

MARK OF CAIN



THE HIT PLAY
by
Peter Colley

A NIGHTMARE OF DECEPTION!

The Mark of Cain

OR

The Murderer In The Mirror

A Mystery-Thriller in Two Acts

by

Peter Colley

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Cast of Characters

Sean O'Neill:

A tall, handsome, powerfully built, charismatic young man in his twenties. HE has dark deep-set eyes, and a quiet brooding intensity.

Dale O'Neill:

Sean's wife. SHE is an attractive woman in her twenties. SHE is a good-natured woman, idealistic and very much in love with her husband.

Otto Sorensen:

A burly man (late 30's to late 40's). HE is a classic red-neck in his plaid shirt, dirty green work pants, and old cap. HE owns the local marina.

Molly Sorensen:

Otto's wife. SHE is a voluptuous, earthy woman in her mid-thirties, with the deep tan of someone who spends a great deal of time outdoors. SHE wears rough working clothes, although SHE still manages to look pretty good in them - thanks mainly to a pair of skin-tight blue jeans. A cigarette usually dangles from her lip, and her sex drive is constantly in high gear.

Dr. Eugenia Clifford:

A retired psychiatrist in her sixties. Despite her age and the fact that she is not well, SHE still has a commanding presence. Through many years of working in psychiatry SHE has developed a skeptical and inquiring nature and appears to be constantly analyzing each situation. HER manner is gruff, but not unfriendly.

Michael O'Neill:

(doubled) Sean's identical twin brother (this does NOT require real twins, it is played by the same actor who plays Sean). Michael has an angrier and more cynical nature than his brother.

Scene

An old cottage on the shores of a lake.

Time

Sometime in the 1980s (the pre-cell phone era)

Act I

Scene 1 - early afternoon in Autumn

Scene 2 - later that day, early evening

Scene 3 - later that same evening, about 9 o' clock

Act II

Scene 1 - later that same night

Scene 2 - a few weeks later

ACT I**Scene 1****SETTING:**

The living room of an old summer cottage, located deep in the heart of cottage country. Stage left has a large set of French doors which lead out onto a wooden deck. On either side of the French doors are tall picture windows similar in style to the doors, giving the impression that a fine view is to be had from that side of the room. There are drapes on each set of windows and the French doors. Visible outside is part of a tree which is in the full splendor of its autumn colors. The room is a split-level, with a raised section near the French doors. Stage right has a large stone fireplace, and the room has an old rustic sofa and some chairs. Leaning against the wall by the fireplace is a large axe for chopping wood. Above the fireplace is the stuffed head of a stag complete with a majestic set of antlers. Nearby a stuffed fish hangs on the wall. Upstage center is a pass-through, which gives access to the kitchen. Upstage right is a hallway, which leads to the front of the cottage, and an open stairway which leads up to the bedrooms. The ambiance is old and dark - the predominant materials being varnished wood and bare rock. There is a black rotary phone – a remnant from an even earlier period.

AT RISE:

The SOUND OF WIND as it rustles through the leaves, and the HAUNTING CALL of a few migratory birds.
 [**Note that there are cues for a musical score built into the script. The music should be in the style of Hitchcock film scores. The pre-show music should help set this mood and fade as the play starts.]

The cottage appears to have been empty for some time because the furniture is covered with white sheets. It is late autumn and old leaves lie around the room, blown in through some broken window panes.

It is early afternoon and the room is empty. The sun's rays slant across the room, and through the red and gold leaves of the tree outside. The mood is richly autumnal, although with a muted and eerie quality.

DALE O'NEILL ENTERS with a broom and starts sweeping the leaves into a pile. DALE is an attractive woman in her mid twenties, and is wearing a pair of old jeans, a shirt with bits of paint splattered on it and a cloth covering her hair. There is the sound of a CAR PULLING TO A HALT outside. DALE hears this and looks out of the window.

SEAN O'NEILL ENTERS the room. HE is a tall, powerfully built young man in his twenties. HE has dark deep-set eyes, and a quiet brooding intensity. HE tosses the car keys down on the table.

Well... ?

DALE

It's no use. He's more stubborn than ever.

SEAN

At least you tried.

DALE

I told him we were selling it, so that's the end of the matter as far as I'm concerned.

SEAN

How did he take it?

DALE

He didn't exactly burst with joy over the news.
(*Beat*)
Still no sign of Otto, I suppose?

SEAN

No.

DALE

Look at this mess! I should have known better than to ask him to look after the place.

*(SEAN goes to the French doors and looks out, darkly.
DALE goes to HIM soothingly.)*

SEAN

I should have gone with you.

DALE

No. It's better you don't see him. It's hard enough for me.
(*SEAN picks up a piece of broken glass from the floor.*)
Isn't this great! I promise you a few quiet days here and now we'll be busting our butts cleaning the place up. You deserve better than this.

SEAN

(Gives HIM a hug)
Sean, I've got everything I need right here.

DALE

I just wish I had the money to give you a decent honeymoon.

SEAN

I don't need a fancy honeymoon. We'll need the money for more important things when we sell the house.

DALE

If we can sell it. In this market.

SEAN

Relax... we'll sell it.

DALE

SEAN (*Troubled*)

Let's hope so.

(Moves away)

I'll bring in the groceries.

(SEAN, still concerned, exits through the hallway. DALE observes this for a moment and then exits after him.)

After a moment a MAN opens the French doors and pokes his head in. It is OTTO SORENSEN. OTTO is a big man (late 30's to late 40's), HE wears a plaid shirt, dirty green work pants, partly unlaced boots and an old cap. HE has a pair of radiophones over his cap (the large 1980s kind with the radio built into the headphones and an antenna sticking in the air), and is SINGING along tunelessly to a hideous Country and Western song.

HE carries a small stepladder and a metal bucket. HE goes back out onto the deck outside the French doors. HE puts the stepladder down gets a cloth from the bucket, and with the bucket in one hand clammers up the ladder and starts to clean the outside of the windows. DALE and SEAN re-ENTER with the groceries. DALE sees OTTO outside.)

DALE

(concerned)

Sean!

(SHE indicates OTTO)

SEAN

Oh, that's Otto. Finally he's doing some work around here.

(Shouts)

Hey, Otto! Otto!

(There is no reaction from OTTO, so SEAN waves at HIM.)

He can't hear me.

(SEAN goes up to the window and bangs on it.)

OTTO!

(Taken by surprise, OTTO falls backward off HIS ladder with a cry of shock.)

OTTO

Aaaaargh!

(OTTO disappears into the shrubbery while HIS bucket of water CLANGS ON the deck. SEAN and DALE dash outside to help HIM.)

DALE

Are you all right?

SEAN

It's only us! I was trying to get your attention.

(THEY help OTTO in through the French doors.)

OTTO

My God, I thought my number was up!

(HE holds HIS heart)

SEAN

I'm sorry. I thought you'd seen us.

OTTO

I was just washing down the windows when I get this bang, bang, right next to my ear! I tell you, I thought it was a ghost or something.

DALE

You knew we were coming, didn't you?

OTTO

Tomorrow! I thought you were coming tomorrow!

(Checks HIS heart again)

Listen to that! Boom, boom, boom, it's going! I thought I'd woofed my cookie that time.

SEAN

Sit down for a moment.

OTTO

I'm O.K. now. This house gives me the creeps at the best of times.

(HE calms down a bit)

So. Let's have a look at you, Sean. At least, I suppose it is Sean. I never could tell you two apart.

(HE looks closely at SEAN)

You look older.

SEAN

It's been nearly ten years.

OTTO

That long? Yes, I suppose it has.

SEAN

This is my wife, Dale. Otto Sorensen.

OTTO

Pleased to meet you.

SEAN

(Indicates out of the window)

The marina looks in good shape. Making money?

(DALE takes the sheets off the furniture.)

OTTO

Oh, ya! More tourists on the lake now. Lots of city folks doing their darndest to drown themselves. "Otto's Marina" helps them do it in style. I got fifteen rental boats now, and twenty jet skis. Yup, it's busy all right. There were three fatalities on the lake this summer... one up from last year. I bought a net for dragging up the bodies. Paid for itself in two seasons.

SEAN

(Sarcastically)
Things are going well.

OTTO

Oh, ya. Like to expand. Could give you a very nice offer for this property, you know. Of course, the first thing I'd do is knock this old horror down.

(SEAN looks at HIM icily)

I mean, you won't be wanting to live here...

(Ominously)

... in this house...

SEAN

There may be a problem there, Otto. I don't think Michael would agree to selling the land to you.

OTTO

Then don't tell him who you're selling it to.

(Nudges him)

I mean, he doesn't exactly have much choice, does he?

(OTTO laughs coarsely)

SEAN

I have a few reservations too, Otto.

OTTO

Aw, you don't still blame me for what happened, do ya?

(Beat. They look at each other)

SEAN

You never liked Michael.

OTTO

Heck, we shouldn't even be talking about this. It's over and done.

(To DALE, making light of it)

I have always said: never discuss politics, religion or family murders.

(HE laughs raucously, but the joke falls flat)

Look, why don't I call Molly over? She'd be very interested to see you again. Just a moment.

(OTTO goes over to the French doors and bellows offstage.)

MOLLY! MOLLY! COME OVER HERE!

(HE waves and bellows again)

YES. THEY'RE HERE! COME OVER!

(HE comes back in)

She's coming. So. How long are you here for?

DALE

Just 'til we clean the place up, which *(looks around)* ... may take a while.

OTTO

(Shiftily)

We tried to keep the place clean, but you know how quickly things get dusty round here.

SEAN

Gets in through all those broken windows, I'll bet.

OTTO

Ah... I've been meaning to fix those.

SEAN

I noticed the lock on the front door is broken too.

OTTO

Is it?

(Tries to be jovial)

Lots to do, eh?

SEAN *(Coldly)*

Lots.

OTTO

A lick of paint and this place will look like new. Of course, selling in this market... oh, by the way, I run a water taxi service out of the marina, and I make a regular run down the lake into town so if you need anything just give me a shout. Oh, and Dr. Clifford asked me to say hello.

SEAN *(Interested)*

Clifford!

OTTO

Yes. She bought a cottage on the lake when she retired. I deliver her mail and supplies three times a week. She's not very well, can't get about much. I think she's writing a book. In fact you're probably in it.

(MOLLY ENTERS through the French doors. SHE is a voluptuous, earthy woman in her mid-thirties, with the deep tan of someone who spends a great deal of time outdoors. SHE wears rough working clothes although she still manages to look pretty good in them, thanks mainly to a pair of skin-tight blue jeans. A cigarette dangles from HER lip. SHE looks closely at SEAN.)

MOLLY

Well, well. You haven't changed much. Still got all the women running after you?

OTTO

(Coughs)

Molly... this is Sean's wife.

(HE glares at HER with a "behave yourself" look)

Dale, this is my wife Molly.

MOLLY

Married! Never took Sean to be the marrying type. Got any kids?

DALE

No. We've only been married a few months.

MOLLY

Well enjoy it while it lasts. This is the best part of a marriage - before you want to kill each other for squeezing the toothpaste the wrong way. How does it feel being married to an identical twin?

DALE

I really don't know, I've never met Michael.

MOLLY

Just as well. I've never seen two people look so similar. Does funny things to the mind looking at the two of them. I used to baby-sit them, you know.

DALE

Really? I'll bet they were cute.

MOLLY

Cute? Yeah... they were the cutest little monsters the world has ever produced. God, they played some terrible tricks on us over the years.

OTTO

Hey, why don't you come over to our place for a nice cup of coffee?

(To DALE with a lecherous smile)

I'll take Dale for a run down the lake.

DALE

(Innocently)

I would love that.

MOLLY

How is Michael, by the way? Still crazy?

OTTO

(To MOLLY, chiding, but not unsympathetic to her viewpoint.)

They don't use words like that these days Molly. Remember? Michael is "sick", he's in a hospital.

MOLLY

What's wrong with the word "crazy"? Look, the guy got off a life sentence by claiming he was nutso. Now we have to talk about him like he's got the flu?

SEAN

(Holding himself back)

Otto, could you take a look at that lock on the front door? It may need some new parts.

OTTO

Oh, right.

(Glares at MOLLY)

We'll just be a moment.

(OTTO and SEAN exit through the hallway, leaving DALE and MOLLY alone.)

