

Ghosts of Ocean House

by Michael Kimball

CHARACTERS

MARTIN:	40, lawyer; on his 3rd wife
DARLENE:	25, Martin's new wife; impossibly cheery
SUNSHINE:	42, Martin's older sister; divorced; retired psychiatrist
PATSY:	38, another sister; registered nurse; casual, slightly Bohemian
OLIVER:	40, Patsy's husband; urbanite; university mathematics professor

SETTING: A Victorian oceanfront mansion

TIME: A summer evening

ACT 1SCENE 1

The Sun Room of an immense Victorian oceanfront mansion. Two doors lead out to: 1) kitchen, etc, inside; and 2) hallway and deck. A third door, if possible, might lead to stairway and bedrooms. In the sun room is, at least, a sofa, an upholstered chair, and a dining table and two chairs--all covered in bed sheets. There is also a bookshelf and a clock on a bookshelf (or table), reading 3:45 (or 9:15--the hands are equal lengths). The wall of windows, facing out to the audience, may be imaginary, but with two white curtains at either end.

An exterior Deck is also part of the stage. Lighting and perhaps ocean sounds will indicate whether the action takes place inside the sun room or outside on the deck.

At Rise, we begin inside the sun room: the covered furniture. The audience should have ample time to ponder its stillness. A muffled surf can be heard, almost as slow breathing. The door slowly opens. PATSY enters tentatively, with a suitcase. Stops in the doorway, listening...

PATSY

Martin? Sunshine? Anyone? Something about being alone in this place. God, let's get some light.

(She turns on a lamp. OLIVER comes in behind her, carrying a suitcase and grocery bags.)

OLIVER

You wouldn't have been alone, technically.

PATSY

I wonder what's keeping Martin.

OLIVER

Mr. Punctual's slipping.

PATSY

Maybe his new bride straightened him out.

OLIVER

Huh. Punctuality, I thought, was a good thing.

PATSY

But not the best thing.

OLIVER

No.

PATSY

Sorry.

OLIVER

You haven't met her?

PATSY

I didn't even know he got married. She's probably a Sunday school teacher. Choir director.

(The door flies open and in bursts DARLENE, all dressed up in a sexy beach outfit--and very young... Malibu Barbie on meth.)

DARLENE

Surprise!

(Patsy and Oliver stare)

Oh my God! Oh my God!! OH MY GOD!!

(circling the room)

Windows, windows, windows, I LOVE windows.

(to their looks)

And I don't even introduce myself... which is Darlene. Wait, don't tell me! You got to be Oliver. Well, 'cause you're the only guy besides Martin.

OLIVER

Really.

(as he leaves)

Why don't I bring the groceries into the kitchen and let you girls get acquainted.

DARLENE

(to Patsy)

Now you must be...

PATSY

Patsy?

DARLENE

I was gonna say, you don't look like a "Sunshine." Anyway...

(curtsey)

Pleased to meet you. Uh-oh. Wait a minute, here he comes...

(hurrying back to the door)

Ta-daaaaa!

(Martin enters in a matching beach outfit, laden like a pack mule with boxes and grocery bags. His forearm is wrapped in bandage.)

MARTIN

Hey there, Pats! I see you've met Darl--

DARLENE

Martin, this is the biggest house I've ever seen! Oh my God. Wait.

(as she runs out past Oliver on his way back in)

MARTIN

(dropping his stuff, shaking hands)

Hey, Ollie! Hard to believe it's been a year.

OLIVER
Hello, Martin.

PATSY
(to Martin)
What happened to your arm?

MARTIN
Nothing. Just a little bruise. So how was the drive? Must be nice getting out of the city.

OLIVER
Actually, the city is quite pleasant this time of--

MARTIN
Well, hey. Great to see you. So, anyone hear from little Miss Sunshine?

PATSY
You talked to her, didn't you?

DARLENE
(returning breathlessly)
Oh my God. Rooms, rooms, and more rooms. I've never seen so many rooms!

MARTIN
Darlene?

DARLENE
He don't like me saying "Oh my God." Says it's right next to taking the Lord's name in vain, which I don't think. So anyway, Oh my stars! How many rooms?

