

Spiritual Connections Episode Five: Turning

By

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FADE IN

INT. HOSPITAL WARD- DAY

A bustling ward filled with rows of many beds of groaning patients.

A NURSE, late forties, wheels a medication trolley around. She stops beside IONA, thirties, pale faced and fast asleep.

NURSE
Wake up party girl!

Iona stirs a little in her bed. One eye opens.

NURSE
I said wake up!

Iona groans and struggles to sit herself up. She looks around confused.

IONA
Oh my head. Am I... Am I in hospital?

NURSE
No shit, Sherlock.

IONA
Wha... Am I sick?

NURSE
You was. Several times.

Iona cups her hands over her mouth to check her breath. She heaves.

IONA
I don't understand. Why am I here?

NURSE
You're here because you decided to have a little binge session for yourself. You had to have your stomach pumped, young Madame.

IONA
Oh no. Really? Am I going to be okay?

NURSE

Well you'll have one hell of a hangover, but I think you'll survive.

Iona pauses for a moment or two, taking it all in.

IONA

I'm so embarrassed. How long have I been here?

NURSE

Since last night. Your dad brought you in, don't you remember?

IONA

My...My dad? Are you sure?

NURSE

Yes. He's in the family waiting room. Shall I go and get him?

IONA

Errr. Yeah. Okay.

The nurse heads off the ward.

Iona's expression grows confused.

She hears footsteps crossing the ward.

She rubs her eyes as SAM, sixties, comes into view.

SAM

Hello love. Like mother like daughter, eh?

She struggles to speak.

IONA

Sam? What are you doing here?

SAM

I brought you in last night. You collapsed at the centre. Don't you remember?

IONA

God! No I don't. I don't usually drink.

SAM

I think that was part of the problem, Iona. You were five times over the limit.

IONA

I feel so stupid. No wonder that nurse was so sharp with me. She said my dad brought me in... Why did you tell them that?

SAM

You really can't remember anything can you? Okay, brace yourself, love.

He perches on the side of her bed.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- KITCHEN

MARY, fifties, wearing a dressing gown, ambles in.

She picks up the kettle.

She approaches the sink. Her face adopts an enraged expression as she notices the huge pile of pots in the basin.

She yells.

MARY

Mother! Get your decrepit arse in here and sort out these bloody pots. It looks like a school kitchen in here.

She fills the kettle in a temper.

EDITH, eighties, shuffles in from another room.

EDITH

Pardon dear?

MARY

Get these bloody pots washed, mother. I've never seen anything like it. What the hell have you been up to?

EDITH

I was a bit peckish, Mary. I made myself a full English.

Mary exhales, resting her hands on her hips.

MARY

And you never thought to ask me if I wanted anything?

EDITH

I didn't think you bothered with solids in the day time, dear.

MARY

It's not bloody good enough, mother. I don't charge you any board. All I ask is that you tidy up after yourself.

EDITH

But it's my house, dear.

Mary snaps back, an air of sarcasm in her voice.

MARY

You're just nit-picking now. Who pays all the bills, might I ask?

EDITH

Well, the DHSS pay most of them, dear.

MARY

Enough of your lip. Get them washed.

Mary scowls as she turns her back.

Edith fills the sink basin with water.

EDITH

You're in a strop today, dear... Even more than usual. Are you okay? You're not upset about not meeting your daughter, are you?

MARY

Well actually, It's quite the opposite. You see, I did meet her.

EDITH

You did? Where?

MARY

At the bloody Welfare Centre.

EDITH

How did she know you'd be there,
dear?

MARY

Because she pissing well works with
me, doesn't she? It's that bloody
fat lezza Iona.

Edith contorts her face, pondering.

EDITH

Sam's friend, you mean? You had a
nickname for her didn't you, dear?
Now what was it? Remind me,
Iona...Iona...

MARY

Iona Strap-on. Yes, her. Just when
I think my life can't get any
worse, she comes slithering into
it.

EDITH

Oh dear. Did you manage to have a
nice chat?