MOLLY

Huh. My big mouth... always gets me into trouble. Ah, well. What about you? How do you feel about this?

DALE

About what?

MOLLY

About being married to a man whose twin brother is a loony... sorry, "sick". I mean, these kids were more than just identical... it was eerie looking at them. I hope you know what you're getting into.

DALE

They're different people. They're two separate human beings.

MOLLY

You've never met Michael. Believe me, they're almost the same person. Michael was the worse of them though. We always used to say he's got the "mark of Cain" on him, that one. Sean is different, but I'd keep a weather eye open if I were you.

DALE

Damn it, Molly! This is my husband you're talking about!

MOLLY

Hey... calm down... I'm only trying...

DALE

I know what you're trying to do! You're just like everybody else! My parents... my friends... they all tell me the same thing. I wish everyone would just get off my back. The truth is Sean's never laid a hand on me, and all that garbage about him having an unhealthy dependence on his brother... well today is the first time he's seen Michael in over a month!

MOLLY

Touched a nerve, huh. Sorry. And you really think you can come between twins?

DALE

I've done pretty well so far.

MOLLY

Why is it women are such suckers for hopeless causes? That's how Otto got me.

(A DOOR SLAMS offstage)

OTTO (O.S.)

Looks like you'll need a whole new lock.

(OTTO ENTERS followed by SEAN)

OTTO (Continuing)

I'll pick one up in town.

(To DALE)

Do you want anything from the store? I'm heading down the lake at about three o' clock.

DALE

We're just making up a list.

OTTO

Well, if you want anything I'll be down at the landing. See you later.

(OTTO winks lasciviously at DALE and then OTTO and MOLLY exit out of the French doors. SEAN is seething.)

SEAN

If that woman says another thing about Michael I swear to God I'll tear her face off!

DALE

Don't say things like that Sean!

SEAN

I'm sorry, but she's an old cow! We used to hate her when she babysat us. As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Beecroft left she'd lock us in the cellar and wait for her latest boyfriend to creep in.

DALE

Sean, I don't think we should stay here. There are too many bad memories for you in this house.

SEAN

We have to stay. It won't sell in this condition and we need the money.

(HE looks around the room disconsolately.)

Come on, let's go for a walk down by the lake. We'll clean the place up later.

(THEY exit through the French doors, and cross the deck as THEY head down to the lake. After they have been gone for-a moment there is the SOUND OF VOICES OFFSTAGE from a different direction. A door can be heard to open and MOLLY sticks her head in from the hallway. SHE beckons to someone behind her.)

MOLLY

Come on! They won't be gone long.

(OTTO ENTERS reluctantly behind her.)

OTTO

For Heaven's sake Molly!

(MOLLY moves quickly to a cabinet and opens it. SHE carries a cardboard box and unloads a number of liquor bottles into the box. OTTO watches and keeps a lookout.)

OTTO

This is ridiculous!

(MOLLY goes over to the sofa)

MOLLY

Look, the Beecrofts never touched booze, and when Sean sees this place stacked with bottles he'll know we've been using the cottage for parties.

(MOLLY pulls a couple of empty liquor bottles out from under the sofa and puts them in the box.)

OTTO

I always said it was morbid using this place. I mean, the poor girl was murdered right in this room.

MOLLY

It was a great conversation starter. Will you check the kitchen? We may have left some in there.

OTTO *(Reluctantly)*

O.K.

(OTTO notices something in one of the boxes that Dale and Sean had brought in.)

OTTO

Now that's odd. Look at this.

(HE pulls out a bottle)

Bourbon.

MOLLY

So?

OTTO

That was Michael's favorite drink, wasn't it?

MOLLY

Yeah, that's right. He always stole ours.

(Beat. OTTO looks at HER)

OTTO

Bit of a coincidence, though, when you think about it.

MOLLY

What is?

OTTO

Sean never touched alcohol and this was Michael's favorite drink. Seems odd this is the only liquor they brought.

MOLLY

Maybe it's a gift.

OTTO

They don't allow liquor in Lakeview, and he's not allowed out.

MOLLY

Hmm. You don't think... ?

(THEY look at each other for a moment, but it is something neither of them wishes to contemplate.)

(MUSIC CUE)

OTTO *(Uncertainly)*

Nah. Security's too tight. There's no way...

MOLLY

They switched all the time when they were kids.

OTTO

Come on. Let's get out of here!

(THEY start to exit, but OTTO stops, a dark look on his face as he stares at the bottle of bourbon. HE puts the bottle down and EXITS slowly with MOLLY.)

(As they exit, music swells up as the lights fade out. The music has an eerie quality of foreboding.)

(BLACKOUT)

END OF SCENE 1

ACT I**Scene 2****AT RISE:**

Later that day. It is early evening, and the light of the setting sun slants across the room from the windows. The scene change music fades out. SEAN ENTERS with a broom and sweeps the floor. Outside, MOLLY peers through the glass of the French doors and sees HIM. Unseen by SEAN, SHE quietly opens the door and steps inside. SHE looks at SEAN for a moment with a slightly lascivious smile on her face.

MOLLY

Hi.

(SEAN turns and sees HER)

Thought I'd drop over to see if you needed a hand.

SEAN *(Coldly)*

Thanks, but we're managing fine.

MOLLY

Hey, I'm sorry if I got you mad earlier. You know I don't mean no harm.

SEAN *(Unmoved)*

That's O.K., Molly.

MOLLY

To be honest I'm kinda glad you're back. It gets real quiet here sometimes.

(Sensuously)

Especially the afternoons. Otto goes down the lake every day, you know.

(Looks HIM right in the eye)

If you ever feel like coming over for a cup of coffee or whatever...

SEAN

Molly...

MOLLY

Just like the old days.

SEAN

The old days? I think you're getting me confused with Michael.

MOLLY*(Moves towards HIM)*

Let me help you with that.

(MOLLY goes over to SEAN and runs HER hand down the broomstick handle and onto HIS arm. HE pulls away violently.)

SEAN

Get out of here!

MOLLY *(Smiles)*

Just trying to be friendly.

(Moves to the French doors)

Remember... every afternoon at three. You can set your watch by it.

(SHE gives HIM a coy smile and exits. SEAN watches HER go and thinks for a moment. HE then carries on sweeping the floor when suddenly a dark thought appears to cross his mind and HE stares out of the window with an intense look on his face.)

MUSIC CUE

A SOUND can be heard, a distant ethereal chord, like a feeling inside SEAN'S brain. Abruptly SEAN turns and looks out of the French doors as if he is feeling some strange communication from far away. The SOUND continues as DALE ENTERS from the hallway with a heavy cardboard box full of tin cans.)

DALE

Could you help me with this box, Sean?

(SEAN is still staring out of the windows, as if mesmerized. DALE puts the box down. SHE is about to exit when SHE notices SEAN'S odd behavior.)

Sean? Is something the matter?

(SEAN does not react. DALE moves toward HIM.)

Sean?

(DALE touches SEAN on the arm and abruptly the SOUND STOPS.)

MUSIC CUE ENDS.

SEAN turns to HER, startled.)

DALE

What is it?

SEAN

Huh?

DALE

Are you feeling all right?

SEAN

What? Yes. Yes, I'm fine.

DALE

Did you see something?

SEAN

No. I just felt... that something has happened.

DALE

Something has happened? You mean to Michael?

SEAN

Yes.

DALE

It's probably this house. It's bringing back memories.

(SEAN stands in the middle of the room, looking around intensely, trying to interpret what it is HE is feeling. Abruptly HE seems to snap out of it.)

SEAN

Yeah.

(HE looks around, a little confused)

What was I doing?

DALE

Judging by what you're holding in your hand you were sweeping the floor... but how about helping me with the boxes?

SEAN

(HE picks up a box and moves it into the kitchen.)

Sure. I'm sorry ...

(THEY both EXIT out of the hallway. VOICES CAN BE HEARD from outside approaching the cottage. Eventually there is a KNOCK ON the French doors, and OTTO sticks HIS head in.)

OTTO

Hello! Hello!

(OTTO comes in and looks around.)

I have a visitor for you!

(OTTO beckons to someone standing outside.)

Come on in!

(A WOMAN in her sixties ENTERS. SHE is breathing heavily from the exertion of walking up to the cottage. SHE carries a medical bag. This is DR. EUGENIA CLIFFORD.)

OTTO

(Indicating upstairs, with a leering wink to CLIFFORD.)

They can't be far away.

(DR. CLIFFORD moves into the middle of the room and looks around. Despite her age and infirmity SHE still has a commanding presence. SHE carefully takes in the room, as though she too has many memories of this place. Through many years of working in psychiatry SHE has developed a suspicious and inquiring nature and SHE appears to be constantly analyzing each situation. HER manner is gruff, but not unfriendly. SHE coughs heavily and uses an inhaler.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Damp air gets to my lungs. I shouldn't be riding in boats at my age. I suppose I should have thought of that before I bought a house on an island.

OTTO

There's a mist on the water. Might turn to fog later on. I can't guarantee I'll get you back tonight if it turns to fog.

DR. CLIFFORD

Well, we'll see.

(SEAN ENTERS through the hallway carrying a cardboard box. At first HE does not see OTTO or DR. CLIFFORD. In fact HIS mind appears to be engrossed in thought.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Hello, Sean.

(SEAN is startled by the voice.)

It's me, Dr. Clifford.

(SEAN recognizes HER and relaxes from his strangely jumpy state.)

OTTO

I brought her down the lake to see you.

SEAN

I'm sorry... I wasn't expecting anyone. How are you, doctor?

DR. CLIFFORD

As well as a person can be, I suppose, at my age. How about yourself?

SEAN

Not bad. Things are a bit disorganized right now. We just arrived this afternoon.

DR. CLIFFORD

Yes, Otto told me you'd come. I'm sorry if I'm barging in, but since Otto was coming by...

(DALE ENTERS carrying some bedding.)

SEAN

We have a visitor. Dr. Clifford, this is my wife, Dale.

DALE

Pleased to meet you.

SEAN (To DALE)

Dr. Clifford was the psychiatrist at Michael's trial. Sit down, doc. I'll light a fire. Dale, why don't you get the Doctor a drink while I get some wood.

(SEAN goes over to the fireplace and gets the wood-holder.)

DALE

Of course. What would you like Dr. Clifford? We've got tea, coffee, wine... we also have some bourbon...

DR. CLIFFORD

I'd better stick to tea. Some of these medications I'm on don't take too kindly to alcohol.

*(SEAN EXITS through the hallway with the wood-holder.
DR. CLIFFORD coughs again.)*

DALE

If there's anything I can do please let me know. I'm a Registered Nurse.

DR. CLIFFORD

Thank you, but unless you have a magic cure for rheumatism, emphysema, insomnia and old age there's not much you can do for me.

DALE

What about you Otto? Could I get you a drink?

OTTO *(Slyly)*

Well.. bourbon's my preferred poison, but I don't want to use up Sean's supply. It's his favorite drink too as I recall.

DALE

Oh, no. Sean never touches the stuff. He buys it for Michael.

OTTO

Ah. I thought they didn't allow alcohol in Lakeview...

DALE

They don't, but they're twins. They find a way.

OTTO

Well, I'd love to have a shot, but I have to go and unload the boat. I'll bring you up those things you ordered.

(OTTO EXITS thoughtfully)

DR. CLIFFORD

So, you're Sean's wife. He seems to have made a good choice. What does he do for a living these days?

DALE

Nothing. He was laid off just after we got married. He had a job at a steel mill, but it was closed down.

DR. CLIFFORD

What about yourself? Do you still work?

DALE

No. Sean's got this thing about me working. It wasn't that much of a problem until the lay-off. He thinks that if he's not the breadwinner, he's some kind of failure. I don't know what we would have done if he hadn't been left this cottage.

DR. CLIFFORD

Frankly, I was surprised when I heard that Mrs. Beecroft had left this place to the twins. Given what happened...

*(SEAN ENTERS with the wood-holder loaded with logs.
DR. CLIFFORD watches HIM carefully. SEAN seems to
feel this and becomes slightly hostile.)*

I hear you're writing a book.

SEAN (*Pointedly*)

Yes, that's right.

DR. CLIFFORD

About us?

SEAN (*Suspiciously*)

It's my memoirs. Naturally there will be a chapter or two about...

