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# Having Harry

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A comedy in two acts

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## FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

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# HAVING HARRY

By Rob Wheeler

NAME	BRIEF DESCRIPTION	AGE	GENDER
LUKE	Sarah's new husband	23	Male
SARAH	Luke's new wife	23	Female
MILDRED	Luke and Sarah's neighbor	60	Female
HARRY	Ghost	30	Male
DONALD/ DET. ROSS	Landlord/Cop	30-35	Male
GAS MAN/ PHILIP	Crooked Cop in disguise/ Harry's nephew	35	Male

## SETTING

UNIVERSITY STUDENT APARTMENT

PHILIP and DETECTIVE HAMMOND can be played by the same actor.

DONALD and DETECTIVE ROSS can be played by the same actor.

SIX ACTORS and TWO VOICES needed when doubling.

Six actors required when doubling.

Eight actors required when not doubling.

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE

Time: A summer day.

Place: Luke and Sarah's first apartment.

DIM LIGHTS UP ON:

One table lamp seems to spread dim light through the apartment.

The apartment has pale, faded walls with worn furniture.

D.R. is the entrance to the apartment with a hall tree and a small bookcase.

There is a print of fruit on one wall that has an apple, banana and orange.

U.R. is a three or four panel decorative screen against the wall with a 6' x 9' rug at its base.

U.C. is a door into the bedroom and bathroom.

U.L. is a high window with a pulled down blind and a radiator under it. The radiator has a wood top and sides.

U.L. and D.L. is a kitchenette with a garbage can, stove, fridge and cupboards.

D.C. is a living room with an old rocking chair, worn sofa with end tables, lamps and phone, coffee table in front of sofa, old TV, swag or table lamp.

LIGHTS DIM ON THE APARTMENT.  
A SOFT SPOTLIGHT ON THE ENTRANCE.

*The apartment door opens. LUKE (23) carries SARAH (23) to the threshold of the apartment. Both are well dressed, and wear wedding rings.*

*When he swings her into the room her head hits on the side of the door frame. (a sponge or something like that can be on the US side of the door frame and the KLUNK can be made from the booth)*

*Sarah is dazed, maybe cross-eyed from the blow as he swings her DC.*

LUKE        Woops.

*Sarah shakes her head shaking off the blow.*

So, Mrs. Sarah Wilson, are you happy to be married to Mr. Luke Wilson?

SARAH      If I say no, you'll drop me.

*They giggle as Luke playfully swings her from side to side.*

Yes, yes, yes . . . I'm stunned to be your Mrs. Wilson.

*They collapse on the worn-out sofa. They kiss.*

LUKE        We're both stunned.

SARAH      You more than me.

*They look to the shabby apartment.*

LUKE        Dismal.

SARAH      Living in an eight-plex is better than a high rise.

LUKE        Because?

SARAH      There are seven other apartments. Not hundreds. We'll have neighbors, not hundreds of strangers.

LUKE        Living on the top floor makes it more secure.

*They walk around.*

*Sarah pulls the extended window blind to raise it and it falls to the floor. Light floods in.*

LIGHTS UP ON THE DINGY APARTMENT

LUKE        Honeymooner's Hell?

SARAH      (*admonishing*) Luke!

*Luke picks up the blind.*

LUKE        I can fix it. No problem.

*Luke puts the blind on the windowsill.*

SARAH      We agreed not to move in with our parents.

LUKE           Your dad doesn't understand all terrain four-wheel driving. He thinks I'm a moron because I don't need to parallel park.

SARAH          Yeah. Dad still thinks sidewalks are for pedestrians. Your mom can be pushy.

LUKE           My Mom?

SARAH          She wants me to cook her recipes! I'll cook whatever we want.

LUKE           How will you know what I like?

SARAH          You'll like what I like, right?

*Luke shrugs.*

We agreed to not have our parents run our lives, right?

LUKE           Right.

*Sarah stands, steps away, looks around, new idea.*

SARAH          I like the apartment just as it is!

LUKE           I married a bag lady?

SARAH          No. We can make it our special place, our love nest.

*Luke walks around, obviously not convinced.*

Once you graduate, and we've both landed good jobs with more money, we'll have a mansion on a hill.

LUKE           I want it to be nice. You know.

SARAH          It will be. Promise

*They hug.*

LUKE           It is private. Privacy is important.

SARAH          At five fifty a month we can afford to redecorate and eventually get new furniture.

*There is a pipe MOANING, CRACKING SOUND. They hug each other, look around.*

LUKE           What was that?

SARAH Hot water heating pipes. (*hug ends*) Expansion. Contraction. An eight unit building with four levels has a lot of pipes heating and cooling.

LUKE Right. You'd think I'd know that since I'll be an engineer someday. On the plus side, it's a short bus ride to the university and close to your school.

SARAH It is.

LUKE Sharing the top floor with one other apartment makes it quieter, away from traffic.

SARAH There are a lot of advantages.

LUKE It's growing on me.

SARAH If Donald had gotten rid of the old furniture, cleaned and painted a little, he could've gotten a thousand easy. Having furniture saves us money. We were lucky to get him to sign the lease.

*A KNOCK on the door. They open it to MILDRED, (50's-60's). She's a good-looking woman in worn clothes but cheerful, has a bottle and glasses in a shopping bag. Mildred's a tad tipsy but not drunk.*

MILDRED I'm Mildred, your neighbor across the hall.

*The door doesn't fully close. Mildred ENTERS, holds up the bag.*

Tequila. The home- and heart-warming present. Welcome.

*Mildred takes two large shot glasses from the bag, hands one to Sarah and one to Luke.*

LUKE Mildred, we're not what you'd call drinkers, so...

SARAH I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Luke.

LUKE We were married a week ago.

MILDRED Newlyweds.

*Mildred takes a large shot glass and bottle of tequila from the bag and pours three drinks.*

LUKE Yup. Newlyweds.

MILDRED To marriage.

*They gulp their drinks. Sarah and Luke REACT strongly as they have never drunk tequila before. Stagger with facial expressions.*

I was married twenty years until my husband's fatal accident. Bein' newlyweds is okay. You bein' in this apartment's the problem.

SARAH It needs work.

*Luke holds up the blind.*

LUKE I'll fix it.

SARAH Luke's a student at the university and I teach grade three at the school two blocks over.

MILDRED Lovely. The apartment sat idle for a month, then Donald advertised for tenants. Leaves it like this, the same as Harry had it. Shameful.

