

GETTING THROUGH TO HARRY

by

Philip Ayckbourn

Agent: Richard Ireson
The Narrow Road Company

1st Floor
37 Great Queen Street
London,
WC2B 5AA

T 020 7831 4450
E richardireson@narrowroad.co.uk
www.narrowroad.co.uk

2020

Onstage cast of 3 (1M 2F)
& 2 pre-filmed and pre-recorded (2F)
4 pre-recorded (4F 1M)
Total cast of 10 (2M 8F)

Onstage characters:

HARRY THOMAS – late-forties
MACIE THOMAS – fifteen
YVONNE LEWIS – early forties

Pre-filmed and pre-recorded characters:

LOTTIE THOMAS – deceased, mid-forties
DIVINA ROBBINS – age flexible

Pre-recorded characters:

NAN, FELICITY WILLIAMS, PSYCHIC CELINE, MIKA, BOB

Synopsis of scenes:

Scene 1 – Friday 7.30 p.m.
Scene 2 – Friday 9.00 p.m.
Scene 3 – Saturday 1.30 p.m.
Scene 4 – Saturday 3.00 p.m.
Scene 5 – Saturday 6.30 p.m.
Scene 6 – Saturday 8.30 p.m.
Scene 7 – Sunday 11.30 a.m.
Scene 8 – Sunday 2.30 p.m.

Place – A room in HARRY's flat.

Time – The present. Winter.

Scene 1

Friday 7.30 p.m.

Harry's desk is the main piece of furniture in the room in the SL area. It is angled partially downstage and partially towards the entrance door DSR. The significant items on the desk are his laptop and a landline phone with answer-machine. The other main piece of furniture in the room is a leather sofa. Another door USR leads to other rooms in the flat. The room is messy, littered with the odd discarded pizza box and item of Harry's clothing. Projections on the US wall will serve as the audience's view of what will appear on Harry's laptop and mobile. The projections are unseen to any of the characters. It's always necessary for the room to be lit by the wall/ceiling lights. When interior lights are off the room is barely illuminated by daylight or street light coming through a semi-opened window blind which casts its shadow into the room.

Lights up. Street light illuminates through the blind. The DSR door opens and HARRY enters. He switches on the lights and stares into the room. He is dishevelled and unshaven. He crosses to the desk and presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have four new messages. First new message received today at ten forty-six a.m.

V.O. NAN: *(On answer-machine.)* Burying your head in the sand like this, Harry, isn't helping anyone – least of all Macie. She needs you, Harry. She needs her father back. We've done our grieving now and it's time to move on. Nothing we can do or say can bring Lottie back.

HARRY presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Second new message received today at one twenty-nine p.m.

V.O. FELICITY: *(On answer-machine.)* Hello, this is a message for Harry Thomas, it's Felicity Williams from Lloyds Bank calling again about your –

HARRY presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Third new message received today at five thirty-three p.m.

V.O. BOB: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's me... Bob. If you want to catch up and have a... have a pint sometime, it would be... good to see you. I'll be in the... in The Flask tonight if you... Anyway, may see you later. Yeah.

BOB hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Fourth new message received today at six thirteen p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's Yvonne. Harry? Pick up if you're there. Harry, please.

HARRY presses a button. The message pauses. After a moment he presses the button again.

I've been trying to get you on your mobile, but you're obviously not... wanting to get back to me. I've given you time, Harry. We need to talk. Please call me. Please.

YVONNE hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of new messages.

HARRY presses a button.

(On answer-machine.) Messages deleted.

HARRY removes his coat. He sits at his desk and lifts the lid of his laptop. (Whenever the laptop is open whatever is on the screen also appears on the US wall.) HARRY enters his password. The desktop display shows. He opens a desk drawer. He takes out an almost empty bottle of whisky and a glass. He notices a pharmacy bag in the drawer. He takes it out and from it pulls out a bottle of pills. HARRY looks at the bottle for a moment before returning it to the bag and back into the drawer. He pours himself a drink. He clicks on a folder entitled 'pics movies etc.' Mpeg files are displayed. He clicks on one entitled 'Macie's Third Birthday'. A homemade video plays of a woman and a child playing on the beach. We don't see the face of the woman. HARRY fights back his tears as he watches. He stops the video and returns to the desktop image before closing the lid of his laptop. He drinks and considers. He gets up and crosses to his coat and from the pocket takes out a rolled-up newspaper. He opens the paper and turns to a particular page. He considers again. He crosses to his landline phone and presses a button to switch it on to speakerphone. The dial tone is heard.

HARRY dials the number. A voicemail message is heard.

V.O. CELINE: *(On speakerphone.)* Hello, you've reached Psychic Celine. The spirits are not here at the moment to receive your message. Please call back between the hours of ten a.m. and –

HARRY hangs up. He checks the paper again and dials another number.

V.O. MIKA: *(On speakerphone.)* Greetings, my dear one, Mika here, the appointed guardian of the sacred veil between the living and the dead. How can I help you?

HARRY hangs up. He checks the paper again and dials another number.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Divina Robbins, medium. Hello?... Hello?... Anybody there?

HARRY hangs up. After a couple of moments he dials again.

(On speakerphone.) Hello, is that my mystery caller again? Hello?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Oh good, there is someone there. I thought it was one of the spirits playing a little joke on me. They sometimes do. Is this your first time? I'm sensing it might be. Hello?

HARRY: Yes, I want to... I want to...

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Get in contact with someone?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Yes, that's usually why people call me.

HARRY: Her name's –

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Perhaps you can tell me *your* name first, Mr Mystery Caller, I like to put a name to the voice.

