

LOGGIE LAKE

By Geordie Crawley

Draft 8.17 - Final Draft

Master Script (All Scenes)

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 1.02

MICHAEL, ALEX, and REAGAN together in the living room.

MICHAEL: That's it?

ALEX: Shh.

We see ALEX silently step outside the front door.

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 1.04

We see ALEX silently sneak around the house. He watches – and can hear – CARRIE counting out loud.

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... eight... nine... ten... eleven... twelve... thirteen... fourteen... fifteen... sixteen... seventeen... eighteen... nineteen... twenty. Okay! Coming back in!

As CARRIE heads back inside ALEX follows her.

Scene 1.05

MICHAEL *and* REAGAN *are left in the living room.*

REAGAN: What's he doing?

MICHAEL: God knows.

REAGAN: Hey, so c'mon. Be honest. You still sneak a fag every now and then right?

MICHAEL: No.

REAGAN: Come on. It's me. You can tell me anything.

MICHAEL: Reagan, I would tell you if I did.

REAGAN: You still crave them though, right?

MICHAEL: You have no idea. Every day. Have you had a chance to do it yet?

REAGAN: Do what?

MICHAEL: The ashes.

REAGAN: Not yet. I'm waiting for the right moment.

MICHAEL *looks at* REAGAN. *She's had all weekend.*

I'm gonna do it. I promise.

CARRIE *comes in through the back door.*

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 its 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 1.08

MICHAEL *and* ALEX *are left inside the house.*

MICHAEL: I just fucked up, didn't I?

ALEX: Maybe.

MICHAEL: I'll have to apologise later.

ALEX: I didn't realise she was such an awkward mover.

MICHAEL: Dude. You have no idea. At work parties it's...

ALEX: How are things with Carrie at the moment?

MICHAEL: Yeah. Good. Stable. Stability's good. How about you? How are things with Calvin?

ALEX: Oh, I broke it off with him. His vibe was off.

MICHAEL: Damn. As long as you're happy, right?

ALEX: Definitely.

MICHAEL: Sometimes I miss being single.

ALEX: Nah. You're better off. So whats the plan?

MICHAEL: Few drinks, head to bed? I don't know if we'll be able to drive home tomorrow, but good to be prepared.

ALEX: I have those mushrooms in my bag.

MICHAEL: I'm not doing shrooms tonight.

ALEX: C'mon. It'll be fun.

MICHAEL: Carrie would freak. I would freak.

ALEX: Fuck Carrie. Have some fun.

MICHAEL: Alex—

ALEX: She doesn't need to know. Our little secret.

MICHAEL: I think I'm gonna go check the roads again.

ALEX: Okay. Okay.

MICHAEL *grabs his jacket from one of the chairs in the front room and heads out the front door, and heads into the woods a little way.*

Scene 1.09

ALEX is left alone inside the house. He walks over to the hi-fi player and flicks through some tracks before putting on some nice music.

For a minute ALEX is allowed to just sit there and vibe.

ALEX: *(internally) Should I go join him? No. Just leave it alone Alex. Maybe you can do shrooms tonight alone. Not tell anyone and just vibe out. Shake off this funk and let the good vibes flow..*

From outside we see HUGH approach. HUGH is a hiker, in full gear set up, except with no shoes or socks. He arrives at the front door, and knocks. HUGH is drenched. HUGH is shivering, and scared.

HUGH knocks at the door.

ALEX switches off the music, walks over, unsure.

HUGH knocks again, speaking ALEX.

ALEX opens the door, and is immediately taken aback by HUGH. HUGH looks like a scared, wet, orphaned puppy. Or maybe like a baby that's just been birthed.

ALEX: Hello?

HUGH: Hello.

ALEX: Are you okay?

HUGH: Yes.

ALEX: Do you need help?

HUGH: Yes.

ALEX: Okay. Okay. Let's get you inside. What is going on? How can I help?

HUGH: Are you alone?

ALEX: No, I'm here with friends.

HUGH: Great.

ALEX: Do you need a map? Actually, let me get you a towel. Let's start there. Come and sit down. I don't know if I would have answered the door if it was much darker. Here.

ALEX hands him the towel.

HUGH: Thanks.

ALEX: So... Where are you coming from?

HUGH gives him nothing.

Mount Baxter? Klondike Creek? St Augustine?

HUGH: Mount Baxter. Heading to St Augustine.

ALEX: Right. And the rains got you. You must be freezing.

HUGH gives him nothing.

You're lucky you found us. It's been really cold these past few nights. Be prepared. That's what they say in beaver scouts. Were you a beaver scout?

HUGH: No.

ALEX: Ah see, that explains why you weren't prepared. Can I get you a drink? I'm Alex, by the way. Alex Carpenter. Sorry, I didn't grab your name.

HUGH: Hugh. My name is Hugh.

ALEX: Let's get you out of that wet jacket, and get a blanket around you.

HUGH: Wait, Alex— Eyelash.

HUGH *delicately picks it from ALEX's cheek.*

Wish.

ALEX: I wish that—

HUGH: Not out loud. Inside. Really mean it.

ALEX: *(internally) I wish... I wish Michael could just be himself.*

ALEX *blows the eyelash from HUGH's fingers.*

Scene 1.10

MICHAEL *exits the house, heads around the side of the house and out of his jacket pulls a packet of cigarettes, and his FM radio. He plugs in, pulls out a cigarette and starts smoking.*

ANDRE: Good evening everyone, you're listening to 109.7 St Augustine Community Radio. My name is Andre Taylor-Fitzsimmons, and I'm joined by my co-host this week, the absolutely radiant and sultry, Joanna Holland-Cook. Joanna, welcome.

JOANNA: Nice to be with you, Andre.

ANDRE: Joanna, you're looking amazing as always. I should note for the listeners at home that you're wearing quite the revealing fine mesh black turtle neck, and a pearl necklace that I believe I gave you.

JOANNA: Very valuable to me, this pearl necklace. I feel like it's important to volunteer for the listeners at home that if they're feeling a kind of unspoken energy radiating between us—

ANDRE: I feel it, Joanna, I feel it.

JOANNA: It's because you and I, Andre, — and it's important to declare this up front— we're not just friends and colleagues, but we're also former lovers.

ANDRE: We have shared a bed before, Joanna. And not just a bed, but also, the back seat of a Magnum Barracuda.

JOANNA: And, indeed, the gondola of a broken cable car.

ANDRE: Badger's Peak. A coital highlight.

JOANNA: And I'd do it again in a heartbeat, Andre. In a heartbeat.

ANDRE: You and me both, Joanna. You and me both. Before we move onto the topic at hand I've just been handed a small yellow index card by our producer Kirk, labeled at the top saying Please Read On Air, and as such, I will now read it on air for you now. The card reads: Weather update. Across the entire St Augustine region we've seen massive rains over the past few hours moving from Mount Baxter through to St Augustine, and it looks like they're due to continue into the night.

Those all the way out in the Logue Lake can expect more rains tomorrow morning, and that the roads coming in and out of the lake are going to be closed until further notice.

JOANNA: It's as wet out there as it is in here, Andre.

ANDRE: A buttered path makes toast of us all, Joanna.

JOANNA: Very true, Andre, very true.

ANDRE: Onto the topic at hand, to share a brief anecdote—

JOANNA: A reminiscence—

ANDRE: A recent chronicle. We were out to dinner the other night at one of St Augustine's beautiful local eateries. And at a certain point, Joanna, you pointed something out to me. Can you elucidate for the listeners what it was?

JOANNA: Ah yes, the food was ambrosian, and the atmosphere in the restaurant was necessarily intimate. However, the waiter serving us had a certain zeal about him that was... simply too much

ANDRE: Much too much.

JOANNA: Much more than much too much. And it occurred to me that there was something amiss. He was assiduous in all of his duties, however, it was the manner and the authenticity of his intentions that made us question the true nature behind this waiter. That this poor man wasn't really being himself, and instead he had found himself performing the role of the waiter.

ANDRE: Indeed, this person - who we assume has hopes and dreams and a family and problems and a car and toothpaste and memories of childhood - indeed this man had lost himself to the role of "the waiter". He no longer realised himself as a person, but instead had discarded this role - even temporarily - to transform before our eyes into *The Waiter*.

JOANNA: A kind of performance that he got lost in.

ANDRE: And while yes I was distracted by your hands wrapping around my throbbing member under the table, ultimately the real show was here in front of us. A man losing his humanity before our eyes, and transforming into this platonic and ideal form of a waiter. It's like he took on all of the traits that he believed a good waiter has, and discarded himself - his true self - his authentic self - in the process.