DR. CLIFFORD

So that's why you're here. You didn't waste much time, did you?

SEAN

The book is not the reason I came. I was wondering if you had seen Michael recently?

DR. CLIFFORD

I saw him today as a matter of fact.

SEAN

And how did he seem?

DR. CLIFFORD

Bad.

SEAN

Do you think Victor is coming back?

DR. CLIFFORD

He never left. Or are you still harboring those delusions that you'd cured him?

SEAN

When I retired he hadn't had any contact with Victor in over a year.

DR. CLIFFORD

Victor who? What are you talking about?

DALE

Don't you know?

DR. CLIFFORD

(To SEAN, shocked)
Didn't you tell her?

SEAN

She knows what happened. There's no need to go into all the details.

DALE

Will someone tell me what's going on!

SEAN

Look, it was a long time ago! I just came here to fix up this house and sell it! I don't want to hear another damn thing about Michael! He's my problem and I'll deal with it in my way!

DR. CLIFFORD

He's not just your problem any more, Sean. He's escaped.

SEAN

What!

DR. CLIFFORD

According to the four o'clock news a certain Michael O'Neill slipped out of the Lakeview Mental Institution...

(SEAN thinks for a moment.)

SEAN

So that's what it was. I felt that something had happened...

(Looks out of the window)

Did they say when he broke out?

DR. CLIFFORD

Early this afternoon.

SEAN

Just after I talked to him! Damn! I should never have left him in that state.

DR. CLIFFORD

I called the police and told them you were here.

SEAN

What the Hell did you do that for?

DR. CLIFFORD

Well, I think it's obvious where Michael is heading.

SEAN

I don't need any police. Michael is my responsibility.

DR. CLIFFORD

I admire your courage, but your wife at least deserves police protection.

SEAN

She's not going to stay here.

DALE

Just a minute! I think I should have a say in this. Why do I have to leave?

DR. CLIFFORD *(To DALE)*

I agree that Sean should stay, but I think it would be wiser for you to leave.

DALE

If the house is surrounded by police I'll be as safe here as anywhere.

(To SEAN)

I just don't want to leave you to face this alone.

SEAN

I can't risk it. You'll have to leave when the police arrive. I'll be all right.

(DALE gives SEAN a glance that shows she's going to put up a fight about this.)

DR. CLIFFORD

I think I should stay until Michael gets here. I asked the police to pick up some large doses of haloperidol and diazepam. We may need them.

SEAN

Did they say anything else on the radio about the escape?

DR. CLIFFORD

He stole a car.

SEAN

A car! He could be here by... hell, he could be here now!

(SEAN looks out of the French doors into the fading light.)

DR. CLIFFORD

I don't think he'll come by road. He knows it's too easy to block it. I think he'll come across the lake.

SEAN

I knew this would happen! Why doesn't anyone listen to me!

DR. CLIFFORD

I didn't tell Otto because... well, you know how he feels about Michael. But I suppose he'll find out soon enough.

SEAN

Let me talk to him.

(SEAN exits out of the French doors.)

DALE

Well, that's livened up the day. I'm glad you came, Dr. Clifford. You didn't have to get involved.

DR. CLIFFORD

Let's just say I have some unfinished business here.

DALE

Perhaps you could tell me who Victor is?

DR. CLIFFORD

I'm not sure if I should be telling you this.

DALE

Please. I think I have a right to know.

DR. CLIFFORD

Well, I suppose it's public knowledge since the trial. But you really should ask Sean.

DALE

He won't talk about it.

DR. CLIFFORD

This is strictly confidential, you understand. As children they created this fictional character called "Victor" who they claimed did all the bad things whenever they got into trouble. It

was a sort of private joke. They pretended they were triplets. It was just for fun, of course, but when Michael became ill, it turned into something more sinister.

DALE

You mean he turned into this “Victor”? Like a split personality?

DR. CLIFFORD

It's more a kind of transference – a way of channeling anger by disassociating yourself from responsibility for those actions. As if they were done by someone else. Some say it's a clever trick of a very smart kid, others that it's a genuine illness. Who knows? Disassociation is common in psychopaths, but then who hasn't had a secret friend or alter ego? It's a matter of degree. Michael has certainly honed his “Victor” persona into someone quite different from himself. Victor is well-read, erudite, quotes poetry, Shakespeare. Far from the working-class kid he normally is. It's quite an act if it is one.

DALE

But Sean isn't like that at all. He's very stable. How could Michael be so different?

DR. CLIFFORD

I'm not sure. It could be because they are mirror-image twins.

DALE

What is that?

DR. CLIFFORD

Mirror-image twins are created when the egg splits late – around 9 to 12 days after fertilization. This caused Michael to be left-handed, Sean right-handed, that sort of thing. They only look truly identical when seen in a mirror. How this effects the brain, we don't really know, but it probably gave rise to the old myth of the evil twin. And that is a myth, you know.

DALE

Do you think the mirror-image is the cause of Michael's problems?

DR. CLIFFORD

I don't think so. I traced the origin of Michael's problems back to the day their father died in a terrible accident at the sawmill. Their mother - who was always unstable - went to pieces and couldn't look after them. They were shunted around from one foster home to another, until they ended up here. Of course, Sean handled the tragedy just fine, so it's not so much the event, but how we react to it.

(The French doors open and OTTO ENTERS in a state of great animation. MOLLY comes in behind HIM, followed by SEAN.)

OTTO

Dr. Clifford! Is this true? He's out?

DR. CLIFFORD

I'm afraid so.

OTTO

So! He's finally coming back.

DR. CLIFFORD

Yes, and I think it would be better if you weren't around.

OTTO

Yeah, I'll bet you do.

SEAN

For God's sake, Otto! Forget about your personal vendettas, the police will be here soon.

OTTO

You seem to forget that I knew the Beresford girl... knew the whole family... saw what Kelly's death did to them ...

SEAN

Your testimony put him away for life. What more do you want?

OTTO

They should have executed him, and if he sets foot on my property I'll finish the job myself.

(The PHONE RINGS and everyone stops. SEAN goes over to it and picks it up.)

SEAN

Hello? Yes.

(To the others)

It's the police.

(Listens to the phone)

Yes. We had a dispute recently about the cottage, so I'm pretty certain this is where he's heading.

(Listens, and then to the others)

They just found the stolen car by the Falls.

OTTO

The Falls! My God, he's that close already!

SEAN

(Into phone)

Yes. I'll be here.

(Puts the phone down)

OTTO

Well, I guess the hunting season is starting early this year.

SEAN *(Menacing)*

If you hurt him Otto, I'll...

OTTO

The guy is a murderer! Even you don't deny that.

SEAN

It's not Michael that kills! It's Victor!

OTTO

Yeah, yeah! It's a great routine he's got down. He should get an Oscar for it. But I'll make you a deal. I'll stop calling Michael a murderer the day the Beresford girl walks back into this room!

(OTTO EXITS)

MOLLY

I wouldn't wander about too much from now on. The great white hunter will be shooting at anything that moves tonight.

(MOLLY EXITS)

DR. CLIFFORD

I think the first thing we should do is secure the house. I'll go round and check the windows.

SEAN

I'll put that new deadbolt on the front door.

(DR. CLIFFORD EXITS out of the French doors. SEAN goes into the kitchen and gets a screwdriver out of the cardboard box. HE is about to exit through the hallway when DALE stops HIM.)

DALE

Sean. I wish you'd told me a bit more about all this.

SEAN

I'm sorry. I didn't see the point of going into all the sordid details. Maybe your Mom and Dad were right...

DALE

I'm not scurrying home to my parents at the first sign of trouble, if that's what you think.

SEAN

It would just be simpler if you weren't here.

DALE

You're stuck with me so you'd better start getting used to that.

SEAN *(Affectionately)*

You're a tough cookie, aren't you?
(Holds her)

Thank God.

DALE

Dr. Clifford mentioned your real parents.

SEAN

Really?

DALE

I know you don't like to talk about it.

SEAN

No, it's OK. What did she say?

DALE

She said your Dad worked at the Falls.

SEAN

Yeah. At the sawmill.

DALE
What happened that day?

SEAN
What day?

DALE
The day your father died.
(SEAN looks at her for a moment. This is obviously difficult for him.)
Dr. Clifford thinks it's the key to Michael's behavior.

SEAN
Yeah, I know. Another one of her great theories.
(He looks out of the window across the lake.)
To be honest with you I don't remember much about it now. Not anymore. Just the sound of the steam whistle at the mill. It always went off when there was an accident. It was still going when we arrived at the mill ... screaming like a banshee. I only vaguely remember seeing Dad's body... but I'll never forget that sound.

DALE
I'm sorry. You don't have to tell me any more. Dr. Clifford explained to me who Victor was.

SEAN
Victor was a joke. A game. But now he wants to tear the world apart.
(SEAN goes to the window and stares out into the fading light.)
So, you see I have to wait for him to come. I've been too weak in the past. I put up with it. It seemed harmless – even when I could see it was getting out of hand. The only way I can save Michael is to confront him head on. Force him to see the truth.

DALE
This time you won't have to confront him alone.
(HE looks at DALE with some real misgivings.)

SEAN
Sometimes it freaks me out to look at him. It's like looking in a fun-house mirror... it's my own face I see, but warped... distorted. I keep asking myself, what went wrong... and could it happen to me...

DALE
But it couldn't. You're so different.

DR. CLIFFORD *(Offstage)*
Sean! Do you have a hammer and some nails?

SEAN *(Calls)*
Yes! I'll bring them out!
(SEAN goes to a drawer in the kitchen and gets a hammer and a handful of nails.)

DALE
I'll take them. You fix that lock.

(DALE takes the hammer and nails from SEAN, and EXITS through the French doors. SEAN is about to exit when the PHONE RINGS. SEAN picks it up.)

SEAN

Hello?

(HE listens)

I suppose you think that was very clever, managing to escape like that. But don't be a fool, give yourself in.

(Listens again)

I'm not going to run. This time I'll be here waiting for you.

(SEAN listens to the phone as DALE ENTERS and looks at HIM.)

Leave her out of this! It's just you and me this time! You understand that! This is just between us!

(DALE hears this. SEAN puts the phone down and turns and sees HER.)

MUSIC CUE

(THEY look apprehensively at each other as the lights fade.)

(BLACKOUT)

(Dramatic music continues through the blackout.)

END OF SCENE 2

ACT I**Scene 3****AT RISE:**

Later that evening about nine o' clock. Night has fallen and it is dark outside. There is a heavy fog outside and wisps of it can be seen occasionally coming in through the broken window panes. DALE ENTERS from the kitchen and hands a cup of coffee to DR. CLIFFORD who is standing at the French doors looking out into the darkness. There is THE SOUND OF TWO BLASTS ON A FOG HORN in the distance.

DR. CLIFFORD

Normally I love these foggy autumn nights, but tonight I wish I could see the whole world a bit more clearly.

(DALE stands next to DR. CLIFFORD for a moment looking out of the window.)

DALE

It is eerie, isn't it. It feels like we're the only people left on earth.

DR. CLIFFORD

We'd be a lot safer if we were.

DALE

We'll be all right. As long as we all stay together.

DR. CLIFFORD

You're a very trusting person, Dale. My advice to you is: take the car and get out of here. I don't think you realize what a dangerous situation this is.

DALE

I'm in no more danger than you.

DR. CLIFFORD

I'm not so sure about that. You take a great risk when you come between twins.

(There is another SOUND OF A DISTANT FOG HORN, like the kind used on a boat. They look toward the sound.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Sounds like someone's lost out on the lake.

(There is a SUDDEN KNOCK at the front door, and they turn to face it.)

Who is it?

SEAN (Offstage)

It's me. Sean!

(DALE disappears down the hallway to let SEAN in. There is the SOUND OF A DEADBOLT UNLATCHING. After a moment the two of them ENTER. SEAN is carrying a small package.)

SEAN

I don't believe it! One police officer sitting in his car out on the road! That's our so-called "police protection"!

DALE

Why don't we call the police station? I'm sure if Dr. Clifford talked to them...

SEAN

It won't do any good. It seems they don't consider him dangerous. Damn psychiatrists! Michael was always much too clever for them.

(DR. CLIFFORD lifts her eyebrow at this)

Present company excepted, of course. Oh, they delivered those sedatives you asked for.