HARRY: Harry.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Harry. So, who is she – *was* she? She's still

an *is* to me you see, since the ones who have crossed over are very much here with me... when they choose to be that is. Hopefully you'll find she's still an *is* to you too. Hello? Harry, are you still there?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) Her name?

HARRY: Charlotte – Lottie.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) Lottie. Lovely name. Recently crossed over?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) And what connection do you have with Lottie, Harry?

HARRY: She's... *was* my wife.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) Ah. Now, do you have something of Lottie's still in your possession? Something that was dear to her? A piece of jewellery perhaps.

HARRY: Um...

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) I'll give you a moment to find something.

HARRY opens a desk drawer and takes out a stuffed toy gonk dressed in tartan.

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) Got something?

HARRY: Yes. It's a stuffed toy she always carried in her bag. A gonk.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) A what?

HARRY: A gonk.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) Oh, a gonk. It meant something to her did it?

HARRY: It was my first gift to her.

V.O. DIVINA: (*On speakerphone.*) Perfect. Are you holding it?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Good. Now make yourself comfortable and concentrate on the gonk very carefully, Harry, and we'll see if Lottie wants to come through.

Pause.

HARRY: Hello?

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Yes, I'm here. Concentrate please.

Pause.

I'm sensing a certain reticence, Harry.

HARRY: From her?

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* More from you. Are you feeling somewhat ambivalent about making contact with her, Harry? Hello?

HARRY: It's just... I'm not...

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Not what?

HARRY: Convinced.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* About what?

HARRY: Well... you.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* You haven't really given me much of a chance yet, to be fair, Harry.

HARRY: Not just you, people *like* you I mean.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* I understand. Well, you must be ever so slightly convinced about people like me otherwise you wouldn't have called.

HARRY: It was a mistake, I...

HARRY is about to hang up.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* I'm getting the word 'accident'. Was it an accident – how she died? Harry? Harry, are you there?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Was it?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Can you tell me about it? Harry?

HARRY: You tell me.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Okay. Can you give me something more?

HARRY: I've said you tell –

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* I'm talking to Lottie, Harry. Can you give me something more, Lottie? Lottie?

HARRY: Ask her what his name is.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Whose name?

HARRY: The gonk. He has a name.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Harry, I just want to –

HARRY: She knows it... if it's her.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Lottie, can you tell me the name of the gonk?

HARRY puts the gonk down.

HARRY: No?

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Give us a moment, Harry. Are you still holding it? I'm not feeling the connection.

HARRY: No... neither am I.

HARRY hangs up. He looks at the gonk for a moment and then returns it to the drawer. He takes out the pharmacy bag, opens it and takes out the pills once more. He unscrews the lid and tips several into his hand. He stares at them for a couple of moments. The landline phone rings. After a couple of rings the answer-machine kicks in.

V.O. A.M.: *(Harry's message.)* Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

The beep sounds, but instead of the normal short beep it continues to sound. HARRY knocks the answer-machine a couple of times and drops some pills on the floor as he does so. The beep stops. There is no message. HARRY

replaces the pills bottle into the bag and returns it to the draw. He finishes the whisky and puts the empty bottle into a bin beneath his desk. There is the chink of glass as he does so. He disposes of the newspaper. HARRY takes his coat and exits through the DSR door, switching off the lights as he goes. Sound of footsteps going downstairs and front door, off. The landline phone rings. The answer-machine kicks in.

(Harry's message.) Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

A normal length beep sounds.

(On answer-machine.) You have... Messages... You have no new... You have six new messages... Messages... You have twenty-seven new... Messages... You have messages... Messages.

Blackout.

Scene 2

Friday 9.00 p.m.

Lights up. Street light illuminates through the blind. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. HARRY enters through the DSR door. He switches on the lights. He holds a shopping bag. He crosses to the answer-machine and presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have three new messages.

HARRY presses a button.

(On answer-machine.) First new message received today at eight o' three p.m.

Sound of noisy pub interior.

V.O. BOB: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's me... Bob. I'm in The Flask. It's just gone eight. I'll probably be here for another hour. Anyway, maybe see you, maybe not. Yeah.

BOB hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Second new message received today at eight thirty-two p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's Yvonne again. If you're there,

Harry, please pick up. Harry –

HARRY presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Third new message received today at eight forty-seven p.m.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On answer-machine.)* Hamish. The gonk's name. I don't usually call clients back, but ever since you called I've felt her trying to get through. She gave me an image of a crash, a bus or a coach crash. It looked like it was somewhere abroad. I'm not sure which country. She wants to get through to you, Harry. She wants you to get through to her.

DIVINA hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of new messages.

HARRY considers. He removes his coat. He takes out a newly bought whisky bottle from the shopping bag and sits at his desk. He opens the bottle and pours himself a drink. He opens a desk drawer and takes out the gonk. HARRY looks at it. He lifts the lid of his laptop and enters his password. He clicks on the folder entitled 'pics movies etc.' He clicks on an mpeg entitled 'kite fly'. A homemade video plays of a woman and a child trying to get a kite off the ground. Again we don't see the woman's face. Once more he fights back his tears. He pauses the video and closes the lid of his laptop. He returns the gonk to the drawer. He drinks and considers. The door buzzer sounds. HARRY doesn't move. It sounds again. It sounds again. The landline phone rings. The answer-machine kicks in.

V.O. A.M.: *(Harry's message.)* Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

Beep sounds.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* I know you're at home, Harry, I can see the light on. Harry? Harry, please –

HARRY removes the cable from the back of the phone. After a moment the door buzzer sounds again. HARRY takes the whisky bottle and glass and sits on the sofa. He pours himself another drink. Door buzzer sounds again.

Blackout.

Scene 3

Saturday 1.30 p.m.

