

LOGGIE LAKE

By Geordie Crawley

Draft 8.17 - Final Draft

Carrie Palmer

CHARACTERS

MICHAEL SOMERSET (M, 26) After a messy, secret relationship in high school with Alex, Michael never truly came out of the closet. Either to himself, or to anyone else. Instead, he started dating Carrie. Deep down, he knows he doesn't truly love Carrie. Michael yearns to be able to come out, but feels as if doing so would be a betrayal.

ALEX CARPENTER (M, 26) After a messy, secret relationship in high school with Michael, Alex has spent the past few years partying on-and-off, and seeing a series of guys, none of whom have stuck. Subconsciously, Alex yearns for that relationship he shared with Michael, but has yet to admit to himself that he's still in love with his best friend. Wants to be in an authentic relationship with Michael.

REAGAN SOMERSET (F, 34) Reagan is Michael's sister. Cares deeply for Michael. Got out of a pretty awful relationship a few years ago and hasn't dated since then, but has found herself reading a number of local conspiracy theory publications. Was deeply scarred by her father's coming out.

CARRIE PALMER (F, 28) Carrie cares deeply for Michael. Carrie doesn't have many friends outside of her relationship, and so fears being alone. Yearns to be made to feel whole by the person with whom she's in a relationship.

HUGH (M) Hugh is a hiker.

ANDRE & JOANNA Radio show hosts.

RADIO DJ Another radio DJ

BEACON The voice from the radio distress beacon.

PRE-SHOW ANNOUNCEMENTS

PRE-SHOW FM RADIO TRANSITIONS

- MICHAEL: You're listening to Logue Lake FM; Tune into the frequency of your subconscious. Don't forget, if you ever want to change channel, just use the M+ and M- buttons on your radio. And now, here's another little song I just know you're going to enjoy...
- MICHAEL: You're tuned into Logue Lake FM; The Sound of Authenticity. Don't forget to switch those phones off, and if you're having trouble with your radio just find a front of house staff member to help you out. And now, another little tune from the collection...
- MICHAEL: This is Logue Lake FM; The Truth in the Transmissions. Just remember, there's going to be a complete lock out, so don't forget to check your bag and go to the toilet before the show begins. Now, let's put on another audience favourite track.
- ALEX: You're tuned into Logue Lake FM; Your Inner-World On Air. Community Service Announcement: If you're facing technical problems with your headphones or radio, just find a front of house staff member, and they'll be happy to help you out. And now, this is one of my favourites...
- ALEX: You're listening in to Logue Lake FM; Broadcasting the Unspoken. A little info for you, if you ever need to change channels just use the M+and M- Buttons on your radio. With that, let's listen to another...
- ALEX: This is Logue Lake FM; The Frequency of the Self. A bit of advice, don't forget to check your bag and go to the bathroom before the show begins as there will be a total lock out. And now, let's put on a song everyone will enjoy...
- REAGAN: Logue Lake FM; Dive Deep, Listen Close. A word of warning, the show has a complete lock out. So don't forget to head to the bathroom before the show begins. With that out of the way, let's listen to another fan favourite.
- REAGAN: Logue Lake FM; Tune into your true self. If you're wondering how to switch stations, just use the M+ and M- buttons in the centre of your radio. And now, let's hear another classic track.
- REAGAN: Logue Lake FM; Authentic Airwaves. If you're having any troubles with your radio, just let a front of house staff member know and they'll give you a hand. Beyond that, let's tune in and listen to another great song...
- CARRIE: Broadcasting from the surface to the depths, you're listening to Logue Lake FM. You can always change the channel you're listening to by using the M+ and M- buttons in the middle of your radio. Stayed tuned to hear more like this next one coming up...

CARRIE: The Noise Between Your Ears; This is Logue Lake FM. Take note: before the show starts, switch your phones off, and head to the bathroom as there will be a complete lock out. Coming up next, a listener favourite tune.

CARRIE: The Radio Route to Realisation, the is Logue Lake FM. Quick PSA: If you're having trouble with your radio, just find a front of house staff member and they'll be happy to help you out. Beyond that, let's enjoy another of these classic tunes.

PRE-SHOW INDUCTION SPEECH

Acknowledgement of Country plays.

PRESHOW: Hello everyone, and welcome to Logue Lake, presented by Geordie Crawley and Elise Wilson, as part of Perth Festival. I'm *Elise*, the *director*, and we're so excited you're here, and that you get to play with us for the show.

First, please turn off your mobile phones. Off. Not silent or on airplane mode, but completely off. They mess with the FM signals we use in the show. So, phones off. No escape.

Now, I want you to look at the small FM radio receiver in your hands. Think of this radio as the remote control for this performance. The long slender button on the right controls the volume. And on the left the middle two buttons – the M+ and M- Buttons – change the channel. Each of the five channels connects to a character. You won't need to click any other buttons throughout the performance, so please, only the volume and channel changing buttons.

Any issues with your radio or headphones? Go to the help desk at the bottom of the stairs as you walk in.

For viewing, the ground floor is where the magic happens, but you can also watch from the balcony, and you're free to move between them as you see fit. You can walk around the perimeter of the house but, you cannot enter.

The performers won't be interacting with you, so please don't interact with them. The rules are simple, for both the performers and your fellow audience members: no touching, no talking.

We encourage you to follow your nose and change channels as you please. In this show, embrace the excitement of choice. Each channel offers a unique experience, and while you're tuned into one, remember the thrill lies in what you're discovering, not what you're missing.

Alright, let's do one last thing together before we begin our journey. I invite you to close your eyes. Take a moment, and imagine a small, timber cabin that sits beside a vast lake, surrounded by a dense forest. You can hear the lake, the insects, the calling birds. You can smell the woods, the earth, and the air is brisk and biting. And all together, we're going to breathe in... and out... in... and out... in...

HUGH: ...and out. When you're ready, open your eyes, doors are now open, and make your way towards the cabin.

Take a moment to consider the voice inside your head. Not mine, although I am here now too. But the other one. Your own conscious voice. Make it say hello. Whose voice did you just hear? Whose voice did you just make say hello? Is that you? Maybe.

How do we envision the self that exists within us? Are we an ecosystem with its own landscapes and weather patterns? Or maybe we're best described as a piece of metaphysical architecture, where a genetic blueprint lays the foundation for the construction of our personalities? Others say our brains are like a computer. Imagine it. The thing in your head being the same as one of those rooms filled with silicone and wires and flashing lights. Of course the brain is not a computer. Not even close. Not even close.

And what about when you dream? Your conscious self is the one experiencing this altered state. So who is producing the content of the dream? A different you. A silent you. One that remains largely unseen. This version of you is pure consciousness, sitting just below the surface of the lake.

I am clay and dirt and spirit and breath and dream and denial and desire and rage and hope all rolled into one unknowable mass, lying in wait to bestow up on you a gift. A realisation. An anxiety. A truth undeniable. All rendered without language in pure, intangible thought.

What would you do, dear listener, if the truth came knocking at your door? Would you accept the truth with open, loving arms; or would you die fighting for for a lie?

ACT ONE - SURFACE

We're at a beautiful old wooden cabin that sits by Logue Lake. It should feel like the play is set in a memory of the late 1970's // early 1980's. The cabin has been renovated a number of times over the years. But the foundations are historic. It's late-afternoon.

Scene 1.01

In the living room ALEX, REAGAN, and CARRIE are gathered together. MICHAEL wanders in from outside.

MICHAEL: It looks like the roads are totally flooded out.

REAGAN: Heaviest rain I've ever seen here. I was scared the lake was going to flood.

CARRIE: I was saying to Reagan earlier I love the rain, it's the wind that scared me last night.

ALEX: We should play a game.

CARRIE: A game?

ALEX: Yeah, it's our last night and we haven't played a game yet. Get the party started. What else are we gonna do?

REAGAN: What sort of game?

ALEX: A drinking game. We could play Up-Cup, or Driver Anything, or Glass of No Return.

CARRIE: We have to drive home tomorrow.

MICHAEL: I don't know if the roads are gonna be safe to drive on, kiddo.

ALEX: Whirlpool is a fun game.

REAGAN: Do you guys know the rules to Drink Parade?

ALEX: Okay okay. What about truth or dare? With a twist.

MICHAEL: Twist?

ALEX: A twist. If you don't complete the dare, or if you lie... there's a punishment.

REAGAN: What sort of punishment?

ALEX: A punishment.

ALEX mimes slitting his throat.

I'll go first. Someone ask me.

CARRIE: Truth or dare?

ALEX: Truth.

MICHAEL: Okay... truth about Alex...

CARRIE: Whats the weirdest thing that's happened to you during sex?

REAGAN: Oh, we're there already? We're not gonna play a warm-up round or something?

CARRIE: Three, two, one...

ALEX: Oh. Oh! I was once hooking up with a guy while his housemates were home, and he was loud, a real moaner. And so I tell him to bite my hand to stop him from moaning. And so I offer my hand, and he bites down and... My god. It's like a Rottweiler has sunk it's teeth into my fist. And then I look down, and that's when I see blood dripping down onto the sheets. Fast forward to the hospital, I have to get six stitches put into my hand.

CARRIE: Talk about rough sex.

MICHAEL: Wait, did you go to the hospital before or after you finished?

Silence.

ALEX: You're next.

REAGAN: Truth or dare?

MICHAEL: This is dumb.

ALEX: Play the game.

MICHAEL: Fine. Dare. I pick dare.

REAGAN: Okay, I dare you... I dare you to pick truth. Now—

MICHAEL: That's against the rules.

REAGAN: No it's not.

MICHAEL: Yes it is.

REAGAN: No it's not.

MICHAEL: Yes it is.

REAGAN: No it's not against the rules

CARRIE: Alex?

ALEX: I'm fine with it.

MICHAEL: Fine! Whatever! I pick truth.

CARRIE: Can I? Michael, you gave up smoking now, what? Four years ago? In that time have you ever smoked another cigarette? Three, two, one...

MICHAEL: No. Not since I quit.

REAGAN: Come on. Not even drunk at a party, or a puff inside a bar?

MICHAEL: Nothing. Four years smoke free.

REAGAN: Alex, Carrie? What do you think?

ALEX: Well... I don't know. I haven't seen him smoke.

REAGAN: Carrie?

CARRIE: Sometimes I think I smell something, but it's probably just secondhand.

