

**CRAIG & OLLIE – Pages 12 - 13**

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. 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, in herself I mean?

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? It must be you then – telling porkies.

OLLIE: Where?

CRAIG: Here and there, it seems.

OLLIE: Is she with anyone?

*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!

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**OLLIE & CRAIG – Page 52 - 54**

OLLIE: What happened? Craig?

CRAIG: I could sue her for psychological trauma.

OLLIE: What did you see? Craig?

CRAIG: Just the crap she was putting into my head that she wanted me to see, that's what.

OLLIE: Who were you? Okay, I think I was him.

CRAIG: What?

OLLIE: Benjamin, Benjamin Stokes. I'm sure I was him.

CRAIG: Oh, Jesus.

OLLIE: Who were you, Craig?

CRAIG: It's just hypno tricks, Toots.

OLLIE: Who did she make you think you were then? Martha? Was it?

CRAIG: I'm done here.

OLLIE: Craig, tell me please. I want to know.

CRAIG: Why?

OLLIE: I want to know what happened to us... to Alice.

CRAIG: Okay, if you really want to know, I shot her – she shot her, I mean.

OLLIE: Martha.

CRAIG: What's she's getting me to think. Happy?

OLLIE: With the duelling pistol? When I'd gone to fetch Doctor Mulford – Benjamin had?

CRAIG: She's good, even the names match up.

OLLIE: Why?

CRAIG: What?

OLLIE: Why did you shoot her?

CRAIG: I didn't shoot anybody, like I say –

OLLIE: Why did Martha shoot her? Craig?

CRAIG: It was in self defence. She was attacking her with a candlestick.

OLLIE: A candle –

CRAIG: It was a great big bloody brass one. She already chucked one at me – *her* – and was about to clout her with the other one.

OLLIE: You had a pistol. Couldn't you have just shot her in the leg or the arm or something?

CRAIG: What?

OLLIE: You could've locked her in her room till I'd fetched Doctor Mulford.

CRAIG: Look –

OLLIE: He would have examined her, had her put away in a –

CRAIG: She was attacking me – *her*! It was life or death.

OLLIE: Was it.

CRAIG: Yes, it was! Look, listen to us, Toots, none of this is real, it's just stuff she's burning into our heads with her hypno tricks.

OLLIE: We know it's real.

CRAIG: What?

OLLIE: It happened, it's been well documented. We drugged her and killed her – you killed her and made it look like suicide.

CRAIG: Look, I didn't kill anybody you stupid, fucking woman!

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**TRISHA & OLLIE – Pages 24 -25**

OLLIE: Are you sure he has to be here?

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

OLLIE: Do you think he could've been... *him*, Benjamin Stokes?

TRISHA: We shall see.

OLLIE: Can't your guides just tell you?

TRISHA: 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 spoil the surprise for us. They directed me to you both, so you must have a significant connection.

OLLIE: I think I may've been *her*.

TRISHA: Alice?

OLLIE: No, Martha – Martha Jennings.

TRISHA: Oh, what makes you think that?

OLLIE: It's just... knowing about her and... well... and me – the way I've... in this life, the things I've done, things I'm not proud of.

TRISHA: We each have our pasts.

OLLIE: I know, but... I...

TRISHA: Are you thinking of something in particular, Ollie?

OLLIE: When Craig and I were... together, I was cruel to my sister – Emily. I was supposed to look after her after our parents... They died in a car crash when I was nineteen. Emily ran away. I haven't seen her or spoken to her since. Craig says he has – recently. He's probably lying. Do you think you could...? I'd like to see her, if only to say... sorry. Could you...?

TRISHA: That depends on whether she wants to be found. First things first, Ollie. We have business here. So, just lie back.

OLLIE: We can free her, can we – Alice – from this place?

TRISHA: It's my hope. My guides certainly think so.

OLLIE: And them – Benjamin and Martha?

TRISHA: Yes.

OLLIE: Even though they were cruel and sadistic in their lives, in what they did to her?

TRISHA: They've suffered enough here, they all have. (*Looking up to where the knocking was heard.*) It's time to release them.

OLLIE: What happens when it gets demolished – this place – if they're still here?

TRISHA: It's not the house that's trapping them here. But let's not waste time on speculation, especially when we're here together now and have the chance to act. So, again, just lie back and try to relax – the best you can in that. Take some deep breaths.

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**TRISHA, CRAIG & OLLIE – Pages 57 -59**

*CRAIG is about to exit through the SR door.*

TRISHA: I know you're looking for her, Craig.

CRAIG: Sorry?

