

Characters

RACHEL WATSON

ANNA WATSON

MEGAN HIPWELL

TOM WATSON

SCOTT HIPWELL

KAMAL ABDIC

D.I. GASKILL

Other characters should be played
by members of the company

Author's note

/ indicates where a line overlaps

... indicates a trailing off, or a pause for thought

- indicates an interruption

Sections in **bold** indicate a soliloquy, the dramatization of a memory or the recounting of action which has previously taken place.

RACHEL, for a moment in silence.

Darkness. The sound of a train screaming past.

SCENE TWO

Friday. SCOTT's house.

RACHEL: I'm so sorry about Megan.

Comforts him. Remembers the weirdness between them. Pulls away.

SCOTT: Thanks for coming round. It's just, I don't know who else to talk to.

RACHEL: Have they told you anything?

SCOTT: They've had me in for questioning. Again.

RACHEL: Why?

Beat

SCOTT: Why did you get involved in this?

RACHEL: Because I knew something that nobody else knew.
How could I not tell you?

SCOTT: All you've done is lie.

RACHEL: But I haven't lied about what I saw. What would I have to gain?

SCOTT: To make your life more interesting.

Sorry.

RACHEL: You said you wanted to talk...?

SCOTT doesn't know how to say it.

SCOTT: There's something I haven't told the police.

RACHEL: What is it?

SCOTT: I wish I'd never...

I left a message on her phone. The police, they've just found it.

RACHEL: What did you say?

SCOTT: You know what it's like being married. People argue.

RACHEL: What did you say, Scott?

SCOTT: ... I said I could kill her.

RACHEL: What! Why?

RACHEL suddenly unsure of SCOTT.

RACHEL: What haven't you told the police?

SCOTT: ... If I tell them now, they'll think I've been hiding something.

RACHEL: If you haven't told them, then you *have* been hiding something.

MEGAN enters.

SCOTT: Don't you people ever stop for one minute. My wife's been murdered, and all the time everyone's looking at me, wondering if they're looking into the eyes of a killer.

(Sighs. Rubs his temples.) Oh God. Do you want a drink?

RACHEL: No. I told you, I don't...

SCOTT gets two beers from the fridge. Holds one out.

RACHEL trying hard to choose not to take it.

RACHEL: I don't drink.

What haven't you told them?

SCOTT: *(Sipping from the bottle)* Sure you don't want one?

MEGAN: Scott, there's something I need to tell you.

RACHEL: What haven't you told them?

MEGAN: Scott... I've made some mistakes.

SCOTT: What sort of mistakes?

MEGAN: Please don't make this any harder than it has to be.

SCOTT: *(Grabs her arm.)* What sort of mistakes?

MEGAN: Don't raise your voice. It's not you.

It was nothing. It's over now.

SCOTT: You've been seeing someone. Who?

MEGAN: It doesn't matter.

SCOTT: Who have you been fucking?

MEGAN: It doesn't matter. You've never met him.

SCOTT: Oh shit... I can't believe you could-

MEGAN: Oh, come on. People have affairs all the time. It's the real world-

SCOTT: That's your excuse? People do it, so that makes it all right?

MEGAN: That's not what I'm saying-

SCOTT: That you can apologise and everything's back to normal.

MEGAN: This isn't an apology. I'm not living the rest of my life trying to make it up to you. I messed up. I didn't understand what we have. But I'm drawing a line and moving on. Either we move on together, or-

SCOTT: How many? Since we've been together. How many men?

MEGAN: Don't do this.

SCOTT: So there've been more.

MEGAN: *(Lying.)* No.

SCOTT: Oh my god. How can I believe anything you say?

MEGAN: Please, it's over now. Listen, there's something important I have to tell you. But you have to forgive me before-

SCOTT: Forgive and that's it? "Sorry about the affair."
"Oh, never mind, I'll put the kettle on?"

MEGAN reaches for him, tenderly.

MEGAN: We can move forwards. I know we-

SCOTT: Don't touch me.

MEGAN reaches again.

SCOTT: Don't fucking touch me.

A stand-off. Neither knows what to do. She reaches for him again and he fends her off. Suddenly, SCOTT grabs her by the hair.

We should recognise the actions as exactly the same as the first time RACHEL saw MEGAN with SCOTT, only now we know it isn't building to passionate love-making, rather a moment of violence.

MEGAN: You're hurting me.

He wrestles her across the room. Pushes her to the ground. His hand on her throat, holding her down. She fights back. He doesn't let her go.

SCOTT: I could crush you.

MEGAN: Please-

SCOTT: I could crush you like a fucking insect.

He doesn't hit her. She breaks free. She flees.

SCOTT brings us back to the present.

SCOTT: That was the last thing I said to her.

How could I tell the police? I probably left bruises.

RACHEL: Was that the first time you'd hit Megan?

SCOTT: I didn't hit her. I just-

RACHEL: ...

SCOTT: Yes. It was the first time.

Don't you think... Don't you think that after all the lying, all the sleeping around, aren't I allowed to react?

That doesn't make me a murderer.

Beat

RACHEL: Is there anyone else the police suspect?

SCOTT: There was a number she kept calling, kept texting.

They're trying to trace it.

RACHEL: It's not mine.

SCOTT: I know. I asked them to check.

She holds her hand out for the bottle of beer he's drinking. He passes it to her. She drinks.

RACHEL: Why didn't you go looking for her that night?

SCOTT: I thought she must have gone off to the other bloke. I needed time to...

RACHEL passes him back the bottle. They pass it back and forth in silence.

SCOTT: I keep catching myself, listening for her key in the door.

RACHEL: ...

SCOTT: I don't suppose you want to... You know, you could stay if you wanted.

RACHEL: It's been a long day.

SCOTT: In the spare room, I mean. Just one night.

RACHEL edges away from him.

SCOTT: What? Because of... I'm the victim here.

RACHEL: Megan's the victim.

Silence

RACHEL leaves.

My nance is haka?

SCENE THREE

Later that Friday. KAMAL ABDIC's office.

RACHEL: Did you tell the police you and Megan were having an affair?

KAMAL: We weren't having an affair.

RACHEL: She had just admitted to Scott she was seeing someone. Right before she went missing on Saturday night.

KAMAL: *(Ruefully)* It wasn't me.

RACHEL: I saw you kissing her, remember?