LAUREN. The interesting thing is that instinct can shut down reason.

SAM. Lizard versus monkey.

LAUREN. Lizard wins.

JENNY. That's what happens when you're scared, but where does it come from?

SAM. Eh?

JENNY. Fear's not a mood, like happiness or sadness. It's a response.

BEN. Bingo! This is what your lot…

SAM. My lot?

BEN. Science people… 'Experts'.

SAM. Oh dear…

BEN. You never answer. If ghosts don't exist, why do people see them?

SAM. Because we're constantly seeing what isn't there.

(*Gesturing to the patio doors.*) We see the Plough instead of a bunch of stars. The Man in the Moon. The face of Jesus on a slice of toast. If you want ghosts, you'll find them – in the shadows, behind curtains…

LAUREN. Doing pottery with Demi Moore.

(*Off their looks.*) C'mon, he was my first crush!

SAM. But more than anything… you see them because the laws of thermodynamics are really fucking hard to understand. Ghosts are the easy answer. Like, I don't know, blaming Albanians…

JENNY. Sam! Don't be a wanker.

BEN. It's fine. And sometimes the easy answer's right. Feel your radiator.

JENNY (*touches it*). It's warm.

BEN. Your thermostat was switched off.

JENNY. Thank you, Ben!

SAM *gives a sardonic nod of thanks.*

You realise nothing you say will change my mind?

SAM. Is that a challenge?

JENNY. I know what I heard. And tonight, you'll hear it too.

A sudden shrill cry from Phoebe through the baby monitor makes them all jump.

SAM. I told you kids were creepy.

Phoebe cries again. SAM *makes to go upstairs but* JENNY *beats him to it, exiting.*

LAUREN *pours herself the last of the bottle of wine.*

LAUREN. We need more wine!! If we're about to disprove the laws of physics, then my professional psychiatric evaluation is that we all need to get shit-faced.

SAM. The off-licence will be shut.

JENNY*'s voice can be heard soothing Phoebe through the monitor.*

JENNY (*offstage*). It's alright, darling.

SAM (*realising* LAUREN*'s drunk a lot*). Maybe we should call it a night. Ask the ghost to reschedule.

JENNY (*offstage, lifting Phoebe out of her cot*). Come on, baba… / Sssh, sssh…

BEN. I know a place round the corner.

SAM. A Cockney speakeasy?

The baby monitor cuts out suddenly –

BEN. A corner shop – sells halal meat and twenty-four-hour booze.

LAUREN *looks hopefully at* SAM.

SAM (*sighs reluctantly*). Alright… What do you fancy? Red? White? Beer? 'Spirits'?

JENNY (*offstage*). Is it still in here?

LAUREN, *confused, stares out at* BEN, *standing, head bowed, in the torrential rain.*

Is it here?

LAUREN *picks up the baby monitor and turns it off.*

Snap to black.

Scene Six

The clock races forwards to 02:12.

Lights up.

There are muddy prints across the white rug. The patio door is now closed. JENNY *is on the sofa, holding Phoebe, wrapped in a blanket.*

SAM. He must have run in when Ben left the door open.

JENNY. That smell…

SAM. He pissed in the hall. Bloody fox.

JENNY. It could have got into / her cot.

SAM. It didn't.

He puts his hands on her shoulders.

(*Trying to reassure.*) Everything can be –

JENNY. Explained?

(*Shivers and moves his hand.*) Your hands…

SAM (*rubbing his hands to warm them*). You know what they say – cold hands, warm heart. Though I'm not sure there's any scientific basis to that.

(*Surveys the rug.*) We're going to need one of those / steam cleaners.

JENNY. I don't want us to have another child, Sam.

A shocked beat.

Not in this house.

SAM, *stunned, searches desperately for something to say.*

I've called my parents. They're expecting us.

He sits next to her.

SAM. I love you.

JENNY (*sadly, tears welling*). No. You love what you made me. But I… I want to know if the old me is still there, under all the layers of you.

She places her head against his. They're both crying.

I want to be more than just a sponge.

SAM. We can talk about it. I promise… I promise I'll listen.

There's a knock on the patio door, breaking the moment. The security light springs on. LAUREN *is illuminated by the door.* BEN *is further away, smoking, his back to the house.*

JENNY *opens the door and* LAUREN *enters.*

LAUREN. Hi.

JENNY (*flatly*). Hi.

LAUREN *looks at the clock.*

LAUREN. So are we still doing this?

JENNY. Yes.

She gets up, holding Phoebe.

SAM. What are you doing?

JENNY. I'm putting her in her room.

LAUREN. Are you insane?

JENNY (*to* SAM). If I can prove to you this thing is here, if you can hear it too, then maybe there's hope. We can all leave this fucking house.