SARAH Once we're moved in we can transform it into our own place.

MILDRED The people before you couldn't transform it, and neither could the two couples before them. They left without their deposit. None of them lasted more than a week. Donald made a lot of money offa them.

LUKE Mildred, we can see the apartment has issues but . . .

MILDRED Issues?! Harry, the previous tenant, is the only issue!

LUKE How's that?

MILDRED He haunts the place.

SARAH A ghost?

MILDRED Yeah.

SARAH We don't believe in ghosts.

LUKE Neither do I.

*Sarah and Luke look at each other.*

SARAH We're not leaving.

*Mildred refills their glasses.*

MILDRED To Harry.

LUKE Harry?

SARAH Harry?

*They drink. Sarah and Luke react to the booze, put their glasses down.*

MILDRED Harry lived here for more than ten years. He died in this very room. Happened about a year ago.

*A SINGLE LOUD KNOCK that seems to come from everywhere. Luke and Sarah grab each other, hug. Mildred doesn't flinch.*

*The door slowly SWINGS and SQUEAKS OPEN. Sarah and Luke hold each other. Mildred moves toward the doorway, looks out.*

Relax, it's just Donald.

*DONALD, (50ish), steps in, acts nervous.*

*Sarah and Luke are relieved. Donald speaks loud with a British accent and wears a heavy vest.*

DONALD Hi.

*Donald looks around wildly.*

I heard voices, so I thought . . .

LUKE Is there a ghost haunting our apartment?

*Mildred takes a glass out of the bag and pours another drink.*

DONALD Mildred's been gossiping.

*Mildred gives the drink to Donald. Donald consumes the drink in one swallow.*

(nervous) I don't see Harry, so he can't be here!

*The pipes MOAN. All but Mildred flinch.*



MILDRED That's Harry.

*Donald holds out his shaking hand that holds the glass for a refill and it's refilled after he steadies it with his other hand.*

You're shaking like a leaf.

DONALD I've, I've got a, a nervous condition.

MILDRED Came over him right after Harry died.

DONALD It's nerve damage from my military service.

*There is a pipe sounding MOAN.*

That's the heating pipes. They've always done that.

SARAH That's what I thought.

LUKE Odd that they groan when we talk about Harry.

DONALD C-c-coincidence.

*Donald consumes the drink in one swallow then hands the glass to Mildred.*

LUKE I've heard ghosts can get nasty.

MILDRED Harry wouldn't hurt either of you. We'll leave you love birds alone. Well, practically alone.

*Luke reacts.*

*(to Donald) Come on.*

*Mildred and Donald EXIT the apartment.*

LUKE As I recall, two love birds spent a lot of time turning their bedroom into a love nest.

*Sarah jumps into Luke's arms. Luke carries her into the bedroom. Sarah ducks away from the door jam.*

*(O.S.) Harry, man to man, I mean man to ghost, go ahead, make yourself comfortable in the rocker, but stay out of the bedroom.*

*The rocker rocks, the kitchen cupboard door pops open, closes, opens, closes, opens,*

*making banging sounds. The rocker stops rocking.*

*Luke sticks his head out from the bedroom area, sees the open cupboard door, shakes his head, EXITS into the bedroom area.*

SARAH (O.S.) What was it?

LUKE (O.S.) The catch is loose on the kitchen cupboard door. I'll fix it tomorrow.

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE ONE)

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

Time: The next day.

Place: The same.

LIGHTS UP ON

*Luke ENTERS from the bedroom with an eight-to ten-foot step ladder and the blind. He wears overalls.*

*Luke puts down the blind and positions the ladder by the window, makes sure each leg is safe, starts up the ladder, comes down, moves the ladder a few inches toward the centre of the window, makes sure each leg is safe, starts up, stops, goes down, moves the ladder where it was, checks each leg is safe, starts up with the blind, stops on first step.*

*Sarah ENTERS with spray bottle and brush. She wears a large white apron. She begins to clean a stain from the sofa cushion.*

*Sarah notices Luke's fear when he cautiously moves a foot toward the second rung.*

SARAH I don't mind heights. I can do it.

LUKE No, I'll handle it!

SARAH You're sure?

LUKE Can't you find something else to do?!

SARAH Fine!

*Sarah EXITS into the bedroom with the spray bottle and brush. Luke carefully moves up the ladder with the blind.*

*Luke could climb higher but doesn't, stretches out with the blind, shoves one end of the blind in the sleeve at the far edge of the window and stretches and slips the near end into a sleeve and secures it with a screw or plastic.*

*The far end of the blind is high, and the near end is low. It slants badly. Luke comes*

*down the ladder, stands at its base and studies the blind.*

*Sarah ENTERS from bedroom area, stops cold when she sees the blind.*

LUKE           What do you think?

SARAH          It's . . . fine. (*looks away, makes secret face*) We'll get used to it . . .

*Luke extends the blind down to a hook on the windowsill that is left of centre. The blind covers the window diagonally. A small triangle of window shows.*

. . . eventually. We can tape over the corner.

LUKE           I have tape in my dresser.

*Luke runs into the bedroom.*

*A KNOCK on the door. Sarah opens the door. Mildred ENTERS. Mildred looks at the blind.*

MILDRED       The blind's leading the blind.

SARAH          We like it.

*Luke ENTERS with a roll of masking tape, waves at Mildred as he masks over the window.*

*Sarah and Mildred watch him. They are far back enough Luke can't hear them.*

MILDRED       He's like my Joe, good at heart, but . . . (*shrugs*)

SARAH          Luke and I will learn to do things together.

*Luke finishes at the window and joins them.*

MILDRED       Luke, can you move the screen?

*Mildred points to the 3-panel screen on the back wall with the carpet at its base.*

*Luke moves the screen aside.*

*There is a white taped outline of a forearm and hand extending up diagonally from the floor on the wall at its base.*

*It shows each finger. They look at the taped outline that goes from the arm to the floor that is covered by the carpet.*

LUKE           It's a wacky form of art if you ask me.

MILDRED       You don't know what it is?

SARAH          It looks like . . .

MILDRED       Harry's last resting place, outlined by the cops.

LUKE           Where he died?

MILDRED       Roll it back. His whole body is outlined.

*Luke rolls the carpet back four feet, revealing more of the outline.*

A burglar broke in and shot Harry.

SARAH          Murdered?

LUKE           Donald didn't mention anything about a murder.

