

# LOGGIE LAKE

**By Geordie Crawley**

Draft 8.17 - Final Draft

*Reagan 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 1.07**

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 1.11**

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

ALEX: Hey guys.

REAGAN: Who's this?

ALEX: Hugh.

REAGAN: The guy right there.

ALEX: No, his *name* is Hugh.

HUGH: Hugh.

*Nothing.*

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

REAGAN: Hey.

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

REAGAN: Hugh.

ALEX: It's Hugh.

HUGH: I'm Hugh.

CARRIE: Right. Hugh. Got that.

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

CARRIE: Alex.

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

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

HUGH: I'll stay out on the deck.

CARRIE *says nothing.*

Search my stuff.

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

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

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

## **Scene 1.12**

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

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

REAGAN: I'm with Carrie.

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

REAGAN: And he's not wearing shoes.

CARRIE: Red flag.

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

CARRIE: Don't let him in.

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

CARRIE: Alex, I don't think so.

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

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

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

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

CARRIE: I don't know, Reagan.

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

ALEX: What?

CARRIE: Oh.

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

ALEX: Done.

### **Scene 1.14**

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

MICHAEL: I just met Hugh outside.

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

HUGH: Sounds fine by me.

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

CARRIE: But I have my meeting tomorrow morning.

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

REAGAN: So... anyone want another drink?

ALEX: I'm good thanks.

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

REAGAN: Hugh?

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

MICHAEL: Just a tequila thanks.

HUGH: Tequila?

MICHAEL: Love it.

HUGH: Love it.

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

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

MICHAEL: In the trunk, I think.

HUGH: Oh, I'll help.

MICHAEL: Take a load off, dude.

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

MICHAEL: I didn't like being tied up.

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

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

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

HUGH: Uhhh, yeah, that's me.

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

*ALEX pulls out a wig, along with the rope.*

ALEX Look at this!

*ALEX tries it on.*

ALEX: What do we think?

MICHAEL: Where did that thing even come from?

*ALEX shows off the wig.*

ALEX: I love a wig.

REAGAN: Alex, take that off.

CARRIE: No! It's fun!

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

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

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

MICHAEL: Fuck off.

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

MICHAEL: No, I'd rather not.

ALEX: You want a go?

HUGH: Thanks, but no. Not for me.

*ALEX grabs the bag and the rope.*

Let me help.

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

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

## **Scene 1.15**

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

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

MICHAEL: I'm an architect.

HUGH: Residential? Commercial? Which firm?

MICHAEL: McCann Douglas. You in building design to?

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

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

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

BOTH: 0% pay.

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

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

MICHAEL: Long story.

HUGH: I'm in no rush.

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

HUGH: I was a Beaver Scout too!

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

CARRIE: Which town is this?

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

HUGH: Sublime.

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

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

MICHAEL: I dunno. It’s kinda dumb.

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

MICHAEL: I don’t know. Maybe?

HUGH: And this is your family’s cabin?

REAGAN: Dad’s originally.

MICHAEL: Reagan was always the favourite

REAGAN: Dad didn’t have favourites.

MICHAEL: He didn’t send me a letter.

REAGAN: He didn’t have favourites.

HUGH: Only the favourite would say that.

REAGAN: Do you have siblings, Hugh?

HUGH: Sister.

REAGAN: Older? Younger?

HUGH: Older.

REAGAN: You get along?

HUGH: Michael, those glasses look great on you.

MICHAEL: Oh, thanks. Alex picked them out.

HUGH: Can I try them on?

MICHAEL: Umm...

HUGH: Whoa!

REAGAN: Good luck, he's blind.

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

HUGH: *My glasses, My glasses!*

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

HUGH: Interesting.

REAGAN: Those glasses really suit you, Hugh.

HUGH: Well, I'm keeping them.

MICHAEL *takes back his glasses.*

MICHAEL: Fuck off. Alex is taking his time.

CARRIE: Should someone go check on him? Hugh?

MICHAEL: No, I'll go.

MICHAEL *exits to go find ALEX.*

## **Scene 1.18**

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

HUGH: Is he going to be okay?

CARRIE: I should check on them.

REAGAN: Maybe give the boys a minute.

HUGH: So what do you do, Carrie?

