

Spiritual Connections

By

Craig S Cooper

craigcooper1@sky.com

FADE IN

EXT. WILMOT WELFARE CENTRE - EVENING

A large ramshackle building stands alone at the foot of a long driveway.

A huge, lurid, cheap looking sign hangs unevenly on the wall, which reads 'Spiritual Connection's - Every Monday 8pm, at The Wilmot Senior Citizen Centre'.

A handful of smokers gather around the door, chatting among themselves.

INT. RECEPTION

A line of people queue patiently to pay their admission fees.

Opposite, GLADYS, a frail old lady in a green floral dress, stands behind a serving hatch offering complimentary hot drinks.

DANIELLE, a young, blonde, pretty girl in her early twenties, approaches.

GLADYS
Evenin' love.

DANIELLE
Good evening. Can I have a cup of tea, please?

GLADYS
Of course you can.

Gladys reaches into the sink full of grey, soapy water in front of her.

She feels around under the water, producing a plastic mug. Half-heartedly shaking the suds from the mug, she begins to make a drink of tea.

Her hands tremble as she pours the hot water. It spills all over the counter.

GLADYS (cont'd)
Sugar, love?

DANIELLE

One, please.

Gladys nods, and dips a tablespoon into a aged bag of sugar. She stabs at the congealed block in the bag.

Her hands shaking, sugar cascades everywhere but the cup.

She stirs it, prises the mug from the sticky surface, and hands it to Danielle, teabag floating on the surface.

Danielle takes a sip and splutters. Gladys stares at her, smiling. Danielle closes her eyes, and swallows with a wince.

Gladys hums to herself as she wipes the work surface using a filthy tea towel.

EXT. WILMOT WELFARE CENTRE - CONTINUOUS

A small black car with a blowing exhaust trundles down the driveway. On the bonnet, a large area of bare metal- the result of vandalism using brake fluid or acid.

The car heads straight towards the main doors, causing the smokers to disband to let it through. It screeches to a halt.

On the rear bumper is a sticker that reads 'Mediums do it with the lights off!'.

INT. RECEPTION- SECONDS LATER

The main door bursts open as MARY, late fifties, wrinkly, with grey permed hair breezes in. She walks past the queue of people, pushing her way to the front.

A few near the front of the line tut and pass comment between themselves.

MARY

Greetings, Gladys. Can I have a cup please?

GLADYS

Hello, Mary. Tea or coffee?

MARY

Just the cup please, I've brought my own.

Mary winks as she pats her large handbag, smiling.

Gladys retrieves a mug from the sink, and begins shaking the suds away.

MARY (cont'd)

Gladys, dear, be a good lass and give it a rinse will you? I was tasting fairy liquid and bleach for hours last time.

Gladys reluctantly rinses the mug under the tap, wiping it dry with the dirty towel. Mary balks.

MARY (cont'd)

Have you got any cakes or biscuits left, Gladys? I'm hungrier than Karen Carpenter.

Gladys rummages under the counter.

GLADYS

I don't think so, Mary. I could have sworn there was a full packet of penguins, but then again, Iona opened up tonight.

MARY

Huh, and she goes around telling everyone that it's glandular. She doesn't do herself any favours does she? No wonder she can't get herself a fella.

GLADYS

I don't think she's interested, Mary. She says she's happy as she is.

MARY

Well a bird is nothing without a decent bloke behind her.

(beat)

Just look at Emu.

Gladys splutters- half laugh, half cough.

MARY (cont'd)

Takes all sorts, I suppose.

(Sighs)

How are the tickets going for the big event, Gladys?

GLADYS

Ooh, they're selling like hot cakes. We've even got a celebrity guest to open it. Have you heard?

Mary looks excited, a huge beam spreading across her face.

MARY

Well, well, well! A celeb? Really who? Derek Acorah? Colin Fry?

GLADYS

Nope!

MARY

Oh, I don't know. Sally Morgan?

GLADYS

No, love.

MARY

Then who, for Pete's sake?

GLADYS

Dame Ellen MacArthur!

Mary's face drops. Gladys gestures to the next in line to step forward.

MARY

Christ on a bike! Dame Ellen MacArthur? Bloody Dame Ellen MacArthur? What in the name of God's teeth has she got to do with mediumship?

GLADYS

I'm not sure, duck. I think she was cheap.

MARY

Well I've never heard anything like it, Gladys. And how many times is that girl going to have to sail around the world in a yacht before she realises that she's a lesbian?

