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# Faraday

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*(fragmento en inglés / excerpt in English)*

## CHARACTERS

Robert

Jack

Linda

Matt

Alice

David

*A room. A screen at the back. We see a series of photos which Robert, standing with his back to the audience, is projecting from a computer. The photos show a young man at different moments: as a baby, with friends at a high school prom, climbing, graduating from university, with a group of soldiers, surrounded by fellow-employees at the door of a company called Alpha Security, etc.*

*A door suddenly slams, suggesting it has been kicked open. Jack enters with a calmness that belies the violence of his apparent means of entry. Robert looks up and continues projecting photos, now of a woman.*

ROBERT

I've been expecting you.

JACK

I had to fly half way round the world.

ROBERT

How did you find me?

JACK

No idea. Someone bought me a ticket. She's pretty, who is she?

ROBERT

Someone.

JACK

It works well, I hear.

ROBERT

It depends what you use it for.

JACK

Not my business.

ROBERT

But you know about the suicides. The papers were full of it.

JACK

Work-related stress.

ROBERT

Yeah.

JACK

People confuse happiness with comfort.

ROBERT

Thirty suicides.

JACK

Well, they must all have been leading some sort of double life. (He produces a gun.)

ROBERT

The prototype's not here. (Nodding towards the computer.)

JACK

I didn't think it was. But you'll tell me where it is.

ROBERT

You're Jack 'full stop', aren't you?

JACK

Have we ever had a beer together?

ROBERT

No.

JACK

I don't get out much. Wife and three kids.

ROBERT

So why 'full stop'?

JACK

I put an end to situations.

ROBERT

David told me about you.

JACK

He promoted me. (Lighting a cigar.) Good boss.

ROBERT

I don't have the prototype.

JACK

So the photos?

ROBERT

Working copies. I've spent years on this, converting faces into math.

JACK

It's simple enough: you stole our property.

ROBERT

I invented it.

JACK

How many programmers did the company put at your disposal? And then you go and delete everything, even the security copy, and run away with something that isn't yours. That sounds like stealing.

ROBERT

The search engine wasn't intended to cause suicides.

JACK

People kill themselves for all sorts of reasons. But there's one thing they all have in common. They don't like themselves. Your search engine exposes that, for everyone else to see. Look, I haven't flown all this way just for tourism.

ROBERT

You could have called and asked. On the off chance.

JACK

Robert, Robert... Let me tell you something while you're making up your mind to tell me where the search engine is. A long time ago, I mean a really long time, before history began maybe, anyway there were these people who spent their whole lives in a cave and all they could see were the shadows on the outside. Think about that, all day in a cave watching shadows. Until one day one of them grew the balls – by which I mean got fed up and took it upon himself - to escape and you know what he saw? That the world outside wasn't made of shadows and what they could see from their cave wasn't real.

ROBERT

Plato.

JACK

Plato. We need to go back to the classics. Our lives are rushed, so I go back to people who had nothing but time, who did nothing but sit and think. When there were no McDonalds or cell phones or cars... do you get what I'm saying?

ROBERT

Perfectly.

JACK

Well then. And centuries later we're still in Plato's cave until some newspaper plasters the next big scandal over its front pages.

ROBERT

Why don't you just go?

JACK  
Where is it?

ROBERT  
You won't find anything here.

JACK  
Where is it?

ROBERT  
Stay calm.

JACK  
Calm? You should see me when I'm angry.

ROBERT  
Tell David I know everything.

JACK  
Everything what?

ROBERT  
Tell him: everything.

JACK  
You decide. I can cut off your fingers or I can use the cigar.

ROBERT  
This. (He pulls out a gun and shoots himself.) Jack begins to look through the computer. He calls on his mobile.

JACK  
No... he was... he killed himself... Yes!... He pulled out a gun before I could stop him... I don't know... the prototype isn't on the computer... He was looking at some photos.... Yes, a woman.... Yes, blonde, how did you know that?.... I don't think so. It wasn't connected to the internet... I don't know, I'll call you back. (He hangs up.)

