BUYER BEWARE, DARLING?

A Spirited Light Comedy
by John Donald O’Shea
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CAST OF CHARACTERS
(4 Women and 2 Men,)

Sage - A recent high school graduate. Erin’s Roommate

Erin - Another recent high school graduate. Sage’s Roommate. Harry’s significant other.

Harry - Erin’s boyfriend. Tom’s friend. Another recent high school graduate.

Tom - Harry’s sidekick Another recent high school graduate.

Mad Margaret Murgatroyd - A former actress. Now a ghost.

Winifred Wells - Daughter of John Wellington Wells III, of J. W. Wells & Co. She is the firm’s American representative

She et music file can be downloaded for free at http://w
PROPS LIST

**Girls’ apartment.** A television

**Guys’ apartment.** A computer

**Scene 1.** Dust rag for Sage
Book for Erin

**Scene 2.** Two slices of Pizza with toppings for Harry and Tom; 2 cans of pop
Jar of Peanut Butter

**Scene 3.** Computer for the guys

**Scene 4.** Box with Box inside with Mad Margaret
Shipping invoice

**Scene 5.** Same Box with Box inside with Mad Margaret and Shipping invoice.

**Scene 6.** CD player

**Scene 7.** Cell Phones for Erin and Harry

**Scene 9.** Three pans or pots for ghost to throw

**Scene 11.** Brief case for Winifred
Business card for Winifred

**Scene 12.** Newspaper for Erin
Brief case for Winny and business card.
Box for Sage, large enough to accommodate Margaret
Peanut butter type jar or small squeeze bottle [for “ghostnip”].
Spatula to apply “ghostnip”

**Scene 13.** Tray and pepsis for Sage, Erin, Harry and Tom
Box with Box inside for proper ghost
A new shipping invoice
Scene I

(Sage and Erin share an apartment. They are two typical young women, just out of school. The scene takes place in their living room)

Sage. (Sage enters from kitchen to DSR. She carries a dust rag [prop]) What is “Significant Other” getting you for your birthday?

Erin. (Erin has been sitting on the stuffed chair, reading a book [prop]) Harry always comes up with something very practical -- like a wrench!

Sage. A wrench? How romantic!

Erin. The wrench wasn’t bad. Last Christmas, he gave me a vacuum cleaner.

Sage. (She crosses above sofa to straighten sofa cushions, and things on sofa table) With any luck, this year he’ll get you an ironing board.

Erin. It’s not so bad. He always takes me out for dinner as well.

Sage. That surprises me. Your birthday being on Halloween, I would have expected him to take you trick or treating. (She crosses up to CD table to straighten up)

Erin. He actually suggested that last year.

Sage. Why am I not surprised?

Erin. I actually gave his suggestion careful consideration. I figured I might get chocolate out of it.

Sage. (She crosses down to L of Erin in chair) If you really want chocolate, I’ll give him a hint.

Erin. It won’t do any good.

Sage. Don’t be such a pessimist. How do you know?

Erin. (She rises and crosses to kitchen) I’ve tried. Last Christmas, I wanted a sweat suit. I told him I wanted something I could use around the house. Something comfortable.

Sage. So he bought you a vacuum cleaner?

Erin. (She stops just R of kitchen door, and turns back to Sage) But it did have an ergonomic design!
Sage. What does that mean?

Erin. (She takes a step or two L to Sage) “User-friendly, intended to provide optimum comfort and to avoid stress or injury” -- according to the Oxford American Dictionary.

Sage. It’s your own fault. (She takes a step R toward Erin) You weren’t clear enough. Harry’s a man. And being a typical male, he naturally assumed you were asking for an ergonomically designed vacuum cleaner. He probably spent hours looking for the perfect model.

Erin. Maybe I just better let him come up with something on his own?

Sage. Don’t be ridiculous. Tell me what you want.

Erin. (Erin crosses sofa and sits.) It won’t do any good.

Sage. Then I’ll tell him for you. (Sage crosses to chair and sits) Of course, I will make it look like it’s my idea of what you would want.

Erin. That’s not a bad idea.

Sage. I can’t take credit for it. Women have been doing it for each other forever. It avoids a lot of frustration. And duplicate vacuum cleaners.

