

Heavenly Intentions

By

Craig S. Cooper

[craigcooper1@sky.com](mailto:craigcooper1@sky.com)

FADE IN

EXT. STEPPING STONES WELFARE CENTRE- DUSK

In the twilight, a large building stands alone at the foot of a long driveway. A handful of smokers loiter nearby.

A poster on the door reads 'Spiritual Connections - Monday and Thursday 8pm'

INT. RECEPTION

A queue of patient people stand in line to pay their admission fees. Opposite is a serving hatch, offering complimentary hot drinks.

INT. STAFF ROOM

MARY, a petite, wrinkled woman in her late fifties, with greying permed hair, lights a cigarette, takes a little bottle of whiskey out of her bag, and rummages around in a cupboard for a glass.

She is startled as KEVIN, a small, thin man in his mid-thirties, with dark hair and spectacles, addresses her.

KEVIN

Excuse me, are you Mary?

MARY

Jesus, lad, I never heard you come in. Are you trying to give me a heart attack?

She composes herself, pours a drink, and chuckles slightly.

MARY (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

KEVIN

I hope so. I'm Kevin, Doris told me to come and see you. She said maybe you'd be able to help.

MARY

(intrigued)

Doris...Now there's a blast from the past. How does she think I can help, exactly?

KEVIN

Well, I'm really worried about someone, I don't know what else to do. Doris said that you're really convincing.

MARY

Yes, that I am, Kevin. Who is it that you're worried about, dear?

She takes a sip of her whiskey.

KEVIN

Her...Her name's Danielle.

MARY

And I take it she's here tonight?

KEVIN

Well, she said she'd be here about quarter-to.

He looks at his watch.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She should be here now, she's never late for anything.

He turns and peers through the venetian blind on the door.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, she's there look, just being served.

Mary joins Kevin, and peers through the blind at DANIELLE, late twenties, blonde, good looking, standing in the queue.

MARY

Oh, she's pretty. How do you think I can help her, dear?

KEVIN

I don't know how to put this. She needs help to move on. She's stuck in the past, and blind to the fact that someone is really, really in love with her...

He pauses for a second, struggling for words.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

...And if she was to give a certain someone a chance, he'd be able to make her really happy.

MARY

I think I get the drift, lad. How do you expect this to work, exactly?

KEVIN

Well, I was hoping you'd be able to give her a message tonight. Tell her that Taylor doesn't want her to spend the rest of her life alone, tell her that he wants her to be happy, you know, give her a push in the right direction. If she hears it's from Taylor, she'll listen.

MARY

Well, Kevin, I must say, this is not normally how I go about things.

KEVIN

I understand that, but your my last hope. I love her, Mary. I can't handle seeing her this way. She's got something great right in front of her nose, but she's too wrapped up in the past to see that. She deserves to be loved, and to be happy.

Mary looks at her watch.

MARY

God, what am I letting myself in for? OK, look, everyone's going in now. I'm on in five minutes. You're going to have to give me some information if this is to work.

KEVIN

What? What do you need to know?

MARY

Little things, Kevin. Things only she'd know. Things to make it believable to her.

KEVIN

Like what?

MARY

I don't know, dear. What car she drives, her favourite song, dates, times, key moments. That sort of thing.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM- MINUTES LATER

A hundred or so people are seated in rows, facing a desk at the front of the room, behind which are three chairs.

SAM, early sixties, with long grey hair sits on the right. IONA, late twenties, chubby, with short dark hair sits on the left, leaving the middle chair unoccupied.

Danielle enters, finds two empty seats, and sits down, leaving the seat next to the aisle empty. She checks her watch.

Sam looks around, then stands to address the audience.

SAM

Good evening everybody, and welcome to Spiritual Connections at Stepping Stones. I see a lot of familiar faces, but is there anyone who's never been to Spiritual Connections before? Raise your hands if this is your first time.

A small number of the crowd, including Danielle, look uncomfortable, and grudgingly raise their hands.

SAM (CONT'D)

Ooh, lots of new people! Keep your hands up please, and Iona and myself will come around and personally welcome you.

Iona stands, and heads towards one side of the audience, as Sam heads to the other. They shake hands with all the newcomers.

After their duty is complete, they head back to the front of the room.

IONA

Oh, just before we start, I just need to tell the new people that we have a Healing Book at the front here.

She points towards the book on the desk.

IONA (CONT'D)

If a friend or loved one is ill, or just needs some loving energy, pop their details in here at the end, and we'll endeavor to send some positive thoughts their way.

Sam nods in agreement.

SAM

And, it really does work, so feel free, as Iona said, at the end of the session.

A few of the crowd whisper to each other. Sam turns as a handful of latecomers try to enter silently through the door.

SAM (CONT'D)

Oh, welcome to you, just in time. Find yourself a seat, and we'll be starting shortly.

They find vacant seats, and settle down. Kevin sits in the empty chair beside Danielle.

IONA

Right, I think that's about everyone here, so we'll begin. Ladies and gentlemen, could you show your appreciation for our guest medium, Mary Birdsworth, from Derby.

The audience applaud as Mary enters the room, and sits in the centre chair behind the desk. The lights are dimmed, and ambient music is played.

