

# PSYCHIC CONNECTIONS

by

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Characters:

Cast of 6 (2M 4F)

TRISHA WATKINS – early-forties  
EMILY REEVES/ALICE STOKES – late twenties  
OLLIE REEVES – early-thirties  
CRAIG PHILLIPS – mid-thirties  
MARTHA JENNINGS – early-thirties  
BENJAMIN STOKES – mid-thirties

Synopsis of scenes:

Act 1

Scene 1 – Earlier in the year. Friday 6.15 p.m.  
Scene 2 – Present day. Saturday 2.15 p.m.  
Scene 3 – Present day. Saturday 3.00 p.m.  
Scene 4 – OLLIE's regression/1866. Saturday 3.15 p.m.  
Scene 5 – Present day. Saturday 3.30 p.m.  
Scene 6 – OLLIE's regression/1866. Sunday Midday. Two weeks later.  
Scene 7 – Present day. Saturday 3.45 p.m./1866. Sunday 12.15 p.m.

Act 2

Scene 1 – Action continues from Act 1.  
Scene 2 – CRAIG's regression/1866. Saturday 4.15 p.m.  
Scene 3 – Present day. Saturday 4.10 p.m./1866. Saturday 4.30 p.m.  
Scene 4 – CRAIG's regression/1866. Saturday 10.30 p.m.  
Scene 5 – Present day. Saturday 4.25 p.m.  
Scene 6 – OLLIE and CRAIG's regression/1867. Saturday 10.30 p.m.  
Scene 7 – OLLIE and CRAIG's regression/1867. Some months later. Evening.  
Scene 8 – OLLIE and CRAIG's regression/1868. Evening.  
Scene 9 – OLLIE and CRAIG's regression/1869. Evening.  
Scene 10 – OLLIE and CRAIG's regression/1869. Some weeks later. Evening.  
Scene 11 – A merging of past and present. Saturday 4.55 p.m.  
Scene 12 – Present day. Saturday 5.00 p.m.

Place – A room in The Old School House, Cranleigh, Surrey.

Time – Past spring, present autumn and various times in the mid/late eighteen-sixties.

Act 1

Scene 1

*Earlier in the year. Friday 6.15 p.m.*

*The room in The Old School House is spacious and hasn't been altered since its Victorian heyday. The room is illuminated by daylight coming through windows on the unseen walls. High up on the US stone wall is a carved school motto that reads 'Omnia Bona Bonis' and a date below that reads A.D. 1861. There is a large fireplace recess on the SL wall with a fire poker nearby. The room is without furniture except for a couple of old period wooden chairs and a table. There is a door on the SR wall and another door on the US wall. A stairway climbs up the US wall leading to a mezzanine door. All doors are closed. Any noises off, such as the front door, echo in the hallway*

*TRISHA stands in the room. She is wearing contemporary clothing. She is slowly and deliberately scanning the air above her.*

TRISHA: *(Gently addressing the air above.)* Alice, are you here? Alice, can you hear me?

*There is the faint sound of a woman sobbing. It seems to be coming from behind the mezzanine door.*

Alice?

*TRISHA ascends the stairs. At the top she reaches out and places her palm to the mezzanine door. Her body reacts as she registers anguish.*

*(With deep empathy.)* Oh, Alice!

*The sobbing stops. A sudden knocking is heard, like the sound of a cane rapping on the floor above. TRISHA turns to look, focussing on a place on the ceiling. She takes a sharp intake of breath. Blackout.*

Scene 2

*Present day. Saturday 2.15 p.m.*

*There is the sound of the front door off.*

CRAIG: *(Off. Calling.)* Hello? Hello?

*The SR door opens. CRAIG enters.*

Hello? Anyone here?

*He crosses to the US door and opens it.*

*(Calling off.)* Hello?

*He closes the US door. He takes out his mobile and checks it. He feels a chill and crosses to the SR door and closes it. He takes out a hip flask and has a swig. (During this scene he'll take the occasional drink when appropriate.) He sits and starts to play a game on his mobile. Gunshot effects are heard from the game. He dies, much to his annoyance. The faint sound of the woman sobbing is heard again from behind the mezzanine door. This time it's brief and soon stops.*

*(Calling up.)* Hello? Anyone there?

*CRAIG ascends the stairs. He reaches the mezzanine door.*

Hello?

*He tries the handle. The door is locked. Sound of the front door off. CRAIG knocks on the mezzanine door.*

Hello?

*He tries the handle once more and then starts to descend the stairs. There is a brief knock on the SR door. OLLIE enters SR.*

OLLIE: Hi.

CRAIG: Hi.

OLLIE: I'm guessing this is the right room. Are you one of the technicians?

CRAIG: No, I'm Craig. Craig Phillips.

OLLIE: *(Recognising him.)* Craig...!

CRAIG: Well, well, look who it is: Olivia Reeves.

OLLIE: What are... what are you doing here?

CRAIG: I could ask you the same question.

OLLIE: You're not...?

CRAIG: Not what?

OLLIE: Is she around?

CRAIG: Haven't seen her. I think I heard her though.

OLLIE: Where?

CRAIG: *(Mezzanine door.)* Behind that door.

OLLIE: Did you check?

CRAIG: Yes, I checked.

OLLIE: Excuse me.

*CRAIG steps off the stairs as OLLIE ascends.*

CRAIG: I said I checked. It's locked.

OLLIE: *(At mezzanine door.)* Hello?

*OLLIE knocks and then tries the handle. She knocks again.*

Hello? Trisha Watkins? *(US door.)* What's through there?

CRAIG: A room. There's no-one in it, I checked... but feel free to look if you don't believe me.

*OLLIE takes out her mobile and dials.*

OLLIE: *(To TRISHA's voicemail.)* Hi, it's Ollie, I'm at the house. There's someone else here, someone I know – knew. It's just I thought I was going to be doing this alone. Well... see you soon... hopefully.

*OLLIE hangs up.*

CRAIG: So... what a surprise meeting you in a classy joint like this. How are you?

OLLIE: No, you're just one of the technicians, aren't you? If you are I'd like you to go. I'm sure someone else can fill in for you.

CRAIG: Good, I'm very well too, thank you.

OLLIE: I'm sorry, but I'm not doing this with you around.

CRAIG: Bye bye then. Close the door on your way out, there's a bit of a draught coming through.

*OLLIE's mobile beeps. This is shortly followed by CRAIG's. They check mobiles.*

Her? What does yours say? Mine says: *(Reading text.)* Sorry, stuck in traffic, make yourselves at home, smiley face. Talk amongst yourselves. Capital T. Kiss. *(To OLLIE.)* Snap? Well, ought to do what she says. Come here often? I've booked a room with a sea view, how about you?

OLLIE: What did she tell you – when she contacted you... about this?

CRAIG: Probably the same as what she told you, that I had a 'connection' to the place – in another life that is. You?

OLLIE: Did she say... who?

