

## SAMPLE PAGES from RAIN LIKE GLASS

by ANDREW SHAKESHAFT

### CAST

MARCUS  
MARIA  
YOUNG EDMUND  
YOUNG MARCUS  
FATHER  
MUM  
LUKE  
CLAIRE  
EDMUND  
BOSS

Ten roles - 7 Male and 3 female, can easily double, following the guidelines below.

Of the above, Father, Mother and the Boss are small parts [though the Boss does have long speeches.] All three of these are easy to double - Claire or Maria with Mum, Luke with Father - anyone, except Marcus, with Boss. It might be interesting, should you wish it, to have Claire doubling as Boss. Young Marcus and Marcus could be doubles, and Young Edmund and Edmund also, though all these parts are pretty weighty without this.

All these possible permutations make for a very versatile script with examinable length parts, providing Mum and Father are doubled.

The fewest it can be performed with is 2 Male, 2 Female, but these would be very busy. Best would be 4 Male and 2 Female.

### STORYLINE

Marcus is haunted by his past and especially an incident that occurred in his childhood. He struggles to believe in himself, sure that his older brother is more talented than him in every way. We see him making inadequate attempts at having a relationship with Maria, and in his first cut-throat job in the stock market, where he is bullied and taken advantage of by Luke and Claire. These two are out to make money by illegal means and have chosen Marcus as their fall-guy, who will take the rap for everything if it all goes pear-shaped.

But Marcus, despite all odds, does begin to fight his own corner. He tricks Luke and Claire without them realising it till it's too late. Harder is his burgeoning relationship with Maria, but with her help he comes to face up to his past and the accidental death of Edmund when they were boys. It is only at the end that the audience realises that Edmund is not real, but a figment created by Marcus's own sense of guilt. With his ghosts faced, Marcus is able to finally move on and live his own life with confidence.

The play's running time is approx one hour fifteen minutes. It could easily be cut to examinable length. Andrew Shakeshaft is an award-winning playwright and many of his plays have been professionally performed.

RAIN LIKE GLASS

EXTRACT ONE

**Lights snap up on Marcus and Maria standing on separate sides of the stage. When they speak they are both talking at the same time, and they then stop at the same time, as if trying to allow the other to talk, though they don't look at each other.**

MARCUS You see what happened...  
MARIA I just want to explain...

**Beat.**

MARCUS When you get into this sort of relationship...  
MARIA It's impossible to break up with someone when...

**Beat.**

MARCUS I didn't really know what love was...  
MARIA I was deeply in love with him...

**Beat.**

MARCUS Sorry...  
MARIA Marcus, it's okay.

**Beat.**

MARCUS I'm really sorry...  
MARIA Marcus, it's really okay...

**Beat. Now they speak after each other and to the audience.**

MARCUS This is a very simple story.  
MARIA It's complicated - far too complicated for me to have grasped it straight away. But now we've broken up, it makes more sense.  
MARCUS It's a simple story about a guy who leaves home, moves to the city and tries to better himself...  
MARIA It's far from simple.  
MARCUS And find love.  
MARIA I'm not sure if he ever really loved me.  
MARCUS And then it's the old cliché - boy meets girl.  
MARIA Girl meets ... boy ... and doesn't quite realise what she's getting herself into.  
MARCUS I wasn't easy to be with.  
MARIA And he knew that. When he tried to explain it he kept talking about this planet.  
MARCUS I was never good at putting my thoughts into words.  
MARIA It was called a blue - something.  
MARCUS An azure blue.  
MARIA That was it.  
MARCUS I was just trying to explain why I was the way I was.  
MARIA I never understood it back then.  
MARCUS Its name is HD189733b. It's just been discovered and it's an azure blue. Millions of light years away. But the thing about it is - it rains glass there.  
MARIA I get it now, obviously. He was trying to say that...  
MARCUS Don't you think it's amazing? To take something as simple as rain, something we take for granted, and if you change its chemical make-up by

putting it in a different environment, put different temperatures and pressures on it, it becomes silica and sodium oxide, not hydrogen and oxygen. Rain turns into glass - it rains glass. Can you picture what that would do?