MARY

A nice chat? She staggered in, in
the middle of my service, effing
and blinding, flailing her arms
around like a windmill. She called
me a bitch, upset all the crowd,
and threw up into the raffle bin.

EDITH

Oh. Are you seeing her again?

MARY

What do you think? If she's got the
slightest bit of decorum, she won't
dare to show her face around there
again. I'm just glad I got rid of
her when I did.

Edith pats Mary on the back.

EDITH

Oh Mary. She was probably just a
bit upset.

MARY

Upset? Upset? She was off her bloody tits on booze. One thing I do know is that you don't show up to work in a state like that.

EDITH

Not unless you can hide it well, eh dear?

INT. SAM'S CAR- LATER

Sam drives, Iona sits beside him.

IONA

I'm so ashamed of myself, Sam. I don't know what I was thinking.

SAM

You had a shock and a half love. I wouldn't keep going over and over it, you'll make yourself ill.

IONA

You can say that again. At least one good thing came out of it.

Sam smiles.

IONA (cont'd)

I couldn't have asked for a better dad. It's just a shame I had to wait so long to find out. Do you think it will be a bit weird at work? The Funeral Parlour, I mean? I'm keeping away from the Wilmot centre for a while.

SAM

I don't think so, love. We've always got on well. We've got an even better excuse to look out for each other now, haven't we?

IONA

Yeah I suppose. You really didn't have to wait all night at the hospital you know.

SAM

Love, I'd have been there regardless. I've always had a soft spot for you. Now I know why.

Iona smiles.

She places her hand over his on the gear-stick.

SAM (cont'd)
Is it a left here, love?

IONA
Yeah, onto Bourneville Boulevard.
Third speed hump.

He turns into the street, pulling up outside the house at the third hump.

IONA (cont'd)
Thanks Sam. You gonna come in?

SAM
Do you think that's wise?

IONA
Yeah why not? I'd love you to meet my mum.

SAM
Okay love. Just for a few minutes then, eh?

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- AFTERNOON

Mary and Edith sit on the sofa watching television, tumblers in hand.

Two bottles of vodka stand on the coffee table- one premium brand, one value brand.

Edith takes a sip, and purses her lips, as if in pain.

EDITH
I don't know if I like this vodka much, Mary. It's got a funny twang to it.

MARY
Well you've took long enough to decide. You've got through nearly half a bottle.

EDITH
Well I had to make sure, dear. Have you got anything I can put in it? You know, a mixer?

MARY

Oh, there's probably something knocking about under the stairs from Christmas. Shall I have a look?

EDITH

Yes please, dear. If you don't mind.

Mary shakes her head.

MARY

Anything to shut you up.

She heaves herself off the sofa and leaves the room.

Edith knocks back half of her glass of vodka, shuddering.

A few moments pass.

MARY (O.S.)

Ah! There we are. Found something, Mother.

EDITH

You are good, dear. Thank you.

Mary re-enters, thrusting a bottle at Edith.

EDITH (cont'd)

Sherry? Will it be alright?

MARY

Of course it will. It's still in date.

Edith pulls out the stopper using her teeth, then clumsily tops up her glass.

She sniffs, then winces.

She closes her eyes, and takes a gulp.

EDITH

Ooh! It's quite nice, is that.

She takes another sip.

EDITH (cont'd)

It's lovely, Mary. Try some.

Mary pours a little into her glass and swills it around with her finger.

She takes a swig.

MARY

Mother! That's beautiful. It's like one of them fancy cocktails, isn't it? What shall we call it?

EDITH

What about 'Satan's balloon knot'?

INT. IONA'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM

Sam, Iona and BARBARA, fifties, sit on the sofa. Iona nestles under Barbara's arm.

BARBARA

I'm just happy you're okay, love. It could have been much worse.

IONA

How could it have been any worse? I've just found out that I've got a complete she-hag as a birth mother.

BARBARA

Yes but you're okay, headache aside. And you've got a lovely biological dad, haven't you?

Sam smiles at the compliment.

