

(Kenny places the painting down and crosses the room. He takes down a small Picasso etching. He studies it for a moment)

KENNY A Picasso etching. Very nice, we should get seven, eight thousand for it.

RAY I've heard of Picasso, let's have a look.

(Kenny hands it to Ray)

KENNY So what's your opinion?

RAY Doesn't grab me. One eye's higher than the other and the nose is all wrong, what's that all about. My favourite is the one I saw in a magazine, it was with all these dogs, sitting around a table, playing poker. They're really cute, especially the little one smoking a cigar and cheating. Under the table he has an ace in his back paw and he was slipping it to his mate beside him.

KENNY Yeah Ray, those dogs are really cute.

RAY What the fuck mate!

KENNY What?

RAY You just said my bloody name. You called me Ray... We agreed I'd be Mister Brown, like Tarantino in Reservoir Dogs. Why the hell did you have to go and say my name.

KENNY Oh man, I'm sorry. It just slipped out. I'm really sorry.

RAY It's a bit late now. They've seen my face, and now they know my name, I'm screwed.

KENNY You told me you'd never been arrested.

RAY I haven't.

KENNY Then you're okay and you're also wearing gloves so you haven't left any fingerprints.

RAY Yeah, you're right. Just don't mention my last name.

(Julia stands)

JULIA When you ran into the back of my car, it was no accident, was it?

KENNY Of course not. I did my research and found out the address of your office where you worked. For a couple of weeks, I watched what time you arrived at work each day. When you went for lunch and the route you travelled home after work. It was quite simple to stage the accident.

(Julia crosses to Kenny)

JULIA Right from the start, it was all just a pack of lies and to think that because of the feelings I had for you, I let you...

(She slaps him across his face)

RAY I think you've had your last booty call mate.

(Julia sits down on the sofa again)

KENNY Let's get on with this. In the dining room Ray, there's a matching pair of two Frederick Charlton paintings of 17th century sailing ships, I want you to get them and leave them in the hallway by the front door.

RAY How much will we get for them?

KENNY For the pair, somewhere around one hundred and twenty thousand.

RAY Cool.

KENNY You'll find another painting in Barbara's bedroom, it's on the wall facing the bed. It's a vase of flowers by Sylvia Grayson, that'll be worth another forty thousand.

(Ray starts counting)

RAY That's forty plus thirty five, plus eight for the Picasso and one twenty and eh...that's...eh...

KENNY (interjecting) Two hundred and forty three thousand.

RAY And we'll have the money in the next coupla days?

KENNY Yes.

BARBARA How do you know about the Sylvia Grayson painting in my bedroom?

JULIA That is down to me. Last month when you and Peter went to Paris for the weekend, I invited Kenny to come over and spend the night with me here.
(She turns to Kenny)
Now I think back, when I was showing you around the house you seemed very interested in the paintings. That's what it was all about, wasn't it?

KENNY Where do you keep your front door keys Barbara?

BARBARA On a hook in the kitchen.

KENNY Take all the paintings here and put them in the hallway Ray, then get the keys from the kitchen and lock the front door and make sure the back kitchen door is also locked. Then go get the two paintings from the dining room, it's the room on the right before the front door. Then go upstairs and get the other

painting from Barbara's bedroom, bring them down and leave them all in the hallway with the others.

RAY Okay.

(Ray turns to pick up the paintings)

KENNY Ray.

(Ray turns back to Kenny)

KENNY Aren't you forgetting something?

RAY What?

KENNY Leave the gun with me.

RAY Oh yeah.

(Ray takes the gun out of his belt and hands it to Kenny. He picks up the paintings and then walks out of the room)

BARBARA Why are you doing this, I don't...

PETER (interjecting) I have a plane to catch, so just take what you want and get out.

BARBARA Please Peter, sit down and don't antagonize...

(Peter turns on Barbara)

PETER (interjecting) Shut-up!

JULIA Don't you speak to my mother like that.

PETER This is all your fault. If you hadn't invited him round here when we were in Paris, then perhaps none of this would be happening.

JULIA What do you want me to say Peter, that I wish I'd never met him, well trust me... "I wish I had never met him."

(She turns to Kenny)

When it comes to men, I've not always been a good judge of character. Some of them turned out be complete arseholes. Needless to say, after tonight, I at least have the consolation of knowing that I have now reached rock bottom.

(There is a moment of silence)

PETER I'm sorry Barbara, it's just that I have to catch my plane. This deal is so important to the future of the company.