MILDRED       That's because he wants your money.

LUKE           We rented the apartment under false pretenses. We should get our money back. There's a stigma attached to where someone has died, especially if it's murder.

SARAH          Are you telling me you believe in ghosts?

LUKE           No, but . . .

SARAH          I didn't think the man I married would be afraid of a little adversity.

LUKE           What if the ghost appears?

SARAH          How can Harry appear if ghosts don't exist?

LUKE           Okay. We'll stay. But if Harry shows up, we're leaving.

SARAH          Right.

LUKE           *(motion to outline)* Aren't the cops supposed to take that up?

MILDRED       They told Donald they took up what they put down. The tape mustu separated. Hard to get up when that happens.

(MORE)

*Luke rolls the carpet over the outline.*

Before Donald bought the building Harry and I were quite the item. Then Harry got an itch to see the world and make his fortune. Joe was here, worked steady at the Ford plant, so we got married. I got tu be mosein' along.

*Mildred EXITS.*

LUKE           There's something in the bedroom that needs fixing.

*Luke EXITS into the bedroom.*

SARAH          Luke!

LUKE           (O.S.) Yeah.

SARAH          (pained look) What are you fixing?

LUKE           (O.S.) The blind.

*Sarah produces a pained look, EXITS into the bedroom.*

*The rocker rocks.*

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE TWO)

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

Time: The next morning.

Place: The same.

LIGHTS UP ON

The apartment is a little more decorated. A small buffet is on one wall. The screen covers the outline. There are four small flowerpots with flowers on the windowsill.

*Sarah wears different aprons and vacuums. There is a KNOCK on the door.*

*Sarah shuts off the vacuum and answers the door.*

*Mildred ENTERS with a bottle of tequila in a bag.*

MILDRED I've been wanting to drop by for a neighborly visit the last few days. I heard your vacuum for a solid hour, so it occurred to me you'd be ready for a refreshment.

*Mildred holds up her bag. Sarah flops on the sofa, exhausted.*

SARAH Very ready. Thank you.

*Mildred takes two glasses from the bag and pours two drinks. Mildred hands Sarah her drink and holds her drink up.*

MILDRED Anything from Harry?

SARAH The kitchen cupboard door popped open, but Luke fixed it. A faulty catch. Wasn't Harry.

MILDRED *(skeptical)* Really?

SARAH No ghost appearing. Sorry.

MILDRED *(toasting)* To the happy . . . semi-happy home.

*They drink. Sarah drinks like a sailor.*

(MORE)

*Mildred re-fills their glasses. A LOW TICKING SOUND is heard. Mildred holds up her glass. Sarah holds up her glass.*

To your happy . . . what's that?

SARAH What's what?

MILDRED Listen.

*The ticking sound gets gradually louder.*

Is there a clock?

*Sarah hears the ticking. They drink.*

SARAH Oh, I don't know. Luke's got boxes packed away, could be a clock in one of them.

*Sarah starts toward the bedroom.*

MILDRED It's the sound of Harry's grandfather clock his parents left him. Harry loves that clock.

SARAH *(ear to wall)* It's coming from inside the wall.

MILDRED The wall where the grandfather clock used to sit.

*Sarah moves to Mildred, sits with her. Mildred pours and hands her a drink. Sarah stands, gulps the drink.*

SARAH Harry, or whatever you are, this means war!

MILDRED *(stands)* I'll leave you to your war.

*Mildred EXITS. The TICKING STOPS. Sarah sits, thinks.*

*Luke ENTERS from the D.R. door chewing gum.*

SARAH How can we keep Harry away?

LUKE If there is a Harry.

SARAH There's something.

LUKE I've got a book on exorcism. I'll get it if it'll help get Harry out of your imagination.



SARAH Hear that Harry? We've got you in our sights.

*The SOUND OF TICKING resumes. Luke EXITS to the bedroom, RETURNS with a book -- "EXORCISM FOR COMPLETE IDIOTS," gives it to Sarah.*

*(READS)* Exorcism For Complete Idiots. *(opens the book, reads)* If you bought this book, you've proved two things. First, you need a therapist to treat your self-image. This book can't help you with that. Second, you're desperate for a solution to a ghost problem which we can help you with. You're probably wondering why such an attractive book cost only five dollars. That's because any idiot can afford a five-dollar book.

LUKE *(proud)* Two dollars. Garage sale.

SARAH *(READS)* If we had charged ten dollars, smart people would have purchased it. Since the world is comprised mostly of idiots, our marketing guru got a huge bonus. Happy exorcising, idiot.

*Sarah gives Luke a look.*

The book says we're idiots. Maybe we've gone far enough.

LUKE Saaaarah!

*Luke motions for her to read on.*

SARAH Onward Christian idiots. *(READS)* The thing you suspect may be possessed needs to be analyzed, but first you need a cross. Hold it out.

*Sarah moves to where the ticking comes from. Luke goes to the garbage can, pulls two popsicle sticks from it, wipes them with paper towel, sticks the sticks together with his gum to form a cross, joins Sarah. Luke waves the cross around.*

*(READS)* All items need to be sanctified immediately!  
*(NORMAL)* We'll sanctify everything. Cupboard, furniture, the works. *(READS)* Lay your hands on what you wish to purify. Fearlessly and out loud, pray over them.

(MORE)

*Sarah closes the cupboard door, puts her hands on it, goes to the sofa and rocking chair, carpet, puts her hands on them over the next dialogue.*

(READS) In the name of God, I command all ghosts, leave our apartment.

*The ticking stops. Sarah moves to the cupboard, puts her hands on it and takes her hands off. It stays shut.*

LUKE We got it.

SARAH Whew. That was an ordeal.

LUKE I need a drink.

*Sarah puts the book down, takes the tequila bottle off the counter, pours two large shot glasses. They sit on the sofa.*

SARAH A toast. To the end of Harry.

*They gulp the shots. Luke reacts to the drink.*

*The cupboard door pops open and closes, radio turns on to Michael Bolton' song -- "How Am I Supposed To Live Without You After Lovin' You So Long." Radio goes off.*

LUKE It's a short in the radio.

SARAH Or . . .

LUKE Or what?

SARAH Or Harry could be in love with me.

*Sarah laughs, shrugs.*

LUKE You think Harry, a ghost, is in love with you?! Ahuuuu!