ALEX: Wait wait wait. Let's do a test. We're gonna be a lie detector. Come over here, and between us we're going to be able to tell if he's lying. Now, Michael, look us in the eyes, tell us the truth. Have you smoked since you quit?

ALEX/

CARRIE: Three, two, one...

MICHAEL: No. Nothing in four years.

ALEX and CARRIE look at MICHAEL in the eye.

ALEX: /He's lying.

CARRIE: He's telling the truth.

MICHAEL: Fuck off.

ALEX: And that means / you must be punished.

MICHAEL: I'm not lying. Carrie said I wasn't lying.

CARRIE: I don't think he's lying. People smoke. The smell sticks.

ALEX: Fine! Fine. We'll punish you later if we find out you're lying though. Okay, Carrie, truth or dare?

CARRIE: Dare. But I want a real dare!

ALEX: Okay. Okay. A real dare? I dare you to go out back, walk into the woods, count to twenty, and then... then you can come back.

CARRIE: That's it?

ALEX: That's it.

CARRIE: Oh. That's easy. See you all in a minute.

CARRIE *exits out the backdoor.*

Scene 1.03

We see CARRIE step outside into the forest.

CARRIE: This is it, guys?! This is all you wanted me to do?! Come on! This is easy! One... two... three... four... five... six...seven...

Even as she continues to count out loud we hear her internal thoughts.

CARRIE: *(internally) This isn't a real dare. This is so stupid. Don't overthink it, Carrie. You missed your chance anyway. You should've asked him yesterday afternoon, with the beautiful pink sky. You blew it.*

We fade back to CARRIE's live mic.

CARRIE: ...Eighteen... nineteen... twenty. Okay! Coming back in!

CARRIE *begins walking back through the house.*

Scene 1.06

CARRIE *comes in through the backdoor, and back into the living room and rejoins MICHAEL and REAGAN. ALEX follows behind her.*

CARRIE: I asked for a real dare, you know? Not just going—

ALEX: BOO!

CARRIE *screams.*

CARRIE: Jesus!

REAGAN: Alex!

ALEX: Got ya!

CARRIE: Hah-Hah. Very funny.

ALEX: Who wants a drink?

MICHAEL: I'll have a beer.

ALEX walks over to the kitchen and pulls out a bottle of tequila.

ALEX: What about a shot? I brought tequila.

Nobody answers.

Come on! It's our last night here! Reagan?

REAGAN: I'll do one.

ALEX: Michael? C'mon.

MICHAEL looks to CARRIE. ALEX pours everyone a shot.

CARRIE: You have to drive home tomorrow. And you haven't had anything to eat yet.

MICHAEL: I can have one.

CARRIE says nothing.

It's tequila. You know it's my favourite.

REAGAN puts some music on. ALEX comes around with the shots.

ALEX: We ready?

MICHAEL: Three, Two, one!

They shoot it down. It's awful.

MICHAEL: You know, first time Alex and I got drunk was on tequila.

ALEX: When we were boarders. Stole it from the teacher's lounge.

CARRIE: What teacher's lounge has tequila?

MICHAEL: Nobody tell you this, but the teachers lounge is brimming with secrets.

ALEX: Turn this one up!

ALEX turns up the music and they dance for a minute.

ALEX: No, Carrie, with the rhythm, like this.

ALEX dances.

CARRIE: What do you mean? I've got moves.

CARRIE does a really dumb dance move.

And this...

CARRIE does another really bad dance move.

Come and dance, Michael.

MICHAEL *shrugs her off.*

Come on!

REAGAN: Just do it.

CARRIE does a final bad dance move. CARRIE realises the whole room is watching her, and MICHAEL isn't saving her.

CARRIE: I think I'm gonna go get some air.

CARRIE exits. REAGAN follows.

Scene 1.07

CARRIE exits, REAGAN follows.

REAGAN: All good?

CARRIE: Fine.

REAGAN: They're just being dickheads.

CARRIE: I don't wanna talk about it.

REAGAN: You know, they say the lake has regenerative properties. Minerals and... vitamins... or something.

CARRIE: Thanks for letting us stay here. Feels good to get away from it all.

REAGAN: I hardly come down here, even though Dad was always pushing me and Michael to use it.

CARRIE: Right.

REAGAN: I've heard all sorts of rumours about this place. People seeing things in the woods they can't explain. Lights in the sky. Sounds from the lake.

CARRIE: People make up all sorts of stories. We've all heard them.

REAGAN: We see what we wanna see.

CARRIE: Maybe if we're lucky we'll see something wild this weekend.

REAGAN: If we're lucky.

CARRIE: I was thinking Michael and I could come down here for our honeymoon.

REAGAN: You're getting married?

CARRIE: No, not yet.

REAGAN: But it's on your mind.

CARRIE: I keep hearing about all of my friends from high school getting engaged, and how in love they all are. And I just want that for me.

CARRIE *pulls out a ring box.*

REAGAN: Wait, no— NO

CARRIE *just smiles and nods.*

He proposed? But —

CARRIE: No no. I want to propose to him.

REAGAN: *You're* proposing?

CARRIE: Yeah! Why shouldn't I? I wanna get married. Why should I wait around?

REAGAN: And so the ring is for him?

CARRIE: No the ring is for me.

REAGAN: Choice.

CARRIE *opens the ring box to reveal a beautiful engagement ring.*

CARRIE: Is it too much?

REAGAN: Not at all. It's beautiful. When are you going to do it?

CARRIE: I was going to do it Friday evening. The colours and the lake were perfect but... It was a bit crowded.

REAGAN: Oh, sorry if I've-

CARRIE: Not you. So I'm down there by the lake, looking at the sunset, and the trees lining the water. I've got the ring in my bag. And we're sitting on the deck chairs, and Michael and I are talking about our relationship, and how happy we are and then... just as I'm about to pull the ring out...

REAGAN: What?

CARRIE: It's Alex. He comes walking down to the lake with a beer for Michael. And it's always been like this. I can't get a moment alone with my own boyfriend. Alex is always there. I love Alex. I really do. But... some alone time with Michael would be nice. And I'm so glad he has a friend who he's so intimate with. God knows men need more friends they can be intimate with. But also. Come on. Every night here they've stayed up late together chatting.

REAGAN: Well, we all do. You go to sleep.

CARRIE: I can't help it if I naturally have a single digit bedtime. I bet you anything - right now Alex is convincing Michael that they should get utterly rinsed tonight.

REAGAN: You should do it tonight. The proposal.

CARRIE: What? No-

REAGAN: How badly do you want this to happen?

CARRIE: Bad. I don't want to be some lonely spinster with no one to take care of them in old age except for six cats.

REAGAN: Let's make it happen. I'm going to make sure you and Michael have a moment alone, and then you're going to lead him away, get down on one knee, and then he'll realise what's going on, and he'll be so excited, and then you're going to ask the magic question. And as you're saying the words he's going to be thinking to himself "Yes yes yes."

CARRIE: He won't say that though. Knowing him he'll just pretend it's not a big deal and say "Sure. Okay. Sure."

REAGAN: But he will say yes. He's my brother. He'll say yes. It'll never be perfect, Carrie, and it'll be dark soon. Don't wanna miss your chance.

CARRIE: You're right. You're right!

REAGAN: So you're gonna do it?

CARRIE: I will. Tonight.

REAGAN: He will say yes.

CARRIE: Oh my god. I'm suddenly so nervous.

REAGAN: Just stay chill. It's gonna go great.

They exit back into the house.

Scene 1.11

CARRIE *and* REAGAN *come back through the backdoor and interrupt* ALEX *and* HUGH.

ALEX: Hey guys.

REAGAN: Who's this?

ALEX: Hugh.

REAGAN: The guy right there.

ALEX: No, his *name* is Hugh.

HUGH: Hugh.

Nothing.

ALEX: Hugh is a hiker. Got lost in the big rains. This is Reagan.

REAGAN: Hey.

CARRIE: Hey Hugh, Carrie. Sorry, let me – Alex, who is this?

REAGAN: Hugh.

ALEX: It's Hugh.

HUGH: I'm Hugh.

CARRIE: Right. Hugh. Got that.

ALEX: He got soaked through in the storm. He was shivering, hypothermia. He needs somewhere to stay tonight, and probably just a feed and a drink. What was I meant to do? Leave him out there to freeze to death.

CARRIE: Alex.

ALEX: He needs out help, Carrie. We shouldn't turn him away. Look at him.

CARRIE: Alex, can we talk about this? A stranger in the house—

HUGH: I'll stay out on the deck.

CARRIE *says nothing.*

Search my stuff.

CARRIE: Right. No, I hear you. Can you maybe step out for a second so we can talk about this?

HUGH: No definitely. I'll just be— yeah.

HUGH *heads out the front door, but leaves his stuff inside.*

Scene 1.12

CARRIE, ALEX, and REAGAN *are left inside.*

CARRIE: Alex, I don't know about this.

REAGAN: I'm with Carrie.

CARRIE: He's not staying. He's a stranger in the woods. Red flag.

REAGAN: And he's not wearing shoes.

CARRIE: Red flag.

ALEX: You didn't see him. He was in shock when he arrived; could hardly speak. What was I meant to do?

CARRIE: Don't let him in.

ALEX: We'll dry his clothes out, give him a feed, and he can set up outside.

CARRIE: Alex, I don't think so.

ALEX: Come on! A nice guy comes knocking and you want to kick him to the curb.

CARRIE: You don't know that he's nice.

ALEX: He is literally just a hiker going from Mount Baxter to St Augustine.

REAGAN: Alex. Hugh is fine to stay the night, but he's your responsibility, okay?

CARRIE: I don't know, Reagan.

REAGAN: Carrie, hopefully now you and Michael can have a little chat.

ALEX: What?

CARRIE: Oh.

REAGAN: Alex, you take care of Hugh, feed and water him, search his stuff, and set him up outside.

ALEX: Done.

Scene 1.14

MICHAEL *and* HUGH *enter through the front door.*

MICHAEL: I just met Hugh outside.

CARRIE: Hugh, it's fine for you to stay the night I think I was just a bit thrown. You know. Stranger in the house.

HUGH: Sounds fine by me.

MICHAEL: By the way, I just heard on the radio that the roads are definitely all flooded out. We won't be able to drive home until tomorrow afternoon at the earliest.

