

SIDE 2

ETHAN Well, we'll see how busy I am. *(He has his back to DOUGLAS as he works at the counter.)*

*MARTIN CLAYMORE enters through the open door. He is wearing a business suit. DOUGLAS cannot see him, and ETHAN isn't looking. MARTIN looks around the room, then wanders over to the easel and looks at the painting.*

DOUGLAS Never mind that. You're going. I've already told the boys you'll be there. They're very excited. New blood and all that. All right?

ETHAN We'll see.

DOUGLAS Good. I'll pick you up at two. So long, Ethan.

*DOUGLAS exits and closes the door.*

MARTIN Still painting I see, Nancy.

ETHAN *(turning around)* What? *(Beat.)* Oh, my God. Oh my God. Martin? Is that you?

MARTIN Been a long time, Ethan.

ETHAN Martin? I... I thought you were dead.

MARTIN I am.

ETHAN You are what?

MARTIN Dead. Very much so.

ETHAN No, I mean, I got a letter saying that you had died. It said you had a heart attack.

MARTIN I did have a heart attack.

ETHAN No, it said you died.

MARTIN I did die.

ETHAN No, it said you were dead.

MARTIN I am dead. Exactly what part of this don't you understand?

ETHAN I don't understand any of this.

MARTIN All right, let me try and explain. Last week, I was showing a young couple this used Riviera on the car lot. The young lady—quite a striking woman—the young lady says to me can they take it for a test drive. And I says "Sure. Just let me go inside and get the..."

ETHAN Get the what?

MARTIN Nothing. That's as far as I got. Next thing I know I'm down on one knee and I'm hanging on to the Riviera's bumper. The young woman asks me if I'm all right, and I say, "I'll be fine." Those were my last words. "I'll be fine."

ETHAN So, you *did* have a heart attack.

MARTIN I sure did. Hurt like hell. I thought I was gonna die. Turns out I was right.

ETHAN Wait a minute. What are you saying?

MARTIN I'm trying to tell you that I'm dead, Ethan. And I'm not happy about it either. I could've sold that Riviera.

ETHAN All right, Martin, what is this? What are you trying to pull?

*The door opens and DOUGLAS enters again.*

DOUGLAS Ethan, you'll want me to come with you to Erdie's, of course. I mean, I have a pretty keen eye for fashion as you can tell, so you'll probably want me to be there, right?

*ETHAN doesn't answer.*

Ethan?

MARTIN Hey, Douglas? Over here.

DOUGLAS Ethan, are you going to answer me or not?

MARTIN Douglas?? Yoo-hoo? *(He moves to the door.)*

DOUGLAS Well, fine then. If you don't want me to come, just say so. You don't have to ignore me. *(He turns to leave.)*

ETHAN Douglas?

DOUGLAS What?

ETHAN You can't see him?

DOUGLAS See who?

ETHAN Him. Right there.

DOUGLAS Right where? *(looking around)*

ETHAN Right there. There.

MARTIN Forget it, Ethan. He'll think you're crazy.

DOUGLAS What are you, crazy?

MARTIN Too late.

DOUGLAS Now, you call me when you're ready to go to Erdie's, all right? And have a nap. You're seeing things that aren't there.

*DOUGLAS exits and closes the door.*

ETHAN He didn't see you.

MARTIN That's right.

ETHAN No, I mean, he didn't see you at all. Like you were invisible.

MARTIN Now you're catching on.

ETHAN Oh, now wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute.

MARTIN It's true, Ethan.

ETHAN No, it's not.

MARTIN I know it's a shock, but it's true.

ETHAN You're a ghost?

MARTIN No, they don't call us ghosts. We're shadow beings.

ETHAN Shadow beings?

MARTIN Yeah, in life we were human beings, and at this stage, we're only shadows of our human being selves, so we're shadow beings.

ETHAN We? You mean there are more of you? *(He looks around.)*

MARTIN Don't worry. I'm the only one you'll see.