Oliver- So the conscience coin does have a use. Do I go with Helen and spend the money as we planned? Or do I go to the coin fare. Then there’s the Spanish Doubloons in the paper.

*He examines both sides of the coin*

How unusual. One side symbolises light, the other dark- and then there’s the inscription- ‘Veritas’. I wonder what truth there is in this.

*He flips the coin and catches it on his hand.*

Darkness. Typical.

*Unseen to him, a figure enters from the patio doors. ‘Dark’ is a figure dressed entirely in black.*

Dark- What is?

*Oliver spins around, looks at this person, and nearly falls over in shock.*

Oliver- Who are you?

Dark- Don’t you know?

Oliver- Pardon?

Dark- You called me.

Oliver- I called you? How?

Dark- You flipped the coin. Don’t worry- I can’t harm you. I can barely touch you.

Oliver- I’m going mad.

Dark- Not quite. It’s really quite simple. You flipped the coin. You called me. You wanted advice, and here I am.

Oliver- But who are you?

Dark- Your conscience.

Oliver- My what?

*Dark enters the room and ‘glides’ past Oliver towards the kitchen door UR before turning round to face Oliver.*

Dark- Conscience. I’m you. Or rather, the conscience of you. I know everything there is to know about you, because I speak to you all the time. Although, normally you can’t hear or see me as you can now.

Oliver- Then how…?

Dark- The coin is a talisman. It summoned a ‘manifestation’ of me. So, what seems to be the problem.

Oliver- I don’t believe this is happening!

Dark- Oh, don’t worry. You’re not going mad. I think it’s rather useful to be able to talk to your conscience. Think of all the instant advice you can get.

Oliver- How will I explain this to Helen?

Dark- You won’t have to.

Oliver- I think I’m going to have to say something when she comes in and sees you…

*Helen walks in from the kitchen, still feeling a little hurt and used. She stands just inside the door, with Dark between them.*

Helen- *to Oliver-* I suppose you want toast also?

Oliver- Pardon?

Helen- Toast. How many rounds?

Oliver- But, Helen… *he indicates Dark, who shakes its head and smiles*

Dark- She can’t see me

Oliver- No?

Helen- No? It’s not like you to pass up on someone making you food!

Dark- She can’t hear me either. Only you know I’m here.

Oliver- Really?

Helen- Yes, really. You’ve never passed up on that. Are you feeling alright?

Oliver- I think so

Helen- Well, if you don’t want any toast, I’ll make you another drink. Marty stays for one and then he goes, alright?

Oliver- Er, yes. Okay.

Helen- What? You don’t look sure.

Oliver- Oh, it’s nothing. Marty was talking to me about something, that’s all.

Helen- Oh, no. Not another one of his money making schemes! Oliver, promise me you won’t agree to anything stupid!

Dark- Marty has a point, you know.

Oliver- (*to Dark*) what?

Helen- I said, promise me you won’t agree to be involved in anything stupid.

Oliver- Er, no.

Dark- There could be a lot of valuable coins in Cherbourg, but never mind.

Helen- We’ve got so much to do today, Oliver. It will be great to get straight once and for all!

Dark- And then there’s the Doubloons. It would be a shame to pass on them

Oliver- I see

Helen- I’m glad you do. Look, I’m sorry for getting annoyed earlier. You can be selfish, ignorant, and sometimes incapable of considering anyone else in the world, but deep down there’s a side to you that I like. You can be quite considerate, you know.

Oliver- Really?

*Dark moves behind Oliver and leans in close to give advice*

Dark- Sounds like she’s trying to win you over, Oliver. Flattery, compliments…

Oliver- Compliments…

Helen- Of course, ‘compliments’! Aren’t I allowed to compliment my husband?

Dark- She’ll tell you that you’re the one she married, next.

Helen- You’re the one I married, after all.

Dark- And then comes the declaration of love

Helen- And I do love you, you know.

Oliver- I know you do

Dark- Hard to believe how anyone who loves you could be so underhand.

Helen- But even though you can be selfish, you’re not as bad as Marty. I really don’t know where you found him, Oliver

Oliver- Underhand?

Helen- Exactly the word I was looking for! Very underhand! Devious, conniving, and manipulative.

Dark- She could almost be describing herself!

Oliver- *(To Dark)* What? That’s unfair!

Helen- (*surprised and a little annoyed*) What? You agreed with me just now that he was Underhand!

Oliver- Yes, I mean, I know I did.

Helen- Then what’s so unfair about it?

Oliver- I wasn’t…oh, never mind. Sorry.

Helen- Oliver, you’re not making any sense

Dark- She’s trying to trap you, Ollie

Oliver- No

Helen- No, I’m glad you agree. What’s up with you today. Are you feeling okay?

Dark- if you tell her about me, she won’t believe you

Oliver- Probably

Helen- Probably? Either you are or you’re not.

Dark- So you had best keep it to yourself.

Oliver- Best keep it to myself

Helen- Why? Oh, never mind. If you’re going to be all ‘funny’ on me, I’m going back to the kitchen. Tea okay? And get rid of your strange guest at the first opportunity- I’m getting the creeps!

*Helen leaves, as Oliver whirls round to stare at Dark. Oliver and Dark move apart- Oliver heading to stage R beyond the coffee table whilst Dark spreads him/herself over the Left hand edge of the couch*

Oliver- I thought you said she couldn’t see you!