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

HUGH: Young adult stuff?

CARRIE: Yeah.

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

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

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

CARRIE: Wait, Reagan—

REAGAN *exits.*

## **Scene 1.20**

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 1.27**

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 1.31**

HUGH: The Devil?

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

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

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

HUGH: Made for her?

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

*Pause.*

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

HUGH: Huh.

REAGAN: What?

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

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

*She calls out to ALEX and MICHAEL.*

Can you two come over here?

### **Scene 1.33**

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

ALEX: Sorry! Sorry! Just congratulating Michael.

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

ALL: Cheers!

*Everybody goes to relax.*

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

HUGH:           To Logue Lake!

ALL:            To Logue Lake!

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

### **Scene 1.34**

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 1.45**

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 1.47**

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 1.50**

CARRIE and MICHAEL reenter the living room.

MICHAEL: Sorry everyone.

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

REAGAN: Yeah, you do that.

HUGH: Do I?

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

CARRIE: Sorry. What was that?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MICHAEL: What?

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

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

HUGH: Alex, are you okay?

CARRIE: Hugh! Out! Now!

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

ALEX: Where is this all coming from?

CARRIE: Just go!

HUGH: Carrie, what are you talking about?

CARRIE: Go! Leave! Fuck off!

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

ALEX: Are you hallucinating or something?

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

## **Scene 1.51**

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

MICHAEL: You okay?

CARRIE: Yeah, are you okay?

REAGAN: What just happened?

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

REAGAN: What?

MICHAEL: You did hear what I heard right?

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

MICHAEL: How did he know that?!

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

*Pause as they both catch their wind.*

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

CARRIE: Alex isn't going to like this.

REAGAN: Screw Alex.

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

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

MICHAEL: Right. And?

CARRIE: Are you on mushrooms?

MICHAEL: No. No!

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

MICHAEL: I don't know, kiddo.

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

MICHAEL *just shrugs.*

CARRIE: Reagan?

REAGAN also *just shrugs.*

MICHAEL: Kiddo, I'm not—

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

MICHAEL: Doing what?

CARRIE: Lying to me right now?

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

*Pause.*

CARRIE: Right. I believe you.

MICHAEL: Good.

CARRIE: Okay.

REAGAN: Anyone want a drink?

CARRIE: Me.

REAGAN: Michael?

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

MICHAEL *exits*.

## **Scene 1.54**

CARRIE *and* REAGAN *inside*.

CARRIE: I shouldn't have done it.

REAGAN: Done what?

CARRIE: Proposed. Proposed. I shouldn't have proposed. This is typical. Typical. This always happens. Did you know Michael wasn't even going to bring me on this trip? Originally it was just going to be him and Alex. I basically had to beg for them to bring me along. All this time I thought I was doing the right thing. Being the good girlfriend. None of my old friends invite me to their things anymore. I work all week, spend the weekend with Michael and then... that's it. That's my life. Friends. What friends?

REAGAN: Oh Carrie.

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

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

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

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

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

REAGAN: Come and look at this.

REAGAN *leads* CARRIE *to her bedroom*.

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

CARRIE: Whoa. That is weird.

REAGAN: And he never told us.

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

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

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

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

CARRIE: Have you shown Michael this?

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

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

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

CARRIE: Ummm...

CARRIE *thinks for a moment.*

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

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

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

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

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

CARRIE: Reagan.

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

CARRIE: Like a do-over.

CARRIE: Exactly. A fresh start.

## **Scene 1.56**

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

*There's an awkward vibe before someone talks.*

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

*Nobody answers.*

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

*Nobody answers.*

Right?

*Nobody answers.*

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

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

CARRIE: Who's in?

CARRIE *takes a swig.*

REAGAN: I'm in.

REAGAN *takes a swig.*

MICHAEL: Yeah yeah.

MICHAEL *takes a swig.*

ALEX: Fine. Let's party.

ALEX *takes a swig.*

# **INTERLUDE**

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

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

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

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

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

*The sequence should end with the following characters together:*

*MICHAEL and REAGAN.*

*HUGH and CARRIE.*

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

# **ACT TWO - DEPTHS**

## **Scene 2.02**

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 2.07**

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 2.09**

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 2.11**

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 2.13**

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

CARRIE: Hugh! Back up! Back up!