Mary stomps off without waiting for Gladys' response, to a door marked 'Staff Only'.

INT. STAFF ROOM

The small space is dimly lit with a bare lightbulb.

Mary flops down heavily into the tattered armchair. She fishes around in her bag, producing a bottle of vodka.

Pouring a huge amount into her mug, she sighs and takes a gulp.

The door opens, and IONA, early thirties, chubby, dark bobbed hair, wearing dungarees, enters the room.

Mary stealthily slips the vodka bottle back into her bag.

IONA

Hi, Mary. How are you?

MARY

Greetings, Iona. Have you heard about this *celebrity* we've got opening the big event next week?

IONA

Ellen, yeah. She's my best friend from school. She owed me one.

Mary takes another sip of vodka.

MARY

Yeah, I bet she did.

IONA

I'm sorry?

MARY

Oh, nothing, dear. Anything else?

IONA

Yes, just to let you know, Jason has decided not to press charges.

MARY

Jason? Jason Who?

IONA

That guy who threatened to sue, you remember?

MARY

Well, I should think he has, dear. I'm not a censor. I tell it like it is. If a spirit gives me a message, I pass it on, that's what I do.

IONA

I know, Mary, but you do seem to go a little bit too far at times. People come to feel better.

MARY

People come for a message. Simple as. If they can't handle the truth, they've come to see the wrong medium.

Mary takes a sip from her mug. Iona eyes her, suspiciously.

MARY (cont'd)

Full house tonight, dear?

IONA

Yeah, it's looking good in there. You'll be on in five minutes, Mary.

MARY

OK, dear. Close the door on your way out.

Iona takes the hint, and leaves. Mary knocks back her mug of vodka, and pours herself another.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL

The majority of the hundred or so seats are filled, set out in rows, facing a desk at the front with three armchairs placed behind.

SAM, late sixties, long straggly grey hair, wearing a faded T-shirt featuring an American-Indian and a wolf, sits on the left, shortly joined on the right by Iona.

SAM

Is Mary here yet, love?

IONA

Yes, Sam, and she's on form, as usual.

SAM

Where is she, channeling spirits?

IONA

Huh, when isn't she, Sam?

SAM

Oh, I do hope she's not too tipsy tonight. We had so many complaints last time.

IONA

Well, we'll just have to see won't we?

A couple of latecomers arrive, and find vacant seats.

SAM

Yes, fingers crossed, eh? She'll end up getting us bloody shut down if she doesn't reign it in a little.

IONA

Eh, Sam, have you heard mine and Gladys' nickname for Mary?

SAM

No. I dread to think. Come on then, enlighten me.

Iona struggles to speak through her chortles.

IONA

We call her 'thrush'!

SAM

Thrush? Why do you call her that?

IONA

'Cos she's an irritating cu...

The door bangs open noisily as Mary enters, mug in hand, and sits between Sam and Iona.

MARY

Shall we begin then, dears? I'm not here for my health you know.

Sam looks towards Iona, raising his eyebrows. He stands.

SAM

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to Spiritual Connections.

The crowd murmur 'good evening' in unison.

SAM (cont'd)

Now, I see a lot of familiar faces here tonight, but is there anyone who's never been here before? Raise your hands, please!

A few members of the audience grudgingly raise their hands. Sam and Iona walk around the crowd, shaking hands with the newcomers.

They return to the desk.

IONA

OK ladies and gents, I'd like you to give a big warm welcome to Mary Van Fantoome, our resident medium, from Derby.

The crowd engage in an unenthusiastic round of applause as Mary stands and curtsies.

MARY

Greeti...

Iona interrupts Mary, mid-word.

IONA

Oh, and I forgot to mention...

Mary aims a hateful glare her way. If looks could kill.

IONA (cont'd)

We've got the Healing Book at the front here. If anyone has family or a loved one who's ill and needs some healing energy sent their way, pop their names in here at the end.

SAM

Yes, and it really does work.

Mary grows impatient, still glaring.

IONA

Yes it really does. You might remember that a few months back we put Dora Kew's name in there? Well I'm glad to say, she's on the road to a full recovery.

The audience applaud, along with the hosts.

Mary takes charge of the conversation, with a hint of causticness in her voice.

MARY

So it just goes to show that with healing energy, love, an early diagnosis and a few sessions of aggressive chemo, miracles really can happen.

A sharp intake of breath from several members of the crowd.

IONA

Oh dear. Right, can we dim the lights please?

