

PAULINE: Five years ago I was young and stupid.

CHARLIE: So what's changed?

*DOLLY enters.*

DOLLY: Roscoe's back.

*PAULINE starts wailing. Enter RACHEL.*

CHARLIE: Hello Roscoe! Come in son. Did you get your bangers?

RACHEL: I did not get my bangers, No. And I didn't get no banker's draft neither. That's why I'm here.

CHARLIE: I give the bangers to that geezer of yours. Two hundred.

RACHEL: And the six thousand?

CHARLIE: Let's have lunch, at the Cricketers, I'll have it all signed off by then.

RACHEL: What's she singing about?

CHARLIE: This is her grieving for your death from three days ago. She's always a bit behind.

RACHEL: I'd like a word with her, if that's alright. Alone.

CHARLIE: Alright Roscoe. Take your time.

*CHARLIE exits.*

RACHEL: Pauline -

PAULINE: - Piss off! I hate you! You've ruined my life.

RACHEL: I know what would make you feel better.

PAULINE: You bleeding well touch me, and I'll scream!

RACHEL: I have a secret.

PAULINE: I don't want to know anything about your life, I wish you were dead.

RACHEL: *(Aside.)* I can't bear to see her suffer any longer. I am dead.

PAULINE: Are you? No! Really? What's it like?

RACHEL: Roscoe Crabbe, my brother is dead.

PAULINE: You're Roscoe's brother?!

RACHEL: Sister.

PAULINE: I don't understand!

RACHEL: I'm Rachel, Roscoe's twin sister.

PAULINE: Oh yeah! They said he was one of two identical twins.

RACHEL: It is not possible for identical twins to be different sexes.

PAULINE: Why not?

RACHEL: Because one would be male and the other female.

PAULINE: I don't understand.

RACHEL: All you need to know is that I am a woman.

PAULINE: So, hang on, that means, I can't marry you, dunnit.

RACHEL: More importantly it means you can marry Alan.

PAULINE: Can I!?

RACHEL: In the near future.

PAULINE: I'd better go tell him.

*PAULINE makes for the door, but RACHEL stops her, grabbing her sleeve.*

RACHEL: No! My identity must remain a secret. I need your help.

PAULINE: I'll do anything to marry Alan. I love him.

RACHEL: I too am in love.

PAULINE: Really? With Alan?

RACHEL: No, with Stanley.

PAULINE: It's weird innit. Love. It's like being mad.

RACHEL: Insane. Look at me. Dressed in my dead brother's clothes.

PAULINE: Maybe this is your way of grieving for him.

RACHEL: Yes. I hadn't thought of that. *(They hold hands, consoling each other.)*

We girls have to help each other.

*They hug spontaneously. Enter CHARLIE.*

CHARLIE: Sorry, shoulda knocked. Well, well I never. I'll come back in half an hour. Put a record on. *(CHARLIE turns to go.)*

RACHEL: Charlie, you can go ahead with plans for our wedding.

CHARLIE: Right!?

PAULINE: But I need time...to choose a dress.

RACHEL: And the banker's draft is –

CHARLIE: – Roscoe, trust me, the money's no problem. I'd better go tell Laurence Olivier it's off. Kaw! Harry Dangle won't like this. *(CHARLIE heads for the door and is gone.)*

PAULINE: Oh bleedin' heck! What if dad tells Alan, Alan might think we've had it off.

RACHEL: What would Alan do, if he were to think that?

PAULINE: He'd go into one. He's known as a dangerous actor.

RACHEL: I can look after myself.

PAULINE: I know, but still, I'd better get to him before dad does.

*PAULINE heads for the door. But is held by the arm by RACHEL.*

RACHEL: You swore to keep my secret.

PAULINE: How long do I have to go along wiv this lie?

RACHEL: Stanley and I are going to have to live in Australia.

PAULINE: Oh no! Australia?! Oh no! Oh my God! Australia? Uurgh! How awful!

RACHEL: It'll be a terrible outdoorsie life, sustained by lager, barbecues, and opera.

PAULINE: I sympathise wiv yer, but my Alan, he's suffering right now.

RACHEL: Trust me. My plan will deliver to you the husband of your choice –

PAULINE: – Alan?

RACHEL: Yes, Alan. And the pain you feel now, will be forgotten in a couple of weeks' time. The night always seems darkest just before dawn.

PAULINE: What?

RACHEL: That bit of the night, you know, just before dawn always seems really dark, although it isn't, it's just the contrast with the light of morning.

PAULINE: I don't understand!

*End of Scene.*

#### SCENE FOUR

*A first floor aperitif bar squeezed between two private dining rooms. The dining rooms are named the Compton Room (stage right) and the Bradman Room (stage left). Upstage centre the stairs go down to the ground floor and the kitchens. There are autographed cricket bats on the wall. Upstage left is a life-sized plywood cut out representation of W.G. Grace with the face cut away. FRANCIS enters from the stairs, in a panic. Goes to the door of the Compton suite.*

FRANCIS: Roscoe, has insisted on having lunch with Charlie, up here, in private, instead of downstairs in the bar. Don't ask me why he wants to eat in private. I'm not paid to think. Mr Stubbers is having a lie down, which I guess you have to do a lot of when you're *lying low*. I've been nil by mouth for sixteen hours. I'm only alive cos me gall