Erin. (Slouching back into sofa) Why didn’t I think of that?

Sage. You only have a brother. It’s something an older sister teaches you. We used it all the time on mom and dad.

Erin. Did it work?

Sage. Of course it worked. It’s foolproof. Now, what do you want?

Erin. (Rises, crossing DR) I haven’t given it much thought. I think I have everything I need.

Sage. (Rises, crossing DL) In that case, how about something exotic?

Erin. That could be dangerous. What if he gets me a leopard?

Sage. Okay, something exotic, but not an animal.

Erin. What else is there that’s exotic?

Sage. A nightie. [For you, pajamas with bunny feet,]

Erin. Good idea, I could use some [new sleep wear] [pajamas]. Mine are getting holes.
Sage. Okay, then something exotic it is!

(Lights Down)

**Scene 2**

(Same Location. Harry is at door)

Sage. *(There is a knock. Sage crosses from bedroom to answers the door. She steps back as she opens it)* You’re early. Erin’s not back yet.

Harry. *(Harry enters perhaps three steps)* That’s okay. We’ll watch the football game.

Tom *(Following Harry in)* Hi, Sage.

Sage. Good evening, Tom.

Harry. What’s to eat?

Sage. There’s some left over pizza in the frig. If you’d like, I’ll just warm it up.

Tom. *(He crosses to L of Sage)* We’ll eat it cold.

Sage. *(She takes a step to kitchen)* I’ll get it.

Tom. Don’t bother. *(He stops her)* I’ll get it. *(He heads for the kitchen, and stays off stage and is heard and not seen)*

Harry. See what they’ve got to drink.

Tom. *(From other room)* Ice tea, Coke and Mountain Dew - all diet.

Harry. *(To Sage)* Do you guys have any sugar?

Sage. On the table.

Harry. *(He crosses to DS end of sofa and sits)* Open me a Mountain Dew, and put some sugar in it.

Tom. White or dark brown?


Tom. How much?
Harry. About a tablespoon.
Tom. What do you want on your pizza?
Harry. Do you guys have any pickles?
Sage. Yes.
Harry. Pickles.
Tom. Dill or Gherkins?
Harry. Both.
Tom. *(Pleased)* Hey, I found some sauerkraut!
Harry. Put it on top of the pickles.
Sage. Are you planning to eat that?
Harry. Certainly.
Tom. *(More pleased)* Hey, You can have the kraut. I found the peanut butter.
Sage. I may have to reconsider my refusals to go out with Tom....
Harry. He'll be glad to hear that. Why?
Sage. I can't cook. With either one of you guys, it wouldn't matter. *(Tom enters to DSR with the two cans of pops and two slices of pizza for himself and Harry. Tom's pizza is covered with peanut butter [Props] )* What else do you eat peanut butter on?
Tom. *(Matter of factly, without a hint of offense)* Bananas, apples, bacon, Oreo cookies, pancakes, french toast, corn flakes. ....
Sage. *(She crosses to the chair and sits and coyly changes the subject)* What are you getting Erin for her birthday?
Harry. *(Harry scoots toward Sage, moving to the US end of sofa)* I'm glad you asked. I want to get her something she wants. She's still playing softball. Does she need a new mitt?
Tom. *(He remains DSR eating his peanut butter pizza)* Harry. I hate to tell you this, but you can't buy a girl a catcher's mitt for her birthday.
Harry. I wasn't planning to buy her a catcher's mitt.
Sage. *(Under her breathe)* Thank Heavens for that!

Harry. She’s a center fielder.

Sage. Harry, can I make a tiny little suggestion?

Harry. Sure. Do you know what she’d like?

Sage. Not exactly, but I think you should get her something exotic.

Harry. *(Suddenly all ears)* Like a leopard?

Tom. Leopard’s are prosaic. *(He sits on DS end of sofa)* Get her an ocelot.

Sage. No animals. Our lease provides that we can’t have animals in this apartment.

Tom. What else is there that’s exotic, other than an animal?

Sage. All sorts of stuff. *(Crosses DSL)* Just ask yourself, “If I were a girl, what sort of exotic gift would I want? It’s no more difficult than that. Something exotic, but comfortable.

Harry. Good idea. Thanks for the help.