Sam lowers the lighting, and starts a CD of ambient music on the tinny Hi-Fi system.

MARY

Right, let's try again shall we? Greetings people, can I just say that the spirits are extremely strong this evening.

Iona leans behind Mary, whispering to Sam.

IONA

She can say that again. I can smell them from here!

Sam chuckles, then gestures her to shush.

MARY

Before I start, I just need to remind everyone to turn off their mobile phones. They give off a lot of negative energy, and it is completely distracting for me.

A small number rout around in their pockets, checking phones are off.

MARY (cont'd)

Thank you. Now, for those of you who haven't met me before, I'm Mary Van Fantoome, and I am what's known as a clairvoyant, which means 'clear vision'. I am literally a vessel. A vessel for spirits.

Iona stifles a painful laugh. Her face reddens as she trembles in her seat.

MARY (cont'd)
 Every medium works in their own way, but every single one of us has a spirit guide. Mine's called Ron.

Iona leans towards Sam, and mouths the word 'bacardi'.

MARY (cont'd)
 When Ron, my lovely spirit guide, receives messages from your loved ones, he interprets them into information I can understand, and relay on to you.

Some members of the crowd look impressed by Mary's words.

MARY (cont'd)
 Now sometimes, I'll get a message as clear as a bell. Other times, I won't be quite so sure, so if you think you can take anything I'm putting out there, don't be shy. Shall we begin?

Mary is interrupted by a shrill ringtone from a mobile phone.

She tuts as she loses her moment, and glares around the audience, before quickly realising it is her phone ringing.

She unzips her bag. The ringtone is ridiculously loud as the phone is removed, just on the lyric 'spirits move me, every time I'm near you...'

Mary answers the phone in a flap, turning her back to the crowd.

MARY (cont'd)
 Hello?

Sam and Iona roll their eyes.

MARY (cont'd)
 Mum! Why the hell are you ringing me? You know I work Monday nights.

Iona bites her lip.

MARY (cont'd)
 Excuse me? You never even asked me to tape Emmerdale for you!

Mary's voice grows increasingly venomous.

MARY (cont'd)

Well how was I supposed to know you wanted it taping? I'm not bloody psychic.

She furiously disconnects the call and switches the phone off, throwing it into her bag.

Composing herself, she turns to face the audience, with a huge false smile on her face.

MARY (cont'd)

Sorry about that ladies and gents. You can't choose your family, can you?

The crowd shuffle uneasily in their seats, as Mary's head drops drastically forward and she begins breathing profoundly.

Her head lifts slowly.

MARY (cont'd)

Right, I'm getting a little old lady. She's tiny. Thin. In her eighties when she passed. Does anyone understand?

A few of the audience raise their hands.

MARY (cont'd)

OK, that's wonderful. I'm getting the name Betsy. Or could it be Betty?

Her eyes dart from side to side tempestuously.

MARY (cont'd)

Yes, Betty. That's it! I feel that she passed away fairly recently. Any takers?

A number of hands are lowered, leaving just Danielle with hers in the air.

DANIELLE

Yes, I think that might be for me.

MARY

OK, dear. You're going to have to speak up though, my love. Mumlbers and mediums don't mix. Now who was Betty, Grandma?

DANIELLE

Yes...

MARY

(stroppily)

Speak up, dear!

DANIELLE

Sorry. Yes, she was my mum's mum.

MARY

I know, dear. Now she's telling me how she passed. Ooh, it's not nice. Puts me in mind of my first husband. A couple of strokes and it's all over.

DANIELLE

I...

Danielle stammers, lost for words.

MARY

Now, she's telling me that you've recently been to hospital, is that right?

DANIELLE

Yes, last week...

Danielle begins to blush, as she eyes the crowd nervously.

MARY

Now don't you worry, dear, I'm not going to go into details about your private life, am I? That's not what I'm here for.

Danielle eases a little.

MARY (cont'd)

Now she's telling me that she's glad that you went about it the right way this time.

Mary stares into space, receiving the message, nodding.

MARY (cont'd)

She said that's the best way, dear. She says it might be convenient, but there's safer ways of dealing with mistakes than using a coat-hanger, a bottle of gin and a hot bath. Do you understand?

Danielle flees the assembly room in tears.

Iona leans towards Sam, speaking in a whisper.

IONA
Bloody hell, not again.

SAM
Well, at least it can't get any worse than that, can it?

IONA
I suppose not.

Mary begins with her heavy breathing routine again. Some of the crowd giggle.