MARIA He was never good at explaining his feelings. If he had been... it might have been different.

MARCUS So if you take a child, for example, and put different pressures on them, push them into different situations, force them to live in a different environment, not the one they should have lived in - just think how that can change the adult they become. Does that make sense?

MARIA And it never did. But that's because originally he hadn't even worked it out for himself.

MARCUS I don't know why I'm like this.

***Together.***

MARCUS Sorry.

MARIA It's okay.

MARCUS It's a simple story. Two boys grew up together in their parents' house in the country. One named Marcus - that's me... and my older brother, called Edmund.

***Lights snap to blackout. Music begins, eerie and evocative. Lights come up to reveal a patch of woodland. Young Edmund is standing on one side of a gap while young Marcus is on the other. Edmund holds a rope which is suspended from the ceiling. They are dressed in roughed up casual clothes and look as if they have been outdoors for most of the day.***

YOUNG EDMUND Grab it when I throw it, okay?

YOUNG MARCUS No!

YOUNG EDMUND What's wrong with you? Just grab it!

YOUNG MARCUS Edmund, please. I can't do it.

YOUNG EDMUND I'll swing it across now.

***Young Edmund swings the rope. Marcus goes to grab it but begins to overbalance, panics and moves backwards, letting the rope swing between them and rest in the middle.***

YOUNG EDMUND You thick or something?

YOUNG MARCUS I was gonna fall.

YOUNG EDMUND How are we going to get it now, you idiot?

YOUNG MARCUS I can't do it.

YOUNG EDMUND You're pathetic. Mum's right.

YOUNG MARCUS Don't say that.

YOUNG EDMUND She was shouting at Dad. Said you were all limp cos he was soft on you.

YOUNG MARCUS Shut up!

YOUNG EDMUND Prove it then.

YOUNG MARCUS It's getting dark.

YOUNG EDMUND You going to cry?

YOUNG MARCUS We should get back.

YOUNG EDMUND How can we? You dropped the rope.

YOUNG MARCUS You can get it.

YOUNG EDMUND Have I got to do everything?

***Young Edmund grabs a stick and reaches out for the rope.***

YOUNG MARCUS Be careful!

YOUNG EDMUND What do you care?

***Young Edmund gets the rope with the stick and pulls it towards him.***

YOUNG EDMUND Now get out the way.

***Young Edmund swings across and kicks Young Marcus as he lands on the other side.***

YOUNG MARCUS Ow!

YOUNG EDMUND Serves you right. Tie that rope up - we'll come back tomorrow.

## EXTRACT TWO

***Marcus is standing by the photocopier. Luke and Claire are waiting next to him.***

LUKE You going to be long, skipper?

MARCUS What?

LUKE You copying War and Faeces?

MARCUS War and what?

CLAIRE War and Peace - that's what he means. It's long - a long book. He's being funny - and aggressive. Take the hint.

MARCUS Right. I'm almost ...

LUKE You okay this morning? Bit too heavy on the night out, was it?

CLAIRE You did look quite...

LUKE Always tricky for the new boy.

MARCUS I was fine...

CLAIRE We took a vote on whether you'd make it home.

MARCUS Thanks.

LUKE Just for fun.

MARCUS Nice of you.

CLAIRE Samantha said you'd end up dead in the river.

MARCUS What?

LUKE It's just a laugh. Chill out, squire.

MARCUS Who's Samantha.

CLAIRE ***looking at him as though he's stupid*** Samantha?

LUKE You know - Samantha.

MARCUS Oh... Samantha.

CLAIRE Samantha.

LUKE There you go.

MARCUS No idea who you're talking about.

LUKE Samantha.

CLAIRE Sa...man...tha?

MARCUS I know how you say the word 'Samantha'. Slowing it down doesn't mean I know who it is.

CLAIRE That's just rude.