Tom. Are their any stores in the town that sell exotic things for women?


Harry. I know! Why don’t I get her a bikini?

Sage. Not erotic; exotic!

Tom. What’s the difference?

Sage. Make her happy. Don’t insult her.

Harry. *(Rising and crossing DSR thinking)* I’m not sure I’d be comfortable buying something exotic in a local store.

Sage. Then do it on line.

Harry. Good idea. Thanks, Sage.

*(Lights Down)*

**Scene 3**
(Back at Harry's apartment)

Harry. (Harry and Tom enter apartment from UL) This shouldn’t be too hard. All we have to do, is go on line and find something exotic.

Tom. (From UC above Harry) Where are you going to start?

Harry. (He sits at his computer which is asleep and clicks the mouse) How about Google?

Tom. How about Ebay?

Harry. Good idea. What should I look under?

Tom. Try looking under “Exotic.”

Harry. (He does) 8,442 items. Not bad? Hey, look! (Indicating screen) "Exotic East African Leopard!"

Tom. Forget it. Sage said, “no animals.”

Harry. (After scrolling down) In that case, how about a plant?

Tom. Yeah, girls always like plants.

Harry. (Reading) "Exotic Giant Malaysian - Carnivorous Pitcher Plant."

Tom. "Carnivorous?" Like in man-eating?

Harry. (Having clicked, he reads) "Exotic genetically engineered Giant Malaysian Pitcher Plant - Nepenthes rajah major. Lovely dark green scambling vine, with large red or purple trap. Flowers at random times during year. " Do you think she'd like it?

Tom. (Reading over Harry's shoulder) “Vine grows to twenty meters. As plant is carnivorous, we cannot recommend for homes with cats, dogs under 25 pounds or small children. Prefers hamburger."

Harry. Their lease doesn't allow pets, and neither one of them has a kid.

Tom. Hamburger isn't cheap, and doesn't she occasionally baby sit?

Harry. Yeah, so what? (Suddenly the danger dawns upon him) Oh, I see what you mean.

Tom. I suggest you look for something that doesn't eat children.

Harry. (Scrolling down) Hey look at this one: "EXOTIC ANACONDA SNAKE- SKIN COWBOY BOOTS ... (Harry clicks on item)
**Tom.** *(Continues to read)* -- EXTREMELY RARE -- HAND MADE -- EXCELLENT USED CONDITION - Woman's Size 13E. The bid's only $13.20

**Tom.** Doesn't Erin wear size10s?

**Harry.** Yeah, but she might grown into them!

**Tom.** Or she might throw them at you.

**Harry.** I'll go back to the main page.

**Tom:** *(Reading over Harry's shoulder)* "EXOTIC EXECUTIVE HANDCRAFTED TEAK TOILET SEAT." $75.00.

**Harry.** Do you think she'd like it? *(He clicks on the item)*

**Tom.** "Lovingly crafted from genuine Southeast Asian teak. Professionally finished with five coats of high gloss spar marine varnish. Turn your bathroom into a show place!"

**Harry.** Sounds exotic.

**Tom.** But is it comfortable?

**Harry.** There's no mention of it being ergonomically designed. I'll got back to the list of items. *(He clicks)*

**Tom.** *(Reading over his shoulder)* "SUPER EXOTIC RAWLINGS AUTOGRAPHED HARRY CHITI CATCHER'S MITT." Who's Harry Chiti?

**Harry.** He was a legendary Chicago Cub's catcher.

**Tom.** I never heard of him.

**Harry.** He's was my dad's favorite player.

**Tom.** Is that why he called you Harry.

**Harry.** Yeah. He had a .238 lifetime average.

**Tom.** That makes him "legendary?"

**Harry.** For a Cub, a .238 average is real good!

**Tom.** *(Utterly unimpressed)* Sage said, "No baseball mitts."

**Harry.** Sage didn't say it, you did.
Tom. I just said it first. She would have!

Harry. But this is a collector's item!

Tom. Erin wants something comfortable.

Harry. If it’s properly broken in, it should be real comfortable.

Tom. Read my lips .... "No catcher's mitts."

Harry. (Reading) “EXOTIC WOOD/LUMBER : 8/4 AFRICAN MAHOGANY??

Tom. Has Erin ever expressed a desire to install a hardwood floor?