Lights up. Daylight illuminates through the blind. HARRY and his coat are gone. There is an almost empty whisky bottle and a glass beside the sofa. Door buzzer sounds. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. MACIE enters through the DSR door. She switches on the lights. She reacts to the smell of the room and surveys it for a couple of moments before crossing to the USR door.

MACIE: *(Calling.)* Dad? Are you here?

She exits through the USR door.

(Off, calling.) Hello?

MACIE enters through the USR door. She crosses to the desk and notices the cable pulled out of the phone and reconnects it. She presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have one new message received yesterday at ten seventeen p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* I know you're at home, Harry, I can see the light on. Harry? Harry, please –

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of new message.

MACIE presses a button.

You have four saved messages. First saved message received yesterday at eight thirty-six p.m.

Sound of noisy pub interior.

V.O. BOB: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's me... Bob. I'm in The Flask. It's just gone eight. I'll probably be here for another hour. Anyway, maybe see you, maybe not. Yeah.

BOB hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Second saved message received yesterday at eight forty-eight p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's Yvonne again. If you're there, Harry, please pick up. Harry? I'll count to three. One... Two...

Three...

YVONNE hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Third saved message received yesterday at nine thirteen p.m.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On answer-machine.)* Hamish. The gonk's name. I don't usually call clients back, but ever since you called I've felt her trying to get through. She gave me an image of a crash, a bus or a coach crash. It looked like it was somewhere abroad. I'm not sure which country. She wants to get through to you, Harry. She wants you to get through to her.

DIVINA hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Fourth saved message received yesterday at ten seventeen p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* I know you're at home, Harry, I can see the light on. Harry? Harry, please –

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of messages.

During this, MACIE has noticed some loose pills on the floor. She picks them up and examines them. She checks through the desk drawers and takes out the pharmacy bag. MACIE looks at the bottle. She returns it to the drawer and takes out the gonk and looks at it thoughtfully. She returns it to the drawer. When the answer-machine messages have ended MACIE lifts the lid of the laptop. She enters Harry's password. The frozen image of her appears on the screen. She clicks on it and lets it play till the end. She clicks on another mpeg entitled 'Ukulele'. A homemade video plays of a woman strumming a ukulele and singing 'You Are My Sunshine'. Again we don't see the woman's face. A child's voice sings along. After it finishes, MACIE scrolls back to the desktop display. A word document page is open and on it is written:

(Text.) why wait till I'm dead?

Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. MACIE closes the laptop and moves away from the desk. HARRY enters through the DSR door.

HARRY: Macie?

MACIE: Nan's been trying to get through to you. Why don't you answer

your phone? It stinks in here. And you look terrible.

HARRY: Macie –

MACIE: Have you got rid of them?

HARRY: What?

MACIE: Mum's clothes.

HARRY: Most of them.

MACIE: No, you haven't. They're still all in there. *(Whisky.)* That stuff turns you into a liar too, Dad.

HARRY: Macie –

MACIE: I've just come to pick up a couple of things, that's all.

MACIE exits through the USR door. HARRY crosses to his desk. He picks up the whisky bottle and glass along the way and puts them in a drawer. He notices the cable has been replaced in his phone. He sits, lifts the lid of his laptop and enters his password. He sees the writing:

(Text.) why wait till I'm dead?

MACIE enters through the USR door. She carries a couple of her coats.

HARRY: Why did you write this?

MACIE: What?

HARRY: Have you just been on my laptop?

MACIE: Yes, but I didn't write anything.

HARRY: Why wait till I'm dead?

MACIE: You wrote that.

HARRY: I didn't.

MACIE: I know I didn't.

HARRY: It was something she used to say to me: why wait till I'm dead... to bring me flowers?

MACIE: Dad... are you thinking about...? I noticed the pills in your

drawer.

HARRY: I didn't write this.

MACIE: Are you?

HARRY: What if she...?

MACIE: What?

HARRY: I got in contact with someone yesterday – someone who speaks to dead people – a psychic medium. She said she was wanting to get through to me.

MACIE: The psychic medium?

HARRY: What?

MACIE: Was wanting to get through to you?

HARRY: No, Lottie – Mum. What if she... somehow... wrote this?

MACIE: Dad –

HARRY: I know I didn't... I think.

MACIE: You were probably too drunk to remember. She's gone, Dad, Mum's gone and there's nothing anyone can do to bring her back. And let me know if you are going to kill yourself, just so I can prepare myself to cope with losing both my parents in the space of a few months. And if Nan calls again at least you could have the decency to call her back.

MACIE exits through the DSR door. Sound of footsteps going downstairs and front door, off. HARRY looks at his laptop screen. He checks to see if anything else has been written. He tentatively addresses the air.

HARRY: Lottie? Lottie... was that you?

He presses a button on the answer machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have four saved messages. First saved message received yesterday at eight thirty-six p.m.

Sound of noisy pub interior.

V.O. BOB: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's –

HARRY presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Second saved message received yesterday at eight forty-eight p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's Yvonne again –

HARRY presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Third saved message received yesterday at nine thirteen p.m.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On answer-machine.)* Hamish. The gonk's name. I don't usually call clients back, but ever since you called I've felt her trying to get through. She gave me an image of a crash, a bus or a coach crash. It looked like it was somewhere abroad. I'm not sure which country. She wants to get through to you, Harry. She wants you to get through to her.

DIVINA hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Fourth saved message received yesterday at ten-seventeen p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* I know you're at home, Harry –

HARRY presses a button.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of messages.

HARRY considers. He addresses the air again.

HARRY: Lottie?

He types underneath the writing on the screen.

(Types.) To what?