MARCUS What is?

LUKE Wake up, fella, you've finished.

***Marcus picks up his sheets of paper.***

CLAIRE No wonder she wanted you dead.

LUKE Just for a laugh though.

CLAIRE Oh God, yeh. She wouldn't hurt a fly.

LUKE So funny though.

CLAIRE I was laughing so hard I nearly cacked myself.  
MARCUS That's a nice image.  
CLAIRE You are so rude - do you know that?  
MARCUS I haven't done anything.  
CLAIRE Says it all really, doesn't it?  
LUKE It is a bit rude, skipper.  
CLAIRE Are you a Pisces?  
MARCUS No.  
CLAIRE I thought so.  
MARCUS What does that mean?  
LUKE You need to try and fit in a bit more, captain. Know what I mean?  
MARCUS No, I don't. How can I?  
CLAIRE Do you remember Dave?  
LUKE Yeh, Dave - that's right.  
CLAIRE *to Marcus* You're going the same way as him.  
LUKE Sad story that one. Be careful, duke, okay?  
MARCUS Duke? Really?  
CLAIRE Such a shame. I used to think you were cute. No chance now.  
MARCUS That's a pity. I was already picturing what our kids would look like.  
CLAIRE *aggressive* What did you say?  
MARCUS It's a joke.  
LUKE Not funny.  
CLAIRE Don't come near me.  
MARCUS It was just... I was joining in.  
CLAIRE You're not funny. I am so upset by what you've just said. I'm going to report you.  
LUKE Not funny, fella.  
MARCUS I'm sorry.  
CLAIRE Too late now, isn't it? That boat has flown.  
MARCUS Sailed.  
CLAIRE Are you correcting me?  
MARCUS Not any more.  
LUKE Just leave it.  
CLAIRE Don't come near me.

***Marcus holds his hands up in apology.***

LUKE I'll have a word with her, don't worry. You've just got to relax a bit, yeh? Have a chat with Samantha - she can do funny - you could pick up some tips.

***Marcus walks downstage away from the photocopier.***

LUKE *to Claire* Won't last five minutes.

EXTRACT THREE

***Lights snap up to reveal the Boss, sitting behind a large desk. Marcus turns to face him.***

BOSS 'There is no 'l' in 'team.' You heard that one?  
MARCUS Yeah.  
BOSS I assumed you had. But then, if we 'assume,' it makes an 'ass' out of 'u' and 'me' ... Get it? You know that one?

MARCUS BOSS Yes.  
I don't want to give you a load of management-speak here, Marcus, so I'm going to be straight with you. Okay?

MARCUS BOSS Thank you.  
You don't know what I'm going to say yet. How do you find your job?

MARCUS BOSS It's very rewarding.  
Helping blind people across the road is 'rewarding', Marcus. Curing cancer is 'rewarding'. What you are doing is neither of these things, is it? Are you curing cancer?

MARCUS BOSS I don't think so. No.  
Don't get smart with me. What you are doing should be financially beneficial. It's not supposed to give you a warm fuzzy feeling inside. It's supposed to make money. Are you making money?

MARCUS BOSS I do okay.  
And how do you find 'okay' as an aspiration? It's right up there with 'sort of' and 'almost', isn't it?

MARCUS BOSS Are you firing me?  
Maybe. [*He pauses for slightly too long, as if he's considering it.*]  
Not good, is it?

MARCUS BOSS I don't follow.  
What if I said 'maybe' to every question anyone ever asked of me? What if I sat on the fence, decided not to commit myself? [*Pause. He considers Marcus.*] You know what bi-sexual is?

MARCUS BOSS I think so.  
It's the category for people who can't make their minds up. And all power to them. In their own way it gives them more to look at on a hot day at the beach. But I can't run a company like it. Understand?

MARCUS BOSS I got a bit lost by the beach thing.  
And that's your problem. You like being the guy who's got a smart answer for stuff, the guy who chats back, the guy who likes to hang round on the edge of the picture - not really trying, because if you don't try your hardest you've always got an excuse when you fail... Am I right?

