

Spiritual Connections
Episode Two: Revelations

By

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FADE IN

EXT. WILMOT CENTRE- EVENING

A long line of people form a queue along the length of the driveway. The huge misspelt sign hangs precariously from the wall, and flaps violently in the breeze.

Midway down the line stand ALAN, early forties, immaculately dressed with a slick haircut, and DEB, similar age, sharply dressed and a stylish bob.

ALAN

I can't believe you've dragged me here. I've got better things to do than listen to this hogwash.

DEB

Oh, come on, Alan. How many times do we ever do anything that I want to do?

They are overheard by DANIELLE, late twenties, who stands next to them in the crowd.

DANIELLE

You never been here before then? You're in for an eye opener, let me tell you!

DEB

She's good, I take it?

DANIELLE

Oh, she's good, alright. Amongst other things.

DEB

How do you mean?

DANIELLE

You'll see. Put it this way, I left here crying my eyes out last time I came. Vowed to never to return.

ALAN

So, why are you here?

DANIELLE

Cos she's bloody good, and she's not gonna pick me out again, is she? Thank God. It's some other lucky victim's turn tonight.

ALAN

Quite a character then?

DANIELLE

You could say that. Like the lovechild of Doris Stokes and Chubby Brown.

A small, black car speeds down the driveway. The windows rolled down, reggae music pumping out at a ridiculous volume. The passenger side wing mirror hangs down, swinging loosely.

INT. RECEPTION

GLADYS stands serving refreshments through the serving hatch, as MARY hurtles in through the door, and saunters to the front of the queue. Punters tut and pass comment.

MARY

Gladys! Oh, that's a nice surprise. You're still with us then?

GLADYS

Of course I am, Mary. I'll be here till the end of my days.

MARY

Yes, so it seems, dear.

Mary notices a clattering sound coming from behind Gladys, in the kitchen.

MARY (cont'd)

Glad, have you got someone in there with you?

GLADYS

Yes, Mary, it's Joey.

MARY

Joey? Joey who?

GLADYS

He's a volunteer. You asked for someone to help out in the kitchen, remember?

MARY

Yes. Yes I did. How's he doing?

GLADYS

Well, he's pleasant enough, Mary. I can't see why he's here though, to be honest. I'm hardly run off my feet, am I? I told Sam and Iona that I was fine on my own but they don't take the slightest bit of notice. No-one does. I might as well be David Icke.

Mary, pays no attention to Gladys. She cranes her neck, trying to catch a glimpse of the mysterious kitchen assistant.

JOEY, mid forties, wearing a knitted pullover, corduroy trousers and sandals with white socks underneath, stands in the corner piling mugs on top of each other.

MARY

I've never seen him before, dear.
Is he from round here?

GLADYS

I think he might be from that insane house on the corner, Mary. He's been having a conversation with himself for the last half hour. He comes across as a bit of a...headcase.

MARY

Gladys! You can't use terms like that in this day and age, it's not PC. You're supposed to say he's retarded.

Joey slips, causing the huge pile of mugs to scatter across the kitchen floor.

GLADYS

Oh, I despair. You see what I mean?
It's a good job they're plastic.

Joey looks towards Gladys with a bashful look upon his face.

MARY

Ahh. I think he looks...endearing.

Joey casts a huge smile at Mary, showing a mouthful of protruding, brown teeth.

MARY (cont'd)
Ye Gods, look at the gnashers on
that. He could eat an apple through
a tennis racquet, that one.

GLADYS
(chuckles)
I've saved you something, Mary.

Gladys shakily reaches under the counter, producing an empty
mug and a chocolate bar.

MARY
Ooh, Gladys, you little star. I
take it I beat Iona in today, then?

GLADYS
No, ducky. She's in the office.

MARY
In my office? The cheeky mare. How
dare she? What is she doing in
there?

GLADYS
I'm not sure. She's with Sam.
They've been in there a while now.

MARY
They're all the same, bloody
lesbians. Think they own the world.

GLADYS
Oh, Mary. Just because she's not
got a bloke doesn't automatically
make her a lesbian.

MARY
Come off it, Gladys. You've only
got to look at her. If she fell
into a bucket of cocks, she'd come
out sucking a tit.

GLADYS
If you say so, ducky.

Gladys gestures to the next in line, as Mary heads towards
the staff room.

GLADYS (cont'd)
Yes, ducky. What can I get you?

INT. STAFF ROOM

SAM sits in the solitary chair, IONA perches on the arm.

SAM

I know, I can't believe it. I've had to put even more chairs out this week.

IONA

There's even people in there who she's massively offended. It's bizarre!