CARRIE: But I have my meeting tomorrow morning.

MICHAEL: Too bad, kiddo. We're trapped.

REAGAN: So... anyone want another drink?

ALEX: I'm good thanks.

MICHAEL: Ahhh, yeah. Yeah okay. I'll have one.

REAGAN: Hugh?

HUGH: Ahhh, yeah. Yeah okay. I'll have one.

MICHAEL: Just a tequila thanks.

HUGH: Tequila?

MICHAEL: Love it.

HUGH: Love it.

REAGAN: Hugh, sit down and have a drink. You must be tired.

ALEX: Do we know where the rope for the line is?

MICHAEL: In the trunk, I think.

HUGH: Oh, I'll help.

MICHAEL: Take a load off, dude.

REAGAN: I used to play cowboys with it. Try and turn it into a lasso to tie up the cattle rustlers.

MICHAEL: I didn't like being tied up.

ALEX opens up the trunk that, until now, has been posing as a coffee table.

ALEX: Oh man, look at all of this stuff!

CARRIE: Hugh do you smoke? I swear I can smell cigarettes.

HUGH: Uhhh, yeah, that's me.

REAGAN: There should be a rope at the bottom somewhere.

ALEX pulls out a wig, along with the rope.

ALEX Look at this!

ALEX tries it on.

ALEX: What do we think?

MICHAEL: Where did that thing even come from?

ALEX shows off the wig.

ALEX: I love a wig.

REAGAN: Alex, take that off.

CARRIE: No! It's fun!

ALEX *runs his hands through the follicles of the wig.*

ALEX: Oohhhh, feels good between my fingers. Soothing.

CARRIE: I want to see what it looks like on Michael.

MICHAEL: Fuck off.

ALEX: Come on. Try it on. Then you can your fingers through it. Relax yourself a bit.

MICHAEL: No, I'd rather not.

ALEX: You want a go?

HUGH: Thanks, but no. Not for me.

ALEX *grabs the bag and the rope.*

Let me help.

ALEX: Nah, you relax. I'll be back before you know it.

ALEX *takes the rope and the bag of wet clothes and heads outside.*

Scene 1.15

MICHAEL, CARRIE, REAGAN, *and* HUGH *inside.*

HUGH: So what do you do for a living, Michael?

MICHAEL: I'm an architect.

HUGH: Residential? Commercial? Which firm?

MICHAEL: McCann Douglas. You in building design to?

HUGH: Yeah. How'd you get into it?

MICHAEL: I was an artist for a while, and I thought this would be a fun mixture of design and engineering, but once you're actually in the studio—

HUGH: It's 90% engineering, 10% design?

BOTH: 0% pay.

MICHAEL: And I mean look, it pays the bills. I'm more into the design stuff.

HUGH: Everyone's like that. Why'd you pick architecture?

MICHAEL: Long story.

HUGH: I'm in no rush.

MICHAEL: Okay. Okay, so...I can pinpoint the exact moment I knew I was going to be an architect. I was away on camp as Beaver Scout–

HUGH: I was a Beaver Scout too!

MICHAEL: Dad always said to me *Idle Hands are The Devil's Playthings, Michael!* Anyway, we were way out in the country – Alex was away on holiday, so I was kinda all alone on this thing – out on this regional community outreach thing, all about tree planting for salinity. And I was walking through the town and came across this beautiful abandoned opera house.

CARRIE: Which town is this?

MICHAEL: McAllister. I snuck in and remember standing where the audience would have been and being in absolute awe. You could smell the peeling paint, and the mould. It was grand and dying and beautiful and...

HUGH: Sublime.

MICHAEL: Right. Sublime. Took the words right out of my mouth. And when a kid got hurt planting trees – the machine went through his toes, blood everywhere– the whole thing was called off. And so while they were all off sorting ambulance I got to sneak back into the opera house. And just lay there. Staring up at the faded mural. I think that's the moment I knew I was going to be an architect.

CARRIE: Why haven't I heard that story before?

MICHAEL: I dunno. It's kinda dumb.

HUGH: I guess it spoke to you. The opera house.

MICHAEL: I don't know. Maybe?

HUGH: And this is your family's cabin?

REAGAN: Dad's originally.

MICHAEL: Reagan was always the favourite

REAGAN: Dad didn't have favourites.

MICHAEL: He didn't send me a letter.

REAGAN: He didn't have favourites.

HUGH: Only the favourite would say that.

REAGAN: Do you have siblings, Hugh?

HUGH: Sister.

REAGAN: Older? Younger?

HUGH: Older.

REAGAN: You get along?

HUGH: Michael, those glasses look great on you.

MICHAEL: Oh, thanks. Alex picked them out.

HUGH: Can I try them on?

MICHAEL: Umm...

HUGH: Whoa!

REAGAN: Good luck, he's blind.

MICHAEL: Yeah, without his glasses he becomes like Velma from Scooby Doo.

HUGH: *My glasses, My glasses!*

BOTH: *I can't I see a thing without my glasses!*

HUGH: Interesting.

REAGAN: Those glasses really suit you, Hugh.

HUGH: Well, I'm keeping them.

MICHAEL *takes back his glasses.*

MICHAEL: Fuck off. Alex is taking his time.

CARRIE: Should someone go check on him? Hugh?

MICHAEL: No, I'll go.

MICHAEL *exits to go find* ALEX.

Scene 1.18

REAGAN, HUGH, and CARRIE are inside the cabin. REAGAN is going through a bookshelf and picks out an old photo-album.

HUGH: Is he going to be okay?

CARRIE: I should check on them.

REAGAN: Maybe give the boys a minute.

HUGH: So what do you do, Carrie?

CARRIE: I write these detective books set in Victorian England. Ghosts and murders and all that sort of thing. Mostly meant for younger readers.

HUGH: Young adult stuff?

CARRIE: Yeah.

HUGH: Must be so much fun to write about; ghosts, magic.

CARRIE: The kids love it. All that make believe stuff.

REAGAN: Carrie. I'll be back in a minute, I have to go take care of something.

CARRIE: Wait, Reagan—

REAGAN *exits*.

Scene 1.19

HUGH and CARRIE are left alone in the living room.

CARRIE: Make yourself at home.

CARRIE *moves over to the window and looks out at* MICHAEL and ALEX, *their backs to her*.

HUGH *watches* CARRIE *watching them, before silently coming over and standing behind her*.

HUGH: What—

CARRIE *is startled*.

Sorry, did I scare you?

CARRIE *stifles and smiles through it.*

CARRIE: A bit yeah!

HUGH: What do you think they're talking about?

CARRIE: No clue.

Both HUGH and CARRIE watch MICHAEL and ALEX through the window for a bit.

HUGH: It's good that Alex has someone he can rely on.

CARRIE: Totally.

HUGH: How long?

CARRIE: We've been dating for six years.

HUGH: I meant them. Michael and Alex.

CARRIE: Oh. Right. Since high school.

HUGH: Wow. So long to stay friends.

CARRIE: I guess it is. Yeah.

HUGH: You ever had a relationship like that? One where you felt like you could be totally vulnerable?

CARRIE *thinks.*

Not with Michael?

CARRIE: Of course with Michael. I was just thinking beyond that.

As MICHAEL and ALEX get up and come back in HUGH and CARRIE busy themselves.

Scene 1.21

ALEX and MICHAEL *join CARRIE and HUGH inside.*

HUGH: All good?

ALEX: I just needed a second.

CARRIE: Hey Michael, can I—

HUGH: So what's everyone's plans for the night?

ALEX: I'm still keen to have a good night if you all are. Michael?

MICHAEL: I mean... I could party.

HUGH: I could party.

CARRIE: Michael. Can we have a quick chat outside?

MICHAEL: Yeah... sure.

MICHAEL *and* CARRIE *exit out the back.*

Scene 1.23

CARRIE *leads* MICHAEL *out of the living room and onto the back porch.*

CARRIE: Sorry about that.

MICHAEL: Everything okay, kiddo?

CARRIE: Yeah, everything's great. And are you okay?

MICHAEL: Me? Yeah. Of course.

CARRIE: I worry about you sometimes.

MICHAEL: About me?

CARRIE: It feels like you've got a lot going on beneath the surface that you don't let me in on.

MICHAEL: What you see is what you get.

CARRIE: And I like what I see.

A lull. A little moment of intimacy between them.

Where do you see us in five years?

MICHAEL: Oh. I don't know. I don't really think about it.

CARRIE: I think about it all the time.

MICHAEL: I guess I see us together and...

CARRIE: And...

MICHAEL: And.... yeah. That's it.

CARRIE: You don't have any other goals? You don't want to open your own firm, or... Have kids?

MICHAEL: I hadn't given it much thought. Hey, do you mind—

MICHAEL *gets up.*

It's so beautiful, I'm gonna go and grab us drinks.

CARRIE: Michael, no. Just—

MICHAEL: I'll be two seconds, promise.

MICHAEL *leaves before CARRIE can say anything.*

Scene 1.25

CARRIE *is left alone outside. She closes her eyes, and does some affirmations.*

CARRIE: You are strong.
You are powerful.
You can do this.
You are in control of your destiny. He will say yes. He will say yes. He will say yes.
And when he does it will all be okay.

He'll say yes because you are beautiful and you are kind.
You are smart and you are intelligent and funny.
People want to be around you.

The future is under your control.
Destiny is under your control.
Fate is under your control.

You are a strong, powerful woman.
You are a smart, and beautiful woman.
You. Can. Do this.

Scene 1.26

MICHAEL *comes back outside and joins CARRIE on the porch.*

MICHAEL: I just went inside and — and I overheard—

CARRIE: Michael, listen for a moment. Okay?

MICHAEL: No, I overheard Alex and Hugh—

CARRIE: Shut up for one minute about Alex, okay? Michael, I love you so much.

MICHAEL *doesn't say anything.*

Say that you love me too.

MICHAEL: I love you.

CARRIE: And I know you don't think a lot about the next five years but me? All the time.

MICHAEL: *(internally) Oh god no. No no no.*

CARRIE: It's beautiful. A real team. Together forever.

MICHAEL: *(internally) No no no. Anything but this.*

CARRIE *gets down on one knee.*

CARRIE: Look around. We should try and make this moment last forever. Try and make the rest of our lives like this moment. Together. Because it isn't going to get better than this. I love you.

MICHAEL: I love you too.

