

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

ELAINE, early thirties, is wearing a dressing gown and brushing her teeth. She looks at herself sadly in the mirror. After a moment she stops brushing, appears puzzled and takes out her toothbrush from her mouth. It is the handle end, covered in toothpaste, which comes out of her mouth - she has been using it the wrong way round.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Elaine, still in her dressing gown, is looking in her freezer for food. She pulls out chips, ice cream and then... a packet of toilet paper. She looks at it confused.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

Elaine is spreading jam with a very absent and far away look on her face. After a moment she looks down and realises that she has been spreading jam on a book, rather than bread.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Elaine, now dressed in plain clothes and no make-up, is coming to the end of washing up, as the drying rack is full. There is a white tea-towel laid out over the work surface with mugs drying on it.

Elaine picks up a plate from the drying rack and then absently picks up the white tea-towel to dry with. All the mugs are dragged over the edge of the work surface by the tea-towel and smash on the floor. Elaine yelps with shock. She looks at the smashed pieces around her feet and closes her eyes - this has to stop.

INT. PSYCHIC'S TENT - DAY

A fortune teller type tent with low lighting, shiny fabrics and a small table. Elaine is on a stool telling her story.

ELAINE

My Mum died about a month ago and... I can't concentrate on anything anymore, I just drift from day to day and it's not getting any easier. I think part of it is... I wasn't there, when she died, I didn't say goodbye. And now she's gone forever. But if her spirit does live on somehow then I want to tell her I'm sorry, and that I love her.

Elaine looks over at the person she is talking to: the PSYCHIC, a woman in her forties in an elaborate dress. She wears an expression of *utter* boredom.

Elaine is a little shocked by this reaction to her grief.

PSYCHIC
Are you finished?

Elaine looks meek, like she has been told off.

ELAINE
Yes.

PSYCHIC
Jesus Christ you like to go on
don't you. You're grieving. I get
it.

ELAINE
Sorry.

PSYCHIC
Don't be sorry, just give me
something of your Mum's so we can
start. I finish at five.

Elaine pulls out an ugly porcelain ornament from her bag. She hands it over to the Psychic who frowns at its ugliness.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
OK. This is how it works. I'm going
to tune into your Mum's spirit but
I need complete quiet for this. OK,
chatterbox?

Elaine nods. The Psychic closes her eyes and starts humming, rocking backwards and forwards.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)
(slowly)
I've got a woman coming through.
She's known you for years and
years. Used to live in the
countryside.

Elaine nods enthusiastically and looks a little tearful.

ELAINE
Yes, yes, that must be her. Let me
speak to her.

The Psychic rocks more vigorously until she suddenly BECOMES this other woman - now sitting still, her voice and mannerisms immediately changed, but her eyes remain closed.

PSYCHIC

Elaine! How wonderful!

(beat)

Did you ever get over that
horrendous acne?

Elaine's face shows that something is clearly wrong.

ELAINE

Mum?

PSYCHIC

Oh no, it's Miss Sloman.

Elaine thinks for a second.

ELAINE

My old Geography teacher?

PSYCHIC

Less of the old please dear. I may
be dead but I don't look a day over
seventy.

Elaine is dumbfounded, she feels like she's on the phone.

ELAINE

I'm sorry Miss Sloman, but... is my
Mum there?

PSYCHIC

Oh, you wanted to talk to *her* did
you. Well how was I supposed to
know. Yes she's around. Sylvia?
Sylvia? It's Elaine.

Elaine is on tenterhooks as she waits.

PSYCHIC (CONT'D)

Elaine.

ELAINE

Mum?

PSYCHIC

No, it's me again, your Mum wants
you to know that she's sorry and
that she loves you.

Elaine is getting more upset. Tears form in her eyes.

ELAINE

Sorry? What does *she* have to be
sorry about. It's me who's sorry.

PSYCHIC

It's because she's got a cricket match she has to get to, it's a semi-final so she can't miss it. And she says to wish her luck with her spin bowling.

Elaine is utterly flabbergasted.

ELAINE

What! She's gone?

PSYCHIC

Yes, she's gone. But I'm still with you dear. Now tell me about you, married, children, divorced?

The sound of the Psychic fades out as focus stays on Elaine. Her face is full of shock and grief.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. PSYCHIC'S TENT - DAY

Later. Elaine is wearing her coat and counting out money from her purse for the Psychic. Her expression is blank.

ELAINE

Thirty, forty, fifty.

The Psychic takes the money and looks at Elaine's face.

PSYCHIC

There's no refunds if you don't feel any happier by the end.

Elaine isn't really listening, a slight smile is creeping over her face as she begins to realise what it all means.

ELAINE

My Mum, is playing cricket, right now.

Elaine smiles at the Psychic who looks blank.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

There was I thinking that she was gone forever, or sitting bored on a cloud upset with me. But I was so wrong.

PSYCHIC

Yes, it's much more like Butlins.

ELAINE

Exactly. So, why did I picture it otherwise? Why put myself through that?

The Psychic shrugs.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I mean when something's unknown then why not imagine the best. That death isn't the end... that life does have a meaning... that... I don't know, Saturn... has a ball pit.

PSYCHIC

You've lost me there.

ELAINE

I know.

(beat)

I'll always miss her, and grieve for her. But I don't have to feel sorry for her. Not anymore.

Elaine stands up and kisses the Psychic on the cheek who grimaces at this unwanted embrace.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Elaine is walking down the road. She stops and looks up at the clouds.

INTERCUT: The clouds slowly pass by, hiding the mysterious heavens beyond.

Back to Elaine, still looking up.

ELAINE

Good luck with your spin bowling, Mum.

She walks a few metres and then looks up again.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Whatever that is.

She continues to walk down the street.

THE END