LESLIE: We’ll hold hands this time. That will make the circle stronger…. Ready?

*(*LESLIE *closes her eyes.)*

LESLIE: A terrible death has been suffered in this house. The death of a child. The death no parent expects to experience. Especially the kind of death that took Timothy Vask from his mother and father, here with us now.. To those spirits who can hear me, please know that we come in peace. And though this death was violent, we do not intend violence, nor do we seek it. We are here for one purpose only: to find Timothy Vask so that his mother and father may ask him the questions they need to get the answers that will lead to resolution.

*(She listens for a moment.)*

Is there someone who can hear me? Is there someone who knows the one we seek? Is there someone who can help us find him? If so, use me now that we may accomplish these goals. Let my body become your body. Let my eyes and ears be yours. Let my mouth speak for you.

*(She* *sits rock still for several seconds, then turns her head, as if* *looking over her left shoulder.)*

I see you. Don’t be afraid. I spoke the truth when I said we don’t want to hurt or be hurt.

Come closer so I can get a better look.

*(Eyes still closed, she now moves her head, as if tracking a child approaching the table and walking around the group behind their chairs.)*

It’s okay. You can see there’s nothing tofear here.That’s right. Come into me. Come all the way in.

*(. Her face softens and* *takes on an expression of sadness.)*

ALBERT: Are you still here, Leslie?

*(When* LESLIE *speaks, her voice is like a child’s.)*

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Yes. She’s here. But she’s letting me talk to you. That’s okay, right?

ALBERT: Of course it is. Who are you?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* My name’s Rebecca. I like to be called Becky, but Daddy doesn’t want me to tell people that.

ALBERT: Would you like us to call you Becky?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Yes, please.

ALBERT: Okay, Becky. How old are you?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* I don’t know anymore. It’s been ever so long since I had a birthday.

ALBERT: What was the last one you remember?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* My eighth.

ALBERT: And where was it?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Here, silly. In my house.

ALBERT: This is your house?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* That’s what Daddy says. He says the others don’t belong.

ALBERT: Do you mean Mr And Mrs Vask?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Not just them. Daddy’s always glad when the people leave. That’s why he’s so mad now.

ALBERT: Because they won’t leave?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Because of Timothy.

ALBERT: You know Timothy?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* He’s my friend. My only friend.

ALBERT: Is he there with you now?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* No. He can’t be.

ALBERT: Why not?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Because Daddy doesn’t like him. He doesn’t want us to play together, so we have to keep it a secret. We have lots of secrets.

ALBERT: But do you know where he is?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Sure. In our hiding place. That’s one of our secrets. I showed it to him. It’s the one I use when I’m hiding from daddy.

ALBERT: Can you go and get him for us?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* I don’t know.

ALBERT: Please. It’s very important. His mommy and daddy want to talk to him.

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* But if my daddy finds out, we’ll bein terrible trouble. Both of us. Daddy will hurt us.

ALBERT: Is your Daddy there now?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Somewhere. He likes to hide, too. So he can watch.

ALBERT: Watch you?

LESLIE: *(As Rebecca)* Sometimes. But mostly whoever’s in the house. He sees everything.