's happening.

VICTORIA: (SOBBING) He... He's telling me that we had sex.

THERAPIST 1: Okay. And then what?

VICTORIA: And... And that we didn't use protection.

THERAPIST 1: Okay.

And how does that feel?

VICTORIA: Like... I'm going to be sick.

Like I've been kicked in the chest.

Like my head is burning so hot with questions and thoughts
and fear that all of my hair will frazzle and fall off.

THERAPIST 1: Okay. You're doing really well.

Now I want you to imagine the bears again.

VICTORIA: The bears?

THERAPIST 1: Yes. Feel their protection.

SOUND: VICTORIA CRIES HYSTERICALLY.

SCENE 12: EXT. BARREN LAND.

SOUND: A FAINT, REGULAR BEEPING. CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

VICTORIA: One.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Two.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Three.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Four.

SOUND: VICTORIA VOMITTING.

SOUND: A KNOCK THE THE DOOR.

VICTORIA:

What's wrong?

I'm not well. Must have been the tequila.

Phone's over there if you need to call a cab.

I just (have to vomit again)...

SOUND: VICTORIA VOMITTING.

SOUND: VICTORIA REGULATES HER BREATHING.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

VICTORIA:

One.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Two.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Three.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Four.

SCENE 13: INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE.

THERAPIST 2: Trauma memories are different to normal memories. They tend to not be fully processed by your brain. It's like a messy cupboard. When you open the door you can never find what you're looking for, and things spill out randomly. You need to sort out the cupboard.

To do that you have to take everything out, look at it, fold it neatly and then put it away. It will help you to see the events for what they are and examine their consequences.

I'm recommending you for Cognitive Behavioural Therapy, with a view to doing some reliving speech work. You will need to describe the memories in the present tense, including the smells and sounds.

As you are reliving the memories, you may experience physical sensations from the original event. Aches and pains are common. They are your body's memories. They lessen as you go through the therapy.

I know it sounds scary but it is the most effective treatment for PTSD. You might find that there are hot spots that you find particularly distressing but it's important to remember that you are safe here and that it is not really happening.

The most difficult moments often carry important meanings. Discovering them opens the doors to healing.

How does that sound?

SCENE 14: EXT. BARREN LAND.

SOUND: A FAINT, REGULAR BEEPING. CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

VICTORIA: One.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Two.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Three.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Four.

VICTORIA:

I'm not normally like this.

Takes more than a couple of drinks.

What are you doing?

No...

I don't want...

I thought you were calling a cab...

Get off... Get off me!

SOUND: VICTORIA REGULATES HER BREATHING.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

VICTORIA:

One.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Two.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Three.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

Four.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: HEAVY METALLIC FOOT HITS DIRT.

SCENE 15: INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE.

VICTORIA: Well, I thought I was doing alright. But then, the other day, I was meant to meet my friend in town. And I just felt sad, really... sad.

When I woke up I was just really upset that these things happen to people. That it had happened to me. And I started crying, which isn't really like me, and I cried the whole time.

And because I was trying to meet my friend I got up and had a shower... But I couldn't stop crying. And I went all the way into town, walking to the tube and then on the train, just crying.

And then I met my friend and it got even worse because she was being so nice about it, and I was just stood at Oxford Circus in the middle of all these people moving about and crying. I couldn't stop myself.

Then afterwards I thought to myself: You think you've come really far but you've actually gotten nowhere at all.

(BEAT) So that's how I feel. Like I'm still where I was.

THERAPIST 2: It was a terrible thing that happened, and it's completely normal to feel terrible about it. You're not ill.

SCENE 16: EXT. BARREN LAND.

SOUND: A FAINT, REGULAR BEEPING. CONTINUES THROUGHOUT.

VICTORIA: One.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

Two.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

Three.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

Four.

SOUND: METALLIC KNEE JOINT CREAKING.

SOUND: BLOOD RUSHING THROUGH EARS.

SOUND: OVERLAID: A HEART BEAT PICKING UP
PACE.

SOUND: OVERLAID: LABOURED BREATHING, AS IF
IN THE RIGHT EAR. TOO CLOSE.

VICTORIA: No... No... No! No... No...

SCENE 17: EXT. OUTER SPACE

SOUND: VACCUOUS SILENCE

VICTORIA: I was so focused on the therapy, on getting better, on getting back to normal. I did the exercises. Everyday. Read the books. Ate bananas...

But I totally lost sight of life. My life, my real life. I was so focused on going forwards, on putting one foot in front of the other, that I walked right of the edge of the map.

I ended up floating. Like a balloon with no string.

SOUND: A FAINT, REGULAR BEEPING. CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT.

SOUND: METALLIC PARTS CLANKING
INTERMITTENTLY, AS IF FLOATING.

SOUND: VICTORIA HUMS THE "STAR TREK:
VOYAGER" THEME TUNE.

VICTORIA: (AS CAPTAIN JANEWAY)

Captain's log.

Star date: 74349.5.

In the pursuit of home I seem to have drifted off course.

A singular irregularity in the void.

Disconnected.

Disassociating.

From here I have a perfect view of Earth.

Life continuing.

I can see the storms on the surface. They pass.

I miss the way the air smells before it rains. The way my skin
prickles before a storm.

How I long to feel that again.

As far as I can tell there's no way down.

