

## HARRY & LOTTIE

LOTTIE: (V.O.) 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 –

## LOTTIE & MACIE

MACIE: Mum?

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...

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?

## YVONNE & MACIE

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.



## DIVINA & HARRY

- V.O. DIVINA: *(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?

**NAN/BOB/FELICITY/CELINE/MIKA**

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, 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.

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V.O. BOB: 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.

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.

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.

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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 –

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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 –

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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?