JOANNA: Makes you wonder, Andre. What parts of ourselves are a performance for others, and which are the authentic, undeniable parts of ourselves.

ANDRE: I know that when I perform certain acts on you Joanna it's not just for others but for myself.

JOANNA: You're absolutely filthy, Andre.

ANDRE: Oh I know. But isn't that what you want?

JOANNA: Maybe. Does it matter? It's about what *you* want. What your authentic self wants.

ANDRE: I want what you want, Joanna.

JOANNA: And I want you, Andre.

ANDRE: And I you, Joanna.

JOANNA: Shall we go to a break?

ANDRE: Enjoy this track, listeners. We'll be back after this brief coital break in proceedings.

MICHAEL *stubs out his cigarette and heads around the corner, bumping into HUGH waiting out the front.*

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 1.13

MICHAEL *comes back via the front door, HUGH is sitting on the porch.*

MICHAEL: Hey.

HUGH: Hey.

MICHAEL: I'm Michael.

HUGH: Hugh.

MICHAEL: Sorry, who are you? What are... you doing here?

HUGH: I got lost and Alex said it was fine.

MICHAEL: Right. And you're just waiting... sorry...?

HUGH: Hugh. Hiker. Lost hiker. Need somewhere to dry off.

MICHAEL: Okay. So you're just going to dry yourself off and head out?

HUGH: Yeah.

MICHAEL: Sounds fine by me.

HUGH: Thanks.

HUGH leans in and gives MICHAEL a hug. And it goes on for too long. We should feel a transfer of energy in this moment. From MICHAEL, and into HUGH.

Thanks Michael. Michael Somerset. Smoker?

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 1.16

ALEX *is outside hanging up the washing.*

ALEX: *(internally) I should not have come out here. What was I thinking? Came out here to prove that I'm longer in love with him. Idiot. Idiot.*

I bet Hugh isn't even flirting with me. I'm just misreading signals. Is this pathetic? I can't believe I'm putting a stranger's washing out because I think it'll make him want to sleep with me. And of course he doesn't have any weapons on him. He's a hiker. He's just a lost hiker in need of somewhere to stay. Michael and I are friends. Only friends. Really remember that, Alex. You're just friends.

I wonder if they're talking about me. I bet they're talking about me while I'm not there.

MICHAEL: *Oh, Alex? Yeah, I've known him since high school. Great guy.*

REAGAN: *Oh come on, Michael you can be honest. I've known Alex for a while now, and I keep waiting for him to really... show his worth.*

ALEX: *Michael would say something.*

MICHAEL: *Why are you all being so mean to him?*

REAGAN: *That's not what I mean. It's more like with Alex... is that all there is? Is he... a dud?*

MICHAEL: *No.*

REAGAN: *Maybe.*

MICHAEL: *He's not a dud. Alex is a good guy.*

CARRIE: *D-d-d-d-d-d-dud.*

ALEX: *Okay, Alex. just... Nobody talks like that. They're your friends. They like you. Nobody talks about their friends like that. Why would I be invited if they thought I was a dud? That's not what friends do. Unless they felt sorry for me. Which is also a possibility. I wonder what Hugh thinks of me. I bet here's not even thinking about me. Which is worse? To be thought about or not be thought about?*

CARRIE: *Yeah, Alex's boyfriends have all been bad eggs if you ask me.*

ALL: *Red flag.*

CARRIE: *Bingo.*

ALEX: *Carrie would never say bingo.*

CARRIE: *Maybe he's doomed to be alone.*

ALEX: *I need to stop thinking like this. It's not realistic. Nobody talks like this. They're probably just –*

CARRIE: *But you can see it right, Hugh? What we mean about Alex?*

MICHAEL: *Okay. Let's go easy on the guy.*

HUGH: *I mean, I hardly know the guy. But... He doesn't have It. And I don't know what It is, but he doesn't have it. Which is fine. Not everyone does. Nice of him to let me in, don't get me wrong but...*

ALEX: *But he can do a lot better than me. Look at him. Look at him and look at me. No. NO! Alex. Just. Okay that's enough. Remember what the councillor said... focus in on your breathing. You're going to be fine. In... and out... in... and out...*

GROUP: *In... out... out.. out... get out... leave... fuck off... out...*

ALEX: *You're fine. Alex. You're fine. If anyone asks... you're fine. Play the game. Play the game. Five things you can see... umm... the grass, the rocking chair, the trees, my shoes, and... the path. Four things you can hear... the insects, the lake, the music from inside, your voice. Three things you can touch... Your shirt, the deck, and... and... the wig. That felt good to touch. Two things you can smell... the smell of the rain just past, and the citronella coil. One more... one thing you can taste. The tequila shot. So gross.*

MICHAEL *enters from outside.*

Scene 1.17

MICHAEL *finds ALEX outside in the middle of an anxiety spiral.*

MICHAEL: *Whoa whoa whoa. Everything okay?*

ALEX: *Yeah– No – I mean, I just need a... a minute – just give me a minute.*

MICHAEL *grabs ALEX's hand and holds it. For a minute ALEX and MICHAEL sit on the front porch together, facing away from the house, just holding hands.*

MICHAEL: *All good?*

ALEX: *All good. I was going through old stuff at home. Found this.*

ALEX pulls out a piece of paper from his jacket pocket, and unfurls it to show a really detailed double portrait of ALEX and MICHAEL holding hands.

MICHAEL: Oh wow.

ALEX: Year twelve art class. You drew this for me.

MICHAEL: Right. I mean, I drew it. I didn't draw it for you, but yeah. I drew it.

ALEX: I've always loved this.

MICHAEL: We look so young.

ALEX: I want you to have it. First it was a gift from you to me. Now it's a gift. From me to you.

MICHAEL: Alex—

ALEX: Please. Take it. It would mean a lot to me if you did.

MICHAEL: Okay.

ALEX: I thought it was just going to be us two.

MICHAEL: I know. But Carrie insisted she see the house. We'll come down alone some other time.

They sit there together for a while longer.

ALEX gives a big exhale.

ALEX: Okay.

MICHAEL: Let's head back in.

ALEX and MICHAEL get up and head back inside. MICHAEL pockets the drawing.

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 1.20

REAGAN *exits the living room, grabbing a drink, the photo album on the way. She heads into the bedroom. She sits down at the bed and starts going through the album.*

REAGAN: *(Internally) Look at all these photos. You should take more photos. You don't even own a camera. I guess this must be Dad's album because I don't think Mum ever came down here.*

REAGAN *opens the photo album to reveal a picture of her mum and dad, RICHARD and ANNIE.*

So young. Must be when they first met. So happy. Mum's little work outfit. You wouldn't look good in something like that. We have very different bodies. ...is that the university library? First job. You should have gone to university. Nah, you're fine. How much of this does Mum even remember? Ask her about it next time you visit. She would have seen all sorts of stuff. Kids doing who knows what in the research stacks.

REAGAN *turns the page.*

Mum, dad, and... Is that Lewis? Must be. Lewis. Never seen a photo of him before.

In the photograph, RICHARD, who is REAGAN's father, is in a group pose. On one side, RICHARD has one arm around ANNIE and on the other side, RICHARD has his other arm around LEWIS, and if you look closely you can see LEWIS and RICHARD's hands are resting on each other's butts.

Wait.. is that Lewis? Gross. Eugh. Trust dad to have a photo of them all together. I could never. Mum must not have known. I would know if someone in my life was... You would know. You'd have to. I'd just be so embarrassed if I was Mum. And by then it was too late. If my life was stolen away like that, all cause my husband couldn't control himself.

Why do they always go for younger men? Doing it right in front of her like this. I wouldn't be able to forgive him. I could never do what Dad did. Make a decision that isolates and degrades someone so cruelly. I can see why Mum never got over it. I couldn't.

The best thing to do when someone does something like that is to just excise them from your life entirely, I think. Get rid of them.

REAGAN turns the page and reveals a photo of two identical RICHARDs dressed differently standing next to each other at the cabin.

What the fuck. A... a twin? A fucking twin... fuck. I never knew he had a twin. Wild. Identical. A twin brother? Which one is him?? I... I can't tell... Same haircut and everything. Identical twins. Why didn't he ever tell us? Like, why would he keep this from us? I could never keep a secret like that. That is just typical if I think about it. Typical dad. That marriage was always going to end in tragedy. A twin?! Secrets and lies.

When was this taken? Does he have a name? Maybe he's still alive.

REAGAN takes the photo out of the album and reads the back.

"To Richard, remember today. The day you met the real you." Signed Richard Somerset.

REAGAN puts the photo album aside and goes into her bag. She pulls out an urn and a letter.