CRAIG: To tell you the truth I wasn't paying that much attention. My ears pricked up though when she mentioned the money. Five g for being 'regressed' for a couple of hours – what's there not to like, eh? Is that what she's paying you? You hair's different. I like it – I think. Kept your figure too – from what I can see. Well done. Doesn't get any easier... I find. Married? Kids? Both, neither?

OLLIE: I'm not here to talk about me.

CRAIG: No, I don't think much of this hotel furniture and the décor's a bit drab. *(Reading inscription.)* Omnia Bona Bonis. Sounds rude. Any guesses? Mind if I close this? Like I say there's a bit of a draught.

*CRAIG closes the SR door.*

OLLIE: What did you hear?

CRAIG: Excuse me?

OLLIE: You said you thought you heard someone – behind that door. What did you hear?

CRAIG: Sounded like someone crying.

OLLIE: A woman?

CRAIG: Yes.

OLLIE: Just that?

CRAIG: Yes.

OLLIE: It was probably her.

CRAIG: Who?

OLLIE: Alice Stokes – the woman who lived and died here.

CRAIG: A ghost?

OLLIE: It's what's been heard here: crying, the sound of a woman sobbing.

CRAIG: *(Sceptically.)* Really.

OLLIE: You heard it, didn't you?

CRAIG: Could've been a pigeon, cooing.

OLLIE: Crying you said.

CRAIG: Techie then – setting up, somewhere.

OLLIE: Crying?

CRAIG: Just split up with her boyfriend – or girlfriend.

OLLIE: It's what people have heard.

CRAIG: If you say so.

OLLIE: They've seen her too – apparently – the ghost of her, dressed in her nightdress and bleeding from her gunshot wound.

CRAIG: Who's seen that?

OLLIE: People who've stayed here.

CRAIG: In this five star hotel?

OLLIE: People who've taken shelter here.

CRAIG: Tramps, you mean.

OLLIE: Travellers.

CRAIG: Tramps.

OLLIE: Just because they might've been homeless it doesn't invalidate what they saw, does it – or heard?

CRAIG: After a couple of bottles of meths people can see and hear anything.

OLLIE: Benjamin Stokes then.

CRAIG: Who?

OLLIE: Alice's husband. It was in his diary towards the end. He heard and saw her.

CRAIG: He might've been making shit up.

OLLIE: Not everyone's a compulsive liar like you.

CRAIG: Come on, Olivia, let's bury the hatchet, shall we? It's been what... fifteen years?

OLLIE: There's only one place where I'd like to bury any hatchet and that's somewhere you wouldn't appreciate.

CRAIG: Ouch! Okay, I hold up my hand, I was a red-bloodied, oversexed, horny, young man – my bad.

OLLIE: Who lied and cheated and screwed everything that moved behind my back.

CRAIG: Not everything.

OLLIE: Including a very good friend of mine – two in fact.

CRAIG: Well, they obviously weren't that good, were they. I did you a favour by calling them out.

OLLIE: What the hell did I ever see in you?

CRAIG: Devilish good looks, manliness, witty... big cock.

OLLIE: I feel sick now just thinking about it.

CRAIG: You weren't exactly a saint yourself remember, Toots, stealing me from little sis and then kicking her out into the big wide world to fend for herself, knowing how vulnerable she was. You been in touch... since? No?

OLLIE: Yes, we have.

CRAIG: When?  
OLLIE: A while back.  
CRAIG: Weeks... months?  
OLLIE: Years – about five.  
CRAIG: How was she?  
OLLIE: What do you care?  
CRAIG: You've kissed and made up then?

*There is the brief and distant sound of a school bell ringing off. CRAIG crosses to the SR door and opens it.*

*(Calling off.)* Hello? *(To OLLIE.)* Maybe it's Alice, ringing the school bell, calling the kids back to class. She must be wondering where everybody is. *(Calling off.)* Alice, we're in here. *(To OLLIE.)* Has that been heard too – a bell ringing? No? Look at you. Woooooo! Better go and have a look, see if I can spot anyone... or anything – unless you don't want me to leave you alone here.

OLLIE: Don't worry, there's nothing I'd like more than that.

CRAIG: I'll keep this door closed. Don't want to lose the cosy atmosphere we've built up in here, do we? If I'm not back in five you know they've got me.

*CRAIG exits through the SR door, closing it behind him.*

OLLIE: *(To herself.)* Jesus!

*OLLIE checks her mobile. The faint sound of the woman sobbing is heard again from behind the mezzanine door. OLLIE nervously stares up at the door. She crosses to the bottom of the stairs. The sobbing stops. OLLIE tentatively ascends the stairs. She stops half way.*

*(Calling up.)* Alice?

*She is about to continue when a scratching sound is heard on the US door.*

*(Calling to US door.)* Hello?

*OLLIE slowly descends the stairs and moves towards the US door.*

*(To US door.) Hello? Hello?*

*She reaches out to open the door. The door suddenly opens. CRAIG puts his head round.*

CRAIG: Boo!

OLLIE: Oh! You... fucker!

CRAIG: Sorry, had to do it.

*OLLIE takes an asthma inhaler from her bag and uses it.*

No ghosties around – none that I could see anyway. Still on that thing? Hey, you don't think we've got the wrong place, do you? Here we are waiting here in this old haunted school house when really we should be in the old haunted school house up the road. The one with cameras, lights, techies and Trisha Watkins wondering where the hell we are. Although if she's psychic – like she claims she is – she should know where to find us.

*OLLIE ascends the stairs. She stands at the mezzanine door.*

OLLIE: I heard her – the crying – from behind the door. Believe me that was no pigeon.

CRAIG: Techie then.

OLLIE: It sounded so... sad, so... pitiful.

CRAIG: Well, it's got to be tough being a ghostie in this place. If I were one you wouldn't catch me dead in a place like this. Get it – wouldn't catch me dead...? No? So is that what she's told you – Ms Watkins?

OLLIE: What?

CRAIG: That you were her – in another life – Alice.

OLLIE: No.

CRAIG: But you think you were.

OLLIE: No, I don't.

CRAIG: Maybe I was him – what’s his name...? Benjamin.

OLLIE: No.

CRAIG: Why not?

OLLIE: Because Benjamin Stokes was the headmaster of the school here.

CRAIG: And your point being?

OLLIE: He was someone who was dedicated to the pursuit of education.

CRAIG: Meaning?

OLLIE: To the good all things are good.

CRAIG: What?

OLLIE: Omnia Bona Bonis.

CRAIG: Okay, so in this life I don’t speak Latin.

OLLIE: Or any life I should imagine.

CRAIG: Well I must be connected to the place here, mustn’t I? At least Ms Watkins thinks I must be – I wouldn’t be here otherwise. Okay, who do you think I was then – if I wasn’t him?

OLLIE: No idea.

CRAIG: Who else was around then? Like I say I wasn’t really paying attention. I’m sure you were. Go on, have a guess – an educated one.

OLLIE: Grounds-man... janitor... P.E. teacher perhaps.

