

 ONE ACT PLAY



 WIND

Bob Davidson

Wind – Bob Davidson

Wind

A one act play

by

Bob Davidson

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Wind – Bob Davidson

Cast

MARK – A late twenties slightly confused environmentally friendly good guy.

GAIL – His late twenties slightly confused environmentally friendly lovely wife.

WULLIE – A seventy year old live alone sheep farmer.

WINDGEN EXEC – The boss of a “Green Energy” company. (Could be M or F)

EXEC PA – His younger male personal assistant.

Wind – Bob Davidson

The curtain rises on a fairly basic living room. A living room in a cottage, a farm cottage which happens to be the current happy home of Mark and Gail... a couple of slightly dreamy, well meaning eco warrior types. They rent the cottage from Wullie Sutherland a past retiring age sheep farmer who lives alone in the farmhouse across the field. They rent Wullie's cottage because it is remote and offers them a back to basics, back to nature, chance at the good life. The set is simply furnished. No TV or PC or anything of that nature. Maybe a wind-up radio and definitely a guitar. There is probably a kitchen offstage left and there is a door to the outside world upstage right. As the lights come up Mark is kneeling on the floor beside what looks like an exercise bike. There is an electric kettle on the floor beside him and there are a few tools strewn about. He is footering with some wires...

GAIL

(offstage from outside the cottage door)

Ding dong!

MARK

(mimicking the ding dong tune)

Come in!

The door opens and Gail struggles in carrying two stuffed full bicycle panniers. She is wearing a reflective waistcoat and a cycle helmet and is visibly out of breath

MARK

Hello, Sausage.

GAIL

Vegetarian Sausage...

MARK

(correcting himself)

Vegetarian Sausage, yes, sorry. It's not got the same ring to it... as a pet name I mean. Perhaps I should just call you carrot or something? That's fairly inoffensive.

GAIL

Perhaps you can give me a hand with these bags. There's ten kilos of lentils in one and five kilos of broth mix in the other.

MARK

You should try and have the weight more evenly distributed. You'll end up cycling in circles.

GAIL

It's bad enough as it is!

MARK

Oh nonsense, Carrot... it's only nine miles...

GAIL

Nine miles there, and nine miles back!

Wind – Bob Davidson

MARK

Good exercise, darling.

GAIL

Up hill!

MARK

Can't be uphill all the way there and back... that would be impossible.

GAIL

All the way back, when the bike is fully laden.

MARK

In any case, darling it's nine miles, because we wanted to live here. Way out in this tiny cottage miles from anyone. Nine miles from anyone... except Mr Sutherland across the field. Out of town. You don't want to go back to living in the flat do you?

GAIL

No.

MARK

Well then.

GAIL

You can go the next time.

MARK

But, I thought you liked getting out... a chance to socialise...

GAIL

Going to Tesco's is not exactly my idea of a chance to socialise.

MARK

Going where? You went to Tesco's?

She nods sheepishly.

What did you go there for? You know we don't go to supermarkets. Tesco is taking over the world. They're bent on world domination. I mean they're handy... I'll admit... what was wrong with Jimmy Smith's?

GAIL

He was closed.

MARK

Closed! It's not Wednesday is it?

GAIL

No, it's Monday and he was closed. I think he's closed for good... there was a sign up in the window saying as much.

Wind – Bob Davidson

MARK

Jimmy Smith's closed... well I never. Another local shop bites the dust. Oh, I'm sorry, darling I didn't mean to be Mr Grumpy, I just hate supermarkets. Here, give me the bags, have a seat and I will make you a cup of tea.

GAIL

Tea!!

MARK

Tea.

He exits stage left with the bags and returns with two empty mugs. She watches with interest.

GAIL

We haven't had tea for ages.

MARK

Wastes electricity darling.

GAIL

We haven't had tea for one year, four months, three weeks and six days.

MARK

Do you know if everybody in the country was to have one less cup of tea a day we could close down a nuclear power station?

GAIL

I do know that dear, you've told me lots of times... every day when you give me a glass of water.

