



FIRST ACT – SAMPLE

By Robert J. Wheeler, 15 Windsor Cres., London, ON N6C 1V6 Canada – Revised May 1/25

Setting – Average living room. Run time – Approximately 90 minutes.

Actors – 8 M – 6 F – 2 With doubling Actors – 6 M – 4 F -- 2

Wheeler, Robert J. *Having Harry*. 2019. Published May 2022. <http://wheelerscripts.com/>.
Playwrights' Guild of Canada Copyscript. ISBN: 978-1-7390143-5-3.

My scripts are on PGC site.

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Email robwheeler999@gmail.com if you would like to read the play
for a possible production and I will send it to you.

| 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

DIM LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: A summer day.

Place: Luke and Sarah's first apartment.

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 large 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.

LUKE (O.S.) Sarah, my love, it's the custom for the groom to carry his bride over the threshold. Are you ready?

SARAH (O.S.) I'd rather carry you.

LUKE (O.S.) It's a tradition. You like tradition, right?

SARAH (reluctantly O.S.) Okay.

The apartment door swings open. LUKE (23) carries SARAH (23) to the threshold of the

apartment. Both are well dressed, and wear wedding rings.

As 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.)

LUKE Woops.

Sarah is dazed, maybe cross-eyed from the blow as he swings her DC. Sarah shakes her head shaking off the blow.

(naïve) 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 Mrs. Wilson.

They collapse onto the worn-out sofa, she on top of him. He breathes heavily, out of breath.

LUKE Uh. We're both stunned.

SARAH You more so.

They turn to the shabby apartment.

LUKE It's dismal.

SARA 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 does make it more secure.

Luke turns on the lights. A bulb in the swag or table lamp flashes then goes out.

ONE DIM LIGHT SEEMS TO LIGHT THE AREA.

It's a dump! We're starting out in a dump.

They walk around.

SARAH It's a little shabby. Cleaning and fresh paint will make a big difference.

Sarah runs into the apartment, turns to him.

(excited) Luke, my Love, this is perfect

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 Our perfect Hell.

SARAH *(admonishing)* Luke!

Luke picks up the blind.

LUKE I can fix it. No problem.

Luke puts the blind on the windowsill.

Sarah steps away, looks around, new idea.

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)* An eight-unit building with four levels has a lot of heating and cooling pipes. Expansion. Contraction.

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 See, you like it.

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

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 *(interrupting)* 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. Gotta drink a tequila shot in one gulp.

They gulp the drinks. Sarah and Luke REACT strongly. They have never drunk tequila before. The couple 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.

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 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. Glad to leave. None of them lasted more than a week. Donald made money offa them.

LUKE Mildred, we can see it has issues but . . .

MILDRED *(interrupting)* Harry's the only issue.

LUKE How's that?

MILDRED Harry, the previous tenant, 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, putting their glasses down.

MILDRED Harry lived here for more than ten years. He died in this very room. It 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 *(interrupting)* 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 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 lovers 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 ghost, go ahead, make yourself comfortable in the rocker, but stay out of the bedroom.

The kitchen cupboard door pops open, closes, opens, closes, opens, making banging sounds.

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

SARAH *(O.S.)* What was it?

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

The rocker rocks.

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE ONE)

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: The next day.

Place: The same.

The song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

Luke ENTERS from the bedroom with an eight-to ten-foot step ladder. He wears a carpenter's apron.

Luke 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.

The song stops playing.

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 takes the blind from the windowsill, carefully moves up the ladder with it.

Luke could climb higher but doesn't, stretches out with the blind, shoves one end of the blind in the bracket at the far edge of the window and stretches out to slip the

other end of the blind into the bracket near him.

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 . . .

Luke extends the blind down, fastens it at the sill. The blind covers the window diagonally. A small triangle of window shows.

I can tape over the corner.

LUKE There's 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 leadin' 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 *(interrupting)* It will do for now.

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.

LUKE A wacky form of art.

MILDRED You don't know what it is?

SARAH It looks like . . .

MILDRED *(interrupting)* It's Harry's last resting place, outlined by the cops. A burglar broke in and shot Harry.

LUKE Murdered?

MILDRED Roll it back. His whole body is outlined.

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

LUKE We rented the apartment under false pretenses. There's a stigma attached to a place where someone has been murdered. We should get our money back.

SARAH We don't believe in ghosts, remember?

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.

Luke rolls the carpet over the outline.

I got tu be mosein' along.

Mildred EXITS.

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

Luke EXITS into the bedroom.

SARAH *(pained look)* What are you fixing now?

LUKE *(O.S.)* The blind.

Sarah produces an intense painful look, EXITS into the bedroom. The rocker rocks.

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE TWO)

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: The next morning.

Place: The same.

The song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays.

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.

The song stops playing.