Harry. Here’s an “Exotic Mercedes-Benz.

Tom. (Fascinated, Tom crosses to look over his shoulder) If you’ve got $33,925, you can hit the Buy It Now button.

Harry. I better not. It might spoil her.

Tom. Keep scrolling.

Harry. Exotic man-eating pirahna ....

Tom. A fish is an animal! (Spotting something just below) Hey! How about this?

Harry. How about what?

Tom. That one. “ Exotic one-of-a-kind Ghost.”

Harry. Somebody’s auctioning off a ghost?

Tom. It’s got to be a joke. Click it.

Harry. (Clicking and scrolling down) The seller’s got a 100% positive rating. 247 sales.

Tom. Is there a picture?

Harry. (Still scrolling) I don’t see any.

Tom. Then check the description.

instructions included”

Tom. Is that all?

Harry. That’s all.

Tom. (Again reading over Harry’s shoulder) What does caveat emptor mean?

Harry. The bid is at one cent, and there’s free shipping. Who cares? For one cent, if she doesn’t like it, she can throw it away.

Tom. Are you going to bid?

Harry. Of course. What could be more exotic than an caveat emptor ghost. (He clicks the Buy It Now button)

Tom. You know, this is great dual purpose gift. You’re killing two birds with one stone: birthday, and Halloween! (He crosses back to sofa and sits)

(Lights Down)

Scene 4

(A few days later, still at Harry’s apartment)

Tom. (Entering without knocking) Hey, Harry. I picked up your mail. (He crosses to small table DSR, and drops the envelopes. A slight pause) There’s a package here from England. I think your ghost has arrived. (He examines and shakes the box [Prop])

Harry. (Enters from UC door to UC) Great!

Tom. Are you going to open it?

Harry. I don’t think I better. It’s not my present.

Tom. If you don’t open it, how can you be sure it’s Erin’s present?

Harry. Good point! (He crosses to Tom to get package) I mislaid my gym shoes. If someone is trying to return them, Erin might wonder why I was giving her a pair of smelly gym shoes.

Tom. Yeah, I know I would.
Harry. Give me the package. (He takes and examines the size of the package which measures 16 x 6 x 9) If it is the ghost, he’s rather puny.

Tom. How big are ghosts, anyway?

Harry. (He crosses to sit on computer chair) I never thought to ask.

Tom. Maybe you should just open the outer wrappings?

Harry. (He sits and opens the mailing paper, and inside he finds a gift wrapped box) Hey, it’s gift wrapped.

Tom. Is there a card or anything?

Harry. (Pulling back the outer wrappings) Yeah. (Opening and reading the card) “Thank you for your purchase of one antique ghost. With proper care this ghost should provide centuries of diverse amusements.” Caution. This package contains one genuine ghost. Package should be opened only after package has reached its ultimate destination. Ghosts have a tendency to be excessively territorial. Normally, will haunt venue where box is opened. Caution! Once ghost accepts his new residence, removal can be difficult, expensive and even dangerous. “John Wellington Wells III, Dealer of Magic and Spells. J. W. Wells & Co. Number 70. Simmery Axe, London.”

Tom. You know, there’s something familiar about that name!

(Lights Down)

Scene 5

(A few nights later at the girl’s place. Harry knocks on the door)

Erin. (Erin enters from kitchen to answer the door. As she opens it, she backs off C to let them in)

Harry. (Entering half way to Erin, followed by Tom) Happy birthday! (He hands her her present)

Erin. For me?

Harry. Unless it’s not your birthday.

Erin. Do you want an affidavit?

Harry. I’d prefer a kiss. (She gives him a peck on the US cheek)

Tom. How sweet!
Erin. Can I open it?

Harry. Unless you want to wait until after the movie.

Erin. *(She crosses to middle of sofa and sits)* A present isn’t any good until it’s opened.

Tom. That’s what my mother always says. She opens her Christmas presents two weeks before Christmas!

Harry. What if she only gets them a week before?

Tom. She opens them upon arrival.

Erin. *(The wrappings betray the work of an inartistic man. She asks Harry)* Did you wrap this?

Harry. How’d you know?

Erin. Intuition.

Tom. Did he do it wrong?

