

magical, and there aren't any ghosts or supernatural phenomena. And we're not having a seance. *(The door to the roof creaks open, and then slams shut, all by itself.)* Do we need candles?

FELICIA. Candles are great. *(Andrew rummages through a box to find a candle.)*

DEIRDRE. Felicia, what about a table?

FELICIA. Perfect. *(During the next few speeches, Deirdre and Felicia move a card table to C., and set chairs or crates around it. Lillian supervises.)*

DEIRDRE. *(As she moves the table.)* This is just like at the beginning of *Hamlet*, when the guards call out to the ghost. *(With gusto.)*

"Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound or use of voice,

Speak to me!"

LILLIAN. *(Holding out her arms.)*

"If there be any good thing to be done

That may to thee do ease and grace to me

Speak to me!"

DEIRDRE. "O, speak!"

LILLIAN. "Stay and speak!"

ANDREW. Oh my God. Felicia, is this how you usually operate? Seances? Shakespeare?

FELICIA. Honey, I've been a broker for almost fifteen years. In Greenwich Village. Try human sacrifice. And cheese. *(Surveying the table.)* Okay, everybody sit. How should we do this? I know — first I'll try and contact Ma, and then see if she can get ahold of Barrymore. *(By this point, Deirdre, Lillian and Felicia are all seated around the table.)*

LILLIAN. May I smoke? Does anyone mind?

DEIRDRE. Oh Lillian, it's such a terrible thing to do, and we all love you so much, do you have to?

LILLIAN. *(Sighing.)* Very well. *(She puts down her cigarette.)* You know, I really must stop.

DEIRDRE. Smoking?

LILLIAN. No — asking. *(Andrew has located a candle and stuck it in a bottle. He sets the bottle on the table.)*

FELICIA. *(To Andrew.)* Now hit the lights, okay, hon? I'm gonna enter this trance state, so Andy, think about what you want to ask Barrymore.

DEIRDRE. Has he met Shakespeare?

LILLIAN. Is it hot?

DEIRDRE. Lillian, Barrymore is not in Hell. I'm sure Felicia never even deals with people ... down there.

FELICIA. Well, if I have a legal problem ... okay everybody, put your hands on the table, palms down, it helps the flow. Now close your eyes. *(By now Andrew has dimmed the lights; the room is lit only by the candle. Andrew has joined the others seated around the table. Everyone joins hands and closes their eyes.)* Now just clear your minds, totally blank, clean slate. Deep, even breathing. *(Everyone is now breathing in unison, very deeply. Lillian coughs. Everyone continues breathing. Felicia lifts her head. A convulsion shakes Felicia's body; her head drops. As her head rises, she utters a long, guttural, effectively bizarre moan. Finally, as contact is made, Felicia's head pops up, and she assumes a cheery brightness, as if talking on the phone. Her eyes remain shut during her conversation with her mother.)* Yeah Ma, it's me ... fine, fine, you? *(Confidentially, to the group.)* I got her!... Ma, listen to me, I need your help, I'm here with Andrew Rally ... yeah, "LA Medical" ... Ma, listen, he wants to talk to someone, over there ... no Ma, he's seeing someone ... Ma, I think he's having a career crisis, he's gonna do Shakespeare, and he needs to talk to Barrymore, right, John Barrymore ... from the movies ... okay, okay — hang on ... *(To Andrew.)* She needs to know, what do you want to ask Barrymore? What's your question?

DEIRDRE. *(Thrilled.)* Andrew, ask!

ANDREW. Ask him what?

DEIRDRE. Ask him about *Hamlet!*

LILLIAN. Ask him for advice!

ANDREW. But I don't want advice, and I don't want to play Hamlet, I mean I don't think I do, I mean, I hate *Hamlet!* *(As Andrew says "I hate Hamlet," there is a deafening crack of thunder. A gust of wind fills the apartment, extinguishing the candle. There is a second thunderclap, and a bolt of lightning streaks across the sky. An enormous shadow is thrown across the wall, of a handsome pro-*