MILDRED I've been wanting to drop by for a neighborly visit the last few days. I heard you vacuuming for a solid hour, so it occurred to me you'd be ready for 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 they drink. Sarah dances around a little as the drink is strong.

MILDRED Anything from Harry?

SARAH The kitchen cupboard door popped open, but Luke fixed it. Just a faulty catch. No ghost.

MILDRED *(skeptical)* Really?

SARAH Sorry.

MILDRED *(toasting)* To the happy home.

Mildred re-fills their glasses.

A LOW TICKING SOUND is heard. Mildred holds up her glass. Sarah holds up her glass.

The double toast. To your ghost-free 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. There 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 it to him. Harry loves that clock.

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

MILDRED *(motions to wall)* Where the grandfather clock used to sit.

Sarah and Mildred sit on the sofa. Mildred pours and hands Sarah a drink.

Sarah stands, gulps the drink. She's angry so squints and bears the strong 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, gives it to Sarah.

(reads the title on the cover) "Exorcism For Complete Idiots".

LUKE Yeah.

Sarah shakes her head, opens the book, reads.

SARAH *(reads)* If you bought this book, you've proved two things. First, you need a therapist to treat your self-image, or as this book implies, you are a complete idiot. *(glances at Luke)* This book can't help you with either. 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.

Sarah looks to Luke. Luke shrugs.

(reads) That's because any idiot can afford a five-dollar book.

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

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.

This 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.

(MORE)

Sarah moves to where the ticking came 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 purified immediately! *(to Luke)* We'll purify everything. Cupboard, furniture, the works. *(reads)* Lay your hands on what you wish to purify. Fearlessly and out loud, say these words over them.

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

(reads) In the name of the supreme being, I command all ghosts, leave our apartment.

The ticking stops. Sarah moves to the cupboard, opens and closes it. 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, radio turns on to Michael Bolton' song -- "How Am I Supposed To Live Without You After Lovin' You So Long." Radio goes off.

LUKE That cupboard door is wonky. There's a short in the radio.

SARAH Or . . .

LUKE *(interrupting)* Or what?

SARAH Harry's in love with me.

LUKE A ghost is in love with you?! That's what I consider crazy! 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. Did Harry scare him?

SARAH We've had an exorcism setback.

Mildred picks up "EXORCISM FOR IDIOTS".

MILDRED Harry's not an idiot, so it won't work.

Mildred drops the book. Sarah checks her watch.

SARAH We're supposed to attend a housewarming at Kathy Wallis's tonight. She's the Grade four teacher at the school.

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, I think he could use some TLC.

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

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE THREE)

ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Later that night.

Place: The same.

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 their 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 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, moves it back then rolls the rug back.

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 Mayans believed if you can be in the exact place where a person has died you can pick up their thoughts . . . contact them.

SARAH Crazy Mayans.

LUKE We've got the outline where Harry died! I'm gonna try it. Gonna 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 the UC 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 *(inebriated)* Boo hoo you.

Sarah turns US, her face shows she's seen Harry, is at a loss for words, stunned.

Harry walks around, sits in the rocking chair, rocks.

Sarah knows she is looking at a ghost, is frozen in place, sobers up.

HARRY *(interrupting)* Booo has been overdone. No shriek of terror, hysterics, or fainting? How about *(LOUD)* BOOOOO!!

SARAH *(screams)* Ahhhhha!

Sarah jumps up backs away from him.

HARRY Better. So . . . questions?

SARAH W-w-w-what? Who?

HARRY I'm Harry.

SARAH Harry 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, 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 You can't be . . . ghosts don't . . .

Sarah sits, frozen in place.

HARRY *(interrupting)* 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 *(interrupting)* When I leave he'll awake.

SARAH Why should I trust you?

HARRY I've got nothing to gain by lying. Ghost.

SARAH Why all the white?

HARRY It's not white. It's bright. Standard issue for my level. Where I'm from on arrival one is stood on a scale -- weighs life. Most appear various shades of off bright to extreme double or triple bright.

Harry looks at his attire.

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

SARAH I hate being late.

HARRY You dislike being late or prefer to be on time. Don't hate. I resent you declaring war on me. It's not healthy.

SARAH I undeclare war on you. Declare peace.

HARRY What about Luke?

SARAH 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 (interrupting loud) Ahhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaa!

A puff of smoke or a tinkle (both?). 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. I've heard 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.

(MORE)

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 I see you. Tell me about him.

MILDRED 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 lived here, worked steady at the Ford plant, so . . .

SARAH (*interrupting*) You married Joe?

MILDRED Right. Harry said he made his fortune from oil wells in the middle east, a gold mine in Africa, on the stock market, riverboat gambler. You'd think a riverboat gambler wouldn't lose almost every night he played with the guys in the building.

