

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE.

ADELAIDE (28, female) and DEAN's (30, male) home is typical 2010's starter home with three rooms. This takes place over two weeks in the early 2010s.

Center stage has a living room with a COUCH, up center is a LARGE PICTURE on the wall, down center and left near the bedroom door is a small table with a RADIO, and some other homey objects decorate the room. There is also a door up center which leads to the outside. To stage right there is also a closet door. Down center in front of the couch is a coffee table.

Stage right of the living room is a small kitchen with many DRAWERS and cabinets and a small TABLE with two CHAIRS.

Stage left of the living room is a bedroom with a door. There is one BED, a DRESSER, and a closet door.

Lights up on Adelaide and Dean carrying a heavy set of drawers into the living room.

SOUND: Shuffling feet

ADELAIDE

Careful with the drawers, Dean! Try not to hit the couch!

Dean

(huffing and puffing)

Mhm. Not hitting.

ADELAIDE

Pivot!

Mhm. Pivoting.
DEAN

Okay, set it right here!
ADELAIDE

Mhm. Okay.
DEAN

No, no, wait! Just move it back a little more-
ADELAIDE

Mhm. Moving.
DEAN

Okay. There. Set it down! Nice and easy!
ADELAIDE

The drawers are placed under the picture on the wall.

SOUND: Drawers setting down

Dean collapses onto the couch. Adelaide sits next to him.

SOUND: Sitting on couch

Need a break?
ADELAIDE

DEAN
The couch was lonely. I'm keeping it company. Besides, I'm pretty sure I was carrying that thing entirely by myself, Addy.

ADELAIDE
(Play fully)
Sure. Okay. Whatever you say.

(Beat)
Can you believe it, Dean? We've done it. We're moved in. Finally. We have our very own little home.

DEAN

Feels just like yesterday I was a mere pauper, and today I'm the prince of my own domain.

ADELAIDE

Is that why you struggled with the dresser? Too delicate of a prince?

DEAN

You're going to hurt my feelings. You know how hard it is for me to recover after that.

As Adelaide and Dean speak, the door to the bedroom slowly begins to open.

SOUND: A door quietly creaking open

ADELAIDE

How can I forget?

DEAN

You gotta treat me nice. I'm a sensitive soul.

ADELAIDE

Wouldn't want you feeling unloved.

DEAN

Right.

ADELAIDE

Because I do love you. Quite a bit actually.

The door to the bedroom has opened all the way. Dean pauses and looks at it. The silence is long.

ADELAIDE

(Mimicking Dean's voice)

Love you too, Addy.

DEAN

(distracted)

Uh huh, right, hey- Addy?

ADELAIDE

Yes?

DEAN

Did you open that door? I could have sworn it was closed.

Adelaide looks at the door that has opened. She shrugs.
Meanwhile, the closet door is opening behind them.

SOUND: A different creaking door noise

Neither notice.

ADELAIDE

I don't know. Maybe? We've been in and out of the house nonstop, I'm sure one of us opened it and just forgot.

DEAN

I just- something feels weird.

ADELAIDE

Weird how? Like maybe we're haunted? Oh wow! Wouldn't that be fun?

DEAN

No!

ADELAIDE

Oh, I'm only joking. Now come on, help me make the bed.

DEAN

So you want to go *in* the room with the ghost?

ADELAIDE

First, you don't believe in ghosts - you've told me fervently, multiple times. And second, I want to *make the bed* so we can *unmake* it later. Unless you're too scared of the door ghost. Then I guess I'll just be alone....

Adelaide stands up and goes into to the room, slow, sensually, tempting him. It works.

DEAN

No, no I'm not scared. I'll help.

As Dean walks towards the room, the closet door in the living room starts to close - catching his attention.

SOUND: The door closing slowly and Dean's footsteps

It stops as Dean looks at it.

DEAN

I could have sworn the door was moving on its own... My imagination is going wild ... I hope it's my imagination... what else could it be?

He begins to walk towards the bedroom again and the closet door swings open.

SOUND: The door moving and Dean's footsteps alternating

He turns again and the door freezes.

DEAN

Dammit, door - or ghost door, or whatever. You're just messing with me! Well, joke's on you because I don't believe in ghosts.

ADELAIDE

Dean! Are you coming or not?

DEAN

Yeah, Addy. On my way -

The door behind him slams shut.

SOUND: Slamming door

He jumps and rushes into the bedroom.

ADELAIDE

Dean! Don't slam the poor door. What'd it ever do to you?

DEAN

That wasn't me!

ADELAIDE

Well, who was it then?

DEAN

I... I don't know. But this closet door - come, look at it! - just shut all on its own!

ADELAIDE

Dean.

DEAN

I swear! It just shut!

ADELAIDE

(sighing)

Well, if this is how our evening is going to go I'm going to need some brandy with a splash of tea.

