

Rachel and Kamal (Act One, Scene Five, pages 25-27)

Rachel: It's like my memories get sucked into a black hole. And then, even the bits that remain are so fragmented, it's like... Have you ever bought a jigsaw puzzle from a jumble sale? Bits missing and bits from other puzzles finding their way in.

Kamal: So, you're saying the problem is not just what you have forgotten; what you remember is also unreliable?

Rachel: I get these... I don't know, flashes of memory, but it's like, like I've tried to fit the wrong pieces into the puzzle. Tried to force bits in just to complete the picture.

Kamal: So why now? Why have you waited until now to address this?

Rachel: Do you ever get to know your clients personally?

Kamal: Sometimes our subconscious likes to cherry-pick the memories we like, or we repress the ones we don't. Is there a part of you that wants to forget?

Rachel: No. Well. Maybe sometimes...

Kamal: Go on.

Rachel: I suppose I'm always worried I've done something embarrassing or... even worse.

Kamal: You must have a very low opinion of yourself.

Rachel: Why?

Kamal: You have periods of memory loss, and you assume that the blank spaces are filled with you doing something embarrassing, or "worse". Why not something kind or funny or intelligent? Are you capable of kindness? Humour? Intelligence?

Rachel: Yes.

Kamal: So, where are those puzzle pieces?

Rachel: I try my hardest to remember. But my memory tells me one thing and then evidence tells me something else. There was one time, when I was married: I got so enraged with my husband... I don't remember doing it, but I put a massive dent in the wall. It's there for all to see, what I'd done. But that's not who I am. I know it's not.

Kamal: Violence clouds the memory. And then you have to reconstruct it. Only, now the memory becomes susceptible to other influences.

Rachel: Your voice. It's very gentle. Is that your real voice or just for this?

Kamal: Can I get you some water?

Rachel: I've still got some, thanks.

Kamal: I mean – actual water. Even a small amount of alcohol impairs the memory. If you could manage to stop –

Rachel: You sound like my ex-husband.

Kamal: He's still a fixture, your ex-husband. Emotionally.

Rachel: He'd still be a fixture physically, if we'd have been able to have a baby. We tried. Tried for years. Did the IVF. Spent a fortune. We even tried the alternative therapies, you know? Reflexology, acupuncture, crystal therapy.

Kamal: Crystal therapy?

Rachel: You sort of lie there and someone puts glass beads on your forehead and plays the sounds of the ocean.

Kamal: And even that didn't get you pregnant?

Rachel: I know. Ovaries of stone.

Kamal: And this affected your marriage?

Rachel: It was my fault. Physically. My fault we couldn't... All that time, I lived with this empty space, here, where our child should have been. Tom and his new wife, Anna, they have a baby. Evie. All the things we'd planned to do together, he's doing with her.

Rachel and Tom (Act Two, Scene Four, pages 68-71)

Rachel: How well do you know her? Your wife?

Tom: Why are you doing this?

Rachel: You haven't changed that rug by the fireplace.

Tom: I still like it.

Rachel: You do remember that we used to... [make love on it]?

Tom: Yes.

Rachel: Do you still think about it?

Tom: No.

Rachel: How does it feel to you? That there's still pieces of me everywhere?

Tom: Look, I'm sorry –

Rachel: Do you like it? Do you like thinking about me?

Tom: Rachel.

Rachel: Do you think we tried hard enough?

Tom: We should have been more honest. Both of us. I broke what we had – that was my fault. But we were both responsible for mending it.

Rachel: D'you think we could have?

Tom: We'd stopped talking. Look, I promised Anna I'd finish this.

Rachel: I always remember, on the way back from the hospital, after all the tests. You didn't hold my hand. I kept waiting for you to reach across, but you didn't. Why didn't you?

Tom: I don't know how to grieve. Or even if we were allowed to grieve for something that we never had.

Rachel: I thought you blamed me.

Tom: I just... hated being so powerless.

Rachel: I can't believe this is the first time we're having this conversation.

Tom: I'm really sorry, Rach.

Rachel: I'm okay.

Tom: No, I mean... Anna, she'll be back any minute. Are you all right, really?

Rachel: I was trying really hard. I was helping with the Megan thing. I hadn't been drinking, and still my memory won't... And now I'm going to have to go and live with my Mum. My childhood bedroom.

Tom: What? Why?