SAM

You know what I think it is?

IONA

No, what?

SAM

Word of mouth. She's becoming a bit of a local celebrity. People hear how accurate and offensive she is, so they come along to see what the fuss is all about.

IONA

But why are there so many familiar faces? I even saw that 'Vera Drake' woman in the queue. It makes no sense. They storm out all offended, then next week, they're back for more!

SAM

What woman?

IONA

You know. Coat-hanger.

SAM

Oh yeah. Poor girl. They're probably coming to see the spectacle of someone else's life unravel in front of a paying audience.

IONA

Yeah, maybe. Fingers crossed she's on form tonight then.

SAM
I don't think we have any worries
there, Iona, do we?

The door flies open, as Mary hastily enters the room.

IONA
Speak of the Devil.

MARY
Make yourself comfortable, Sam, why
don't you!

SAM
Oh, hello Mary. How are you today?

MARY
I'll be a lot better when I can
have a sit down, if I'm honest.

SAM
OK, Mary. Hint taken. Come on,
Iona. Let's go and get things
ready.

Iona stands, and eyes the chocolate bar in Mary's grasp.

IONA
Got yourself a little snack there,
Mary? You know what they say- a
moment on the lips, a lifetime on
the hips.

MARY
I haven't eaten today, dear. I eat
like a bird, if truth be known.

Iona leans towards Sam, whispering in his ear.

IONA
Yeah, and drinks like a fish.

Sam stands, and playfully slaps Iona on the back as they
head to the door.

IONA (cont'd)
Ow! Sam, be careful. It's still a
bit tender.

SAM
Oh, sorry. I completely forgot
about that.

MARY
Forgot about what?

SAM
Iona had a tattoo done yesterday,
Mary. On her back.

MARY
A tattoo? At your age, dear?

She sneers towards Iona.

MARY (cont'd)
What does it say, Danish?

Iona throws her an icy look, as Sam struggles to hide his mirth. They leave, closing the door behind them.

Mary flops down into the chair, and rummages around in her bag.

She produces a large bottle of vodka.

INT. RECEPTION

Sam and Iona walk steadily by the refreshment queue, and head towards the assembly hall.

IONA
She's such a bitch. I could kick
her in the ovaries sometimes.

SAM
Ignore her, it's just the booze
talking. You know what she's like.
At least you know where you stand
with her.

IONA
I hate her, Sam. God knows how
she's had so many blokes. She's on
husband number four now isn't she?
What do they see in her?

SAM
Believe it or not, but she was
quite a looker in her prime.

IONA
Really? I didn't know you two knew
each other before here.

SAM

Yes, I suppose you could say that we've got quite a history, really.

IONA

You...You haven't, have you?

SAM

Years and years ago, yes. She wasn't like she is now though. Don't get me wrong, she liked a drink, but she wasn't nearly as cantankerous.

IONA

You! You and Mary had...tuppence? God I feel sorry for you.

SAM

We were young, it was a one off. I bet she can't even remember it. She was bladdered at the time.

IONA

That's terrible. What happened?

SAM

Dunno. A drunken fumble, that's all. Next thing I know, her mother's packed the house up, and they moved away.

IONA

A lucky escape!

SAM

I suppose. She came back a few years later.

IONA

And she's never mentioned it?

SAM

No, like I said, I don't think she remembers anything about it.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM- LATER

Chairs are tightly packed in, leaving precious little leg room. Iona and Sam take their places at the front of the room.

Sam scans the crowd.

SAM

Look, in the far corner. Even the groomer's come back for more!

IONA

It's madness isn't it. Wonder if he formatted his hard drive?

They laugh, trying to regain composure.

SAM

A lot of new faces, too. I Wonder what skeletons Mary will pull kicking and screaming from their closets?

IONA

Wait and see, Sam. She'll be topped up and ready to roll any minute.

Sam continues to observe the audience.

SAM

Have you seen her here before?

IONA

Who?

He nods towards VERONICA, fifties, wearing a short cut top, micro skirt and heels. On her blonde, tightly permed hair is a fascinator.

SAM

Her. She looks so familiar. I can't think where I've seen her before.

IONA

You mean the mutton dressed as kebab? Nope, never seen her before.

SAM

Well, on with the show, Eh?

Iona and Sam stand, and start to address the audience.

SAM (cont'd)

Good evening ladies and gentlemen, and may I welcome you all to 'Spiritual Connections' once again.

INT. STAFF ROOM

Mary knocks back the remainder of the liquid in her mug. She grabs the bottle of vodka, and pours another huge shot. Down in one.

MARY

Right, come on then Mary. Your public awaits!