MARY
Now, I'm getting a name. Can anyone take the name Hilda, please?

BARRY, early fifties, bearded and scruffily dressed, raises his hand halfway.

MARY (cont'd)
Yes, Hilda. She's saying that she went out with a bang.

Mary notices Barry's hand in the air.

MARY (cont'd)
Yes, love. Is this for you?

BARRY
Yeah, I think so. My auntie's name was Hilda.

MARY
Oh, lovely. Did she go out with a bang, dear. How did she pass?

BARRY
She...She died of dysentery.

MARY
Dysentery? Shit! Not so much going out with a bang, it's more like a dirty firework, isn't it?

A few audience members struggle to hold in their laughs.

BARRY

I'm sorry?

MARY

No need to apologise, dear. Now, this Hilda, she's telling me that you were there when she passed, is that right?

BARRY

Yes, I was.

MARY

It's not nice is it? The death-rattle can be so off putting.
(shakes her head)
Now she's telling me you have a keen interest in computers, dear.

BARRY

Yes, nothing serious. I do the odd bit of work from home and that.

MARY

Lovely. She's telling me that you've been having a bit of trouble with that laptop of yours recently. Is that right?

BARRY

Yes, it's been playing up a bit, going dead slow, like.

MARY

Well, she's saying maybe that's because you've been visiting too many 'left-handed websites'. She says to be careful, you can pick up all sorts of things from those.

Barry blushes, and forces a nod Mary's way.

MARY (cont'd)

You've been thinking about buying a new computer, haven't you, dear?

BARRY

Yes. I've been shopping around.

MARY

Well, when you do, she suggests that you take the hard drive out of your old computer, cut it in half,

MARY
and bury it in the garden. Do you
understand?

Barry reels with embarrassment, barely able to speak.

BARRY
Yes, err, thank you, Mary.

MARY
No, thank you. And remember what I
said, it doesn't do you any good to
spend all your free time shaking
hands with the unemployed. Hilda's
really sick of seeing it. God
bless.

Barry looks to the floor, head in his hands. Mary takes
another swig of vodka.

Sam mutters to Mary.

SAM
Mary. Tone it down, please.

Mary scowls at Sam, taking another swig.

MARY
Aah! I've got a lovely old chap
here. He really is lovely. I'm
getting a name beginning with 'c'.
Cha...Charles. No, not Charles.
Clarence.

She clears her throat.

MARY (cont'd)
Aah, now Clarence really is lovely,
wouldn't harm a fly, this man. He's
about six foot, quite portly, very
jolly.

An old lady sat at the back raises her hand. It's Gladys
from the refreshment stand.

MARY (cont'd)
Oh, is it for you, Gladys? How
lovely.

GLADYS
I think so, Mary. My Clarence.

Gladys clasps her hands together in excitement.

MARY

Now I'm getting an image of a hard hat with a light on it. I get the feeling that he's telling me something about mining. Was he a coal miner by any chance?

GLADYS

Yes, yes he was. Worked down the pit from leaving school 'til the day he died, he did.

MARY

Yes, that's right. And his passing, did he die in an accident down the mine?

GLADYS

Yes, he did Mary. A shaft collapsed on him. Cut him in two, it did.

MARY

Oh, Gladys, I'm really sorry to hear that. That really is the pits, isn't it? You were very close, you two.

GLADYS

Yes, we were. He was my childhood sweetheart.

MARY

Aah, that's lovely. You can't beat a bit of true love to tug on the heart strings can you?

Gladys smiles sweetly towards Mary.

MARY (cont'd)

Now, he's telling me that you both loved animals.

(giggles)

And, how lovely! He's got a dog running around his feet, only small, terrier size.

GLADYS

Oh my! That's my Scamp. Jack Russell.

MARY

Well, he loves this little dog, he wants you to know that he's taking care of it for you.

GLADYS

Thank you.

MARY

He visits you from time to time,
you know. He says your favourite
flowers are sweetpeas.

GLADYS

Yes, that's right. He always used
to pick me a bunch.

MARY

Clarence says you'll be aware of
his presence when you smell
sweetpeas, do you understand?

GLADYS

(chuckles)

Yes, yes I do. Thank you, Mary.

MARY

You're welcome, Gladys.

Sam leans towards Iona, whispering in her ear.

SAM

Oh, lovely. That's more like it.
That's the sort of message people
come here to get.

Iona nods and smiles, relaxing a little.

MARY

Oh, Gladys. One more thing before
he goes. He knows you miss him, he
misses you too.