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

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

SARAH Gambling can be an expensive addiction.

MILDRED Harry gave away hundred-dollar bills to needy people. Said it was hot money. He was too generous. 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 here, 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 he saw Harry was 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 Harry 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.*

The cupboard will stay closed now.

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 from
the bedroom area. 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 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 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 need to deal with Harry.

LUKE Or are you 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 an imaginary ghost? I wouldn't mind as much if it were a real ghost, something . . . tangible.

SARAH Luke.

LUKE We'll be in the tabloids -- bride goes crazy, dumps husband for a ghost on their honeymoon.

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

LUKE My imagination! Yours is getting a tremendous workout.

SARAH I think he wants us to find his killer.

LUKE You're loony!

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!

(END ACT ONE, SCENE FOUR)

LIGHTS OUT

ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Next Day.

Place: The same.

A few bars of the song "Oh, What A Beautiful Morning" plays then stops.

Sarah vacuums the sofa with a portable vacuum cleaner. The key sounds in the door, Sarah noticed, sees Luke ENTER, 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, in the hope that you return to reality, 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 my sleeping 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.

HARRY APPEARS. Sarah is startled.

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 Yes. 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, possibly my killer, could get it all.

SARAH 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 remember what happened the night of the murder.

HARRY I told you . . .

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

HARRY But . . .

SARAH *(interrupting)* 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 open. He got everything.

HARRY The safe was a decoy. I kept an emergency stash of whiskey there. My killer got my booze, not my fortune.

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

HARRY It's nothing.

SARAH You said 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, like psychiatrists. There's a team of them who think I shouldn't be hanging around my apartment.

SARAH Do the oh so bright ones 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 toward 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 fake moustache, holds a hand-held natural gas detector.

GAS MAN There's a gas leak somewhere in the building! You need to leave!

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

HARRY Do you smell gas?

SARAH No.

GAS MAN You must leave now! You're in danger.

HARRY It feels wrong. He could be after my treasure. Don't leave.

SARAH I'm not.

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 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 wants to shoot you!

SARAH Ahaaaaaaaaa!

GAS MAN Quite the play.

Sarah turns from the Gas Man toward Harry.

SARAH What should I . . .

HARRY *(interrupting)* 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-people say stay c-c-calm to people who aren't calm.

A questioning look from Harry.

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!

Sarah takes a couple of 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 pretends to test 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 *(interrupting)* When he turns around, he'll shoot you!
Point it!

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! *(big smile)* Say cheese!

Sarah snaps the gun up, without looking, fires -- BANG!

There are almost two simultaneous BANGS as the Gas Man fires. 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 into the sofa and zips up the zipper.

LUKE *(loud)* 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 dead man!

SARAH *(afraid)* Dead?!

HARRY Yes. You have to!

Sarah pulls the Gas Man behind the sofa.

Now the rug.

Sarah rushes to rug, pulls it over the body. Harry disappears through the wall with a puff of smoke or tinkle (both?).

END OF ACT ONE, SCENE FIVE

LIGHTS OUT

ACT ONE, SCENE SIX

LIGHTS UP ON:

Time: Later.

Place: The same.

Actor playing the Gas Man leaves stage unseen in darkness.

As before. Luke wakes.

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

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

LUKE Yeah.

Luke stands, sits on the sofa.

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

Luke stands, starts to walk behind the sofa. 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 *(interrupting)* 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. Sarah collapses on the sofa.

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

What?!!

Mildred ENTERS.

Oh. I thought it was Luke.

MILDRED He took off down the stairs. He doesn't trust the elevator since I told him Harry runs it.

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

MILDRED *(interrupting)* What is it Dear? I heard some bangs.

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

Mildred hugs Sarah.

MILDRED The cost of gas is through the roof. Booting him out is okay by me.

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

MILDRED Honey, you could be 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 *(interrupting)* 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 (*interrupting*) 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, Jobses, Steve Jobses.

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

SARAH Luke can't know, so I told him I needed apples for apple pie. He passes out at the sight of blood.

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

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 soon. 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 Won't the body make noise hitting the truck bed?

MILDRED I've got an old mattress. I'll throw it in. Put a bed in the bed.

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 back, parking the car!

MILDRED Gotta think. *(pause while thinking)* Got it. We can dress him in Joes clothes.

LIGHTS OUT

(END ACT ONE, SCENE SIX)

ACT ONE, SCENE SEVEN

Time: Short time later.

Place: The same.

LIGHTS UP ON

The smiling Gas Man's body sits on the SR side of the sofa dressed in Joe's clothes, pants, jacket, etc., and a horseshoe shaped cushion is around his neck holding his head straight. His right elbow is on the arm of the sofa.

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

MILDRED He'll be my boyfriend, no fiancée.