*Luke rushes out of the apartment.*

*A KNOCK on the door. Sarah cautiously answers it. Mildred ENTERS.*

SARAH Oh, it's you.

MILDRED Luke almost ran me over. Harry scare him?

SARAH        We've had an exorcism setback.

*Mildred picks up "EXORCISM FOR IDIOTS".*

MILDRED     Won't work on Harry 'cause he's not an idiot.

*Mildred drops the book. Sarah checks her watch.*

SARAH        We're supposed to attend Kathy Wallis's house-warming tonight.

MILDRED     Sounds like you'd rather stay home.

SARAH        I would.

MILDRED     Have a cozy night at home with Luke. By the look on Luke's face in the hall I think he could use some lovin'.

SARAH        Kathy goes on and on about her designer bedroom, the accent curtains, and her damn Ikea kitchen that's, uhm, so, so superior. *(determined)* We need to go.

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE THREE)

ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR

Time: Later that night.

Place: The same.

LIGHTS UP ON

Wearing birthday party hats, Sarah and Luke ENTER through the front door and turns on the lights. Luke blows a party horn.

*Luke and Sarah stagger to the hall tree, take off coats, hang them on the hall tree and collapse on the sofa. Both inebriated*

SARAH The house-warming tequila was very nice. I like tequila. How about you?

*Luke stands staggers, blows his party horn.*

LUKE No, hardly ever touch the stuff.

*They giggle, Luke joins her on the sofa.*

SARAH That was some party.

LUKE It was. Listen.

*They are still and silent for two seconds.*

All's quiet on the Harry front.

SARAH Harry's sleeping.

*Luke laughs and staggers to the screen and then rolls the rug back during the next few dialogues.*

LUKE If I could stand, I'd tuck Harry in.

SARAH Luke, you are standing.

LUKE Oh, right.

*They laugh.*

A crazy Mexican, Kathy and Bill's neighbor, told me the Mayans believed if you can be in the exact same place where a person dies you can pick up their thoughts . . . contact them.

SARAH Crazy Mayans.

LUKE           We've got the outline where he died! I'm gonna try it.  
I want to give Harry a piece of my mind.

*Luke laughs, takes off his party hat, lays it on the sofa and lays in the outline, goes to sleep.*

*HARRY JONES (30), dressed entirely in white, has stepped through a wall -- (overlapping wall).*

*Harry wears a small, concealed headset with a mic. Whenever he talks his voice sounds like it comes from everywhere.*

HARRY           Boooo.

*Sarah turns, inebriated.*

SARAH           Boooo?

HARRY           Yes, boooo. I said boooo.

SARAH           *(inebriated)* Bohoooo.

*Sarah thinks she's dreaming as Harry walks around, sits in the rocking chair, rocks.*

*It SUDDENLY occurs to Sarah she is looking at a ghost, is frozen in place, sobers up.*

HARRY           Booo has been overdone. It worked on the others. No shriek of terror, hysterics, or fainting. How about *(LOUD)* BOOOOO!!

SARAH           *(screams)* Ahhhhha!

*Sarah jumps up back away from him.*

HARRY           Better. So . . . questions?

SARAH           W-w-w-what? Who?

HARRY           I'm Harry.

SARAH           Harry, what, who?

HARRY           Harry, your Ghost.

*Sarah's stunned, hesitates.*

Questions?

SARAH How d-d-did you g-g-et in?

HARRY Appeared. It's what ghosts do, we appear. Sarah, to summarize, I'm Harry, the ghost haunting my, our apartment. You might recall -- pipes, ticking, cupboard door, radio. It's difficult to get your attention.

SARAH No, you can't be . . . ghosts don't . . .

*Sarah sits, frozen in place.*

HARRY You don't see a ghost every day. Questions?

SARAH What about Luke?!

HARRY Shush. He's fine. With him there, I can be here. It's a swap.

SARAH But, but . . .

HARRY When I leave he'll awake.

SARAH Why should I trust you?

HARRY Nothing to gain by lying. Ghost.

SARAH Why all the white?

HARRY Not white. It's bright. Standard issue for my level. You stand on a scale when you arrive -- weighs your life. Most appear various shades of off bright to extreme off bright. Skin color is an allusion.

*Harry looks at his attire.*

Technically, I'm off off bright. If I were bright bright you wouldn't see me at all. We are what we project. Listen, I'm here with you even though I'm late for an important appointment.

SARAH I hate being late.

HARRY Don't hate anything. You dislike being late or prefer to be on time. Don't declare war on anyone or thing.

SARAH I guess that was a mistake. I undeclare war on Harry.

HARRY What about Luke?

SARAH And for Luke too.

HARRY We're at peace?

SARAH Yes, even though I find you interesting, we want you to . . . (loud) leave!

*Luke moves slightly.*

HARRY You woke him! . . . I can't leave . . . not yet . . . got to . . .

LUKE Ahhhhhhhaaaaaaaa!

*A puff of smoke. Harry disappears unnoticed (through a wall). Sarah rushes to Luke who wakes up.*

SARAH Luke! What?

LUKE I heard screaming.

SARAH I've just seen Harry.

LUKE That explains it.

*Sarah has a bewildered look. Luke stands.*

You've been mixing your drinks. People see strange things when they mix their drinks.

SARAH No, my Love, I've seen him. Harry the bright. (PIPES GROAN) Off off bright.

LUKE Ghosts are imaginary, remember?

SARAH Not tonight.

LUKE I'm tired. Going to bed.

*Luke EXITS into the bedroom. Sarah collapses on the sofa, staggers to the phone. Types in numbers into the phone.*

SARAH (into phone) Mildred! (pause) Have you got a picture of Harry? (pause) I need to see it! (pause) Good. I'll leave the door open.

*Sarah opens the door and sits on the sofa.*

*Mildred ENTERS with an 8x10 picture of Harry in a frame, shows it to Sarah. They sit on the sofa.*

That's him.

MILDRED You've seen Harry?

SARAH As clear as seeing you now. Tell me about him.

MILDRED Harry! He could tell some tall tales. Said he made his fortune from oil wells in the middle east, a gold mine in Africa, on the stock market, riverboat gambler, even as a Hollywood stunt man. Riverboat gambler. You'd think a riverboat gambler wouldn't lose almost every night he played with the guys.

SARAH You gotta know when to hold 'em or when to walk away.

MILDRED Joe won a lot off Harry and so did Donald and the rest. One night Harry lost his car in a big pot. His car!