Adelaide crosses over to the kitchen and turns on the electric kettle.

SOUND: The click of an electric kettle

ADELAIDE

I'm putting the kettle on. Would you like some tea too? Or I could make you hot chocolate instead. I picked up the kind you like.

DEAN

Yeah, sure. Sounds great, thanks. My nerves are completely shot.

(pause)

Hey, are you baking something? It smells good in here.

ADELAIDE

We just moved in, I haven't had *time* to bake anything. Speaking of just moving in, how do we have so many mugs?

Adelaide gathers two mugs and heads to the kettle. She pauses.

ADELAIDE

Dean... did you turn off the kettle?

DEAN

I'm nowhere near it, Addy.

Adelaide places the mugs on the counter before turning the kettle on once more.

SOUND: Mugs hitting counter, kettle being turned on

ADELAIDE

Well.... keep an eye on it while I get the milk then. Oh, and Pam and Oliva said they want to stop by soon to say hi and see the new place.

She opens the refrigerator door. Then one mug topples from the counter onto the floor, shattering.

SOUND: Fridge door opening, mug breaking

ADELAIDE

What the heck?

DEAN

Are you okay, Addy?

ADELAIDE

I'm fine. Can't say the same for my cup. I must have put it too close to the edge of the counter.

DEAN

(Suspicious of the mystery ghost)

Yeah... okay.

ADELAIDE

Can you hand me the broom?

DEAN

Here.

Adelaide begins to sweep up the mug.

ADELAIDE

Thanks. Aww, I liked that mug too.

(Pause)

Dean? Are you still here? You're zoning out.

DEAN

Still here but... I- hm. Addy, just checking again... we don't believe in ghosts - right?

ADELAIDE

We usually only do when it's for fun.

Adelaide dumps the pieces of broken mug into the trash bin.

SOUND: Broken mug in a plastic trash bin

ADELAIDE

Why?

SOUND: Plastic trash bin falling over

The trash bin falls over on its own, spilling out the contents.

DEAN

No reason.

ADELAIDE

That was weird. It just... fell over.

DEAN

Must be science... somehow. Ghosts don't exist. That's all just crazy talk.

ADELAIDE

Yeah, of course. Like Santa.

DEAN

What are you saying about Santa?

ADELAIDE

(Laughing)

Oh, shut up.

They laugh again.

DEAN

No, but really, what's this about SantaaaahhH!

The chair next to them moves.

SOUND: Chair scraping against ground

ADELAIDE

(excited)

Did you see that? The chair moved! Dean - what are you- are you running away? Are you... scared?

DEAN

I'm *not* running away, I'm *not* scared. I just forgot to turn off the stove.

ADELAIDE

We're in the kitchen. The stove is literally right there. And it *is* off.

DEAN

Did I say stove? I meant bath. I left the bath running.

ADELAIDE

Uh-huh.

DEAN

I'm gonna go... uh, turn it off.

SOUND: Dean's footsteps as he crosses towards bedroom

The closet door swings open quickly again.

Oh! Watch out!

ADELAIDE

The door HITS Dean.

SOUND: A SMACK

Oww....

DEAN

Are you okay?

ADELAIDE

You mean aside from dealing with the fact that I was nearly murdered by a possessed door?

DEAN

Yeah.

ADELAIDE

I'm just peachy.

DEAN

BLACKOUT.

SCENE TWO.

A couple of days later. Dean and Adelaide are on the couch. Adelaide has a computer on her lap they're both looking at.

SOUND: Typing

Look, Dean - Dean? Come on, look at my computer and quit staring at the closet door!

ADELAIDE

But what if it opens again?!

DEAN

ADELAIDE

It probably will, given that that door's been opening and closing so often these past few days it's more like waving hi. Which is why I've been doing some research. We really should figure this out before we have company over.

DEAN

You know I love when you get all investigative, Nancy Drew. Or do you prefer Daphne?

ADELAIDE

(playfully)

And are you Fred Jones?

DEAN

Those guys have last names? Does Shaggy have a last name?

ADELAIDE

Yeah it's-

A door slams shut, making them both jump.

SOUND: A slamming door

ADELAIDE

AH!

DEAN

OH!

ADELAIDE

(to the spirit)

That gave me a heart attack... Dean, you still breathing?

DEAN

Relatively.... So what did you find?

ADELAIDE

Right. So aside from ordering a spirit box so we can talk to our ghost-

DEAN

A spirit-what now?

ADELAIDE

The most promising lead I've found dates back to 1910. It seems there was a family-owned bakery right in this spot. One day it caught fire. A baker, his wife, and their 20-year-old son died.

DEAN

Isn't that something our realtor should have disclosed?

(beat)

And isn't this a new house? Like 2000's new?