Sarah stuffs the Gas Man jacket and hat under the sofa.

Sarah panics when she sees the Gas Man's mouth has dropped open.

SARAH Ahhaaaa!

Sarah points at the Gas Man's open mouth.

Look!

Mildred sees the problem.

MILDRED A hat. Have you got a hat with a strap?

Sarah dashes into the bedroom area, ENTERS with a man's broad-rimmed hat with a strap, slaps it on the Gas Man head, slides the strap under his jaw, closing his mouth but the hat is pulled down covering the Gas Man's eyes just as Luke bursts in through the DR door, out of breath with the bag of apples.

LUKE Four flights of stairs are too much. I'm going to talk to Donald about the elevator.

Out of breath, Luke is startled when he sees the Gas Man, is on his way to the kitchen with the apples.

MILDRED Luke, this is my fiancée, Winston.

LUKE Hi. Like your hat. I got one like it.

Sarah and Mildred exchange guilty looks.

Luke gives the Gas Man a weird backward glance as he drops the bag of apples on the counter.

I need a beer.

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

Sarah sees the hat covers Winston's (Gas Man's) eyes, grabs Luke, gives him a big kiss, turning him away from the Gas Man's body, simultaneously poking Mildred to alert her to the hat over Winston's (Gas Man's) eyes.

Mildred adjusts the hat off the eyes. Winston (Gas Man) continues to smile, 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.

Luke shakes Mildred's hand. Mildred pulls Winston's (Gas Man's) arm back. Luke rubs his right hand with his left hand.

You've got quite the grip.

SARAH Luke, thank you for getting the apples!

Sarah EXITS into the kitchen area, looks at the apples on the counter.

Luke!

LUKE What!

SARAH These aren't Royal Gala?

Sarah returns to the living room.

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 *(interrupting)* These are okay for lunches or eating, but not right for apple 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've tasted my perfect apple pie.

LUKE Well, okay.

SARAH I know cooking is important to you.

MILDRED Pies get baked, not cooked.

LUKE As long as it tastes good.

Luke EXITS out of the DR door.

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 pies.

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 *(interrupting)* . . . at pickup? *(both shrug)* I'll get the mattress in the truck and back it under the window. You get him on the screen.

Mildred EXITS.

Sarah pulls the body off the sofa onto the floor, but it has stiffened in the seated position. The Gas Man's body is as it was when it was sitting on the sofa. He is sitting with his back to the floor.

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

Sarah gets the left leg down, moves to the right leg and the left leg bounces up, pushes the right arm down, moves to the left arm and the right arm bounces up, goes back to the left leg and right leg together, pushes both down and they bounce up together.

Sarah pushes down the right arm, moves to the left arm, looks back to the right arm and it bounces up, hits her in the face.

Frustrated Sarah slams the right arm down, moves to the left leg, pushes it down, moves to the right leg, is about to push it down when the right leg hits her, knocking her over. (The actor playing Gas Man needs to sell it.)

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 That may be, but he's a fighter.

MILDRED It's rigor mortis.

SARAH Oh. He'll never fit through the window.

MILDRED We'll do it together.

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 need to cut them off.

MILDRED You're so quick to cut! Be patient! 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 Spending the rest of your life in prison for murdering a cop.

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 Winston (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 *(interrupting)* Me?

SARAH He can't stand on his own power.

MILDRED Dead weight.

DONALD He seems happy about it.

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

DONALD I'll call for an ambulance.

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

MILDRED *(gruff male voice)* No ambulance!

They take the (Winston) 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. 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.

(MORE)

Donald hands Sarah a receipt, moves to the door.

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 SEVEN)

ACT ONE, SCENE EIGHT

LIGHTS UP ON:

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 mattress is in the truck bed.

SARAH Perfect.

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

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

Sarah covers the Winston's (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 her cellular phone. Luke pockets his cellular 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 . . .

MILDRED (interrupting) The carpet. Yes, it was sugar.

LUKE Sugar?

SARAH I brought a big box of sugar from the pantry, and it spilled.

MILDRED We were having tea.

SARAH I needed sugar for my tea.

MILDRED I like a lot of sugar with my tea.

SARAH It was 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 (*interrupting*) Although 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, the 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. I'll go outside, and uh, check on the the . . . sugar.

Sarah collapses on the sofa.

SARAH (*interrupting*) I killed him twice?

LUKE You can't kill Harry. Ghosts don't die. If I could, I would.

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 (*interrupting*) 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 an air conditioner. You do want apple pie, right?

Luke and Sarah EXIT into the bedroom.

Sarah RUSHES into the living room, grabs her coat, starts 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 disarmingly cheerful expression, he was, is, and remains forever 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 took 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 faints when he sees blood.

MILDRED Right, but . . .

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

MILDRED There's blood.

SARAH A lot of 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