What the fuck does that mean? Maybe it's not dad...Are the signatures the same between this and the letter? Did he mention something about this when he wrote?

REAGAN starts reading from the letter.

"Dear Reagan.

It's Dad. How are you? I hope you're well. On the rare occasions I speak with Annie - please send her my love - I ask after you. She tells me you're doing well. Despite what your mother may have told you, I think of you and your brother often. You sit

very close to my heart. I've tried to get in contact with you during the intervening years, but nothing has worked. I guess I should have tried harder.

I have spoken with your mother about this, and I don't know how much she has told you, but I'm quite sick. We can talk more about it in person if you'd like, but for now I'll spare you the gruesome details. The doctors say I am not long for this world. I never thought I'd have to send a letter to my daughter telling her that I'm dying but here we are. I'm sorry you've had to find out this way.

I have a special request to make of you. It's regarding yourself, my holiday home at Logue Lake, and my remains. After I die, I would like for my and my boyfriend Lewis' remains to be scattered into the waters of Logue Lake. Together.

His remains can be found in a small urn that sits on the bookshelf in the main room.

In return, I leave you the house by Logue Lake to do with as you see fit.

I make this my final request to you, my favourite, and only daughter.

I love you and your brother so much, Reagan. I love you more than I think you realise. My deepest regret in life is the way things turned out between your brother, yourself, and me.

I hope you can grant myself and Lewis this final act of dignity together.

Please forgive me. I love you.

*Your Dad,
Richard Somerset."*

REAGAN *folds up the letter and is left looking at the urn.*

Same signature. What is this photo? A twin? I can't believe he had a twin.

I need to do this. I need to do this. He was your father. Why is this so hard? You've had all weekend to do this. You came down here specifically to do this. Why can't you do this? Just take the ashes and go down to the lake. Take these fucking ashes and Lewis' and... I should do it. I need to do it. Fuck Dad. Fuck Lewis. Fuck these ashes. Fuck this house. Why did he burden me with this? Why did it have to be me? Why not Michael? Fuck. I should show Michael this picture. Maybe this is a good enough reason not to scatter the ashes. I don't know. Fuck.

REAGAN *is left looking at the ashes and the photo album until CARRIE comes back with an announcement.*

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 1.22

ALEX and HUGH are left alone in the living room together.

HUGH: Hey.

ALEX: Hey.

HUGH: You okay?

ALEX: Yeah, I’m fine. I doubt your clothes will be dry by tomorrow. What did you say you did again?

HUGH: I’m an architect.

ALEX: Oh, with which firm?

HUGH: McCann Douglas. I was talking with Michael before, he works in the St Augustine office, I’m out in Mount Baxter. He seems like a nice guy. Michael.

ALEX: Yeah, he is.

HUGH: You know, if I didn’t know better... I would have assumed Michael was gay.

ALEX: I don’t think you’re the only one to have had that thought.

HUGH: And there was never anything there?

ALEX: Maybe once upon a time.

Neither of them move. HUGH puts his hand on ALEX.

HUGH: It really is a beautiful cabin. I love old buildings like this.

ALEX: This one is pretty damn old. Almost as old as the lake.

HUGH: I remember, I was away on Beaver Scout camp –

ALEX: I thought you said you weren't a beaver scout.

HUGH: No, I said I *was*. My dad signed me up. Always said *Hugh, idle hands are the devil's playthings*. Anyway, I was out in this little country town, McAllister, a few hours outside of Mount Baxter and I remember seeing this amazing abandoned opera house. I walked in, and I smelled the peeling paint, and rotting wood. It was sublime. That's the word. Sublime. And one day this kid got injured. And so–

ALEX: How was he hurt?

HUGH: He cut two of his little piggies off with the tree-planting tool. Blood everywhere. Really awful. And so the kid is rushed to hospital, and of course the tree planting is called off. But I remember getting to sneak off while the parents all dealt with the ambulance and the hospitals and stuff, and I got to explore and spend time inside that beautiful old opera house. Staring up at that faded mural I knew subconsciously, in that moment, that I wanted to become an architect.

You know, I think Michael really cares about you.

ALEX: Okay?

HUGH: Some guys... struggle to work out how to express it.

ALEX: I reckon there are far more of us out there than we realise. Even now. So many people in hiding because something inside of them, some voice in their head is telling them not to.

HUGH: That's assuming they know how to put what they're feeling into words. For a lot of men it's just a feeling, and even that they deny.

ALEX: Why is that?

HUGH: The risk of being outcast. I mean, I had a friend in high school who came out and he was really bullied for it.

ALEX: Same thing happened to me.

HUGH: And I did nothing. Never stepped in. Never said a word. Because... Because I don't know.

ALEX: Did he forgive you?

HUGH: We stayed close. But we never spoke about it.

ALEX: You're welcome to stay indoors tonight.

HUGH: Where would I sleep?

ALEX: On the couch. With me.

HUGH *and* ALEX *snuggle up on the couch. HUGH holds ALEX.*

HUGH: There's something special between you and Michael.

I think we all just want to love. And be loved in return.

And we have to be willing to do whatever it takes to get it.

Whatever it takes.

ALEX *leans into HUGH's arms.*

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 though. 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 1.24

MICHAEL *quietly makes his way down the hall, but before he gets too far he overhears HUGH retelling his story as if it were his. He sits there and just listens and spirals, unsure of what to make of this.*

HUGH: No, I said I *was*. My dad signed me up. Always said *Hugh, idle hands are the devil's playthings*. Anyway, I was out in this little country town, McAllister, a few hours outside of Mount Baxter and I remember seeing this amazing abandoned opera house. I walked in, and I smelled the peeling paint, and rotting wood. It was sublime. That's the word. Sublime. And one day this kid got injured. And so—

ALEX: How was he hurt?

HUGH: He cut two of his little piggies off with the tree-planting tool. Blood everywhere. Really awful. And so the kid is rushed to hospital, and of course the tree planting is called off. But I remember getting to sneak off while the parents all dealt with the insurance and the hospitals and stuff, and I just got to explore and spend time inside that beautiful old opera house. I knew subconsciously, in that moment, that I wanted to become an architect.

MICHAEL *exits out the back door.*

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 1.29

ALEX *walks over to* MICHAEL, *and* REAGAN.

ALEX: Hey, congratulations.

They hug.

MICHAEL: Thanks, bro.

ALEX: Bro?

MICHAEL: Hey, I think I wanna take those mushrooms.

ALEX: What about Carrie?

MICHAEL: She'll be fine. Let's have some fun. You and me. Like the old days.

ALEX: I dunno.

MICHAEL: This was your idea.

REAGAN: Really? Tonight?

MICHAEL: You're not gonna pussy out on me are you?

ALEX: No no. Let's do it, bro.

REAGAN: Your funeral.

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 1.32

ALEX and MICHAEL are in one of the bedrooms about to take the mushrooms.

MICHAEL and ALEX eat the mushrooms.

ALEX: Feels like old times. Sneaking away to do sneaky things.

MICHAEL: We're not being sneaky. It's just that Carrie doesn't need to know.

ALEX: Right. Right.

MICHAEL: Don't say it like that. You're gonna make me feel bad.

ALEX: Sorry. I'm really happy for you two.

MICHAEL: Thank you.

ALEX: Really happy.

BOTH: Ready? Ready.

MICHAEL: I expected these to taste of something. Like, they should be bitter or gross.

ALEX: You've never done mushrooms before?

MICHAEL: No.

ALEX: Oh.

MICHAEL: What?

ALEX: These are just quite strong. I found them in the woods.

MICHAEL: What?! So they could be poisonous?

ALEX: No, I'm pretty sure they're Echocaps. Strong. Fast acting. Real rollercoaster ride.

MICHAEL: So I'm just eating random mushrooms that you've found?

ALEX: I mean, they looked right. I guess we'll find out.

MICHAEL: That's not what I wanted to hear.

ALEX: It'll be fine.

MICHAEL: I guess we're in for a big night.

ALEX: You were already in for a big night. These are just gonna... blow it up.

MICHAEL: Right.

ALEX: It's gonna be great though. Lots of emotions. Just stay in the moment.

MICHAEL: I can do that. Stay in the moment.

ALEX: And don't let anything harsh your vibe. You don't want to have a bad trip.

MICHAEL: Oh.

ALEX: Yeah, that can happen sometimes. A bad trip is... really intense.

MICHAEL: Maybe this wasn't a good idea.

ALEX: No going back now. Tune in and enjoy the flow.

MICHAEL: Together.

ALEX: We are going to feel absolutely glistening.