ADELAIDE

Well, they demolished what was left of the bakery shortly after the fire and I guess built this ninety years later.

DEAN

So is a baker's family haunting our place? I guess that explains the constant bread smell....

ADELAIDE

They might be. George Wolf? Are you here?

DEAN

Wait- wait- what are you doing?

ADELAIDE

Trying to see if our friend is George Wolf. The baker. George are you here?

DEAN

You can't just shout the names of ghosts in hopes they reply!

ADELAIDE

Why not?

DEAN

-Because they might reply!

ADELAIDE

But aren't you curious?

DEAN

Not really!

ADELAIDE

Just humor me a minute. Elizabeth Wolf? Are you here?

DEAN

Adelaide!

ADELAIDE

Hm. Nothing yet.... Henry Wolf? How about you?

The lights flicker on and off.

SOUND: Light switch

ADELAIDE

The lights! Did you do that?

DEAN

Yeah, I turned the lights on and off from all the way across the room. Some call me Mr. Fantastic.

ADELAIDE

(ignoring him)

So it's Henry? Henry, you're here with us?

The lights flicker again.

SOUND: A light switch

DEAN

The lights! Again!

ADELAIDE

I guess that's a 'yes' if I've ever seen one! Henry, it's a pleasure to meet you!

DEAN

So, when are you going to pay rent on the closet?

The closet door opens and slams shut, causing him to jump.

SOUND: Closet door slamming

DEAN

DAMMIT, HENRY.

ADELAIDE

Oh my gosh.... Dean...

(laughing)

Dean! We're haunted! Isn't that *cool*?!

DEAN

That's one word for it. What's a guy from 1910 still doing here? That's a long time to haunt a plot of land.

ADELAIDE

He must be awful lonely.

DEAN

Isn't there a support group for that?

The photo on the wall behind them falls.

SOUND: Picture crashing down

DEAN

Henry, is knocking down a picture *really* necessary?

ADELAIDE

I can't wait to talk to him for real!

DEAN

Talk to him? For real?

ADELAIDE

Remember? Once we get our spirit box!

DEAN

Why do I ask when I don't want to know?

BLACKOUT.

ACT TWO

SCENE THREE.

Adelaide is in their room, on the bed, messing with a SPIRIT BOX. Dean ENTERS through the front door.

SOUND: Door opening and closing

Honey! I'm home-

DEAN

Adelaide comes rushing out of their room with the spirit box in her hand.

SOUND: Excited footsteps

IT CAME!

ADELAIDE

I missed you too.

DEAN

Look! It's a spirit box! It scans frequencies so we can talk to Henry. Come on! Let's talk to him!

ADELAIDE

Adelaide jumps onto the couch and Dean takes a seat next to her.

SOUND: Couch creaking

So... how does this work?

DEAN

I think we just turn it on....

ADELAIDE

She turns on the spirit box, and the RADIO STATIC can be heard.

SOUND: Radio static

ADELAIDE

And it allows us to connect with whoever is here.

DEAN

Well that's already better than our last phone service....

(beat)

Do you really think Henry the dead guy is here?

ADELAIDE

One way to find out.

(into the spirit box)

Hello? Is anyone here with us?

Henry then can be heard through the spirit box.

HENRY

....Hi....

ADELAIDE

Oh my-

DEAN

No way-

HENRY

....Yes...way....

DEAN

Isn't he from 1910?

HENRY

...I'm hip....

Dean gulps at being called out.

ADELAIDE

Is this Henry?

HENRY

...Yes....

ADELAIDE

Dean! Do you hear this?!

DEAN

(scared)

Seeing as how I'm right here, yes.

HENRY

...Ass....

DEAN

So rude!

ADELAIDE

Are you the same guy from the bakery? Did you die here in a fire?

DEAN

You can't just ask a guy if he died in a fire, Addy.

ADELAIDE

(excited)

Shhhh!

HENRY

... Fire ... Wolf... gone....

ADELAIDE

You ARE Henry!

HENRY

...[Muffled]....

DEAN

That sounded like sass to me.

ADELAIDE

Is there anything we can do to help you?

HENRY

...lonely....

DEAN

So you're just going to stay in our house?

HENRY

...probably....

ADELAIDE

Is there anything we can do to make your stay better?

DEAN

This isn't an AirBnB!

HENRY

...Friends....

Adelaide and Dean are silent for a beat.

DEAN

Well now I really do feel like an ass.

ADELAIDE

Henry just wants friends. I think I can do that. Do you think you can, Dean? It'll just be like having a roommate. But one that won't hog the bathroom or leave dirty dishes in the sink.

DEAN

...I guess.

ADELAIDE

Thank you, Dean. I love you.

DEAN

Love you too, Addy.

They kiss.

HENRY

...Still...here....

BLACKOUT.

SCENE FOUR.

Dean is in the bedroom, folding laundry.