CARRIE: Michael Richard Somerset. Will you marry me?

MICHAEL: *(internally) I can't. I can't do it.*

CARRIE: *(internally) Please. Please. Please.*

MICHAEL: Yes. Yes! Yes of course I'll marry you.

CARRIE: Really?

MICHAEL: Yes! Of course! Sorry, I think I'm just in shock. I never saw this coming.

CARRIE: Ahh!!! I love you!

MICHAEL: I love you too.

They kiss.

CARRIE: Oh my god! Oh my god!

MICHAEL: It's beautiful.

CARRIE *exits running inside, MICHAEL follows.*

Scene 1.27

CARRIE *enters through the hallway knocking on REAGAN's door as she goes. She gathers everyone in the living room.*

REAGAN: What happened? Is everything okay?

CARRIE: I have an announcement. Outside, as the sun was setting, I asked Michael if he would marry me.

REAGAN: And?

Big pause.

CARRIE: He said yes!

REAGAN: Congratulations!

ALEX *doesn't speak to MICHAEL yet, instead ALEX busies himself.*

How do you –

CARRIE: I feel amazing! Don't you feel amazing?

MICHAEL: Happiest day of my life.

CARRIE: I'm going to get a drink. Anyone want a drink?

MICHAEL: Yeah, drinks all round. Tequila?

REAGAN: I have bubbly left over from the other night.

CARRIE: I'll pour!

CARRIE *exits to the kitchen.*

Scene 1.28

CARRIE *is in the kitchen getting champagne, humming to herself.*

HUGH: Congratulations.

CARRIE: Thanks. Big day.

HUGH: Sorry, I know it must be a bit weird me being here.

CARRIE: Don't apologise. Not exactly how I planned it, but that's okay. You have to roll with the punches.

HUGH: And so good Alex could be here for it.

CARRIE: Uh-hu.

HUGH: Alex and Michael...

CARRIE: What?

HUGH: I wouldn't let it worry you.

HUGH *exits with the drinks to the living room.*

Scene 1.30

HUGH *and* CARRIE *enter from the kitchen.*

CARRIE: Michael you are going to look so dashing in what I brought down for you.

HUGH: Michael, your girlfriend—

ALEX: Fiancé.

MICHAEL: My fiancé?

CARRIE: Fiancé!

MICHAEL: Fiancé.

HUGH: Your fiancé couldn't have picked a more beautiful place to propose. Great name. Logue Lake.

CARRIE: Named after a woman who came here on a sort of pilgrimage.

MICHAEL: Story goes, around three hundred and fifty years ago the lake was formed when a star fell to Earth.

CARRIE: And the impact crater from the collision became this lake.

MICHAEL: The night sky was lit up as if it was daytime.

CARRIE: And when the dust had settled only one woman was brave enough to visit the crater. Her name was Florence Logue. And Florence was a deeply unhappy woman.

MICHAEL: She hated her body. It's folds, it's wrinkles, it's lines.

CARRIE: When she saw the star fall to Earth, she felt a calling deep inside of her, and so she hiked the three days and three nights from St Augustine, and when she arrived she

saw that the crater was now filled with water. Logue Lake. And when she arrived at the lake, she camped by its shores and – as people always do in these stories – she met–

ALEX: Michael, you want a drink?

MICHAEL: The Devil

MICHAEL *and* ALEX *exit*.

Scene 1.31

HUGH: The Devil?

CARRIE: The devil. At first, the devil appeared to her in the form of a stranger from the water. A lost child, with white hair, and blue eyes. But soon it was as if she were talking to her reflection made flesh.

But, Florence didn't run away. Because she realised the devil knew things about her that nobody else could know. And through the devil Florence slowly learned more about herself. And Florence didn't like what she learned, and only became more and more unhappy.

And so the devil made her an offer. She could form a pact with the devil that she would change for the better. Or, the devil could take her place. And she had until dawn to decide. And if she couldn't decide, then the decision would be made for her.

HUGH: Made for her?

CARRIE: The devil would replace her. She would die, and they would ... become her. Become her except... without the previous burdens. And so, Florence and the Devil spent the night together.

Pause.

And then dawn came. And that's where the story ends. No one knows which she chose. But they say that whatever fell from the sky that night, still sits at the bottom of the lake and that late at night the lake glows with starlight.

HUGH: Huh.

REAGAN: What?

HUGH: I've actually heard the story before. Florence Logue coming to the lake. But in the version I heard it wasn't The Devil she met but an angel. A being of divine knowledge.

CARRIE: Michael, Alex, are we all ready to toast?

She calls out to ALEX and MICHAEL.

Can you two come over here?

Scene 1.33

MICHAEL and ALEX join the group, they pick up their champagne glasses.

ALEX: Sorry! Sorry! Just congratulating Michael.

CARRIE: Everyone, I'm so thankful that I get to spend this time with you all. Reagan, I'm so glad I'm getting to know you better this weekend. Alex, I think we're going to be in each other's lives for a long time. Michael. You're the love of my life. And Hugh... I don't know you at all. Cheers!

ALL: Cheers!

Everybody goes to relax.

ALEX: Actually, can I? Michael. You're my best friend. And... and I'm glad I was here for this. If not for anyone else then for myself. I'm glad you found Carrie and... I'll always love you... bro. And thank you Reagan for hosting us down here.

HUGH: To Logue Lake!

ALL: To Logue Lake!

They all take a drink. REAGAN pulls MICHAEL aside into her bedroom.

Scene 1.35

ALEX, CARRIE, and HUGH are left in the living room.

ALEX: Congratulations, Carrie. You locked him down.

CARRIE: He's mine now.

ALEX: Have you thought much about the wedding?

CARRIE: You have no idea.

ALEX: What do you think you'll wear?

CARRIE: I was thinking white.

ALEX: Yeah, white's a good choice.

HUGH: Have you thought much about names? Whether you'll take his?

CARRIE: Carrie Somerset.

ALEX: He could always take your last name. Become Michael Palmer.

CARRIE: Don't be stupid, Alex.

HUGH: Yeah, don't be stupid.

ALEX: Okay, Hugh. Let's get you into some dry clothes.

CARRIE: Whose?

ALEX: All mine are dirty.

HUGH: I could wear Michael's. We're about the same size.

ALEX: Perfect.

ALEX *exits*.

Scene 1.36

There's an awkward silence between CARRIE and HUGH.

HUGH: Carrie. Carrie Somerset. Nice ring to it.

CARRIE: Nah. I need to keep my name. The publishers won't let me change it.

HUGH: True. But there's something so romantic about taking someone's name. You'd become Mrs. Michael Somerset.

CARRIE: Not for me. I'm Carrie Palmer. I've always been Carrie Palmer. Would you change your name for your partner? Become Hugh—

HUGH: Maybe. For the right guy.

CARRIE: Maybe it's different for you. I guess it just depends on the guy you're with right? Are you normally the man or the woman in the relationship?

HUGH: Right. That's... that's not quite—

ALEX *re-joins them*.

Scene 1.38

ALEX *enters the main room*.

ALEX: You are going to be so busy, Carrie. Planning a wedding sounds so stressful.

HUGH: Don't be silly Alex. It'll be fun! Who are you going to invite? Picked out a flavour for the wedding cake? I've heard you've got moves, what's the song for the first dance?

CARRIE: You boys don't get it. It's not the wedding. I'm excited for Michael and I to commit.

ALEX: Hugh, let's get you changed.

ALEX and HUGH enter into the bathroom. CARRIE goes to find MICHAEL and REAGAN.

Scene 1.39

CARRIE enters REAGAN's room joining REAGAN and MICHAEL.

CARRIE: Hey babe. Getting dressed up?

MICHAEL: Not yet. But, I was thinking, maybe we could have our honeymoon down here by the lake.

CARRIE: Oh my god. Michael?! I was thinking the exact same thing.

MICHAEL: I know what my girl wants.

CARRIE: Oh, it would be so good to come down here after we're married. The wedding is going to be the most stressful thing in my life, and it'll be so nice to come down here and just relax.

REAGAN: You two are welcome down here any time you want.

CARRIE: Just you and me down here. Quality time. No Alex, no Hugh—

MICHAEL: Sorry to interrupt. Can I just? I wanted to say before, but I'm getting a weird vibe from Hugh. I thought I heard him saying some weird stuff to Alex before. He was telling that story I told. The one about the class trip and the opera house, except as if it happened to him.

REAGAN: He was probably retelling the story to Alex.

MICHAEL: No no. He was claiming it. Like it was his. And all this afternoon every thing I said—

CARRIE: What?

MICHAEL: And now we're letting him stay the night?

CARRIE: Look, I got a weird vibe too. But like...let him be Alex's problem to deal with. Tonight is about you and me.

MICHAEL: Babe—

CARRIE: Just let it go.

MICHAEL *looks frustrated.*

Fiancé.

MICHAEL: Fiancé.

CARRIE: Come on. Lets have a drink.

MICHAEL, REAGAN *and* CARRIE *exit into the living room.*

Scene 1.41

REAGAN, CARRIE, *and* MICHAEL *enter the living room.*

MICHAEL: Sorry, Hugh. Are you wearing my shirt... and my jeans?

Everybody looks at HUGH. HUGH goes to answer.

ALEX: His are soaked. You're the same size.

HUGH: Alex said you wouldn't mind.

ALEX: It was actually Carrie's idea.

MICHAEL: Right.

ALEX: Michael, it's fine.

HUGH: All good?

MICHAEL: No problem. It's fine.

ALEX: I just thought, you know, Carrie's special night.

CARRIE: And Michael's.

MICHAEL: As I said, it's fine.

REAGAN: You sound fine.

MICHAEL: I'm fine!

A lull.

HUGH: It's a beautiful house, Reagan.

REAGAN: Everyone says that.

HUGH: Michael, did you do any work on this place?

MICHAEL: No, I haven't been down here since I was a kid.

HUGH: What a shame. This place is beautiful. Not just the views and the house, but there's something else going on.

Scene 1.43

CARRIE *listening to HUGH's story.*

HUGH: This house is one of a kind. Unique. You couldn't pay me enough money to knock a place like this down.

HUGH's story fades away into background noise as we hear CARRIE override it with her own thoughts.