MARCUS BOSS No.  
Really? Bit of backbone at last? No?

MARCUS BOSS No. I'm not like that.  
You're a youngest brother - never quite lived up to Daddy's expectations? Something like that? I don't want to go all Freud and Jung on you, only in your case it seems obvious. Am I close?

MARCUS BOSS I'm not like that.  
Sure?

MARCUS BOSS Yes.

***Pause.***

BOSS Good. Are you going to pull your finger out of wherever it's been stuck for the past month and start working for this company?

MARCUS BOSS Yeah.  
I want to see your investors double - maybe even triple. Can you cope with that?

MARCUS BOSS Yes.  
And because I should have fired you today, and I'm not a complete imbecile, I'm putting Luke alongside you.

***Luke steps out of the shadows.***

LUKE BOSS You okay, scout?  
He knows what he's doing. Follow what he does. [*To Marcus.*] And if you find yourself here in a month's time, I will fire you. Are we all clear?

LUKE Yes, sir.  
MARCUS Yes... Sir.

#### EXTRACT FOUR

MARCUS She was way out of my league. About six divisions above. And I wasn't even in the play-offs. But we did used to smile at each other - which is a start, isn't it? I'm not good with women. At least, I say that - I've never really known any to find out. And one day she spoke to me.

***The sound of rain is heard. He pulls up his collar again. The lights open out again to reveal the bus stop. But no Edmund this time. Maria walks up to him and offers him some of her umbrella.***

MARCUS Thanks, I'm fine.  
MARIA Suit yourself.

***Pause. Maria is staying dry; Marcus is getting wetter. She smiles at him. Pause. Marcus is getting even wetter.***

MARCUS Okay, yes please. I would like some umbrella.

***Maria laughs slightly and puts the umbrella over both of them.***

MARCUS Sorry, I'm so used to sorting stuff out for myself. I'm not very good at accepting... err - from strangers. That sounds weird, doesn't it? You don't look strange... That sounded worse...

MARIA Sssh.

***Beat.***

MARCUS Yeah. Probably a good idea. I never know when to ... [***Smiles. Pause.***]  
Do you get the twenty-three?

MARIA Yes.

MARCUS So do I.

MARIA Good.

MARCUS I like it.

MARIA Do you?

MARCUS Well, it's a ... nice bus... [***Raises his eyebrows at his lack of communication ability.***]

MARIA It has particularly fine seats.

***Beat. Maria laughs. Marcus joins her.***

MARCUS I'm - er ... I'm...

MARIA I'm Maria. Nice to meet you.

MARCUS Thank you.

MARIA What's your name?

MARCUS Marcus. Nice name.

MARIA It's all right.

MARCUS I mean Maria. It's pretty. Is pretty okay?

MARIA Of course it is. Thank you.

***Marcus sees the bus.***

MARCUS Here it comes.

MARIA So it does. Doesn't it look - nice.

**Marcus smiles and Maria giggles. Sound of bus pulling up. Maria steps onto it and exits.**

MARIA See ya.  
MARCUS It was nice to ... Bye.

**Members of the cast all push past Marcus, then go back round to do it again, giving the impression of everyone pushing past and leaving him behind as he stands, getting wet, staring after Maria. Sound of bus starting and moving off. Beat.**

MARCUS Oh shit. I've missed my bus.

**Edmund appears in the background.**

EDMUND Well done, little brother.  
MARCUS Are you following me?  
EDMUND Now, she looked cute.  
MARCUS **touching Edmund's suit** How are you dry? It's pissing down.  
EDMUND You do look a bit wet. Was that the first impression you were hoping for?  
MARCUS Do you know her?  
EDMUND Wouldn't want to say.  
MARCUS Edmund, do you know her?  
EDMUND What if I did?  
MARCUS Stop playing with me.  
EDMUND You really like her, don't you?  
MARCUS I've just met her.  
EDMUND You've got that look in your eye... Is there going to be a wedding?  
Should I buy a hat?  
MARCUS Don't go out with her.