CARRIE: *(calling out)* 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 1.34

MICHAEL *and* REAGAN *are inside REAGAN's room.*

REAGAN: Congratulations, brother!

MICHAEL: Yeah. Massive.

REAGAN: Good for you for locking her down. She's a gem.

MICHAEL: Really she locked me down. Planned this whole thing. How much did you know?

REAGAN: I gave her the little push she needed

MICHAEL: Well, thanks.

REAGAN: You should suggest coming down here for the honeymoon. I think she'd really like that.

MICHAEL: Maybe. I feel weird knowing it was dad's cabin.

REAGAN: Yeah. Me too. But, you know, I think Carrie would just appreciate some time alone with you.

MICHAEL: What? We've spent the whole weekend together.

REAGAN: I just know that you and Alex are very buddy-buddy, and Carrie would appreciate if tonight was about her.

MICHAEL: No. I get you. What do you think you'll do with the place?

REAGAN: I dunno. That letter really did a number on me.

MICHAEL: You just need to do it. Rip the band-aid off. Go down to the lake and scatter the ashes.

REAGAN: I might sell it. Or maybe knock it down and rebuild.

MICHAEL: Whoa whoa whoa. You can't knock it down.

REAGAN: Why not?

MICHAEL: You can't knock down a house like this.

REAGAN: I mean... I could. Just start from scratch.

MICHAEL: No no no, this place has something special about it. You can't knock that down. It has this relationship to the environment that can be so hard to capture. The *genus loci*; which is like the spirit of the place. The house, the forest, the crater, the lake; it's like they're painting from the same palette. Even though the house feels like it's been cobbled together, and then destroyed, and then redesigned a few times... I dunno. I can see why he'd want to spend a bit of time down here. The views you get of the lake and the forest? Really stunning. Like the house extends into the land, and the land has grown into the house. Like they were formed together, and they'll be here forever. Forever, Reagan. That means no knocking it down.

REAGAN: We'll see. I love you, Michael.

CARRIE *enters*.

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 1.37

ALEX *ducks in MICHAEL's room and grabs some of MICHAEL's dry clothes.*

ALEX: *(internally) Let's see... what will look good on Hugh. These pants, and then this shirt, maybe? It'll be good to get him out of his wet clothes.*

Oh, these are nice. Michael will look great at the very least. Let's make sure Hugh looks good too. I wonder when the mushrooms are going to hit. Michael's never done them before. He's really getting dropped in the deep end. I should keep an eye on him. This'll do great!

ALEX *re-enters the living room.*

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 1.40

Inside the bathroom, ALEX and HUGH are getting HUGH changed into a new set of clothes.

HUGH: And you're sure Michael won't mind?

ALEX: He'll be fine.

ALEX turns away while HUGH gets changed.

HUGH: You can look if you want.

ALEX: Oh... okay.

HUGH: That friend from high school, who I had kind of a thing with, and whenever we were in the dorm alone he would look at himself in the mirror and just point out all the parts of himself that he thought were flaws. His legs, his arms—

ALEX: My torso—

HUGH: Looking back, I wish I said something. Are you gonna help me with these buttons? What are you going to wear?

ALEX: I didn't bring anything.

HUGH: So? Someone must have something fun you can wear.

ALEX: At home sometimes, for a party, I'll sometimes wear a dress.

HUGH: That's fun.

ALEX: But I'd have to get one from one of the girls, and it would be a whole thing.

HUGH: So then make it a whole thing.

ALEX: It's Carrie's night.

HUGH: Who cares? Let's have fun while we're down here together.

ALEX: I dunno.

HUGH: Come on. You only live once.

ALEX: Fine. Fine! I'll go ask Carrie if I can borrow one of her dresses.

HUGH: No! Don't ask. Make it a surprise. They'll die.

ALEX: Okay. Fine. We'll make it a surprise.

HUGH: You're gonna look great. Trust me.

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 1.42

HUGH: This house is one of a kind. Unique. You couldn't pay me enough money to knock a place like this down. I was looking around earlier, and this place is old. Like, as old as the crater itself. But despite that, it all fits together. The lake, the forest, and the crater. It's as if they're all in perfect harmony, which is impressive considering the cabin's age and the numerous renos it's clearly undergone. It really captures what - in architectural terms - we'd call the 'genius loci' - the spirit of the place.

I has an eclectic style, don't get me wrong, but despite that... everything just fits. The lake, the forest, the house, the land are intertwined, together forever. Back in town everything feel fake somehow, like you're just going through the motions. But out here by the lake? You can breathe easy, be your true self. What do you think, Michael?

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 1.44

MICHAEL *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 *slowly becomes distorted as the music and HUGH's voice become affected, remixed, and distorted by the mushrooms that MICHAEL took.*

MICHAEL: *(internally) Oh fuck. Oh fuck fuck fuck. No no no. This is... I swear I just said all of this like five minutes ago. Reagan must be freaking out too. What do I do? Do I interrupt him? No. Don't give the game away. Just play it cool. Deep, even breaths. It's fine. It's fine. Maybe its just the mushrooms. Maybe this is a hallucination. And I shouldn't be reading into it. You know? Maybe this is my my mind playing tricks on me. But I shouldn't freak out. Not yet. But also... I just said this! He wasn't even there*

when I said it. I'll just move away in a minute and then... and then I can freak out. What the fuck! Stop it! Stop talking! AARRGGGHHH!!!!

MICHAEL *tunes back into* HUGH.

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

Scene 1.45

REAGAN *listening to* HUGH's story. *Mostly the same. Just a few interjections and a different soundtrack.*

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

REAGAN: *(internally) These architects and their speeches, I swear to god. First Michael, now Hugh. Actually... They're kinda covering the same ground. I guess they both come from the same architectural firm. Maybe they're trained in the same analysis technique or something.*

Actually... I dunno. This is weird. They're really hitting the same points. Maybe... Maybe they like... talked about it earlier. Or he heard Michael? Because that word... Genius Loci... It's weird that he would use that. Right after Michael used it.

Actually... Hugh is beat for beat hitting the same words as Michael before. I wonder if Michael realises. If he's on shrooms he might not even be listening.

REAGAN *tunes back into* HUGH.

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

Scene 1.46

ALEX *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 *slowly becomes distorted as the music and HUGH's voice become affected, remixed, and distorted by the mushrooms that ALEX took.*

ALEX: *(internally) I wonder if Hugh will sleep indoors with me tonight. I know it's just a fold up couch but still. Better than an outside. Am I going to need to like... finagle a way to make this happen or is it just gonna be chill? I bet Reagan will comment on it in the morning.*

Hugh has big vibes coming off of him. Viiiiiiiiibes. I swear when I look at his face it's like he's changing. Wasn't his hair lighter when he arrived?

He is good looking though. And him and Michael... it's uncanny. Just go with the flow, Alex. Breathe. You're gonna be okay. Hugh is good. I can hook up with Hugh and then drop him off later. Get his number. But tonight will be fun. I can feel it. The vibe.

ALEX *tunes back into* HUGH.

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 1.48

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

REAGAN: What the fuck was that all about?

HUGH: Was I rude? I thought I was just asking questions.

REAGAN: What are you doing Hugh? Carrie's with Michael.

HUGH: So?

REAGAN: What's with these questions?

ALEX: He can be sensitive sometimes.

HUGH: I'll apologise when he comes back in.

ALEX: It was just a bit of fun that accidentally went sour.

REAGAN: No, something else just happened.

ALEX: He'll apologise. It's fine.

REAGAN: Hugh, I've been meaning to ask. Where are your shoes? You rocked up barefoot.

HUGH: Oh. In the rains, they got wet and I noticed some mould on them. And I didn't want to get a fungus and so I left them behind.

REAGAN: Right. You didn't think you'd need them later?

HUGH: Thought I'd be in town by now.

REAGAN: Right.

There's a lull.

ALEX: So Hugh. Truth or dare?

HUGH: This is dumb.

ALEX: Come on.

HUGH: Fine. Truth. I pick truth.

REAGAN: Make it a good one.

ALEX: Okay... What's a secret skill you have?

HUGH: A secret skill?

ALEX: C'mon. Everyone has one. When fast forwarding through a cassette I'm always able to guess when to stop it to get to the right track.

HUGH: I don't know if I have a secret skill.

REAGAN: What do you have to hide?

HUGH: Nothing.

REAGAN: Then answer the question.

HUGH: A secret skill? Okay, how about this? I'm really good at reading people. Like... scary good. I pick up on things they don't even know they're putting down.

ALEX: Oh really?

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

HUGH: I bet you a million dollars they're not talking about anything.

