

Detective Gaskill and Rachel (Act One, Scene Six, pages 34-35)

Gaskill: So, just to clarify. Everyday, on your way back to work, you go past the back of your old house, upon which you spy – as a matter of routine –

Rachel: Well, not spy exactly –

Gaskill: And two doors down there's a woman whose life you consider to be enviable, and you spy on her too. You've given her a name and created a life for her – in your head. And now this woman has gone missing, your 'unreliable' memory has suddenly conjured a mysterious man who just happened to be there the day before she vanished...

Rachel: I forgot about it. I'd had a couple of drinks.

Gaskill: On your way to work?

Rachel: No. Well, only one really...

Gaskill: You see, Rachel, sometimes these cases attract a certain type of person.

Rachel: No –

Gaskill: The kind of person who isn't above creating fantasies. Do you see where I am going? Because if you don't, I'll talk you through it. Your life of nine-to-five, drinking alone, failed marriage – it's made you desperate to be a part of another life. One more 'exciting,' as you put it. –

Rachel: That's not fair. You need to find this man. See what he knows.

Gaskill: What else do *you* know?

Rachel: I've told you everything I know. Look. I don't actually know Megan, other than spying on her from the – not spying. Don't write that!

Gaskill: Do write that. You see the trouble with fantasists, as with liars, they have to keep lying to justify what they've already made up. Just to stay in the game.

Rachel: How can I make you see that I'm not making this up? You're a buffoon. You can write that.

Gaskill: Don't write that.

Detective Gaskill and Rachel (Act Two, Scene One, pages 50-52)

Gaskill: Right. This is the underpass where you got your blow to the head.

Rachel: Do we really need to be here?

Gaskill: Does being here bring anything back?

Rachel: I –

Gaskill: Rachel?

Rachel: I don't think it works like that. And you don't believe anything I tell you anyway. How does she look?

Gaskill: She's had a blow to the head. Same as you. Coincidence, I suppose.

Rachel: Where will they take her?

Gaskill: They'll be an autopsy.

Rachel: I've never seen a dead body. You must see it a lot, right? Must be horrible.

Gaskill: Not always. Some fellas look better dead than they ever did alive. I'd never seen my poor old dad look so happy. Or maybe it was relief. Oh well.

Rachel: Did you find anything here? Evidence, or...?

Gaskill: Nothing so far.

Rachel: There's always stuff between these tracks and the back gardens. I see it from the train... an old shirt, a single shoe...

Gaskill: Yep. We've been up and down the tracks all morning, I found a dead magpie just up the way there. They have funerals for their dead, the magpies. Did you know that?

Rachel: No.

Gaskill: One of the forensics lot told me. One magpie sees the dead one and calls a funeral song. Others come and join, apparently. A proper funeral.

Rachel: Perhaps it's to do with survival...

Gaskill: What isn't?

Rachel: And what about her handbag, her phone, that sort of thing?

Gaskill: My focus is on potential witnesses right now.

Rachel: Well, what about the therapist? It said online that you had him in for questioning.

Gaskill: We had to let him go.

Rachel: Why? The papers said he had a history of domestic violence.

Gaskill: The papers say a lot of things.

Rachel: Like, 'No progress.' 'Police incompetence.' I saw the picture of you. You looked tired. Are you okay? Is your husband looking after you? I'm sorry. Is he...

Gaskill: It was a she, actually. And no. I'm not one of those TV detectives, who can't sleep until the case is solved. Once I get in my car to go home, that's me for the... Rachel?

RECALL Rachel, Tom, Anna and Gaskill (Act Two, Scene Four, pages 73-77)

Anna: What are you doing here?

Tom: She's just going.

Rachel: Where's Evie?

Anna: With my mum.

Rachel: Oh...

Anna: What does that mean, 'Oh...'?

Rachel: Nothing. I'm not judging.

Anna: Why would –

Gaskill: Mrs Watson.

Anna & Rachel: What?

Gaskill: Anna. Before we come off track. Let me explain why I'm here, and then I'll leave you friends to it. Last Saturday, just for the record: were you, at any point, out in your car?

Tom: You don't have to go through all this again.

Anna: No. It's fine. I was planning on going out with some friends, but, well, as you know, Rachel turned up here. Again. Uninvited. Again. After all of that, I just couldn't face it.

Tom: All right?

Gaskill: Someone says they saw you in the underpass that night.

Anna: I wonder who that could be.

Rachel: I'm just saying what I saw.

Anna: Through the bottom of a bottle.

Rachel: You don't know anything about me.

Anna: You don't know anything... Anything!

Rachel: I know you were there.

Anna: Why would anyone believe a thing you say?

Rachel: Why would anyone believe a thing you... Tom and I fucked on that rug.

Gaskill: Well, I'll leave you three to it. I'm sure you're all dying to catch up.

Anna: You can't just leave us alone can you?

Rachel: I was on my way to see Scott, actually.

Tom: are you really sure you should see him?

Anna: Why? Let him have her.

Tom: We still don't know who murdered Megan.

Anna: What – Scott? Come on.

Rachel: Why do you find it so hard to look after your own daughter?

Anna: Did you say that?

Tom: Of course not.

Rachel: Some women would do anything for a baby. And you had to pay someone else to look after yours. You don't even have a job!

Anna: You don't understand.

Tom: Anna got a bit tired. That's all. I thought, Megan might help.

Anna: I wasn't tired –

Tom: I just mean, having to get up all night. And all that fucking sterilising.

Rachel: You didn't breastfeed?

Anna: You have no idea what it's like! You can't even look after yourself.

Rachel: Why did Megan stop helping you? What happened?

Anna: Nothing.

Rachel: What was it?

Tom: She was...she was just a bit cold.

Anna: I should have known there was something wrong with her.

Rachel: You don't know what she's been through. You don't have any right to –

Anna: You didn't even know Megan. Or Scott.

Rachel: He's invited me round for a drink, actually.

Tom: You shouldn't go there alone.

Rachel: Well, I'm going.

Tom: But, Rach, how do you know you can trust him?

Rachel: No. I'm not your wife now – as you're all so keen to remind me. You don't get to tell me what to do anymore.