DEAN

Okay, laundry is folded. Four stacks of clean clothes. We really need to do laundry more often. And now to put the shirts in the drawers....

There is a knock at the bedroom door.

SOUND: Knocking on door

DEAN

Come in!

Dean brings the shirts to the drawers.

DEAN

Addy? I said come in!

(silence)

Did I imagine the knocking?

As he puts the clothes into one drawer the three other stacks fall off the bed.

SOUND: Clothes falling onto the ground

DEAN

Or... maybe it was our new "roommate." Henry. I appreciate the knocking but did you really need to throw all the clean laundry on the floor just to say hi? Do you know how long it took me to fold those?!

(sighs)

‘So, Dean, you couldn’t have any fun this weekend?’ No, friends, I was too busy *refolding the laundry* after the *asshole of a ghost* who lives rent-free in my closet made a mess of them! AGAIN.

Dean picks up the clothes and starts to fold them.

SOUND: Folding clothes

Behind him, one of the drawers opens on its own and underwear is flung out at Dean.

SOUND: Drawer opening, clothes being thrown

DEAN

HENRY! Can you *not* throw underwear at me? I’d appreciate it!

More clothes are thrown out of the drawers.

SOUND: More clothes being thrown

DEAN

What did I *literally* just say? Stop throwing clothes! It’s not funny!

Dean fights to put the clothes back in the drawers to keep them from flying out.

SOUND: Chaos. Dean grunting. Adelaide’s footsteps.

DEAN

DAMMIT, HENRY!

Adelaide enters. All noise stops. The top drawer remains open.

ADELAIDE

Dean?

(seeing the mess)

This room is a disaster! Pam and Olivia are going to be here any minute! What’s happened?

DEAN

Henry happened!

ADELAIDE

Huh?

DEAN

He hit me with underwear! And threw *all* of the clothes I just folded! I was supposed to be done by now, but I have a slapstick-happy-haunting to deal with!

ADELAIDE

Henry... is this true?

The top drawer shuts slowly, as though to say 'not me.'

SOUND: Drawer shutting

DEAN

He's lying!

ADELAIDE

Dean, I know it's difficult, but try to be patient with him. Henry's been through a lot.

DEAN

He threw underwear at me!

ADELAIDE

It's probably been a while since he's interacted with anyone. He just needs some support.

DEAN

I'm *not* a ghost's emotional support human! Henry! You're being a *terrible* roommate!

ADELAIDE

Dean, try to be patient. He throws stuff because he doesn't know how else to communicate with us. Can you please try to get along?

DEAN

...Fine.

ADELAIDE

Henry? We're trying to help you here. But we need you to try and be a better roommate. Can you work with us?

The closet door opens a little before closing gently.

SOUND: Closet door opening and closing peacefully.

ADELAIDE

Okay. It's settled. Now, Henry, come with me so Dean can put the laundry away. I need to finish setting up for our guests.

Adelaide exits to the kitchen and moves the kitchen chairs into the living room.

SOUND: Shuffling of chairs.

DEAN

Good riddance.

A drawer opens again and the rest of the clothes are thrown out.

SOUND: Drawer, Tossing clothes

DEAN

Really? Gonna just chuck everything all around? You're a hundred-freaking-years old! Act like it!

Underwear flies again at Dean's face.

SOUND: Underwear thrown

DEAN

Underwear to the face again? Shoulda seen that coming...

The doorbell rings.

SOUND: Doorbell

ADELAIDE

They're here! Just shut the door to the bedroom, I'll help you clean up later.

DEAN

Or Henry can Mary Poppin's this. That'd be welcome.

Clothes thrown once more.

SOUND: Clothes being tossed.

DEAN

(defeated)

Or he can throw around more clothes. That's cool too.

Adelaide crosses over to the front door in the living room. She opens it and PAM (27, female) and OLIVIA (31, female) are standing there with wine as a gift.

ADELAIDE

Pam! Olivia! So glad you could finally stop by!

PAM

We've been *so* excited to see your new home, Adelaide! Here, we brought you some wine. Olivia's been learning how to make her own.

OLIVIA

The secret is patience!

PAM

That means it's kind of just grape juice right now. But let it sit for a bit-

OLIVIA

-six months! Or nine months if you get pregnant now!

ADELAIDE

That's really sweet of you both. Please, come in, make yourselves at home. Dean was just finishing some laundry.

Adelaide takes the wine and brings it into the kitchen. Pam and Olivia enter the house. Dean enters the living room, shutting the bedroom door behind him.

SOUND: Footsteps, and door shutting

DEAN

Hey ladies, nice to see you both here. It's been a while. Take a seat on the couch. That's what it's made for, after all.

Pam and Olivia sit on the couch. Adelaide brings out a tray of tea and snacks and puts it on the coffee table in front of them. She then sits on a kitchen chair. Dean turns on the radio in the corner and takes a seat.