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

Iona and Sam still stand.

IONA

I'd like you all to welcome our resident medium, Mary Van Fantoome, from Derby.

The door flies open, and Mary enters. She smiles as she soaks up the rapturous applause. Someone at the back of the room wolf-whistles.

The clapping dies down.

MARY

Good evening, my dears. It's lovely to see you all here tonight.

Deb, sitting near the back of the room, leans towards Alan, and whispers.

DEB

She seems lovely.

Alan nods in agreement.

MARY

Before I start, can you all please check that your mobile phones are switched off. You know what I think about those things.

A great majority of the crowd fish around for their phones. A symphony of annoying beeps sound out throughout the room as mobiles are switched off.

MARY (cont'd)

Right. Let's begin, shall we? I've got a good feeling about tonight. Okay, I'm getting...

A irritating little melody plays out, as a solitary phone is turned off.

Mary looks around furiously, as she tries to place where the sound is being emitted from. She rests her eyes on Sam.

SAM

Sorry Mary. Do go on.

He places his phone back into his pocket.

MARY

Ahem. Right, dears. I'm getting a lovely, lovely, lady coming through. Now she's not ever so old. Probably in her forties or fifties when she passed. She's about five foot two, beautiful long hair. She's knitting or embroidering, something like that. Any takers?

Mary eyes the crowd anxiously.

MARY (cont'd)

No one? I'm getting the name Elaine, I think. Yes, Elaine.

JESSICA, seventeen, tracksuited, sitting with a gang of teenagers, raises her hand.

MARY (cont'd)

Oh, a new face! Is this for you, my darling?

JESSICA

Fink so. Sounds like me mam.

MARY

Ah, lovely. She didn't pass recently though, did she dear? She keeps saying the number six to me.

JESSICA

Yeah, I were six when she died.

The crowd mutter excitedly, none more than the bunch of adolescents seated around Jessica.

MARY

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, dear. Do you mind if I go on?

JESSICA

Nope.

MARY

Okay, dear. She's telling me you've been having problems in your life at the moment, is that right?

Jessica shrugs, her friends giggle.

MARY (cont'd)

It's not easy to put into words what she's telling me, but I'll try my best.

JESSICA

Okay.

MARY

Now, you've made a few rash decisions just recently, she's saying. She reckons that your on the right track now, though.

Jessica smiles, exposing her braced teeth.

MARY (cont'd)

But there's a problem at the moment isn't there? And it's huge.

Her smile drops a little.

MARY (cont'd)

Absolutely huge. A gigantic thing. It's burning up inside, and you don't know what to do about it, do you?

Jessica shrugs again, looking around at her mates.

MARY (cont'd)

She says you're not alone. I know it seems such a colossal thing for a girl like you to deal with. It might seem like a problem to you at the moment, but given time, you'll learn to use it to your advantage. Life's going to be pretty good for you, dear.

Jessica breaks out into a huge beam again, and nods in agreement to Mary.

MARY (cont'd)

So, for the time being, don't worry about it dear. Just relax, and take your time. Don't rush into it until you feel completely at ease. And if all else fails, you can always lube up and use poppers.

The gang of youngsters guffaw loudly as Jessica drops her head, looking at her feet.

Deb looks directly at Alan, with a concerned expression on her face.

Mary's breathing becomes exaggerated.

MARY (cont'd)

Now, I'm getting something from an old man. He's saying that the person who he's come to contact may not recognise him, so he's going to describe to me exactly who the message is for, so listen closely. Pop your hand up if you thinks it's for you, okay?

The crowd noise drops into complete silence. You could hear a pin drop.

MARY (cont'd)

Okay, it's a young girl. Well, I say young, more like mid thirties. She's single, no man in her life. Always at loggerheads with a work colleague. A bit dumpy. Anyone?

Mary hastily scans the audience. No takers.

She continues with the description, relaying the information in a mutter to herself as it is received.

MARY (cont'd)

No sense of humour...Crippling halitosis...Still lives with mum... Carpet muncher.

She suddenly spins around to face Iona, her voice raised back to normal volume. She pauses for a while, as if listening to the message.

MARY (cont'd)

Iona, dear. Come and see me at the end, will you? I'm pretty sure this is for you. It's quite important.

IONA

Err, okay.

Iona looks to Sam and shrugs.

Mary faces back towards the crowd. She begins breathing really heavily.

MARY

Okay, who's been looking for a holiday home?

No reaction from the audience.

MARY (cont'd)

Come on. Someone has been looking at holiday homes recently. I'm drawn to this side of the crowd.

She signals to the left hand side of the room.

