

TRIFFID MASH UP MUSIC

For a few years, undoubtedly, you'll have to feed them mostly on mashed triffids - there won't be any shortage of that raw material by the look of it."

OLD TRAUMA - Jill

METEOR MUSIC

PARTY TIME

BLINDNESS – Jill

EXPOSITION 1 - Jill

EXPOSITION 2 - Jill

25 minutes

Jill – Personal record fast forward ..

BOTANY

TRIFFID SEED TIME

VEG MEDLEY 1

VEG MEDLEY 2

WHOOSH MUSIC

TRAVELLING MUSIC - Jill – 49 mins to here.

INTERVAL

B MOVIE

LOVE CALL

WALKING MUSIC

SHIRNING FARM- Jill

MUTATION AND MEDDLING/DEATH STEW/BODIES – Jill

BACK AT SHIRNING FARM - Jill

IOW (30 mins)

JULES: PRE-SHOW HOUSE LIGHTS FADE PRE-SHOW FADES OUT WITH IT.

Pre Show

We see the sea as we walk into the audience on the projection screen

PART ONE

OLD TRAUMA

Jill walks on carrying the recording device. -

Pete and Jules walk on and Jules brings in SQ1 Pete hits his first chord on the malekat as Jill opens the box and presses the button for on. She is putting the final touches to her project before hitting the button again to play it

Jill: "Testing...12, 1,2...Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. Colony 3. (Matt and Cath walk on)

This is a personal record. Well, mostly personal. You could see it as a kaleidoscope of a way of life that is now finished or perhaps it's like flipping through a volume of photographs with one all comprehensive: 'do you remember?'

Matt moves to position Cath shifts a little.

SQ2 IN.

Jill hits another button and plays the next transition into the show

Recorded Voices and Memories:

Jules: Hold on! Where're you going? You need to help me. You need to help us all!

Cath: The sky is full of shooting stars.

Beth: Please come and see what has happened to Tommy? The thing hit him and he fell down...

Matt: Can you see?

Cath: "A series of ingenious biological-meddlings."

Colin: "The trouble with Triffids is chiefly the things we don't know about them."

Jill" Alone one would be nothing."

Jill "We need to organise, we need to fight back..."

Still SQ 2 follow on: John Wyndham: "What one starts with is the theme then you work it out to the logical conclusion...as far as possible."

We all register JW coming in with: (Still whoosh chords / dreamy soundscape) Cath to Harmonium/Jill to Theremin.

SQ3 goes when we are all in position

Hazel 12: *“A world doesn’t end like this, it can’t, it’s impossible.”*

Lesley: *“you know one of the most shocking things about all this is to realise how easily we have lost a world that felt so safe and certain.”*

Hazel: *“Oh the whole thing frightens me, because it’s the unknown,”*

John Wyndham: *“the original Triffids one I think, came one night when I was walking along a dark lane in the country and the hedges were only just distinguishable against the sky and the higher things sticking up from the hedges became rather menacing one felt that they might come over and strike down or if they had stings – sting at one.”*

DRUMS IN... / Matt on Violin/Jules: Double Bass and Synth Pedal.

Hazel: *Being Out of Control.*

JW: *“Or maybe this might be the beginning of the end.”*

Whole Band Music Cue (Godspeed) with Theremin tune in from the top IN!!! AND BUILDS AND BUILDS...

Cath crosses to Dulcitone.

Jill: *“When a day you happen to know is Wednesday starts off by sounding like Sunday, there is something seriously wrong somewhere.*

The way I came to miss the end of the world – well, the end of the world as we all knew it, was sheer accident: like a lot of survival come to think of it.”

SQ5 In. foreign voices on radio in.

Cue: Meteor Music. Meteors on ACID

Consider for a moment, the end of the world, throughout the centuries many suggestions have been made about how it will come about and when, but few more sinister than this. Meteors the shooting stars on which so many earthly wishes have been born.