PATSY
Nineteen. Thirteen are kept locked up--

MARTIN
(quickly)
So they don't need cleaning.

OLIVER
And so we don't lose ourselves--and perhaps enjoy a little peace and quiet.

DARLENE
Peace and quiet? You're all by yourself up on these rocks, no other house in sight!

OLIVER
No radio, no TV, no brandy--

MARTIN
Dictates of the estate.

DARLENE
I don't drink anyway. Clean and sober eighteen months.

MARTIN

Okay, Darlene.

PATSY

Martin, you didn't answer me. Did you talk to Sunshine?

MARTIN

Don't worry.

PATSY

Which still doesn't answer my question.

DARLENE

I love that name. Sunshine. Especially on a psychiatrist.

PATSY

(to Martin)

In other words, you haven't heard from her.

DARLENE

It's so sad, though, about her patient, the one who killed his--

MARTIN

(overlapping)

Sunshine will be here, don't worry. Now what say we get settled in? Us guys'll take the luggage up, you girls uncover the furniture.

PATSY

You're the boss.

MARTIN

Just a suggestion, Pats.

*(As Martin and Oliver carry their bags upstairs,
Patsy and Darlene begin uncovering the furniture.)*

DARLENE

I'm in recovery. Martin must've told you all about it.

PATSY

No. Well. Congratulations. I guess we can start here.

*(Patsy starts taking the sheets off the furniture and
folding them. Darlene helps.)*

DARLENE

I have what's called an addictive personality.

PATSY

Things get so musty over the winter.

DARLENE

Coffee, chocolate, you name it, I had that constant craving. Ten, eleven years old, first with the cigarettes--

PATSY

Maybe while you're doing that, I'll take care of the groceries.
(as she lifts a box and leaves the room)

DARLENE (O.S.)

(following her out)

I was thirteen when I ran away from home--not that I ran, like runnin'. Momma just packed my things and said goodbye. I was such a handful.

(she follows Patsy into the sun room again)

Then Daddy left, or Momma kicked him out, who knows what to believe? With all the drugs.

PATSY

Tell you what. You stay here and finish the furniture. I'll do the kitchen.

DARLENE

(as Patsy picks up a box and exits)

Ooo, teamwork. Then came the long arm of the law--which I like to call my best friend--because it brought me straight to Martin... and the Lord--

(Darlene goes to pull the sheet off a stuffed chair, but it slithers off before she reaches it. Darlene stares at it. Patsy, a box in her arms, steps back into the doorway.)

PATSY

Uh-huh? I'm listening.

(Putting down the box, she approaches Darlene.)

Hello?

DARLENE

(recoiling at Patsy's touch)

No! Get off!

PATSY

It's okay! I'm sorry!

(as Darlene gathers herself)

I'm sorry.

DARLENE

Oh, I shoulda warned you. Sometimes I space out. Oh, yeah. One minute I'll be yakkin' away, next minute, "Calling Ground Control!" You'd never know. I might be sittin' there starin' a hole in you, but inside, I'm a million miles away.

PATSY

So... you're back--?

DARLENE

Oh yeah. Nothin' to worry about.

(MORE)

DARLENE (Continued)

'Course, when I drive, I do like to keep it under a hundred... Gotcha! Oh, Martin don't let me drive. He's my chauffeur. Him and Jesus. Imagine if I was to fall asleep and run over an innocent child? Not that they're all that innocent--

PATSY

I need the bathroom. Excuse me. I'll just go... alone, if it's-- Will you be alright?
(exiting)

DARLENE

Oh, no, that's fine, I'll just entertain myself.

(As Darlene uncovers more furniture, SUNSHINE walks in, unseen, dressed dark and plain.)

DARLENE (Continued)

Sometimes when I'm home alone, well, you never know when it's gonna hit. Tumble down the stairs, split your head open. Flop over on the stove and catch your hair on fire--which is why Martin got me the new G.E. Glass-Top--plus they're a dream to clean.

(seeing Sunshine, Darlene continues, talking to her now)

You never know how long you'll be out, either. Sometimes a minute, sometimes an hour. Poor Martin, he'll tell you. I can be a grumpy waker-upper. Oh, hi, you must be Sunshine.

SUNSHINE

Who the hell are you?

