

How to find your Inner Goddess by Kate Phimy.

Radio Play.

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Cast of three. Two women (adult daughter and her mother) and one man (father).

SOUND EFFECT OF PHONE RINGING

Charles: (*answering telephone*) Exeter 960367, Charles speaking.

Lavender: (*on other end of the call*) How many times have I told you, you don't need to go through all that. My name comes up on your display.

Charles: I haven't got my glasses on. I was – doing something – upstairs.

Melissa: (*in background*) Is it Lavender? What does she want?

Charles: More money, I expect. It usually is. How much this time, Lavender?

Lavender: I've had quite a few unexpected expenses, Dad. The trip to see the lunar eclipse so I could meet my inner Goddess – well, it was a bit of a disaster really, the van broke down so we had to get a taxi, which cost a fortune, and then we missed the eclipse and -

Charles: You always have a reason for needing money, Lavender. Couldn't your inner Goddess pay for the taxi?

Lavender: Oh Dad, don't be sarcastic, you don't understand, and anyway, as I didn't actually get to see the eclipse I couldn't commune with my inner Goddess – and even if I did, it's not some sort of grubby financial transaction, that would ruin the purity of the experience.

Charles: But it's OK for me to get grubby and pay for it all?

Lavender: Dad, stop being so grumpy. You really do need to get your chakra's cleansed. I'll get my friend in Glastonbury to call you.

Melissa: (*in background*) Charles! What are you doing? Tell her you'll phone her back.

Charles: Lavender, darling, we're sort of in the middle of something here, I'll give you

a ring back later.

Lavender: You can't phone back, Dad, I'm in the Amazon Rainforest Spiritual Centre, and we're taking ayahuasca in a while -

Charles: Not that trippy drug that makes you sick?

Lavender: It helps open up your third eye. The Shaman will look after me.

Charles: When council flat kids do it in stairwells we have them arrested, you backpackers pretend its about finding your inner self and somehow that is acceptable. I bet that is costing more than a few hundred.

Lavender: You have to commit financially, Dad, its part of the process. And I've been on the special diet for days now.

Melissa: Charles! Do come on! We can't wait much longer!

Charles: Darling, how old are you?

Lavender: It is questions like that that make me realise how much I need these therapeutic interventions. No wonder I'm trying to find some solace in my heart and trying to come to terms with parental neglect. If you don't even know how old I am, your only daughter -

Charles: I know how old you are. I'm wondering whether you do.

Lavender: Of course I do. I'm not off my head on the ayahuasca yet. I'm 32.

Charles: Exactly. 32. All this was meant to be some sort of gap year before University. One year.

Lavender: I don't suppose Heriot-Watt have kept my place open, do you?

Charles: Darling, we're not giving you any more money. No extras for this drug nonsense, but I'm also stopping your allowance entirely, as from next month. It is time you started paying for yourself. Time you got a job.

Lavender: What does Mum have to say about this!?

Charles: Your Mother wants me to get off the phone and join her upstairs. We do have lives that aren't just about you, Lavender.

Lavender: You can't do this me.

Charles: I can, and we should have done it years ago. You are an adult and should be looking after yourself.

Lavender: (*a bit like a toddler having a tantrum*) This is all your fault! If you hadn't turned out to be my brother in the Court of Henry the Eighth, I wouldn't have needed all that psychotherapy.

Charles: (*calmly*) What are you talking about, dear?

Lavender: I told you! In that past lives therapy, when I discovered I was a courtier of Henry the Eighth, and you – my own father in this life – was actually my brother in that one. Freud himself would have had a hard time unravelling that one.

Charles: Lavender darling, I don't think you can blame me for that. But your gap decade and a half is over now. I'll pay for your flight back to the UK, then that is it – the bank is closed.

Lavender: (*wailing*) How – how can I get a job when I feel like this? How can I reach my full potential at work when I'm in pieces?

Charles: You'll have to find other interests to satisfy you. Get a nice new little hobby, like your Mum has. And me too, actually.

Lavender: I don't want to end up like Mum!

Charles: Your Mum is very fulfilled, I can assure you.

Lavender: What will I do?

Charles: You could get out a can of pledge and polish the chakra's for that friend of yours in Glastonbury. Honestly, darling, I don't know, but anything is better than what you are doing now. You need to take that microscope away from your navel.

Lavender: You are heartless. If you aren't going to change your mind, tell Mum to air my bedroom for me. I don't want it to have a bad aura.

Charles: (*defensively*) Ah. Your bedroom. Sorry, that is in use now. We've knocked a door through to the main bedroom. And your Mother – you know what she's like when she gets a bee in her bonnet – she's keen to put up smoky mirror tiles, and

she's seen a very nice (*coughs*) swing that she thinks goes with the décor. She's been spending ages looking through all her interior design magazines.

Lavender: The spare room is so poky!

Charles: Well, er, I'm afraid that's taken. Your Mum's new friend – well, mine too, actually – he's staying there for a while.

Lavender: What friend!?

Charles: We met him on that holiday we had in Sardinia. Lovely chap. Lorenzo. He was at a bit of a loose end, so he joined us in some of our – activities. It's given your Mother such a new lease of life that the Doctor has taken her off the statins. Well, me too, actually.

Lavender: So I can't come home?

Charles: Not at the moment, darling, I'm not sure you'd want to. I'll give you the deposit for a nice flat and you'll be fine. It will be lovely to see you. You won't believe your Mother, she looks like a new woman, taken years off her. Well, me too, actually.

Melissa: Charles! Will you hurry up! Lorenzo can't wait any longer. He's getting a lot hotter and stickier than he'd like under the gimp mask.