MARK

Nothing wrong with a glass of water – however today we're having tea. Right – on ye get...

He pats the seat of the exercise bike.

GAIL

What?

MARK

Hop on and get pedalling.

GAIL

I've just cycled nine miles to the shops and nine miles back... uphill...

MARK

Alright, I'll do it... you keep an eye on the kettle.

GAIL

Oh, how exciting.

Wind – Bob Davidson

He climbs aboard the exercise bike and she kneels on the floor by the kettle watching it closely. He begins to pedal and after a few revolutions...

Well? MARK

Well what? GAIL
(looking up)

Is anything happening? MARK

Em... GAIL

No steam coming out? MARK

Not as such... did you put water in it? GAIL

Of course I put water in it... do you think I'm mad? Is it warming up at all? MARK

She feels the kettle with her hands.

No... not really. GAIL

Is the wee orange light on? MARK
(getting out of puff)

No... not really. GAIL

What do you mean not really is it on or not? MARK

It's not on. GAIL

Is it switched on? MARK

Yea... GAIL

... oh it's no use. MARK

Wind – Bob Davidson

He grinds to a halt and slumps over the handlebars, wheezing slightly.

GAIL

Would you like a glass of water?

MARK

No... I want a cup of tea.

GAIL

We could light the stove?

MARK

No, it's June... no stove...

He leaps from the bike.

There has to be a way.

He kneels beside her on the floor and examines the kettle...

The light didn't come on at all?

She shakes her head. He feels the kettle between both hands.

There is a slight warmth there...

GAIL

I think I maybe warmed it up with my hands.

MARK

Mmm... maybe. I think... the problem could be in the volt department. I don't think we've got enough.

GAIL

How many do we need?

MARK

About... two hundred and forty...

GAIL

How many have we got?

MARK

Three.

GAIL

Three... hundred?

MARK

Three volts. We're probably a bit short on the amps front as well.

Wind – Bob Davidson

GAIL

There's maybe a case for nuclear after all.

MARK

There's never a case for nuclear, Sausage.

GAIL

Maybe if we had a tandem?

MARK

Wow... that's it...

GAIL

Is it? I was only kidding...

MARK

No, not a tandem...

He kisses her on the forehead and leaps to his feet.

MARK

We have... three volts and a trickle of amps. Eight threes are twenty four... If we had eighty of my machines here all connected in series... hey presto the magic two hundred and forty volts and enough amps to run a small village.

GAIL

Eighty machines... that would mean that you would need eighty people to pedal.

MARK

Oh yea...

GAIL

Where are you going to get them?

MARK

(snapping his fingers)

The unemployed... in order to get your benefit you've got to do a couple of hours pedalling every day. They could take it in shifts.

GAIL

Hoodies...

MARK

... yea a sort of community service. Good idea, Sausage.

GAIL

People in call centres.

MARK

Well they've got a job, darling.

GAIL

Yes, but they just sit there, don't they? Surely they could do a bit of pedalling while they're on the phone? They could power their own computers.

MARK

Well they might get a bit out of puff when they're trying to speak to folk... Supermarket checkout operators though... they don't speak. We could de-commission all the nuclear power stations and fit them out with rows and rows of my machines. They could be human powered electricity generating stations.

GAIL

You could have like a national service where everyone between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one gets sent off to pedal. Pedal for Victory.

MARK

Pedal for Victory... I like that.

GAIL

So much better than the army.

MARK

Too true. And it was all my idea. I could be rich... enjoy the trappings of enormous wealth.

GAIL

Our idea, darling, *we* could be rich and we don't want to enjoy the trappings of enormous wealth.

MARK

Don't we?

GAIL

No!

MARK

No, you're right dear... still it's not a bad idea all the same... although I don't actually think you'd get people to do it. Sit and pedal all day long.

GAIL

I don't know... if you disguised your power stations as the "Feeling Great Gym" twits would probably pay for the privilege!

MARK

Mmm... very possibly.