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

HUGH: What are you doing?

CARRIE: I know who you are.

ALEX: Is that a knife?

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

ALEX: Michael? Michael. Michael!

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

HUGH: You've got it all backwards.

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

ALEX: Oh no. No no no.

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

REAGAN: Fuck!

MICHAEL/

HUGH: That's not me, Alex.

HUGH: I'm the real Michael.

ALEX: Put the knife down, Carrie.

CARRIE: Not until we tie him up.

ALEX: Tie him up?

CARRIE: And then call the authorities, yeah.

ALEX: You're not tying anyone up.

CARRIE: Reagan, the rope.

HUGH: Just put the knife down, kiddo.

CARRIE: Reagan!

*They sit HUGH down and tie him up.*

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

CARRIE: Because— Because I know.

HUGH: I'm not—

CARRIE: Everyone shut up!

*Everyone shuts up.*

HUGH: What do you want from me?

CARRIE: Answers. We want answers.

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

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

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

MICHAEL: No.

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

MICHAEL: No. No.

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

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

CARRIE: How do you know this?

MICHAEL: I did those things! Not you!

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

MICHAEL: /I am the real one!

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

MICHAEL: This is unbelievable.

CARRIE: This is fucked,

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

MICHAEL: Stop talking to her.

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

MICHAEL: Except this is happening to me.

*There's a pause as the conversation runs out.*

ALEX: Which one do we think is the doppelgänger?

REAGAN: The echo?

CARRIE: The reflection.

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

REAGAN: Did you know my dad?

HUGH: Of course I knew our Dad.

ALEX: Do we have a plan here

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

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

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

MICHAEL: Alex.

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

MICHAEL: With what?

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

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

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

REAGAN: Alex.

ALEX: I'm just saying.

REAGAN: Well don't.

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

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

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

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

HUGH: How do I prove I'm me?

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

HUGH: A treadmill.

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

REAGAN: Oh Michael. A treadmill?

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

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

MICHAEL: It's true.

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

MICHAEL: I haven't cried—/

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

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

MICHAEL: That didn't happen.

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

MICHAEL: I don't—

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

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

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

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

CARRIE: Sure.

ALEX: My turn. Back in high school.

MICHAEL: Alex.

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

MICHAEL: Alex, no.

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

HUGH: Are you sure you want me to answer?

ALEX: I'm sure.

CARRIE: Just answer!

ALEX: Three, two, one.

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

REAGAN: Is that true?

CARRIE: Michael?

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

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

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

HUGH: Reagan, you need to—

CARRIE: Is this something we should talk about privately?

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

*ALEX says nothing.*

CARRIE: Michael. Did you?

HUGH: It was—

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

*It feels like the walls are closing in on MICHAEL.*

MICHAEL: No.

*MICHAEL exits out the front door.*

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

*ALEX follows.*

## **Scene 2.14**

REAGAN, CARRIE, and HUGH are left inside.

CARRIE: What just happened?

REAGAN: What are you doing here?

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

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

HUGH: Yeah?

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

REAGAN: Carrie.

HUGH: Yeah. It's true.

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

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

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

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

HUGH: A long time. Fourteen years.

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

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

CARRIE: And so what about us?

HUGH: What about us?

CARRIE: What do we have?

HUGH: Safety. Security. Affinity.

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

HUGH: And what do we have?

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

HUGH: Not love?

CARRIE: I was getting to that.

REAGAN: Carrie, you need to stop this.

CARRIE: Whatever.

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

## **Scene 2.16**

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 2.18**

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 2.20**

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 2.24**

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 2.28**

REAGAN *joins ALEX and CARRIE.*

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

ALEX: Okay?

REAGAN: Go. GO!

### **Scene 2.30**

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

REAGAN: Carrie, we need to help save Michael.

CARRIE: What does that mean?

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

### **Scene 2.32**

MICHAEL *enters from inside.*

MICHAEL: Hey. Can I chat with Carrie?

REAGAN: Why?

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

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

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

CARRIE: What is it?

MICHAEL: Since high school—

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

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

CARRIE: What is it?

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

MICHAEL: Alex and—

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

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

## **Scene 2.34**

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 2.37**

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 2.39**

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.

# **THE END.**