

GHOST OF A CHANCE

CHANCE & BETHANY

CHANCE. We need to talk.

BETHANY. (Slamming them shut!) I'LL GO BACK TO SCHOOL. I WILL BE HAPPY.

CHANCE. Oh stop it. (She does.) Look at me. (She does.) How many fingers am I holding up?

BETHANY. Three.

CHANCE. Good. That's good. That's great. That's apple pie ala mode. That's Christmas in Connecticut. Fantastic. You can hear me, right? So I can't be dead. You can see me, you can hear me. Look at this, I can walk on the floor. (He jumps up and down.) I can sit on the furniture. (Yup, he sure can.) I can move objects.

*(He rushes to the mantel, grabs the coffee mug and turns to walk away. The mug doesn't budge. It practically rips his arm out of his socket. He tries harder. No go. Again. Nothing. Digging his heels in he leans back and with all his might now, he tries to lift the damn thing. Nada. Finally his grip slips and he crunches into the floor. He stares hard at the mug. BETHANY then walks over and gently lifts it. Proof. Beat while the weight of that sinks in.)*

CHANCE: How can I be dead? I feel great. Great! I don't feel any pain. (He beats himself...) I don't feel anything. (Closing in on her, sniffing. She backs away...) Nothing. Do you still wear that sexy perfume. I can't smell. Anything. I can't feel.

BETHANY. This is all in my mind. I'll start packing.

CHANCE, God, I'm really dead. Was I buried?

BETHANY. Maybe in the kitchen.

CHANCE. Did you bury me next to my folks Annie?

BETHANY. The pots and pans first.

CHANCE. Was there a funeral? Did people come?

BETHANY. Where are those boxes?

CHANCE. Was there a viewing? What was I wearing? The navy blue pinstripe, probably. The white-on-white Armani shirt. Brocade vest. Gray striped tie... (She tries to break for the kitchen. He blocks her path.) You did put me in the gray striped tie. (She tries again.) You didn't put me in that blue paisley thing did you? (Her expression is enough to know she did.) Oh, man! Annie. I hate that tie. I don't mean hate, I know you gave it to me. It's nice, it's just not right for a funeral. How many times have I told you you can't wear paisley for a formal event. If ever I should have looked my best...

BETHANY. This is nuts. This can't be happening.

CHANCE. How do you think I feel? I'm gonna be stuck for eternity in blue paisley. I hope the pearly gates don't have a dress code. Pearly gates... If I was buried in a suit, how come I'm wearing this? I only wear this when I go hunting. That's right, I remember now. (BETHANY grabs a box and starts arbitrarily slamming whatever she can into it. Making as much distracting noise as possible. Every time CHANCE gets close to a memory for her, she bangs louder.) I came up here to go "hunting." (Bang.) I went down to the glade and saw this huge buck. Seven foot antler spread. (Bang!) But he must've saw me. (BANG-BANG!) I think he got me. I lost to a deer? (She drops the box.) I've been hunting since I was six and I was killed by Thumper.

BETHANY. He was a bunny.

CHANCE. Alright Flower.

BETHANY. Skunk.

CHANCE. Well, which was the deer?

BETHANY. Bambi.

CHANCE. I was gored to death by Bambi. Go figure. Is that what happened? (She won't answer.) Annie?

BETHANY. A deer antler ripped you open from stomach to neck. You managed to make it back here, dial nine one one. But you bled to death before the ambulance got here. God I need a cigarette.

CHANCE. Try the desk drawer.

(She starts to, then catches herself.)

BETHANY. Damn it. I don't smoke anymore. I quit.

(She unwraps a stick of gum. Chews hard.)

CHANCE. Why?

BETHANY. Not part of my life anymore.

CHANCE. A few cigarettes aren't gonna kill you. How many times have I told you?

BETHANY. Well you're not here to make the decisions Chance. I have to do that all by my little self.