(SEAN hands DR. CLIFFORD the package and SHE opens it revealing several small bottles.)

DR. CLIFFORD

(Looks at the labels closely)

Good. We may need these.

(Also in the package are several syringes in hygienic wrappers. DR. CLIFFORD unwraps one and attaches a needle to it.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Might as well be prepared.

(SHE then takes out a small bottle with the sedative in it and starts to fill the syringe.)

With this he'll be sleeping like a baby in about fifteen seconds.

SEAN

I wish it was that easy. If you think that one cop out there is going to be able to hold him down while you inject him, you're dreaming. He's very strong. Let's check the house again.

DR. CLIFFORD

I'll check the front, you check the back.

(DR. CLIFFORD puts the syringe in her bag. SEAN takes a powerful flashlight from one of the cardboard boxes in the kitchen. DR. CLIFFORD exits out through the hallway and SEAN goes to the French doors and unlocks them.)

SEAN (to DALE)

Check that the upstairs windows are latched.

(SEAN disappears into the fog. DALE watches HIM go and then stands for a moment looking thoughtfully out into the darkness. SHE closes the French doors when she HEARS SOMETHING outside and opens them.)

MUSIC CUE

SHE listens intensely for a moment, and then shrugs it off and starts to close the doors again.

MUSIC FADES

This time the sound is unmistakably a human voice although it is only just audible.)

VOICE (Offstage)

Dale!

(DALE stops in her tracks even though the voice is exactly like SEAN'S.)

VOICE (O/S)

Dale!

DALE

Sean?

MUSIC CUE

VOICE (O/S)

Yes. Come here.

(SHE opens the doors wide, but something in the voice scares her and she pauses.)

DALE

What do you want?

VOICE (O/S)

Just come outside for a moment.

(DALE pauses momentarily, staring out into the night. SHE is very nervous about the alluring quality of the voice she has just heard. Nevertheless SHE slowly exits out of the French doors and into the foggy night.

After DALE disappears into the mist MICHAEL slips quickly in through the French doors, and looks around. HE looks exactly the same as SEAN but is wearing plain hospital clothes. [Note: if Sean has long hair, then Sean can wear his hair pulled back and Michael can wear it down to differentiate the twins]. MICHAEL goes to the kitchen and GRABS A KNIFE out of the cutlery drawer. Then HE sees the bottle of bourbon on the counter, smiles coldly, opens it and gulps down several deep swigs. Then HE hurriedly goes back to the French doors, looks out, and disappears into the night.*

Offstage DALE's voice can be heard)

DALE (O.S.)

Sean! Sean! Where are you?

(After a moment DALE re-ENTERS through the French doors, quite perplexed, and is standing in the doorway when ...

A HAND COMES OUT OF THE DARKNESS ONTO HER SHOULDER!!)

VOICE

You shouldn't be...

(DALE wheels around and SCREAMS. We see that the hand belongs to OTTO. HE appears to be as scared as DALE.)

MUSIC ENDS

OTTO

It's only me! It's only me!

(DALE breathes a sigh of relief when SHE sees who it is.)

I was just saying, you shouldn't be standing in the open doorway like that. Not with Michael around.

DALE

Dear God! You scared the daylights out of me.

(SHE notices that OTTO is carrying a pistol in HIS hand.)

OTTO

You're not the only one who's scared! What a terrible night! You can't see the hand in front of your face!

(DR. CLIFFORD rushes in through the French doors.)

DR. CLIFFORD

What happened? I heard a scream.

DALE

It was only Otto. He surprised me for a moment.

(SEAN runs in)

SEAN

What's going on?

DALE

Sean, did you just call me?

SEAN

Call you? No.

DALE

I thought I heard you call my name. You asked me to come outside.

SEAN

I called out to Dr. Clifford. That must have been what you heard.

DALE

It was your voice. I'm sure I heard you call my name.

SEAN

(The strain is getting to him)

For God's sake, Dale. The last thing we need is people hearing "voices". I told you I was just talking to Dr. Clifford.

DR. CLIFFORD

Tension changes your perception of sound. So does the fog.

OTTO

I brought you a gun.

(OTTO shows them the pistol)

Best thing for getting rid of tension.

SEAN

Otto, we don't need your damn guns!

OTTO

If he attacks me I'm not going to try and talk him out of it. You should at least let Dale use it.

(OTTO inadvertently points the pistol at DALE who flinches.)

DALE

No thanks. Those things scare me.

OTTO (To DALE)

I'll show you how to use it. Look... I'll take the bullets out.

(OTTO takes the bullets out and puts them on the table.)

Hey, you're the one who's going to need this the most.

SEAN

Stay out of this, Otto!

(The PHONE RINGS. SEAN picks it up. The others turn and listen for a moment, tense.)

SEAN

Hello?

(Listens, then to the others)

It's the police.

(They relax)

Well, I told you that's what he'd probably do.

(Listens)

But how do you expect one policeman out on the road to stop him? Don't you have a boat of some kind?

(Everyone listens)

The fog isn't going to stop him! When we lived here we could have navigated this lake blindfolded!

(The others look at one another apprehensively)

SEAN

(Into phone)

Yeah, thanks for your concern!

(SEAN slams the phone down in disgust.)

They won't take anything seriously until somebody gets hurt! Well, they probably won't have to wait long!

Won't they send any more men?
DALE

A boat was reported stolen from the Falls. They didn't send a police boat after it because of the fog!
SEAN

When was it stolen?
OTTO
(Nervously)

Two hours ago.
SEAN

Two hours!
OTTO

(OTTO looks out of the window for a moment, a look of rising consternation on his face. The others all look at one another, struck by the realization that Michael could be outside the house at that very moment. There is a tense silence while everyone contemplates their next move. OTTO goes to the French windows and opens them, looking out into the fog. Suddenly there is the SOUND OF A FOG HORN only much louder this time. SEAN reacts sharply to the sound.)

My God! That sound!
SEAN

(SEAN seems to be gripped by some inexplicable terror. DR. CLIFFORD observes SEAN carefully.)

Sean! Are you all right?
DALE

It's just the foghorn out on Frenchman's Point!
OTTO

I'm sorry... the tension's getting to me as well, I guess.
SEAN *(Snaps out of it)*

(SEAN moves to the French doors and looks out intensely into the night.)

MUSIC CUE

He's out there.
SEAN

Brilliant! I don't need E.S.P. to tell me that.
OTTO

I mean he's close. Very close. Dale, that must have been his voice you heard. Tell me again... what did you hear?
SEAN

He asked me to come outside.
DALE

He called you by name?
SEAN

Yes.
DALE

So that's what his game is!
SEAN

(Suddenly SEAN picks up the flashlight and heads for the French doors. DR. CLIFFORD tries to stop him.)

What are you doing?
DR. CLIFFORD

I told you! He's out there!
SEAN

Wait for him here! He'll come!
DR. CLIFFORD

You'd like that wouldn't you? Then you could play ringmaster to our little circus. That would make a great final chapter for your book, wouldn't it! The best seller you've always dreamed of.
SEAN

I came here to help you!
DR. CLIFFORD

Well, you've been a great help so far! You, and all your kind.
SEAN

(SEAN moves to the doors again)

Please, Sean! We'll all be safer if we just wait here.
DALE

If you're all so afraid of him, why don't you just get out of here and leave me alone!
SEAN

(SEAN runs out of the French doors and into the night.)

MUSIC ENDS

Damn fool!
DR. CLIFFORD

I'm gonna get my shotgun. If you decide to come over to my place phone first so I know you're coming.
OTTO

(HE is about to exit when HE remembers the pistol)

I'll hold on to that gun since you people don't seem to care whether you live or die.
(OTTO grabs the pistol and goes to the French doors. HE looks out.)

It's awful dark out there.

(Opens the French doors and peers out.)

Can't see a damn thing!

DR. CLIFFORD

It's only going to get worse as the night sets in.

DALE

Please be careful with that gun. Don't forget Sean is out there too.

(OTTO cocks the pistol, and holding it out in front of him in his best pseudo-military form, HE EXITS.)

DR. CLIFFORD closes the door behind OTTO. DALE notices the bullets on the counter.)

DALE

(Picks up the bullets)

Oh, look! He forgot to re-load the gun.

DR. CLIFFORD

Just as well, as far as I'm concerned.

DALE

I wish Sean hadn't run out like that. This whole thing is really upsetting him.

DR. CLIFFORD

Perhaps it's best to let him go for a while. It's very hard to understand twins. It's almost like he's confronting himself.

(DR. CLIFFORD looks at the French doors)

I'd better lock those doors.

DALE

It's all right. I'll do it.

(DALE goes over to the French doors and locks them.)

DR. CLIFFORD

(SHE looks toward the window)

Why don't you turn the lights down. We may be able to see something outside.

(DALE turns the room lights down and looks out of the windows.)

DALE

I hate these windows. Michael could be out there staring at us right now, and we'd never be able to see him.

(SHE shudders at the thought)

Ugh! Creepy.

(SHE starts to draw the drapes)

DR. CLIFFORD

You shouldn't do that. After all, we want him to come. Although I still have my doubts that he'll be able to find his way here through a fog this thick.

DALE *(Pacing nervously)*

I hope he doesn't.

DR. CLIFFORD

Why don't you come and keep warm by the fire. There's nothing we can do but wait.

(DALE looks uncomfortably out of the window.)

DALE

You're right.

MUSIC CUE

(DALE suddenly notices something.)

DALE

Dr. Clifford... look!

(DALE points to the bourbon on the counter)

DR. CLIFFORD

What is it?

DALE

The bourbon!

DR. CLIFFORD

What about it?

DALE

It's been opened! Someone's been drinking it!

DR. CLIFFORD

So?

DALE

Don't you remember? Michael is the only one who drinks it. Sean only buys it to take to the hospital, but after they fought about the cottage Michael wouldn't take it.

DR. CLIFFORD

Perhaps Otto ... ?

DALE

We would have seen him. When we brought it in it hadn't been touched!

(Looking around the kitchen)

And there's a knife missing! He's been in here! He's playing games with us! We'd better show this to the police.

(DALE moves towards the door)

DR. CLIFFORD

Just a moment, Dale. If we call the police in now, they're liable to start shooting at the first thing that moves. And don't forget Sean's out there as well.

DALE

Oh, my God! Michael may still be in the house!

DR. CLIFFORD

Don't worry. I know Michael. I can handle him.

(DR. CLIFFORD goes to her medical bag and takes out the already-filled syringe.)

This will take care of him.

DALE *(Unsure)*

He's got a knife!

(Looking closely at DR. CLIFFORD)

You don't need to do this, Dr. Clifford? You're retired now.

DR. CLIFFORD

You never retire from this business. He's waiting for you to be alone. Just stay calm.

MUSIC BUILDS

(DR. CLIFFORD tiptoes over to the light switch, dims the room lights, and moves surreptitiously into the shadows. DALE stands by the French doors looking into the room, waiting. All is quiet. After a moment there is a CREAK OF A FLOORBOARD in the area of the hallway.)

DR. CLIFFORD

(Whispers to DALE; points)

The hallway.

(Immediately they focus their gaze into the dark and shadowy interior of the hallway. In the silence the sound of everything seems to be magnified. A GENTLE WIND seems to have sprung up outside, and a shaft of moonlight comes through a window in the hallway and casts an eerie light.)

DR. CLIFFORD *(Whispers)*

Can you see anything?

DALE *(Whispers)*

It's too dark.

DR. CLIFFORD *(Whispers)*

Stay back.

(DR. CLIFFORD moves out of the shadows with the syringe behind HER back. Hugging the wall SHE moves stealthily toward the hallway.)

DR. CLIFFORD *(Gently)*

Michael. Is that you? This is Dr. Clifford. You remember me don't you? Why don't you come out and talk with me for a moment. Remember how we used to talk Michael? I have that prescription you used to like so much. You always asked me for it... we used to call it "the cocktail", remember? It always made you feel so calm... remember how it chased the demons away...

(It is quiet. DALE breathes heavily, nervously. SHE backs away toward the French doors. DR. CLIFFORD stands near the hallway and waits.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Come on, Michael. There's no need to hide. I have it right here...

(There is another SLIGHT CREAK on the floorboards when ...)