He moves downstage and stares out through a window in the fourth wall, way out over the audience. He turns and beckons her forward and she joins him.

MARK

That's the future. They are the answer.

Wind – Bob Davidson

GAIL

They're beautiful.

MARK

Not as beautiful as you, Sausage, but they are beautiful. Strong and silent.

GAIL

Not as strong and silent as you, and (*breaking the spell slightly*) they're not *that* silent when you're up close. They make a sort of whooshing noise.

MARK

What? No, no... but we're not up close are we? They must be... fifteen... maybe twenty miles away. Amazing eh? All that distance and you can still see them.

GAIL

It's because they're so big.

MARK

They are a fair size I have to admit. But they have to be that size to capture all that energy. To produce all that power. Clean renewable power for today... and tomorrow...

GAIL

... and the day after.

MARK

Yes, Sausage... and the day after...

GAIL

... and the day after that.

MARK

Yes dear... for ages. (*changing the subject just slightly*) It's amazing at this distance you can even see them turning. Those massive, beautiful, powerful turbines feeding the grid with clean, pure, natural energy.

GAIL

(*squinting forward slightly*)

I don't think they are turning... I think they're all stopped.

MARK

Are they? (*He squints forward too*) There can't be enough wind... happens sometimes.

He moves back upstage and tidies up a bit around the exercise bike. She sits and picks up the guitar and sings...

Wind – Bob Davidson

GAIL

Hour after hour, they make clean efficient power
This power is yours and mine...
That comes from a wind turbine
Wind power is so cooo-el not like fossil fue-el
And for your information
Is better than a nuclear power station.

MARK

That was beautiful, sausage. (*He gazes at her lovingly*) I think we should have a baby...

GAIL

A baby? Oh darling...

She hugs him, twanging the guitar.

MARK

Mmm? No, no... a baby wind turbine... I think we should have a baby wind turbine in the garden. I'm going to ask Mr Sutherland the next time I see him. I'm sure he won't mind. Just one about 2 meters across. It would do us just the job, Sausage.

GAIL

I suppose so. He won't put our rent up?

MARK

No... you know what he's like. (*Impersonating Mr Sutherland who happens to enter unseen and unannounced through the cottage door*) "I'm no' interested in money... as long as I've ma porridge and a pot o' soup on the go, there's no' much coming over me."

WULLIE

My sentiments exactly...

MARK

(leaping to his feet)

Mr Sutherland... we didn't hear you knock...

WULLIE

I didnae knock...

GAIL

Didn't ring the bell...

WULLIE

You dinnae hae a bell. You've got a bit o' paper drawing pinned to your door... my door actually with "shout Ding Dong" written on it and I'm no' gonnae do it.

MARK

Door bells waste electricity Mr Sutherland... do you know if everyone in the country got rid...

Wind – Bob Davidson

WULLIE

Rubbish. They don't waste electricity at all. A set of batteries lasts me about five years. That (*gesturing towards the door*) is a waste of paper if you ask me. Bet you huddnae thought of that!

MARK

No... I hadn't actually... that's a good point.

WULLIE

(*producing a vacuum flask from inside his dungarees*)

Everything has its cost.

MARK

Mmm... em, was there something you were wanting Mr Sutherland.

WULLIE

Och, no' really. I'm missing a ewe and a lamb so I was oot fur a look and I saw your door open so I thought I'd drop in a for a cuppy. I'm sure they'll have just gone for walk somewhere and they'll turn up. I wouldnae want anything to happen to them. I'm very fond of all my animals.

GAIL

That's lovely.

He pours himself a cup from the flask as Mark and Gail look on in envy.

MARK

Mr Sutherland, you know that Gail and I are very environmentally aware...

WULLIE

Uh huh...

MARK

... and we are keen to embrace modern technologies, in particular the generation of energy from renewable sources...

WULLIE

...aye...

MARK

Well, we were wondering (*he stares at the cup of steaming tea.*) We were wondering if... if... you couldn't give us a cup of tea could you?

WULLIE

Och is that all... of course. Give me your cups.