DARLENE

Oh, listen to me blabbin'. I'm Darl-- I'm sorry, I don't respond to anger language.

(She goes back to work. Martin and Oliver return, and, seeing Sunshine...)

MARTIN

There she is!

(happily, but stopping short of a hug)

Always great to see you, Sunshine.

DARLENE

(still to Sunshine)

Oh, hon, I don't doubt you got issues of your own. Martin told me about your patient who killed his wife and--

(Martin silences her with a look)

Oops, family secrets.

(Patsy appears in the other doorway.)

PATSY

(to Sunshine, with history)

Hello.

SUNSHINE

(looks them over and heads for the door)

Goodbye.

MARTIN

Sunshine. It's our last week. Seven days. Come on. Consider it a vacation.

PATSY

Or an act of charity.

OLIVER

(entering with a massively thick book)

If I may offer a suggestion, perhaps our togetherness would be easier to endure if we more or less kept to ourselves. Limited conversation to the essentials, as it were. There's no rule against reading, is there?

SUNSHINE

It's not the togetherness. Or even the conversation--

PATSY

Oh, thank you.

SUNSHINE

It's this.

(indicating the house; the smell; the furniture; everything)

MARTIN

If you don't mind, I'd prefer we didn't discuss--

PATSY

The ghost?

SUNSHINE

Memories... I'd prefer not to relive.
(to Martin)

What happened to your arm.

MARTIN

Nothing. Just a little bruise.

(In comes Darlene, two glasses of water in hand.)

DARLENE

Little radio accident's all. Here you go, Sunshine, sparkly clean and cold as a mountain stream. Now what did I hear about ghosts?

MARTIN

Nothing.

SUNSHINE

(as Darlene offers the water)

I don't drink water from this well.

DARLENE

I just drank some!

(Martin takes the glass from her, drinks, then pretends to choke. Then he hands the glass back to Darlene.)

MARTIN

The water is fine.

DARLENE

Patsy, you thirsty? Ollie?

OLIVER

I'm sorry, I wasn't aware we had an "Ollie." No water, thank you. Actually, I'm having some difficulty picturing "a little radio accident."

DARLENE

Oh, blame Miss Klutz for that one. Mrs. Klutz.

MARTIN

You don't need to go into it.

DARLENE

(snuggling with Martin)

Poor Martin. We were in bed the other morning--sleepin'? That's all we were doin'!--and off goes the radio, which I thought was, I don't know what, some guy jibber-jabberin' in my ear, so I start swingin' like a fool, and BLAMMO, the cord gets caught up in my pinky, and here comes that radio. Incomin'!

MARTIN

Yup, thrill a minute with this one.

DARLENE

Oh, stop. You love it.

(to the others)

Am I showin' too much butt?

MARTIN

Excuse me--

DARLENE

He says I'm showin' too much butt.

MARTIN

Drink your water.

DARLENE

Martin, I told you, I just drank s--

(he glares)

Okay.

(Darlene drinks. Sunshine stares in disbelief... So does Patsy. And Oliver.)

MARTIN
Come on, everyone. Ground rules.

SUNSHINE
Isn't the moderator usually elected?

PATSY
Oh, let him talk.

MARTIN
Darlene, sit, please. I think we can all agree on number one.

PATSY
No politics.

DARLENE
(sitting on the sofa with Patsy)
No politics?

PATSY
(getting up)
Thank God.
(Patsy goes to a bookshelf and looks through the games, books, and puzzles. Darlene joins her.)

MARTIN
Ollie and I sometimes enjoy debating the issues of the day.

OLIVER
Oliver actually.

MARTIN
Last year it was gun control. Gay marriage. The war.

OLIVER
Mm, war. How entertaining. The ribbons. The riches. The carnage. Would someone please talk to him?

SUNSHINE
He's your dance partner.

DARLENE
Oh my God, look at all the old books. Martin, a Bible! Patsy, is this the family Bible you all grew up with?

MARTIN
Take your seat, please. Thank you.
(Darlene takes the Bible. Patsy returns to the table with a jigsaw puzzle and dumps out the pieces, starts turning them right-side up.)

DARLENE

Patsy, is that a real jigsaw puzzle? I've never done one!