**Beat.**

EDMUND What?  
MARCUS Please.  
EDMUND Don't be pathetic.  
MARCUS I'm just asking.  
EDMUND Well, don't. Give me some credit. Give yourself some....

EXTRACT FIVE

MARIA One day, out of the blue - confident as you like - he walks straight up to me and asks me out.  
MARCUS I know this great restaurant, you'll love it. Please say...  
MARIA **firm** Yes!

**Marcus smiles. Blackout. The lights come up to reveal Marcus' apartment. Edmund is there. Marcus is trying to get ready.**

MARCUS **doing his tie in the mirror** It's lovely to see you.  
EDMUND I've been here all night. I made you a cup of tea.  
MARCUS Not you...  
EDMUND Sorry, you're practising. Big date ... huge ...



MARCUS Shut up!

EDMUND So this is the one from the bus stop?

MARCUS Yes.

EDMUND The women I see hanging around bus stops all wear fishnets and are called things like Monique and Madam...

MARCUS She's not a prostitute.

EDMUND That's good. Cheaper as well, date-wise.

MARCUS **turning on Edmund** I don't do this.

EDMUND What?

MARCUS I'm no good at it. I need to ... without you... [**Desperate.**] What would you do?

EDMUND Sorry?

MARCUS No, it's okay.

EDMUND You're asking for advice?

MARCUS No, it's okay.

EDMUND No, that's good. If I was about to date the woman you fancy - well ... I'd kill you first, makes it simpler. Then - I'd obviously be better looking and that tiny bit sexier before we started - so it's not really a fair comparison. I said, don't bother.

MARCUS I think I'd open with a joke about a nun, a bicycle and a butternut squash.

EDMUNBD I'm not listening. Can you see me not listening?

MARCUS There was this girl I went out with...

EDMUND Which one?

MARCUS Oh, I don't know... blonde one. Looked like her head had been put on slightly off centre... started telling me all about her exes...

EDMUND Is this going to help me?

MARCUS **impersonating** 'And then there was Dave, couldn't kiss and liked feet.' That sort of monotone that sends you to sleep. 'And Anthony - no hair apart from where I didn't like hair, oh, and there was Paul...'

MARCUS **to audience** But he never really helped. Never said anything I couldn't have come up with myself... which really wound me up, because he was the one who was supposed to be better than me. [**To Edmund. Annoyed.**] I get the idea.

EDMUND The whole night - starter, main course, pudding... 'Susan - who turned out to be a woman; obviously I didn't know she was called Susan when we started...'

MARCUS **disbelieving** Come on!

EDMUND Straight up. The final one was Barry: 'Then there was Barry ... he died...'

**Marcus winces awkwardly.**

EDMUND '... in a boating accident...' 'That's terrible,' I'm saying, and 'So many people die in that sort of way - that's a terrible thing, boating accident - awful,' and I feel about two foot tall and she looks at me straight in the eye and says, 'Yes. It was Summer. He was walking through Tesco's and a large box of inflatable boats fell off the top shelf and landed on his head...'

[**Pause.**] ... I couldn't finish the meal.

MARCUS You're still not helping.

EDMUND Simple. The moral of the story - don't talk about your exes. Keep it lively. Keep it future.

MARCUS That is easy for you to say. You're not the one who fails. You're not the one constantly pushed to the bottom and compared to his brilliant older brother.

EDMUND Is this about Mum and Dad again?

MARCUS All those arguments they have, and each one turns round to you. Wouldn't Edmund have done that better? Wouldn't Edmund have achieved more

EDMUND in that situation? Wouldn't Edmund just have looked better whilst doing it?  
Don't blame me for that.  
MARCUS Christ! You just don't see it! Leave me alone.

**Lights snap to blackout. Then a tightly focused spot comes up on Marcus' face. He fixes his tie again.**

MARCUS *quietly* It's lovely to meet you. Did you drive here? That's nice.