*Jack continues searching the computer. He calls again.*

JACK  
It was his wife?... Ok... Ok, David, there's a youngster here, did he have kids?... Dark haired?.... Wait... By the way, this island's a fucking paradise.... Let me look... How did you know he'd be here?... Tall... Not overly tall... Tall, dark, yes... He's in a lot of the photos.... Ok. (Jack continues looking through the photos. He stops at the one showing Alpha Security.) Bingo... Do you know the name Alpha Security?... New York... Ok. Microph?... Hold on. Jack looks round the room. He finds a microphone under a table.

JACK

(Phone) David, we're being bugged.

## ACT ONE

*Ten days later.*

*Alpha Security communication centre. Four screens on which we see a series of live feeds from security cameras: cash points, banks, corporate headquarters etc. A curved table for the controllers; computers, microphones, control panel, papers, snacks, flasks and soft drinks for the night. Linda is standing at the control panel while Matt watches her from a discrete distance. She is switching between the onscreen cameras. Matt is holding a coffee, unsure whether to go back to work or approach Linda.*

LINDA

(Speaking into the microphone and zooming in with a camera on one of the screens.). New York. (She checks a list) Adventium HQ.... No, I don't know, let me look. (A rat onscreen.) False alarm, just a rat. The city's overrun with them... No, we need to tell them. If a rat can get in, who knows... Thanks.

*She continues watching the screens.*

MATT

Should we not talk?

LINDA

I'm working.

MATT

So am I. So's the rat. Nobody else is.

LINDA

Talk about what?

MATT

The last time I saw you was in my bed. Three days ago.

LINDA

You're single. So am I. We're adults, and it was a good bottle of wine. Matt pours her a coffee.

MATT

There's a new man coming in today.

LINDA

Woman. New woman.

MATT

(Looking at his watch.): It's been a year now, and I'm still not used to the fucking moon shift. Or working to any schedule at all.

LINDA

You'll get used to it.

MATT

You think so? (Linda's mobile rings.)

LINDA

(Phone.): Yes?... What? A 732?... Which branch?... Fifth and forty-three?... Hang on. (She brings the branch up on a screen. She switches between cameras.) Here it is.... (The safe is lying open.) It's been forced...

MATT

Here. (Handing her a coffee.) What's going on?

LINDA

(Phone.): That's not possible... (To Matt.) JSB Bank, branch 1042... No, I was talking to my colleague... Bring up tonight's recording... What time was this at?... In the middle of Manhattan... they tunnelled their way in?

MATT

Here.

LINDA

(Phone and Matt.): Jesus, that's hot... Go back... Two hours, more or less... Ok. Who raised the alarm? A neighbour?... From a diner?... Why?... How much did they get?... Who's talking to JSB?... Ok, as soon as we find it, I'll send it to you... To the insurers... Thanks.

MATT

What's happened?

LINDA

Fucking hell. They've broken into a branch of the JSB, in the middle of Manhattan. A tunnel in from the diner next door.

MATT

Why did the alarm not go off?

LINDA

What alarm?

MATT

Banks have alarms.

LINDA

Matt, banks spend as little on security as they can get away with, to comply with the law. Not a single dollar more. They'll send the recording on to their insurers and that's it. Except they'll have it insured for more than they lost.

MATT

I'm not seeing anything.

LINDA

What's the time signal?

MATT

Eleven forty-seven.

LINDA

Try another camera. (She switches between various cameras.) This one.

MATT

Nothing.

LINDA

Look, that's how they've got in.

MATT

What about companies?

LINDA

Government agencies spend money on security. Nobody else does.

MATT

So what are we doing here?

LINDA

Looking at pictures and getting paid for it.

MATT

Here they are.

LINDA

Stop there. (Two hooded figures appear on screen.) Bastards.

MATT

How much did they get?

LINDA

No idea. Save it to the hard disc and then load it into Dropbox. In the incidents file.

