

BETHANY. Chance? Chance?

(Coast is clear, so she signals for CRYSTAL to enter. CRYSTAL looks like she could never fully embrace the fact that Woodstock is over. Tie-dye, crystals, beads in her hair. She takes one step into the room and can't believe her eyes.)

CRYSTAL. Oh my god. How... how incredibly... tacky! I used to be an interior designer. I had nightmares like this.

BETHANY. My husband. Ex-husband decorated it.

CRYSTAL Uh-huh. What, did he lose a bet?

BETHANY. No, Chance never lost. He was allergic to losing.

CRYSTAL. So he did this on purpose? As a child, was he frightened by Abe Lincoln? He ever want to be a rail splitter or anything?

BETHANY. No. He was just... just... ...

CRYSTAL. A macho shit-head?

BETHANY. No.

CRYSTAL. Insecure about his own masculinity?

BETHANY. No! He's probably the most secure man I've ever known. He used to climb mountains. Jump out of airplanes, race cars.

CRYSTAL. A real Grizzly Adams ---

BETHANY. Chance. His name was Chance-

CRYSTAL. Gregory Tobias. Born March eleventh in Duluth. He used to call you Annie.

BETHANY. (Taken aback.) How did you know that?

CRYSTAL, I'm very good at what I do. (Bethany is backtracking across the floor. Frightened and unsure. Crystal crosses to her.) Ms. Walker, don't be afraid. I'm not a witch. This isn't black magic. Think of me as a... mediator. You did the right thing by calling me. Please trust me. I can help. (Crystal walks across the floor, stepping on a rug downstage. Energy is suddenly sucked from her legs. She totters, dangerously close to collapse, then retreats from that spot.) Hey-hey. That's it. That's where he died, isn't it?

BETHANY. No. He died over there.

(She points to the spot where CHANCE first awoke.)

CRYSTAL. Strange. I get a strong feeling from this. (She moves to the spot indicated and swoons even more) No you're right. It's here. I can feel him. He's somewhere in this house.

BETHANY. You mean he's real?

CRYSTAL. Absolutely.

BETHANY. I was hoping he was just a figment of my imagination.

CRYSTAL. You'd rather be losing your mind than deal with your husband's ghost?

BETHANY. Well... I um... I didn't... What were my choices again? Do you know why he's here?

CRYSTAL. He's caught between worlds. That happens sometimes. People die suddenly and don't know they're dead.

BETHANY. He knows. I told him.

CRYSTAL. Some people are afraid of death. Afraid of the unknown. Understandable, isn't it? Others never see "the light" of heaven. Or Nirvana. Valhalla. Whatever you want to call it. Some get lost along the way.

BETHANY. Well you know men. They'll never stop and ask directions. Drive around for hours before they'll pull into a gas station.

CRYSTAL. I doubt there's a lot of Texaco's in limbo. Maybe he can't choose between worlds.

BETHANY. No. He was always decisive. Always knew exactly what he wanted and found a way to get it.

CRYSTAL. You said he didn't like to lose.

BETHANY. But why now? Why come back, after all this time?

CRYSTAL. Probably because you came back. Do you still love him?

BETHANY. No. No I do not.

CRYSTAL. Maybe he still loves you.

BETHANY. Can you get rid of him?

CRYSTAL. Are you sure you want me to? Love like that is not to be taken lightly-

BETHANY. Yes. I'm sure.