Erin. “Wrong” is not quite the correct adverb. I would say, unconventionally, or perhaps singularly. *(She removes the outer paper, and sees that there is an inner wrapping as well)* Ah! *(To Harry)* A box within a box!

Harry. *(Harry crosses above sofa to watch what Erin is doing)* Neat, huh?

Erin. *(Shaking the inner box)* Are you sure there is something in the box?

Harry. Do you think I’d give you an empty box for your birthday?

Erin. Given your past history, anything’s possible.

Tom. We’re confident you’ll like it.

Harry. Tom helped me pick it out.

Erin. In that case, before I open it, I have a feeling I should put on a “hazmat” suit.

Sage *(Coming into the room to C from front door)* Well, do you like it?

Erin. I haven’t opened it yet.

Sage. Well, open it.

Tom. It’s exotic; not dangerous.
Sage. *(To the guys)* Very good.

Erin. *(Finally opening the box)* It’s empty!

Sage. *(To the guys. She takes a step to Harry)* Empty boxes are not exotic!

Erin. *(To Harry)* Wait ‘til it’s your birthday!

Harry. It’s not empty. I gave you a ghost.

Erin. *(Dumbfounded)* A what?

Tom. A ghost.

Erin and Sage. Why would you give [me][her] at Ghost?

Harry. *(He crosses DSR)* I wasn’t sure you would appreciate a “SUPER EXOTIC RAWLINGS AUTOGRAPHED HARRY CHITI CATCHER’S MITT.”

Tom. Or an “EXOTIC GIANT MALAYSIAN PITCHER PLANT - CARNIVOROUS!”

Erin. *[To Sage]* This is all your fault?

Sage. *(She takes a step or two DS)* Is it my fault you’re dating an imbecile?

Erin. You were going to clue him.

Sage. I did clue him. I told him you wanted something exotic, but comfortable. Somehow for Harry, that translated to “ghost.”

Erin. Your clue wasn’t good enough. *(To Sage)* What am I going to do with a ghost?

Sage. That’s a very good question.

Erin. *(To Harry)* What am I going to do with a ghost?

Sage. Your question appears to be academic. All I see is an empty box!

Erin. How much did you pay for your stupid ghost?

Harry. The price was extremely reasonable.

Sage. How much?

Tom. One cent.

Sage. And the shipping charges?
Tom. Free shipping.

Erin. You got taken.

Tom. Wait a minute. I think you’re jumping to a conclusion. Maybe the ghost is invisible?

Harry. The seller has over 200 sales, and has a 100% positive rating.

Sage. Who’s the seller.

Harry. (Crossing down to R of Sage and handing her the note that came with the box)

His name is right here.


Erin. This has got to be some kind of a joke.

Tom. Why?

Erin. Because John Wellington Wells is a fictional character. He was the “Sorcerer” in the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, The Sorcerer!. (She sings from Gilbert and Sullivan) My name is John Wellington Wells, I’m a dealer in magic and spells.....

Sage. You don’t suppose???

(Lights Down)

Scene 6

(The girls’ apartment. Night time. The stage is dark. Suddenly, the Ghost player is heard. The Ghost is a young actress in a lovely black gown. Her face is ashen to suggest that she is a ghost. She can be heard by everybody, but she can be seen only by the audience, and later in the play by Winifred. The ghost is a playful, impish tease)

Ghost. (Singing, and dances like a swaying reed a waltz like step) “My name is John Wellington Wells, I’m a dealer in magic and spells. In blessings and curses and ever filled purses. In prophecies, witches and spells. ... (She mines words, but continues with dance for a bit)
Sage. (From bedroom, offstage and not seen in the dark) Erin, darling, it’s three-thirty. Why are you listening to Gilbert and Sullivan.

Erin. (From other bed. Not seen in the dark) I’m not. I thought it was you.

Sage. If you didn’t turn the stupid thing on, who did?

Erin. Probably Harry. He was fooling around with it before he left.

Sage. Why don’t you get up and turn it off?

Erin. Why don’t you?

Sage. Because Harry is your significant other.

Erin. Okay, I’ll get it. (She enters from bedroom and crosses to CD player USC. As she messes with the CD player, the music ends)

Sage. Only Harry could find a way to make a CD player play at three-thirty.