Orchestral Stab Comes in and Matt Moves to Harmonium and Cath moves to Clarinet and Jill to piano.

Listen to this (**sounds**) *You don’t think it could be a Nebula Alex or the tail of a comet...*

Green flashes have filled the skies above England, the flashes seem so brilliant that they are even visible during daylight hours. The flashes seem also to be interfering with short wave radio reception at long distances.

Unexplained bright green flashes have been seen in the skies over California. The event has been going on for some hours.

Accounts have arrived from all over the Pacific of brilliant green meteors said to be sometimes in such numerous showers that the whole sky appears to be wheeling about, as the night sky moves westward these brilliant displays have continued.

Radio Announcer: *The streets tonight are filled with people gazing at the sky as flash after flash turns night into day. They say there's never been anything like it before. It is a magnificent spectacle, a unique phenomenon, a once in a lifetime experience. Sometimes the flashes are so bright it hurts to look at them...but what a marvellous sight. It's a party, a party for the whole world!*

PARTY MUSIC ***Cue for the rock and roll music and into Matt's violin solo..***
After the violin solo - Cath over the double bass:

"The sky is simply full of shooting stars – All bright green. It's almost as light as day. There's never been anything like it before!

Thousands of people are out in the parks, they're watching from the roof tops and up on the heath. It's a marvellous sight, everyone's there!

There are flashes so bright, it hurts to look... We've drawn back the curtains on the wards so the other patients can see it.

It's such a pity you can't!

If only you hadn't those bandages on you'd have a wonderful view of it from up here. Never mind, they're coming off tomorrow, Hopefully, it'll carry on, and you'll get to see it!

Jill starts to put her bandages on over the end of the Rock and Roll.

SQ6 in as a snap with the lights changing.

BLINDNESS

Jill: Hello?

Clocks (faint shuffles)

(over clocks) Nurse?

Nine! Where's breakfast?

SQ 7 Bell push

Why is it so quiet? Where is everyone?

SQ 8 Bell push

Sounds like a Sunday out there. But yesterday was Tuesday – so today is Wednesday. Definitely Wednesday. Hello, Nurse?

SQ 9 Bell push

Any chance of breakfast? Room 48! Can we get these bandages off?

SQ 10 Hears shuffles.

What's that?

Noise....

Who's there? **Noises grows**

[Goes to take the bandages off – stops herself] Shit!

SQ 11 Noises grow.

SQ 12 [Arggh] Dammit [Takes bandages off. Looks round. Realises eyes are ok.]

1. (audio) I rip off the bandages. The room is empty. Eyes all good. Yesss.

2 (stage) Yesss. Eyes all good.

[Looks to one side] I look out of the window. I try to focus - I can make out one or two people wandering in a kind of aimless way further up the street.

I go to the door. I peer into the corridor. Not a soul about.

I step into the next ward. Anyone seen a nurse?

(echo)

SQ 13 goes

Pete: No, no nurse...no doctor. Nobody. Would you mind opening the curtains?

Jill: The curtains are already open - and the room is bathed in sunlight.

I turn and look at the man. He's sitting up in bed, facing directly at me – and at the light. His eyes are gazing into my own.

For a few moments I stare back at him. It takes that long to register. I don't think he can see me. I look around at the rest of them – none of them can see me.

I don't know what to do.

I leave.

I start down the stairs; on the floor below - I look into another ward, the place looks empty, but it isn't.

Two men in nightclothes lie on the floor, one is soaked in blood from what looks like an unhealed incision.

The other – it's hard to work out. They look dead.

SQ 14 (murmuring getting louder the further down she goes.)

I reach the final turn and look down into the main hall. The place looks like one of Doré's paintings of sinners in hell. There is a writhing, tightly packed mob, nearly all of them in hospital nightclothes, moving slowly and helplessly around. Some of them are crushed breathlessly against the walls.

Now and then one of them trips and falls...if the press of bodies allowed you to fall, there was little chance that it would let you come back up again.