... SUDDENLY the French doors FLY OPEN BEHIND DALE and DR. CLIFFORD with a MONSTROUS CRASH and A FIGURE comes hurtling through the doors and gets all tangled up with DALE, wrestling HER to the ground.

SHE screams and then her attacker tries to get away from HER. It takes a moment, but finally we see that the figure is OTTO who is in a state of hysterical terror. HE has smashed through the doors in a desperate attempt to get away from something and ran right into DALE who was standing directly in front of the French doors. OTTO's face has a cut on it.)

MUSIC ENDS

OTTO

Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

(OTTO backs away to the far side of the room.)

He tried to kill me! He came at me with a knife!

(HE throws the gun to one side)

Damn gun wouldn't work!

DR. CLIFFORD

That's not too surprising. You left the bullets here.

OTTO

Huh?

(HE grabs the pistol again)

Oh, for God's sake!

(OTTO picks up the bullets and desperately fumbles with them, ramming them back into the pistol. When it is loaded HE looks nervously at the door which swings creakily on its hinges.)

DR. CLIFFORD

You've got a bad cut there.

OTTO

Never mind the damn cut! Call the police! They're going to have to give us protection now.

DALE

Oh, my God! Sean's still out there!

OTTO

Well if you won't call the police, I will!

(OTTO goes to the phone and dials.)

DALE (To OTTO)

Give me the gun! I'm going to look for Sean!

OTTO

Get your own damn gun!

(Into phone)

Hello, police? Yeah. I'm calling from the Beecroft place. Yeah, The one that loony's supposed to be heading for.

(Sarcastically)

Yeah, thanks for the policeman. I nearly got stabbed to death. Yes, he's here, and believe me he's dangerous.

(Listens)

However many you've got. What about the army?

(Listens)

O.K., but don't hang about!

(Puts the phone down)

They're sending more men over.

(SEAN ENTERS through the French doors.)

MUSIC CUE

(SEAN still carries the flashlight, but HIS shirt is ripped and HE is out of breath. HE stops in the center of the room and looks around.)

MUSIC SOFTENS

DALE

(Runs to HIM and throws her arms around him.)

Sean! Thank God you're safe!

OTTO

That crazy brother of yours damn near killed me! He jumped me from behind, I didn't even hear him coming. I knew he'd never forget what I said at the trial.

DR. CLIFFORD *(To SEAN)*

Where have you been... we were worried.

SEAN

I saw him!

DALE

(To SEAN)

Honey... your shirt! It's ripped!

SEAN

I tried to talk him into giving himself up, but he wouldn't. When I tried to hold him he ran into the woods.

DALE

Are you all right?

SEAN

Yeah, I'm fine. Nearly got lost in that damn fog.

DALE

You've hurt your hand!

(DALE has noticed that there is blood on the knuckles of HIS LEFT hand. HE tries to hide it.)

SEAN

We had a scuffle. It's O.K., it's not a deep cut.

(DALE accepts this, but DR. CLIFFORD looks at SEAN a little suspiciously. Could this in fact be MICHAEL?)

DR. CLIFFORD

Otto called the police while you were out.

SEAN/MICHAEL?

Did he?

DALE

They're sending more men.

OTTO

A dozen at least they said.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Good. We'll need them.

DALE

Look, Sean.

(SHE shows him the bourbon)

Michael must have got into the house.

DR. CLIFFORD

Do you think he left it out just so you could see he'd been here?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Why would he do that?

DR. CLIFFORD

That's his style, isn't it? Always trying to show he's in charge.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Ah, yes - another one of your theories. Well, at least we're all safe now. Let's lock up the house. The police will find him in the morning.

DALE

I don't want you running out into the night again.

MUSIC BUILDS

SEAN/MICHAEL

Don't worry. I'm not going to let you out of my sight for the rest of the night, Dale.

DALE

Is that a promise?

SEAN/MICHAEL

That's a promise, Dale. I'll be right by your side. You can count on it.

(SEAN/MICHAEL looks at DALE and smiles. DALE holds HIM tightly.)

OTTO locks the French doors and peers nervously out as HE cocks his pistol with a snap.

DR. CLIFFORD turns and looks suspiciously at SEAN/MICHAEL as the lights fade. The room lights fade first leaving the flickering light from the fire illuminating the four characters. Ominous MUSIC wells up, as the light from the fire fades to black.)

(Curtain)

END OF ACT ONE

ACT II**Scene I**

SETTING: Same as Act 1, later that same night.

AT RISE: DALE and DR. CLIFFORD are in the living room looking towards the hallway. There is the SOUND OF TALKING offstage. SEAN/MICHAEL's back can just be seen as HE talks to the police who are standing offstage.

SEAN/MICHAEL

We'll be fine officer. Yes. Yes, we'll give you a shout if we see anything. I can tell you, we feel a lot safer now that you guys are out there.

(A door is closed and SEAN/MICHAEL comes into the living room from the hallway.)

God, I thought they'd never leave. Did they leave any of our doughnuts?

DALE

No, they're all gone.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Typical.

(HE turns the room lights down low)

They love to ask questions, don't they? Makes them think that they're doing something useful.

(HE moves into center of room)

At last we seem to have got rid of everyone.

(Looks coldly at DR. CLIFFORD)

Well, almost. Perhaps we could get the police to drive you home?

DR. CLIFFORD

That would be a little difficult, since I live on an island.

SEAN/MICHAEL *(Laughs)*

That's right. Well, I'm sure Otto will be able to put you up for the night. The marina has lots of spare rooms.

DALE

Sean! Dr. Clifford can stay here. There's two spare bedrooms.

SEAN/MICHAEL

I know, but the house hasn't been lived in for so long. Everything will be damp and dusty...

DALE

I'll clean up the room - it won't take me a minute. But the first thing I want to do is to close those curtains. That black void out there has been giving me the creeps all night.

(DALE goes to the windows and pulls the drapes across. SHE also closes the curtains over the French doors.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Don't you think it would be better to leave them open? At least the police could see in - keep an eye on things.

SEAN/MICHAEL

The last thing we want is the cops peering at us all night.

(DALE completes closing the curtains.)

DALE

I think we're going to be safe enough now, Dr. Clifford.

(SHE goes to exit upstairs)

I'll have your bed ready in a jiffy.

(DALE EXITS upstairs)

DR. CLIFFORD

(Looking at SEAN/MICHAEL closely)

Well, I must admit, I'm surprised.

SEAN/MICHAEL

About what?

DR. CLIFFORD

Michael. Finding his way through the fog like that.

SEAN/MICHAEL

It's no big deal. We both knew the lake very well.

DR. CLIFFORD

But he must have known it better than you, surely?

SEAN/MICHAEL

No. We were about the same.

DR. CLIFFORD

Really? That seems odd.

SEAN/MICHAEL *(Cagey)*

What's odd about it?

DR. CLIFFORD

Well, you were only outside for five minutes and you said you got lost in the fog.

(SEAN/MICHAEL looks at DR. CLIFFORD with a smile.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

I was only lost for a moment. It's been a while since we lived here. The trees we knew so well have grown, weeds have grown over our favourite rocks. It took me a minute to get oriented, that's all.

DR. CLIFFORD

(Observing SEAN/MICHAEL carefully)

I wonder what's driving him? He must have chosen to escape today for a reason. He's risking a lot by trying to come here. He must have known the police would stake this place out.

SEAN/MICHAEL

You're looking for logic from a man who's mentally ill.

DR. CLIFFORD

Come on, Sean! We both know why he's here! It's not the house, is it? That was just the final straw for him!

SEAN/MICHAEL

I think you're getting way too interested in this case. I seem to recall you didn't have a lot of success the first time around. What makes you think it'll be any easier today?

DR. CLIFFORD

All my life I've been brought in after the damage was done. This time I can stop something before it happens.

SEAN/MICHAEL

That's quite a challenge, isn't it?

(Smiles cynically)

An over-the-hill headshrinker looking for one last hurrah before riding off into the sunset.

DR. CLIFFORD

It is a challenge. Michael is very clever. He's an expert at playing games. I admit he's tricked me a few times, but he also plays games with you, Sean.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Me?

(DR. CLIFFORD casually goes to the fruit bowl and picks out an apple. SHE polishes it against her jacket.)

DR. CLIFFORD

He dominated you, you know.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Perhaps, but that's all changed since I met Dale. With her by my side, I feel stronger, more sure of myself.

DR. CLIFFORD

Yes. It's amazing what a good woman can do for a man.

(DR. CLIFFORD bites into HER apple.)

Mmmm. These are good. Try one.

(Before SEAN/MICHAEL can answer DR. CLIFFORD tosses HIM an apple. SEAN/MICHAEL catches it in HIS RIGHT hand.)

MUSIC CUE

(DR. CLIFFORD observes this closely, just a bit surprised. SEAN/MICHAEL senses this, smiles, and bites into the apple.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

They are good.

(The two of them bite deeply into their apples and eye each other warily. DALE ENTERS from upstairs.)

MUSIC ENDS

DALE

The small bedroom wasn't very dirty at all.

(SHE gets a clean set of sheets out of a cardboard box in the kitchen.)

These just need a quick airing.

(DALE takes the sheets and drapes them over the back of a chair.)

DR. CLIFFORD

So, you feel safe staying here tonight, Dale?

DALE

No, but I'm not leaving Sean here alone.

DR. CLIFFORD

I wish I could convince you to leave. After all, Michael attacked Otto right outside the house.

SEAN/MICHAEL

He's probably run off into the bush - they'll find him in the morning. Hey, the place is crawling with cops, the house is locked tight. It's probably the safest night we'll ever spend.

(SEAN/MICHAEL yawns)

Well, I don't know about you, but I'm not staying up all night. It's been a long day. What about you, Doc?

DR. CLIFFORD

(Still a little suspicious)

I think I'll stay up. Like many old women I have great difficulty sleeping. Perhaps the body knows it doesn't have a lot of time left.

(SHE looks at HER watch)

Ah. Time for my medication.

(SHE looks around)

Have you seen my black bag?

DALE

Oh, I put it upstairs in your bedroom. I'll get it.

DR. CLIFFORD

No, no. I'm not dead yet.

(DR. CLIFFORD gives SEAN/MICHAEL a close look before SHE ambles off upstairs and EXITS.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

How are we going to get rid of her?

DALE

What do you mean?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Well, I want to spend some time with you tonight. I mean, this is our first night together... here in this house. I just don't want the old lady hanging around all night.

DALE

Don't worry. I bet she'll get tired soon.

SEAN/MICHAEL

You're probably right. She only wants to stay up because she's a nosy old bitch.

DALE

Sean!

SEAN/MICHAEL

Well, you know what I mean. Anyway she looks like she's on her last legs.

(HE glances up the stairs)

In fact, that's probably the last we've seen of her tonight.

(Back to DALE)

Boy, I'm starving! Can you make me a sandwich or something?

DALE

(A little surprised)

Sure. What would you like in it?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Oh, anything will do.

(DALE goes into the kitchen. SEAN/MICHAEL smiles to himself and then looks upstairs again. HE pulls a knotted rope out of his pocket and pulls it taut in his hands.

MUSIC CUE

HE slowly reaches the bottom of the stairs and tip-toes up them stealthily. HE hears a noise and backs off. DR. CLIFFORD comes down the stairs.

DR. CLIFFORD

I left my inhaler down here somewhere.

As SHE looks around for her inhaler, SEAN/MICHAEL approaches her from behind with his rope. Just before HE puts the rope around her neck there is an URGENT KNOCKING at the door.

MUSIC ENDS

Thwarted, SEAN/MICHAEL stuffs the rope back into his pocket.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

Who is it?

MOLLY (Offstage)

Open up! It's Molly! They've found Michael!

(DALE comes in from the kitchen)

The police have found him! Open up!

(SEAN/MICHAEL opens the door and MOLLY ENTERS in a state of excitement.)

MOLLY

Where's Dr. Clifford? They want her!

SEAN/MICHAEL

What do they need her for?

MOLLY

When they found Michael he was unconscious, lying over by the shed. Doctor, you'd better come quick. He may be injured. The police want you to take a look at him.

DR. CLIFFORD

All right. I'll get my bag.

(DR. CLIFFORD dashes back upstairs)

MOLLY

(To SEAN/MICHAEL)

You'd better come too.

SEAN/MICHAEL *(Nervously)*

No! I don't want to see him.