Water wells in Gladys' eyes.

MARY (cont'd)

But he says not to worry, because
you'll be re-united a lot quicker
than you think. God bless.

The crowd gasp and mutter amongst themselves. Tears flow
down Gladys' cheek. She pats them with a tissue.

Sam and Iona look at each other, jaws gaping.

Sam stands, placing his hand on Mary's shoulder.

SAM
Mary, really! That was going so well.

MARY
Yes. I amaze myself at times, dear.
She shoos him away. He takes his seat.
Mary breathes heavily.

MARY (cont'd)
Now, I'm getting the word 'stigmata'. Does this mean anything to anyone?

Zero movement from the audience.

MARY (cont'd)
No takers? Stigmata.

She scans the audience, again, no takers.

MARY (cont'd)
Jesus! I wonder who that was for then?

Mary's breathing deepens, as her head lurches violently forward.

A couple of loud exhales, and she sluggishly raises her head to face the crowd.

MARY (cont'd)
Now, I've got a message for someone who's been working too hard. Who's been doing lots of overtime at work, anybody?

ROBERT, mid thirties, smartly dressed, is elbowed in the ribs by his wife, SANDRA, late thirties. He unwillingly raises his hand.

MARY (cont'd)
Yes my dear. Been running yourself ragged, have you?

ROBERT
Yes, I suppose so.

MARY
There's more to life than work you know, dear. They're telling me

MARY
you're always hard at it. You know
what they say, all work and no
play...

Mary looks towards Roberts wife, sat beside him.

MARY (cont'd)
Think about you're poor wife. No
wonder she looks so pent up.

Sandra looks to the floor in embarrassment.

MARY (cont'd)
You've been working a lot with your
business partner, Joanne, haven't
you?

Robert looks startled, but nods.

Sandra mutters angrily.

SANDRA
Joanne? Who the fuck's Joanne? You
told me your partner's name was
John.

Robert sits in silence, not responding.

MARY
Have you just been on a business
trip to Belgium, dear?

ROBERT
Belgium? No, no I haven't.

MARY
Well, they're telling me that
you've just been to Brussels with
this Joanne. No, wait a minute. I
got that wrong.

Robert breathes a sigh of relief, and turns to his wife,
forcing a smile.

MARY (cont'd)
No. You've been 'up to the
brussels' with Joanne. No wonder
you're always knackered, dear! I
think I'd better leave this one for
now.

Sandra slaps Robert across the face, leaving the room in floods of tears, as Robert scrambles for his coat and follows.

ROBERT (O.S.)

Sandra, wait! I can explain. I have not been shagging Joanne!

Iona taps Mary, grasping for her attention.

IONA

We're gonna have to wrap it up soon, Mary. Time for one more if you're quick.

Mary checks her watch, finishes off the vodka in one big gulp, and turns back towards the audience.

MARY

OK, I'm getting the name Adrian. Does Adrian mean anything to anybody?

ANDREA, a six-footer, late twenties, bright ginger hair, raises her hand.

MARY (cont'd)

Yes, dear, who was Adrian, your husband?

Andrea replies with a lisp, struggling with the letter 's'.

ANDREA

Yes, Adrian's my husband, but he's...

Mary cuts her off, mid sentence.

MARY

Lovely, and was Adrian a fan of Michael Hutchence?

Andrea shakes her head.

MARY (cont'd)

David Carradine, then?

ANDREA

No. He's not. Not that I'm aware of, anyway.

MARY

I'm just saying that because of the way he passed over, dear.

A mix of gasps and chuckles from the crowd.

Andrea is lost for words.

MARY (cont'd)

He says he's sorry, but he's quite happy on the other side. He's with your twin sister now.

Andrea's jaw drops slightly.

MARY (cont'd)

He say's he's very happy with her. He says that she's just like you, but without the attitude, the lisp and the yeast infection.

Andrea stands to her feet, shouting to Mary.

ANDREA

I don't know what you're trying to do, but you're fucking sick, Mrs.

MARY

I beg your pardon? Just you watch your language, Chewbacca!

Andrea heads to the door, still shouting.

ANDREA

My husband isn't even dead, so you got a bit of wrong information there when you were rifling through my bins. Sick bitch!

Andrea slams the door closed behind her.

Mary sits back in her chair, and begins fanning her face with her hands.

MARY

How rude!

EXT. WILMOT WELFARE CENTRE

The door flies open, as Andrea storms out.