MARY (cont'd)

It's a man, I feel. About forty years old. Married.

She looks directly at Alan.

MARY (cont'd)

And I'm pretty sure it's you, dear. Are you...Are you Alan?

Alan and Deb look dumbfounded. He splutters his reply.

ALAN

Yes, I'm Alan. I've not been looking at holiday homes though. Are you sure it's for me?

MARY

One hundred percent, dear. You've been fined for something recently, haven't you?

ALAN

Fined? I...I...No.

DEB

Alan, have you been speeding again?

MARY

They're so strict with these new laws, aren't they? It's silly really. You had a big fine, just

MARY
for smoking in a public place,
didn't you?

ALAN
I...I don't smoke!

MARY
That's not what they're telling me
dear. You smoked three, one after
the other, one night, when you were
looking round this holiday home.

ALAN
I think you've got the wrong
person. I don't smoke, and I
certainly haven't been viewing
holiday homes.

MARY
They're telling me that you've
found yourself a lovely little
cottage. You must like it, because
you go there most weekends. They're
saying you got caught in this
cottage by the police, smoking.

Alan doesn't respond.

MARY (cont'd)
It's a bit jumbled, dear. I don't
understand why you'd be on your
knees, smoking fags in a cottage.
Does it mean anything?

Deb leaps up, out of her seat. She raises her voice.

DEB
You filthy little shit! You've been
cruising again, haven't you? I
should have guessed when I found
that mouthwash in the glove
compartment.

MARY
Ooh, a cruise as well, he likes his
holidays, doesn't he? Just take
note of the smoking policy on the
boat, dear. You don't want to end
up in the dock again, do you?

Deb slaps Alan across the face, and flees the room.

Alan rushes out, following.

A few laughs in the crowd, and many shocked expressions.

Mary smiles, innocently. She pauses for a second, then stares into space. Her breathing grows deeper.

MARY (cont'd)
Who's Lyndsey? Not on this plane,
on the other side. Lyndsey. Passed
last year, please.

Veronica, seated near the front, raises her hand. Mary looks her up and down, transfixed by her fascinator.

MARY (cont'd)
Yes. Carmen Miranda. Do you know
who this Lyndsey is?

Sam lets out a huge chuckle.

VERONICA
Yeah, she's...

MARY
Is she your sister?

VERONICA
Yeah, my twin.

MARY
Yes, I can see that now. She's a
different character to you though
isn't she, dear. Quite
straight-laced.

VERONICA
Ha! You could say that, yes.

MARY
Have you retired recently, my dear?

VERONICA
Yeah, last month. Not through
choice though. I loved my job.

MARY
I'm having trouble understanding
what she's saying to me, dear. Did
you work in a pet shop?

VERONICA
Ha ha. Me? No!

MARY

Did you have parrots then?

VERONICA

Nope.

MARY

Well she's telling me that you've had a cockatoo in your time, dear.

Veronica raises her eyebrows.

MARY (cont'd)

She's telling me that you were a film star in your younger days.

VERONICA

You could say that.

Sam leans towards Iona, whispering.

SAM

I knew she looked familiar. I must have seen some of her films.

MARY

Oh, lovely. A movie star, in our little town. What was your best known film, anything we'd know?

VERONICA

Nah, I doubt it. They were more...arthouse.

MARY

What's your name, dear? Someone may have heard of you.

VERONICA

Veronica. Used a stage name in my movies though.

MARY

Which was?

VERONICA

Rhoda. Rhoda Million.

MARY

Oh, lovely. I'll keep my eye out, then. I digress, many apologies. Let's get back to the reading, shall we?

VERONICA

Please do.

MARY

So, your most recent job. She's showing me an image of you walking the streets. Were you a tour guide?

VERONICA

Definitely not. Showed people a few sights though.

The crowd are in hysterics. Everyone seems to know where this is going. Everyone except Mary.

MARY

Now, Lyndsey's telling me you had to give up your job, as much as you loved it.

VERONICA

Yeah, ill health.

MARY

Such a pity. You had a pretty nasty cut that wouldn't heal. Not good news.

VERONICA

A nasty cut?

MARY

Yes, dear. She's telling me that you had to give up work because you've got an infected gash.

The audience roll about with laughter. Veronica brazenly joins in with the mass hysteria. Sam sits stoney faced.

MARY (cont'd)

I can see that this is going nowhere, so I'm going to move on.

EXT. WILMOT CENTRE- EVENING

Alan heads back down the drive towards Mary's car, which is parked to the side of the building. In his hand is half a brick.

He raises his hand above his head, aiming for the back window.