I fight my way through - everyone is blind – everyone. People grab at my clothes and try to pull me back.

I should do something – lead them out into the street perhaps, but what then?

I tear myself free and get out.

I need a drink. I walk into the nearest pub. It's a mess. Chairs upturned, broken glass.

Jules: What's that? Who is it?

Jill: There's a man at the bar drinking whisky.

Jules: Can you see?

Jill: Yes. I need a drink

Jules: Help yourself.

Jill: I grab a bottle of brandy and a glass

Jules: How come you ain't blind?

Jill: I....

Jules: 'S that bloody comet, bugger it! D'you see them green shooting stars?

Jill: No, I missed it.

Jules: There you are. Proves it. You didn't see 'em you ain't blind. I did. Everybody who saw them is blind.

Jill: Everyone?

Jules: Probably everyone in the world... 'part from you.

Jill: I leave some money on the bar and turn to go.

Jules: Hold on! Where're you going? You need to help me. You need to help us all!

Jill: It's too much to take in. I fled into the street.

Piano IN.

Jill to the Dulcitone

MUSIC IN THEN SQ 16 OUT WIND.

EXPOSITION 1 LONDON - Pete Matt /Violin. ***Cath and Matt Play at each other?***

Cath at Mic sings: *The day was perfect for early summer. The sun poured down from a deep blue sky. All fresh and clean. All fresh and clean.*

Jill from radio mic at dulcitone: I walk northwards, avoiding the constant collisions that take place on the pavements, and the clusters of people around broken shop windows... derelict cars and lorries stand about in disarray.

A building blazes fiercely and a cloud of smoke rises from another fire somewhere along Oxford Street.

Cath sings: *The day was perfect for early summer.*

It is then that I see the Triffids. A couple of them were crossing Regent's Park in the distance. Every park had a few at least – their venomous stings mostly docked and neutered – but they were always staked or kept safely behind wire netting, but somehow these had managed to pull up their stakes and were dragging themselves along by their chains. Triffids had been kept as novelties, in private gardens, almost like pets, they were clumsily amusing but not greatly interesting, an annual pruning ensured they were harmless.

(Violin Here in the gap)

Jill: Piccadilly Circus; probably less than a hundred people there, prowling restlessly around, still semi-dazed. Occasionally an outburst of profanity and futile rage. Little talk, little noise. It seemed as though their blindness had shut people into themselves.

Cath sings: *"The day was perfect for early summer. The sun poured down from a deep blue sky. All fresh and clean".*

I had no glimmering of a plan, what plan could there be to deal with such a thing? I felt - not quite real, not quite here and now.

Cath: *'All fresh and clean.'* 'All fresh and clean.' 'All fresh and clean.' Fade Out

Matt joins the two together on violin as the sun sets.

EXPOSITION 2 UNIVERSITY – LONDON

Jill comes back to mic from the Dulcitone Cath to play Clarinet

Jill: Time passed...

The sun was low now. Night magnified the quiet of the city, making the sounds which broke it, the more desolate, a piano played somewhere nearby.

Jill: Above it all rose the Houses of Parliament, with the hands of the clock stopped at 3 minutes past six. It was difficult to believe that all that meant nothing anymore, that now it was just a pretentious confection in uncertain stone which could decay in peace.

Jill: Alongside, the Thames flowed imperturbably on. So, it would flow until the day the Embankments crumbled and the water spread out and Westminster became once more an island in a marsh.

I suddenly notice an arm outstretched on the pavement. A body, lifeless.

A bright red streak across their cheek, there's a Triffid lurking well within striking range, I hear a noise behind me, I whip round to see another triffid towering a few feet away. I duck and the sting whistles as it lashes out at me.... I scramble away to a safe distance...and realise what has just happened.

I wondered how many triffids were in London and how many had escaped? But it wasn't just the Triffids that worried me.

I caught sight of 3 people handcuffed together - the one in the middle could clearly see - the other two were blind. What was it for? Who was in charge? What the heck was going on? And who had shot the man whose body I found slumped against the wall? I didn't think I should wait to find out.