MARTIN

So, this year, to ensure that we keep the peace--
(*upturning his hat on the table*)

OLIVER

Peace?

MARTIN

--anyone talking politics will put five dollars in the pot, to pay for our final night's lobster feast. Agreed?

OLIVER

It would please me immeasurably.

DARLENE

Ooo, Patsy, can we help with the puzzle?
(*handing the hat to Martin*)
Martin, take your hat off the table.

MARTIN

Darlene?

DARLENE

Come on, Ollie. Everybody help.

OLIVER

Excuse me, do I look like an Ollie to you?

DARLENE

I like "Ollie."
(*to Patsy*)
Not so stiff.

OLIVER

Six more days. No, no, seven. Almost six. But seven.

PATSY

Oliver is a mathematician.

DARLENE

I'm not surprised. He sounds so intelligent.

MARTIN

How about that. Now, as we know, this is year ten. Assuming we make it through the week without killing each other, Ocean House is ours to do with as we wish.

SUNSHINE

Could we not call the house by name?

MARTIN

So . . . Do we vote to sell Ocean House and divvy up the money three ways? Latest appraisal: six million and change. Or do we keep Ocean House and figure some way of maintaining and insuring the monster?

SUNSHINE

Or have it bulldozed into the sand and donate the property to the town. All options on the table.

MARTIN

Come on, Sunshine. You can't find a use for two million dollars?

PATSY

She knows she'll be outvoted. Then she can be rich and feel superior.

MARTIN

Girls?

DARLENE

But what about the ghost?

MARTIN

There is no ghost.

PATSY

Mom thought she saw a woman once--

MARTIN

She did not see a woman--

PATSY

--sitting in her bedroom. She swore she did.

DARLENE

I knew it. I told Martin the minute I saw this house--
(to Martin's look)
--nothing.

SUNSHINE

Mother saw many things--usually in direct correlation to the number of Manhattans consumed.

MARTIN

Not that you'd know.

SUNSHINE

That didn't take long. Yes, Martin, I abandoned our mother in her hour of need.

DARLENE

Ohh. *(sadly)*

PATSY

No one said that.

MARTIN

All I'm saying is, there are skeletons I'd prefer to keep--

DARLENE

(alarmed)

Where?

(Martin looks)

Oops. Sorry, Kingy.

(She zips her lip. Patsy stares at her.)

MARTIN

--I'd prefer to keep in the closet, if you don't mind. Now. That's one vote for giving the house away and getting nothing for it. Patsy, I know you want to sell.

SUNSHINE

That's impartial.

PATSY

"Kingy?"

MARTIN

Patsy, your vote, please.

DARLENE

"Kingy." That's what you call a "pet name." Like if he was my pet.

MARTIN

Patsy, waiting.

PATSY

Actually, I vote to keep Ocean House.

MARTIN

Two million dollars! Patsy! Monday you could quit your job and never look back.

DARLENE

Quit nursing? Oh my God, that's my dream, to be a nurse.

MARTIN

No one cares.

PATSY

I don't want to quit. I like my job. And I love Ocean House.

(The house SETTLES again. Darlene looks from face to face, trying to make eye contact...)

MARTIN

It's an old house. It makes noise.

(MORE)

MARTIN (Continued)

(to Sunshine)

Come on, Sunshine, you don't really want to give it away.

SUNSHINE

That's right.

MARTIN

Yes!

SUNSHINE

I want to see it bulldozed into the ground.

MARTIN

It's a perfectly good house! A perfectly valuable house.

DARLENE

Oo, Patsy, is that the puzzle picture?

MARTIN

Dear, we are trying to discuss our future.

DARLENE

But look, Martin. Three big whales.

OLIVER

The future appears to be deadlocked.

DARLENE

I didn't know whales swam underwater. I thought they were like ships.

PATSY

I believe they're dolphins.

MARTIN

Patsy, two million dollars. You can buy another Ocean House.

PATSY

I like this Ocean House.

MARTIN

Alright. Fine. We'll table the discussion for now--

DARLENE

Come on, everybody, puzzle time!

OLIVER

(checking the mantle clock)

Oh, dear. It's also bedtime.

DARLENE

Don't be silly. We just got here.