**Edmund's face appears next to Marcus'.**

EDMUND Why are you hiding in the bathroom?  
MARCUS Because it's quieter - and it didn't have you in it.  
EDMUND You won't be meeting her in the bathroom. You know that, don't you? It's not that sort of restaurant. I hope.  
MARCUS I'm not saying anything more to you.  
EDMUND Where are you taking her?  
MARCUS Marco's.  
EDMUND Ouch - expensive. You need me to lend you some?  
MARCUS No, I'm covered. Thanks.  
EDMUND Something I should know about?  
MARCUS No, it's fine. Got some new business opportunities. I don't need to borrow money.  
EDMUND Good for you. Well done, little brother. You're right. Things are looking up.

**Edmund exits. Marcus looks at himself nervously in the mirror.**

MARCUS Yeah, they are.

**Blackout.**

MARIA I'd said I'd meet him at his flat - and he said no straight away. Weirdly  
straight away - like he was hiding something. But it was all right - he  
was a private sort of guy. That's fine. Odd he said no that quickly  
though. But he was sweet. And the first date was ... Well, it was a  
mess. But it was fun...

EXTRACT SIX

EDMUND She is way out of your league.  
MARCUS What are you doing here?  
EDMUND Just going for a stroll. Lovely night for it.  
MARCUS Are you spying on me? That's a bit weird, isn't it?  
EDMUND Way out of your league.  
MARCUS Piss off!  
EDMUND Does she know what you earn?  
MARCUS Not a problem. I'm sorting it.  
EDMUND Ha! Good luck with that. She'll drop you so fast...  
MARCUS Stay away from her!  
EDMUND Is that a threat?  
MARCUS Yes. It is, as a matter of fact.  
EDMUND **mocking** 'As a matter of fact...' Don't start standing up to me now. It doesn't suit you.  
MARCUS You go anywhere near her...  
EDMUND And? What you gonna do about it?

MARCUS *throwing his hands up* Just ... just piss off!

***Marcus walks into his solo spot as the other lights fade.***

MARCUS What you gonna do about it? ... I went to the meeting with Luke with those words going round my head. It helped - made the decision a lot easier. And in my back pocket was Edmund's birth certificate. Easy really to open some types of bank accounts around the world. It's all you need. You can make up the rest - they never really check. They're just pleased to get your money.

***Lights snap up to reveal a meeting room. Luke is explaining the money making scheme to him. Claire brings in coffee and gives one to Marcus.***

LUKE You ever heard of Ponzi?

MARCUS Not really...

LUKE Great guy - good example to us all. If you have a brilliant idea, don't get caught. He did - shame. How many clients have you got on your book at the minute?

MARCUS Thirty-five ... Give or take.

CLAIRE Give or take what?

MARCUS One or two.

***Claire laughs.***

LUKE I've got five hundred. Know why?

MARCUS Is this us starting?

LUKE What d'you mean?

MARCUS I'm just...

LUKE You said your brother was coming. You want me to wait for him?

MARCUS No. I told him not to come.

LUKE You sure?

MARCUS Yes, definitely. You were right. Best not to involve him - only in name.

LUKE Good boy - see? This is you making it on your own, Marcus - you with me? This is you stepping out of his shadow.

***Marcus half smiles.***

CLAIRE Can we get on with this.

LUKE Course we can. Now - my five hundred clients - know why they're special?

MARCUS No.

LUKE None of them know each other. Absolute complete strangers who I am guiding through the financial crisis. That's me, one step ahead of Ponzi there!

CLAIRE D'you want to write this down?

MARCUS I didn't ... [bring a pen.]

CLAIRE Don't worry, you'll be fine.

LUKE It's like a wheel, okay?

CLAIRE You know what a wheel is, right, Marcus?

LUKE Stop taking the piss out of him.

CLAIRE But it's so easy!

MARCUS A wheel.