SOUND: Radio music

OLIVIA

Thank you, Adelaide! Your house is so cozy. You must love it already.

ADELAIDE

We really do. The neighbors are amazing and the area is really cute. Though I have recently heard about a string of burglaries. No one harmed, but some houses have had things stolen. I'm not too worried, though. Everyone's on high alert now, but the nerve of some people just gets to me.

PAM

What a world it is.

OLIVIA

Even if you feel safe, that must be a bit scary.

ADELAIDE

I'm just extra sure to lock the doors.

DEAN

Speaking of scary, Addy, did you tell them?

ADELAIDE

Tell them about?

DEAN

Your new BFF.

ADELAIDE

He's not my BFF he's-

PAM

“He”?

OLIVIA

I thought we were your BFFs?

PAM

Not the most important thing

ADELAIDE

Our house is haunted.

PAM AND OLIVIA

Haunted!?

OLIVIA

This house? Like... by a woooOOOOooooOOOO?

There is an awkward silence.

ADELAIDE

By a what?

OLIVIA

You know, a woooOOOOooooOOOO.

DEAN

If by “woooOOOOooooOOOO” you mean “ghost” then wooYESSSSSSoooo.

ADELAIDE

His name is Henry. He lives in that closet.

DEAN

And he’s a bit of a jerk.

ADELAIDE

Henry likes you.

DEAN

He’s childish.

ADELAIDE

It's how Henry shows he likes you.

DEAN

Then I'd hate to see if he didn't like me. He's already bullying me.

ADELAIDE

He's only twenty.

DEAN

Plus a hundred. 120. Old enough to know how not to be a dick.

PAM

Hold on. Let's back up a bit. There's a lot to unpack. First: you named him? And gave "him" a gender?

ADELAIDE

No, he said that's his name. I guess we didn't ask his pronouns-?

OLIVIA

(in awe)

You *talked* to it?

ADELAIDE

We Googled a bit, and then talked to Henry with a spirit box.

PAM

You know this sounds weird, right?

OLIVIA

Weird or AWESOME.

ADELAIDE

Hey, Henry? Are you here buddy?

DEAN

Seriously, Addy?!

A long pause. Nothing happens.

ADELAIDE

Huh. He was pretty active just a bit ago.

DEAN

Probably wore himself out chucking clean laundry all over like it was confetti in Times Square on New Years.

OLIVIA

Have you seen him? Like an apparition?

DEAN

Well, I'm still here. If we had seen an apparition, I'd be looong gone.

ADELAIDE

We've only seen shadows so far.

DEAN

"So far" - I hate those words.

OLIVIA

Materializing takes a lot of energy. Give it time, you'll see him!

DEAN

I'm really okay with not seeing him.

OLIVIA

Are you gonna cleanse it?

DEAN

Cleanse? Like with Neutrogena? Proactiv? Do ghosts *have* breakouts? That sucks.

OLIVIA

It's a way to get rid of spirits. I'm sure Target has a DIY kit. But like, just burn some herby stuff and the spirit packs its bags and leaves.

(beat)

Or you could move. But you just moved in. And it could follow you.

PAM

Do you actually believe that stuff?

OLIVIA

Oh yeah. My psychic says it's real. And I trust her with my future.

PAM

Didn't you find her off of Craigslist?

OLIVIA

She's been right so far.

PAM

About what?

OLIVIA

Well, yesterday she said today I'd have an "astonishing" situation with an "old-fashioned" person. A ghost is astonishing. And haunting a house? Very in-fashion. And a hundred years? Very old.

PAM

Sounds like your psychic likes Mad Libs.

DEAN

So what happens to the spirit? It just goes somewhere else?

OLIVIA

The science isn't clear.

PAM

Science...?

ADELAIDE

Dean, are you actually thinking about kicking Henry out?

DEAN

Well, we should know our options.

ADELAIDE

But that isn't an option.

DEAN

Why not?

ADELAIDE

We can't just kick him out. He has feelings, you know.

OLIVIA

Poor Henry.

DEAN

What if he's an evil ghost and he's here to, I don't know, do whatever evil ghosts do?

OLIVIA

Ooo, yeah, an evil ghost would be bad.

ADELAIDE

He's not evil. At most he's a Casper.

PAM

Dean, are you actually scared?

DEAN

Of course I am! We have a ghost roommate and I don't know if we're living in a Danny Phantom episode or Stephen King novel!

OLIVIA

I think it's more a farce.

ADELAIDE

Okay, Dean, how about this? We'll give things a week more. Try to work with Henry. If things don't get better, *then* we can talk about next steps. Sound fair?