HARRY waits for a moment. He closes the lid of the laptop and crosses to the USB door. The landline phone rings. HARRY stops to listen. The answer-machine kicks in.

V.O. A.M.: *(Harry's message.)* Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

The continuous beep sounds. HARRY crosses to the answer-machine and hits it a couple of times. The beep stops. He goes to his laptop and opens the lid. He enters his password. New text is written on the screen that reads:

(Text.) to bring me flowers

And on a new line:

(Text.) 🌸

HARRY stares at the screen in amazement. After a couple of moments new text appears.

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* Harry?

(Text.) are you there?

(Text.) Harry?

HARRY: Yes.

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* I know you are, that was a joke

(Text.) 😊

HARRY: Lottie?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* c'est moi

HARRY: You can... see me?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* in a manner of speaking, yes

HARRY: You're here... in the room?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* in a manner of speaking, yes

HARRY: I don't understand.

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* it's a lot to take in

(Text.) or perhaps I should say a LOTTIE to take in

(Text.) 😊

HARRY: How do I know...? How do I know it's really you?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* why wait till I'm dead to bring me flowers? Isn't that enough?

(Text.) Hamish

(Text.) test me with something else

(Text.) Harry?

HARRY: What was another name we were thinking of calling Macie?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* Freya

(Text.) do I win a prize? 😊

(Text.) I was hoping you'd try to make contact, Harry

(Text.) I was starting to think though you might be joining me over here before you did... the way you're carrying on

(Text.) it's an unsustainable hobby... at least drinking as much as you do

(Text.) or swallowing a bottle of pills 🤢

(Text.) thank you for opening the door

HARRY: What door?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* the door between the worlds. Through Divina. It had to come from your side first.

(Text.) Macie's right, Harry

HARRY: About what?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* this room stinks!

HARRY: You can smell?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* you could smell this room from the deepest bower of Hades

HARRY: What?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* I'm joking with you, Harry, trying to lighten you up a little.

(Text.) 😊

(Text.) 😞

(Text.) 🤔

(Text.) Harry?

HARRY: How can you be so... happy about it?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* about what?

HARRY: Being... dead.

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* it's not as bad as you imagine. In fact it's actually quite all right

(Text.) not that I'm suggesting you should get here any time soon

HARRY: And with me...? How can you be so... cheerful about...?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* what do you want me to do, Harry, start throwing china at you? I'm no poltergeist

(Text.) Harry?

HARRY: No.

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* no what?

HARRY: This is... This isn't happening.

V.O. A.M.: *(Harry's message.)* Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

HARRY quickly closes the lid of the laptop. After a couple of moments the landline phone rings. The answer-machine kicks in.

The continuous beep sounds. HARRY hurriedly takes his coat and exits through the DSR door, switching off the lights as he goes. The beep stops. Sound of footsteps going downstairs and front door, off.

Blackout.

Scene 4

Saturday 3.00 p.m.

Lights up. Daylight illuminates through the blind. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. MACIE enters through the DSR door and switches on the lights. She reacts to the smell of the room once more. She crosses to the USR door.

MACIE: *(Calling.)* Dad? Are you here?

MACIE surveys the room and crosses to the desk. She presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have one new message received today at two twenty-seven p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's me Yvonne. If you're there pick up. I'm coming over, Harry. Let me in.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of new message.

MACIE presses a button.

(On answer-machine.) Message deleted.

MACIE opens a desk drawer and checks the pharmacy bag and the pills inside. She returns it to the drawer. She again takes out the gonk and looks at it thoughtfully. She is about to lift the lid of the laptop when the door buzzer sounds. She returns the gonk to the drawer. Door buzzer sounds again. MACIE crosses to the DSR door and presses a button on the intercom. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. There is a knock. The DSR door opens. YVONNE stands in the doorway.

YVONNE: Oh. Hello.

MACIE: Hi.

YVONNE: Macie? Yvonne.

MACIE: I guessed you might be.

YVONNE: I... I'm so sorry about your mum.

MACIE: So am I.

YVONNE: Is... is your dad in?

MACIE: No.

YVONNE: Look, Macie, I –

MACIE: It's all right, you don't need to explain anything, I don't need to know... anything.

YVONNE: I think I do need to... say something, Macie.

MACIE: If it's 'sorry' you're too late, she's dead.

YVONNE: I know you hate me and you've got every right to, Macie, but I would like for us to...

MACIE: You're not going to change my mind about you.

YVONNE: Perhaps I might change your mind about your dad. I'm guessing you're blaming him just as much as you're blaming me.

MACIE: No.

YVONNE: No?

MACIE: I'm blaming you a lot more.

YVONNE: He didn't tell me – at first – about your mum, that they were still together.

MACIE: Look, I've said –

YVONNE: Please, just give me five minutes, Macie, that's all. Five minutes and then I'll go. Please.

MACIE: So when did you find out... he was lying to you?

YVONNE: After a couple of weeks or so.

MACIE: But you still carried on with him anyway?

YVONNE: Yes.

MACIE: How long were you... seeing each other for?

YVONNE: About six months.

MACIE: So you were just a bit of something on the side for him.

YVONNE: I was... more than that, Macie. I was someone he could talk to, open up to. He was certainly that for me. I don't know how aware you were of how things were between them the last year or so. Harry – your dad – said they'd not been getting along, that they were doing most things apart – eating separately, separate beds.

MACIE: Look, really I don't want to hear this, thanks.

YVONNE: No. I'm just wanting you to...