DALE

But he may be hurt!

SEAN/MICHAEL

I don't want to see him, O.K.! This is all getting too much for me.

(DALE looks at HIM, a little surprised. DR. CLIFFORD comes back downstairs with her bag.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Dale, perhaps you could come with me. I may need your help.

(DALE and DR. CLIFFORD EXIT. MOLLY stays.)

MOLLY

Well, thank God that's over! What a scare! I thought for a moment it was Otto they'd found.

(MOLLY sees the bourbon on the counter and helps herself to a shot.)

Mind if I help myself? I need a shot.

(Without waiting for answer)

Thanks.

(SHE swigs back a shot and then looks at SEAN/MICHAEL. Slyly SHE pours HIM a bourbon and hands it to HIM.)

MOLLY

Here.

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Takes the glass then looks at it for a moment.)

Not for me, thanks.

MOLLY

Oh, right. Not your tippie, is it.

*(MOLLY swigs his drink down as well in a single gulp.
Then SHE looks at HIM carefully.)*

SEAN/MICHAEL

What are you staring at?

MOLLY

There's something about you...

SEAN/MICHAEL

Oh, yeah?

MOLLY

Your eyes.

SEAN/MICHAEL

What about them?

MOLLY

Reminds me of something.

*(Suddenly outside the house the SIREN OF A POLICE
CAR starts up and the reflection of the flashing lights from
the police car dart around the inside of the room.
SEAN/MICHAEL becomes very upset by the commotion.)*

SEAN/MICHAEL

I wish they'd turn that damn thing off!

*(THE SOUND is really beginning to bother HIM. HE
holds HIS head)*

MOLLY

Are you all right?

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Snaps at her)

Of course I'm not all right! They just found my brother unconscious outside! How am I supposed to feel!

(The SIREN is turned off)

Thank God for that!

MOLLY

Does it remind you of the sound of the steam whistle at the sawmill? The one that went off the day your father died.

*(In the silence that follows SEAN/MICHAEL seems to go
through a transition. HE becomes colder, harder and yet
more in control. HE advances threateningly towards
MOLLY when:*

The French doors fly open and OTTO ENTERS in a rush.)

OTTO

They've found him! They've got Michael!

(They look at OTTO. HE is quite a sight as HE is loaded down with weapons. HE has a hunting jacket and boots, and carries a large shotgun. A bandoleer of bullets hangs across one shoulder, a rifle across the other. From an army belt hangs a pistol in a holster, a large hunting knife in a sheath and a machete stuck in the belt. He almost staggers in under the weight of the arms. HE has a bandana tied across HIS forehead, and HIS face is blackened, military-style. HE looks like a backwoods version of Rambo. The others stare at HIM in astonishment.)

OTTO

Did you hear what I said?

MOLLY

(Casually)

We all know about it, Otto.

OTTO

Oh.

MOLLY

What in heavens name are you wearing?

OTTO

Well what do you expect? I'm the one he's out to kill.

SEAN/MICHAEL

What's happening out there?

OTTO

What?

SEAN/MICHAEL

The police. What are they doing with Michael?

OTTO

Oh... Clifford was looking at him.

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Concerned)

Was he conscious?

OTTO

He was moving, but he looked real groggy.

(The SIREN starts up again along with the flashing lights. There is the SOUND OF A CAR accelerating rapidly down the road. The SOUND OF THE SIREN and the flashing lights fade away. After a moment DR. CLIFFORD and DALE ENTER.)

DR. CLIFFORD

The panic's off everyone! He's going to be fine.

(To SEAN/MICHAEL)

Still, you must have hit him pretty hard.

(SEAN/MICHAEL subtly slips HIS still bloodied left hand into a pocket where it cannot be seen.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

I didn't mean to hurt him... are the police taking him back to the hospital?

DR. CLIFFORD

Not yet. There's a highway patrol station on the main road. They want to hold him there until the hospital staff arrive. They're very nervous about him escaping again.

OTTO *(Worried)*

You think he may escape again?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Did you sedate him?

DR. CLIFFORD

No. Hardly necessary considering the state he's in. He's in police custody. I don't think he'll be able to escape a second time.

(An flash of concern crosses SEAN/MICHAEL's face.)

OTTO

Well, that's a relief!

MOLLY

It's been quite a day. I'll say one thing for you kids. Life was always unpredictable when you were around.

OTTO *(To DR. CLIFFORD)*

I'll take you back at first light. Shouldn't be any problem - the wind is picking up - it'll blow the fog off.

DR. CLIFFORD

Thank you. Sean and Dale have kindly asked me to stay here tonight, so there's no rush.

OTTO

Good. We're all set then.

MOLLY

You know. I was kind of enjoying all the excitement.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Well, I've had enough excitement for one night. Now we can all go to bed.

DR. CLIFFORD

Yes. The days when I'd happily pull all-nighters at the hospital are long gone. I'm exhausted.

OTTO

See you all in the morning then.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Yes. Goodnight.

(OTTO and MOLLY EXIT. DR. CLIFFORD ambles off upstairs.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Goodnight.

MUSIC CUE

(SEAN/MICHAEL and DALE stand in front of the fire and HE looks into her eyes romantically.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

Well, here we are. Alone at last.

(SEAN/MICHAEL holds HER closely.)

This is what I had originally planned for this weekend... just you and me... a crackling fire... a glass of wine... that kinda got blown, didn't it?

DALE

It sure did.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Let's just sit by the fire for a while.

(SEAN/MICHAEL stares into the fire)

"A book of verses underneath the bough, a jug of wine, a loaf of bread and thou, beside me singing in the wilderness. Ah, wilderness is Paradise enow."

DALE

That's beautiful. What's it from?

SEAN/MICHAEL

It's an old Persian love poem.

(Kisses DALE)

I'm going to get some wood and bank up the fire. Don't you go anywhere.

DALE

(Affectionately)

I won't.

MUSIC ENDS

(SEAN/MICHAEL takes the axe that is leaning on the wall next to the fireplace. HE looks at DALE for a moment, then goes outside.)

DALE glances around for something to do. SHE goes into the kitchen and brings out a couple of towels and hangs them in front of the fire to dry out. Outside, THE SOUND OF CHOPPING WOOD can be heard.

DR. CLIFFORD comes downstairs nervously.)

DR. CLIFFORD

What's that noise?

DALE

Oh, it's only Sean. He's chopping wood for the fire.

DR. CLIFFORD *(Relieved)*

Ah. Good. As long as everything's all right.

(DR. CLIFFORD turns to go upstairs)

DALE

Dr. Clifford... !

(SHE stops)

Do you think... I mean...what happened to Michael... could that happen to Sean?

DR. CLIFFORD

You mean developing a split personality at his age? I think it's unlikely. Given all the stresses he's been through, with the murder and the trial, I'm sure it would have happened by now.

DALE

But it's not impossible? After all they both witnessed their father's death and they share the same genetic code.

DR. CLIFFORD

Yes, but they are mirror-image twins so they're not identical in the strictest sense.

DALE

It's just that he seems... different since we arrived here.

DR. CLIFFORD

It's been quite an ordeal for him, coming back to this house. And then Michael escaping. He'll be all right.

DALE

I guess you're right.

(Beat)

I can just imagine what my parents are going to say when they hear about this.

DR. CLIFFORD

Do they know much about Michael?

DALE

Just what they read in the newspapers. They said I was crazy getting involved with Sean. Dad said twins give him the creeps.

DR. CLIFFORD

When you marry a twin you're not just marrying one person. And there's always the worry that you'll never be as close as the other twin.

DALE

Well, if I can weather this storm I guess I can handle anything.

DR. CLIFFORD

(Encouraging)

Right. And you will weather it.

DALE

I'm glad you've been here for all this.

DR. CLIFFORD

Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

(Beat)

Well, I won't disturb you again. Goodnight.

(DR. CLIFFORD goes upstairs to bed. DALE listens to the chopping and then takes some sheets upstairs and exits. The chopping stops. SEAN/MICHAEL comes in from the hallway with some wood and places it by the fire. HE looks around for DALE.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Uneasy)

Dale? Dale?

(HE glances around with rising anger when MOLLY ENTERS through the French doors.)

MOLLY

Are you alone?

SEAN/MICHAEL

For the moment. What do you want?

MOLLY

To talk.

SEAN/MICHAEL

This isn't a good time.

MOLLY

You've changed you know.

SEAN/MICHAEL

I don't think so.

MOLLY

Yes. You're more like your brother now.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Oh, really?

MOLLY

I got to thinking. You know, you two were always playing games. You were so similar you could easily play each other. Then I thought... what if they changed places at the mental hospital... you know, Michael doing a couple of months... then Sean doing a couple of months...

SEAN/MICHAEL

Ha! That's a great theory Molly! But why would he escape today?

MOLLY

Let's just say that you're Michael, O.K. And Sean's the one inside. You meet a girl, get married and refuse to go back in.

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Laughs)

You've been reading too many summer romance novels, Molly.

MOLLY

There's another thing. Your eyes.

(This stops SEAN/MICHAEL's laughter.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

You're wrong, Molly. But if I were Michael, which I'm not, why aren't you afraid of me?

MOLLY

Because Michael loved me.

(Beat)

SEAN/MICHAEL

He made love to you. There's a difference.

MOLLY

No, he loved me.

(There is A NOISE upstairs)

SEAN/MICHAEL

We'd better finish this conversation tomorrow.

MOLLY

Come over after three... I'll be waiting for you. Don't waste your time on these people. Otto's the one you want. His testimony put you away. Half a million bucks of life insurance goes a long way. Take us far away from this dump.

(SHE kisses him and exits. SEAN/MICHAEL thinks about this for a moment, laughs to himself and shakes his head. THE PHONE RINGS. SEAN/MICHAEL stares at the phone for a moment. He thinks about picking the phone up, but changes his mind and EXITS.)

DALE comes downstairs. SHE answers the phone)

DALE

Hello?

(Beat)

Just a moment.

(Calls upstairs)

Dr. Clifford! The phone!

(DR. CLIFFORD comes downstairs and picks up the phone.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Hello?

(Listens)

Yes...yes. I see.

(Listens)

I'll be right over.

(SHE puts the phone down)

It's Michael. He's beginning to recover and is causing quite a disturbance at the police station. They want me to sedate him. May I take your car?

DALE

Of course.

(DALE looks for the keys)

I think Sean has the keys. I'll get them.

(DALE exits. DR. CLIFFORD picks up the phone and dials.)

DR. CLIFFORD

Hello, Otto? Dr. Clifford. Look, the police just called me and they say that Michael is claiming that he's really Sean... yes, I know... up to his old tricks again. He's claiming it happened after that fight they had outside.

(Listens)

No, I Don't believe it either. I tested Sean earlier and he is right-handed. The only thing that worries me is that his left hand is injured, so there is a slight possibility... Look, can you do me a favor? I won't be gone very long, but can you keep an eye on the place? Just in case. You needn't come inside. I'll just open the curtains. O.K., bye.

(DR. CLIFFORD puts the phone down and opens the curtains that cover the French doors just as SEAN/MICHAEL ENTERS with DALE. SEAN/MICHAEL is carrying a wood-holder loaded with logs. SEAN/MICHAEL notices DR. CLIFFORD at the French doors.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

What's going on?

DR. CLIFFORD

It's Michael. He's become very unruly. The police want me to give him a sedative. It's not serious.

(SEAN/MICHAEL puts the wood-holder down.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

By all means take the car. I don't want Michael to hurt himself.

DR. CLIFFORD

Thank you. I won't be gone long.

(SEAN/MICHAEL takes the car keys out of HIS pocket and hands them to DR. CLIFFORD. DR. CLIFFORD EXITS hurriedly.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

(To DALE)

Don't worry. Michael does this all the time.

(There is the SOUND OF THE CAR STARTING AND PULLING AWAY RAPIDLY. SEAN/MICHAEL puts some logs on the fire and then looks at HIS watch.)

At least it got rid of the old woman. Come and sit by the fire.

(SEAN/MICHAEL moves to the fire and warms himself before the flames.)

I think we have enough wood to last the night.

DALE

I brought your bath robe.

SEAN/MICHAEL

It's O.K., the fire's warming me up. You know, I'm finally beginning to relax a little. I really think our problems are almost over.

(HE puts his arms around her.)