Best to settle in. Get used to it.

SOUND: VICTORIA SINGING: ELTON JOHN "ROCKET
MAN" 00:28- 01:24

VICTORIA:

(SINGING)

"I miss the earth so much, I miss my wife.

It's lonely out in space,

On such a timeless flight.

And I think it's gonna be a long long time,

'Till touch down brings me round again to find,

I'm not the man they think I am at home.

Oh no, no, no. I'm a rocket man,

Rocket man burning out his fuse up here alone”.

SOUND: VICTORIA SIGHS.

(PAUSE)

FRIEND: (DISTORT) Are you okay?

VICTORIA: ...Hello?

FRIEND: (DISTORT) Are you okay?

VICTORIA: Can you... Can you hear me?

FRIEND: (DISTORT) Are you okay?

VICTORIA: I... I'm lost. I'm trying to get back but I'm... stuck.

FRIEND: (DISTORT) Are you okay?

SOUND: AIR RUSHING, AS VICTORIA FALLS TO
EARTH.

SCENE 18: INT CAFE

SOUND: CHAIR LEGS HITTING WOODEN FLOOR.

SOUND: COFFEE CUPS CLINKING.

SOUND: BACKGROUND CHATTER.

FRIEND: Are you okay?
 Stupid question.

VICTORIA: It's so good to see you. It's been ages.

FRIEND: Are you okay?

VICTORIA: I'm alive. Someone told me that was the hardest bit. That if I
 just kept living it would get better.

FRIEND: Is it?

VICTORIA: Well... I'm leaving the house now. Clearly. For quite a while I
 couldn't. Too scared.

FRIEND: Right.

VICTORIA: I'm still tired all the time. Everything is exhausting. I nearly collapsed in the street after I got my hair cut. Had to though, loads of it fell out. And I've got greys.

FRIEND: You look fine.

VICTORIA: I spent a lot of time on the sofa at Mum and Dad's. I couldn't face answering the phone. The people who knew why sent letters. Work colleagues. Housemates. I got flowers. In sympathy.

FRIEND: I didn't know...

VICTORIA: I got tired of telling people, or asking people to tell other people. It ruined everyone's Christmas.

FRIEND: It doesn't matter...

VICTORIA: It does to me. Everyone cries. And I know it's terrible and upsetting and too close to home. But I can't feel it. So then I'm just watching them cry and knowing I should have an emotional reaction.

But. I don't.

FRIEND: I guess that takes time.

VICTORIA: Yeah. My therapist says I'm doing really well. But that just means that I'm sleeping and eating and showering and leaving the house once in a while. Pretty basic stuff.

FRIEND: You have to start somewhere.

VICTORIA: Sure.

FRIEND: When I didn't hear from you...

I thought you were busy.

I never imagined...

VICTORIA: How could you?

FRIEND: I don't know.

You're so strong.

VICTORIA: Maybe.

It's difficult, carrying this thing around.

But I just keeping going. One foot after the other.

SCENE 19: EXT LONDON BRIDGE

SOUND: TRAFFIC GOING PAST.

SOUND: BOAT HORN.

SOUND: SEAGULLS CIRCLING.

VICTORIA:

Dear... Rapist.

My therapist told me to write to you. I have a therapist now.

Actually, I've seen quite a few. Because of you. And what you did. To me.

At first I thought it was a stupid idea. I didn't see how it would help. But it's been a year now and it's still not done.

What you did made a wound inside of me. Not in my body, but in my brain.

It took so many doctors and so much time to get it to heal. It was a big, open, exposed, gaping wound that could become infected at any moment. Those infections can kill.

I worked hard. Took care of it. It healed. It's all knitted together and functioning now. Passes the tests.

The scab that formed kept it clean, kept me safe. I stopped leaving the house, threw away all my low cut tops, got fatter... All to keep the dirt off the wound. And that worked, for a while.

But now that it's healed I can feel the itch. Scabs always itch, don't they? My fingers are desperate to pick off the scab and see the scar beneath.

How big is the scar that your rape made?

It is your rape. I'm tired of it being mine. I'm handing it back to you. I didn't chose it, ask for it or deserve it.

It's yours to keep.

I think about you often, even now.

You're only 20. Such a shame.

I hope that you find love in your life. Real love that sees right through you and is all consuming.

I know that when you feel like that for someone, you will truly understand what sex actually is, and that what you tried to take from me is not sex. It was just power.

They say that no one can take from you what you are not willing to give.

And I'm not giving you anything.

SOUND: VICTORIA RIPS UP THE LETTER

(CONTINUES THROUGHOUT)

I'm not sending this letter directly. I wouldn't know how to; I don't have your address.

Even if I did you wouldn't listen. You wouldn't know how.

But that's not the point of the exercise.

This letter, this thing in my hands, that goes in the river.

But the story, my story, the story of my survival... That I'm going to make so loud that everyone will hear it. So loud that all the other people writing the same letter in the same therapy exercise will know, that even though I will never meet them, that I feel them, and that I know their pain.

SOUND: RIVER FLOWING, UNPERTURBED.

MUSIC: LAURA MVULA "OVERCOME" 00:00- 00:51.

"When your heart is broken down

And your head don't reach the sky

Take your broken wings and fly

When your head is heavy, low

And the tears they keep falling

Take your broken feet and run”

END.