Gail grabs their mugs and Wullie pours some tea into each one from the flask. They take a heavenly sip each.

MARK

Oh, that is beautiful!

Wind – Bob Davidson

WULLIE

Scottish Blend.

MARK

Anyway, what I was going to ask you, Mr Sutherland was... would you have any objection to us having a wind turbine... just a small one, maybe in the corner of the garden, next the rhubarb?

WULLIE

No.

MARK

No, you have no objection, or no we can't have one?

WULLIE

No, I dinnae mind if you stick a windmill in the garden. There's one up on the hill there.

MARK

A wind turbine?

WULLIE

No, no... a windmill. It's been there for about a hundred years. We used to use it to pump water up for the cattle.

MARK

Oh!

WULLIE

Oh, aye... there's nothing new under the sun as they say. The Dutch are the lads for their windmills. And what are you going to do with this wind turbine of yours?

GAIL

We're going to generate clean renewable energy so we can produce enough electricity to run the cottage.

WULLIE

Oh, very good. But it's no' windy all the time you know?

GAIL

Yes, we know that, but with a wind turbine you have to adjust your electricity usage to fit in with the wind strength.

MARK

Yea... for instance, if it's really windy then you can maybe put the tumble drier on.

WULLIE

Aye, but if it's really windy can ye no' jist hing yer drawers oot on the line?

MARK

(looking at him as if he's daft)

What? No, no... you're missing the point.

Wind – Bob Davidson

GAIL

I'm not sure he is, Mark. We don't need a tumble drier!

MARK

No, we don't *need* a tumble drier... Nobody actually *needs* a tumble drier... but I mean if the electricity was free there'd be no harm in getting one and chucking the clothes in.

WULLIE

I didnae hae a tumble drier. I just hing ma drawers oot on the line.

MARK

What about in the winter time though?

WULLIE

Well, I dinnae generally wash as much in the winter. Ye dinnae sweat as much when you're cauld. And on those few occasions when I do wash the longers I just dry them on a tattie basket by the fire.

MARK

Ah but your fire burns fossil fuels...

WULLIE

Naw, just logs and puckle coal.

MARK

But what about your carbon footprint?

WULLIE

(Checking his boots)

Oh dinnae tell me I've left sheep poo on yer carpet again?

GAIL

No... your carbon footprint. Burning coal and wood creates carbon in the atmosphere...

WULLIE

Does it... and that's a bad thing is it?

GAIL

Yes. The more carbon dioxide there is in the atmosphere the greater the risk of global warming. Do you really want the climate round here to warm up?

WULLIE

Yes.

GAIL

What?

WULLIE

It's freezing here in the winter. You just wait... Mains O' Muircraggs is a hell o' cauld hole in the winter.

Wind – Bob Davidson

GAIL

It's not a simple as that Mr Sutherland. We've all got to change our ways or else the planet is doomed.

WULLIE

Naw!

GAIL

Yes. What do you do with your used aluminium cans?

WULLIE

Ma what?

GAIL

Old drinks cans and the like?

WULLIE

I never buy drink in cans.

GAIL

Fair enough.... What about your old milk cartons?

WULLIE

I get my milk from Jealous Annette... my cow.

GAIL

Mmm... cows are also part of the problem I'm afraid.

WULLIE

Jealous Annette is part of the problem?

MARK

Aye... they burp a lot of methane apparently.

WULLIE

Oh... I never knew that.

GAIL

What temperature do you have your central heating thermostat set at?

WULLIE

I dinnae hae central heating. I've just got the range in the living room. It heats the living room. I can bile a kettle on it. It's got a wee oven that I can heat up a steak pie in. It dries ma washing, and there's a wee tap for drawing off hot water for washing ma face and having a shave. I can make ma porridge on it and a pot o' soup too. And as long as I've got ma porridge and a pot of soup on the go, there's no' much coming over me. And I've had upwards o' ten lambs a' tucked up in tattie baskets round about the hearth to keep warm. It's a braw thing ma range.

GAIL

Ah... well you're probably slightly different from most people Mr Sutherland.