You're very tense.

DALE

It's not been a quiet night, exactly.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Look, Michael is in police custody. He's out of our lives. Tonight is going to mark a whole new beginning for us. In the past I've always felt... guilty about my brother. But it's time to look out for myself... and for us.

DALE

You're right. It's funny, how even behind bars he's managed to dominate our lives.

SEAN/MICHAEL

It was hard for me to admit he was such a bad influence. Good or bad I felt that brothers should stand by each other, no matter what they've done. But that's all over now, thanks to you.

*(DALE gives SEAN/MICHAEL a comforting hug.
SEAN/MICHAEL looks at HER for a moment.)*

SEAN/MICHAEL

So let's snap out of this somber mood and try to get on with our lives. This was supposed to be a romantic evening, let's salvage what we can.

DALE

You're right. It hasn't been very romantic.

SEAN/MICHAEL

First of all why don't you put something on which is a little more...

(Sensuously)

... interesting.

DALE

Oh? What's on your mind?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Look, we're out in the country. You can hear the wind in the trees. We have a beautiful fire! We're alone at last. Let's put all this madness behind us. Tonight we should celebrate the end of an unhealthy relationship.

DALE *(Affectionately)*

I'll sure celebrate that!

(DALE gets up)

I'll take a quick shower, and then I'll put something on that will really knock your socks off.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Can't wait. I'll light some candles and stoke up the fire.

DALE *(Smiles)*

I think I know what you're up to, you devil.

(DALE goes upstairs in a rather jaunty mood. SEAN/MICHAEL looks after HER and a sudden cold and determined expression forms on his face.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Malignantly, to himself)

Do you, now?

MUSIC CUE

(SEAN/MICHAEL looks around for a moment and then hastily gets a pair of candles and puts them over the fireplace. Then HE goes into the kitchen and emerges with a long carving knife. During this there is A NOISE OUTSIDE the French doors and OTTO can be seen creeping across the deck and staring in through the glass. OTTO squints around the dimly lit room, as if trying to see something, looking a little perplexed.

When SEAN/MICHAEL is about to light the candles HE notices OTTO at the French doors. SEAN/MICHAEL stops what HE is doing and casually goes over towards the French doors. OTTO sees this and sinks back into the darkness outside. SEAN/MICHAEL closes the drapes that cover the French doors, then HE grabs the knife and turns the room lights down.

OTTO, who now cannot see what is going on, goes up to the French doors and stares in. SEAN/MICHAEL sees this and slips deeper into the shadows.

OTTO opens the door and comes stealthily into the room. HE has a hunting rifle which HE aims nervously around. SEAN/MICHAEL sees this and hides the knife.)

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Coming out of the shadows)

Hello, Otto.

(OTTO spins around and aims the rifle at HIM.)

MUSIC ENDS

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Mockingly)

What are you doing with that gun?

OTTO

Oh, just keeping an eye on things. Everything O.K. here?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Just fine.

OTTO

Good. Mind if I sit by the fire for a while? Damn cold outside.

SEAN/MICHAEL

We were about to go to bed.

*(OTTO sits down in front of the fire and warms himself.
HE obviously has no intention of leaving.)*

OTTO

I'm freezing. You couldn't spare a shot of that bourbon could you?

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Realizes he's not going to get rid of him)

Sure.

(Gets the bourbon and pours a shot)

Here.

(Hands it to OTTO)

OTTO

Thanks.

SEAN/MICHAEL

You know, you should just go to bed and let the police handle this.

OTTO

I can't.

SEAN/MICHAEL

What do you mean, you can't?

(Suddenly realizes what's going on)

Did Dr. Clifford call you?

OTTO

Yeah. You know what she's like.

SEAN/MICHAEL

She wants you to stay 'til she gets back, right?

OTTO

You got it.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Well, there's no need of course, but if you're going to stay you may as well relax. Have another drink.

*(HE pours HIM another drink. OTTO leans HIS rifle up
against the fireplace.)*

How far away is this place they've taken him to?

OTTO

Oh, not far. Just down on the highway. The Doc'll be back soon.

(SEAN/MICHAEL looks at HIS watch)

OTTO

Where's Dale?

SEAN/MICHAEL *(Preoccupied)*

Huh? Oh, she's upstairs. Getting ready for bed.

OTTO

Very nice girl. Pretty too.
(Sadly)
 You're very lucky.

SEAN/MICHAEL

Yes. I know.

OTTO

Better keep Michael away from her. I hate to even think what that creep would do to her if he got her alone for awhile.

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Looks at HIM, coldly)
 You really don't like Michael, do you?

OTTO

I hate the son-of-a-bitch. I'll never forget the night I came up to the house. That memory just stays with me... I'll never be able to forget it. He was standing right there with that bloodstained knife...

(Shakes HIS head)
 If I'd been five minutes earlier...

SEAN/MICHAEL

It's not just that though, is it?

OTTO

What do you mean?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Why you hate him.

OTTO

What are you getting at... ?

(SEAN/MICHAEL moves tauntingly behind OTTO.)

MUSIC CUE

SEAN/MICHAEL

It's what was going on between him and Molly that really made you hate him.

OTTO

What are you talking about? There was nothing going on between him and Molly. That's ridiculous! He was just a kid.

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Taunting)
 He was a lusty nineteen-year-old Otto. And she encouraged him, Otto. She led him on. She let him know exactly what she wanted.

OTTO

She wouldn't have done that.

SEAN/MICHAEL

(Laughs)
 Wouldn't she? Come on, Otto. You must have known.

OTTO

I never knew. I never knew for sure!

SEAN/MICHAEL

But you suspected, didn't you? You always suspected.

OTTO

(Angrily)

Yeah! I suspected, but there was never any proof!

MUSIC BUILDS

SEAN/MICHAEL

“Oh, jealousy! It is a green-eyed monster! And, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er, who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves”.

OTTO

What the hell are you rambling on about?

SEAN/MICHAEL

Shakespeare, my dull-witted friend. Othello to be precise. But unlike the sad hero of that tale, your wife was running around on you. Yes, Otto... Michael told me all about it! They were making “the beast with two backs”.

(SEAN/MICHAEL moves behind OTTO and pulls out the knotted rope from his pocket. HE pulls it taut in HIS hands. HE is about to pounce.)

OTTO

Why are you telling me all this?

(SEAN/MICHAEL suddenly whips the rope around OTTO's neck from behind. HE pulls the rope tight and begins to strangle OTTO. We now realize that whether it is SEAN or MICHAEL it is most surely the alter-ego “VICTOR”.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Why? Because you made me betray him! You spoiled it all when you walked in on them! You came up to this house that night because you thought he was with Molly, didn't you? Never mentioned that at the trial, did you?

OTTO

(Struggling to breathe)

Oh, my God!

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

(Whispers into his ear)

“And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges... “

(OTTO loses consciousness and SEAN/MICHAEL looks at him coldly.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

That was from Twelfth Night.

(With an evil smile)

And your last.

(SEAN/MICHAEL drags him across the room and through the hallway. After a moment, SEAN/MICHAEL emerges, breathing heavily. HE notices the rifle up against the fireplace. HE takes it offstage and hides it. HE catches HIS breath for a moment.

MUSIC ENDS

HE goes to the bottom of the stairs leading to the bedroom and looks up.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

(Calls out)

Are you ready yet?

DALE

(Distant)

What?

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

(Calls out)

I was wondering if you were ready yet?

(There is the SOUND OF AN UPSTAIRS DOOR OPENING.)

DALE (O.S.)

Hold onto your hat! I'll be a couple more minutes.

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

No rush! Whenever you're ready.

DALE (O.S.)

Who were you talking to just then?

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Oh, just Otto.

(Beat. Smiles)

He's gone now.

(Then HE goes back to the fireplace and lights the candles.

The PHONE RINGS. HE moves quickly to the phone glancing upstairs as HE goes.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Hello? Dr. Clifford!

(Listens)

Yes, everything's fine. My, you do worry about us. No, Dale's upstairs getting changed. There's no need for you talk to her, she's fine. How's my brother? Have you sedated him yet? Oh, well before you do can I talk to him for a moment? Thanks.

(Beat)

Well, hello.

(Firmly)

Now calm down! You know what has to be done. She's a bad influence on you. You've changed. You're not the brother I knew.

(Listens)
 Get off the phone, Clifford! I want to talk to my brother. Let me talk to him!
(Listens, briefly)
 Who am I?
(Laughs coldly)
 You're so smart, Dr. Clifford... you work that out!

MUSIC CUE

(HE puts the phone down and returns to the fireplace. HE holds the knife and looks at it impassionately.

HE surveys the scene with satisfaction and then takes HIS shirt off. There is a SOUND FROM UPSTAIRS and HE quickly grabs the bath robe and puts it on, putting the knife back over the mantel.

MUSIC ENDS

DALE comes down the stairs wearing a white satin nightgown. HER hair is down and flowing and SHE looks beautiful. SHE looks at the room with its candles, the warm glow from the fire, and dim lighting.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Now that's more like it! Come and sit by the fire!

DALE

(Looks at candles and the fire)
 Oh, Sean! That's beautiful!

(THEY sit down in front of the fire. SEAN/MICHAEL sits behind HER cradling HER in HIS arms. SEAN/MICHAEL gives the fire a prod with the poker and light from the flames flickers over them.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Well, here we are at last!
(HE kisses HER gently on the forehead)
 I've thought about this for a long time.

DALE

You know, I really think you are over Michael. With everything that has happened tonight you'd usually be upset for weeks. But you look so calm... almost serene.

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

There is a moment in your life when you realize you're finally in control of your destiny. You feel no more fear... no more guilt.

DALE

You know, I want to see Michael. When he's back in the hospital we should both go and see him. Together we may be able to help him.

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

(Uncomfortable with DALE's gentleness)
 Let's not talk about Michael.

DALE

But I want you to talk about him. I'll never fully understand you if I don't understand Michael. Please! Let me see him. I'm sure he's not as bad as everyone says.

(SHE touches HIM tenderly on HIS face. Unnerved, SEAN/MICHAEL shies away from HER.)

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

You'll never understand him! How can you understand a man who's been to Hell and back. I'm the only one who can really understand.

(Intensely)

Look at the flames.

DALE

(Frightened by the outburst)

What?

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Look at the flames!

(Mesmerized by the fire)

We used to play games here when we were kids. See who could stare into the flames the longest. "Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulfur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!"

DALE

Sean, don't talk like that...

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Like what?

DALE

All that fancy language. It makes you sound like...

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Like Victor? The smart one in the family.

DALE

I don't want you sounding like that. I like you the way you are.

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

Stupid and dependent.

DALE

No!

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

I know what you want. You want to take my brother away from me.

MUSIC CUE

DALE

(Really frightened now)

You're not Sean.

SEAN/MICHAEL (AS VICTOR)

You're not nearly as clever as he said.

(SEAN/MICHAEL grabs the knife off the mantel. Since he has now revealed himself we shall call him MICHAEL - although he is still in the grips of his alter-ego "VICTOR".)

DALE

Michael... I never wanted to take Sean away from you!

MICHAEL

Then why did he stop coming to see me every week? Why did he talk about you all the time? Dale, Dale, Dale... I got sick of hearing that name while I rotted alone in that Hell-hole!

DALE *(Desperately)*

Michael, you can't get Sean back by killing me! Sean will hate you... he'll never forgive you.

MICHAEL

He will understand, once you're out of the way. Just like he did with Kelly. He thought he was in love with her too, but I soon put a stop to that.

DALE

Please! Michael, listen to me... !

MICHAEL

Michael! Michael! Why do you keep calling me that? There's no-one by that name here!

(MICHAEL raises the knife as if about to strike.)

DALE

Oh, God! No!

(HE starts to bring the knife down when...)

A LOUD SHOT FROM A SHOTGUN BLASTS ACROSS THE ROOM. The gun is protruding between the drapes of the French doors. MICHAEL is hit in the head and spins around with a cry of pain and falls to the floor.

MUSIC ENDS

The French doors open and MOLLY ENTERS carrying a shotgun.)

MOLLY

Are you all right?

DALE *(Breathless)*

Yes. Yes. Thank God you came!

MOLLY

I thought it was Michael. I've been testing him all night.

(Looks around)

Where's Otto? He was supposed to be keeping an eye on things.