CRAIG: Okay, so Trisha Watkins wants to ‘regress’ me to find out more about the P.E. teacher. What do you think she’s got in mind there? Maybe she thinks the P.E. teacher was somehow responsible for Alice’s death. Perhaps by constantly bouncing a basketball on the ceiling beneath her bedroom floor, forcing her to pick up a gun and shoot herself – that’s how she died, wasn’t it? (*Mimes bouncing basketball on the ceiling.*) Boof, boof, boof!... Boof, boof, boof!... Boof, boof –

OLLIE: Okay, enough!

*The faint sound of a man and woman arguing is heard. It seems to be coming through the fireplace. The words are indecipherable. It fades. CRAIG crosses to the fireplace.*

- CRAIG: *(Calling up chimney.)* Hello? Any ghosties up there? *(To OLLIE.)* Techies again. *(Calling up chimney.)* Hey, techies, keep the noise down, will you, you'll wake the dead. *(To OLLIE.)* Or maybe that was in Benny's diary too – voices coming through the fireplace? No? Definitely a star knocked off Trip Advisor for that – unless you're here for the spooks, then they get one added on. Look at you, Toots.
- OLLIE: Don't call me that please.
- CRAIG: What, Toots?
- OLLIE: I didn't like it back then and I like it even less now.
- CRAIG: It's a sign of affection.
- OLLIE: Not to me it isn't.
- CRAIG: Is to me. You obviously believe in them then – ghosties.
- OLLIE: Yes, I do.
- CRAIG: Ever seen one?
- OLLIE: Not personally. I know people who have.
- CRAIG: Doesn't count. We all know people who have. No, to me once you're dead, you're dead. Once your brain's frizzled up into dust that's you gone – sayonara amigo. Although, I've always felt a thing for Romans – Roman times that is – Centurions, gladiators – all that. Maybe just stuff that got lodged in here from school. What about you? Who do you think you could've been – when you weren't being Alice, that is.
- OLLIE: I wasn't.
- CRAIG: Cleopatra? She's a popular one. Every woman likes to think they were her, don't they? Maybe it's the thought of having all those young, naked Egyptian slaves looking after you in the bath. It's a wonder she ever got out. Asses milk wasn't it?
- OLLIE: Please, I just want to not... talk, thanks. We've got nothing to say to each other, so it's probably best we don't try.
- CRAIG: Okay... as you wish.

*CRAIG checks his mobile. He starts to play his game again. Gunshot noises are heard. OLLIE tries to ignore this, but it eventually gets to her.*

OLLIE: For God's sake!

*OLLIE crosses to the SR door.*

CRAIG: Going somewhere?

OLLIE: Yes.

CRAIG: You're not gonna leave me alone with the ghosties, are you?

*OLLIE is about to exit SR.*

It's not what she told me, you know.

OLLIE: What?

CRAIG: Your baby sis... when I saw her.

OLLIE: You saw her? When?

CRAIG: Sorry, I forgot we've got nothing to say to each other.

OLLIE: When?

CRAIG: Less than five years ago... a lot less. Could you shut the door, there's a bit of a draught.

OLLIE: You're lying.

CRAIG: No, it's freezing.

OLLIE: Where did you see her?

CRAIG: Door... please.

*OLLIE closes the SR door.*

OLLIE: Where?

CRAIG: Clapham. Bumped into her out of the blue. We decided to go for a drink together – for old times' sake.

OLLIE: What did she say?

CRAIG: About what?

OLLIE: You said it's not what she told you.

CRAIG: No, she said you hadn't been in contact at all. One of you must be lying. Which one of you is telling porkies?

OLLIE: How was she?

CRAIG: Quite pleased to see me, I'd say.

OLLIE: No, how *was* she – in herself?

CRAIG: Not in a great way – if truth be told. She perked up a bit after a drink or two.

OLLIE: Where's she living?

CRAIG: Don't you know that?

OLLIE: No... I don't.

CRAIG: It must be you then – telling porkies.

OLLIE: Where?

CRAIG: Here and there it seems.

OLLIE: Is she... with anyone?

CRAIG: Yeah... she is.

OLLIE: Who?

*Sound of the front door off.*

CRAIG: What do we reckon, more ghosties or Trisha Watkins?

*CRAIG crosses to the SR door and opens it. He looks out.*

*(Calling off.)* Hello? Anyone there? *(To OLLIE.)* No, must be more ghosties.

*CRAIG closes the SR door.*

Better make sure they're not trying to creep up on us. *(Mezzanine door.)* We know that door's locked – although that shouldn't really bother a ghost. *(US door.)* What do you reckon – Alice is standing right here behind this door, covered in blood, school bell in hand.

*CRAIG is about to open the US door. The door suddenly opens. TRISHA enters wearing a Victorian period costume.*

Jesus!

- TRISHA: No, Trisha Watkins. Sorry, didn't mean to startle you both. Apologies for keeping you waiting. (*Greeting.*) Ollie. Mmm, what's that I'm getting, jasmine, is it? Craig. I'm getting... whisky, is it? Well, what do you think, suitably atmospheric, isn't it?
- OLLIE: I just thought it was just going to be me doing this alone.
- CRAIG: Me too.
- TRISHA: I'm sorry I didn't tell you, I didn't want to taken the risk that one or both of you wouldn't want to come knowing your past connection – in this life I mean – and perhaps in a past one too.
- OLLIE: How did you know we were...?
- CRAIG: Lovers.
- OLLIE: Together – once.
- TRISHA: My guides 'told' me – in a manner of speaking. Just like they 'told' me you were both connected to the place here and directed me to you.
- CRAIG: Where's your crew?
- TRISHA: Been and gone – earlier today.
- CRAIG: What?
- TRISHA: I don't like anyone around except the people directly involved, energetically it influences the process. The cameras are being operated remotely. (*Scanning the room.*) It's amazing how well they manage to conceal them, you wouldn't know they're there.
- CRAIG: There's cameras hidden in the room?
- OLLIE: We're being filmed now?
- TRISHA: Since you arrived. I wanted to catch your meeting. It's alright, I won't include anything you're not both one hundred percent okay with. It is about you after all, you're the stars of the show... for this particular episode.

OLLIE: We heard her – Alice – her crying, behind that door up there.

CRAIG: Techies right?

OLLIE: You heard what she said, the crew have been and gone.

CRAIG: Someone finishing off – crying ‘cos they missed their lift.

TRISHA: Ollie’s right, Craig, no-one remained.

OLLIE: And voices – like a man and a woman arguing – coming through the fireplace there. What’s upstairs?

TRISHA: It *was* the master bedroom.

CRAIG: Maybe it’s our couple of tramps squabbling over the duvet.

OLLIE: Why don’t you go and have a look?

CRAIG: It’s locked, remember?

TRISHA: And we’ve also been warned not to go up there, the floorboards are precarious, a person could come crashing through and we wouldn’t want that, would we?

OLLIE: (*Pointed at CRAIG.*) Wouldn’t we?

TRISHA: I thought things would get stirred up with you two here.

OLLIE: Benjamin and Alice?

TRISHA: Benjamin and Martha, my guess, engaged in one of their heated altercations. Any other sounds or noises?

OLLIE: A bell ringing, like a school bell.