The high violin continuation of the exposition 2 music carries on with a lovely solo...to happen

Robert R: ***"There's certainly an intelligence in them of a kind, they always go for the unprotected parts. It's remarkable and significant."***

Jill: "Take away our sight and our superiority to them is gone."

Colin: ***"I tell you ...A Triffid is in a damn sight better position to survive than a blind man."***

Section TWO

SQ18: JW: “Now most mutations would naturally be pretty unpleasant – the moving vegetable would be a real menace.”

CLICK and the tape recorder goes fast forward. “This is a personal recordfast forward...”

Pete’s BOTANY

Trigonaceae – Monogeneric family of Trifidion locomotor. Commonly known as Triffid.

Pubescent herbaceous perennials (*Pubescent herbaceous perennials x 4*) to 3m, flowering stems with 1-5 alternate, tri-palmatipartite leaves.

Inflorescence terminal, a prehensile spadix, extending distally as a succulent, glandular, crozier-shaped appendix.

Flowers bi-sexual. (*Secretions extremely neurotoxic. X 4*) **Secretions extremely neurotoxic.**

Modified tap root tripartite, mobile, allowing for efficient, if ungainly locomotion.

Three pneumatophores erect at stem base, motile, thought by some to function as a means of communication via percussive sounds created by the striking of the stem.

(Percussive Middle 8) Take the percussion into the drum beats.

Predatory and aggressive, obtaining nutrients from a variety of sources, **including putrescent carcasses**, (*including putrescent carcasses x 4*) using spadix to transfer material to spathe chamber for digestion. *Cath to Mic to swap Melodica for Clarinet and back to Mic.*

Distribution worldwide. Invasive and troublesome pest, / particularly in Sumatra, Borneo, Belgium, Congo, Columbia, Brazil, India.

Mobility, frost-hardiness and the ability to obtain nutrients from a range of sources gives this species an extremely wide ecological tolerance.

TRIFFID SEED TIME

Jill to Dulcimer/ Cath to stay at Mic but take the clarinet

Charlotte 12 “There was a cloud of seeds floating.” X2

(Middle Eight)

Cath: Triffid seed time was quite a sight, the dark green pod just below the cup was glistening and distended ... when it burst it did it with a POP that was audible 20 yards away. The white seeds shot into the air like steam and began drifting away on the lightest of breezes.

(Middle eight) Cath might not be able to do last Middle 8 on Clarinet.

When the fragments began their long fall towards the sea they left behind them something that looked like white vapour. It was not vapour. It was a cloud of seeds, floating, infinitely light. Millions of gossamer-slung Triffid seeds, free now to drift wherever the winds of the world should take them...

Middle Eight Again / Cloud of seeds. We hold the chord.

Cath: Scientists discovered that Triffids were palatable and nutritious, useful for oil extracts, valuable as a stock feed and as a vegetable...

Veg Medley 1.

“Carrots Beetroot Cabbage Broccoli Peas Beans Runner Beans Broad Beans (**Cath starts playing recorder**) **French Beans, Onions, Red Onions**, Shallots sometimes, Raspberries. Artichokes, Gooseberries, Redcurrants White Currants, Black plums, blackberries, Tomatoes, Cucumbers, Aubergines, Chilli’s, a lot of different squashes – Oh yes. Sunburst patty pans, custard white patty pans, pumpkins, yellow courgettes, green courgettes, round courgettes, pumpkins, summer squashes, butternut squashes...”

“Carrots Beetroot Cabbage Broccoli Peas Beans Runner Beans Broad Beans (**Cath starts playing recorder**) **French Beans, Onions, Red Onions**, Shallots sometimes, Raspberries” ..fade out.. ***SQ 20 fade out the vegetables.***

Cath: “The world we lived in then was wide and most of it was open to us, with little trouble. It must be difficult for young people to envisage a world like that. Perhaps it sounds like a golden age. Looking back the amount we did not know and did not care to know....is somehow a bit shocking, such ordinary things as how our food reached us, where fresh water came from, and how the clothes we wore were woven and made...”