Wind – Bob Davidson

WULLIE

I dinnae see how.

MARK

What do you do with your old newspapers?

WULLIE

Use them to light the fire.

MARK

You should re-cycle them.

WULLIE

I do... I use them to light the fire. How much is your windmill going to cost you?

MARK

About... four thousand pounds.

WULLIE/GAIL

Four thousand pounds!!

MARK

Well you have to buy quality, darling.

WULLIE

Dinnae call me darling!

MARK

I was speaking to her. And four thousand pounds isn't too bad for a wind turbine that size. Some of them cost a lot more than that and besides we could qualify for a FIT

WULLIE

Phit's a fit?

MARK

FIT or F. I. T. means Feed In Tariff. That means me get paid for every unit of electricity we produce. In fact we get paid whether we produce any or not!

GAIL

That can't be right.

MARK

It is, Sausage. I've looked into it. They reckon it takes about ten years to get enough money back to pay for the turbine but after that... we're in the money.

GAIL

I don't want to be in the money. I thought we were just going to produce enough for us. So we could have a cup of tea when we wanted it, and were able to switch the light on when it got dark. I don't want to be in the money. I don't want to be in the money at all. This is not what this is about. I can't believe you're doing this. Where does the money come from?

Wind – Bob Davidson

MARK

I don't know!

GAIL

Mr Sutherland... do *you* want to be in the money?

WULLIE

Me? Naw... I'm no' interested in money as long as I've ma porridge and a pot o' soup on the go there's no' much coming over me.

MARK

But there's money to be made. Millions of it.

WULLIE

Millions?

MARK

Millions. Not for us obviously. But if we can do our bit for the environment and make a pound or two in the process then I don't see the harm in it.

GAIL

I'd rather it was just for us. Just enough for us. I thought we were going to live in as small and as friendly a way we could. In this wee cottage. Is that too much to ask? Living in this cottage, growing our own vegetables away from the hustle and bustle, surrounded by sheep. Not bothering anybody and nobody bothering us. I'm not interested in tumble driers or feed in tariffs or whatever they're called. I just want to live a wee quiet life. And if I hear the words "do our bit for the environment" one more time, I'll scream.

MARK

It'll be fine, Sausage. Trust me.

Lights fade to blackout.

Music sfx.

*Just when you think you know the answers
It can all become unclear
With a world so full of chancers
This could all end up in tears
Oh the problems that you find
With a wind that can unwind
In the windmills of your mind.*

Lights up two weeks later and the set is the same more or less. Gail (no longer wearing her cycle helmet and reflective vest) is sitting opposite two people. They are on the sofa and could be an older person Windgen Exec and possibly a younger person Exec PA. They are both wearing hard hats and reflective jackets. There is not much talking until from outside the cottage door...

Wind – Bob Davidson

MARK

(shouting angrily)

DING DONG!

GAIL

(meekly)

Come in.

Mark enters brusquely, wearing Lycra cycling shorts, a bright yellow cycling jacket and a cycle helmet. He is in so much a tizzy that he fails to notice the two incomers and protests to Gail.

MARK

Some idiot has parked a four litre four by four Range Rover Vogue right on top of my parsnips!

Gail nods in the direction of the sofa. Mark glances over and then back to Gail.

Who are they?

GAIL

They're to do with *your* wind turbine.

MARK

Oh, right... *our* wind turbine, darling *our* wind turbine. *(He turns to the folk on the sofa)* Please excuse my slight outburst but I must say I'm slightly surprised at your choice of vehicle. I thought perhaps you might have cycled.

WINDGEN EXEC

From Manchester?

MARK

You drove that thing all the way from Manchester?

WINDGEN EXEC

No, from Edinburgh. We flew from Manchester to Edinburgh.

MARK

You did what?

WINDGEN EXEC

We flew from Manchester to Edinburgh, then we hired "that thing" as you call it, to drive up here. It's comfy and good for driving up rough farm tracks.

MARK

Have you any idea how many polar bears have died because of your actions?