TRISHA: Yes, that’s been heard. We heard that when we were here with the Haunted Abodes team in the spring.

OLLIE: Yes, I remember. But nothing else was heard, right? Not that I remember.

TRISHA: Not by the others.

OLLIE: You did?

TRISHA: I stayed on, after they’d packed up. I knew I had to be alone here – undisturbed. It turned out to be anything but un-disturbing.

OLLIE: What did you hear?... See?

TRISHA: A few things during the course of the night.

OLLIE: You spent the night here?

TRISHA: Yes.

OLLIE: Did you see her... Alice?

TRISHA: I did.

OLLIE: Was she like people described her – in her nightdress, bleeding from her wound?

TRISHA: Yes.

OLLIE: Did you... speak to her?

TRISHA: Yes, but she's unreachable, lost in her sadness. I understood that night what I needed to do here – what *we* needed to do – if we were going to help free the tormented spirits trapped in this place.

CRAIG: Speaking of which, how long do you think this is gonna take? It's just I have something I could fit in later if...

TRISHA: Like I've said, Craig, I won't keep you beyond six. We'd certainly be losing the light by then. So let's crack on, shall we, and get you into your costumes.

CRAIG: Costumes?

TRISHA: I did mention, Craig, when we met.

CRAIG: What kind of costumes?

TRISHA: The kind of thing they wore in the eighteen-sixties in Victorian England. For my viewers someone being regressed isn't the most exciting thing in the world, one has to do what one can to spice things up a bit. Me too, I don't normally go about dressed like this you know. It was the reason I asked for your measurements.

CRAIG: I thought that was for... camera angles.

OLLIE: We have separate changing rooms, yes?

TRISHA: Yes, out there, Ollie, yours is the first door on the left. Costume

in the room.

*OLLIE exits through the SR door.*

CRAIG: And you're definitely not gonna make me do anything stupid, right? You know, like those hypnotist shows that get you to... make love to a chair while whistling the national anthem – or \ something.

TRISHA: Fear not, Craig, it's not one of those shows.

CRAIG: But you're still gonna dress me up like a plonker.

TRISHA: One man's plonker is another man's handsome and dashing.

CRAIG: In the eighteenth century perhaps.

TRISHA: Nineteenth.

CRAIG: Whatever.

TRISHA: Over eighty percent of my viewers are women. They'll be swooning over you, a regular Mr Darcy.

CRAIG: I don't know who that is but I'm guessing he was dressed like a plonker.

TRISHA: *Second door on your left.* Oh and can I have what's in your pocket please, Craig? I'm all for encouraging my participants to connect with the spirits on this show, but not the bottled kind.

CRAIG: *(Taking out hip flask.)* This you mean? It's for medicinal purposes... bad chest.

TRISHA: I think we both know that's not true, Craig.

CRAIG: Do we. I won't touch it.

TRISHA: Just for a few hours, please. It won't kill you.

*CRAIG gives the flask to TRISHA.*

Thank you. And could you close the door after you, please?

*CRAIG exits through the SR door, closing it behind him.  
TRISHA throws CRAIG's hip flask into her bag. She takes out her mobile and dials.*

*(To mobile.)* Hi. Okay?... Yes, they are... Yes... I know. Just

try not to move around too much... I will... Yes, I will...  
Listen, I'd better... Hello? Hello? Can you hear me?...  
Hello?... Yes, I'm here... There's obviously some... Just sit  
tight... Talk to you soon... I will... Yes... Bye.

*TRISHA hangs up. She surveys the room and the air  
above. She glances up towards the mezzanine door. She  
crosses to the fireplace and puts her hand to the wall.  
Her body reacts as she senses the anguish. The  
knocking noise is heard once more on the floor above.  
TRISHA looks up. She takes her crystal from her bag  
and holds it as she addresses the air above.*

*(Firmly.)* It's time now. It's time.

*The knocking stops. Blackout.*

### Scene 3

*Present day. Saturday 3.00 p.m.*

*Lights up. OLLIE enters SR. She is wearing a Victorian  
period outfit. She looks about the room and then up to  
the mezzanine door. She tentatively starts to ascend the  
stairs. CRAIG appears at the SR door. He is also  
wearing a Victorian period outfit.*

CRAIG: *(Feigning shock.)* My God!

*OLLIE jumps in surprise.*

Phew, it's you, I thought it was Alice. *(Giving wolf whistle.)*  
Sexy! These trousers. No wonder they had issues with sex in  
those days having to wear these. Looks like you might have  
problems fitting in a quickie in that gear. Any word from  
Alice? Or our friends up the chimney?

*CRAIG checks the walls for cameras (forth wall).*

I must say they've hidden them well. *(Addressing possible  
camera.)* Hey you losers, turn over, Top Gear's on the other  
side. That'll be cut for sure.

OLLIE: Where is she now?

CRAIG: Who?

OLLIE: Emily.

CRAIG: What do you care?

- OLLIE: Of course I care, she's my sister.
- CRAIG: A sister is what a sister does... did.
- OLLIE: Did she...?
- CRAIG: What?
- OLLIE: What did she say – about me – when you saw her? Did she... mention me?
- CRAIG: She did, but I don't think you want to hear it. And I probably shouldn't repeat it – not in front of the cameras. (*Addressing possible camera.*) Now you're missing Coronation Street. (*Trousers.*) Ouch! Shouldn't make sudden moves in these. I don't think the P.E. teacher would be wearing this gear – not even back in those days. Not good for circuit training. No, I'm pretty sure Ms Watkins thinks I was him – Benny, the headmaster... dear wifey. I may not be Mr Academic in this life, but if he was anything like Craig Phillips in *his* life he'd have kept a tight ship. No messing around with Mr Stokes or it'll be pants down and six of the best – girls too, I'm not discriminatory.
- OLLIE: I'm sure you'd like that.
- CRAIG: For their own good.
- OLLIE: I disagree.
- CRAIG: My old man kept me squarely in line with his slipper – and other things that were close to hand.
- OLLIE: And that was a big success.
- CRAIG: Didn't mess around with him that's for sure. Teachers today are impotent – stripped of all power. Might as well stick a sign on their backs saying 'kick me please, I can do sod all about it and feel free to get me sacked if I try'.
- OLLIE: Where is she, Craig?
- CRAIG: Craig now. To tell you the truth I don't know.
- OLLIE: Who's she with?
- TRISHA enters through the SR door.*
- TRISHA: Well, look at you two. They fit okay?