OLIVER

(getting up, stretching)

Patsy? Bedtime?

DARLENE

Patsy wants to make the puzzle.

PATSY

(getting up)

Actually, I think I'll go out on the deck and get some air.

OLIVER

I see.

PATSY

(handing Darlene a border piece)

Here. You start by making the borders, then you fill in.

DARLENE

(as Patsy exits toward the deck)

Thank you, Patsy. Come on, Sunshine.

SUNSHINE

I'm heading up to read myself to sleep, if you don't mind.

DARLENE

Nobody's gonna help me make the puzzle?

MARTIN

You've got the whole week for puzzles, Darlene.

SUNSHINE

(pointedly, as she exits)

That we do.

DARLENE

Party poopers. Okay, then Martin and I will take a nice romantic walk on the beach.

MARTIN

Plenty of time for walks. Come, dear, say good-night.

(taking the puzzle piece from her and herding her to the door)

Bright and early tomorrow, people. Clock rings at seven.

DARLENE

Oh, you're no fun either.

(Everyone exits to the bedrooms except Oliver, who stands pondering... then heads out to the deck...)

Lights down sun room. Fade up moonlight on deck. PATSY sits on the glider, slowly rocking and looking out over the ocean. OLIVER comes out hesitantly, regards her for a moment...

OLIVER

Do you think this is wise?

PATSY

Which? Getting back together? Or doing it here.

OLIVER

I feel like I'm on a first date. Trying to charm you with my agile wit.

PATSY

I guess I'm nervous too.

OLIVER

You know I'm never at my best with your family. I hope you'll take that into account.

(Patsy gives him a wry look. Oliver comes and sits on the glider. They won't be able to glide together.)

OLIVER (Continued)

I could sleep downstairs on the sofa.

PATSY

Is that what you want?

OLIVER

I think chivalry dictates that I defer to you.

(Patsy sighs. Oliver stands.)

OLIVER (Continued)

Together then--?

PATSY

I don't know-- I mean, if it's a mistake or not.

OLIVER

(He offers his arm.)

Only one way to find out, I guess. I just hope you've learned something about blanket sharing.

(to her silence)

As I said, my agile wit. I apologize.

(A few beats. Patsy gets up, folds her arms)

PATSY

Go ahead.

(He goes in; she follows.)

(Fade down moonlight)

ACT 1SCENE 2

Sun Room. Later that night. Fade up moonlight through windows. The room is otherwise dark and quiet except for the HUSHED SURF in the background... the incessant TICKING of the clock, which reads 3:45 (still). Then...

DARLENE (O.S.)

Coming, coming. My God, don't have a bird.

(A flashlight beam comes bouncing through the doorway: It's DARLENE.)

DARLENE (Continued)

Patsy?

(turning on a lamp)

You did say sun room, didn't you? I mean, how many sun rooms you got in this place? Sunshine? Huh. Oh well--

(She turns to leave, when-- the clock starts JANGLING. Darlene lets out a scream.)

DARLENE (Continued)

My God, you 'bout scared the pants off me! Who.

(trying to stop the clock's ringing.)

Uhh... Guess you better come help me shut this off before we wake up the house--

(flicking the switch; BELL KEEPS RINGING)

Sunshine? Patsy?

(Behind her, the lamp flicks off. DARKNESS...)

Can you come out now and stop this thing?

(She covers her ears and backs away as, O.S. we hear complaining voices.)

SUNSHINE (O.S.)

What time is it?

PATSY (O.S.)

Not seven o'clock.

(The others enter with flashlights.)

MARTIN

Darlene?

DARLENE

Shut it off, please?

(Patsy stops the alarm. Sunshine turns on the lamp.)

MARTIN

What are you doing?

DARLENE

Wooo! You girls. Almost gave me a conniption here.

SUNSHINE

I'm not sure I get the joke.

MARTIN

It's quarter to four. Darlene, what are you doing down here?

DARLENE

They called me. Sunshine, you, right?

SUNSHINE

I was sleeping. Happily.

OLIVER

(examining the clock)

It's been reset.

DARLENE

Don't look at me. I didn't touch the thing. Not till it started ringin'. Then I couldn't stop it.

MARTIN

What are you, sleepwalking your first night here?