Seeing Mary's car parked in front of the building, she give the passenger door an almighty kick, denting it slightly.

She makes a horrible guttural sound, and phlegms upon the windscreen.

INT. ASSEMBLY HALL- SECONDS LATER

The crowd look really uneasy- ready to leave.

Iona and Sam signal to each other, and stand.

SAM

Thank you ladies and gents. That's all for tonight. We've just got enough time for the raffle. Have you all got your tickets handy?

The crowd rummage around in bags and pockets.

IONA

We've only got two prizes today. We're running a bit short I'm afraid, so if anyone has a few unwanted items knocking about at home that they'd like to donate, it would be greatly appreciated.

SAM

Yes, it would. Thanks to Mary for donating the prizes this week.

Mary smiles, and nods to the crowd. Iona produces two gift wrapped parcels and a bowl from a cupboard, placing them on the table.

IONA

Mary, if you'd like to do the honors?

Iona signals towards the bowl filled with raffle tickets on the desk.

MARY

Of course, dear. My pleasure.

She reaches into the bowl, and retrieves a ticket.

MARY (cont'd)
OK, it's number 127.

The crowd check their tickets. Barry calls out.

BARRY
Here! It's me!

MARY
Oh, lovely, come on up then, dear.

Barry squeezes his way across the row of seats, and heads to the front. Mary hands him a prize.

MARY (cont'd)
There you go, my love.

BARRY
Thank you.

Barry takes the parcel, tearing off the wrapping paper. He looks down at his prize, a hardbacked book- 'Frankly Spooking by Mary Van Fantoomé'.

MARY
There you go, dear. Now you've got something else to do at home instead of spilling your man-milk all over your laptop, haven't you?

Barry blushes as he nods, heading to the door.

Mary reaches in to the bowl for a second time.

MARY (cont'd)
Number 84. Number 84. Anybody?

TONY, An elderly gentleman near the back raises his hand.

TONY
Here!

MARY
Come on up then, dear.

Tony struggles to his feet. He slowly shuffles his way along to the front. A few members of the audience wince and mutter as he passes.

MARY (cont'd)
Come on, dear. We haven't got all night.

He eventually reaches Mary at the desk.

MARY (cont'd)
 You're ready for a change, aren't
 you, my darling?

TONY
 I'm sorry, what does that mean?

MARY
 Oh, it's not a message, dear. Just
 pointing out the obvious.

Tony looks confused. Mary leans towards him, speaking in
 hushed tones.

MARY (cont'd)
 I can tell from here that you've
 filled it, love. It's a bloody good
 job you were sat next to the joss
 sticks, isn't it?

Tony looks dishevelled, as Mary thrusts the prize into his
 hands.

TONY
 Thanks.

MARY
 Well, aren't you going to open it?

He struggles to tear off the paper. Inside is a paperback
 version of Mary's biography.

Tony appears underwhelmed, as he slowly makes his way to the
 back of the room.

IONA
 Right thanks everyone. One more
 thing, if anyone wants to leave a
 donation for the childrens wing at
 Derby Hospital, there's a
 collection plate at the front here.

Iona points towards the plate.

Just as Tony gets to his seat, the crowd stands to leave. He
 sighs, and turns around, heading back the way he came.

As the punters slowly make their way out of the assembly
 room, a few people throw money into the collection bowl.

Mary searches through her bag, producing a bottle of cheap
 looking perfume. She sprays it onto Tony as he shuffles
 past.

As the last person leaves, Mary espies a crisp five pound note amongst the coins.

She looks left and right, grabs it, and shoves it roughly into her bra.

She rubs her hands together, and speaks out loud to herself.

MARY
Right! Pub!

EXT. ANDREA'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Andrea makes her way down the path, rummaging in her bag for the door keys.

She struggles in the twilight to get the key in the lock.

INT. ANDREA'S HALLWAY- SECONDS LATER

Closing the door behind her, Andrea sets her bag down on the floor. She removes her coat, placing it on the bannister end.

She calls out.

ANDREA
Adrian, I'm back.

No response.

ANDREA (cont'd)
(louder)
Adrian!

Still no response. She ascends the stairs.

INT. ANDREA'S BEDROOM- CONTINUOUS

She steps in through the open door.

ANDREA
Adrian, where are you?

The door slowly creaks closed behind her. She turns to see her husband hanging from the door by a belt around his neck.

He is wearing stockings and suspenders.

In his hand is a photograph of red-haired twins.

26.

FADE OUT.