SARAH Gambling's an expensive addiction.

MILDRED Harry gave away hundred-dollar bills to needy people. Said it was hot money. He was too generous, told too many people about his fortune. That's what got him killed.

SARAH What about the night he was murdered?

MILDRED The card game at Donald's had just broken up. Joe heard a commotion, came in, saw the place torn apart, chased a burglar out the bedroom window and down the fire escape, but he got away. Then Joe came back, saw Harry under the debris, shot in the back. Odd though.

SARAH Why?

MILDRED Nobody heard a shot. We had cops everywhere.

SARAH The last thing Harry said was he can't leave . . . yet. I think he wants to finish something.

MILDRED They never caught his killer.

SARAH If we help him catch his killer I think he'll leave. You said he likes Scotch?

*The cupboard door pops open. They jump.*

MILDRED *(look to cupboard)* That's where he kept his booze. I've got a bottle of his favorite.

SARAH Can I borrow it?



MILDRED Sure.

*Mildred EXITS and ENTERS with a bottle of Scotch, gives it to Sarah. Sarah puts the bottle in the cereal cupboard.*

Problem solved.

SARAH Thank you.

*Mildred moves toward the door.*

MILDRED Let me know if Harry shows up again.

SARAH Sure.

*Mildred EXITS the apartment. Sarah collapses on the sofa. Luke sleepily wanders out. He wears white boxer underwear.*

LUKE Can't sleep. Hungry.

*Luke opens the cupboard, brings out the Scotch.*

Scotch?

*Sarah takes the bottle out of his hand, opens the cupboard, takes out a box of cereal, hands it to Luke and puts the bottle of Scotch into the cupboard.*

SARAH Harry likes it around.

*Luke slams the box of cereal on the counter.*

LUKE You told me we'd move if a ghost showed up.

SARAH I said that thinking Harry would be scary. He's not.

LUKE What if I come around a corner, say in the middle of the night, on my way to the john, and there's Harry standing in my way?

SARAH Then your need for the bathroom would be instantly eliminated.

*Sarah muffles laughter.*

He won't appear for you.

LUKE            Maybe you like Harry. What happened to the wife who said . . . (*sounding like Sarah*) Luke! We can make it our love nest. Our private, special place?

SARAH           It will be, but first we have to deal with Harry.

LUKE            Or you're falling in love with Harry? Is our marriage over?

SARAH           If we convince Harry to leave, we'll have the apartment to ourselves.

LUKE            You're going nuts, getting him Scotch. I've heard of wives running off with other men, even women, but a ghost? An imaginary ghost at that. I think I'd prefer it to be a real ghost, something . . . tangible.

SARAH           Luke, calm down. It's in your imagination.

LUKE            My imagination! Yours is getting a tremendous workout.

SARAH           The whiskey is only the beginning. I think he wants us to find his killer.

LUKE            Are you crazy?

SARAH           You didn't see him!

LUKE            Ahaaaaaaaaa!

*Luke storms outside the apartment. Slams the door.*

SARAH           Luke!

LUKE            (*O.S.*) Yeah.

SARAH           What are you wearing?

LUKE            (*O.S.*) Ahaaaaaaaaa!

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR)

## ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE

Time: Next Day.

Place: The same.

LIGHTS UP ON

*Sarah vacuums the sofa with a portable vacuum cleaner. Luke ENTER through the DR door, Sarah continues to vacuum.*

*Luke appears sheepish as he hangs up his coat and book bag on the coat rack.*

*They turn to each other, both miserable. She starts to vacuum again. He turns away, then she turns the vacuum off. They look at each other, rush together, hug.*

LUKE I'm sorry.

SARAH No, I'm sorry.

*They hug.*

LUKE I said it first.

SARAH I was more sincere.

*They laugh, kiss.*

LUKE We're married, so I'll play along with your crazy scheme.

SARAH Good. Please lay in the outline.

LUKE I'll probably fall asleep.

SARAH Okay.

LUKE How can me falling asleep help us?

SARAH Trust me, it will.

LUKE (*shrugs*) In madness and in health.

SARAH I love you.

*Luke pulls the rug back. Lays in the outline, goes to sleep.*

*A puff of smoke. Sarah is startled.*

*HARRY APPEARS.*

*Sarah moves the screen to conceal Luke from anyone in the room.*

HARRY Thank you, my dear Sarah.

*Harry walks to Luke.*

He's a sound sleeper, and in general, I suspect, a good man.

SARAH Do you want me to find your killer?

HARRY You and Luke. Also, I want my will found so the rightful heir will inherit my fortune. If it's not found my gangster slime ball nephew, Philip, who might have killed me, will get it all.

SARAH That's a tall order.

HARRY I remember playing my harmonica, then nothing.

SARAH So, if we help you, will you leave?

HARRY I promise I'll look for some sort of light.

SARAH Okay.

HARRY Let's get started.

SARAH I want you to force yourself to remember what happened the night of the murder.

HARRY I told you . . .

SARAH (*interrupting*) Like when you lose your keys, retrace your moves. That's all I'm asking.

HARRY But . . .

SARAH Trust me. It works!

*Harry sits in the rocker and rocks.*

HARRY Let's see. I was playing my harmonica and . . . I don't know.

SARAH You need to concentrate.

HARRY Card night! It was after the game. I was playing my harmonica, then I lay dying on the floor. My killer must have been waiting for me.

SARAH       Your safe was opened. He got everything.

HARRY       The safe was a decoy. I kept a stash of whiskey in it. My killer got booze.

SARAH       When you last appeared you said you were late for an appointment.

HARRY       It's nothing.

SARAH       An important appointment?

HARRY       You know, you're good, very good.

SARAH       At?

HARRY       Detecting! Okay. I'll tell you. I was going for therapy. There are those, the oh so bright ones, similar to psychiatrists here. There's a team of them who think I shouldn't be hanging around my apartment.

SARAH       The oh so bright ones. Do they want you to see a light?

HARRY       A supposed light.

SARAH       You're not looking for it.

HARRY       It never shines in my direction.

*A faint KNOCK on the door. Sarah looks to Harry.*

SARAH       Sounds like Mildred.

HARRY       Only you can see and hear me.

*Sarah moves toward the door, turns back to Harry.*

SARAH       Stop rocking.

HARRY       Good idea.

*Harry stands. Sarah opens the door.*

*A GAS MAN bursts in wearing a gas man's uniform and an official hat. He's bald with a moustache, holds a hand-held natural gas detector.*

GAS MAN     There's a gas leak somewhere in the building! I need you to leave at once!