- CRAIG: *(Trousers.)* I would've gone for a couple of sizes up on these – especially around here.
- OLLIE: I don't know how women could wear this.
- TRISHA: That's actually quite loose. The rule was in those days: if you could breathe it wasn't tight enough.
- CRAIG: It obviously applied to bloke's trousers too.
- OLLIE: I wish we were trying to connect instead to medieval times then all I'd have to wear is a loose tunic or something.
- CRAIG: Yeah, but then you wouldn't look so hot, Toots.
- OLLIE: I said don't call me that, please!
- TRISHA: Craig, perhaps you'd like to give me a hand with something. I need to bring in the chaise.
- CRAIG: The what?
- TRISHA: Like a sofa.
- TRISHA exits through the US door. CRAIG follows.  
They enter carrying a chaise-longue.*
- CRAIG: Do I get paid extra for this?
- TRISHA: Alas no, Craig, a good will gesture if you don't mind. Over there please. Here will do. Okay, a little period furnishing and a comfy place to regress. Ollie, for the moment, let's have you sitting on the chaise and Craig in the chair here.
- OLLIE: I'm really not comfortable about us doing this together.
- CRAIG: Come on, Florence Nightingale, it might be fun.
- TRISHA: Don't worry, I'll regress you both separately, but first I need to introduce you both – together. So, are we sitting comfortably?
- CRAIG: No.
- TRISHA: As comfortably as we can? I'll give an intro to the episode before I introduce you both. I'll ask you a couple of questions and then we'll get going. Just act naturally.
- CRAIG: In these trousers?

*TRISHA prepares herself. She faces out.*

TRISHA: (To camera.) So, welcome people to a brand new series hosted by me, Trisha Watkins: psychic, time traveller and truth seeker. Today we are at The Old School House near Cranleigh in Surrey, which over the years has been subject to many reports of paranormal goings on.

CRAIG: Wooooo!

TRISHA: Thank you, Craig. Some of you indeed may remember it from when I visited here with the Haunted Abodes team early in the spring. The team attempted – unsuccessfully then – to contact Alice Stokes, the woman who died here in eighteen sixty-six and whose ghost has been seen: a sad figure still bleeding from her gunshot wound that tragically ended her young life. For those of you who didn't catch the Haunted Abodes episode allow me to give you a little background history. Alice Stokes was born in eighteen forty-one to Jacob and Sarah Tilbury. After her mother's untimely death, Jacob decided to invest a good sum of money into the building and setting up of the school here and a further sizeable sum to be employed, exclusively by Alice, for its maintenance and prudent running. Alice married Benjamin Stokes, a young teacher who, after Jacob's illness and eventual passing – in one of the upstairs rooms here – took over as headmaster of this flourishing Victorian establishment. All was well in the school and in the marriage of Benjamin and Alice until the arrival of one Martha Jennings, a new teacher, with whom Benjamin fell passionately in love. Together they hatched a cruel plan to psychologically unhinge the vulnerable Alice in an attempt to have her put away in an asylum. An amicable separation wasn't an option in those days – not a respectable one anyway – also there were certain inheritance stipulations to be hurdled. Alice however took her own life before their wicked scheme could be realised – saving them the trouble – and Benjamin and Martha lived on in this place, frittering away the money left by Alice's father. The school closed, Benjamin died a couple of years later from consumption and Martha remained here until her own death in eighteen sixty-nine when a fire ravaged the upstairs rooms. The only reason this place is still standing today was because of the heavy storm, reported that night, which happily dowsed the flames. Martha was not so lucky, her half-charred body was found the following day and since then the place has neither been developed nor lived in. The odd traveller and occasional ghost hunter has given us their accounts of the sounds and the sightings of Alice – and other strange phenomenon. And it's fortunate that we can be here today, for soon this place will finally be razed to the ground to make way for a new road.

- CRAIG: What a shame.
- TRISHA: So, on to Psychic Connections. The premise of this programme is for invited guests to make a connection – or a *re*-connection, I should say – between the world of the living and the world of the ‘so called’ dead – for the dead are not dead as *I* know it. In my understanding we have all lived before and all carry the ‘unremembered’ memory of not just one, but indeed many former lives; some of them calm, relatively uneventful perhaps, while others have been turbulent, violent, perhaps cut short by... well, any number of possible things.
- CRAIG: Constricted goolies?
- TRISHA: Thank you, Craig. (*To camera.*) Sometimes we leave behind a trapped and unresolved part of us – a spirit, ghost – whatever we may call it – that seeks to be – indeed, often cries out to be – liberated from a place such as this.
- CRAIG: I know how they feel. Just trying to lighten the mood.
- TRISHA: Thanks, Craig, but if the mood needs lightening that’ll be my job.
- CRAIG: You’s the boss, lady.
- OLLIE: You’ll cut these bits, right?
- TRISHA: I will. (*To camera.*) The process I’ll be using to help my guests reconnect with their possible past selves is through deep subconscious hypnosis. So... this is probably a good moment to introduce my two guests for this episode, Ollie Reeves and Craig Phillips. Welcome both to Psychic Connections. As you see they have both sportingly joined me by dressing up in period costume of the time.
- CRAIG: I won’t be doing too much sport in these trousers.
- TRISHA: My guides helped me to locate Craig and Ollie and I’m quite confident they both have a significant connection to the place here – in another life that is – but what, and who, as yet I know not. Hopefully all will become clear. First let me ask you – Ollie, Craig – how you felt when you arrived at The Old School House here. Did anything about it feel ‘familiar’ perhaps? Ollie, let’s start with you.
- OLLIE: I would say... yes, it did.
- TRISHA: Can you expand on that?

OLLIE: No, not really, I just felt I might've been here... before.

CRAIG: With me.

OLLIE: No.

CRAIG: She thinks she was Alice Stokes.

OLLIE: I don't.

TRISHA: Craig, let's turn to you. Did anything about the place here feel familiar to you?

CRAIG: Well the wallpaper's different and the furniture was a lot newer. Seriously though, I know it sounds crazy, but as soon as walked in I had a strong image of a – don't laugh – a basketball.

OLLIE: Oh.

TRISHA: Basketball?

CRAIG: Might I have had something to do with the gym here? P.E. teacher perhaps?

OLLIE: He's being facetious.

CRAIG: It's a little joke we're sharing.

OLLIE: We're not.

CRAIG: No, I think I was him – Benjamin Stokes, the headmaster. You obviously do too, otherwise you wouldn't have dressed me up in this. Ah, but that would also mean I cheated on you, Toots, and tried to get you banged up in the nut house. Sorry about that. No hard feelings, let's shake and make up.

OLLIE: (*Firmly.*) I don't think I was her.

TRISHA: You've both heard noises since you've been here – hopefully we would've caught that on camera. Okay, thank you both. Let's press on, shall we? Okay, Ollie, let's start with you. We'll have you lying here on the chaise, head this way so we get the best camera angle on you.

OLLIE: Is he going to be in the room?

CRAIG: Who's he, the dog's dad?

TRISHA: No, we'll put Craig backstage, as it were. Craig, perhaps you'd

like to go for a little walkabout. Not too far away – not that you probably will dressed like that. Take your mobile and I'll call you when I'm ready for you.

CRAIG: Have fun, Olivia.

*CRAIG mimes bouncing a basketball as he crosses to the door.*

Boof! Boof! Boof!

*At the door he shoots an imaginary hoop. He exits through the SR door, closing it behind him.*

OLLIE: Are you sure he has to be here?

TRISHA: My guides know best. Just try to block him out, Ollie.

OLLIE: Easier said than done. Do you think he could've been... Benjamin Stokes?