IONA

You make him sound like a washing detergent, Mum! Yeah he's lovely. We've always got on, haven't we, Sam?

SAM

Yes. Yes we have, love.

BARBARA

And I can see why. He's an absolute gentleman.

Sam blushes and looks away.

SAM

Well, I'd better be off now, love. Cats to feed.

BARBARA

Oh, won't your wife have fed the cats, Sam?

SAM

No Barbara. I live on my own love.

BARBARA

A lovely man like you, still unattached? Where's the justice in this world?

Sam ignores the compliments and heads to the door.

SAM

You sure you're going to be okay, Iona?

IONA

Yeah, I'm fine... Err Sam. I was wondering...

SAM

What love?

IONA

Do you want to meet up later? I'll buy you some dinner as a thank you. That's if you want to?

SAM

Don't you feel a bit off it love?

IONA

I'm not on about going on the piss, Sam. Just for a meal.

SAM

Well, I've got nothing planned, love, if you feel up to it.

BARBARA

Oh lovely. It'd be nice to get to know you a little better, Sam.

Iona scowls at her mother.

IONA

I meant just me and Sam, Mum. We've got a lot to talk about.

BARBARA

Oh yes. Of course. Another time maybe?

SAM

Where do you want to go, just around Wilmot?

IONA

No, lets head into Derby, Sam. Everybody knows everybody's business round here.

SAM

Okay love. I'll pick you up about seven, that alright? I'll let myself out.

IONA

Sound! I'm going to get a few hours kip. See you later... Dad.

Sam giggles, a look of pride upon his face.

He waves as he leaves.

The front door clunks shut.

IONA (cont'd)

Mum...?

BARBARA

Yes, dear?

IONA

You weren't...hitting on Sam, were you?

BARBARA

Don't be silly, love. He's just a nice man, that's all.

IONA

Well I felt a bit of one-way flirting going off then. Don't get any ideas, Mum. It's too weird.

Barbara forces a smile and strokes Iona's hair.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- EVENING

Mary and Edith sit giggling on the sofa, laughing at an inappropriate news report.

MARY
Another Satan's balloon knot,
Mother?

EDITH
I don't mind if I do!

Mary grabs the bottles from the coffee table.

MARY
Oh, we're down to the dregs,
Mother.

EDITH
What a shame. I was getting the
taste for that as well.

MARY
I'd nip and get us some more, but I
can't hardly go in the car, can I?

EDITH
Why? Because you're drunk?

MARY
No. It's still in Tesco's car-park,
isn't it. It's probably been
clamped by now.

EDITH
Can't you ask Roy to nip?

MARY
Good thinking, Batman.

Mary stands and heads to the living room door.

She shouts up the stairs.

MARY (cont'd)
Roy? Roy my love?

A slight Dutch accent peppers the response.

ROY (O.S.)
Yes Mary, what is it?

MARY

Are you busy, Roy? I need some things from the shop. Can you nip on your bike?

ROY (O.S.)

I was just about to head out, Mary. Is it important?

MARY

Yes dear, it is.

ROY (O.S.)

Okay. I'll finish getting ready first, I've got to nip to the bank anyway.

MARY

Thank you, dear. You're a star.

INT. SAM'S CAR- LATER

Sam drives with Iona at his side.

The headlights illuminate the road ahead.

SAM

You feeling better, love?

IONA

My stomach's a bit achey, but other than that yeah.

SAM

Good. Where do you want to go, love?

IONA

I dunno. Do you fancy tapas? I'd probably be better off with something light.

SAM

Yep! Sounds great. Where is the tapas restaurant, Friar gate?

IONA

Yeah, that's the one.

Sam looks down at the dashboard. He double takes.

SAM

Is there a garage around here,
love? I'm running on fumes.

IONA

No, I don't think so. Have you not
got enough petrol to get us into
Derby? There's loads of garages
there.

SAM

No love. I don't think so.

Iona glances out of the window. She notices a sign.

IONA

Sam! Take the next right. There's
the Devonshire Hotel just down
there. They do nice food.