(Peter sits down in the chair)

KENNY This is a fabulous house, how much did it cost you Peter? Sorry, I'm forgetting this house actually belongs to your wife, doesn't it. You shouldn't talk to her the way you just did. You might find yourself out on the street.
(Turns to Barbara)
Michael, your first husband bought this house for you, didn't he Barbara.

BARBARA Yes.

KENNY I believe he died about fifteen years ago in a boating accident

(We hear the sound of breaking glass from the back garden. Kenny moves upstage and slides open the door. He takes the gun from his belt and steps into the garden. We hear another sound of breaking glass. Kenny turns back to the family)

KENNY The front doors are locked, so don't any of you move from this room.

(He moves into the garden)

BARBARA I can't believe this is happening.

JULIA We just have to stay calm.

BARBARA What are we going to do?

JULIA I'm sure they will leave soon when they realise there's no money in the house

PETER We have you to thank Julia for inviting this bastard into our house. Whatever happens here tonight is on you.

JULIA How the hell was I supposed to know, he seemed alright when I first...

PETER (interjecting) He seemed alright...He's a bloody Sociopath.

BARBARA Stop it Peter, there's no point in us bickering amongst ourselves. It's not Julia's fault.

PETER She brought him into our lives Barbara, I'd say that makes it her fault.

BARBARA If only we could call the police then...

PETER (interjecting) Yes!

(Peter crosses and picks up his phone from behind the family photo on the coffee table.

PETER I forgot that I had put this phone down earlier when...

JULIA (interjecting) Call the police, before he comes back.

PETER We can't take the chance now, he could come back any second and if he catches me then...

JULIA (interjecting) Just make the bloody call, we might not get another chance, make the call.

PETER I will, but we have to be sure that...

 (Kenny appears outside the window, looking around, his back to the family. Barbara sees Kenny)

BARBARA (interjecting) He's coming back.

 (Peter puts the phone in his inside Jacket pocket. Then he sits on the sofa beside Julia and Barbara. Kenny opens the door and enters the room. He then closes the door and locks it)

KENNY Some kids have thrown a couple of bricks over the wall and broke some of glass in the greenhouse. The fifth of November, what you gonna do, some people think it's an excuse for anarchy.
(Kenny moves to stand behind the sofa)
Now what were you all discussing, while I was out of the room?

 (The family are silent)

KENNY Surely you all must have taken the opportunity to discuss the current situation.

 (He bends down and places his head between Peter and Barbara, on the same level)

KENNY Of course, if you did, you'd keep it a secret. They do say, that most married couples keep secrets from each other. They also say that three people can only keep a secret, if two of them are dead.

 (Kenny walks over and pulls around the armchair DSL and sits in it)

KENNY So tell us Peter, what guilty secrets do you have lurking in the dark corners of your mind?

BARBARA We don't keep secrets. Perhaps if you had experienced this within your family, then you would not be doing something like this.

KENNY Looking at tonight's events, you might have a point there Barbara, then again, some psychologist might say that what has driven me to be the person I am, might have something to do with the fact that my mother died in traumatic circumstances, when I was only four years old.

BARBARA I'm very sorry to hear that but it is no excuse for what you are doing here tonight.

KENNY I wonder why people always say that...“I'm very sorry”...You didn't know my mother, she was nothing to you, so why are you sorry that she died.

Speaking of families, you still miss your first husband Michael, at least that's what Julia told me. She said you both miss him very much.

BARBARA

Of course we do.

KENNY

He died in a boating accident, somewhere off the Isle of Wight.

(He then turns to Peter)

You first met Michael at Cambridge University, didn't you Peter?

PETER

Yes, we were both there at the same time.

KENNY

I never had the opportunity to go to University. I sometime wish I had.

PETER

I don't see what any of this has to do with...

(Kenny stands, his voice cold and menacing)

KENNY

(interjecting) Humour me Peter, I like hearing about people and their lives. How did you end up working for Michael?

(Kenny stands and moves across to the bookshelf)

PETER

We both majored in business studies and economics and became friends. After we graduated we went our separate ways and after a while we lost touch.

(Kenny takes down a book and opens it)

KENNY

In your final university exams, Michael came top of the class. Did you resent that?

PETER

No, why would I?

KENNY

No reason. So, after university, why did you lose touch with him?

PETER

I met my first wife, she was Canadian. We got married and I agreed to move to Toronto, as all her family was there.

KENNY

It's freezing over there in the winter. Is that why you decided to come back to London?

PETER

We were married for five years, then she died in a car accident.

KENNY

I'm very sorry.

(Looks at Barbara)

PETER

I found it very difficult to move on with my life there. After a couple of years, I decided it was time for a complete change and so I moved back to London. I met Michael again at a university reunion dinner and by the end of the evening he persuaded me to come to work for him.