



The second cup...

Video script

I've not always been lonely.
I had Bernard of course.
Always whistling. And always out of tune.

(Chuckles)

He loved being out in the garden, he kept it
looking so wonderful.

And there was Sylvie at number eight.

She was always popping over, and she
talked a lot but I didn't mind.

I do try to keep busy though.

I do my crosswords, watch a bit of telly, read
a book, you know.

I have a little project, you'd laugh, Bernard
loved roses, they used to be marvellous all
over the garden. So, I've got a small one in
a pot.

I've stopped expecting the phone to ring or
for Bernard to pop his head around the door
asking if I want a cuppa.

My house was always full.

But now it's mostly just me.

But I mustn't forget to tell you, today is
Thursday.

I look forward to Thursdays because my
friend comes to visit.

I have special cups just for today, one for me
and one for Becky.

Becky's my new friend, she reminds me of
Sylvie actually.

Just getting that second cup out makes a
difference.

It's a small thing, but it changes everything.



make it matter