SAM

The dirty Dev? You sure? What about
the tapas?

IONA

We can go there another time, let's
just go to the Dev eh?

EXT. THE DEVONSHIRE HOTEL

The large car-park is nearly at full capacity. Spot-lights
shine upwards, illuminating the large, old building.

Sam's car pulls in, and after many attempts, finally manages
to park in a space.

Iona and Sam exit the vehicle.

INT. DEVONSHIRE HOTEL- RECEPTION

A large, tastefully decorated room. A smartly dressed
RECEPTIONIST, twenties, stands behind the huge oak counter.

Sam and Iona enter.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

IONA

Yeah. Are you still doing meals?

RECEPTIONIST

We are, but it's one of our theme nights tonight. It's a two pound entry fee per person.

SAM

That's okay, not a problem.

He digs into his pocket then slams the money into the counter.

RECEPTIONIST

That's lovely. The door on your left please.

They head towards the door.

INT. DEVONSHIRE HOTEL- FUNCTION ROOM

The huge room is packed full of people. Big groups of men and women loiter around the bar. A handful occupy the dance-floor.

A sign hangs over the bar which reads 'Single's Night'.

Iona and Sam enter, then head towards the bar.

SAM

Oh no! It's singles night, love. What shall we do?

IONA

We'll be okay. No one will bother us if we're sitting together will they?

SAM

No, I suppose not.

Iona links arms with Sam. They near the bar.

SAM (cont'd)

What are you having to drink, love?

IONA

I'll just have a lime and soda please, Sam. Best not have any booze eh?

SAM

Yeah, good idea. Tell you what. You go and find a nice table and I'll get the drinks.

INT. DEVONSHIRE HOTEL- FUNCTION ROOM- LATER

Sam and Iona sit at a table in the corner, finishing off their meals.

Sam looks discreetly to the side.

SAM
I think you've got an admirer,
love. He's not taken his eyes off
you all night. Haven't you noticed?

IONA
No! Who?

SAM
Him over there, at the far side.

She turns her head.

IONA
Really?

She turns away, toying with the scraps of food on her plate.

SAM
You're not interested I take it?

IONA
No, Sam. I'm not.

Sam pauses for a moment, looking deep in thought.

SAM
Can...Can I ask you something
personal, love? You can tell me to
sod off if you want.

IONA
What?

SAM
All these rumours about you, is
there any truth behind them?

Iona sounds surprised.

IONA
Rumours?

SAM
Yeah, you know... About you batting
for the other side.

IONA
I don't follow, Sam.

SAM
No offense love, but are you a
lemon?

Iona squirms uncomfortably in her seat.

IONA
I...I... Don't mince your words,
Sam, will you?

SAM
It wouldn't make the slightest bit
of difference to me, love. I just
wondered, that's all.

IONA
If I'm perfectly honest, Sam, I'm a
little confused. I did have a fling
at college with a woman.

SAM
Never been with a bloke then?

IONA
Yeah, a few actually. Mainly when I
was drunk.

SAM
So you're bi, Iona...Biona!

IONA
Very droll. I don't know, Sam. I'm
not really attracted to anyone, if
I'm truthful.

SAM
Not even him?

He points towards the STUD, mid forties, handsome, muscular,
wearing a tight white T-shirt and leather trousers.

SAM (cont'd)
He fancies you, Iona. Look at him,
he looks like a film star. Jesus,
I'd even turn for him!

She laughs.

IONA

He is gorgeous, isn't he? God, and
look at the size of his packet!
Shall I go and talk to him?

SAM

Go for it, Iona. You're only here
once.

IONA

But what if he's married or
something?

SAM

It's a singles night isn't it? Now
go on, stop making excuses.

Iona gets up from the table, blushing.

Sam watches as Iona nervously approaches the stud.

She offers out her hand. He takes it, raises it to his face
and kisses it gently.

Iona turns towards Sam and smiles bashfully.

The stud and Iona chatter for a few minutes, as Sam
spectates drinking alone.