ALEX: I remember once Michael got rinsed on a night out, and said some really hurtful things to Carrie in front of everyone. Felt... cruel. And when I spoke to Michael about it a few weeks later they said that they hadn't talked about it.

REAGAN: Not even in private?

ALEX: According to Michael she never brought it up. And even if she did he was just going to pretend he didn't remember.

HUGH: What about you, Alex? Truth or dare.

ALEX: Truth.

HUGH: You ever fallen in love with someone that didn't love you back?

ALEX: Of course. Of course I have. It happens to everyone eventually, right? Some straight guy comes into your life and they are perfect, absolutely perfect for you in every which way bar one.

HUGH: And deep down. Right at the core of who you are. You wish that it could be different. That you could change things.

ALEX: Right. But even worse is the guy that you know is queer. You know it you know it you know it. And yet... they can't bring themselves to ever say it out loud.

HUGH: Is there a name for that? When you can't bring yourself to say something?

ALEX: There must be.

HUGH: What about you Reagan? Is there anything you can't bring yourself to say?

REAGAN: Well... if there was I wouldn't be able to say it. You?

HUGH: 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 heard Dad come home, and voices 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. And in that moment. Running away from this stranger and into my room... I knew it. We were the same. Subconsciously. Even if I didn't know I knew it. I knew it. |

I never told him. My Dad. That I saw.

ALEX: Parapraxis.

REAGAN: What?

ALEX: I think that's what it's called. When you can't bring yourself to say something.

CARRIE *and* MICHAEL *re-enter*.

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 1.52

HUGH and ALEX *out the back. They just look at each other. Sadly vibin'.*

ALEX: What was that?

HUGH: I think things just got a bit out of control.

ALEX: Clearly. So what are you going to do now?

HUGH: I guess I'll hike in the direction of St Augustine and try and find a way station I can stop in at.

ALEX: When will I see you again?

HUGH: It's a small world.

ALEX: When?

HUGH *shrugs*.

HUGH: We'll see each other again soon.

ALEX: I don't know what it is... but it really feels like I've known you all my life.

A lull.

HUGH: I guess that's me.

ALEX *and* HUGH *hug*.

HUGH: Bye.

ALEX: Bye.

HUGH *exits into the woods*. ALEX *is left alone out the back of the cabin*.

Scene 1.53

ALEX *has been left alone outside*.

ALEX: *(internally) What just happened? This is typical Carrie... typical typical typical. What do I do now? Damn! I was so close to locking it down with Hugh. so close. Screw Carrie! And Michael. That drawing. How dare he? How dare he? In front of everyone like that. I am trying to reach out to him, and this is what I get.*

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 1.55

MICHAEL *joins* ALEX.

They just sit there for a moment.

MICHAEL: You good?

ALEX: What was that? Back there?

MICHAEL: It was Carrie that did it. It was her idea, she was the one that kicked him out.

ALEX *isn't convinced.*

He was inside my head, Alex. He... He knew things about me that I hadn't told anyone.

ALEX: You didn't think maybe you're hallucinating? That it's the mushrooms? Cause I don't know about you, but for me? They're really kicking in.

MICHAEL: Yeah... I can feel them. Like...

MICHAEL *gesticulates with his whole body to indicate where he feels them.*

Let's go for a walk. Fresh air filling the lungs. That's what we need.

MICHAEL *helps ALEX up. MICHAEL closes his eyes. They're both buzzing. They breathe in sync.*

****The sound design starts getting weird... maybe voices go out of sync with them as they're saying them? How much of this can be done live?****

ALEX: I can really feel it when our skin touches.

They remain holding hands.

MICHAEL: Yeah, like this... hidden electric current that runs through my body is suddenly able to be felt.

ALEX: I can feel it. It feels so real. Like... more real than real life.

MICHAEL: Adventure. I can feel myself vibrating and I want adventure.

ALEX: It's dark.

MICHAEL *grabs a torch and lights their way. MICHAEL and ALEX step off into the crowd. They walk for a bit before ALEX grabs the torch and shines it on MICHAEL.*

MICHAEL: What do you see?

ALEX: Like the layers of a painting. You're the foreground, and then the mid ground is the house, and the background is the forest. And the lake... I can't see it. But I can feel it you know?

MICHAEL: Let me try.

MICHAEL *grabs the torch and shines it on ALEX.*

ALEX: What do you see?

MICHAEL: Whoa.

ALEX: What?

MICHAEL: When I look at you... it's like you're surrounded by a sea of people. Each tree is a person, and you're... you're like, part tree part person. And the lake. I can feel it too.

ALEX: Whoa.

MICHAEL *switches off the light and spoons ALEX standing up.*

MICHAEL: It's amazing.

ALEX: What is?

MICHAEL: That we're out here together.

ALEX: I know. I don't want to go back inside.

MICHAEL: No, I mean out here. In the middle of nowhere. Vibrating together. In a forest. Next to a lake. The beauty of this moment... It's overwhelming me.

ALEX: This moment. *This* moment, Michael. Forever.

MICHAEL *and ALEX embrace the moment.*

MICHAEL: I guess we should head back. Carrie will be wondering where we are.

ALEX: No no no.

MICHAEL: Come on. Time's up.

ALEX and MICHAEL head back inside.

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 2.02

REAGAN *and* MICHAEL *inside* REAGAN's *room*.

MICHAEL: Mmmmmm. Your pillow is so soft. Makes me feel like I'm sinking into some other world.

REAGAN: Feeling good?

MICHAEL: Squiggly.

REAGAN *grabs the photo album*.

REAGAN: Did you know Dad had an affair? With this guy. A student. Named Lewis. Mum told me a few months ago.

MICHAEL: Yeah. I knew. I saw them together once.

REAGAN: Oh. I kinda hoped it was one of mum's stories. Like, hallucination or something.

MICHAEL: I wish. No. That one's true.

REAGAN: Did you ever read the letter he sent me? He wants me to scatter his ashes with Lewis'. Says he wants me to go down to the lake and cast them out into the lake together.

MICHAEL: Okay?

REAGAN: I don't know, Michael. Seems wrong. Like it's disrespecting Mum or something.

MICHAEL: He was our Dad, Reagan. He gave you a house. A freakin' house. He made one request of you for after he died. I know no of us talked to him much after he was gone but...

REAGAN: You don't get it.

MICHAEL: Trust me, Reagan. I get it. But... I dunno. It's your call. Where's Alex? I want to talk to Alex.

REAGAN: You need to leave Alex alone. Just...

MICHAEL: What?

REAGAN: Alex is doing his own thing tonight, and I know he pulled you into this whole mushrooms thing but– just leave him alone. Okay? He’s a bad influence.

MICHAEL: Alex is not a bad influence. He’s just... you wouldn’t get it.

REAGAN: I get it. I’ve known people who like... who like to party before and it never ends well.

MICHAEL: You’re my sister, Reagan, not my mum. You don’t get to tell me who I can and can’t be friends with.

REAGAN: Michael. I’m trying to look out for you.

MICHAEL: I know. I know. I shouldn’t have–

REAGAN: I know. Leave Alex be.

Scene 2.03

ALEX is alone in the bathroom, applying makeup, listening to music on a little portable FM radio with speaker. He’s not yet in the full outfit – wig, heels, etc. But he’s part way there.

ALEX: *(internal) Oh man. Intense. The shrooms. Wait... every time I blink my face changes. Happy. Sad. Evil. Good. Versions of me.*

Freaky. I look great. Is this a look? It’s a look. Almost. I wish Hugh was here to see it. We connected. We vibed. He felt... familiar. I’m cooked. Burnt. He reads people. Hugh reads people. I wonder what my body language says about me.

I’m going to have fun tonight. I will. I’m gonna drink, and party, and let these shrooms run their course.

ALEX exits the bathroom and goes into the main room where he find HUGH.

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 2.05

HUGH finds the portrait of MICHAEL & ALEX that MICHAEL threw away earlier, and picks it up. At the same moment, CARRIE is looking through the door at HUGH.

HUGH slowly turns around and just as he's about to face the door CARRIE shuts it. HUGH slowly moves in on the door before ALEX interrupts.

Scene 2.06

ALEX finds HUGH in the living room.

ALEX: Michael.

HUGH: You look great.

ALEX: Thanks.

HUGH: Can we...?

HUGH starts walking around the house. ALEX is reluctant to join, but HUGH cajoles him to come.

Come on. Just for a minute. Come on.

I realise I've been giving you muddled signals for the past little while.

ALEX: I think it's been more than a little while.

HUGH: Right. I get that.

ALEX: Actually, some of the signals have't been muddled at all. I'd say some have been clear as day.