WINDGEN EXEC

No.

MARK

No? No... no, neither do I... but I bet it's a few. *(To Gail)* Can you believe this? They're supposed to be in the green energy business yet they fly in polar bear murdering aeroplanes and drive gas guzzling four by fours... Wait a minute... *(back to the folk on the sofa)* what are you doing here anyway? I only asked you to send me a brochure... one that was printed on recycled paper or paper made from wood from sustainable forests?

WINDGEN EXEC

We're here to do with the wind turbines.

MARK

Turbine. Not turbines. A two meter one, just by the rhubarb.

WINDGEN EXEC

(standing up)

Ah... I do believe we are at crossed purposes here.

EXEC PA

(also standing up)

Crossed purposes...

WINDGEN EXEC

(to EXEC PA)

Be quiet, George.

EXEC PA

Quiet, yes.

WINDGEN EXEC

My name is Alan Smith, and I run a company known as Windgen. How do you do?

He puts out his hand to Mark, who shakes it reluctantly. Exec PA offers his hand to Mark too, but it is swiped away by Windgen Exec.

WINDGEN EXEC

We were invited here by a...

He turns to Exec PA and snaps his fingers.

EXEC PA

(consulting a document)

...Mr Sutherland...

WINDGEN EXEC

...Mr Sutherland, to discuss the feasibility of installing a seventeen turbine wind farm, here at...

He snaps his fingers again...

EXEC PA

... em... Mains Of Muircraggs Farm.

Wind – Bob Davidson

WINDGEN EXEC

... Mains of... whatever.

GAIL

But you can't.

WINDGEN EXEC

I think we can actually.

MARK

Mr Sutherland would never want a wind farm here.

Windgen Exec snaps his fingers again and Exec PA hands him a letter.

WINDGEN EXEC

(reading)

Dear Windygen, I hear there is a lot of money to be made in wind farms. Could you put one on my farm at Mains Of Muircraggs? It is quite windy here, though not all the time. It is mostly drizzle or sleet. Maybe you could hae a look the next time you're passing. Yours Faithfully William Sutherland, Mains Of Muircraggs, etc etc...

MARK

I can't believe this.

WINDGEN EXEC

See for yourself...

He hands over the letter which Mark and Gail read in stunned silence.

GAIL

But we don't want to live next to a wind farm!

WINDGEN EXEC

But you won't be my dear.

MARK

I mean we agree with them in principle obviously... what do you mean?

WINDGEN EXEC

Well our proposal is for a seventeen turbine farm... sixteen of which will be strategically placed in the Mains of whatever it is fields out there...

MARK

... and the seventeenth?

WINDGEN EXEC

Show them, George.

EXEC PA

(holding a small gadget and wandering slowly about)

Well according to my GPS... the centre of the supporting mast for the seventeenth turbine will be exactly... Here.

He points to the floor, centre stage.

GAIL

NO! It can't be!

EXEC PA
(to Windgen Exec)

I told you they'd be nimbys.

MARK

NIMBYS!

EXEC PA

Aye... not in my back yard.

MARK

I know what nimby means... but this isn't in our back yard is it? It's in our living room.

EXEC PA

Ah well technically that will not be the case because we'll demolish your house first.

GAIL

What?

WINDGEN EXEC

Oh don't worry, you'll be relocated... to a flat in town or something. It'll be great, you'll be nearer the shops.

GAIL

We don't want to move to a flat in town. We don't want to be nearer the shops...

MARK

... we were in a flat in town and we wanted to move here.

WINDGEN EXEC

Sorry.

MARK

But how do you know this area is any good for a wind farm? It's never all that windy here...

GAIL

No... we're sheltered by the hills. It's practically flat calm every day.

WINDGEN EXEC

Oh, that's not a problem. We're not too worried by that sort of thing. You see there's nowhere all that good for a wind farm, because... well...

EXEC PA

...they're crap.

Wind – Bob Davidson

WINDGEN EXEC

Please, George... language! But I'm afraid my not so eloquent little minion here is correct...