*The Gas Man rushes to the kitchen, tests the air with the detector.*

HARRY Do you smell gas?

SARAH No.

GAS MAN You need to leave now!

HARRY It feels wrong. He could be here to rob you. Don't leave.

SARAH I'm not leaving.

GAS MAN It's dangerous to stay.

HARRY He's packing!

SARAH He brought lunch?

GAS MAN What?

HARRY Tell him you're an actor. Rehearsing.

SARAH Nothing, uh, practicing, lines. I'm an actor. I have a role in a play.

GAS MAN Oh.

HARRY He's packing heat!

SARAH A hot lunch?

GAS MAN I'm not hungry. Oh, lines, forgot, right.

HARRY See the bulge on his jacket.

SARAH So?

HARRY I'm guessing there's a thirty-eight special under the jacket. You know what that means?

SARAH A special hot lunch?

HARRY My God! *(looks up)* Sorry.

SARAH What's he going to do with that little thing?

HARRY The thirty-eight is a gun. He's here to shoot you!

SARAH Ahaaaaaaa!

GAS MAN Quite the play.

*Sarah turns from the Gas Man toward Harry.*

SARAH       What should I . . .

HARRY       He's about to shoot you.

SARAH       What?

HARRY       You need to protect yourself.

SARAH       Against a g, g, g?

HARRY       Gun. Yes. Stay calm.

SARAH       *(whiney)* P-p-eople say stay c-c-alm to people who weren't calm to begin with. How can they stay what they never were?

*Sarah pulls up the book "EXORCISM FOR IDIOTS," like she's reading from it. The Gas Man sees the title, reacts to it.*

HARRY       Settle down. Do it!

*Sarah takes a couple deep breaths.*

Good. Go to the end of the sofa. There's a hidden zipper. Open it. Take out what's inside.

*Sarah hesitates.*

Go! He's getting ready to . . .

*Sarah moves to the end of the sofa.*

*The Gas Man has his back to her as he tests the air.*

*Sarah fumbles for the zipper, finds, it, puts her hand in and pulls out a pistol.*

SARAH       What now?

HARRY       Point it at him!

SARAH       Point it?

HARRY       At him now!

SARAH       But . . .

HARRY       When he turns around he'll shoot you! Point it!

HARRY He's . . .

*The Gas Man moves to the other end of the sofa, turns quickly, big smiles and points his gun at Sarah.*

GAS MAN Closing night! Say cheese!

*Sarah snaps the gun up, without looking, fires BANG! There are almost simultaneous BANGS as the Gas Man fires also. The Gas Man drops.*

HARRY Good shot.

SARAH W-w-what now?

HARRY Put the gun back and zip it up.

*Sarah puts the gun in the sofa and zips up the zipper.*

LUKE Ahaaaaaaa!

SARAH Luke passes out at the sight of blood!

HARRY Get him behind the sofa.

*Sarah goes toward Luke who is groggy in the outline.*

Stop!

*Sarah freezes.*

The corpse!

SARAH (afraid) Corpse?!

*Sarah hesitates.*

HARRY You have to!

*Sarah pulls the Gas Man behind the sofa.*

Now the rug.

*Sarah rushes to rug, pulls it over the body, then to Luke. Luke wakes. Harry disappears.*

LUKE I had a nightmare, then there was a bang.

SARAH The wind. Door slammed. Window open . . . you know.



LUKE           Yeah.

*Luke gets up, sits on the sofa.*

Funny. I had a deep sleep but still feel tired.

*Luke stands, starts to walk toward the body.  
She grabs him.*

SARAH          Luke, I need you to get some, some, some . . .

*Sarah sees the print on the wall of the  
fruit.*

. . . apples, yes apples, a lot of apples. I've got  
this craving, very big craving for apple pie.

LUKE           I'll get you a pie.

SARAH          No, my craving goes deeper. I crave so much, so deep, I  
need to make it. Okay?

LUKE           Okayish. You're sure?

SARAH          Very sure. Apples! You have money?

LUKE           I do. So . . .

*Sarah ushers Luke to the door.*

SARAH          Make sure they are red and at least a dozen. Hand pick  
them. I want perfect apple pie. Yes, make it two dozen.

LUKE           Two dozen apples? Quite a craving. We'll have pie for  
breakfast, lunch and dinner.

SARAH          Very, very big, huge craving.

*Luke EXITS and Sarah collapses on the sofa.*

*There is a light KNOCK on the door. Sarah  
races to the door, flings it open.*

What?!!

*Mildred ENTERS.*

SARAH          Oh. I thought it was Luke.

MILDRED        He took off down the stairs. I don't think he trusts  
the elevator since I told him Harry runs it.

SARAH          I'm so glad to see you. I just . . . *(breaking down)*

MILDRED What is it Dear? I heard some bangs.

SARAH (*whimpers*) I got rid of, of, the gas man.

*Mildred hugs Sarah.*

MILDRED Gas bills are through the roof. Booting him out is okay by me.

SARAH I'm pretty sure I, I, I killed him.

MILDRED Honey, you're too serious about saving money.

SARAH He's behind the sofa.

*Mildred pulls the rug back, looks at the body.*

MILDRED That's odd.

SARAH What?

MILDRED He's smiling.

*Sarah looks over the sofa to the corpse.*

SARAH He said say cheese, so I shot him.

MILDRED Probably not the reaction he expected.

SARAH No. It was . . .

MILDRED There is something I've been meaning to mention.

SARAH What?

MILDRED I hate cheese.

SARAH The gas man was about to shoot me! Harry said . . .

MILDRED Harry was here?

SARAH Harry left when Luke woke up in the outline. Harry saved my life.

MILDRED He's a good, uh, ghost.

SARAH I'll call the police.

*Mildred looks through the gas man's wallet.*

MILDRED No need. This is the police. Detective Bart Hammond.

*Mildred holds up the wallet.*

SARAH A policeman?

MILDRED Detective in a fake moustache but lasting smile.

*Mildred holds up the moustache, takes it to the kitchen and drops it in the garbage can.*

Cops won't appreciate you shooting one of their own, even though he seems to have enjoyed it.

SARAH What'll I do?

MILDRED We need a different solution.

SARAH I've sent Luke for apples.

MILDRED Apples?

SARAH It worked for what's his name, Jobs, Steve Jobs.