DALE

I haven't seen him. I did hear them talking though.

MOLLY

(Goes to the body of MICHAEL)

Damn shame. Such a good-looking kid.

(SHE reaches out and touches the body gently. Suddenly MICHAEL GRABS THE END OF THE SHOTGUN and pulls it out of MOLLY'S hands. HE LEAPS UP, still brandishing the knife, and thrusts the knife at MOLLY.

MOLLY backs away from HIM.

MICHAEL staggers to HIS feet, HIS hand over HIS face which is covered with blood. When HE sees the blood on HIS hand HE grabs a towel [note: DALE had left it earlier by the fire to dry out] and uses it to stem the flow of blood. Then HE turns HIS attention back to MOLLY who BOLTS OUT of the French doors.*

HE follows MOLLY, although HE is having difficulty moving because of HIS wounds. Still holding the knife, HE disappears outside.

DALE sees the shotgun on the floor and grabs it. SHE checks the cartridges but they are both spent. SHE throws the gun aside as:

MICHAEL returns from outside. staggering and moving slowly, the towel still pressed to HIS face. HE breathes heavily and there is blood on the towel. HE moves menacingly toward DALE.

DALE backs away from HIM to the fireplace. There is the SOUND OF A POLICE SIREN and THE SOUND OF A CAR driving rapidly up the driveway and coming to a sudden stop. Lights from a police car emergency light reflect around the room.

MICHAEL is about to lunge at DALE with the knife when...

The French doors open and SEAN rushes in.)

SEAN (Shouts)

Michael!

(MICHAEL freezes at the sound of HIS brother's voice. Behind SEAN, DR. CLIFFORD and MOLLY ENTER.

MOLLY is shaken, but otherwise all right. DR. CLIFFORD shouts out to the police who are waiting offstage.)

DR. CLIFFORD

(Shouts off-stage)

Wait there! We'll handle it!

SEAN

Michael!

(MICHAEL still holds the knife poised above DALE. HE seems indecisive.)

Tell Victor there will be no more killing!

(Firmly)

Tell him, Michael!

(Confused, MICHAEL slowly lowers the knife)

SEAN

Give it to me!

(MICHAEL does not move so SEAN takes the knife from HIS hand. MICHAEL then turns HIS face away from them and slumps down by the fireplace. HE lowers HIS head and sits, defeated. DALE moves to SEAN'S side.)

MOLLY (To MICHAEL)

Where's Otto?

(MICHAEL does not answer. SEAN grabs HIM angrily.)

SEAN

Where is he!

(MICHAEL slowly lifts his arm and points towards the hallway. DR. CLIFFORD dashes into the hallway. They all wait nervously for DR. CLIFFORD to return. After a moment SHE emerges.)

DR. CLIFFORD

(Sadly, to MOLLY)

I'm sorry.

(SEAN turns to MICHAEL)

SEAN

Do you know what you've done! You've let Victor loose again! He's killed again! Are you aware of that!

(MICHAEL bows HIS head even further)

MOLLY

There is no Victor! That's just a trick he plays to get off the hook!

(To DR. CLIFFORD)

Why don't you admit it. We all got taken in by him.

(Suddenly MICHAEL leaps up and snatches the knife from SEAN'S hand.)

MUSIC CUE

(Everybody freezes. Slowly HE advances on DALE. SEAN moves in front of HER.)

MICHAEL

(Speaking with difficulty.)

Get.. out... of the way!

SEAN

No! Can't you see... even killing her wouldn't make any difference! I'm not part of you, and I never was! I'm a separate human being with my own life! A life that you can't be part of!

(MICHAEL looks at SEAN, almost disbelieving. Nobody moves for a moment.)

MICHAEL

You'll always be part of me!

(MICHAEL slowly raises the knife and then suddenly DRIVES IT INTO HIS OWN BODY, then pulls it out and thrusts it in again. Then HE twists the knife deep into HIS stomach.)

SEAN

Michael!

(MICHAEL falls to HIS knees in the center of the room. HE holds up HIS blood-stained hand to SEAN. SEAN takes HIS hand.

MICHAEL crumples to the floor, dead.)

Dramatic music fades up as the lights fade on the tableau. MICHAEL is center stage with DALE, DR. CLIFFORD, SEAN and MOLLY looking on in horror.)

END OF ACT 2 SCENE 1

ACT II**Scene 2**

SETTING: Some weeks later. Morning light is flowing in through the windows and the French doors.

AT RISE: SEAN is chopping vegetables on a butcher block at the window, looking out across the lake. Birds sing outside and all is very serene. DALE ENTERS with two cups of coffee.

Coffee? **DALE**

Thanks. **SEAN**

(SHE gives him one of the coffees.)

The lake looks beautiful. **DALE**

I thought I couldn't bear to come back to this house after Michael died, but the place feels very different now. **SEAN**

I think whatever personal ghosts you had here have finally been put to rest. **DALE**

Molly called. She needs someone to help run the marina... it's not a lot of money... but at least we wouldn't have to pay rent. **SEAN**

You mean... stay here at the house? **DALE**

(HE shows her a newspaper.)

The medical centre in the Falls is advertising for a nurse. **SEAN**

So you wouldn't mind staying here... after everything that's happened? **DALE**

Now that he's gone... it all feels different. It doesn't have to be for long, just until we get our lives back in order. **SEAN**

So, they're looking for a nurse? **DALE**

(DALE looks at the newspaper)

Head nurse. It's a good job. **SEAN**

(As HE looks out of the window HE sees someone approaching.)

Well, look who's here!

(SEAN opens the French doors and goes out onto the deck. HE calls out.)

Hello there!

(DR. CLIFFORD ENTERS onto the deck and shakes hands with SEAN. THEY both ENTER the living room.)

DR. CLIFFORD

I thought I'd drop over and see how you were doing. I just got a call from my publishers. They love the book. Especially the chapters about the famous O'Neill twins. Now they want me to write a whole book on you.

(SHE laughs)

I don't think I've got that much time left.

SEAN *(Lightly)*

The book on the O'Neill twins is now closed.

DALE

Dr. Clifford, do you have any medical textbooks I could borrow for a few days?

DR. CLIFFORD

Medical textbooks? Are you thinking of starting work again?

DALE

(Looks at SEAN)

Maybe.

DR. CLIFFORD

Good for you! I have a library full. Come with me and you can pick out all the ones you'll need.

DALE

Do you mind, Sean? I won't be long.

SEAN

Not at all.

(Happily DALE starts to leave with DR. CLIFFORD.)

DR. CLIFFORD

(To SEAN)

I'll bring her right back.

DALE

(Gives HIM a kiss)

See you soon.

(THEY EXIT leaving SEAN alone. HE stands at the open French doors and watches them go. For a moment HE seems lost in thought. HE looks out across the lake and listens to the wind through the trees and the wavelets lapping against the shore. This mood is broken when MOLLY comes up onto the deck.)

MOLLY

Well? What's the verdict?

SEAN

Molly!

(SHE comes into the room)

We're going to stay.

MOLLY

Wonderful! I must say I'm kinda surprised you want to stay here, but I sure need the help.

(Half-joking)

'Sides, I can keep an eye on you. Make sure you treat that woman of yours right.

SEAN

You don't have to worry about that, Molly. I know how lucky I am to have her.

MOLLY

You're dead right there. I'm just glad we got rid of Victor. Not that I believe he ever really existed.

SEAN

I'm sure he was real to Michael.

MOLLY

Well, real or not, he's dead now.

(MOLLY moves to the French doors, about to exit. SHE turns back to SEAN.)

Let's make sure he stays that way.

SEAN

Victor's dead and buried, Molly.

MOLLY

Well... I guess you're the only one who knows for sure.

(MOLLY takes one last close look at SEAN and EXITS. SEAN goes back to the chopping block where he was cutting vegetables and picks up the knife.)

MUSIC CUE

An EERIE SOUND slowly fades up as SEAN looks at the sinister knife in his hand.)

SEAN

(To himself)

I guess I am.

(The EERIE MUSIC wells up and the LIGHTS FADE.)

CURTAIN

END OF PLAY

For details on how the "Switch" is accomplished see the following pages

EXPLANATION OF THE “SWITCH”

(This enables both “twins” to be on-stage at the same time without using real twins.)

The “switch” takes place during the section in which MICHAEL appears to chase MOLLY out of the French doors, across the deck and into the darkness. The audience sees that MICHAEL quickly gives up the chase of MOLLY and returns to his real prey - DALE.

In fact, the DOUBLE was waiting in the wings, and while the real MICHAEL keeps on going into the wings, it is the DOUBLE who quickly returns into the room and attacks DALE.

The key to making this work (and it’s easier than you probably think) is to have someone of vaguely the same build as MICHAEL. The scene has been structured so that the only special item needed is a wig which can approximate MICHAEL’s hair (unless the DOUBLE has natural hair that can be made to look like MICHAEL’s). In professional productions where it is expensive to hire another actor for one small scene, it would be most efficient to have the actor playing OTTO be the DOUBLE if that is at all possible. In the second professional production OTTO was used as the DOUBLE even though he was slightly heavier built than MICHAEL yet the audience was never aware of the switch. If OTTO is simply too different in build it will be necessary to use a specially picked DOUBLE for the role, and this will always give the closest match.

Here is a step-by-step outline of the switch and the subsequent concealment of that fact.

1. The set-up: MICHAEL is wearing a bath robe which can be long enough to cover most of his legs, and loose enough to conceal moderate differences in body weight and structure. After he is shot, MICHAEL grabs a towel with his LEFT hand and covers the LEFT (Upstage) side of his face as he staggers out of the French doors located stage left.
2. The DOUBLE is waiting in the wings with an identical bath robe, shoes etc., and clutching an identical towel with his LEFT hand. He wears a wig which approximates MICHAEL’s hair. Also, MICHAEL has been shot by buckshot in the face, so the DOUBLE’s face can be somewhat hidden with make-up blood.
3. MICHAEL exits offstage and the DOUBLE ENTERS as if it were MICHAEL returning. This turn-around should be VERY BRIEF, as the longer the audience has to think about it, the more they may suspect a switch is afoot.
4. The DOUBLE ENTERS, and now the towel (still in his LEFT hand) is covering the downstage side of the face, and thereby hiding it from the audience’s view. Also part of the towel can drape in front of the DOUBLE’s body, further diverting attention from any differences in body shape. The audience’s focus should be on the blood on the towel, which should be very visually diverting, being on a white background. Added to this is the fact that MICHAEL has been wounded which gives him a staggering gait that will be quite different from MICHAEL’s usual way of moving. As DALE is by the fireplace when the DOUBLE ENTERS through the French doors, his entire cross from stage left to stage right can be made with his face hidden in this way.
5. Meanwhile the actor playing SEAN/MICHAEL is QUICKLY changing into a new costume to re-enter as SEAN. This change has to take place while the DOUBLE is staggering across the stage toward DALE, and even though this moment can be drawn out in true Hitchcock fashion, it is still a quick, though not unmanageable change.
6. Once SEAN ENTERS and confronts MICHAEL (the DOUBLE), SEAN takes a position upstage so that the DOUBLE will have to stand with his back to the audience to keep eye contact with SEAN.

7. After he gives up the knife the DOUBLE slumps down by the fire (downstage corner, looking upstage, apparently trying to hide his head in shame). He can still use the towel to hide his face if necessary.

8. When the DOUBLE leaps and grabs the knife, he advances toward DALE who is upstage behind SEAN. This keeps the DOUBLE's back to the audience right up until the moment when he crumples and spins around as he dies, keeping his head in such a position that it cannot be clearly seen. Although the DOUBLE speaks briefly, he has been wounded and speaks with difficulty so the difference in voices is masked to some degree.

In the past the switch has worked quite easily because the audience is simply not expecting it. And because they are not looking for it, as long as they are not presented with anything that would definitely make them question the real identity of the DOUBLE (such as markedly different hair color) they will not notice the minor things, such as feet that are too large.

LISTING THE FAKE ACTOR IN THE PROGRAM

To carry on the illusion it is a good idea to state in the program that the actor playing SEAN is a real twin and that his twin brother is playing MICHAEL (some theatres even have press releases about the search for twin actors). This means two bios should be listed in the program - one with a fake first name. If the play is working properly people will be wondering why the other twin didn't come out for the curtain call!