Sam and Iona sit either side of Mary, behind the desk. She leans forward and grabs a glass of water from the desk, taking a huge gulp.

A few nervous giggles erupt from a bunch of teenagers at the back of the room.

She stands.

MARY

Good evening everybody, it's lovely to be here again.

The crowd mutter 'good evening' in unison.

MARY (CONT'D)

A few of you might recognise me, as I come here three or four times a year.

She takes another sip of water.

MARY (CONT'D)

For those of you unfamiliar with how I work, I'm what's known as a clairvoyant, which literally means 'clear vision', I have the ability to perceive things beyond the natural range of the senses.

The youngsters whisper between themselves, laughing.

MARY (CONT'D)

When I am given some information, I won't, at first, know who it is aimed at, so if you recognise anything I say, don't be afraid to speak up.

Danielle listens intently, while looking at the floor.

MARY (CONT'D)

Now, I'm being given a date. Does the twelfth of June mean anything to anybody?

Heads in the crowd scan around, looking for any responses.

GAIL, early twenties, raises her hand.

MARY (CONT'D)

Yes, dear, is that familiar with you?

GAIL

(nervously)

Yes. It's...It's my birthday.

MARY

Wonderful, thank you. And who you know with the bright green sports car, please?

GAIL

Err. I can't think. Doesn't ring a bell.

MARY

OK my darling, not to worry. This may be for someone else.

Mary scans around the room. Her gaze rests on Danielle.

MARY (CONT'D)

Does June the twelfth mean anything to anyone else? Don't be shy.

Danielle slowly looks up from the floor, and squirms in her seat at Mary's piercing stare.

DANIELLE

Yes. I can take that.

MARY

Lovely, and the green sports car?

DANIELLE

Yes, that's mine.

MARY

Wonderful. Now I'm being told that you should drive a little slower in that car of yours. You wouldn't want another speeding fine would you?

Danielle splutters.

DANIELLE

Actually, I got flashed by a speed camera on the way here!

The audience giggle.

MARY

I know, dear! This date, the twelfth of June. It's not a birthday is it? I'm being told it's an anniversary. Do you understand?

DANIELLE

Yes, that's the day my boyfriend...

MARY

I don't need details dear, just yes and no answers.

DANIELLE

OK, sorry.

MARY

Now, on this date, someone very close to you passed over. He wants you to know that he's not in pain anymore, and he's quite happy. He's with his older brother, do you understand, please?

DANIELLE

Yes, I do. His brother was in the accident with him.

MARY

Yes or no dear, yes or no!

Some of the crowd stifles laughs.

DANIELLE

Yes, sorry. I understand.

MARY

He's saying B-Movie to me. B-movie.

DANIELLE

Uh-huh, I can take that.

MARY

Was that where you went on your first date?

DANIELLE

Yes it was. B-movie were his favourite band!

MARY

And he's saying...

She bursts into laughter.

MARY (CONT'D)

...Really! I can't say that! He's telling me, darling, what happened that night. I'll save your dignity!

Kevin laughs out loud. Danielle scans the room, blushing, as all eyes turn to her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Ahh, that's better, he's giving me a bunch of flowers for you. Sweetpeas. He says they're your favourites.

A tear rolls down Danielle's cheek.

DANIELLE

Yes, yes they are. He always used to pick a bunch from the garden for me before he went to work.

MARY

Lovely. He stops by to see you, you know. He says you'll know he's there because you'll smell the sweetpeas he's got for you.

Danielle fights to hold back the flood of tears. Kevin winks at Mary.

DANIELLE

Oh, God.

MARY

He's worried about you, you know. He knows you're upset, and he misses you too, but he thinks you are missing out on things.

DANIELLE

He...He does?

MARY

Yes. He doesn't want you moping around, lass. He say's what happened happened, and yes, you were the love of his life, but, you've got to move on, dear.

Danielle takes a tissue from her pocket, wiping her eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)

He's upset. He wants you to be happy.

Danielle nods, holding on to every word. Nervously shredding the damp tissue in her hands.

MARY (CONT'D)

There's someone who really wants to share their life with you, lass. He's right under your nose, and you don't notice him. Taylor is fed up with seeing you upset. He wants you to be happy. He say's this guy can make you more than happy.

DANIELLE

What...What did you say?

MARY

Taylor. He wants you to be happy. He likes this other man. Open your eyes and let your barriers down to

MARY  
him. Taylor gives you his blessing,  
dear.

Danielle bursts into uncontrollable tears.

DANIELLE  
I'm sorry, I'm going to have to go.  
I can't stand this.

Some of the crowd whisper amongst themselves at the  
commotion.

MARY  
No, don't go, darling. We'll leave  
it there. He never meant to upset  
you. God bless you, Danielle.

Danielle smiles at Mary, through the tears.

Kevin turns to Danielle, water welling in his eyes.

KEVIN  
I love you, Danielle, I always  
will.

Kevin holds out a bunch of sweetpeas towards Danielle, she  
doesn't react.

MARY  
She knows you love her, you're a  
good man, Kevin Taylor. God bless.

FADE OUT