TRISHA: I said you're looking for her.

CRAIG: Who?

TRISHA: You know who. And if you leave now you'll never see her again.

CRAIG: Where is she?

TRISHA: She's safe.

CRAIG: What's that supposed to mean?

TRISHA: I think you know what it means, Craig.

CRAIG: No.

TRISHA: Do you want me to spell it out?

CRAIG: Yeah spell it out.

TRISHA: Let's just say your last contact with her left her a little bruised – emotionally and otherwise.

CRAIG: I never laid a finger on her if that's what you're implying.

TRISHA: Let's just say booze does have a way of blurring the memory somewhat.

CRAIG: I never touched her. What's she been telling you?

OLLIE: Who are you talking about?

CRAIG: You stay out of this, this is between me and her. Where is she?

TRISHA: Like I've said, Craig, she's safe.

OLLIE: You're talking about her aren't you – Emily.

CRAIG: I said stay out of this, Toots.

OLLIE: What did he do to her?

CRAIG: I didn't do anything to her, she's making stuff up.

OLLIE: Did he hurt her?

CRAIG: No he didn't.

OLLIE: If you did I swear I'll –

CRAIG: *(Aggressively.)* Swear you'll what, Toots!

TRISHA: Craig?

CRAIG: *(Easing off.)* I never laid a finger on her. Where?

OLLIE: Is she okay?

TRISHA: Yes.

CRAIG: You better not be saying this just to blackmail me, Ms Watkins, in front of the cameras in order to get me to stick around and do the rest of your show.

TRISHA: No, Craig. This bit will be cut.

CRAIG: Damn right it will be, otherwise I'll sue the pants off you. Where's she hiding? With you? She'll come running back, that I foresee. You're not the only Psychic around here, Ms Watkins. Although you don't fool me. I actually don't believe you could foresee you way out of a paper bag.

TRISHA: You took her to a bar called Stanleys – when you met. You'd won some money on the dogs that day, a dog called Boneshaker – correct? You were feeling flush. Money in you pocket to spend on 'recreational' things – money perhaps that should've gone to pay off certain debts... debts still owing. Certain people are getting impatient. George Tyler for one. Not someone to get on the wrong side of. You said she could stay. You had conditions. When she left you my guides helped me find her.

CRAIG: Where?

TRISHA: By the river.

CRAIG: Which one?



TRISHA: The one in London.

OLLIE: What was she...? Was she about to...?

TRISHA: Perhaps, if I hadn't found her.

OLLIE: She was going to?

CRAIG: Don't believe her, Toots, she's making this up.

TRISHA: No, Craig.

CRAIG: It's just for her show. A bit of drama to boost her ratings.  
What you told me it's nothing she couldn't have told you  
herself.

TRISHA: All of it?

CRAIG: I'm not convinced.

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**EMILY & TRISHA – Pages 47 – 48**

EMILY: He's gone?

TRISHA: He'll be back shortly... hopefully they both will. You okay? You need that blanket.

EMILY: She was in the room – Alice – I saw her. She stared at me. I wasn't scared, even though her face was all... messed up. She looks like me – (*wig*) especially with this. I wanted to hug her. Crazy, wanting to hug a ghost.

TRISHA: Not really. Just difficult. Did she speak?

EMILY: No.

TRISHA: Did you speak to her?

EMILY: She didn't stay long. She looked so... sad. Do they know who they are yet... were?

TRISHA: Your sister does. He's getting there... slowly.

EMILY: Perhaps Alice doesn't want them to be free – Benjamin and Martha. Perhaps she wants them to rot in this place forever – like her father does... if ghosts can rot that is. It would serve them right for what they did.

TRISHA: But Alice wouldn't be free, she'd be stuck here until –

EMILY: We're all stuck somewhere aren't we, might as well be here. I've been stuck in worse places than this.

TRISHA: Em –

EMILY: At least it has a roof. More than I can say for some places I've been stuck in.

TRISHA: For now. I trust my guides.

EMILY: Your guides! It's easy for them to say. Just kiss and make up like nothing ever happened. What do they know? What do they know about what she went through?

TRISHA: Em...?

EMILY: I'm sorry, I know you've been really good to me, looking

after me and everything. We just shouldn't assume it's what she wants.

TRISHA:

Perhaps if you see her again you could ask her. And we'll do what she wants.

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**BENJAMIN, ALICE & MARTHA – Pages 28 -30**

- 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... 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.

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**BENJAMIN, ALICE & MARTHA – Pages 35 -37**

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)* although, along the way, unfortunately 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.

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