LUKE Good. You are at the centre of it. Each spoke of that wheel invests in your product - let's call it a ...

CLAIRE Future Trading Hedge Fund.

LUKE Catchy, eh? You know what one is?

MARCUS No.

CLAIRE Neither do the investors.

LUKE Your spokes all put in a thousand pounds. You promise them a return, higher than they'd get anywhere else. You've got ten spokes on your wheel, so now you've got a bank account which shows ten thousand in profit, right? So each of your investors gets shown a statement, from a legitimate bank, saying that they've just turned their one thousand into ten, or five, or three - depending on how slowly you want to play it. None of your spokes know each other, so they have no way of knowing that they are taking part in a scheme where everyone is being shown exactly the same information - might make them suspicious over drinks at the country club. But they're pleased - they re-invest - they definitely don't withdraw, because they know how well it's doing. You, Marcus, gain a reputation for brilliant returns, so more people invest with you, you've got more money coming in, more people want to sign up - but you've got a waiting list, see, so that at the end of your first year you can pay off your original ten with a strong investment. But all those who've joined along the way have got to wait until they can receive a dividend. If they want to receive one at all. They might just be looking for the big final pay-off at the end of ten, twenty, thirty years. You've become their pension. They don't want the physical cash - just the occasional statement proving that it's there...

CLAIRE *sarcastic* You can use a computer and a printer, right?

MARCUS Yeah, thanks.

LUKE You can take your fee off the top. Charles Ponzi failed because he got too ambitious. Madoff failed. You heard of Madoff?

MARCUS Vaguely.

LUKE He failed because the economic climate went against him. There was a sudden downturn. Investors stopped wanting to invest in anything. They all wanted their money out and he didn't have enough to go around. We're in a slump, a quadruple dip recession. If someone's found an investment that makes money, they want to keep it. They want to watch it rise as the market recovers. We're sitting on pots of their money for the next half century - if we want it...

MARCUS But at the end? We can't pay everyone at the end.

CLAIRE The market's going up.

LUKE Any money we've skimmed off the top can be invested in legitimate rises in the market. We've got jam today and jam tomorrow. Our investors have only got their jam tomorrow, but they'll be happy with that.

CLAIRE We've just got a few papers that we'd need you to sign.

LUKE Which is why you've brought your brother's papers, okay?

MARCUS Yeah.

LUKE Are you sure about this? If anything goes wrong, it'll be his name on the paperwork...

MARCUS *knowing* And you said nothing could go wrong.

LUKE I did, didn't I?

MARCUS So where's the problem?

CLAIRE He's got you there.

LUKE Okay. You sign for him. I create an identity for him from this certificate. We open some bank accounts...

MARCUS How soon before the first money comes in?

LUKE You worried about the money?

MARCUS I'm just saying...

CLAIRE He's got ladies to impress....

EXTRACT SEVEN

MARCUS Does this ever end? Lies upon lies. They're just piling up.  
LUKE Are you losing your bottle, duke?  
MARCUS If they work out it doesn't add up, it's all got Edmund's name on it...  
LUKE Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. Because if they find out that none of it's real, we're all screwed - your brother, me, her - you. They'll come after all of us. And guess whose name's on the bottom of my paperwork?  
MARCUS I know, but ...  
LUKE Your brother's...

**Beat.**

MARCUS What?  
LUKE Every action I've taken, every client I've mis-sold to, all leads back to him. It was good of you to sign all those forms.  
CLAIRE Mine too, before you ask. He's culpable for all of it. It's gonna make for a tricky family Christmas, I reckon.  
LUKE He's even got offshore accounts you never knew about, set up by him in person, if only they can remember what he looks like. Which they won't. So it was definitely him, because it had his name on it. They've got his birth certificate.  
CLAIRE Basically - and I think I can say this without fear of contradiction - if they discover our scheme, you're fucked.  
LUKE She has a beautiful way with words.  
MARCUS That isn't possible.  
LUKE It's inevitable. Why d'you think we brought you in on this, skipper? Because you're an idiot who wanted to feel all warm and special, like you matter to the world. You're here because I don't want to go to prison for this - fair enough? And it's not that I want you to go to prison for this. It's not personal. I want no-one to go to prison for this. Which is why you need it pointed out to you that if we go down, you are...  
CLAIRE ...fucked.  
LUKE Beautiful.