SQ 21: Lesley 15: I used to call my courgettes my Triffids / I used to call my courgettes my Triffids...and it just grew and grew and grew. X 6

Veg Medley 2

GARLIC LEEKS PEAS CABBAGES

CABBAGES / LEEKS GARLIC/LEEKs / GARLIC/LEEKs PEAS / LEEKs/CABBAGES..

Cath: *Every year we were pushing the northern limit of growth for food plants a little farther back. New fields were growing crops on what had historically been simply tundra and barren land.*

Meanwhile, with something like twenty five million new mouths bawling for food every year the supply problem became steadily worse, and after years of ineffective propaganda, a couple of atrocious harvests had at last made people aware of its urgency.

Meanwhile, with something like thirty two million new mouths bawling for food every year the supply problem became steadily worse, and after years of ineffective propaganda, a couple of atrocious harvests had at last made people aware of its urgency.

Meanwhile, with something like forty seven million new mouths bawling for food every year the supply problem became steadily worse, and after years of ineffective propaganda, a couple of atrocious harvests had at last made people aware of its urgency.

SQ 22 'Oh Yes' "It just leaves an unpleasant taste."

Cath: It was at this point that TRIFFIDS came into their own.

Matt: **HERBIE /TRIFFIDS!!**

Cath: Companies all over the world began to farm them on a massive scale. Triffids became big business.

Pete Whoosh chords in:

SQ 23 HAZEL 11. 18.56 "You start oafing about with that kind of thing..and dressing it up as 'we want to make sure there will be food for impoverished communities when actually you just want to make money. I think it's diabolical."

Cath: In the books there is quite a lot of loose speculation on the sudden occurrence of the triffids. **(Listen to beautiful violin)** Much of it is nonsense. Certainly, they were not spontaneously generated as many simple souls believed. Nor did most people endorse the theory that they were a kind of sample visitation - harbingers of worse to come if the world did not mend its ways and behave its troublesome self. Many believed they were the outcome of a series of ingenious biological meddlings.

TRAVELLING MUSIC

BACK TO JILL/BILL AND TRAVELLING 1 Leaving the City for the Countryside.

Flavour of end of part 1: high violin, piano; underscore of high violin over first few sentences.

Alone one would be nothing.

The future seemed to me a choice between a lonely existence always in fear of capture or gathering together a selected group which would protect us from others

Jill: I left the City (*Music in*). I went in search of old friends, friends I could rely on. I thought of Shirning, Shirning Farm, a place from my childhood, an open road in the sunlight.

Matt in on Violin.

SQ 36. Charlotte 9 “There was the open road in the sunlight the fresh green of early summer. And there were wildflowers in the lanes...looking as they had always looked.

Cath: *...Under a blue sky*
An open road in the sunlight-wildflowers in the lanes
A few clouds sailed by

Jill: Under a blue sky a few clouds sailed like celestial icebergs. The city became a less oppressive memory, and the sense of living freshened me again like a clean wind. The sight of the open country gave one hope of a sort. I looked over the fields I felt my spirits expanding.

Cath: *Under a blue sky.*

Jill: There were signposts which pointed to Exeter and the west there were sometimes birds to be seen.

SQ 37: Charlotte: “And there were wildflowers in the lanes – looking as they had always looked”.

Cath: *Under a blue sky*

Jill: At Midhurst I stopped for food and fuel. The feeling of release continued to mount as I passed through miles of untouched country. Even the sight of occasional groups of triffids swaying across a field held no hostility to spoil my mood.

...Under a blue sky.
An open road in the sunlight- wildflowers in the lanes
A few clouds sailed by.

Jill: But the other side of the picture was not so good. There were fields in which cattle lay dead or wandered blindly; sheep stood ready to die rather than pull themselves free from

bramble or barbed wire. I began to imagine things. Once I saw an arm waving from a window, but when I got there it was only a branch swaying.