MILDRED Steve didn't have a body behind the sofa.

SARAH I don't want Luke to know, so I told him I needed apples to make apple pie. He passes out at the sight of blood.

MILDRED Any friend of Harry's is a friend of mine.

*They hug. Mildred paces.*

We need to dispose of the body.

SARAH Cut him up?

MILDRED Yuck. Get him, in one piece, to a vehicle without anyone noticing.

SARAH The rug! We could wrap him in it.

MILDRED Take him down the stairs or the elevator?

SARAH Risky. People are using the stairs a lot because they think the elevator is haunted.

MILDRED How about I back my pickup under your window?

*Mildred gets the screen and lays it on the floor, puts the carpet on top.*

Get him on this and slip him out the window right onto the pickup.

SARAH Like a burial at sea.

MILDRED Minus the sea. It'll be dark in an hour. I'll put my tarp over the body and drive it to the lake.

SARAH Lake?

MILDRED There's an outlook over deep water. Nobody's there at night this time of year.

SARAH Wouldn't a body make noise hitting the truck bed?

MILDRED I've got an old mattress. I'll throw it in.

SARAH Okay. Good plan.

*The phone RINGS. Sarah answers it.*

Hi. Luke. *(pause)* Did you get the apples? *(pause)* You did. *(pause)* No. Take the stairs. It's safer. *(pause)* I'll open you a beer. Sure. Okay. Bye.

*Sarah hangs up.*

Luke's parking the car!

MILDRED Gotta think. Got it. *(pause while thinking)* I'll be right back.

*Mildred EXITS then RE-ENTERS with a sport jacket and a wide brimmed hat with chin strap, a U-shaped cushion, drops them on the sofa.*

Joe's stuff. Help me dress him.

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE)

ACT ONE, SCENE SIX

Time: Short time later.

Place: The same.

LIGHTS UP ON

*The smiling Gas Man sits on the SR side of the sofa dressed in Joe's jacket, wide brimmed hat and a horseshoe shaped cushion is around his neck holding his head straight.*

*Mildred sits SL of the body, her right arm around him at back of sofa, grabs his elbow that rests on the sofa arm so she can manipulate his right arm with her right arm. His left arm is draped over Mildred's shoulder.*

MILDRED He's my boyfriend, no fiancée.

*Sarah stuffs the Gas Man jacket and hat under the sofa. The Gas Man's mouth drops open. Sarah puts the hat's strap under his chin, tightens it to close the mouth, hat pulls the hat down over his eyes, but they don't notice.*

SARAH He's a lot younger than . . .

MILDRED I like 'em young.

*Luke sounds out of breath.*

LUKE (O.S.) Four flights. Too much. I'm going to talk to Donald about the elevator.

SARAH (to Mildred) Ready?

*Luke bursts in out of breath with the bag of apples.*

MILDRED Luke, this is my fiancée, Winston.

LUKE Nice to meet ya.

*Luke glances at the dead Gas Man, pushes into the kitchen with the bag, drops it on the counter.*

(MORE)

Need a beer.

*Luke takes a beer from the fridge, opens it drinks some, suddenly stops, puts the beer down, moves slowly toward Winston.*

*Sarah sees the hat is over Winston's eyes, grabs Luke, gives him a big kiss simultaneously poking Mildred to alert her to the hat over Winston's eyes.*

*Mildred adjusts the hat off the eyes. Winston smiles and looks straight ahead. Sarah lets Luke go. Luke faces Winston.*

So, you're Mildred's cheerful boyfriend. Knowing Mildred, you won't be cheerful for long.

*Luke holds out his hand. Sarah turns Luke's head to her and kisses him as Mildred shakes his hand, drops it and holds The Gas Man's arm up by the elbow as before. Luke turns back to The Gas Man drop his hand.*

You've got quite the grip.

*Luke massages his hand as Sarah moves into the kitchen.*

SARAH Luke!

*Luke jumps, goes to Sarah.*

LUKE What!

SARAH These aren't Royal Gala?

LUKE They're red apples. That's what you asked for!

SARAH I thought you knew. I can't make pies with these. I need Royal Gala.

LUKE But . . .

SARAH These are okay for lunches or eating, but not right for pie. You don't mind getting Royal Galas do you, my love?

*Luke finishes his beer.*

LUKE Okay.

SARAH The apples I need are at the Farmers' Market on Main Street. You know the one?

LUKE That's a long drive just for apples.

SARAH But Luke, my love, I'm sure you'll say it was worth it when you taste my perfect apple pie.

LUKE Well, okay. I know cooking is important to you.

MILDRED Baking. Pies get baked, not cooked.

LUKE As long as it tastes good.

*Luke EXITS.*

MILDRED I'm looking forward to a piece of your apple pie.

*Sarah makes a sour face.*

What?

SARAH I don't know how to make pie.

MILDRED Great. Okay, we need to focus. Listen. We get him on the screen, cover him with the carpet, drag it to the window, get one end on the sill and raise it.

SARAH Like a burial at . . . (*shrugs*)

MILDRED . . . pickup? (*shrug*) I'll get the mattress in the truck and drive it under the window. Get him on the screen.

*Mildred EXITS.*

*Sarah pulls the body off the sofa onto the floor, but it has stiffened in the sitting position as it was when it was sitting with right arm on an invisible sofa arm and left on an invisible back of the sofa and the legs and body as though they were still sitting.*

*Sarah tries to straighten the body, but it won't straighten.*

*She gets the left leg down, pushes the right arm down and the left leg pops up.*

*The same result with the left leg and right arm. One arm stays down, she carefully goes to the leg, pushes it down, goes to an arm, it comes up, hits her in the face.*

*Sarah stands, takes a fighting stance, threatens to punch the body when Mildred rushes in.*

MILDRED What are you doing?

SARAH Defending myself.

MILDRED He's dead?!!

SARAH He's a fighter.

MILDRED It's a dead body! Rigor mortis.

SARAH He'll never fit through the window.

*Mildred straightens the legs while Sarah works on the arms. Every time they think he's straight the legs and arms pop up -- sometimes slowly, sometimes with a jerk.*

SARAH We'll cut them off.

MILDRED You're so quick to cut! Be patient! I know it'll work. Lay on them.

*Sarah lays on his chest holding arms down and Mildred lays on the legs holding them down.*

SARAH This could take hours.

MILDRED There's the alternative.

SARAH Anything!