- MACIE: Do you know how she found out?
- YVONNE: She was suspicious and she followed him and saw us together. He couldn't deny it.
- MACIE: I told her. I overheard Dad talking on his phone one evening he thought he was alone. Mum was out. He thought I was with her, but I wasn't. I kept it secret for a couple of weeks. But it became unbearable knowing what I knew... and knowing what he was doing... and her not knowing. She had a right to know she was being betrayed. I understood what it would mean for us. I knew they'd be no going back to the way things used to be... ever again. How right I was. I guess he was staying with you after he left.
- YVONNE: Sometimes. Sometimes with his friend, Bob.
- MACIE: If I knew what was going to happen... I wouldn't have said a word. I'd have just let him carry on with you... until he decided to ditch you. I wanted to go with her on her holiday. She said she needed to go alone. I lie awake at nights wishing I'd persuaded her... and the two of us had gone over that cliff edge together. We got the call a few days later – me and Nan. It was the worst day of my life.
- YVONNE: I'm...
- MACIE: Are we done here?
- YVONNE: Macie –
- MACIE: Your five minutes is up. I need to move on. So does Dad. You're just a reminder of what was... for both of us.

YVONNE makes to exit DSR, but stops at the door.

- YVONNE: I lost my older brother in a road accident when I was fourteen. He was three years older than me. He was someone I always looked up to... idolised. We were very close – for a brother and sister – at that age. Rick always looked out for me when I was in trouble – when being picked on at school by bullies... or even by Mum and Dad. When he died it left a giant hole in my life. It was a hole I fell into and have been trying to find my way out of ever since. Practically every relationship I've had has been... not good. A couple have been... frightening, is probably how I felt for most of the time. Especially the last one before I met... He was abusive, violent, controlling. He even threatened your dad, but Harry wasn't having any of it. He stood up to him quite... heroically. The man's never contacted

me since. Your dad and I... used to talk a lot, we healed a lot. He's a good man. I love him.

YVONNE exits through the DSR door. Sound of footsteps going downstairs and front door, off. MACIE considers. She crosses to the desk once more. She lifts the lid of the laptop and is about to enter the password. 'You Are My Sunshine' starts to play. MACIE, scared, hurriedly closes the lid of the laptop and exits through the DSR door, switching off the lights as she goes. Sound of footsteps going downstairs and front door, off.

Blackout.

Scene 5

Saturday 6.30 p.m.

Lights up. Street light illuminates through the blind. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. HARRY enters through the DSR door. He switches on the lights and warily surveys the room and the air above. He crosses to his desk and presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have three new messages. First new message received today at three fifty-eight p.m.

V.O. NAN: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, if you're not going to return my calls, as you seem to have washed your hands of your daughter and your responsibilities as her father, you can at least put a little money into my account to support her. It would be appreciated, Harry.

NAN hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Second new message received today at six o-three p.m.

V.O. BOB: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's... Bob. I'll be in The Flask again later if you... if you if you fancy a pint. Anyway... Yeah.

BOB hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Third new message received today at six twenty-two p.m.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On answer-machine.)* It's Divina Robbins again, Harry. I know I'm totally going against my code of practice by calling you again, but Lottie's asking me to ask you to 'continue'. I

don't quite know what that means. I'm presuming you've had some kind of communication with her. She says she has something you need to know. Well, I'll leave that with you, Harry.

DIVINA hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of new messages.

HARRY considers. He removes his coat and sits at his desk and lifts the lid of his laptop. He enters his password. A word document page is open and on it is written:

(Text.) I'm still here, Harry

HARRY scans the air above.

HARRY: Are you?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* yes

(Text.) Harry?

HARRY: Can I... see you?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* no

HARRY: Hear your voice?

LOTTIE: *(Text.)* no

HARRY presses a key on his keyboard.

HARRY: Type something... anything.

As the text appears on the screen LOTTIE's voice is heard through a text to speech function. It's a generic male voice.

LOTTIE: *(Text and V.O.)* anything

HARRY: Ah.

LOTTIE: *(Text and V.O.)* I'm not sure about this, Harry, you seem to have turned me into a man

HARRY presses another key on his keyboard.

HARRY: Try now.

LOTTIE's voice now becomes the generic female voice.

LOTTIE: (Text and V.O.) anything

(Text and V.O.) ah, better. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

(Text and V.O.) I seem to be quite slow

HARRY: Keep talking.

HARRY adjusts the speed during the following.

LOTTIE: (Text and V.O.) A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

(Text and V.O.) that's better... although it's not exactly how my voice was, was it? 😊

Without HARRY's intervention the screen scrolls back to the desktop image. The folder entitled 'pics movies etc.' is clicked and then a folder entitled 'Lottie pics' is clicked. Various jpegs are displayed. The cursor clicks on one. A picture of Lottie appears on the screen. We are to imagine the word text still plays in the background while her voice is heard.

(V.O.) A happy memory, Harry. We were just about to board the ferry for France, weren't we? To stay in that holiday house in Brittany. The one with the peacocks that used to wake us up early in the morning. Remember, Harry? Harry?

HARRY: Yes.

LOTTIE: (V.O.) Good, I thought I'd lost *your* voice for a moment. Smiley face. You've cleared your head a bit, Harry, convinced yourself you're not going crazy.

HARRY: Aren't I?

LOTTIE: (V.O.) Well, perhaps we're all a little crazy at the end of the day. And perhaps that's not a bad thing, it's our craziness that keeps us sane.

HARRY: If you say so.

LOTTIE: (V.O.) I do.

HARRY: So... where are you?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) I'm here, but I'm on the other side of here – the other side of *your* here I mean.

HARRY: Heaven or...?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) The darkest recesses of the deepest hell?

HARRY: What?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) No, I'm afraid those concepts don't translate too well over here. Not everything's quite so black and white as people want to believe.

HARRY: How does it feel... being dead?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) You tell me, Harry.