Erin. (Starts for bedroom) Go back to sleep. (Ghost playful taps her on back. Erin reacts, but sees no ghost) We’ll discuss it in the morning. (The stage becomes silent. Erin exits)

Ghost. (Suddenly singing, again loudly, while moving like a cat in search of prey) “With catlike tread, upon our prey we steal. In silence dread, our cautious way we feel ....” (etc.)

Erin. Oh, for crying out loud! (To Sage) Your turn.

Sage. (Exiting the bedroom to turn off the CD player) Don’t you even know how to turn off a CD player?

Erin. Of course, I know how.

Sage. Yeah, right. (Going to turn it off. She does. Then starts to returns) I unplugged it.!

Erin. I hope you took out the batteries.

Sage. I tried. There weren’t any.

Erin. You don’t suppose the place is haunted?

Sage. Don’t be ridiculous. (Ghost sticks out foot, and Sage trips. Sage looks for who and then what caused her to trip. Sees neither) Go back to sleep.

Ghost. ((A minute or so of silence, and then ghost is heard playing Lady Macbeth) “Yet here’s a spot. Out, [damned] [vile] spot! out, I say!-- One;
two; why, then 'tis time to do't;--Hell is murky!--Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?--Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

**Sage.** *(Waking up, scared)* Who's that?

**Erin.** Unless I am much mistaken, Lady Macbeth?

**Sage.** What's she doing in our living room?

**Erin.** It sounds like she's practicing “Out, damned spot! Out.....”

**Sage.** Why's she doing it in our living room? At four in the morning?

**Erin.** Maybe Carneighi Hall was booked??

**Sage.** Go tell her to shut up!

**Erin.** *(Re-enters, crosses past ghost. Facing the wrong way)* Would you please shut up!

**Ghost.** How dare you interrupt. *(Erin turns. Ghost slips to her other side)* Shut up yourself!

**Erin.** *(Turning to direction where voice last came from)* This is our apartment.

**Ghost.** *(Again having slipped to Erin's other side)* Oh, Hi! I'm your new room mate.

*(Lights even more down, if possible)*

### Scene 7

*(Erin is in her living room UC at table where the phone and CD player sit. There is only one lamp on. She speed dials her cell phone.)*

**Ghost.** *(This will be underscoring. It starts out loud, but when Erin or Harry speak, it will continue but it will soften a bit and become underscoring. It will not be as loud as Erin or Harry. The ghost continues to do Lady Macbeth, declaiming ...)* The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? -- What, will these hands ne'er be clean? No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting."

**Harry.** *(After his phone rings, he answers it in the dark. He is sleeping on*
his sofa. He is half asleep. Dim lighting) Yeah.

**Erin.** Harry, we've got a problem.

**Harry.** (Half asleep. He makes no answer as he dozes off)

**Erin.** (Realizing that she has lost him) Harry! Wake up. It's Erin.

**Harry.** (Waking up enough to look at the clock) Why are you calling me at four in the morning?

**Erin.** I'm doing it as a courtesy before I send somebody over to break your knee caps.

**Harry.** (Still out of it) Why do you want to break my knee caps?

**Erin.** Listen! (She holds the phone up)

**Ghost.** (The voice continues declaiming) “Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!”

**Harry.** It's four in the morning. Why is Sage doing Lady Macbeth?

**Erin.** That isn't Sage, you moron. It’s your birthday present!

**Harry.** It isn’t my birthday??

**Erin.** (Coming unglued) The birthday present YOU GAVE ME!

**Harry.** (Delighted he got value for money) You mean there really was a ghost in the box?

**Erin.** Aargh! (Ready to pull her hair out) Listen, you idiot!

**Ghost.** (Still declaiming) “Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.”

**Erin.** Did you hear that?

**Harry.** Yeah! It wasn’t bad!

**Erin.** I don’t need a critic! I need an exorcist!

**Harry.** Does this mean you don’t like your gift?

**Erin.** Yes, you could say that! It also means if you don’t get this ghost out of here in ten minutes, we’re through!
Ghost. (As the lights fade. When the Ghost says there is knocking at the gate, Harry should do his knocking as the scenes merge together) “To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.”

(Erin’s Light down)

To read the rest, please purchase the script