DEAN

(sigh)

Yeah. But how do we even know we can trust he's not going to... I don't know, steal our souls or whatever demons do these days? He could be playing us! I don't think there's a verification system for ghosts. Ugh, this is the *worst*. I wish he never showed up. This is *our* house now. Not his. I hate living in a state between scared and annoyed.

The door to the bedroom opens slowly. Then the door to the closet. It shuts with a very small noise.

SOUND: Closet door closing gently

PAM

What was that?

ADELAIDE

Just the closet door, Henry probably- oh no. You think he heard?

DEAN

I don't see how he couldn't. We've got three rooms.

Adelaide stands up and walks to the closet door,
knocking gently.

ADELAIDE

Henry? Are you okay? Listen, we're just trying to learn how to live together. Oh, I feel awful. Dean, say something!

DEAN

... um. Did you take care of the laundry?

ADELAIDE

I meant something supportive!

DEAN

... You're really good at haunting things..?

OLIVIA

My psychic predicted this too!

PAM

Did she now?

OLIVIA

Yeah! She said I'd have a "cumbrous" interaction with an "insecure" soul from "20,000,000 feet" beyond.

PAM

Seriously, I think your psychic is just doing Mad Libs.

BLACKOUT.

ACT THREE

SCENE FIVE.

The house is empty except for Dean who is folding laundry again. It's later in the evening. Dean is in his room with the door open.

DEAN

You've been pretty quiet, Henry. Are you still here? You haven't messed with the laundry, or knocked... I left the bedroom door open if you want to come in. Addy went to the store, she'll be back soon.

Dean sighs.

DEAN

I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I've just never been haunted before so I don't know-

Henry touches Dean's hand (unseen due to ghostlyness).
Dean suddenly stumbles back in shock, hitting the dresser.

SOUND: Dean hitting the dresser

DEAN

AHHH! Did you just touch my hand?!

Underwear flies from a drawer into his face.

SOUND: Underwear

DEAN

Again with the underwear?!

HENRY

....shhhhhh.....

DEAN

Did you just 'shush' me?

The door to the bedroom closes.

SOUND: Bedroom door shutting

DEAN

Why'd you close the door- wait, I hear someone at the front door... and that is *not* Adelaide.

TOM (34, male), SAL (35, male), and BERT (40, male) can be heard from the other side of the closed front door.

SAL

Come on, Tom. Pick the lock like you mean it!

TOM

If you can do it better, than you do it. No? Okay. Now shuddup and let me work.

BERT

Yer both gonna get us caught, you idiots!

TOM

No one's home. I checked.

SAL

You checked Facebook -

SOUND: Tom hitting Sal

SAL

Oof! What'd you do that for?

TOM

Reflex.

SAL

Hittin' me in the stomach is a reflex? To what?

TOM

Your annoying nature.

BERT

You both are annoy in'.

They open the door and walk in.

SOUND: Opening front door

BERT

Split up. Tom, get the kitchen. Sal, that closed room, I'll get the living room.

TOM

Right on it!

SAL

Roger!

DEAN

Oh crap.

Dean quickly backs away from the door.

DEAN

I've gotta hide. To the closet!

He moves to the closet, opening it up.

SOUND: Closet door opening

But all the clothes have been piled into the closet, leaving no room for Dean. Poor Dean.

DEAN

Or I could have hid here. If a certain *spirit* hadn't taken all the clothes off the hanger and thrown them on the ground, *Henry*. How am I supposed to fit in here now?!

SAL

We got someone! Boss! Tom!

BERT

Oh that's just great. Tie 'em to a chair or something. Tom, help Sal. Sal's like a toothpick. Sharp, but easy to break and only useful in like three situations.

SAL

Wow. You know, maybe I should start listening to my psychic. She's been telling me to get away from you for years.

TOM

The Craigslist one?

BERT

(from a the other room)

Make sure they're not calling someone.

SAL

SHIT. Gimme that phone!

Dean has his phone out but Sal rushes forward and grabs it from him.

DEAN

No! My phone!

SOUND: A scuffle, breaking phone

Sal steps on it, breaking it.

SAL

Tom, grab him!

TOM

On it.

DEAN

Aw, crap, forgot about you.

TOM

They always do.

DEAN

... You wanna talk about it?

TOM

Really?

SAL

TOM!

TOM

Right. Sorry, pal. You seem nice.

He roughly grabs Dean, bringing him out to the kitchen where Sal is with a dining room chair.

BERT

Gag 'em too. Don't want to bother the neighbors with our... shenanigans.

SAL

Tom, I got a chair ready for ya.

TOM

Got it.

Dean struggles but is overpowered by Tom, who brings him into the room and shoves him onto the chair.

SOUND: Dean struggling

SAL

Tom, show me how to do that knot you do.

TOM

Now you're being nice to me?

SAL

I just admire your knot-tying skills.

Tom ties Dean to the chair.

