

'Here in Spirit'

by Chris Brake

Synopsis

A lonely spirit medium finds solace in his link to the dead.

Age Range

20+

Gender

Male

Length

2 - 3 minutes

THE SPIRIT MEDIUM:

It's a bloody nuisance hearing the dead.

Like having a haunted brain.

On a good day I'll have a baker's dozen of them, all vying to pass on notes to their loved ones.

And oh, it's weighty stuff it is.

Like where they left the remote.

Exhausting.

Especially when my spirit in situ, my guide, wants to gabber all the livelong day.

Arthur's his name.

Ex Ethiopian monk.

Well, ex everything really.

Took a vow of silence when he roamed the Earth, but now he's pegged it he's let his larynx off the leash.

Still, it's company though, and that's hard to come by round here.

Not that I haven't sought to seek it.

I tried swiping right and all that gubbins, but romance tends to

come a cropper when you mention you're a hotline to the dead.

Most of them tend to think I'm a crank.

A showman with none of the razzle-dazzle.

All cardigans and Crocs.

It disappoints them, I think, that I'm not an eccentric.

That I don't have the decency not to be drab.

Their loss.

Sometimes I wish I could just switch it off.

Or stick a cork in their mouths.

But then again, I'm not built for silence, and the only other voices I hear all day are from people who pay to hear the ones in my head.

Never interested in mine.

I often wonder if *I'll* be contacted.

When I'm gone, that is.

Though, most of my tribe's on the other side already.

Perhaps I should just follow suit.

No.

I've a standing appointment with 'A Place in the Sun' so I'll stay to see that out.

Besides, it's relative quiet down here.

You think all these souls are resting in peace?

With all the din they tend to make, Glastonbury would envy that crowd.

There's this madcap perception it's all 'angels and clouds'.

But it's more like a moshpit.

Or a Boxing Day scrum for the knitwear rack in the sale at Marks and Sparks.

No, it's better down here really.

Or *up here*, for some.

At least here we've got TV.

And I reckon they miss that, you know?

Only peace I get sometimes is when I put something on *they* want to watch.

And with an average age in the great beyond of something 'round eighty one, they'll mainly pipe down for Countdown or repeats of 'Robin's Nest'.

But roll those credits and they're off to the races, with more tongues wagging than the last day of Crufts.

So I leave it on in the background most days.

It's another voice in the house.

One that's not in my head.

At least it gives the place a bit of life.

Not much of that when you're gone.

Not much of that when you're here.