DARLENE

No, Kingy, I was wide awake. Layin' up there thinking about everyone and how much fun we're gonna have tomorrow--well, today. Then I heard Patsy say--I thought it was Patsy-- "Darlene, come on down to the sun room." So out of bed, a'hippity-hop, here I come.

SUNSHINE

I think you were dreaming.

OLIVER

The alarm is set for three forty-five.

DARLENE

Psychokinesis!

MARTIN

Don't start.

DARLENE

Mind over matter. Martin, remember I told you about the light bulb that lit up in my hand?

MARTIN

I know what it's supposed to be. Now, whatever you're thinking, she obviously played around with the thing herself--

(Darlene wheels on him--a flash of anger quickly covered. Sunshine studies her.)

DARLENE

Martin? I told you: I only looked.

MARTIN

In your dreams, of course you were only looking. Come on, gang, back to bed. We still got a few hours before morning.

DARLENE

(to Patsy)

Once on TV I saw a man who could bend silverware with his brain.

MARTIN

Not discussion time. Bedtime. Go on.

(joking)

I tell you, the girl's got some imagination.

(As they follow their flashlight beams off...)

DARLENE (O.S.)

I wasn't dreaming, Martin. Somebody called me. Honest.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Okay, Darlene.

*(Sunshine stays behind for a moment, contemplating their exit. She goes to turn off the lamp . . . but leaves it on. Then she exits.)**Slowly fade up rich yellow sunrise through the windows.**Sun Room. Morning. SEA GULLS CRY.**(We hear two marching feet... And DARLENE enters from the kitchen humming "Are you sleeping." She's dressed in a sexy bright red nightie.)*

DARLENE

(singing)

Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing--

(calling)

Seven o'clock, everyone. Ding dong ding!

(She studies the clock.)

DARLENE (Continued)

Well, it's not seven according to this old thing, but it is anyway, so . . .

(yelling)

Ding dong ding!

*(Then she exits to the kitchen. A few seconds later she returns with a coffee pot, still humming.)**(Oliver and Patsy enter dressed for the day, Oliver with his thick book.)*

OLIVER

Someone sounds chipper this morning.

DARLENE

I guess I'm just the chipper kind. Who wants fresh coffee?

OLIVER

Pats, coffee? To wake you?
(pointedly)

PATSY

I'll get some later, thanks.

OLIVER

(as he pours for himself)
Very well. I wonder what our activities director has in store today. Shuffleboard? Croquet?

DARLENE

Ooo, I love croquet. Don't you?

OLIVER

I believe Patsy is the croquet aficionado.

DARLENE

Patsy, oh my God, we're gonna have so much fun together!

PATSY

Maybe I will have coffee.

DARLENE

So... How'd you guys sleep last night?

OLIVER

Patsy slept quite well--didn't you, dear? Out like a light the minute her head hit the pillow.

PATSY

Guess I didn't realize how tired I was.

DARLENE

Ollie? Your turn. How'd you sleep.

OLIVER

Actually, another twelve hours would have suited me fine.

(The clock alarm goes off. Darlene screams.)

DARLENE

I don't like that clock.

(Oliver silences the clock. Patsy stares out the window.)

OLIVER

Has it occurred to anyone that these hands have not moved since we arrived? Perhaps it just needs a good winding.

(carrying the clock into the kitchen)

DARLENE

Ooo. A regular Mr. Fixit. Lucky you, Pats. Martin's all thumbs when it comes to fixin' things.

(We hear CRASH CRASH CRASH from the kitchen.)

OLIVER

(returning)

Shame. The old clock seems to have died.

(He sits and starts reading his book.)

DARLENE

Anyway, oh my God, Patsy, you must've had so much fun here when you were kids! Patsy?

PATSY

Actually, we stopped coming when I was a baby.

DARLENE

'Cause your momma started seeing that ghost woman, right? Do you really think she was a real, you know, actual gho-- Shh!

(Hearing footsteps in the hall, Darlene hides behind the door mischievously. The door bangs open. Martin staggers in dazed, holding a bloody pillowcase to his head.)

DARLENE (Continued)

Boo!

(Martin wheels, staggers, and falls. Darlene lets out a SCREAM.)