HARRY: What?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) You know the old saying: sometimes youth is wasted on the young? I'll add to that and say sometimes life is wasted on the living. You're certainly making a convincing case for it, Harry. You've become one of the living dead. Drinking yourself stupid each night, sleeping late and wandering around aimlessly during the day, working through your savings and surviving on credit. It's no way to live, Harry.

HARRY: Is that what you're here to tell me?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) No. Well... partly that. You're punishing yourself, Harry for something that wasn't your fault.

HARRY: (*Doubtful.*) Wasn't it?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Nor was it Antonio's.

HARRY: Who?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Antonio was driving the bus.

HARRY: If I hadn't... with Yvonne you wouldn't have...

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Died in Corsica?

HARRY: Yes.

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) I could've been hit by a bus on Oxford Street instead. Would that have been your fault, Harry? She loves you, Harry.

HARRY: She despises me.

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Oh, I'm not meaning Macie, I'm talking about Yvonne.

HARRY: I've finished with Yvonne.

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Why, Harry?

HARRY: What?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) You still have feelings for her.

HARRY: (*Challenging.*) Do I?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) I know you do.

HARRY: (*Challenging.*) Do you?

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) I'm not jealous, Harry, if that's what you're thinking. Not now. And Macie doesn't despise you as much as you imagine she does.

HARRY: It's not something I have to imagine.

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) It'll take time, but you need to be there for her, Harry. Show her love. That you're prepared to start living again.

HARRY: Who are you? I don't believe you're *her*.

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Harry –

HARRY: No, you're just someone that... psychic sent over to me.

LOTTIE: (*V.O.*) Harry –

HARRY: The Lottie I know – *knew* – would never be so... forgiving. If she did want to come back and try to get through to me – which is a big 'if' considering how things were between us when she... *left* – it would only be to tell me what a complete bastard I was... *am*. She'd certainly not be floating around up... wherever you're floating around – being so nice and forgiving like *you* are – whoever you are. And yes, I *do* think if she could actually throw china – or whatever she could at me – she would. And she definitely wouldn't be telling me Yvonne still loves me, or that I still have 'feelings' for her. *That*, I'm afraid, is where you lost all credibility. And she'd know for sure – as much as *I* do – that Macie will never stop despising me for what I did, however much time I give it, or however many nice

fatherly chats I have with her. So please – whoever you are – tell Divina not to send me any more well-meaning spirits.

HARRY crosses to his desk.

LOTTIE: (V.O.) Harry, don't shut me off please, I've got something more I need to –

HARRY closes the lid of his laptop. He considers. He opens the desk drawer and takes out the almost depleted bottle of whisky. He puts it down. HARRY takes his coat and exits through the DSR door, switching off the lights as he goes. Sound of footsteps going downstairs and front door, off. The landline phone rings. The answer-machine kicks in.

V.O. A.M.: (Harry's message.) Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

The beep sounds.

V.O. YVONNE: (On answer-machine.) Harry, it's Yvonne. I won't call again after this.

Blackout.

Scene 6

Saturday 8.30 p.m.

Lights up. Street light illuminates through the blind.

V.O. A.M.: (Harry's message.) Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

The beep sounds.

V.O. BOB: (On answer-machine.) It's Bob again, Harry. I'm in The Flask if you... It's about eight thirty. It would be good to see you Harry. It's been a while. It's definitely finished now between Angela and me. She finally moved out to go and live with... with... him – Jason his name is. I'm bearing up though, Harry... bearing up. You know me: Mr Glass Half Full. (Stifled sobs.) Anyway, it would be good to talk, Harry. Yeah.

BOB hangs up. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. HARRY enters through the DSR door. He switches on the lights and warily surveys the room and the air above. He carries a shopping bag.

He crosses to the desk and presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have three new messages.

HARRY presses a button.

(On answer-machine.) First new message received today at seven thirty-six p.m.

V.O. YVONNE: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's Yvonne. I won't call again after this. I get the message. I just want to say I saw Macie today.

HARRY is about to forward the message, but changes his mind.

I came round. I thought it was you who let me in. I was surprised to see her. She's a spirited girl... young woman. And beautiful. I'll leave you to call me, Harry, now... if you want to. *(Pause.)* I love you.

YVONNE hangs up.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Second new message received today at seven forty-nine p.m.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On answer-machine.)* Harry, it's Divina –

HARRY presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* Third new message received today at eight thirty-one p.m.

Sound of noisy pub interior.

V.O. BOB: *(On answer-machine.)* It's Bob again, Harry. I'm in The Flask if you... It's about eight thirty. It would be good to see you Harry. It's been a while. It's definitely finished now between Angela and me. She finally moved out –

HARRY presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* End of new messages.

HARRY removes his coat and sits at the desk. He pours himself a glass of whisky from the almost depleted bottle and puts the bottle in the bin. He tentatively opens the lid of his laptop and enters his password. Only the desktop display shows. He clicks on the 'pics

movies etc.’ folder and then clicks on the mpeg entitled ‘Ukulele’. He watches the video play for some moments. Again it gets too much for him and he pauses the video. He drinks and considers. He presses a button on the answer-machine.

(On answer-machine.) You have three saved messages. First saved –

HARRY presses a button on the answer-machine.

(On answer-machine.) Second saved message received today at seven forty-nine p.m.

