

(She lets GASKILL in.)

GASKILL. Well, this has been a funny old few days, hasn't it?

(He sees her Megan Hipwell cuttings etc. Examines it all suspiciously.)

RACHEL. What are you doing here?

GASKILL. When Megan first went missing, honestly, I just thought, another domestic that ends up on my desk. But then, at every step of the investigation, I hear the name Rachel Watson.

RACHEL. So?

GASKILL. So I have to ask myself. Who *is* Rachel Watson?

RACHEL. I've told you everything I remember.

GASKILL. Ah, yes. The unreliable memory.

(GASKILL picks up some remaining bottles.)

So, what kind of drinker are you?

RACHEL. What d'you mean?

GASKILL. My old dad, he'd sway down the street with a bottle of wine in a brown paper bag and people crossed over to avoid him. Someone walks down the road with their wine in a Waitrose bag, people think they're part of a civilised society. But it all ends up the same. The need.

RACHEL. Yes, well, I'm not -

GASKILL. Then you get the redundancy, but the need of a drink is still there. So then you're in Bargain Booze, with the rest of us, working out the cost per unit of alcohol, and now people are crossing the road to avoid *you*.

RACHEL. So what type of drinker are you?

GASKILL. Recovered.

And have you remembered anything yet? From Saturday night?

RACHEL. ...

GASKILL. The next time my superintendent asks me if I have any suspects, would you blame me for mentioning one Rachel Watson, a half-cut loner who's obsessed with the missing woman (*Indicates all the Megan Hipwell clippings.*). One Rachel Watson, who, on the night Megan went missing, was seen in the neighbourhood, and what's her alibi? Black holes in her memory. Which is no alibi at all.

RACHEL. Are you here to humiliate me?

GASKILL. No. Rachel. I came to tell you that we've found her.

RACHEL. Then why have you just put me through all that if you've found her?

GASKILL. No. No. I came to tell you...that we've *found* her.

(*Music**. **RACHEL**, *wordless.*)