CARRIE: *(internally) What even is Hugh talking about? I feel like if I came to someone's house like this I would just try and melt into the fabric of the couch and disappear.*

I dunno. I wonder if Michael agrees about the design. Tonight's gonna be fun. Depends on how much I drink. Maybe Michael's right. There's something off about Hugh. And who does he think he is coming in here and sharing his critiques on the house? Give it a rest, dude. Nobody cares. Actually maybe Michael cares. Does Michael look interested? Actually... Michael looks... I don't know how he looks, but he's certainly paying attention.

CARRIE's internal monologue ends as HUGH's story finishes.

HUGH: But out here by the lake? You can breathe easy, be your true self. What do you think, Michael?

Scene 1.47

MICHAEL: Sorry, what?

HUGH: About the house? Architecturally.

Pause.

MICHAEL: Couldn't have said it better myself.

CARRIE: So Hugh, do you have a partner?

HUGH: Nah, flying solo at the mo.

CARRIE: And you're sure you two hadn't met before tonight?

HUGH: I don't think so. I think I'd remember someone like Alex. Why?

CARRIE: Weird. Mount Baxter and St Augustine are already so small. I just kind of assumed all the gay people in the area would know each other at this point.

HUGH: Yeah, I guess I do know most of them.

ALEX: Maybe we've been like ships in the night.

CARRIE: So then... if you don't know each other, how do you know? That the other is gay.

HUGH *and* ALEX *look at each other.*

ALEX: There's... a vibe.

MICHAEL: A vibe?

CARRIE: Like a secret handshake?

HUGH: Yes.

CARRIE: Really?

HUGH: No. And even if there was—

ALEX: We wouldn't tell you.

REAGAN: So then what is it?

ALEX: I think there's just... a vibe.

HUGH: Right. I get that. Big vibe.

REAGAN: What are you all talking about?

CARRIE: I'm sorry... a vibe? Is that like gaydar?

HUGH: Kinda. I don't know how else to describe it. It's...Like... a vibe.

REAGAN: You keep saying *the vibe* but it doesn't actually help me understand exactly what it is.

HUGH: Maybe you gotta be in the club to know the signal.

MICHAEL: Right. So you just knew? That you were both gay. Without saying anything.

HUGH: I guess so. It's subconscious.

MICHAEL: Bullshit.

ALEX: Somewhere between a mindreader and a metal-detector.

HUGH: Have you ever felt it before, Michael?

MICHAEL: Of course I've felt sexual attraction.

HUGH: But a vibe between you and another guy?

MICHAEL: No, I just meant—

REAGAN: What even is this vibe?

HUGH: You must have had a gay vibe at some point.

MICHAEL: Nope.

HUGH: C'monn... you went to boarding school didn't you?

REAGAN: What does that have to do with anything?

HUGH: Do I really have to say it?

ALEX: Or even a footballer on TV. Michael, it's fine if you have. No shame in it.

MICHAEL: I haven't—

HUGH: You and Alex were pretty close in high school right?

MICHAEL: Not *that* close.

HUGH: What about the picture you drew of the two of you? Didn't feel anything then?

MICHAEL *pulls out the portrait from before, scrunches it up, and carelessly throws it back at*
ALEX.

MICHAEL: This? This means nothing to me. Jesus, Alex can keep it for all I care. I don't even fucking remember drawing it. And all this gay shit? No. The answer is no.

ALEX: But—

MICHAEL *exits*. CARRIE *follows*.

Scene 1.49

MICHAEL *exits outside*. CARRIE *follows*. MICHAEL's *breath is shallow*.

MICHAEL: I just needed some air. Okay?

CARRIE: Okay.

MICHAEL: It's fine.

CARRIE: You keep saying that.

I'm sorry, This Hugh guy is weird though, right?

MICHAEL: Thank you!

CARRIE: He has been so rude to me all night.

MICHAEL: No no no, you don't get it. All night it's been *Me too, me also, oh my god so weird me too*.

CARRIE: Maybe he's just a people pleaser.

MICHAEL: That's what I thought. But then he copies my story. He tells Alex the story of me at the opera house as if it happened to him. And then— Carrie, I swear to God, this just happened — I had just told Reagan — and only Reagan — what I thought about the design of the house, and then he copies my thoughts beat for beat. But I never told him.

CARRIE: You think he's copying you?

MICHAEL: I literally just told Reagan in the bedroom.

CARRIE: Look, maybe it's just cause he's an architect too.

MICHAEL: He's in my head! And, and— thoughts about men. I don't have those thoughts! I do *not* have those thoughts! All Night. All night. Mimicking me.

CARRIE: Let's take a step back. Okay? So. I believe you.

MICHAEL: Thank you.

CARRIE: So let me get this straight. You think Hugh is... copying you? Stealing your stories?

MICHAEL: Does that sound crazy?

CARRIE *just looks at* MICHAEL.

He's wearing my clothes, Carrie!

CARRIE: Michael. Babe.

MICHAEL: You don't believe me.

CARRIE: Do you want to go for a walk around the lake?

MICHAEL: Maybe Alex put him up to this. Gave him a bunch of stories in advance. Or he's been researching us? Watching me. Learning about me.

CARRIE *takes a moment.*

CARRIE: Okay. Okay. Let's approach this practically. We want to know if Hugh is mimicking you, or if something else is going on. Will that make you feel better?

MICHAEL: Maybe. The thing was, he wasn't even there when I said that stuff about the house. How does he know?!

CARRIE: Okay. So then let's do a test. So, just tell a story, and then if any of us hear him copy it then we kick him out.

MICHAEL: What story?

CARRIE: Something casual. What about the story of our first date?

MICHAEL: The aquarium?

CARRIE: Yeah. Talk about that. The squid, the fish, the seals.

MICHAEL: They'll all know that story though. Alex could have already told him.

CARRIE: Okay then. Let's it make a story none of them would know. A story you've never told anyone so we can be sure nobody's fed it to him. We'll keep it between us. If he ends up copying this story later, we kick him out. Simple as that.

MICHAEL: Okay. I can do that. A story I've never told anyone. Oh.

CARRIE: What?

MICHAEL: No. I think there's one night I remember. Never told anyone. Not even Reagan.

CARRIE: What happened? Michael. It's okay. You can tell me anything.

MICHAEL: So... I was home alone one night. My sister would have been at boarding school, and Mum was at choir practice. I had the place to myself. I was in my room, and I remember hearing my Dad's voice coming from the kitchen, and wondering who he was talking to, so I sat myself at the top of the stairs - like a little spy - and he was chatting with this guy he worked with at the university. I remember he was wearing this shirt. A button up. And it had this Japanese print on it. Little cranes.

I probably should have gone back to my room. But I kept watching. And then they kissed. This man and my dad. They kissed. So quick. Casual. Familiar. And then I remember, the guy, looks up the stairs. And he spots me. And I feel this bolt of something through me. Terror, and recognition, and—

I ran straight to my room.

CARRIE: Oh Michael. I'm so sorry you had to go through that.

MICHAEL: Yeah... Yeah.

CARRIE: Now, we're going to see if he retells the story. If he does, then we kick him out. Okay?

MICHAEL: Okay.

CARRIE: I love you.

MICHAEL: Let's do this.

CARRIE and MICHAEL *reenter the house.*

Scene 1.50

CARRIE and MICHAEL *reenter the living room.*

MICHAEL: Sorry everyone.

HUGH: Michael, I just wanted to apologise for my behaviour before. I think I pushed it a bit far.

REAGAN: Yeah, you do that.

HUGH: Do I?

REAGAN: Frankly, I don't see how your Dad kissing a guy - some guy with cranes on his shirt - is something anyone needs to hear.

CARRIE: Sorry. What was that?

REAGAN: Hugh just told this story about his dad. I don't know.

HUGH: The same night I realised my dad was gay, was also - whether I registered it at the time - the night I realised that I was gay. It's not that I've never felt anything for a woman. I reckon I have. Once. Or thought I had.

We met at university while my friend was in Europe. This was before I came out.

This girl and I went to the Aquarium. The air was ocean and chlorine. We explored that place from gill to tail. Squid. Fishies. Seals. And as I was walking I thought "I *could* build a life like this. I'm not... unhappy. You know?"

HUGH *is now standing behind* MICHAEL. *They could almost be twins. Similar clothes. Similar hair. Everything.*

But in that moment I made a choice. I could've gone on a second date, but in the end I broke it off. Because deep down, I knew. That this wasn't me. Not really. That if I was to go down this path I would be simply lying to the person I'm dating. To my friends. And to myself.

HUGH *claps his hands and suddenly everyone's channels go to static except for* MICHAEL *and* HUGH. *Everyone else just seems confused for a second, like a shockwave went through them, but the static quickly fades.*

HUGH: *(V/O) Michael, there's something inside you. Writhing and jerking to get out.*

MICHAEL: What?

HUGH: *(V/O) And it will come out. It will win, or you will die.*

CARRIE *begins aggressively shepherding* HUGH *out of the house. The lines overlap.*

HUGH: Alex, are you okay?

CARRIE: Hugh! Out! Now!

HUGH: Out? Why? What did I do? Carrie, is this about Michael being on mushrooms?

ALEX: Where is this all coming from?

CARRIE: Just go!

HUGH: Carrie, what are you talking about?

CARRIE: Go! Leave! Fuck off!

MICHAEL: Alex, everything I say and do... he's... He knows stuff about me. He's talking to me inside my fucking head!

ALEX: Are you hallucinating or something?

CARRIE and MICHAEL *exit into the living room.*

Scene 1.51

MICHAEL, REAGAN, and CARRIE *are inside together.*

MICHAEL: You okay?

CARRIE: Yeah, are you okay?

REAGAN: What just happened?

MICHAEL: Hugh has been copying me, mimicking me all night.

REAGAN: What?

MICHAEL: You did hear what I heard right?

CARRIE: Weird. *WEIRD*. I freaked out!

MICHAEL: How did he know that?!

CARRIE: Right! Whoo! I am on an adrenaline rush!

Pause as they both catch their wind.

MICHAEL: So that's that. Hugh's out.

CARRIE: Alex isn't going to like this.

REAGAN: Screw Alex.

MICHAEL: I guess we should probably make sure he's okay.

CARRIE: Actually, sorry... can I just... Michael, before Hugh left he mentioned something about you being on something?

MICHAEL: Right. And?

CARRIE: Are you on mushrooms?

MICHAEL: No. No!

CARRIE: Okay. Great. Why... why would he think that though?