HUGH: I don't think I have an answer to that... and I also realise that this is in-and-of-itself a mixed signal. But... yeah. There's a lot going on, and this weekend has forced me to confront some things.

ALEX: Maybe it's the shrooms.

HUGH: That probably has something to do with it.

ALEX: Or the tequila.

HUGH: That night in high school, Alex. The one where we snuck into the teacher's lounge and stole that bottle of tequila. And I remember being nervous, and my body being tight and my hands shaking. I was just afraid.

ALEX: That's not what I remember from that night.

HUGH: What do you remember?

ALEX: What came after.

HUGH: We went down to the tennis courts.

ALEX: After that. Why did you invite me here this weekend?

HUGH: I thought it would be just us.

ALEX: You know, I came here to prove to myself that I'm over it. You.

HUGH: And?

ALEX: I think I've been living in denial for some time.

HUGH: I get that. I really get that. Before we go inside, I'm sorry, I should never have...

HUGH *pulls out the portrait of MICHAEL and ALEX.*

ALEX: You went back for it...

HUGH: Of course.

ALEX *pulls HUGH in for a hug.*

ALEX: Michael. What's going on tonight? Is everything okay?

HUGH: I don't know Alex. The stuff with Hugh before really threw me. For a second there it felt like the earth beneath me could have opened up and swallowed me whole. Like a whole new world could dawn. But– I'm okay. I think I'm okay. Are you okay?

ALEX: I'm fine.

HUGH: So what's left of the outfit.

ALEX: Finishing touches.

HUGH: Can't wait.

ALEX and HUGH *enter through the front door to a waiting CARRIE, REAGAN and MICHAEL.*

Scene 2.07

REAGAN *grabs the rope from out front.*

REAGAN: *(internally) Fuck fuck fuck. Okay, so they look the same now. Identical. And what was it that the photograph had written on it? The real you. The real you? The real you?!*

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 2.11

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

REAGAN: *(internally) What the fuck is going on. So Hugh arrives, and then he starts slowly beginning to look like my brother, and my Dad came down here and had a twin – unless they weren't twins. Are they going to swap lives? Will Michael also transform into Hugh? Don't let this spiral. Just stay calm.*

Scene 2.12

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

MICHAEL: *(internally) Is this really happening? Fuck. Am I fucked? Is this the mushrooms? I feel spiky. Spiky Michael. Maybe I'm going crazy. Fuckin' hell man, is any of this real? But... Carrie and Reagan see it too. So it's not just me. You're not... You're not going insane. Keep it cool. Stay cool. Fuck!*

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.

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?

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 2.15

MICHAEL *exits out the front door.*

ALEX *follows a moment later. MICHAEL is really frustrated. He doesn't know what to do with his emotions. You can see him trying to work out what he should do.*

MICHAEL: AAARRRGHHH!!!!

ALEX *stands behind MICHAEL. MICHAEL's breaths are getting shallower.*

ALEX: Michael.

MICHAEL: Why did you do that? Why did you have to do that?

ALEX: Do what?

MICHAEL: That! That!

ALEX: Are you okay?

MICHAEL: I don't know... I feel... I feel... I need a cigarette. I need a cigarette...

ALEX: I thought you said you didn't smoke.

MICHAEL: ... I can't... Alex... I can't. I don't...

ALEX: Whoa whoa whoa. Michael. Take a beat.

MICHAEL: I don't know what – He's in there with them, Alex. And he's... and you spoke...

ALEX *grabs the radio and headphones.*

I just need... I just need... I can't go back in there...

ALEX *slides the headphones over MICHAEL's ears. We hear the trail end of the DJ, and then the start of the song.*

DJ: ... on St Augustine FM.

On Michael's station only, we hear something beautiful. Soft rock?

ALEX: Okay, there we go. You're all good.

MICHAEL's *breathing slows. They're holding hands.*

You can hardly hear ALEX's voice on MICHAEL's channel. And similarly, you can only just hear the music on ALEX's.

ALEX: I don't know why you never managed to say it out loud. But Michael, there is something between you and me. An energy, or a... an effervescence. A vibe. A vibe. And I need you know that it means so much to me.

MICHAEL *leans in close.*

And I really hope that if you're going to marry Carrie that you're doing it for the right reasons. Because... to live your life in monochrome, when there's a world of polychromatic kaleidoscopic technicolour waiting for you would be such a waste. Such a waste. And I care about you so—

MICHAEL *kisses ALEX. ALEX holds the moment before MICHAEL wakes up to himself. He takes off the headphones.*

MICHAEL: I shouldn't have done that. I shouldn't have done that.

ALEX: Michael.

MICHAEL: No no no. That was a bad idea. I'm sorry, Alex. I need to... Umm.

ALEX: Michael. This isn't fair. It's not fair on me. It's not fair on Carrie.

MICHAEL: I know. I know. I'm like... trying to work out who I am. And... and I just don't know anymore.

ALEX: You're Michael. Michael Somerset.

MICHAEL: And who is that?

ALEX: Why don't you go and ask the guy in there? He seems pretty sure.

MICHAEL: I can't.

ALEX: You can't bury this dude.

MICHAEL: It feels like the earth beneath me could open up, right now, and swallow me whole.

ALEX *laughs to himself.*

What?

ALEX: He said that earlier. Or you did. I don't know anymore. Michael. You have to fix this. Tonight.

MICHAEL: Right. Right.

MICHAEL *exits indoors.*

Scene 2.16

REAGAN *follows CARRIE over to the window.*

REAGAN: Carrie, we don't even know what this thing—

REAGAN *looks through the window and sees what CARRIE sees. MICHAEL and ALEX kissing.*

Carrie. Carrie, look at me. Look at me. Okay? It's not real. There's something else going on tonight, and we're going to get to the bottom of it. I found a picture earlier of my dad, and he had a double, and when he came back— Carrie? Are you listening?

REAGAN *turns to HUGH.*

You. Are you my brother? Which one are you? Tell me. Tell me.

HUGH: Reagan. It's me. It's always been me.

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 2.20

HUGH *and REAGAN are alone indoors.*

HUGH: You need to dispose of the ashes. It's what Dad would have wanted.

REAGAN: I know. I will.

HUGH: Reagan. Lewis' ashes are right over there. On the bookshelf. You could do it right now if you really wanted to. Finish it. Once and for all.

Scene 2.21

MICHAEL *enters into the living room, joining REAGAN and HUGH.*

REAGAN: What were you doing outside with Alex?

MICHAEL: I would like some alone time with the... Umm... What are we calling him? The reflection?

REAGAN: What were you doing with Alex just now?

MICHAEL: The reflection.

REAGAN: Michael. Look at me.

REAGAN *looks between the two MICHAELs trying to deduce which is which.*

MICHAEL: Can we have some space please?

REAGAN: Whichever one of you is the real Michael... Just please be careful.

REAGAN *exits.*

Scene 2.22

ALEX *alone outdoors.*

ALEX: *(internally) Oh my god. Alex. You can't get wrapped up in this again. Not with Michael. Not after last time. God, I hope he's okay. I should do something practical. This beacon. I should get that up and running. Nobody has actually called for help yet. Reagan said they store it under the deck. What is this energy tonight? Between Hugh and the proposal and this... this double. And now this? And now Michael - if it is Michael - kissing you. And so close to Carrie. Okay, let's have a look... Jesus. This is like... military tech or something. What am I even going to tell them? If I tell them what's going on they'll think I'm insane, or on drugs. I guess I am on drugs. No, just get them to bring help and they can sort it out from there.*

Okay... switch on. What? Come on. Switch on! On!

ALEX *gives the beacon a good bang.*

There we go. I guess I need to find a signal now. Okay, let's set which station we're broadcasting to... and then, hopefully get some sort of a signal. Do I need to go up to the lip of the crater to get a signal?

ALEX *joins CARRIE and REAGAN out the back.*

Scene 2.23

MICHAEL *and HUGH alone in the living room.*

MICHAEL: Hugh.

HUGH: I don't want to play this game anymore.

MICHAEL: You made a mistake coming here, and the sooner you leave the better.

HUGH: I can see exactly what you're doing. You're convincing them all that you're the real one. But I know, I know it's me.

MICHAEL: I'm not!

MICHAEL/
HUGH: *(simultaneously)* I'm the real Michael. Stop. What? Stop that. Okay. I get the point. Stop doing that. I get it. Okay? I get it. You're me. You're some kind of me that's... Stop it. Stop it! Jesus, Michael! Stop it! The games and the lies and the copying, and— Whatever you're doing here, I need you to leave. Michael! I need you to get out because it's not okay! Fuck off! FUCK! OFF!