OLIVER

Nothing like a couple of bloodcurdling screams to start the day.

MARTIN

"Boo?" Thank you, dear.

(picking himself up)

Question: Did anyone bring aspirin?

PATSY

(hurrying to him)

Martin--? That's blood.

DARLENE

Oh my God.

Blood?

OLIVER

Martin! What'd you do to yourself?

DARLENE

It's fine.

MARTIN

Martin, sit down. Let me see.
(as she seats Martin in a chair)

DARLENE

Kingy?
(Darlene touches the wound.)

MARTIN

Don't poke at it. And where's your robe? This isn't a pajama party.

PATSY

Stay still so I can see.
(parting his hair)

The bleeding's stopped. But you're going to need a couple of staples.

MARTIN

You mean stitches.

PATSY

On the head we use staples. But what happened?
(with a look at Darlene)

DARLENE

Don't look at me.
(as Sunshine comes in, dressed)

SUNSHINE

"On the head we use staples?"

DARLENE

Martin cut his head.

PATSY

Got his head bashed in, is more like it.

SUNSHINE

(looking at the wound)

My God. What happened?
(to his look)

You don't remember?

PATSY

Martin, look at me.
(studying his eyes)

SUNSHINE

Have you checked for concussion?

PATSY

That's what I'm doing, doctor.
(to Martin)
Follow my finger.
(moving her finger left to right)

SUNSHINE

Did you fall out of bed?

DARLENE

He was snorin' like a bear when I got up. I snuck down on tippy toes so I wouldn't wake him.

(GASP)
Wait! What if-- Oh my God.

(Darlene hurries from the room)

MARTIN

Darlene-- Where is she going?

SUNSHINE

Martin, sit down. We need to get you to a hospital.

PATSY

Keep him still. I'll find something to clean it.
(leaving the room)

MARTIN

No hospital. This is a family matter.

SUNSHINE

You think one of us did this?

MARTIN

Did I say that?

SUNSHINE

(sinister)
Yes. With Martin out of the way, Patsy and I could split his share.

MARTIN

I did not say that.

OLIVER

Miss Scarlet, in the bedroom, with the hammer.

MARTIN

You're putting words in my mouth.

SUNSHINE

Only because you seem to have such difficulty coughing up your own.

(Darlene enters wielding a candlestick.)

DARLENE

You guys! Look what I found it on our bedroom floor.

OLIVER

Miss Scarlet, in the bedroom, with the candlestick.

DARLENE

(seeing their suspicious looks)

Well, I'll just call the police right now and have 'em bring their lie detector thingy, if that's what you think.

(fetching her cell phone from her purse.)

MARTIN

Darlene--

DARLENE

I can see it in your eyes, Martin. You think I did it.

MARTIN

Of course I don't.

(taking the phone from her, putting it back in her purse)

Not intentionally. But just to be on the safe side, maybe we should sleep in different rooms.

DARLENE

(hurt)

Like at home? Martin--?

MARTIN

So you don't accidentally, you know, with your thrashing around.

SUNSHINE

"You know?"

MARTIN

She's kind of a hyperactive sleeper.

PATSY

(returning with antiseptic)

Martin, sit, so I can clean it. How do you feel?

MARTIN

I have a headache.

PATSY

Any nausea? Tiredness?

Wide awake, raring to go. MARTIN

What day is it? PATSY

I could care less. MARTIN

Martin, who am I? DARLENE

I don't have the slightest idea. MARTIN

Would you be serious? People have died from concussions. PATSY

Oh my God, I don't know what I'd do if you died, Martin.
(with a heavenly look)
Go to nursing school, I suppose. It's always been my dream. DARLENE

Not to worry, dear, Martin is alive and well, thank you. MARTIN

This might sting a little. Kingy. Close your eyes.
(pouring antiseptic on his wound) PATSY

Does it sting, Kingy? DARLENE

Yes. MARTIN

Martin, that's the biggest lump I've ever seen.
(touching the wound) DARLENE

Would you stop playing with it! MARTIN

I'm only trying to help. DARLENE

If you want to help, go get me some ice. MARTIN

Excuse me, have we ascertained the cause of the injury, or is that no longer of concern?
(An awkward few beats of silence) OLIVER