V.O. DIVINA:

(On answer-machine.) Harry, it’s Divina – *again* – I’ve told her this is the last time I make contact with you. Lottie is being quite insistent with me. The spirits are not usually quite so... how shall I say, ‘pushy’ – the good ones I mean – the bad ones are as pushy as you like, but I tend to give them short shrift. Anyway, I digress, Lottie’s still telling me there’s something you really ought to know, Harry, about how things were – towards the end. She tells me she won’t sugar-coat anything. That may mean something to you. She wants to tell you herself, but through me not through Jane’s voice – whoever Jane is. Anyway, call me, Harry, and I’ll explain how it works. You can reach me on this number. It’s my private line so you won’t be charged at the premium rate. If it’s later than nine-thirty tonight, Harry, I won’t answer. I do need my beauty sleep these days.

DIVINA hangs up.

V.O. A.M.:

(On answer-machine.) Third saved –

HARRY presses a button on the answer-machine.

(On answer-machine.) Messages deleted.

HARRY considers. He closes the lid of the laptop. He takes his glass and crosses to the sofa and sits. He drinks and drains the glass and takes out a new bottle from the shopping bag. He looks at it and considers. He puts it down and crosses to his desk and presses a button on the landline phone to switch it on to speakerphone. The dial tone is heard. He presses the redial button.

V.O. DIVINA:

(On speakerphone.) Harry, I’m sorry to be stalking you like this – like I say it’s not me, it’s Lottie. Are you happy to do a face to face? She’s with me.

HARRY: Face to face?

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Yes, although unfortunately it will be my face you'll be looking at, not Lottie's of course. Do you have a device with a camera on it? Harry?

HARRY: I don't believe it's her.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Oh... then who do you think it is?

HARRY: Some other... spirit you've sent.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* No, Harry, believe me I don't 'send' spirits to anyone. I think you have me mixed up with a voodoo practitioner. I just let them speak to me – and through me. It's Lottie, Harry. Are you still there?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Well, do you want to proceed or not? It's your choice, Harry, but like I say she is being quite insistent.

HARRY: Can't you just tell what it is?

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* I don't know what it is.

HARRY: Can't you ask her?

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* It's something I feel she would rather tell you herself. Harry?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Well?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* If you type into your device divinarobbinsmedium@yahoo.com I'll connect to you.

HARRY takes out his mobile and puts in the address.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Do you need the address again, Harry?

HARRY: No.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Yes, I've got you, Harry. Just a moment. I'll hang up on the other line.

DIVINA hangs up on the landline. After a moment DIVINA appears on the screen of Harry's mobile. (She is also projected on the US wall.)

(On screen.) I can see you, Harry. Can you see me?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On screen.)* The wonders of modern technology, eh? You're sort of how I pictured you. Am I how you pictured me?

HARRY: I...

V.O. DIVINA: *(On speakerphone.)* Well, never mind, that's not why we're here, is it? Now have you ever seen anyone channelling a spirit before, Harry?

HARRY: No.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On screen.)* Well, it may – it will – appear a little odd to the first time onlooker. Anyway, I'll not say more. Perhaps you can seat yourself somewhere comfortable, Harry, and then we'll begin. Yes?

HARRY: Yes.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On screen.)* And please refrain from any verbal interjections during this as it might break the connection. Right. It'll take a moment to prepare myself. Bear with me.

DIVINA prepares herself through breathing and her practised routine. After some moments DIVINA's visage changes and her voice alters as she speaks.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On screen as LOTTIE.)* Hello, Harry. We can't keep meeting like this. Sorry, I promise not to joke otherwise you'll hang up on me for being a fraud. I'll cut to the chase just in case you do. I wasn't alone, Harry, in Corsica. I'd gone with someone – a man – Kieran. That's why I didn't want Macie to come too. I was keeping him secret from her... and from you. He was someone – an associate from work – I'd formed a close friendship with. I know he was keen on me, but... I was with you. As soon as I found out about you and Yvonne... well, that changed things for me... for Kieran and me. The holiday was just what I needed. Four days of joy before day five and that ill-fated bus trip. The roads were precarious and very steep drops. Antonio swerved to miss a motorcyclist coming round a tight corner. It wasn't his fault. He lost control and over we went. Kieran and I held each other. It was all slow motion and then...

lights out. He's here with me. I was happy at the end, Harry. I want you to know that. I'm happy now.

HARRY switches off his mobile. He takes his coat and exits through the DSR door, switching off the lights as he goes.

Blackout.

Scene 7

Sunday 11.30 a.m.

Lights up. Daylight illuminates through the blind. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. MACIE enters through the DSR door. She switches on the lights. She carries a roll of black plastic sacs. She exits through the USR door.

MACIE: *(Off. Calling.)* Dad? Are you here?

MACIE enters through the USR door. She surveys the room warily. She crosses to the desk and presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have no new messages.

MACIE slowly lifts the lid of the laptop. She enters the password. The frozen image of the 'Ukulele' video is still on the screen. She tentatively addresses the air above.

MACIE: Mum... are you here?

MACIE closes the lid of the laptop and crosses to the DSR door. The landline phone rings. The answer-machine kicks in.

V.O. A.M.: *(Harry's message.)* Hi this is Harry Thomas, please leave a message after the beep and I'll get back to you... maybe.

The beep sounds.

V.O. DIVINA: *(On answer-machine.)* This is Divina Robbins, psychic medium. She's letting me know that you needn't be afraid, Macie. Macie, she knows you're there. She wants to connect. She's asking me to ask you to play the ukulele – whatever that means. Again she's telling me to tell you not to be afraid. That's all.

DIVINA hangs up. MACIE scans the air above.

MACIE: Mum?

MACIE slowly crosses to the desk. She again lifts the lid of the laptop and enters the password. She clicks on the 'Ukulele' video. It continues to play. At the end of the clip, instead of the mpeg finishing the woman turns to face the camera. MACIE stares in amazement.

LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* Hello, Macie. Don't be afraid. I know this is pretty 'freaky' for you. I found a way... to be seen. Yes, it's me, Macie. Me back then... and now. Don't you want to say hello?