SOUND: Dean struggling and the chair scraping the floor

SAL

(to Dean)

You should see this knot Tom did behind you. It is gorgeous.

BERT

Will you guys just get back to work? And to our friend, just sit tight. We'll be out of your hair soon.

Dean struggles against the rope, but it won't give.

SOUND: Dean struggling

DEAN

Mmmfff!!

Suddenly, a the living room closet door opens and shuts quickly and loudly.

SOUND: Closet door slamming

TOM

Jesus! Sal! Could you be any louder?

SAL

That wasn't me, you jerk!

TOM

Do you guys smell baking bread?

BERT

... hmm, is someone else in here? I'll look. Sal, grab whatever's in the drawers under the picture. I haven't gotten there yet.

Bert goes to the door, but nothing. He checks the closets and the other doors.

SOUND: Bert's footsteps, doors opening and closing

BERT

I don't see anyone....

Sal is going through the drawers.

SOUND: Drawers opening and closing as Sal goes through them

SAL

Hey, Boss, how much do you think this is worth?

He's holding up an item. Doesn't matter what it is.

BERT

Doesn't matter. Just put it in the bag.

SAL

Okay Boss-

The picture from above falls right onto Sal's head. He's dazed.

SOUND: The picture falls down onto Sal's head

SAL

Whoa... why is the world spinning?

He collapses.

SOUND: Body falling

TOM

Sal?! Sal are you okay? He was hit by that picture falling!

Bert comes back into the living room.

BERT

Sal! Get off the floor!

TOM

Looks like he's down for the count, Boss.

The lights flicker and turn off.

SOUND: A light switch

BERT

Tom, quit playing with the lights! Turn them back on

TOM

(getting scared)

I-I'm not- playing with them.

The lights turn back on.

SOUND: A light switch

BERT

Was that so hard?

TOM

That wasn't me!

BERT

What was it then? A ghost?

TOM

(scared)

A ghost? Do you really think-

The radio in the corner of the room turns on.

SOUND: Radio static

TOM

Boss - did you turn on the radio?

SOUND: Doors slamming.

The drawers in the kitchen open, as do the cupboards.

TOM

Boss - did you open the cupboards and drawers in the kitchen?

There is a loud, breathy hiss.

HENRY

Hisssss-

TOM

B-B-Boss, d-did you-

BERT

NO, Tom, NONE of that has been me... Forget this. Let's get out of here-

He goes to the front door, but it shuts in his face.

SOUND: Front door slamming

BERT

The front door - it's shut, it won't open. Dammit, Tom, don't just stand there - do something!

TOM

Do something?! Like what?! Call Bill Murray?!

BERT

Bill Murray? What?

TOM

Because he was in-

SAL

(from the ground, weak)

Ghostbusters.

TOM

Yeah.

SAL

Yeah, I saw where you were going with that.

TOM

Did you not get the reference, Boss? Did you not see the movie? Have you *ever* been a child?

BERT

Ghosts don't exist!

The trash bin falls over.

SOUND: Trash bin falling over

TOM

And the trash fell over because it was tired?

BERT

That doesn't prove anything.

(to Sal)

Sal, now you're just being useless on purpose. Get up or Tom gets your cut.

SAL

Fine. Only because I can run faster standing.

Sal gets up.

SAL

I knew I should have listened to my psychic. She told me this morning that I'd have a "secretive" encounter with a "zippy" spirit which would leave me with a "boo-boo" on my "noodle."

TOM

That doesn't sound weird to you?

SAL

TELL ME SHE WAS WRONG.

BERT

You idiots get back to work.

A shadow moves across the room. Tom freezes.

TOM

What was that?

BERT

What was what?

TOM

T-T-That giant shadow- g-going to the radio-

The radio then turns the static volume to full-blast.

Then a knife is flung from one of the drawers across the room, sticking into the wall next to the bedroom - right next to Bert. It flew by Tom, Sal, and Bert.

SOUND: Knife flying and sticking into wall.

SAL

That- That was a knife! IT THREW A KNIFE AT US!

TOM

WHAT DID YOUR CRAIGSLIST PSYCHIC SAY TO DO ABOUT THIS?!

The radio starts scanning frequencies like a spirit box.

HENRY

Get... out....

SAL

Did you hear that?!

Bert approaches Dean.

SOUND: Bert's footsteps

DEAN

MMMFF!

BERT

You! I don't know how you're doing this! But we don't scare that easily-

TOM

Oh, yeah we do.

SAL

My psychic says I *should* be scared of things like this!

BERT

You better knock off this radio shit before I run that knife through you.

DEAN

Mmmff!

HENRY

...kill....

SAL

Kill?! I can't- I can't die- I have a new baby turtle at home!

He rushes to get out but the front door opens and smacks him right in the face, knocking him out cold. Again.