EXEC PA

Told you...

WINDGEN EXEC

Look, we're obviously in this for the money. Green financing is all the rage these days and there's literally hundreds of millions of euros out there to be had. We, at Windgen are keen to get our hands on as much of it as we can. But the reason we're keen to fling these things up at such a rate is because the old bubble's going to burst. You see wind turbines aren't all they're cracked up to be. It's something to do with the kinetic energy of the wind...

EXEC PA

... kinetic energy.

WINDGEN EXEC

Sshh, George. Apparently there's just not enough kinetic energy in the wind to make the damned things work properly. You see wind is really just air that's moving about a bit and air is as light as... well... air I suppose...

EXEC PA

... not heavy enough...

WINDGEN EXEC

... quiet, George. There's not a wind farm in Britain producing more than say... 20% of the energy that was claimed it would before it was built.

GAIL

That's not true.

WINDGEN EXEC

I'm afraid it is. You see the wind is funny stuff. Damned unpredictable. Sometimes it blows... sometime it doesn't. Then there's the National Grid. That's a funny old thing too. Did you know that the grid has to have the exact amount of power going into it as is taken out of it. It's a very fine balancing act. Tricky enough without a few thousand wind turbines deciding whether they want to contribute or not. One too many wind turbine and the whole thing will go bang and the lights will go out.

MARK

Rubbish... that's all lies.

WINDGEN EXEC

'Fraid not.

EXEC PA

'Fraid not.

Wind – Bob Davidson

WINDGEN EXEC

You see the painful truth is we make lots, and I mean lots, of money whether they produce any electricity at all.

GAIL

That is immoral!

WINDGEN EXEC

Yes. It is, and highly profitable. But people like them you see. They look good... as long as you're far enough away. Takes away a bit of the guilt. Oh what does it matter if we waste a bit of energy here and there? The jolly old wind farms will replace it all cleanly and tirelessly while we sleep. As long as they're not in my back yard. It's all tosh of course.

MARK

And just what are you going to do when the bubble bursts?

WINDGEN EXEC

Oh we've got that one sussed. We've already registered a company for the environmental deconstruction and disposal of wind farms. We'll go around and cut them all up for scrap... make even more money. Mind you that's one thing in their favour. Can't do that with nuclear. Can't go near the stuff for hundreds of years...

EXEC PA

... thousands!

GAIL

I'm going to protest... *(she takes off her jersey)* I'm going to tie myself naked to a tree.

EXEC PA

(Taking out his Blackberry)

Brilliant!

MARK

(To Exec PA)

What are you doing?

EXEC PA

If she's going to tie herself naked to a tree, I'm going to get a few photos for Facebook.

MARK

Oh no you are not... Gail, put your clothes back on...

GAIL

(starting to unbutton her blouse)

No... someone has to make a stand. This is dishonest greed...

MARK

... Gail it's June... you'll get covered in midgie bites...

Wind – Bob Davidson

GAIL

I can wear a net!

MARK

Not all over you couldn't. Come on dear, put your clothes back on. And you put that camera away before I belt you one.

WULLIE

(shouting from outside the cottage door)

Knock knock!

MARK

Who's there?

WULLIE

(poking his head around the door)

Me!

WINDGEN EXEC

Mr Sutherland, how nice to see you again.

WULLIE

Hallo.

WINDGEN EXEC

We were just discussing our little business venture with your tenants here.

Wullie stands with a strange grin on his face. His foot is tapping. Windgen Exec looks closely at him and shouts...

TAKE THE EARPHONES OUT, MR SUTHERLAND!

Wullie footers in his ears and removes the earphones...

MARK

What is that?

WULLIE

It's an IPOD.

MARK

A what?

WULLIE

(pointing at Windgen Exec)

He gave it to me. Jimmy Shand on the move. It's got every record Jimmy Shand ever made on it. You could hardly believe that eh? A' they tunes on this wee thing.

MARK

(sneering at Windgen Exec)

How low can you get?