TRISHA: We'll see.

OLLIE: Can't your guides tell you?

TRISHA: It's not quite that straightforward, I'm afraid. They will only give me what's necessary – the next and most valuable hint as to how to proceed. Perhaps they don't want to ruin the surprise for us. After all, that's what we're here for, to do the legwork and find out for ourselves.

OLLIE: I think I may've... possibly been her – Martha... Martha Jennings.

TRISHA: Oh, what makes you think that?

OLLIE: It's just... in my life, I feel there's been... parallels. Things I've done that... I haven't been proud of. People I've... hurt.

TRISHA: You're thinking of your sister?

OLLIE: Yes. I'd really like to... find her again, repair things between us. I should've been... a better sister to her – especially after what happened... to our parents. They were –

TRISHA: Yes.

OLLIE: You know? Of course you do. Do you think you could...?

TRISHA: Help you to find her?

OLLIE: Yes.

TRISHA: We'll see. First things first though, Ollie, let's focus on what we're about here.

OLLIE: Yes. We can help, can we – Alice? Free her from... here?

TRISHA: That's the hope.

OLLIE: And them – Benjamin and Martha? Even though they were cruel and sadistic in their lives, in what they did to her?

TRISHA: We do pray for mercy and that same prayer doth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy. They've suffered enough in this place... for too long.

OLLIE: But how are we to – ?

TRISHA: It'll become clear, I'm sure. So now, I want you to relax – the best you can in that. Lie down and takes some calming breaths.

*OLLIE does so. TRISHA takes her crystal from her bag.*

Okay, I will be using a combination of crystal energy and my voice in the process. Now, just let your mind go blank, the best you can. Let your thoughts pass like clouds in a clear blue sky. That's good. Now, I want you to see a cord that's attached to the base of your spine. And I want you to feel yourself being pulled, gently back, back... back... back through a long dark tunnel. Back towards your past. Deep... deep... deep into your past. There may be images that appear... people... places. Just watch them pass by, as if you're a passenger on a bus gazing through the window as you go back... back... back into your childhood... a baby... and beyond, out of this life. A life before this one is starting to form around you. A life that's waking up from a deep... deep... sleep. Begin to feel the body you're in as your senses come alive... alive... alive. Are you feeling this?

*OLLIE groans in acknowledgement.*

Do you know where you are?

*OLLIE groans again.*

Yes? Are you in the School House here?

*OLLIE nods.*

What year? What year is this? Can you tell me? What year?

OLLIE: *(Mumbling.)* Eighteen... eighteen... sixty-six.

TRISHA: Eighteen sixty-six? Can you describe what you're feeling?

*OLLIE groans.*

What is it? Are you seeing something? Someone? Who is it you're seeing? Who's there? Who's there?

*Blackout. SFX of a dreamlike regression.*

#### Scene 4

*OLLIE's regression/1866. Saturday 3.15 p.m.*

*ALICE lets out a scream. Lights up. ALICE sits up on the chaise-longue. BENJAMIN stands by her. MARTHA stands at the SR door.*

ALICE: Benjamin, is that you? Oh, I fell asleep. I was having a nightmare.

BENJAMIN: So it appears.

ALICE: What time is it?

BENJAMIN: After three.

ALICE: Why didn't you wake me?

BENJAMIN: I was out, walking.

ALICE: Where?

BENJAMIN: By the river.

ALICE: Oh, I dreamt that you were trying to suffocate me... with a pillow from my bed. I was fighting you back. It was frightening, I –

BENJAMIN: Martha's here, Alice.

ALICE: Oh. Hello, Martha?

MARTHA: Hello, Alice.

ALICE: Surely you're not working, Martha, not on a weekend. You'll be accusing my husband and I of slave-driving our staff.

BENJAMIN: I met Martha coming back from my walk.

ALICE: I see. Well, we must have some tea together. I'll ask Edna to bring some up.

BENJAMIN: No, that won't be necessary... not just at the moment.

MARTHA: No tea for me thank you, Alice, I'm pleasantly refreshed from my walk. You're missing a beautiful afternoon, quite agreeable for this time of the year. The bluebells are out and looking quite glorious.

ALICE: Well, if my husband had woken me I'd happily have walked too.

BENJAMIN: It's good for you to rest, Alice.

ALICE: He worries about me too much.

BENJAMIN: And with good reason.

ALICE: Nonsense.

BENJAMIN: I've asked Martha to stay awhile.

ALICE: This evening?

BENJAMIN: For a few days, just until you're well again.

ALICE: Really, Benjamin, there's nothing wrong with me. A couple of disturbed nights, that's all.

BENJAMIN: More than a couple and more than disturbed. I've told Martha about your nightly activities.

ALICE: Have you?

BENJAMIN: She's concerned too. I told her I was thinking of calling Doctor Mulford, but she's persuaded me not to. She doesn't believe it's as serious as I think.

ALICE: It isn't, it really isn't.

BENJAMIN: Being woken up by nightly cries, finding you sleepwalking in a state of extreme agitation. (*To MARTHA.*) She thinks I'm making these things up.

ALICE: I just can't believe it's every night, especially since I see no evidence of it.

- BENJAMIN: Well, you're asleep, what evidence can one see if one's asleep?
- ALICE: I mean in the morning. There's no covers thrown off the bed, no doors left open, nothing disturbed or moved.
- BENJAMIN: I said, I tidy up before you awake. This is precisely the reason I've asked Martha to stay, so it's not just your word against mine.
- ALICE: I'm sure Martha has better things to do with her nights than to keep vigil over me.
- BENJAMIN: It's either Martha or Doctor Mulford. If you carry on like this it's just a matter of time before you do yourself an injury – possibly seriously.
- ALICE: Really, Benjamin –
- BENJAMIN: There's always the chance you could walk into something sharp or trip down some stairs and we wouldn't want that, would we?
- MARTHA: I'm really quite happy to, Alice.
- BENJAMIN: See. I'll have Edna prepare the guest room for Martha. You look so tired, my dear, and you're trembling like a little bird. I'm also concerned you're taking on too much. I want to lighten your work load –
- ALICE: Benjamin –
- BENJAMIN: Just for a little while. I think it's best if we share out some of your classes to other teachers, such as Mr Jessops, or even Martha here – if Martha doesn't mind taking on the extra work?
- MARTHA: I'm here to help.
- ALICE: Really, that won't be necessary.
- BENJAMIN: Please don't argue with me, Alice. Just for a spell. It's your health we're talking about here and there's nothing more important than that. My advice now is to go upstairs to bed rather than catnapping down here. I'll ask Edna to make up a nice laudanum drink to help you go off.
- ALICE: Maybe some air would do me good. Perhaps we could take a walk together instead.
- BENJAMIN: No, you need proper rest now. As your husband and your headmaster I order you to bed, my dear.

ALICE: I know you're doing all this in loving care of me, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN: I am.

ALICE: Maybe I have been working a little too hard of late and some rest will be beneficial, but please don't think things are more serious than they are. I really don't want you to fret about me.