SOUND: Running footsteps, front door hitting face HARD

TOM

It knocked Sal out again! This time with a door! Come on, Sal, you aren't dying here tonight! Your psychic didn't say so!

Tom picks up Sal.

SOUND: Rustling clothes

TOM

Sal, why are you so heavy despite being so small?! No more Twinkies for you-

BERT

If you leave then you better find another employer, because I've had it with you two!

TOM

Sounds good, bye!

HENRY

....go away.....

TOM

Yessir, mister ghost sir! We're goin'!

BERT

Leave the bag of loot. That belongs to *me*.

Tom and Sal exit.

SOUND: Front door opening and closing

BERT

Well, *I* don't scare that easily. You smell like bread. You think that scares me? I ain't afraid of no gluten!

In the kitchen, behind the counters and behind Dean, a ghostly figure rises.

SOUND: Somethin' spooky

HENRY

...out....

BERT

Ah-ha! It *was* just a hidden person!

DEAN

(confused)

Mmff?

BERT

Don't look so confused, the jig is up. The guy behind you. The big, ominous- oh he's real big. Hey pal, you want me to believe you're a ghost? Yeah- yeah right! I've seen enough Scooby-Doo to know you're just a guy in a mask!

HENRY

....OUT....

BERT

You can't scare me!

Henry starts to take steps forward. Loud footsteps echo.

SOUND: LOUD ghostly footsteps

BERT

Okay! Fine! I'm out! But I'm not scared! I'm leaving because *I* want to and not because-

Henry walks closer.

SOUND: Louder, more aggressive footsteps

BERT

CALM DOWN. I'm going! Just let me get my bag, it was *expensive*-

Bert turns to leave, and a drawer opens and smacks Bert.
At balls-level.

SOUND: Drawer opening, bonk

BERT

OW! Okay, nevermind... did'ya need to hit me in the nuts?

(gasp ing)

Because... that was... uncalled for.

Bert limps out of the house, the door shutting violently
behind him.

SOUND: Bert limping, Henry slamming front door

Henry vanishes again below the kitchen counters and the
radio goes off.

SOUND: Spooky noise, radio turned off

There's silence. Dean is still tied in the kitchen.

DEAN

Mmmf.

The front door opens. Adelaide enters with groceries.

ADELAIDE

Dean, I just saw the weirdest thing- one guy was carrying an unconscious guy and when I
stopped to help they just - they looked like they had seen a ghost- DEAN?

She notices him still tied up and rushes over to get him
free.

SOUND: Rustling of rope

ADELAIDE

Oh, baby- Who tied you up?! I'm untying you right now- Wow, that is a *really* pretty knot.

Dean gets freed.

DEAN

I have never been so happy to see anyone, Addy.

ADELAIDE

What happened?!

DEAN

Those robbers who have been in the neighborhood? They were those guys you saw running away.

ADELAIDE

They were here? They robbed *us*? What did they take?

She notices their bag is still on the ground.

ADELAIDE

Wait, did they leave their loot bag here? Wow... that's a nice bag too.

DEAN

Yeah. They were pretty scared.

ADELAIDE

Scared? Of what?

DEAN

Henry. Henry saved me, Addy. And our stuff. But I know you'd miss me most.

Adelaide hugs Dean.

ADELAIDE

Of course I would, Dean. I'm just glad you're safe. And thanks, Henry. For saving him.

DEAN

If you hug me any tighter I might become a ghost myself from lack of oxygen.

ADELAIDE

Oh hush.

BLACKOUT.

SCENE SIX.

Dean is sitting at the kitchen table. Adelaide has two cups out on the counter. The click from the kettle can be heard.

SOUND: Electric kettle, water being poured

ADELAIDE

Tea for me, and hot chocolate for you.

DEAN

Thanks, Addy.

ADELAIDE

So, tell me again what happened?

DEAN

I already told you like, six times while we waited for the kettle.

ADELAIDE

Yes. Please tell me again though. It's my new favorite story. Just one more time.

DEAN

Sigh... Henry saved my ass.

ADELAIDE

And so?

DEAN

I owe him my life.

ADELAIDE

And so?

DEAN
He's earned his stay.

ADELAIDE
How long?

DEAN
As long as he'd like.

ADELAIDE
That makes me so happy.

DEAN
It's been a wild night. But it definitely made me glad that Henry is a fan of slapstick.

Dean yawns.

ADELAIDE
You're exhausted. Go off to bed, I'll clean up out here.

DEAN
Thanks, Addy.

Dean gets up and starts to the room. The closet door opens behind him as he speaks.

DEAN
Y'know, Addy, when this started I really was scared of Henry. But now.. he's cool in my book. I'm not scared of him anymore.

And then slams shut, spooking Dean.

SOUND: Closet door slamming

DEAN
AHH!

(beat)
DAMMIT, HENRY!

BLACKOUT.

END