Wind – Bob Davidson

WINDGEN EXEC

Just a corporate gift... it has our logo on it. It's amazing how cheaply some people can be bought.

GAIL

Mr Sutherland?

WULLIE

Yes, lass?

GAIL

How could you do this? A wind farm at Mains O' Muircraggs?

WULLIE

Well, after listening to you two the other week... it got me thinking. I'm no' as young as I used to be and no' quite as able for the place. And I could do wae a bit o' cash. The old Renault 5 is past its best and I thought that if I could maybe have a go at the wind thing, then it could bring me in a bit o' money.

MARK

But you're not interested in money... remember? You know... as long as you've got your porridge and a pot of soup on the go...

WINDGEN EXEC

Everybody is interested in money. And you're quite entitled to be interested in it too, Mr Sutherland. Don't let this young idealist sway you...

GAIL

But, Mr Sutherland you don't want to live right next to wind farm...

WULLIE

No, I most certainly do not...

GAIL

Well then...

WULLIE

I'm thinking of moving to Australia.

MARK

What?

WINDGEN EXEC

An excellent choice, Mr Sutherland if I may say so... good sheep country.

EXEC PA

I think that's New Zealand actually...

WINDGEN EXEC

Quiet, George please we're at a crucial stage here. Pass me the contract...

Exec PA fumbles for the correct form...

...and a pen.

MARK

Mr Sutherland, please do not sign that form...

Wullie takes the pen and skims over the form.

WINDGEN EXEC

... just at the bottom there Mr Sutherland.

WULLIE

Man that's a right bonnie pen that...

WINDGEN EXEC

It's yours if you want it Mr Sutherland... if you'd be so kind as to just squiggle your name in the box there...

GAIL

But what about the farm? I remember you saying that your family had been in Mains O' Muircraggs for a hundred and fifty years.

WULLIE

Och aye, but nothing lasts forever.

WINDGEN EXEC

Absolutely, time for a change eh? And we mustn't hold up progress. Progress and time marches on, Mr Sutherland, so if you'd just squiggle anything in the vicinity of the bottom of the form there then me and my assistant here can set the ball rolling and the windmills turning eh?

GAIL

But your animals! The sheep... you won't be able to roast your lambs around the fire at night...

MARK

... he doesn't roast them, darling he just keeps them warm and cosy...

EXEC PA

... no the roasting comes later!

MARK

You are despicable.

GAIL

And Jealous Annette? What will happen to the sheep and Jealous Annette? You can't take them with you to Australia!

WULLIE

Och... I'll probably just have them killed...

GAIL

WHAT?

Wind – Bob Davidson

WULLIE

Jealous Annette is part of the problem... you said so yourself.

GAIL

I didn't, did I? Oh my god I did. Oh Mr Sutherland I didn't mean it. You can't kill your cow. (*Turning on Windgen Exec*) You can't make this man kill his cow.

WINDGEN EXEC

I'm not making him do anything. Look, he signs the form and he gets rich. He gets rich and we get rich...

GAIL

... and who pays?

WINDGEN EXEC

... well you do of course you silly tart. Everybody pays. Everybody who wants the light to come on when they flick a switch pays. Sign the form Mr Sutherland and we'll be on our way.

MARK

Don't do it, Mr Sutherland, don't sign that form...

WINDGEN EXEC

Sign the form, Mr Sutherland think of the money...

GAIL

Don't sign the form, Mr Sutherland, think of Jealous Annette. Think of Mains O' Muircraggs...

Pause.

...Think of being up at four in the morning wading through a snow drift in a blinding blizzard to rescue an old ewe that's ready to lamb and delivering that new life there in the dark and the snow. Carrying it home in front of its mother's nose, leading her back to shelter and safety. And the comfort of that pot of porridge on the range when you collapse back in the house soaking wet and freezing with cold an hour later...

There is a pause.

WINDGEN EXEC

Well that's hardly going to put him off signing.

If you like what you've read so far and would like to buy a copy of the complete script or would like to perform the play, please get in touch.

Thanks for reading,

Bob Davidson