BENJAMIN: I'll call in on you before dinner. And you needn't worry about Martha saying anything to anyone about... anything she might happen to witness here of your –

MARTHA: No, fear not, I'm no Miss Tittle-Tattle. And while in your house I will be ruled absolutely by your husband... and yourself of course. I can take my meals in my room when required and I can keep my own company quite happily.

ALICE: No, I won't hear of that. You'll dine with us, Martha, for the short time you're residing here.

BENJAMIN: Up you go, my dear. We need to arrange to have Martha's things brought over. I'll ask Edna to bring that drink up. I'll come to you anon.

*ALICE ascends the stairs and exits through the mezzanine door. BENJAMIN seems thoughtful.*

MARTHA: This is your cue to be happy, Benjamin. Benjamin?

BENJAMIN: I am. I am, Martha.

MARTHA: Good. I wouldn't like to think the man I love is going to blow hot and cold like an uncertain wind.

BENJAMIN: And I won't.

MARTHA: If I'm going to allow myself to be ruled, I want to be ruled by a strong master... (*Suggestively.*) and a firm one. I hope you can be firm, Benjamin, otherwise I might have to look for a firm master elsewhere.

BENJAMIN: I can be firm.

MARTHA: Good.

BENJAMIN: (*With passion for MARTHA.*) Oh, Martha –

MARTHA: ( *Holding him back.* ) First things first. She needs her laudanum. I'll go home and pack my things.

*MARTHA exits through the SR door. BENJAMIN looks up to the mezzanine door and then exits through the US door. Blackout.*

Scene 5

*Present day. Saturday 3.30 p.m.*

*Lights up. OLLIE is lying once more on the chaise-longue. TRISHA stands next to her. OLLIE surfaces from her trance and sits up.*

- OLLIE: What...! Is it finished?
- TRISHA: Not yet. You just came out early. It happens.
- OLLIE: I saw hands – a woman’s hands... my... Martha’s hands? And a face – a woman’s face... red hair... Alice? She had red hair, didn’t she?
- TRISHA: Yes.
- OLLIE: Was I... speaking?
- TRISHA: A little.
- OLLIE: What did I say?
- TRISHA: I’d rather not give too much away just yet, it might influence the way you see things. Are you okay to continue?
- OLLIE: That’s what I’m here for.
- TRISHA: Good. So, if you would just lie back again. That’s it. Allow your mind to empty once more. Remember that clear blue sky. Let every thought go. Disappear into thin air. Good. Now, feel yourself being pulled back by that cord again. Back... back through that dark tunnel... back... back... back...

*Blackout. SFX of dreamlike regression.*

Scene 6

*OLLIE’s regression/1866. Sunday midday. Two weeks later.*

*Lights up. BENJAMIN stands at the SR door having just entered. He closes the door behind him and looks up to*

*the mezzanine door. There is the sound of breaking china from behind the US door.*

BENJAMIN: *(Calling.)* Alice?

*MARTHA enters through the US door. She holds a broken vase.*

What happened?

MARTHA: This is what happened... during the night.

*MARTHA gives the broken vase to BENJAMIN.*

Time to tell our patient about her troubled night... again. I'll prepare her morning drink and then we'll go for our ride.

*MARTHA is about to exit through the US door.*

BENJAMIN: Maybe we've... done enough. Just for the time being. I just want us to be... merciful. It hasn't been too long since the loss of her father and she –

MARTHA: I'm sure most husbands who want to slip free from their marital nooses are not half so merciful as you are, my dear Benjamin. Just think of some of the gruesome methods husbands have employed in the past... and wives too.

BENJAMIN: Yes, perhaps, but –

MARTHA: Vacillation, Benjamin, is a most unattractive quality... especially in a man.

BENJAMIN: Martha, listen to me, I'm just feeling –

MARTHA: What? Guilt? Shame? Pusillanimity?

BENJAMIN: Look –

MARTHA: What do you want, Benjamin! You can't have us both!

BENJAMIN: I –

MARTHA: You told me you were tiring of her! You told me her annoying little habits were grating on you! You told me her daily anxieties were taking their toll on your patience! You told me she lacked passion between the sheets!

BENJAMIN: Martha –

- MARTHA: You told me a hundred things why you couldn't be with her and you wanted to be with me! You told me you loved me.
- BENJAMIN: And I do. I do, Martha. I do.
- MARTHA: It's important to see this through. For us, Benjamin, for our future life together. Yes? Yes!
- BENJAMIN: Yes.
- MARTHA: A little *unpleasantness* now will pave the way for joy and pleasures to come. And there will be joy and pleasures, believe me.
- BENJAMIN: I'll call on her.
- MARTHA: No, (*Broken vase.*) leave that with me. You attend to the horses.
- BENJAMIN notices a small phial in MARTHA's hand.*
- BENJAMIN: What's that?
- MARTHA: It's... just a little additive to the laudanum that will help Doctor Mulford identify the tell-tale symptoms of someone who needs to be *protected* from themselves.
- BENJAMIN: But –
- MARTHA: He'll take no interest in mere nocturnal wanderings and besides he will wish to witness them for himself – which will cause our story to come unstuck, since we can't make her sleepwalk.
- BENJAMIN: Is it harmful?
- MARTHA: Not in the slightest, I have that on good authority... so long as the proper dosage is given – which it will be. This is mercy. Trust me, she'll not suffer. Go. We'll ride to our new favourite spot... (*Suggestively.*) *Your* new favourite spot.
- MARTHA exits through the US door. BENJAMIN puts the broken vase down and crosses to the SR door. The mezzanine door opens. ALICE stands at the doorway. She appears disoriented and confused. She wears a dressing gown over her nightdress.*
- ALICE: Benjamin?
- BENJAMIN: Alice.

ALICE: Is it time... to open up?

*ALICE starts to descend the stairs. She stumbles.  
BENJAMIN goes to help her.*

BENJAMIN: Not today, Alice, it's Sunday.

ALICE: Sunday!

BENJAMIN: Yes.

ALICE: Then church.

BENJAMIN: Church has finished long ago.

ALICE: What time is it?

BENJAMIN: It's past midday.

ALICE: Why didn't somebody wake me!

BENJAMIN: You needed the rest.

ALICE: I do not need the rest! I need to be up, working, using my... my body... my mind!

BENJAMIN: And you will be, soon. You had another disturbed night.

ALICE: Another!

BENJAMIN: Sit down, my dear. Martha's preparing your drink.

ALICE: Why not Edna?

BENJAMIN: Edna's running some errands. Sit.

ALICE: How long has she been here for?

BENJAMIN: Edna?

ALICE: No, Martha. I've lost track of the days.

BENJAMIN: Two weeks, thereabouts. Two weeks and a day, to be precise. Come now, sit.

ALICE: You're not becoming...?

BENJAMIN: What?

ALICE: Enamoured of her, are you, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN: How could you... possibly... No, absolutely not. Put these foolish thoughts from your head at once, Alice.

ALICE: It's me you love, isn't it? Benjamin?

BENJAMIN: Alice –

ALICE: Please, tell me.