MICHAEL: I don't know, kiddo.

CARRIE: Why would he think you're on drugs, Michael?

MICHAEL *just shrugs*.

CARRIE: Reagan?

REAGAN also *just shrugs*.

MICHAEL: Kiddo, I'm not—

CARRIE: Don't call me that right now. Why are you doing this?

MICHAEL: Doing what?

CARRIE: Lying to me right now?

MICHAEL: Carrie. I'm not lying to you. Trust me.

Pause.

CARRIE: Right. I believe you.

MICHAEL: Good.

CARRIE: Okay.

REAGAN: Anyone want a drink?

CARRIE: Me.

REAGAN: Michael?

MICHAEL: I'm going to go check on Alex.

MICHAEL *exits*.

Scene 1.54

CARRIE *and* REAGAN *inside*.

CARRIE: I shouldn't have done it.

REAGAN: Done what?

CARRIE: Proposed. Proposed. I shouldn't have proposed. This is typical. Typical. This always happens. Did you know Michael wasn't even going to bring me on this trip? Originally it was just going to be him and Alex. I basically had to beg for them to

bring me along. All this time I thought I was doing the right thing. Being the good girlfriend. None of my old friends invite me to their things anymore. I work all week, spend the weekend with Michael and then... that's it. That's my life. Friends. What friends?

REAGAN: Oh Carrie.

CARRIE: Fuck off. Don't feel sorry for me.

REAGAN: Carrie. You're over-reacting. Tonight's a big night for everyone. Him and Alex probably don't get to see each other as much anymore. They're probably just bro-ing out.

CARRIE: What's the hell bro-ing out?

REAGAN: I don't know. It's whatever guys do when they're left alone together.

CARRIE: Yeah...No, you're right. Hugh being here really threw me.

REAGAN: Come and look at this.

REAGAN *leads CARRIE to her bedroom.*

I was going through some old stuff earlier and found this. Look. It's a photo of my dad and his twin. How weird is that?

CARRIE: Whoa. That is weird.

REAGAN: And he never told us.

CARRIE: Reagan, this might not be a twin. Hugh was copying Michael. Like... Mimicking him. Michael says that at first it was the stories, then the clothes.

REAGAN: By the time you kicked him out, Hugh and Michael... they did look pretty similar.

CARRIE: Right? Like, an echo. Or a rhyme. Can people do that? Rhyme?

REAGAN: I don't even know what that means.

CARRIE: Have you shown Michael this?

REAGAN: I don't think tonight's the night.

CARRIE: You're right. If you met your clone would you have sex with them?

REAGAN: No! No I would not. Would you?

CARRIE: Ummm...

CARRIE *thinks for a moment.*

CARRIE: *(internally) I bet I would be really great in bed.*

CARRIE: No. No of course not. Where are the boys?

REAGAN: Out in the forest somewhere I think. Fuck them. Let them have their boy time. What are *we* gonna do with the rest of our night?

CARRIE: I dunno. The night feels ruined. I might just head to bed.

REAGAN: We're not going to bed early. We can save this.

CARRIE: Reagan.

REAGAN: All we need to do is hit the restart key. When the boys come back - which will be any second now - you're going to reset the night and turn it into something special.

CARRIE: Like a do-over.

CARRIE: Exactly. A fresh start.

Scene 1.56

MICHAEL *and* ALEX *join* REAGAN *and* CARRIE *in the living room.*

There's an awkward vibe before someone talks.

CARRIE: Okay. So... how are we all feeling?

Nobody answers.

Right. Yeah. I get that. But... okay, so here's where I'm at. Hugh's out, and the night is young. So... Fuck it. Fuck it! I'm gonna have fun. I'm gonna go get changed into something nice, and y'all can do whatever you want. And when we're ready... we party.

Nobody answers.

Right?

Nobody answers.

MICHAEL: Carrie's right. Come on. It's our last night, let's try and have a good time.

CARRIE *grabs the bottle of tequila, and offers it to the group.*

CARRIE: Who's in?

CARRIE *takes a swig.*

REAGAN: I'm in.

REAGAN *takes a swig.*

MICHAEL: Yeah yeah.

MICHAEL *takes a swig.*

ALEX: Fine. Let's party.

ALEX *takes a swig.*

INTERLUDE

A kind of montage set to music. Different for each channel.

*What happens during the scene exactly should be devised by the team.
But we must see the following, not necessarily in this order:*

We see ALEX, MICHAEL, REAGAN, and CARRIE begin to party, dance, drink. We also see them all get changed into their respective semi-formal outfits.

CARRIE goes into her room, and looks at trying on two different dresses. She ultimately picks one over the other, and then gets changed into it. She finds MICHAEL and lures him into their room, where she tries to get him to make out with her. He's not into it, and goes along with it for a bit before pulling away for whatever reason.

HUGH returns. HUGH should look as identical as possible to MICHAEL at this point.

The sequence should end with the following characters together:

MICHAEL and REAGAN.

HUGH and CARRIE.

ALEX alone, in the dress, applying makeup in the bathroom.

ACT TWO - DEPTHS

Scene 2.01

The living room. Some time has passed.

HUGH: Hey kiddo.

CARRIE: Hey babe, you look cute.

HUGH: Thanks. I think we need to have a chat.

CARRIE: Okay. What about?

HUGH: About us.

CARRIE: Okay.

HUGH: So, I've been thinking, and... I've wanted to talk with you about this for a long time. And I don't feel like I've been able to yet.

CARRIE: Right.

HUGH: I feel like I'm living a lie. That something is wrong between us.

CARRIE *says nothing.*

I'm gay. I'm attracted to men. And we need to break up.

Nothing.

CARRIE: Whatthefuck? You're not... Michael you're not gay.

HUGH: Yes, I—

CARRIE: Michael, you can't be gay. You just agreed to marry me. Now, I don't know if you're just confused, or this is a joke Alex put you up-to, but, babe, you're not gay. Okay?

HUGH: Kiddo, I'm trying to tell you—

CARRIE: I just got down on one knee and you said yes. So...

HUGH: I can't marry you Carrie. I've been feeling this for... for forever, and I think I was just scared—

CARRIE: Oh... Oh! Oh my god, you're scared. That's what it is. You're getting cold feet. Babe, it's all going to be fine. Just have a drink and let the shrooms wear off.

HUGH: Carrie, I'm gay.

CARRIE: You're not gay, Michael. You're just scared of getting married.

CARRIE *exits*.

Scene 2.04

CARRIE *goes into REAGAN's bedroom, shutting the door behind her. She sees that MICHAEL is there.*

REAGAN: You okay?

CARRIE: Michael?

CARRIE *keeps looking at MICHAEL trying to work out whats going on.*

MICHAEL: Everything okay, kiddo?

CARRIE: Okay. Let me... so, I was just out there in the living room talking to you. And now I'm in here... talking to you.

REAGAN: What?

CARRIE: How-? How did-

MICHAEL: I've been with Reagan for the last twenty minutes.

CARRIE: No, you were just with me.

REAGAN: No. Michael's been here with me.

CARRIE: How is that... Unless it's Hugh?

MICHAEL: What?

CARRIE: Hugh. It must be Hugh.

CARRIE *looks through the door at HUGH in the living-room. Just as HUGH is turning around, CARRIE shuts the door.*

They have a moment of silence as HUGH walks away. They all speak under their breath.

CARRIE: Hugh. They look identical now. We need to get out of here.

REAGAN: How? Roads are flooded, it's dark, / and none of us are gonna get through the forest.

MICHAEL: No no no... I don't want this right now. This is bad. This is very bad.

CARRIE: We need to do something. The way he spoke to me... Ahhhhh.

REAGAN: We'll have to use the beacon.

MICHAEL: That thing?

REAGAN: The emergency distress beacon. It's near the switch box.

CARRIE: And what about Hugh? We'll need to capture him.

REAGAN: Capture him?

CARRIE: He's on the loose, Reagan. We need to capture him, tie him up, and find out what the hell's going on.

CARRIE spots HUGH and ALEX walking past the window

CARRIE: Get down!

They all duck, before CARRIE and REAGAN peek out and watch them through the window.

REAGAN: So they're identical now. Like twins.

MICHAEL: He can't be allowed to run loose.

REAGAN: They weren't twins.

MICHAEL: Reagan?

REAGAN: The photo, from the album, of Dad—

CARRIE: Reagan. Focus. We need to do this all very quickly before they come inside. Reagan, you head out front and grab the rope from the washing line. Michael, come and get the living room ready.

MICHAEL: Ready for what?

CARRIE: The interrogation.

REAGAN heads outside and grabs the rope, MICHAEL and CARRIE head to the living room.

Scene 2.08

MICHAEL and CARRIE go into the front room. CARRIE heads into the kitchen nook and goes looking for a knife.

MICHAEL: What should I do?

CARRIE: Grab the chair.

MICHAEL *clears space and grabs a chair.*

MICHAEL: Are we sure we're doing the right thing?

Scene 2.09

REAGAN *enters with the rope.*

CARRIE: Reagan, you stand behind the door. And when Michael – sorry – when Hugh walks in we'll tie him up with the rope. And then I'll have the knife.

MICHAEL: What do I do?

CARRIE: Hide.

They stand silent, waiting for the two of them to enter. The vibe is... tense.

Scene 2.10

CARRIE *waits for HUGH and ALEX to enter through the door.*

CARRIE: *(internally) Keep it together. Keep it together. You can do this. You're in control, You're gonna capture him, and then... and then you'll have done it. And you can work it out from there. Fine. You are in control. In control of this situation. Just... you're there with the knife, and when he comes in you'll... you'll just do it. It's all under your control.*

Scene 2.13

HUGH and ALEX enter through the front door. REAGAN and CARRIE go into action. CARRIE holds HUGH up at knife point while REAGAN ties him up with the rope.

CARRIE: Hugh! Back up! Back up!

ALEX: Whoa whoa whoa. What's going on?

HUGH: What are you doing?

CARRIE: I know who you are.

ALEX: Is that a knife?

MICHAEL: Alex, that's not who you think it is. I'm Michael.

ALEX: Michael? Michael. Michael!

CARRIE: Alex, that's not Michael. That's Hugh. They're identical.

HUGH: You've got it all backwards.

CARRIE: Alex, he's been lying to us.

ALEX: Oh no. No no no.