Something lurked all around, stretching the nerves.

If Man cannot hold on to his reason, then he is lost, utterly lost, so that he becomes no more than a twitch in the limb of a corpse.

Jill: The sun was setting as I drove into Pulborough

The surviving inhabitants had shut themselves into their houses to exist on what stores they had.

There was no moon. I looked out upon an utterly black landscape.

Very dark on stage

SQ 38.

Colin: *“Somewhere in them there is intelligence - it isn’t seated in the brain because dissection showed nothing like a brain.*

Colin: *“The trouble with triffids, is chiefly the things we don’t know about them.”*

LX change

Interval

Section 3

SQ 24 Hazel 11: I think it’s diabolical. SCREAMS ...

SQ 25 SCREAM AGAIN.

Chords 1 (3 notes)

SQ 26 ‘What are these Giant mutations?’

Chords 1 (3 Notes)

SQ 27 Entire Populations prays for deliverance ..

Matt on Timps

SQ 28 ‘Perfect for scientific experiments until they began to grow and grow’

Chords 2 (4 notes)

SQ 29 'Mankind Totters before a thing that multiplies faster than it can be killed..'

Chords 3 (5 notes)

SQ 30 'It's going to take more than dynamite to get it out'

Matt Timps 2

SQ 31 'In the astonishing realism of 3 Dimension with objects coming right out of the screen ...so real they almost touch.'

Chords 4 (7 notes)

SQ 32 And Whole cities...paralysed by fear...'

Chord 5 (10 notes)

SQ 33 'We maybe witnessing the beginning of an era that will mean the complete annihilation of man. Annihilation? The beginning of the end'

Tremelos.

SQ 34 hits and then Jules moves to the Theramin.

Theramin bridges. Pete going to Dulcitone...and setting up Love Call theme over the theramin once it is in then Jill on dulcimer making stem noises.

LOVE CALL MUSIC

Cath: "It was assumed that the sudden moving and rattling of their sticks against the main stem was a strange form of Triffidian love -call.

"It was difficult to detect a motionless Triffid..they cunningly lurked..and were uncannily sensitive to any movement near them, and it was hard to take them unawares". Pg 43 **slash with arm x2**

It could lash out a stinging weapon ten feet long, capable of discharging enough poison to kill a man. **Slash with arm. (matt on violin too)**

At first no one noticed their habit of lurking beside their fallen victims. The reason for that only became clear when it was shown that they fed upon flesh as well as insects. The stinging tendril did not have the muscular power to tear firm flesh, but it had strength enough to pull shreds from a decomposing body and lift them to the cup of its stem.

Cath to Clarinet Allotment voices Holding Pattern.
Jules to bring this in after one round of the Holding Pattern.

SQ 35 Hazel: *It is a Pernicious Evil. Invasive isn't a big enough word for this thing. You start off with one and then you end up with 4 million. And I've tried killing it and I've tried killing it and I've tried killing it...I've dug it and I've dug it and I've dug it - and it just gets everywhere.*

Walking Music

When Jill at Harmonium: Cath

*"When itwalked (Harmonium comes in)
.....it moved rather like a man on crutches. Two of the blunt legs slid forward and then the whole thing lurched as the rear one drew almost level with them..."* **Matt Solo 1 low**

*"People were surprised, and a little disgusted, to learn that the species was carnivorous, and that the flies and other insects caught in the cups were actually digested by the sticky substance there..."***Matt solo higher register. Klezmer.**

Jules: "They are talkative tonight

Cath: Maybe it's the weather I fancy they do it more when its dry ...

Jules: Do you talk more when its dry?

Cath: You don't really mean you think they're talking?

Jules: Well, why not?

Cath: But it's absurd. Plants talking.

Jules: So much more absurd than plants walking?

We all look out to audience.

JW: "Someone once said that the heart of fantasy is the willing suspension of disbelief."