BENJAMIN: Look, this isn't –

ALICE: Please... tell me! I want to hear it.

BENJAMIN: I do. I do! There, happy now?

ALICE: Such care worn eyes. Smooth these brows of yours, Benjamin. You'll be old before your time.

BENJAMIN: It's only with concern for you. Oh, dear Alice –

*MARTHA enters through the US door with ALICE's drink on a small tray.*

MARTHA: Alice, you're up. I was about to bring this to you. I made it precisely to Edna's recipe.

BENJAMIN: Wouldn't it be better to enjoy it from the comfort of your bed, Alice? Wouldn't you advise that, Martha?

ALICE: That won't be necessary. I am not returning to my bed for another ten hours, at least.

*ALICE drinks. It is evident she is becoming addicted to the laudanum.*

MARTHA: Did I do well? Have you told Alice about her night, Benjamin?

ALICE: He said it was another disturbed one.

BENJAMIN: *(To MARTHA.)* Only that.

MARTHA: We had to stop you from leaving the house.

ALICE: What!

MARTHA: Heaven knows where you were thinking of going. You were turning the door handle for what seemed like an eternity. If the door hadn't been locked you'd have been out and away, somewhere into the night. You then about-turned, came back

in, crossed to the fire place here and stared into the dying embers. You mumbled something that sounded like prayers. We couldn't be certain, could we, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN:

No.

MARTHA:

But your voice was plaintive, tears were rolling down your cheeks. Such anguish.

ALICE:

Then I returned to my bed?

MARTHA:

Alas, no.

ALICE:

What... what did I do then?

MARTHA:

You suddenly looked up to the ceiling to the spot where your father used to rap on the floor with his cane to summon you when on his deathbed. You called out 'Father I'm coming' – several times in fact. But, distracted again, you turned once more to look into the dying embers and resume your mumbled prayers. It was a good minute or so before you then ascended the stairs and returned to your room and to your bed. (*Pieces of vase.*) But along the way pushing this from the shelf.

ALICE:

Oh!

MARTHA:

We were, surprised – to say the least – the noise of it breaking didn't wake you, weren't we, Benjamin?

BENJAMIN:

It proves how sound asleep you were.

ALICE:

It was a gift from my dear Aunt Harriet. And you witnessed all this too, Benjamin, did you?

BENJAMIN:

I did.

ALICE:

Why don't I remember anything of...? Perhaps we should call... call Doctor Mulford.

MARTHA:

I don't think it's too serious to trouble Doctor Mulford with, Alice – in my opinion. But of course I must leave that decision entirely to yourself and your husband.

ALICE:

But there's obviously something... something that's not... not...

*ALICE starts to breathe erratically.*

BENJAMIN:

Alice?

ALICE: Oh, I'm... I...

BENJAMIN: Alice?

*ALICE convulses and lets out a cry.*

Alice? What is it? What's – ?

ALICE: *(To BENJAMIN.)* No!

BENJAMIN: Alice?

ALICE: Don't look at me like that! Please... please...

BENJAMIN: Like what? Alice – ?

ALICE: Not like...! Not so...! I see him! I see him there!

BENJAMIN: Who?

ALICE: Stay away from me! Stay... away!

BENJAMIN: Calm yourself, Alice. There's no-one... Who is it you see?

ALICE: The horns!

BENJAMIN: What?

ALICE: Oh, the stench of sulphur! Don't let him come for me! No! No!  
No!

BENJAMIN: Alice! *(To MARTHA.)* What was in that drink?

MARTHA: A little hallucinogenic, that's all.

BENJAMIN: It's addling her wits!

MARTHA: *(Frustrated with BENJAMIN.)* Yes, it is!

ALICE: Away, fiend! Away! Jesus Christ our holy redeemer send him  
back below! Oh!

BENJAMIN: Alice!

ALICE: Away from me! Away!

*ALICE hurries up the stairs.*

BENJAMIN: Alice! Alice!

*ALICE exits through the mezzanine door.*

*(To MARTHA.)* What did you give her?

MARTHA: Only what was necessary.

BENJAMIN: She'll harm herself!

MARTHA: Then take away all means for her to do so and lock her in her room. Tie her to the bed if necessary. She'll calm eventually. Perhaps, instead, you'd like me to pack my things and go?

BENJAMIN: No.

MARTHA: If you can't see this through what future can there be for *us*? Do what's needed. Be firm... my love, be firm. Yes?

BENJAMIN: Yes.

MARTHA: Good. Attend to her and then come to me. I'll be waiting.

*MARTHA puts the empty glass and broken vase on the tray and exits through the SR door. BENJAMIN looks towards the mezzanine door. ALICE's crying is still heard off, but more subdued, like sobbing. BENJAMIN ascends the stairs. He coughs and sits on the stairs to catch his breath. He takes out a handkerchief. Blackout.*

## Scene 7

*Present day. Saturday 3.45 p.m./1866. Sunday 12.15 p.m.*

*Lights up. OLLIE lies on the chaise-longue. TRISHA stands beside her. BENJAMIN still sits on the stairs with handkerchief to his mouth. The sobbing has stopped. OLLIE sits up in a state of agitation, although still in a trance. She looks about the room sensing something... or someone. She looks towards where BENJAMIN is sitting. She stands and slowly moves towards him. She ascends the stairs a few steps and stops in front of him. Although they do not see each other, they are aware of a presence before them. BENJAMIN shivers. He hurries up the stairs and exits through the mezzanine door.*

TRISHA: Ollie?

*OLLIE surfaces from her trance and stares at TRISHA.*

OLLIE: I wasn't her... was I? I was *him*... Benjamin. Wasn't I?

TRISHA: It seems so.

OLLIE: (*Emotional.*) Excuse me, I... I just need to... get some...

*OLLIE exits hurriedly through the SR door. TRISHA crosses to the SR door and closes it. She scans the room and the air above. Sound of the front door off as OLLIE exits. TRISHA returns her crystal to her bag. She takes out her mobile and dials.*

TRISHA: (*To mobile.*) Hi... Okay?... No, she's just gone out... Yes, she has... Hello? Hello? Are you there?

*TRISHA starts to ascend the stairs. The faint sound of the woman sobbing is heard behind the mezzanine door. TRISHA looks towards the door.*

(*To door.*) Alice?

*The arguing voices rise up through the fireplace. Still the words are indecipherable. TRISHA looks towards the fireplace. The sound of knocking on the floor above starts up. TRISHA looks up. TRISHA's breathing grows more rapid and pronounced as she struggles to resist the unseen force.*

(*Addressing air above.*) It's time, Jacob. It's time!

*The knocking intensifies as does TRISHA's breathing.*

Jacob!... Jacob!

*All sounds cut out. TRISHA convulses and drops her mobile. The mezzanine door opens. EMILY stands in the doorway. She wears a Victorian nightdress and red wig and holds her mobile. TRISHA turns and reaches out to EMILY.*

(*In a voice not her own.*) Alice! Alice my child! Punish them! Revenge!

*EMILY is rooted to the spot in fear. Blackout.*