MATT  
It's up. What now?

LINDA  
...

MATT  
Linda... Linda!

LINDA  
What?

MATT  
Let's talk.

LINDA  
Isn't that what we're doing?

MATT  
In case you'd forgotten, we used to be a couple.

LINDA  
We've changed.

MATT  
You're still hurt...?

LINDA  
It was a long time ago. Matt returns to his work station.

LINDA  
How did you find me?

MATT  
Facebook.

LINDA  
No you didn't.

MATT  
No, I did.

LINDA  
My son's never off it so I know how it works. A waste of time. I'm not on it.

MATT  
Are you sure? When I signed up with Alpha, I looked at their Facebook page. Photos and photos of

everyone that works there, you get drawn in. I started looking to see if I knew anyone from my army days, and up you popped . Not photos you put up, but photos you're in. People post their whole lives there. You're there, all right.

LINDA

So that's why you came to work here?

MATT

Photos of the company's Christmas party.

LINDA

Social networks are shit.

MATT

People make their choices.

LINDA

Nobody tells you what they can lead to. You post a photo and...

MATT

I don't mind them.

LINDA

And the neighbour you never say hello to ends up knowing where you buy your panties. People only post lies. Or they spend half their lives telling the whole world about what they do in the other half.

MATT

They give you company.

LINDA

Company?

MATT

The clue's in the word social. People. Lots of people.

LINDA

NETworks.

MATT

You don't have to get caught up in them.

LINDA

Yeah right. Some moron posts a photo of a Christmas party and you come marauding back.

MATT

Marauding?

LINDA  
Marauding.

MATT  
So it was the wine talking.

LINDA  
What?

MATT  
You said you'd missed me.

LINDA  
Matt, we'd just fucked. You say things like that in the heat of the moment. You can't unsay them. Were there cameras? Like there are here?

MATT  
Just a random fuck.

LINDA  
Look Matt, stop it. We've changed. You're sinking pretty low here. Did you try to fraternise with the enemy in Iraq too?

MATT  
I'll ignore that.

LINDA  
How did you get this job?

MATT  
If you think it was because...

LINDA  
I don't think it was to see me. But...

MATT  
I saw your photo after I'd signed up. A private security operation like this has a whole battalion of vets working for them.

LINDA  
Maybe, but...

MATT  
Alpha Security. Biggest name in the business.

LINDA  
You mustn't have believed your luck.

MATT

Save the sarcasm. I tried to put it all behind me, Linda. It's not been easy

LINDA

It's what I did when I left you.

MATT

I'm not blaming you.

LINDA

Big of you.

MATT

How's your son?

LINDA

He's ok.

MATT

What's he like?

LINDA

He's fourteen. At that age, hard to know. But he's a good lad. Of course, I would say that.

MATT

Yeah.

LINDA

Have you heard from your father?

MATT

Ah, we are talking? After what... about a hundred shifts together in the last year?

LINDA

You started it.

MATT

Fuck it, Linda.

LINDA

I liked him, you know.

MATT

How can you like somebody who never says anything?

LINDA

He said some things. How is he?

MATT

I know nothing about him. He could be dead for all I care. (He goes back to his work station.) He sent me a package last month.

LINDA

A package?

MATT

Yes. A hard disk... after not seeing each other for twelve years. He must be losing it. He can rot in hell.

LINDA

Twelve years.

MATT

He doesn't even know I was in Iraq.

LINDA

What was on the...?

MATT

Numbers. And then more numbers. And then it opened up in a box like Google.

LINDA

Like Google?

MATT

Yes. A text box. I put Paul Auster. Nothing came up.

LINDA

And?

MATT

And what? Robert Gunthel: a degree in physics and maths, PhD from MIT, a life dedicated to work. Never a word out of him... not even about my mother. Not when I was a child, not when I was growing up... not once. A man as cold as his computers. (On one of the screens, an image of the new employee coming into the building.) That's her now.

*On another screen, a tramp in a cashpoint. He waves at the camera.*