MILDRED You spending the rest of your life in prison.

SARAH . . . but that. His arms feel flatter.

MILDRED Let's try getting up.

*They cautiously stand. The arms and legs stay in line with the floor.*

SARAH Get him on the screen.

MILDRED Okay. You take one side. I'll take the other.

*They raise him between them. They get one arm over Mildred's shoulders and one over Sarah's shoulder.*

*They move him toward the carpet.*

*A KNOCK on the door.*

*Donald pushes the door open. Sees them.*



DONALD I heard voices and the door was . . .

*Donald sees the smiling dead Gas Man between Mildred and Sarah.*

What's going on!

MILDRED Donald! Will you help us with Winston? He's had a, a...

SARAH A spell, dizzy spell.

MILDRED Way dizzy, so very dizz . . .

*Donald shrinks back.*

DONALD Me?

SARAH Can't stand on his own power.

MILDRED Dead weight.

DONALD He seems happy about it.

MILDRED He's like a bad drunk when this happens. It's so frustrating.

DONALD I'll call an ambulance.

*Donald moves toward the phone, picks it up. Mildred, Sarah and the Gas Man turn away from Donald toward the bedroom.*

MILDRED *(gruff male voice)* No ambulance!

*They take the Gas Man into the bedroom, return without him. Donald puts down the phone.*

DONALD Is he going to be okay?

MILDRED Winston, my fiancé, gets vertigo.

DONALD He looks familiar. Winston?

MILDRED Winston needs his rest.

SARAH Long rest.

DONALD I've got smelling salts if you need them.

MILDRED He's beyond smelling salts.

DONALD Oh.

MILDRED The wedding stress has triggered his vertigo.

SARAH I'm pretty sure I triggered it.

MILDRED No matter who or what triggered it, he's going to be fine! The forced rest will do him a world of good.

SARAH What do you want?

DONALD Receipt for the rent money.

*Donald hands Sarah a receipt. Donald starts to exit.*

I wonder where I know Winston from. Winston.

*Donald EXITS.*

*Sarah and Mildred take the screen and carpet into the bedroom.*

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE SIX)

ACT ONE, SCENE SEVEN

Time: Short time later.

Place: The same.

*Mildred and Sarah hold one end of the screen with the Gas Man on it, while the other end is on the windowsill. The Gas Man's shoes stick out of the end near the ladies.*

SARAH You're sure the pickup truck is in the right place?

MILDRED Right below the window.

SARAH Mattress?

MILDRED A large, soft one in the truck bed.

SARAH Good. Perfect.

*Sarah's phone RINGS. Sarah answers it with one hand while holding one end of the screen.*

SARAH Oh, Luke! (pause) Elevator again! (pause) You need a beer. (pause) I'll talk to Donald. (pause) Okay.

*Sarah covers the Gas Man's feet with a tea towel as Luke ENTERS, out of breath, carrying a large bag of apples.*

LUKE Made it.

*Sarah and Mildred jump but hold onto the screen. Sarah hangs up the phone. Luke pockets his cell phone.*

SARAH That didn't take long.

*Luke puts the bag on the kitchen counter.*

LUKE What are you doing?

SARAH Oh, right, the carpet.

MILDRED Cleaning it.

SARAH Clumsy me spilled, you know, on the carpet. . .

MILDRED Sugar.

LUKE Sugar?

SARAH I got a big box of it from the pantry and well, it got spilled.

MILDRED We were having tea.

SARAH Needed sugar for tea.

MILDRED I like a lot of sugar with my tea.

SARAH It got spilled on this wonderful carpet.

MILDRED Super big box of it.

SARAH From the pantry.

LUKE Pantry?

SARAH The spare room . . . in the back. I like having sugar around. Pounds and pounds of it . . . for cooking.

*Luke goes to the fridge, gets a beer, opens it and guzzles some.*

LUKE You don't need to dump it out the window. The vacuum will suck it out.

*Luke returns to the women.*

SARAH That's right, the vacuum. We could have . . .

MILDRED Sugar can create such a mess in machinery.

SARAH Right.

LUKE You don't ever want to get sugar in your gas tank. Dumping it out the window's a good idea.

*Luke lifts the end of the screen with one hand while drinking his beer without looking at it.*

*The body slides out the window, carpet stays on the screen. A THUD and a YELP. The women give each other terrified looks.*

Somebody doesn't like their sugar shower.

MILDRED People can be so fussy nowadays.

*Luke moves toward the fridge.*

I'll go outside, and uh, check on the the . . .

*Sarah collapses on the sofa.*

SARAH I killed him twice.

LUKE It's impossible to kill an imaginary ghost.

*Mildred EXITS.*

SARAH Luke, I need you to peel the apples.

LUKE Don't you know how to do it?

SARAH You want me to cook you a pie, don't you?

LUKE Bake me a . . .

SARAH You need to peel the po . . . apples.

*Sarah takes the bag of apples, the peeler from a drawer and Luke's hand and leads him toward the bedroom.*

LUKE You want me to peel apples in bed?

SARAH I can't stand the smell of peeled apples. The bedroom has the air conditioner. You do want apple pie, right?

*Luke and Sarah EXIT into the bedroom.*

*Sarah rushes into the living room, grabs her coat, heads for the door but stops when the door bursts open and Mildred charges in.*

What? He wasn't dead? What?! What?! What?!!

MILDRED Except for his cheerful expression, he was, is and remains dead, very dead.

SARAH So?

MILDRED Never put a mattress in the back of a pickup unless you want a homeless man to crawl in and call it home.

SARAH Homeless man?

MILDRED He found the tequila I keep in the cab, was polishing it off on the mattress when, you know.

*Mildred shrugs, Sarah's face is wide-eyed terror-stricken.*

SARAH What!!!!!!

MILDRED Long story short -- he's not homeless anymore.

SARAH Killed?

MILDRED We launched a stiff four floors into a boozing homeless man. A dead man killed a live one.

SARAH Two bodies?

MILDRED Double the fun. Where's Luke?

SARAH Peeling apples.

MILDRED We could use a strong man.

SARAH Luke thinks I'm in love with a ghost. Add a couple of corpses and he'll have me committed.

MILDRED And there's the blood thing.

SARAH More blood?

MILDRED When body hits body, that's what you get.

*Sarah looks up.*

SARAH God help us.

*They rush out the door.*

LIGHTS OUT

END ACT ONE - END OF SAMPLE