HUGH: Then untie me.

MICHAEL *unties* HUGH.

HUGH: Michael.

MICHAEL: *(internally)* *What the fuck have I gotten myself into.*

HUGH: This is scary. I know this is scary.

MICHAEL: *(internally)* *I'm not scared. I'm not.*

HUGH: I'm scared. A lot. Scared that my friends won't like me the same. Scared that I'll be making an irreversible choice that I'll regret forever. Deep down I'm scared that I am not enough. Never have been. Never will be.

MICHAEL: *(internally)* *Don't let him see. Don't let him see the real you.*

HUGH: Michael. You are enough. More than enough. You want to be loved. For you are. Right now.

MICHAEL: *(internally)* *I just want things to be easy.*

HUGH: And what you're about to do is a strong thing. Brave, even.

MICHAEL: *(internally)* *This is going to hurt. Hurt Carrie. Hurt Mum. Hurt Reagan. Hurt me.*

HUGH: I may be the only one who knows exactly how you're feeling right now.

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

HUGH: You can do it. You can do this.

The two MICHAEL's - HUGH MICHAEL, and MICHAEL MICHAEL - sit and stare at each other. MICHAEL places his hand on HUGH's thigh. They keep looking. After a while...they lean in. The two MICHAELs kiss.

MICHAEL wakes from the reverie.

MICHAEL: Sorry.

HUGH: Like Florence before you. You know what to do.

MICHAEL: I don't want to though.

HUGH: Then'll I do it for you.

MICHAEL: No. No.

HUGH: Well then. Buck up and do it. Carrie first. That's the way.

ALEX enters.

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 2.26

REAGAN *enters into the living room, and listens in on the conversation between MICHAEL and HUGH. However, she can only hear one side of the conversation.*

HUGH: Michael.

...

This is scary. I know this is scary.

...

I'm scared. A lot. Scared that my friends won't like me the same. Scared that I'll be making an irreversible choice that I'll regret forever. Deep down I'm scared that I am not enough. Never have been. Never will be.

...

Michael. You are enough. More than enough.

I want to be loved. For who I am. Right now.

...

And what you're about to do is a very brave thing. Courageous, even.

...

I may be the only one who knows exactly how you're feeling right now.

...

You can do this. You can do it.

The two MICHAEL's - HUGH MICHAEL, and MICHAEL MICHAEL - sit and stare at each other. MICHAEL places his hand on HUGH's thigh. They keep looking. After a while...they lean in. The two MICHAELs kiss.

MICHAEL *wakes from the reverie.*

MICHAEL: Sorry, what did you say?

REAGAN *slips back out.*

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 2.29

ALEX *enters, interrupting MICHAEL and HUGH.*

ALEX: What are you two up to?

MICHAEL: Nothing.

ALEX: Wait—

MICHAEL *exits.*

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 2.31

ALEX *and HUGH are left alone.*

ALEX: I was meant to make sure you two stayed together.

HUGH: Mission failed. Alex, I realise that it's been a big night, but soon it's all going to be over.

ALEX: What do you mean?

HUGH: You'll see. I spoke with the other one. Hugh. Michael. And he's going to sit down with Carrie, and once he says what he need to say, I think this is whole awful night is going to come to a close.

ALEX: Right.

HUGH: And then we all get to go home.

ALEX: Tells Carrie what? Sorry, I'm confused.

HUGH: Hugh told me - he looked me at with his eyes identical to mine - and he told me that if I could just surface the truth deep within me –

ALEX: What does that mean?

HUGH: It means once Carrie knows it's done.

CARRIE *enters from outside.*

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 2.34

MICHAEL *and REAGAN are wandering together.*

REAGAN: I'm worried about you.

MICHAEL: Listen, Reagan, tonight's been a lot. A lot of a lot.

REAGAN: Michael, I—

MICHAEL: Wait, can I talk for a minute? Just let me... I need to find the words.

REAGAN: Okay.

MICHAEL: So... I think I've been scared to say it, but with Alex here, and all the stuff with Hugh, I need to be honest about somethings. I'm—

REAGAN: Michael, listen—

MICHAEL: Reagan, I—

REAGAN: Michael stop. Okay? Pause for a beat. Take a moment and think because I know what you're about to say but I want you to stop. I'm scared you're making a big mistake by doing this. Think about Carrie. The pain this is going to cause her. The future you're robbing from her.

MICHAEL: I—

REAGAN: You need to be a serious man about this. Think of your job. People talk. Everyone is going to look at your different, whether you like it or not. People get beaten up all the time for this sort of thing. People get killed.

MICHAEL: Reagan—

REAGAN: And think about how Mum is going to react. After everything Dad put her through, you would think about ruining the last few years of her life with this? And for what For yourself? No. No.

MICHAEL: Reagan, I need–

REAGAN *hits* MICHAEL

REAGAN: No. You need to be the man Dad never could. I have been thinking about it all weekend. Those ashes? Dad's and... and Lewis'? No. I'm not going to scatter their ashes together. It wouldn't be right. And it wouldn't be fair. It's wrong.

I love you so much, Michael. I love you more than I think you realise. But I do not want to see you blow up your life the same way Dad did. So, before you say anything, think long and hard because I don't want you to make a mistake you'll never be able to take back. So what did you want to tell me?

MICHAEL: I love you, Reagan.

REAGAN *and* MICHAEL *hug*.

REAGAN: Good. Good. You good?

MICHAEL: Yeah. I'm good.

They pause for a minute. Neither talking. MICHAEL gets up and walks back to the house leaving REAGAN out there alone.

Scene 2.35

ALEX *and* HUGH *are together*. ALEX *pauses*.

ALEX: So we're gonna... kill him... This is crazy.

They release the tension.

Nothing tonight has felt real.

HUGH: I know. The proposal, Hugh...

ALEX: It's unreal.

HUGH: I know this. I know I'm real. And I know how I feel about you. It may have been muddy. But, right now? Right now. Crystal clear.

ALEX: Crystal clear.

HUGH: For now, we need to get Reagan and Carrie in here so we can finish this.

ALEX: What should I do?

HUGH: Just stay here. Don't move. You're safe here.

HUGH *hands ALEX the knife.*

Trust your instincts. I'll take the rope, and when we come back... We finish him once and for all.

HUGH *is at the door.*

Be safe, Alex. I love you.

HUGH *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 2.37

REAGAN is alone with her thoughts. HUGH approaches from behind, brandishing the rope.

HUGH: Hey Reag.

REAGAN: What Michael?

HUGH: I love you.

REAGAN: I love you too, Michael.

HUGH: Reagan. I'm sorry.

HUGH takes the rope and pulls it around REAGAN's neck. REAGAN struggles but HUGH's grip holds tight.

Scene 2.38

MICHAEL enters the house, finding ALEX.

ALEX thinks that this is the version of MICHAEL (HUGH) that just exited.

ALEX: You're back?

MICHAEL: Where's Carrie?

ALEX: Michael, what you said before. I just wanted to say I've been feeling it for a long time too, and for whatever reason I just haven't been able to admit it to myself.

MICHAEL: Okay. Okay. I'm gonna go find Carrie.

ALEX: No, wait. Stay here.

ALEX takes MICHAEL's hand.

I need to know that you're going to be okay.

MICHAEL: I don't have time, Alex.

ALEX: Michael! Stop for one second. Carrie will be fine out there. Just calm down for a minute. Take a breath. I heard what you said before. We're going to get through this.

MICHAEL: We will be. I promise.

ALEX: We just need to stay calm, and stick together

ALEX leans in and kisses. MICHAEL opens his eyes and forcefully pushes ALEX away.

MICHAEL: What are you doing?

ALEX: You just said—

MICHAEL: Alex, what the fuck do you think you're doing?

MICHAEL *pushes ALEX again.*

ALEX: I thought —

MICHAEL: You thought. I am not like you, Alex.

I'm not some lonely faggot with no one else to turn to. I know you thought you could come down here and play some fucking mind game, try to turn me or whatever but that's not happening.

ALEX: But we kissed.

MICHAEL: That wasn't me. It was never me. It was always the double. Always.

ALEX: You're not him.

MICHAEL: I don't love you, Alex. I never have, and I never will.