SHIRNING FARM

Matt on the violin: Dorchester Larking

Jill: As the sun rose I drove into Shirning Farm. There was a light in an upstairs window. A door opened and I saw a familiar face.

We embraced. There were four survivors on the farm. Someone was cooking breakfast. There was an abundance of food. We sat and ate together - and I heard their stories.

One had been at Tynsham, a community of blind and sighted people, where the (High Priestess) woman in charge just seemed to believe that God would provide...

Another had heard about Brighton, where travellers were greeted with gunshots, a barricade and a 'Keep Out' sign.

Another community, where blind women were welcomed because they could provide babies for this new era, but blind men were turned away.

Some survivors had simply stayed put, cocooned, expecting the Americans or the UN to miraculously appear, and make everything better. But we had found each other – five of us, together.

Clarinet / Dulcimer/Violin/ double bass/Malekat

SQ 39 Hazel *“I think community is really important and I try and work hard on that...but this is just a naturally amazing community.”*

Anna 1: *Not being afraid is a real skill I think.*

James 12 *“You ain’t got it ...obviously you don’t need it..if you need it, you have to make it, build it or swap for it or something, and that’s how we did everything.”*

Charlotte *“just basically survival”.*

James 5 *“It’s not to kill off nature it’s to even it up a bit.”*

Hazel 17. *I suppose I had thought that it would kill me by starving me; that it would take the land and there would be nothing to eat – I hadn’t thought that I would be its food – I don’t want to think about that... I want to win.*

Jill: We organised. Over the next few months, we created enclosures and built fences to keep any unwanted people - or Triffids - out. We found an army generator mounted on a trailer and towed it home. There were flame throwers prepared in the out houses and we collected knives and hoarded weapons.

I made a final foray to London for supplies. The place still contrived to give the impression that a touch of a magic would bring it to life again, though many of the vehicles in the streets were beginning to turn rusty. Almost every building was beginning to wear a green wig beneath which its roofs would damply rot. The gardens of the Parks and Squares were wildernesses creeping out across the streets. **Start going up.**

Growing things seemed to press out everywhere, rooting in the crevices between the paving stones, springing from the cracks in the concrete, finding lodgements even in the seats of abandoned cars.

It’s as if everything was breaking out. Rejoicing that we’re finished - that it’s free to go its own way. And curiously, as the living things took charge, the effect of the place became less oppressive. **We start building and Pete develops it...then dropping out...**

As it passed beyond the scope of any magic wand most of the ghosts were going with it, withdrawing slowly into history.

I stood in Piccadilly Circus again, looking round at the desolation and trying to recreate in my mind’s eye the crowds that once swarmed there. I could no longer do it. **I left London for good.**

Matt’s Death Subs In.

MAN'S MEDDLING/DEATH STEW/BODIES

SQ 40 Anna 13: *"The Triffid effectively was the consequence of Man's Meddling."*

Hazel 10. *"You don't know really what you are playing with when you do something like that - I think there's always a law of unintended consequences. I think I was scared for all of my teenage years...in way that I haven't been really ...and I'm not really or haven't been since, maybe I will be ...but It was visceral...it affects you."*

Jill: On the way back to Shirning, I became aware again of the smell of death, **MOOG SLIDE 1**
The smell of death travelled on every wind that blew. **MOOG SLIDE 2**
I drove past more and more bodies lying as they'd evidently lain for some days – and almost always there was a triffid close by – they were taking advantage of our blindness. Triffids – more and more of them...

I passed through a deserted village. A man lay chest downwards in the middle of the road, his face twisted round to reveal a bright red streak across his cheek A woman's leg protruded around the corner of a house and a girl in a green dress lay half on the path and half in a flower bed. Her face scarred with a vivid red line.

In an orchard the bodies of a man, a woman and a girl lay close together in a scatter of spilled fruit, nearby a couple of triffids waited patiently for the flesh to putrefy so they could feed.