HUGH: I'm not him. I'm Michael. *I'm* the real one.

REAGAN: Fuck!

MICHAEL/

HUGH: That's not me, Alex.

HUGH: I'm the real Michael.

ALEX: Put the knife down, Carrie.

CARRIE: Not until we tie him up.

ALEX: Tie him up?

CARRIE: And then call the authorities, yeah.

ALEX: You're not tying anyone up.

CARRIE: Reagan, the rope.

HUGH: Just put the knife down, kiddo.

CARRIE: Reagan!

They sit HUGH down and tie him up.

ALEX: How do we know that guy over there isn't the fake?

CARRIE: Because— Because I know.

HUGH: I'm not—

CARRIE: Everyone shut up!

Everyone shuts up.

HUGH: What do you want from me?

CARRIE: Answers. We want answers.

HUGH: Carrie, babe. Please just let me go.

CARRIE: No! There's weird shit going on tonight and I'm going to get to the bottom of it. Who are you? Why do you look just like my boyfriend?

HUGH: Fiancé. I'm telling you, you've got us the wrong way round, kiddo. He's the fake. Not me.

MICHAEL: No.

HUGH: I drove us down together. You napped while I listened to the radio.

MICHAEL: No. No.

HUGH: During the storm, when we were in bed, you leant over and said how much you love the sound of rain on the roof.

MICHAEL: NO! Stop! That isn't – That's me!

CARRIE: How do you know this?

MICHAEL: I did those things! Not you!

HUGH: Listen. I don't know who you are, or what you're doing here, or how you convinced everyone that you're the real one/ but you need to stop.

MICHAEL: /I am the real one!

HUGH: Just go back to where-ever you hiked from.

MICHAEL: This is unbelievable.

CARRIE: This is fucked,

HUGH: Kiddo, you have no idea how fucked this is for me.

MICHAEL: Stop talking to her.

HUGH: She's my fiancé. Of course you're saying all this. It's exactly what I'd say if I was standing where he is, and this was happening to me.

MICHAEL: Except this is happening to me.

There's a pause as the conversation runs out.

ALEX: Which one do we think is the doppelgänger?

REAGAN: The echo?

CARRIE: The reflection.

HUGH: I'm not– I don't know how many times I have to say it. I'm Michael. Michael Somerset.

REAGAN: Did you know my dad?

HUGH: Of course I knew our Dad.

ALEX: Do we have a plan here

REAGAN: That's not what I mean. I mean, Richard, Richard Somerset when he came down here before... What happened when he came to the cabin?

ALEX: Maybe he's not pretending. Maybe he actually believes he's you. Or you're him. Maybe we genuinely have the wrong one.

HUGH: Reagan, I have no idea what you're talking about.

MICHAEL: Alex.

ALEX: How do we know the one in the chair isn't the real Michael? Look at them. It's uncanny. Wasn't there talk of calling the cops?

MICHAEL: With what?

HUGH: Dad kept an old distress beacon in case of an emergency.

MICHAEL: No no, you don't get a say.

ALEX: Interesting. He says to call for help, and you respond telling him to be quiet. Why don't you want us to call the cops?

REAGAN: Alex.

ALEX: I'm just saying.

REAGAN: Well don't.

ALEX: So you're sure then, Reagan? You're one hundred percent sure the one in the chair is double?

MICHAEL: For the record, I'm fine with trying the distress beacon. But I know I'm me, and I know we can't trust him, and so my question is then why he thinks we should be calling them.

HUGH: It's kept out front near the porch.

MICHAEL: It's old! It's broken! It's not gonna work!

HUGH: How do I prove I'm me?

CARRIE: Michael, what did you get me for our anniversary this year? Quickly. Three... two... one...

HUGH: A treadmill.

MICHAEL: And roses. I got you a treadmill, and roses. It's what you said you wanted.

REAGAN: Oh Michael. A treadmill?

ALEX: Wait wait wait, we should be testing both of them. It's no good just asking this one.

REAGAN: I'll go next. Michael, you once told me you can't cry.

MICHAEL: It's true.

REAGAN: At the same time. Is that true? Both of you... Three, two, one...

MICHAEL: I haven't cried—/

HUGH: I cry. I cried when mum first confused me with dad. I cried realising she might never remember me again.

ALEX: Right. So... different answers. Tells us something.

MICHAEL: That didn't happen.

CARRIE: Actually, I want to go again. Michael, do you still smoke? Really. Tell me. Three, two, one...

MICHAEL: I don't—

HUGH: Sometimes when I'm stressed. When there's a lot going on I'll have one.

MICHAEL: That's... That's not true. I don't know what to say. It's not... Carrie.

CARRIE: Right. So... you lied earlier?

MICHAEL: I'm not... that's not me. I don't smoke.

CARRIE: Sure.

ALEX: My turn. Back in high school.

MICHAEL: Alex.

ALEX: Back in high school. After class, and before heading back to the boarding rooms, we'd go around behind the manual arts offices.

MICHAEL: Alex, no.

ALEX: Behind the woodworking shed. What did we do there?

HUGH: Are you sure you want me to answer?

ALEX: I'm sure.

CARRIE: Just answer!

ALEX: Three, two, one.

HUGH: We'd make out. After school. Behind the manual arts building.

REAGAN: Is that true?

CARRIE: Michael?

MICHAEL: That's not what happened. Don't... that's now how the game is meant to be played. It's about truth.

HUGH: Hugh, you don't get to change the rules just because—

MICHAEL: No, no, no. I'm Michael.

HUGH: Reagan, you need to—

CARRIE: Is this something we should talk about privately?

MICHAEL: No. Because it never happened. Right, Alex?

ALEX says nothing.

CARRIE: Michael. Did you?

HUGH: It was—

CARRIE: Not you. Him. Did you kiss Alex? Even in high school.

It feels like the walls are closing in on MICHAEL.

MICHAEL: No.

MICHAEL exits out the front door.

A beat. Nobody's quite sure what to do.

ALEX follows.

Scene 2.14

REAGAN, CARRIE, and HUGH are left inside.

CARRIE: What just happened?

REAGAN: What are you doing here?

HUGH: I told you. I'm here to have fun with my friends.

CARRIE: You and Alex. Behind the woodworking shed. You said you...

HUGH: Yeah?

CARRIE: Is that true? Is that true what you said happened?

REAGAN: Carrie.

HUGH: Yeah. It's true.

REAGAN: Carrie, you don't want to do this. Go rooting around in someone else's history like this.

CARRIE: I'm testing it. Seeing what it knows.

REAGAN: And also, this isn't Michael. This is some *thing*. A lake monster. A thing.

CARRIE: How long have you and Alex known each other?

HUGH: A long time. Fourteen years.

CARRIE: And so what is it? Between you two?

HUGH: We've known each other so long, and been through so much together. Didn't I ever tell you how awful boarding school was for Alex and I? I was so alone, and he was getting bullied, and... and we got through it together. We know things about each other we've never told anyone. And so there is a bond there. Something real. Undeniable.

CARRIE: And so what about us?

HUGH: What about us?

CARRIE: What do we have?

HUGH: Safety. Security. Affinity.

CARRIE: See? This is how I know you're not the real Michael. The real Michael would be willing to admit everything we have together.

HUGH: And what do we have?

CARRIE: We stand together shoulder to shoulder as a team. We're able to compliment each other's strengths in a way that I think is—

HUGH: Not love?

CARRIE: I was getting to that.

REAGAN: Carrie, you need to stop this.

CARRIE: Whatever.

CARRIE *wanders over to the window, and looks at MICHAEL and ALEX.*

Scene 2.17

CARRIE *fades out of the conversation between REAGAN and HUGH. She looks through the window and watches and MICHAEL and ALEX hold hands, and then kiss. The world around CARRIE collapses away.*

CARRIE: *(internally) Alex and Michael... No no no...Don't do this. Don't do this. Oh god. No. Maybe... maybe this is just a one time thing. A mistake. A big misunderstanding. Right? Michael can't be gay. My boyfriend can't be gay. He can't be. He can't be.*

Scene 2.18

CARRIE *rejoins the conversation in the living-room between REAGAN and HUGH, she interrupts them.*

CARRIE: Did you take mushrooms tonight?

HUGH: Yes.

CARRIE: And do you still smoke?

HUGH: Sometimes.

CARRIE: Do you love Alex?

HUGH: I think that's a very complicated question.

CARRIE: Do you love me?

CARRIE *exits out the back.*

Scene 2.19

CARRIE *is alone out the back. By the time REAGAN enters she's borderline crying.*

CARRIE: *(internally) I didn't see anything. I didn't see anything. Fuck. He tried to tell me. Did he? Or was that the double. I don't know... Oh my god. Maybe everything is a lie. If the one outside was kissing Alex, and the double is inside, even then he's talking about what he and Alex did in high school. No no no. I don't want this. Maybe he still loves me. Maybe he just has these urges from time to time and... and he can't control himself.*

Scene 2.24

REAGAN *enters the back porch.*

REAGAN: Whoa whoa whoa.

CARRIE: I fucked it. I fucked my life up. He's – He's–

REAGAN: Carrie–

CARRIE: No, he is. Look at them, Reagan!

REAGAN: He's not. Carrie, I know my brother. Michael is a good man. This creature, whatever it is, is turning Michael gay. A bad influence. Or take him over. Or maybe Alex summoned this gay swamp thing somehow. I don't know.

CARRIE: Why don't we leave, Reagan? Right now. We just run. Grab our stuff and go.

REAGAN: And go where? Up the lip of the crater? Carrie, it's dark, the roads are flooded, and we don't know which direction to walk in. If we go out there there's a good chance we freeze to death.

ALEX *joins them.*

Scene 2.25

ALEX *wanders around to the other side of the house, joining REAGAN and CARRIE.*

REAGAN: You got it working–

CARRIE: What game are you playing tonight, Alex? I saw something earlier. Through the window. You and Michael.

ALEX: He was having a panic attack. I was helping.

REAGAN: We need to stay focused.

ALEX: Why are you marrying Michael? You could have anyone.

REAGAN: We need a plan.

CARRIE: Because I love him.

ALEX: Come on, Carrie. That's the only reason? This cabin alone has to be worth a small fortune.

REAGAN: Alex. Stop. Not now.

CARRIE: Fuck you, Alex.

ALEX: Sorry, who's on guard duty with Hugh?

REAGAN: Michael.

