

KAI. You're unhappy.

*Pause.*

You're unhappy and you wanted to feel better. You're using me. I get it. Can I see you again?

JUSTINE *thinks*.

JUSTINE. I can't.

KAI. Whenever you want to feel better...

JUSTINE. I'm... in trouble. At work.

KAI. What kind of trouble?

JUSTINE. I've... I need to... put it right. I can still put it right. Speak to my boss. I can tell her...

KAI. Fuck, what is it? What are you talking about?

JUSTINE. Tomorrow. I'll tell her tomorrow.

KAI. Whatever it is, you can tell me. I could help, please... tell me?

*She leaves.*

KAI *throws himself back down onto the bed.*

24.

SUNITA and KERRY, *sitting opposite each other in an interview room.*

KERRY. You can't hold me. You can't hold me here.

SUNITA. I don't intend to.

KERRY. They hurt me. They hurt my arm.

SUNITA. I'm sorry about that.

KERRY. It's fucking... kidnapping.

SUNITA. Can I get you a coffee?

KERRY. No, I'm leaving.

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KERRY *tries to open the door but it's locked.*

Let me out!

SUNITA. I will, after we talk. Sit down.

*After a frustrated pause, KERRY sits.*

How did you find out where I live? Did you follow me home?

KERRY *doesn't answer.*

I'm tired of this. Of you. Tired of you peering at me from behind cars and through shop windows. Tired of seeing you in the street outside my house.

KERRY. I don't know what you're talking about.

SUNITA. I have a right to a private life, just like anybody else.

KERRY. I'm not following you.

SUNITA. I could have had you picked up at any time but I didn't. I left you alone because I know that you're having a hard time and because you're Justine's sister. But I want you to know that, as of today, you have exhausted my patience.

*Pause.*

KERRY. The police have nothing. No fingerprints. No forensics. Nobody saw or heard anything. A ghost went into that room and forced my sister to kill herself. That's not possible. That means it's something to do with you.

SUNITA. A ghost, spotted on CCTV?

KERRY. It could be anyone. Very fucking convenient.

SUNITA. I'm not interested in discussing the ins and outs of the case. I'm simply telling you to stop following me.

KERRY. Do you know what I think? I think Justine found something out. She found something bad out and... she couldn't handle it. She was going to... to whistleblow and you wanted her silenced so you killed her.

SUNITA. That's ridiculous.

KERRY. There's no evidence. That's how I know it must have something to do with you people.

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SUNITA *shakes her head.*

I'm going to the papers. I'm asking for an official government inquiry. And I'm going to tell them all about you, about what you're doing to me.

SUNITA. What am I doing to you?

KERRY. Setting hidden cameras. Sending police cars to follow me! Flashing their lights and sirens so I can't sleep, it's... You're trying to drive me up the fucking wall, aren't you?

SUNITA. Kerry...

KERRY. You're not even going to try and fucking deny it?

SUNITA. Of course I'm not sending police cars to follow you! I want to know who killed Justine just as much as you do.

KERRY. How can you sleep at night?

SUNITA. You need to get some help.

*Pause.*

KERRY. Can I go now?

SUNITA. You look like her. I couldn't see it before. But now I can.

KERRY. I don't look like her, I'm nothing like her, open the fucking door. Now!

25.

JUSTINE'S flat. JUSTINE is getting ready to go to work.

A knock at the door. JUSTINE gets up to answer it. It's ANOUSHKA, dressed in a black hooded jacket and just taking off a baseball cap. ANOUSHKA is nervous but she is hiding it very well.

ANOUSHKA. Hello!

JUSTINE. Sorry... do I know you?

ANOUSHKA. Yes, yes, you probably don't remember. I'm Anoushka. We met at your sister's gallery?

JUSTINE. Uhm.

ANOUSHKA. Kai... the artist, Kai, I'm his wife?

JUSTINE. Oh yes. I remember.

ANOUSHKA. Can I come in for a minute?

JUSTINE. Not really. I have to leave for work.

ANOUSHKA. It won't take long. Five minutes, that's all.

JUSTINE. I don't have time, sorry, I have to go to work.

ANOUSHKA. It's about your sister.

JUSTINE. Uh. What...?

ANOUSHKA. Really it would be so much better if we talked inside. It's not something you want all of your neighbours hearing.

JUSTINE. What is it?

ANOUSHKA *frowns. Reluctantly, JUSTINE stands aside so that ANOUSHKA can come in. There's a pause.*

ANOUSHKA. What a sweet flat. It's very... neat.

JUSTINE. What's this about?

ANOUSHKA. You need something on the walls in here. A few prints. Something.

JUSTINE. You said it was something to do with Kerry?

ANOUSHKA. No, Kerry's not involved.

JUSTINE. Okay. So...?

ANOUSHKA *takes a gun out of her pocket and points it at JUSTINE.*

Noush...

ANOUSHKA *approaches JUSTINE.*

No. Wait.

ANOUSHKA. Shh. Shh.