They move over onto the dance-floor. The stud rests his
hands on Iona's bottom as they gently move in time to the
music.

They kiss.

After a few moments, the stud exits the dance-floor and
leaves the room.

Iona scurries back over to join Sam at the table.

SAM (cont'd)

You okay, love? He hasn't gone and
left you already, has he?

IONA

No! He's gone to see if they've got
any rooms available!

SAM

Jeez, Iona. You're a fast mover!
What's he like?

IONA

He's amazing. He's a bit older than me, but what the hell eh?

Sam nods.

IONA (cont'd)

You...You don't mind, do you, Sam?

SAM

No, love. Like I said, you're only here once.

IONA

Yeah, but I came out for a meal with you.

SAM

And we've finished our meal, had a lovely chat, and now it's time for dessert. Well for you anyway!

IONA

Thanks, Sam. You're amazing, you know that?

SAM

I know someone who'll be even more amazing.

IONA

Really? Who?

Sam nods towards to doors to reception where the stud waits impatiently.

The stud smiles and beckons her over.

IONA (cont'd)

Ooh! Looks like we got a room! Wish me luck.

SAM

Good luck! Have fun, love. And remember to use a blob.

IONA

A blob? You make it sound soooo romantic.

She smiles, winks and heads to the door straight into the arms of the stud.

Sam finishes his drink, puts on his jacket and gets up to leave.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM- LATER

Mary and Edith sit slumped on the sofa.

A loud noise on the television startles Edith awake.

She checks her watch and nudges Mary.

EDITH

Mary, It's gone twelve. I'm going to call it a night, dear.

MARY

Okay, Mum. Make sure you have a slash before you go to bed won't you? We don't want to have to get the hair-driers out in the morning again do we?

EDITH

Yes dear. No dear.

Edith leaves heading upstairs.

Mary pours herself another cocktail.

A call from upstairs.

EDITH (O.S)

Mary! Roy's not back yet. Shall I leave the front door on the catch?

MARY

I'll do it, Mum. You get your beauty sleep. You bloody need it.

EDITH (O.S)

Okay, dear. Night.

Mary checks her watch.

She mutters to herself.

MARY

I don't know where the bloody hell he is. He's normally back by now.

She heads over to the telephone.

She dials a number.

INT. DEVONSHIRE HOTEL- ROOM 69

The stud de-mounts Iona, kissing her neck as he does so.

He leans over and grabs a packet of cigarettes and a lighter.

He takes a cigarette, lights it and lies back, nestling up to Iona.

IONA

My God, That was amazing. How do you manage three times in the same night?

The stud smiles and takes a drag from his cigarette.

IONA (cont'd)

And I've got muscles aching that I didn't even know I'd got.

She leans over, kissing him on the neck.

IONA (cont'd)

You've opened my eyes, I can tell you... And a few other things as well.

She twiddles with the hairs on his chest, looking content.

The moment is ruined by a harsh ringing sound.

The stud jumps up and reaches for his trousers which rest on the floor.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE- LIVING ROOM

Mary stands with the phone to her ear.

She taps her foot impatiently.

MARY

Roy! Where the bloody hell are you?
Have you seen the time?

INT. DEVONSHIRE HOTEL- ROOM 69

The stud sits on the edge of the bed, his phone pressed to his ear.

He speaks with a slight Dutch accent.

STUD

Hello?... Yeah I'm sorry, love.
I've been to the motorbike rally,
and I'd had a bit too much to
drink.

Iona strains to hear both sides of the conversation, in
vain.

STUD

Yeah, I'm stopping at a mate's
house. I'll see you in the
morning... Right, I'm going to get
my head down.

He hangs up then drops the phone on the floor.

He smirks at Iona, then disappears under the quilt.

Iona legs jerk high up into the air. She giggles.

IONA

Oh yeah big boy, that's it. Kiss me
where it stinks.

A muffled response from between her legs.

STUD

Can't we just stay here? I don't
think I've got time to take you to
Hull, love.

FADE OUT