ALEX: Right. I'm gonna go in and check on them.

REAGAN: No. You stay here. I'll check. And just... keep it together.

REAGAN *heads inside.*

Scene 2.27

CARRIE *and ALEX are left alone outside.*

CARRIE: Fuck you, Alex. I saw you kiss him.

ALEX: You didn't see anything.

CARRIE: Yes I did! Stop lying to me!

ALEX: You have no idea what you're talking about.

CARRIE: You think you're this ultimate example of openness. Telling everyone about the guys you're seeing. But you're full of it. Admit it.

ALEX: What?

CARRIE: Admit it. That you love him. All this time. You've loved him.

ALEX *says nothing.*

What makes you so special, huh? Why do you think you can come into my relationship and do whatever the fuck you want?

Michael is mine. Okay? Mine. I don't care what you had in high school, but right now? It's me and him.

Scene 2.28

REAGAN *joins ALEX and CARRIE.*

REAGAN: Alex, you need to go in there and keep them both in there. I need to talk with Carrie for a moment.

ALEX: Okay?

REAGAN: Go. GO!

Scene 2.30

CARRIE *and REAGAN are left alone outside, CARRIE gets up to go inside.*

REAGAN: Carrie, we need to help save Michael.

CARRIE: What does that mean?

REAGAN: Carrie. I'm his sister. Trust me. Let me take of this. I don't wanna see you get hurt.

Scene 2.32

MICHAEL *enters from inside.*

MICHAEL: Hey. Can I chat with Carrie?

REAGAN: Why?

MICHAEL: Actually, maybe it's better if I tell you both.

REAGAN: Michael, go inside. Who's taking care of Hugh?

MICHAEL: Alex is taking over guard duty. Everything's fine. I just... I need to talk about something.

CARRIE: What is it?

MICHAEL: Since high school—

REAGAN: Michael, I don't think this is the time.

MICHAEL: No, it's really important that I do this.

CARRIE: What is it?

REAGAN: No, Michael, we have this whole Hugh situation to deal with.

MICHAEL: Alex and–

REAGAN: Michael, before you do anything too hasty, can we talk about this please? Please. Brother and sister.

CARRIE *heads inside as MICHAEL and REAGAN head out for a walk.*

Scene 2.33

CARRIE *walks in.*

HUGH: What? Where's... where's the other one?

CARRIE: Oh, he and I were gonna talk but, I dunno, Reagan cut him off. Made a big deal of it.

HUGH: Oh no. No no no. Alex, you need to let me out. I need to get out of this room so I can go... I just need to go help. Right now.

CARRIE: We can't let you go.

HUGH: Then go and interrupt them. Stop them. there is a very volatile situation going on outside. Please, Alex.

ALEX: Two seconds ago you were saying this was all going to be okay.

HUGH: Things have changed. Alex, look at me. Really look at me.

ALEX *looks.*

It's me. It's Michael. I want to protect you.

ALEX: Protect me?

CARRIE: Him?

HUGH: Protect you. Like I should have done in high school. Look at me. Really look. It's me. You know it is.

CARRIE: Alex!

ALEX: Carrie, I know. This is Michael. I know it. I know it.

HUGH: We need to stick together. If we can lure him in, and then once we're sure we're all safe we... We need to... kill him. The double. The reflection. Hugh. We can't let him live.

CARRIE: Michael.

ALEX: No. He's right. We need to finish this once and for all.

HUGH: But whatever we do we do as a group.

CARRIE *looks at ALEX and HUGH, and realises.*

CARRIE: No. No no no.

CARRIE *exits.*

Scene 2.36

CARRIE: *(internally) Kill someone? KILL SOMEONE?! It's one thing to capture the intruder who is forcing their way into your home, but to murder someone? No. No. NO.*

Carrie! Stop! Take a moment. Remember. You are strong. You are powerful. You can do this. You are in control of your destiny. Find somewhere to hide and get things straight before you make another stupid decision.

You are strong, and you are powerful, and you can turn this around for yourself. You are Carrie fucking Palmer.

From the moment he arrived he's been sewing discord. And now murder? And Alex bought into it immediately. But... but no. This... this is something that's been going on for longer. For them? For Alex and Michael? Since high school. And now? Now you have the opportunity to make it right. Be honest with yourself, Carrie. Just say it. Say it. Say it. Say. It.

He's been lying to me. He and Alex kissed. I saw it. Right in front of my eyes. Unless it was the reflection... but then the one inside promised to protect Alex. Not me. Alex. So whichever way you slice it...

Michael is... attracted to men. Michael is attracted to men... and... that's okay. That doesn't change anything. Everyone has secrets. Everyone. And maybe it's none of my business. Maybe this isn't unusual, and this is how it's always been. And how it's always been has been working just fine, right? Right. Don't overreact. Just let Michael be Michael. Even if it means he's not being completely honest with you... it's none of your business. As long as he's been a good guy then it's fine. It's fine, Carrie. It's fine. It's fine.

Michael is attracted to men, and he never told me. Have I not been a good enough girlfriend or something? Why didn't he tell me? What could I have done differently? Why did this have to happen to me?

He still loves you though, right? Even now, amongst of all this... that can't have been a lie too. If it was... that would mean... No. No. He still loves you. You can't fake that.

Trust your gut. You need to leave. Pick a Michael – no, the right Michael – pick your Michael and go. Get out of here, and leave Alex and Reagan to fend for themselves. Everything else doesn't matter now. That's all that matters. Getting out alive. Safe and sound. Safe and sound. With Michael.

Scene 2.43

MICHAEL *exits through the back and joins CARRIE outside.*

MICHAEL: Hey Carrie. There you are. I was worried. I really wanted to just say that I love you so much.

MICHAEL: Carrie, you're my everything. I cannot believe how lucky I am to get to be with you everyday for the rest of my life.

CARRIE: Where is this coming from, Michael?

MICHAEL: I've never been more sure. And the wedding it going to be amazing–

CARRIE: Because earlier, when you were with Alex, I thought I saw... I saw you kiss. And it just made me question... I feel very confused right now, Michael. And I'm questioning whether I made the right decision. To propose.

MICHAEL: No. Please don't say that.

CARRIE: I'm serious Michael. I think I made a mistake. I think we should wait a bit longer. I won't tell anyone about this.

MICHAEL: No. No no no. Please don't do this. I need this, okay? I need this. I love you Carrie. I love *you*. And I know I'm not always... the best... but I'm here, right? And I don't know what you thought you saw with Alex but it wasn't me. That wasn't me.

CARRIE: Michael, I don't know anymore... I feel shaken / and don't know what to think.

MICHAEL: You know earlier when you asked if I think about the future? I think about it all the time, kiddo. All the time. I see us together in five years time with a house, a dog, and two kids – a boy and girl – and our house has a mulberry tree out the front. Carrie, I think about it all the time.

It wasn't me that kissed Alex.

CARRIE: It was Hugh.

MICHAEL: Why would I kiss Alex?

I'm begging you. Please don't call off the engagement. Please. I'm begging you.

CARRIE: I'm just not sure.

CARRIE *doesn't say anything.*

MICHAEL: Wait wait wait, where's your ring?

CARRIE: I took it off.

MICHAEL *takes off his ring, and gets down on one knee.*

CARRIE: *(internally) I can't. I can't do it.*

MICHAEL: *(internally) Please please please.*

MICHAEL: Carrie Palmer... will you... will you marry me?

CARRIE: Michael.

MICHAEL: Carrie. Please.

ALEX: *(in the distance) MICHAEL! Michael!*

MICHAEL *looks off in that direction.*

MICHAEL: We'll finish this later. Go back inside the house, and don't leave till I come and find you.

He waits for an answer from CARRIE but none comes.

I love you.

MICHAEL *exits.*

Scene 2.44

Carrie realises she's alone. Again. Decides she's just going to leave then there there.

CARRIE: *(internally) He doesn't love you. He never did. He never will. I need to leave. What am I doing here? Oh my god. He just proposed to me, and then... And he's gone. At the sound of Alex's voice. I need to leave. I need to get the fuck out of this incestuous fucking cabin. Get your stuff, and go. Just pack. Pack a bag, a torch, and go. Wherever you go will inevitably be better than here. Grab your jacket, and follow the roads as far as they will go, and when you get to a flooded section you'll just... go around. Whatever is out there is going to be better than staying here with a man who'll never love you. I need to leave and never come back.*

The lights switch off.

Fuck fuck fuck. We gotta go. Just go. Come on.... go go go.

CARRIE *exits out the back.*

Scene 2.47

HUGH *comes across CARRIE. Her bag is packed, and she's ready to leave. HUGH is brandishing the rope.*

HUGH: Hey kiddo.

CARRIE: Michael.

HUGH: Where do you think you're going?

CARRIE: Away. I'm done being at this stupid fucking lake.

HUGH: It's dangerous out there.

CARRIE: It's dangerous here!

HUGH: Come over here. I've got something I need to tell you.

CARRIE: And how do I know you're not him.

HUGH: Trust me.

CARRIE: Bullshit, Michael. Bull. Shit.

HUGH: Kiddo.

CARRIE: Never mind. It's all been a fucking lie anyway. I'm leaving.

CARRIE *goes to leave.*

HUGH: A lie?

CARRIE: Jesus! I'm not doing it anymore. I don't know whether it was Hugh, or the proposal, or Alex being here, but something happened tonight, and everything was brought to the surface. I loved you Michael. I loved you with every fibre of my being. And in return you hurt me. In a myriad of ways you hurt me.

CARRIE *switches the lights back on.*

I put everything I had into our relationship, and it always felt like you were holding something back. You gave me plenty of attention, but I've spent the last however-many years dying for love. Starving for it. Gasping. It can look like love, sound like love, and taste like love. But attention isn't love. Not even close. I thought the pain

that I was feeling - this emotional toothache that's been sitting so deep within me - was my fault. But I see now the whole time we were together it was you. From our first kiss to our last, you never let me see the real you. That you were performing for me this version of yourself that you thought I wanted to see. Or you wanted to see.

CARRIE *gives HUGH the wedding ring.*

HUGH: I tried to tell you. I was convinced I loved you. Whats your plan?

CARRIE: I guess I'm on my own.

HUGH: Where will you go?

CARRIE: Anywhere but here. Anywhere but here.

CARRIE *exits into the woods.*

THE END.