

LOGGIE LAKE

By Geordie Crawley

Draft 8.17 - Final Draft

Michael Somerset

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 1.05

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 1.08

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 what's 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 1.10

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 1.13

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 1.17

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 1.21

ALEX and MICHAEL join CARRIE and HUGH inside.

HUGH: All good?

ALEX: I just needed a second.

CARRIE: Hey Michael, can I–

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

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

MICHAEL: I mean... I could party.

HUGH: I could party.

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

MICHAEL: Yeah... sure.

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

Scene 1.23

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

CARRIE: Sorry about that.

MICHAEL: Everything okay, kiddo?

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

MICHAEL: Me? Yeah. Of course.

CARRIE: I worry about you sometimes.

MICHAEL: About me?

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

MICHAEL: What you see is what you get.

CARRIE: And I like what I see.

A lull. A little moment of intimacy between them.

Where do you see us in five years?

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

CARRIE: I think about it all the time.

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

CARRIE: And...

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

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

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

MICHAEL *gets up*.

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

CARRIE: Michael, no. Just—

MICHAEL: I'll be two seconds, promise.

MICHAEL *leaves before CARRIE can say anything*.

Scene 1.24

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 1.26

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 1.29

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 1.32

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 1.39

CARRIE *enters* REAGAN's room *joining* REAGAN *and* MICHAEL.

CARRIE: Hey babe. Getting dressed up?

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

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

MICHAEL: I know what my girl wants.

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

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

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

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

REAGAN: He was probably retelling the story to Alex.

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

CARRIE: What?

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

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

MICHAEL: Babe—

CARRIE: Just let it go.

MICHAEL *looks frustrated.*

Fiancé.

MICHAEL: Fiancé.

CARRIE: Come on. Lets have a drink.

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

Scene 1.41

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

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

Everybody looks at HUGH. HUGH goes to answer.

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

HUGH: Alex said you wouldn't mind.

ALEX: It was actually Carrie's idea.

MICHAEL: Right.

ALEX: Michael, it's fine.

HUGH: All good?

MICHAEL: No problem. It's fine.

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

CARRIE: And Michael's.

MICHAEL: As I said, it's fine.

REAGAN: You sound fine.

MICHAEL: I'm fine!

A lull.

HUGH: It's a beautiful house, Reagan.

REAGAN: Everyone says that.

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

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

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

Scene 1.44

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 1.47

MICHAEL: Sorry, what?

HUGH: About the house? Architecturally.

Pause.

MICHAEL: Couldn't have said it better myself.

CARRIE: So Hugh, do you have a partner?

HUGH: Nah, flying solo at the mo.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ALEX: There's... a vibe.

MICHAEL: A vibe?

CARRIE: Like a secret handshake?

HUGH: Yes.

CARRIE: Really?

HUGH: No. And even if there was—

ALEX: We wouldn't tell you.

REAGAN: So then what is it?

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

HUGH: Right. I get that. Big vibe.

REAGAN: What are you all talking about?

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

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

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

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

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

HUGH: I guess so. It's subconscious.

MICHAEL: Bullshit.

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

HUGH: Have you ever felt it before, Michael?

MICHAEL: Of course I've felt sexual attraction.

HUGH: But a vibe between you and another guy?

MICHAEL: No, I just meant—

REAGAN: What even is this vibe?

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

MICHAEL: Nope.

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

REAGAN: What does that have to do with anything?

HUGH: Do I really have to say it?

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

MICHAEL: I haven't-

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

MICHAEL: Not *that* close.

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

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

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

ALEX: But-

MICHAEL *exits. CARRIE follows.*

Scene 1.49

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

MICHAEL: I just needed some air. Okay?

CARRIE: Okay.

MICHAEL: It's fine.

CARRIE: You keep saying that.

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

MICHAEL: Thank you!

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

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

CARRIE: Maybe he's just a people pleaser.

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

CARRIE: You think he's copying you?

MICHAEL: I literally just told Reagan in the bedroom.

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

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

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

MICHAEL: Thank you.

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

MICHAEL: Does that sound crazy?

CARRIE *just looks at* MICHAEL.

He's wearing my clothes, Carrie!

CARRIE: Michael. Babe.

MICHAEL: You don't believe me.

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

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

CARRIE *takes a moment.*

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

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

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

MICHAEL: What story?

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

MICHAEL: The aquarium?

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

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

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

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

CARRIE: What?

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

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

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

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

I ran straight to my room.

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

MICHAEL: Yeah... Yeah.

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

MICHAEL: Okay.

CARRIE: I love you.

MICHAEL: Let's do this.

CARRIE and MICHAEL reenter the house.

Scene 1.50

CARRIE and MICHAEL reenter the living room.

MICHAEL: Sorry everyone.

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

REAGAN: Yeah, you do that.

HUGH: Do I?

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

CARRIE: Sorry. What was that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MICHAEL: What?

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

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

HUGH: Alex, are you okay?

CARRIE: Hugh! Out! Now!

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

ALEX: Where is this all coming from?

CARRIE: Just go!

HUGH: Carrie, what are you talking about?

CARRIE: Go! Leave! Fuck off!

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

ALEX: Are you hallucinating or something?

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

Scene 1.51

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

MICHAEL: You okay?

CARRIE: Yeah, are you okay?

REAGAN: What just happened?

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

REAGAN: What?

MICHAEL: You did hear what I heard right?

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

MICHAEL: How did he know that?!

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

Pause as they both catch their wind.

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

CARRIE: Alex isn't going to like this.

REAGAN: Screw Alex.

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

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

MICHAEL: Right. And?

CARRIE: Are you on mushrooms?

MICHAEL: No. No!

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

MICHAEL: I don't know, kiddo.

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

MICHAEL *just shrugs*.

CARRIE: Reagan?

REAGAN also *just shrugs*.

MICHAEL: Kiddo, I'm not—

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

MICHAEL: Doing what?

CARRIE: Lying to me right now?

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

Pause.

CARRIE: Right. I believe you.

MICHAEL: Good.

CARRIE: Okay.

REAGAN: Anyone want a drink?

CARRIE: Me.

REAGAN: Michael?

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

MICHAEL *exits*.

Scene 1.55

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 2.02

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 2.04

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 what's going on.

MICHAEL: Everything okay, kiddo?

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

REAGAN: What?

CARRIE: How—? How did—

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

CARRIE: No, you were just with me.

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

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

MICHAEL: What?

CARRIE: Hugh. It must be Hugh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

REAGAN: We'll have to use the beacon.

MICHAEL: That thing?

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

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

REAGAN: Capture him?

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

CARRIE spots HUGH and ALEX walking past the window

CARRIE: Get down!

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

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

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

REAGAN: They weren't twins.

MICHAEL: Reagan?

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

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

MICHAEL: Ready for what?

CARRIE: The interrogation.

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

Scene 2.08

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

MICHAEL: What should I do?

CARRIE: Grab the chair.

MICHAEL *clears space and grabs a chair.*

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

Scene 2.09

REAGAN *enters with the rope.*

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

MICHAEL: What do I do?

CARRIE: Hide.

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

Scene 2.12

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 2.15

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: AAARRRRGGHHH!!!!

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 2.21

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 2.23

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 2.29

ALEX *enters, interrupting* MICHAEL *and* HUGH.

ALEX: What are you two up to?

MICHAEL: Nothing.

ALEX: Wait—

MICHAEL *exits*.

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 2.34

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 2.38

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 2.43

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 2.45

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 2.48

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.