MACIE: *(Disbelief.)* This isn't...

LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* This isn't a recording if that's what you're thinking. You can speak to me. Go on. Don't be shy sugar pie.

MACIE: Mum?

LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* I want you to know I'm okay. More than okay. And I love you, Macie.

MACIE: *(Emotionally.)* Mum...

MACIE takes the laptop and sits on the floor.

LOTTIE: I can't do this for long. Dad's not okay is he. You need to stop punishing him for what happened. He's punishing himself enough for it. He wasn't responsible, Macie. And neither were you. I've forgiven him. I've tried to tell him that, but he doesn't want to hear it... at least not from some ghost he thinks is not who she says she is.

MACIE: He betrayed you, Mum.

LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* I also need your forgiveness, Macie.

MACIE: What for?

LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* For... not being honest with you. The reason I didn't want you to come on the holiday with me was because I was going with someone else. A man named Kieran... I was seeing.

MACIE: Okay.

LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* He died in the accident with me.

- MACIE: I don't blame you for that – Dad started it.
- LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* That's not entirely true, Macie. In fact I started it. I was seeing Kieran for about a year. I was better at hiding him from you than Harry was at hiding Yvonne.
- MACIE: No, you're just saying this to make it okay.
- LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* No, Macie, I'm saying it because it's true. Will you forgive me, Macie, for my betrayal?
- MACIE: Does dad know about...?
- LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* I only told him I went on holiday with someone, he doesn't know the full story. I'm sorry I kept it secret from you, Macie. As I'm sure you can imagine it was a difficult thing to chat about with the family. I would've faced dire consequences from Dad – and you – if I had. Yvonne's a good woman. She has a kind heart. It's been badly bruised, but Dad can be a great help to her... and she to him. But she's stepping away now. There's only so much rejection a person can take. We all need love, Macie. And we all need to be forgiven... if not now, sometime. Life is short, so why not make it now?
- MACIE: *(Emotionally.)* I forgive you, Mum.
- LOTTIE: *(On screen.)* Forgive Dad. Forgive you. I'll always love you, Macie. Always.

LOTTIE sings unaccompanied.

*'You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are grey
You'll never know dear, how much I love you
Please don't take my sunshine away'.*

The video stops. The screen returns to the desktop image.

- MACIE: *(Emotionally.)* Mum?

MACIE clicks on the 'pics movies etc.' folder and into 'Ukulele'. She clicks on it. She watches it play till the end. The clip ends normally. MACIE stares at the screen and then looks up into the room.

Mum?

Blackout.

Scene 8

Sunday 2.30 p.m.

Lights up. Daylight illuminates through the blind. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. HARRY enters through the DSR door and switches on the lights. He is even more dishevelled than usual. He warily surveys the room and the air above. He crosses to the desk and presses a button on the answer-machine.

V.O. A.M.: *(On answer-machine.)* You have no new messages.

HARRY sits and stares thoughtfully into the room. He opens a desk drawer and takes out the gonk. He places it on the top of the laptop and looks at it for some moments. He takes out the pharmacy bag from the drawer. He takes out the bottle pills and places it next to the gonk. He considers. Sound of front door and footsteps coming up the stairs, off. HARRY returns the pills and the gonk to the drawer. He stands. MACIE enters through the DSR door.

MACIE: Oh... Hi.

HARRY: Hi.

MACIE: It looks like you slept on a park bench. I took a couple of bags to the charity shop. There's another one in there to go.

MACIE holds a look at HARRY.

HARRY: Macie...?

MACIE: I... spoke to her... Mum.

HARRY: How?

MACIE: Through your laptop. She told me she'd spoken to you.

HARRY: It wasn't her.

MACIE: Then who was it?

HARRY: Not her.

MACIE: I believe it was. She told me about what happened in Corsica. And... who she was with. She's right, no-one's to blame. Things sometimes just... happen. Things sometimes just

happen. It was good to see her.

HARRY: See her? You... saw her?

MACIE: Yes.

HARRY: She...?

MACIE: It's time to move on, Dad. For both of us to move on. I'm going to move back in. And we'll clear this place up.

MACIE slowly crosses to HARRY and is about to embrace him.

No, I'm not hugging you, you stink. Take a shower.

MACIE crosses to the USB door.

I spoke to Yvonne. She's all right. Call her.

MACIE exits through the USB door. 'You Are My Sunshine' cover by Jasmine Thompson plays over the following. (Start at 22 secs in.) HARRY scans the air above. He crosses to his laptop and lifts the lid. He enters his password. A visual is open of a large bunch of colourful flowers. The flowers remain on the screen for a few moments and then dissipate/dissolve. Only the desktop image remains. HARRY closes the laptop lid. MACIE enters through the USB door. She holds a full plastic sack, an empty plastic sack and a towel. She puts the sack down and throws the towel to HARRY. HARRY exits through the USB door. MACIE starts to take items of clothing from the full sack. She folds them carefully and places them in the empty one. She picks out the outfit LOTTIE was wearing in the ukulele video. Perhaps a red dress. She looks at it for a couple of moments before folding it carefully and placing it in the sack.

Lights down. Song ends.

Curtain.

Authors note: A technician can operate a separate linked up laptop to scroll to and play mpegs/jpegs etc. and mimic the action on stage. When typed text appears on the screen each paragraph can appear instantaneously rather than being typed. Pre-programmed macros can be useful for this. The sound on answer-machine, laptop and mobile is cheated for

*the sake of volume and clarity to fit the auditorium.
Sections of recorded audio/video (where possible) are
written so it can run without stopping and starting and
with actors interjecting their lines.*