**Marcus puts his hand up to his head in disbelief. Claire takes out a handful of photographs from an inside pocket and starts to place them on the table in front of Marcus.**

MARCUS What are these?  
CLAIRE You know what they are.  
MARCUS **starting to leaf through the photographs** I don't... H..h..how...?  
CLAIRE I like this one particularly. She looks really cute in that one.  
MARCUS Where did you get these? Is that her flat?  
CLAIRE That's Maria's flat... and her car she uses at weekends ... and there's her out shopping for underwear... I've got the receipt as well, if you want it? She spent thirty pounds on knickers - not very nice ones either.  
MARCUS This isn't legal. You can't do this...  
LUKE Wake up, squire. None of this is legal. All bets are off. Everything is fair game... I'm not going down for this.  
CLAIRE I just wanted to draw your attention to one similarity in all of these pictures.  
MARCUS I've got to go.  
LUKE **angry** Sit down!  
CLAIRE There's a man standing just in the background... There... that's the clearest one of him, though there are others. He's the shadow in that one. And that is his car. We're paying him, and he will keep following your lovely Maria, and one day he might have to tell her that you're a man who rips off little old ladies for their pensions. Or he might follow her home one night and -

when you're not there ... But I'll leave that to your imagination.  
MARCUS *weakly* I've got to go.  
LUKE You don't breathe a word of this...  
CLAIRE Bye.  
MARCUS *to audience* The rope swing...

***Luke and Claire exit. The sound of eerie music is heard. Young Marcus is standing high up on the platform. Young Edmund is close by.***

YOUNG EDMUND Grab the rope. It's nearly dark...

#### EXTRACT EIGHT

MARCUS Do you like the flat?

#### ***Pause.***

MARIA What?  
MARCUS You've not seen it before. D'you like it?  
MARIA Yes, it's okay. It's ... nice...  
MARCUS No it's not. That's not important though. What's important is that you're here... and I love you.

#### ***Maria holds her hand to her face.***

MARCUS And I need you to do something for me. I know this is probably the end for us, because I've lied and not trusted you and never been good enough for you but ... can you do one last thing for me - please?  
MARIA Marcus...  
MARCUS Please?  
MARIA Yes.. of course I will.  
MARCUS I need you to count the doors.  
MARIA What?  
MARCUS I know. Please. Stay with me. I need you to count the doors in this flat. There's one, going to the outside... That's one.  
MARIA Marcus, you're scaring me.  
MARCUS This is important and I hadn't realised it till now. Please, I've had a bad day. Please can you count the doors.  
MARIA *hesitantly* One...  
MARCUS To outside - good.  
MARIA Two.  
MARCUS Kitchen. Small. I don't use it much.  
MARIA Three.  
MARCUS Bedroom. Basic, but ... [***Gestures her to go on.***]  
MARIA Four.  
MARCUS Bathroom.

#### ***Beat.***

MARIA Bathroom.  
MARCUS Yes - see? Simple. I need to get help - you're right. I need to go home - to my home, to get help ... and to see my parents. I never told you why I left... It's because the arguments got so bad. And it was always about how I could never be as good as my brother. So as soon as I could, I went. Because there's a simple question, which I am praying is

racing through your head right now. I hope it is ... because if it is, it  
means I'm not insane. Or at least, I am insane but I can not be -  
sometimes - and that question is... [***He holds his hands***  
***out to Maria.***]

MARIA Where does your brother sleep?

MARCUS It's so simple, isn't it? You can't live up to a shadow, can you? And when  
I ran away from home, it's because I couldn't cope with that reality any  
longer. And when I arrived here, he was here. I made it happen...