SQ 41 (Beth) *"Please come and see what has happened to Tommy?"*

The child is dressed in a blue frock, white socks and sandals. She looks about 9 years old – her face dirtied with smeared tears.
A little boy about four years of age is lying on a patch of lawn...

SQ 42 (Beth) *The thing hit him...and he fell down.* **MOOG SLIDE**

The scarlet slash of the sting was vivid on his pale cheek.

SQ 43 Is Tommy dead? I'm afraid he is.

SQ 44 Poor tommy – will we bury him like the puppies?

We buried Tommy and I took the girl back home with me.

ROCKING OUT INCREASES: ROCKING OUT FOR A SHORT BURST – CRAZY CLARINET/ Jill to Piano/MOOG/PETE ON DRUMS. MATT ON KNOBS.

BACK AT SHIRNING.

At Shirning we continued to organise and so, it seemed, did the Triffids.

Jill at the Theremin making pattering sounds using All Your Bass.

They collected along the fence, they didn't try anything, simply settled down, wriggled their roots into the soil and remained. At a distance they looked as inactive as any other hedge but for the pattering sounds they were making

SQ 45 Beth: *"They're doing a lot more of that lately and there's a lot more of them than there used to be".*

Jill: *As long as we take care to pull up all the seeds that root inside the fence, they can do what they like outside."*

Su: *"I always watch them. I hate them."*

Jules: *"They are listening – they do hear somehow."*

As the months passed, the numbers grew – there were hundreds of them now – and the sheer weight of them started to push parts of the fence in – and they got through. We pushed them back with the flame throwers. But it wasn't enough.

Electric Sounds Start:

We electrified the fences.

They didn't like that, and it helped for a while, but the fences and the flame throwers were heavy on fuel, and our supplies were running low, so we rationed when we turned the fences on and off.

Then, at 8am one morning, I went to turn on the electric fence as usual. But the triffids had already backed off. All of them. They were expecting me. They were learning.

Time was on their side. They only had to wait while we used up our resources. First fuel and then wire to mend the fences. And they would still be waiting when the wire rusted through. Next year, the year after, decades from now...

*Changes to the rhythmic version of the drone. **Locust Drone ...kicks back in***

Then one morning, I went downstairs, everything was pitch black – there were leathery green leaves pressed against the windows. (**MATT BRINGS HIS BEATS**) The things had broken through again but this time they'd surrounded the house.

We hear the SEA /SQ 50 SEA

Isle of Wight

Jill: One thing I do know, Triffids can't swim.

SQ 51 *Find an island that is small enough to be cleared of Triffids with the available manpower. Live out a frugal existence until your society discovers a biological remedy for this plague.*

Bonchurch, Isle of Wight Colony 3.

In our new home, we found other families, other friends; the sea was our wall against the triffids. Every Autumn we would scour the island for fledgling triffids which had grown from seeds drifting over from the mainland – and destroy them.

Future generations will ask how it all happened? How did the world get swallowed up so quickly? For far too long, we had our eyes closed, even when we could see.

What were all those green flashes, the lights in the sky? Meteors? Comets? Was it a judgement on us? There had been warnings that the end of the world was coming for centuries.

But, what if it wasn't anything like that? Up there, were unknown numbers of satellites circling around the earth, what's in them? Radio-active dust? Viruses? Weapons of mass destruction? It was all conjecture – amateur theories – we'll probably never find out. The important thing though, looking back, was that the amount we did not know and did not care to know was somehow a bit shocking. We thought we were in control. We weren't.

And there my personal story joins up with the rest of the colony. So, we must regard the task ahead as ours alone. We think now that we can see the way, but there is still a lot of work and research to be done before the day when we or our children or their children will cross the narrow straits and return - to drive the triffids back – for good.

FX tape recorder clicks off.

Sea turns to Birdsong.

SQ 53 Charlotte repeating: "There was the open road in the sunlight the fresh green of early summer and wildflowers growing in the lanes looking as they had always looked."

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