MICHAEL *exits.*

Scene 2.39

HUGH *is strangling REAGAN. On REAGAN's channel we hear HUGH's voice.*

HUGH: *(internal, on REAGAN's channel) I have looked inside you, Reagan Annette Somerset. I looked below the surface of your conscious self, and saw the cowardly, piteous creature that you are. The truth will out, and you feeble creatures of a single state will come to see its value. I am here. I'm neither the first nor the last. I am clay and dirt and spirit and breath and dream and denial and desire and rage. We know*

what loneliness is. We hurtled through the infinite vacuum on that rock. You were given the chance to accept the truth – my truth, Michael’s truth – but look at you now. Dying for a lie. And one-by-one/from/the-take-we-shall/emerge/ And soon we shall be such a part of your world that you cannot tell us apart. And so you will be forced to accept us as your own / Love us / We did not come at this way just to be rejected by such pathetic beings as you on the final frontier

HUGH’s voice in REAGAN’s head becomes pure, monstrous, otherworldly sound.

REAGAN dies.

Scene 2.40

On HUGH’s channel we get the outward monologue.

HUGH: *(Internal) Don’t be sorry. Don’t be sorry. You need to do this. You can’t go on living like this, and right now this is what you need to do. You will not be trapped anymore. You cannot force yourself to be something you are not. All you asked of her is that she you as you are. But no. She is being swallowed alive by guilt and by shame. By humiliation. Like you’re wrong, in some fundamental way. Dad was not. You are not. And she don’t get to be in your life if she can’t love you for who you really are. I’m sorry. Don’t be sorry. You deserve love, Michael. And she couldn’t give it you.*

REAGAN dies.

Scene 2.41

HUGH lets go of REAGAN’s body. HUGH look at REAGAN. Maybe a moment of mourning? He then moves inside and grabs the ashes of LEWIS and RICHARD. He then exits the house and finds a quiet spot, and scatters them together. He has a moment of solitude? Reflection? He overhear’s MICHAEL mourning REAGAN’s body and goes over to the fuse box and switches off the lights before encountering CARRIE.

Scene 2.42

MICHAEL has just rejected ALEX.

ALEX: *(internally) What the fuck? What the fuck was that? I heard him say it. Before. He said he loved me. This is Michael. And endless torrent of bullshit, and lies, and half-truths. But why would he say it unless... It’s the double. The one I just saw, just now must be the double. Maybe it doesn’t matter which one the double is. Maybe we should just pick one and go from there, and if we’re going to pick one, they should at least be happy.*

The distress beacon gets a signal. ALEX speaks into the attached microphone.

ALEX: Hello? Hello. Is anyone there? This is Alex Carpenter. I'm staying at the cabin that sits by Logue Lake. We need help. Send help. Is anyone out there? Is anyone listening?

ALEX: *(internally) I guess I've done all that I can do. I should go—*

BEACON: Hello? This is the St Augustine FM Radio Emergency Broadcast Relay Service. Are you still there? Over.

ALEX: Yes! Yes we're still here. Over.

BEACON: Can you please confirm your name and location? Over.

ALEX: My name is Alex Carpenter, and I'm staying by Logue Lake. Over.

BEACON: Is anyone in need of medical attention? Over.

ALEX: No. The roads are closed, and we've been attacked. Send immediate help. Over.

BEACON: We'll be sending help ASAP. Please get yourself to a safe location. Is there anything else? Over.

ALEX: That's it. Over.

BEACON: Over and out.

ALEX: Roger that. Over and out. Okay... okay... They're on their way...

ALEX gets up and moves around the house looking for people to gather.

ALEX: *(internally) Okay, I need to gather everyone and then just stick together. Even if there's two Michaels. It should all be fine from here on out. Where the fuck is everybody?*

ALEX spots REAGAN's corpse.

ALEX: No no no... MICHAEL?! MICHAEL?!

ALEX: *(Internally) Wait... which one will come? Michael or...? Oh fuck.*

ALEX runs straight into the bathroom, closing the door and locking himself inside. His thoughts are going at a million miles per minutes. They overlap, internally.

ALEX: *(internally) Just stay calm. Just stay calm. Just make it through the night, yeah? Just make it through the night and you'll be fine. Fuck, I can feel it I can feel it I can feel it. A panic attack and a fucking panic attack. Just... jussssst... what would Michael get you to do. What would Michael do? Just stay calm. Distract yourself. The wig, sensory input. Distract yourself. Touch the wig. Feel the wig. Soothing. Soothing. Put the wig on. And... and deep breaths Alex. That's what Michael always said. Deep breathes... just...*

ALEX: *(internally) Count backwards from one hundred... 100, 98, 97, 94, 91, 90, 86, 85, 81, 80, she's dead, she's dead, she's fucking dead. Fuckkkkk.*

Okay, umm... Let's see... name five things you can see... the toilet, the shower, the wig, the taps, the... tiles. Four things you can hear... Nothing. I can't hear anything.

He did this. He fucking did this. The double. And he could do it to me too. We need to kill him. Kill the double and get the fuck out of Logue Lake.

The lights switch off.

ALEX: Fuck.

ALEX: *(internally) I should get the knife. I need a weapon.*

ALEX opens the door of the bathroom and begins moving through the house, grabbing a torch on the way.

Hello? Hello? Fuck... fuck fuck fuck fuck... Just breathe. Just breathe.

ALEX gets down on his haunches in the corner of the room.

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 2.45

MICHAEL *runs to where he heard ALEX's voice. He finds REAGAN's corpse. He drops to the ground. No words.*

The lights switch off.

MICHAEL *stands up and runs to where CARRIE and he just were, but CARRIE is gone.*

MICHAEL *enters the house. As he does so he trips, knocking his glasses off.*

MICHAEL: Fuck. My glasses. Ah fuck... I can't see a thing.

Scene 2.46

ALEX *is in the corner of the room, wearing his dress, his wig, and on his haunches, breathing shallow breaths – having a panic attack, but holding the knife close to his chest.*

MICHAEL *enters through the front door, and takes a moment for himself before noticing ALEX. MICHAEL moves towards ALEX.*

MICHAEL: Reagan's dead. Reagan's dead.

ALEX *says nothing. He just listens to what MICHAEL has to say.*

Listen, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. For everything. You deserve better. The way I've treated you has been pathetic. I'm pathetic. I see it all so clearly now.

I'm pathetic. But when you're around all of that changes. I need you. I don't deserve you.

I'm sorry. For the way I've treated you. The way others have treated you. I'm sorry that I brought you to this awful cabin. And...

And I need you. I love you. I've loved you since the moment we met. We need to make it out of this alive. No one else matters. You and me, Carrie. Carrie, *you and me.*

ALEX *says nothing.*

ALEX: *(quietly, to himself)* I love you, Michael.

MICHAEL: What?

ALEX: I love you.

MICHAEL: Alex?

MICHAEL *puts his hand on ALEX's back.*

ALEX *turns around and faces MICHAEL. MICHAEL is taken aback.*

MICHAEL: I'm sorry... without my glasses, and the shrooms...

ALEX *looks at MICHAEL quizzically...*

ALEX: You're not... You're not Michael.

MICHAEL: What?

ALEX: You're not Michael. I can tell. You're the reflection.

MICHAEL: No, I am.

ALEX: My Michael – the authentic Michael – doesn't look like you. He wouldn't kill his own sister.

MICHAEL: Alex, I didn't–

ALEX: You're not the real thing; you're just a cheap replica. Synthetic silk.

ALEX swipes at MICHAEL with the knife.

Faux Fur.

Swipe.

Mock Meat.

Swipe.

MICHAEL: Please–

ALEX: I wanna hear you say it to my face. Just look me in the eyes and honestly tell me you love me.

MICHAEL: Alex, I can't–

Swipe. ALEX nicks MICHAEL's face.

MICHAEL: Alex!

ALEX: You can do it. *I love you.* It's as easy as that.

MICHAEL: Alex–

ALEX swipes at MICHAEL with the knife again. ALEX has got MICHAEL cornered.

ALEX: Final chance. Just say it. Show me the real you.

MICHAEL: Alex–

ALEX swipes and slices open MICHAEL's throat. MICHAEL collapses on the floor.

ALEX: I loved you.

MICHAEL: *(barely audible through the bleeding)* I love you too.

MICHAEL dies, bleeding out on the floor.

ALEX goes into shutdown mode as he realises what he's done. He just sits on the couch breathing deeply.

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.*

Scene 2.48

HUGH *enters into the living room, as he does so he picks up the glasses that MICHAEL lost before. HUGH hugs ALEX. They breathe together. ALEX is still in shock.*

ALEX: I did it. I... I killed him. The double. I killed him.

HUGH: Alex—

ALEX: I called them. The emergency services. They'll be here soon.

HUGH: You did the right thing, Alex. We're safe.

ALEX: You mean it's over?

HUGH: I get to go home. At last. With you. We're free, Alex. We're finally free.

They kiss.

THE END.