ALAN

Call yourself a psychic? You didn't see this coming, did ya!

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

The crowd are silent, hanging onto Mary's every word.

MARY

...well all I can tell you is that he's not happy with the way things are turning out, dear. If he was still alive, he'd be turning in his grave.

Everyone jumps in their seat to the sound of breaking glass in the distance.

IONA

What the hell was that?

SAM

I'll go and see. You and Mary wrap things up for the night.

INT. RECEPTION

Sam enters, popping his head around the toilet doors, checking for damage.

He opens the door to the kitchen, blows his chest out with an air of false confidence, and steps inside.

INT. KITCHEN

The windowless room is in complete darkness.

Sam flicks on the strip light, which pulses into action.

He scans the room, happy that there is no disturbance, and turns off the light.

EXT. WILMOT CENTRE- EVENING

Sam exits the building, and begins walking around the perimeter, to check the windows.

As he nears the front of the building he notices the shattered rear windscreen on Mary's car.

INT. ASSEMBLY ROOM

Sam steps to one side to allow the people to pass, on their way out of the building. A few people have Mary's book in their hands- prizes from the raffle.

Veronica smiles at Sam as she passes. He smiles back, hesitantly.

VERONICA

Hello, stranger. Long time no see!
How's the hernia?

SAM

Erm, fine. It's fine, thanks. See
you again.

He breathes a sigh of relief as Veronica leaves the building.

IONA

What was it, Sam?

SAM

Mary's car window, I'm afraid.

MARY

What! Vandals again. Haven't the
bloody kids around here got
anything better to do than keep
damaging my lovely car?

Mary trots off, heading outside. Iona yells to her.

IONA

Mary! What about my message?

MARY

Oh, ask your mum, dear. Well, I say
mum.

IONA

What the hell do you mean by that?

MARY

Can't stop dear.

EXT. IONA'S HOUSE- LATER

Iona walks up the side of the brightly lit house. She tries the handle of the door. It opens.

INT. IONA'S HALLWAY

She takes off her shoes, kicking them into the corner.

IONA
(Shouts)
Mum?

IONA'S MOTHER (O.S)
In here, love.

Iona takes a deep breath, and heads into the living room.

INT. IONA'S LIVING ROOM

A brightly lit room, hundreds of knick-knacks and ornaments adorn every available bit of space.

Iona's mother, BARBARA, late fifties, slender, sits on the sofa, watching the television.

Iona sits beside her.

IONA
Mum, I've got something I need to ask you...

BARBARA
What is it, love? You look terrible.

Iona stalls for a moment, as she struggles for words.

IONA
It's something Mary said. I've told you before how accurate she is haven't I?

BARBARA
Yes. What did she say to you to make you so worried?

IONA
I had a message from somebody. I don't know who, but it sounded pretty serious.

BARBARA

Go on, love.

IONA

That's the problem, her exact words were that it's important. Then she said 'ask your mum. Well, I say mum'.

Barbara's face drops, tears stream down her cheeks.

BARBARA

Oh, my love. I've been waiting for this for years. Dreading it. I wanted to tell you, but I never found the right moment.

IONA

The right moment for what?

BARBARA

You're...You're adopted, Iona. I adopted you when you were a baby.

Iona gulps, as her face drops to a look of shock. Her eyes water.

IONA

You should have told me, mum. I deserved to know this, didn't I?

BARBARA

Yes, you did. Like I said, I was waiting for the right moment.

IONA

I'm thirty four, for God's sake.

BARBARA

I'm sorry, baby. I just didn't want to lose you, that's all. I was scared.

Iona wipes the tears from her cheeks.

IONA

I feel sick. Who are my biological parents then, do you know?

BARBARA

Let's not be hasty, Iona. Let the news settle in first. Sleep on it. If you still want to know, we'll go about it by the proper channels.

IONA
What channels?

BARBARA
The adoption agency. If you need to know, we'll make an appointment. They'll contact your real parents on your behalf.

IONA
I don't know what to say, mum.

BARBARA
I'm sorry I lied to you for so long. I was scared you'd end up hating me.

IONA
I could never hate you. I love you. No matter what, you'll always be my mum.

BARBARA
Oh, love, give us a hug will you?

Iona lurches over, and they squeeze each other tightly.

IONA
Ow! Mind my back, mum. It's sore.

BARBARA
Sore? Why is it sore, have you fell over?

IONA
No, mum. I had a tattoo yesterday.

BARBARA
A tattoo? At your age!

Barbara begins to smile a little, through the tears.

BARBARA (cont'd)
What does it say, love...
(beat)
Danish?

FADE OUT