Rachel: I lost my job.

Tom: When?

Rachel: ...Six months ago.

Tom: Six months?

Rachel: I turned up to a meeting drunk.

Tom: And you've just been pretending to go to work? You've been catching the train to and from London. For nothing? Why?

Rachel: I just... I needed a reason to get up.

Tom: But you weren't going anywhere. What did you do all day? My God, Rachel, what's wrong with you? Saturday you were here trying to fight Anna and then... What's going on with you and Scott?

Rachel: Nothing.

Tom: Are you two... [sleeping with each other]?

Rachel: No.

Tom: Look, you're free to do whatever you want but...

Rachel: I don't know what I'm doing anymore.

Tom: You've just had a bad run, that's all. Come on. Let's get you cleaned up before Anna gets back –

Rachel: It must be difficult for her. Living among the things we bought. Hanging her clothes on my coat hangers. Sleeping in the bed you and I chose. Lying there, knowing that used to be me, curled up with you. Holding you. Kissing you. I really miss kissing you.

Tom: Please...

Rachel (Act Two, Scene 8, page 102)

Rachel: I like the trains. The feeling of getting somewhere. The darkness of a tunnel, turning the windows to mirrors – and the light at the end of it. The speed of the world, standing still. And the back windows – other lives being lived. Bedsheets hung as curtains; forgotten flowers, dying in a vase. And maybe in one of those houses, someone looking out at the passing train, wondering, wondering who those passengers are. Dinners being cooked. Dogs waiting to hear the key in the door. Children waiting for a story and a goodnight kiss. A man on the train, loosening his tie. A child on the train, drawing the pattern on the steamed-up window. And a girl on the train, a *woman* on the train, moving on.

Moving on. Not looking back.

RECALL Scott and Rachel (Act One, Scene Seven, pages 42-44)

Scott: That was so weird. Sorry if Anna was a bit rude. She's not usually...

Rachel: She's always like that with me.

Scott: What? You know her?

Rachel: No. I mean...

Scott: What's going on? What's going on, Rachel?

Rachel: It didn't seem important, but...

Scott: But?

Rachel: The thing is, Tom and I we used to be...

Scott: Used to be...?

Rachel: ...Married.

Scott: Why didn't anyone mention it? Why didn't you tell me before?

Rachel: It's got nothing to do with this –

Scott: Hasn't it? Tell me honestly. Are you really Megan's friend?

Rachel: ...It's more that our lives are sort of...aligned. Our paths crossing all the time. The first time I saw her from the train, you were holding each other, like your lives depended on it. All I could do was watch. Every day, I'd get on that train, and she's the reason.

Scott: Oh, my fucking... How stupid am I?

Rachel: No. You're not. Please...let me explain.

Scott: How do you explain all this?

Rachel: Look, I saw Megan, didn't I, the day before she disappeared. I knew it mattered. But if I just said it, how it was –

Scott: That you spy on us from the train.

Rachel: You'd think I was...that there's something wrong with me. I said I was her friend, so you'd let me help.

Scott: Help! Christ, one minute I'm just a normal bloke, with a wife and a mortgage. Now I'm a circus attraction. The reporters. The curtain-twitchers opposite. You. All getting off on my pain. I mean, for fucks sake, look at what they brought me!

Rachel: Weren't they just trying to be nice?

Scott: Organic chicken? I'm a fucking vegetarian. If you don't know her, why are you here?

Rachel: ...Did she ever tell you about a place in Norfolk?

Scott: No?

Rachel: A seaside town. Holkham, I think it's called.

Scott: You don't even know her.

Rachel: At least I'm trying. What about the therapist? Did you even talk to him... Did you?

Scott: I drove to his office. Sat outside for hours but I couldn't... I just couldn't.

Rachel: Then tell the police about him. You have to. I'm sorry. I should never have come here. Scott...

Scott: Yeah?

Rachel: It doesn't matter.

Scott: You were gonna say it, just say it.

Rachel: Why were you cleaning right after Megan went missing? It seems like you'd have bigger things to worry about.

Scott: It was a bird. A magpie had got trapped inside the house. It couldn't get out. It shat everywhere. I was just cleaning up.

Rachel: What happened to the bird?

Scott: It hurt its wing, trying to get out. It was just... I had to put it out of its misery. I don't know how much more of this I can take.

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.